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

THEIR LEGENDARY LORE AND POPULAR HISTORY.

BY
JOHN TIMBS.

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

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

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SOUTH.  
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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE
TO
THE SECOND EDITION.



THE reception accorded to the first edition of the present work has induced the Publishers, at considerable expense, to have it reproduced in a more complete and popular form.

The present edition has, therefore, been carefully re-edited, revised, and enlarged to three volumes, by a gentleman acquainted with the subject ; the Appendix has been incorporated into the body of the book ; the Counties have all been re-arranged, and grouped, as nearly as may be, in each volume, into Southern, Midland, and Northern ; and all the added articles have as little of the merely archæological and as much of the more interesting historical, biographical, and traditionary elements in them as possible.

With these changes, the Publishers trust the work will be found more useful and attractive than before.

BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
December, 1872.



ST JAMES'S PALACE, LONDON

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THE FIRST VOLUME.

—◆—

All those articles marked with an asterisk () are new—those with an obelisk (†) have been altered or extended.*

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ABBEYS, CASTLES, AND ANCIENT HALLS

OF

England and Wales.

LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Wonders of Old Saint Paul's.



THE high ground upon which the Cathedral stands—the loftiest in the metropolis—denotes it as the likeliest to be chosen, in any age, for the site of its chief edifice devoted to religious worship. That it was first dedicated to heathenism is sought to be proved by the finding of a stone altar sculptured with the image of Diana, during the excavations for the foundations of Goldsmiths' Hall, in 1830. Hence the idea that a temple to Diana first occupied the site. Next a Roman camp was fixed here: then a Saxon temple; and then an episcopal see fixed in London by Mellitus, the companion of St. Augustine. Next, a cathedral was built here by Ethelbert, King of Kent, among whose gifts to the church was the estate of Tillingham, Essex, which even now contributes largely to the maintenance of the fabric. The fourth bishop was the famous St. Erkenwald, whose shrine stood at the back of the high altar.

The tower and spire rose 520 feet, or higher than the Monument placed upon the cross of the present Cathedral. It had a copper gilt bowl, nine feet in compass (large enough to hold ten bushels of corn), supporting a cross $15\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, surmounted by an eagle-cock of copper gilt, 4 feet long. This steeple was taken down, and was never rebuilt. In 1561, the Cathedral was severely injured in a fire caused by the carelessness of the sexton; and it happening in a tempestuous day, the catastrophe was by him confidently affirmed to be caused by lightning, and was generally believed to be the hour of his death; but he

confessed the truth of it, after which "the burning of St. Paul's by lightning" was left out of our common almanacks. In the crypt below the choir, was the parish church of St. Faith, and at the Ludgate corner (towards the Thames) the parish church of St. Gregory. "St. Paul's," says Fuller, "may be called the mother-church, indeed, having one babe in her body (*St. Faith*), and another in her arms (*St. Gregory*)." Out of this arose the popular story of there being a church under St. Paul's, and service in it once a year. On special saints' days it was customary for the choristers of the Cathedral to ascend the spire to a great height, and there to chant solemn prayers and anthems: the last observance of this custom was in the reign of Queen Mary, when, "after evensong, the quire of Paul's began to go about the steeple singing with lightes, after the old custome." A similar tenure custom is observed to this day at Oxford, on Magdalen College tower.

Many and memorable were the scenes which occurred within the walls of the old Cathedral. For instance, it was there that Wickliffe appeared at the summons of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to make answer for the publication of his new opinions; Wickliffe standing before that clerical tribunal in the Lady Chapel, accompanied by John of Gaunt and Lord Percy, and a host of enthusiastic and excited admirers.

Dean Milman relates:—Henry Bolingbroke, not as yet known as King Henry IV., appeared in St. Paul's to offer his prayers—prayers for the dethronement of his ill-fated cousin; prayers for his own successful usurpation of the Throne. Here he paused to shed tears over the grave of his father; for early in that year "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," had been carried to his rest in the Cathedral. Perhaps the last time that John of Gaunt had appeared in St. Paul's, was in his armour, and in all his pride, to confront the proud Bishop Courtenay. Some years elapsed; and, after the silent and peaceful pomp of his funeral, he had been laid under the pavement of the church.

Hither Richard II. was brought; but not to worship or to weep. His dead body, after the murder at Pontefract Castle, was exposed for three days in the Cathedral before it was interred in Westminster Abbey. Here, too, the first martyr of Wickliffism, William Sawtree, was publicly degraded, his priestly robes, his paten, and his chasuble being taken from him, his alb and maniple torn off, his tonsure wiped out, and a layman's cap put upon his head.

"At a somewhat later period (says Dean Milman), appeared before a convocation at St. Paul's one Richard Walker, chaplain in the diocese of Worcester, charged with having in his possession two books of

‘images with conjunction of figures,’ and of having himself practised these diabolical arts. Walker pleaded guilty to both charges. On another day the said Richard Walker appeared at Paul’s-cross, and, after an exhortation from the Bishop of Llandaff, solemnly abjured all magic. The two books were hung, wide open, one on his head, one on his back; and with a fool’s cap on his head, he was made to walk along Cheapside. On his return his books were burnt before his face, and Walker was released from his imprisonment.”

The Day of St. Paul, the patron saint of the city, was formerly observed here with picturesque ceremonies. “There was a general procession with the children of all the schools in London, with all the clerks, curates, and parsons, and vicars, in copes, with their crosses; also the choir of St. Paul’s; and divers bishops in their habits, and the Bishop of London, with his pontificals and cope, bearing the sacrament under a canopy, and four prebends bearing it in their gray *amos*; and so up into Leadenhall, with the mayor and aldermen in scarlet, with their cloaks, and all the crafts in their best array; and so came down again on the other side, and so to St. Paul’s again. And then the King, with my Lord Cardinal, came to St. Paul’s, and heard masse, and went home again; and at night great bonfires were made through all London, for the joy of the people that were converted likewise as St. Paul was converted.”

Down to about this time there was observed, in connexion with the Cathedral, a custom arising from an obligation incurred by Sir William Baud in 1375, when he was permitted to enclose twenty acres of the Dean’s land, in consideration of presenting the clergy of the Cathedral with a fat buck and doe yearly on the days of the Conversion and Commemoration of St. Paul. “On these days, the buck and the doe were brought by one or more servants at the hour of the procession, and through the midst thereof, and offered at the high altar of St. Paul’s Cathedral: after which the persons that brought the buck received of the Dean and Chapter, by the hands of their Chamberlain, twelve pence sterling for their entertainment; but nothing when they brought the doe. The buck being brought to the steps of the altar, the Dean and Chapter, apparelled in copes and proper vestments, with garlands of roses on their heads, sent the body of the buck to be baked, and had the head and horns fixed on a pole before the cross, in their procession round about the church, till they issued at the west door, where the keeper that brought it blowed the death of the buck, and then the horns that were about the city answered him in like manner; for which they had each, of the Dean and Chapter, three and four-

pence in money, and their dinner: and the keeper, during his stay, meat, drink, and lodging, and five shillings in money at his going away; together with a loaf of bread, having in it the picture of St. Paul."

Paul's Cross, from its imposing grandeur, was one of the chief ornaments of London: it was raised on stone steps, with a canopy, on which was a cross. We first read of it in 1259, when by command of Henry III., striplings were here sworn to be loyal; and in the same year the folkmote Common Hall assembled here by the tolling of St. Paul's great bell. At preaching, the commonalty sat in the open air; the king, his train, and noblemen in covered galleries. All preachers coming from a distance had an allowance from the corporation, and were lodged during five days, "in sweete and convenient lodgings, with fire, candle, and necessary food." One of the Bishops lent small sums on pledge; and if at the year's end the articles were not redeemed within fourteen days, the preacher at Paul's Cross declared that they would be sold. Ralph Baldoc, Dean of Paul's, cursed from the Cross all persons who had searched in the church of St. Martin's-le-Grand for a hoard of gold. In 1483, Jane Shore, with a taper in one hand, and arrayed in her "kirtle onely," did open penance at the Cross; and in the same year Dr. Shaw and Prior Dinke aided the traitorous schemes of Duke Richard: the Doctor so repented his shameful sermon, that it struck him to the heart, and within a few days he "withered and consumed away." The Friar lost his voice whilst preaching, and was forced to leave the pulpit.

The interior walls of the church were sumptuously adorned with pictures, shrines, and curiously wrought tabernacles; gold and silver, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, glittered in splendid profusion; and upon the high altar were heaped countless stores of gold and silver plate, and illuminated missals. The shrine of St. Erkenwald had among its jewels a sapphire believed to cure diseases of the eye. The mere enumeration of these treasures fills twenty-eight pages of Dugdale's folio History of the Cathedral. King John of France offered at St. Erkenwald's shrine; King Henry III., on the feast of St. Paul's Conversion, gave 1500 tapers to the church, and fed 15,000 poor in the garth or close.

Miracles were wrought at Paul's at "a tablet," or picture, set up by Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who, after his execution at Pontefract, was reckoned a martyr by the populace. At the base of one of the pillars was sculptured the foot of Algar (the first prebendary of Islington), as the standard measure for legal contracts in land; just as Henry I., Richard I., and John, furnished the iron ell by their arms. On the north side of the choir stood the stately tomb of John of Gaunt, and

Blanche his first wife; on it hung his proper helmet and spear, and his target covered with horn. In St. Dunstan's Chapel was the fine old tomb of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, from whom Lincoln's Inn derives its name. In the middle aisle of the nave stood the tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, constable of Dover Castle. Between the choir and south aisle was a noble monument to Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of Lord Chancellor Bacon; "higher than the post and altar," between two columns of the choir, was the sumptuous monument of Sir Christopher Hatton; and near it, a tablet to Sir Philip Sidney, and another to his father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham: hence the epigram:—

" Philip and Francis have no tomb,
For great Sir Christopher takes all the room."

Amongst the monuments preserved from the former Cathedral is Dr. Donne, the poet of quaint conceits, standing in his stony shroud.

The floor of the church was laid out in walks: "the south alley for usurye and poperye; the north for simony and the horse-fair; in the midst for all kinds of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies, &c." The middle aisle was called Paul's Walk, and was a lounge for idlers and hunters after news, wits and gallants, cheats, usurers, and knights of the post; the *font* itself being used as a counter. Ben Jonson has laid a scene of his *Every Man out of his Humour* in "the middle aisle of Paule's;" Captain Bobadil is a "Paul's man;" and Falstaff bought Bardolph in Paul's. Bishop Earle, 1629, says: "Paul's Walke is the Land's Epitome, or you may cal it the lesser Ile of Great Brittainne. * * * The noyse in it is like that of Bees, in strange hummings or buzze, mixt of walking, tongues, and feet; it is a kind of still roare, or loud whisper." It was a common thoroughfare for porters and carriers, for ale, beer, bread, fish, flesh, fardels of stuff, and mules, horses, and other beasts; drunkards lay sleeping on the benches at the choir-door; within, dunghills were suffered to accumulate; and in the choir people walked "with their hatts on their heddes." Dekker, in his *Gull's Horn-book*, tells us that the church was profaned by shops, not only of book-sellers, but of other trades, such as "the semsters' shops," and "the new tobacco office." He also mentions "Paul's Jacks," automaton figures which struck the quarters on the clock. The first recorded lottery in England was drawn at the west door of the church, in 1569.

The desecration of the exterior of the church was more abominable. The chantry and other chapels were used for stones and lumber, as a school and a glazier's workshop; parts of the vaults were occupied by a carpenter, and as a wine-cellar; and the cloisters were let out to trunk-

makers, whose "knocking and noyse" greatly disturbed the church-service. Houses were built against the outer walls, in which closets and window-ways were made: one was used as a play-house, and in another the owner baked his bread and pies in an oven excavated within a buttress; for a trifling fee, the bell-ringers allowed wights to ascend the tower, halloo, and throw stones at the passengers beneath.

We read, too, of rope-dancing feats from the battlements of St. Paul's exhibited before Edward VI., and in the reign of Queen Mary, who, the day before her coronation, witnessed a Dutchman standing upon the weathercock of the steeple, waving a five-yard streamer!

Old St. Paul's was famous (many of the old churches on the Continent were the same) for a "Dance of Death," executed at the expense of John Carpenter, town-clerk of London in the reign of Henry V.: it was appropriately placed in a cloister adjoining a charnel-house. Stow describes it as "a monument of Death leading all Estates, curiously painted upon board, with the speeches of Death and answer of every Estate;"—a suggestive picture for the contemplation of mortals.

There is an incident connected with old St. Paul's, remarkable in itself, but made still more so by the many celebrated writers who allude to it. In the year 1600, "a middle-sized bay English gelding," the property of Bankes, a servant to the Earl of Essex, and a viutner in Cheapside, ascended to the top of St. Paul's, to the delight, it is said by Dekker, of "a number of asses," who brayed below. Bankes had taught his horse, which went by the name of Marocco, to count, and perform a variety of feats. "Certainly," says Sir Walter Raleigh, in his History, "if Bankes had lived in elder times, he would have chamed all the enchanters of the world; for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse." When the novelty had somewhat lessened in London, Bankes took his wonderful horse first to Paris, and afterwards to Rome. He had better have stayed at home, for both he and his horse (which was shod with silver), were burnt for witchcraft. Shakspeare alludes to "the dancing horse;" and in a tract, 1595, there is a rude woodcut of the unfortunate juggler and his famous gelding.

The Cathedral was entirely destroyed in the Great Fire. The lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the monuments the body of one bishop remained entire. This was the corpse of Bishop Braybrooke, which had been inhumed 260 years, being "so dried up, the flesh, sinews, and skin cleaving fast to the bones, that being set upon the feet it stood as still as a plank, the skin being tough like lea

ther, and not at all inclined to putrefaction, which some attributed to the *sanctity of the person offering much money.*"

Burnet remarks that he never heard of any person being burnt or trodden to death at the Fire; but, in the Diary of Taswell, is recorded this singular testimony to the contrary:—

“ I forgot to mention that near the east end of S. Paul’s (he must have got quite round the church), a human body presented itself to me, parched up as it were with the flames, white as to skin, meagre as to flesh, yellow as to colour. This was an old decrepit woman who fled here for safety, imagining the flames would not have reached her there; her clothes were burned, and every limb reduced to a coal. In my way home I saw several engines which were bringing up to its assistance, all on fire, and those engaged with them escaping with all eagerness from the flames, which spread instantaneous almost like a wildfire, and at last, *accoutred with my sword and helmet*, I traversed the torrid zone back again.’ Taswell relates that the papers from the books in S. Faith’s were carried with the wind as far as Eton. The Oxonians observed the rays of the sun tinged with an unusual kind of redness, a black darkness seemed to cover the whole hemisphere. To impress this more deeply on Taswell’s memory, his father’s house was burned and plundered, by officious persons offering to aid, of 40*l.*”

The Building of Westminster Abbey.

Westminster Monastery and Palace were foundations of great antiquity and interest, scarcely exceeded by that of the Tower, with its chronicle of our history in stone.

Westminster was originally called *Thorney Island*, from its having been “overgrown with thorns, and environed with water,” substantiated by a charter granted in 785, by Offa, the Mercian king; but it is really a peninsula of the purest sand and gravel, as may be seen in the foundations of the Abbey. This edifice has not a basement story, like St. Paul’s, but is built upon the fine close sand, secured only by its very broad, wide, and spreading foundations. Sebert, King of the East Saxons, having embraced Christianity, and being baptized by Mellitus, bishop of London, pulled down a Pagan temple at Thorney, and founded upon the place a church to the honour of St. Peter, sometime previously to the year 616. It suffered much spoliation by the Danes, but was restored by King Edgar, at the intercession of Dunstan, who brought hither twelve monks of the Benedictine Order (probably from Glastonbury), to whom both

Dunstan and the King made grants of landed property, as well as rich presents in gold. The dedication of the church to St. Peter (the tutelary saint of fishermen), led to their offerings of salmon upon the high altar; the donor on such occasions having the privilege of sitting at the convent table to dinner, and demanding ale and bread from the cellarer.

Canute, in the year 1017, took the monastery under his special care, "it being so near the king's palace," which is somewhat corroborated by Norden, who states that "in the time of Edward the Confessor, a palace at Westminster was destroyed by fire, which had been inhabited by Canute, about the year 1035; and there occurs in King Edward's third charter to the Abbey, granted in 1065:—"The place where the said church and monastery were built was anciently *the seat of kings*;" and "we grant that, hereafter, for ever, it be the place of the king's constitution and consecration, the repository of the imperial regalia, and a perpetual habitation of monks," &c. But this charter is of dubious authority; and it is otherwise doubted whether there was a royal palace at Westminster before the reign of the Confessor himself. Edric Streon, through whose repeated treachery to the Saxon cause Canute was alone beholden for dominion in England, was, as though in retribution for his crimes, beheaded, by command of the monarch he had served, within the royal palace in London, and his body was *flung out of a window into the Thames*, an event which could scarcely have occurred at Westminster.

The earliest document from which the existence of a palace at this spot may be inferred is a charter given by Edward the Confessor, to the Abbey of Ramsey, in 1052. King Edward was now proceeding with his reconstruction of St. Peter's Church and Monastery at Westminster; and it may reasonably be surmised that he himself erected a palace there, to forward the splendid work by his own presence, as well as by "a tenth of his entire substance in gold, silver, cattle, and all other possessions." Compared with the former edifice, it was a very magnificent fabric. King Edward gave to its treasury rich vestments, a golden crown and sceptre, a dalmatic, embroidered pall, spurs, &c., to be used on the day of the sovereign's coronation: here our kings and queens have been crowned from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria, and here very many of them are buried, some with and others without monuments. The Confessor lived just long enough to see his intention fulfilled. On the Festival of the Holy Innocents, Dec. 28, 1065, the new Abbey was dedicated; and the King, who died eight days afterwards, was buried by his own desire in front of the high altar in the church of which he had just witnessed the completion.

Our early chroniclers have assigned the occurrence of several of King Edward's recorded visions to this spot. Those of the drowning of a Danish king who had undertaken to invade England; of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus; and finally, of the grievous afflictions which his country would undergo after his own decease, were of this number; and tradition has even identified the chamber where he died, as that which after generations called the *Painted Chamber*. The monkish historians attribute numerous miracles to his sanctity. He was so much in love, they tell us, with retirement and devotional reflection, that being once disturbed at a country-seat by the singing of nightingales, he prayed that they might no more be heard in that place; which petition, continues the legend, was granted accordingly. Even the time of his death was made known to him by the delivery of a ring and message from St. John the Evangelist; and within six years after his decease, the following miracle was performed at his tomb :

In the time of William the Conqueror, when all English prelates were "sifted to the branne," a synod was held in the church at Westminster, by Archbishop Lanfranc (anno 1074), to examine avowedly into the qualifications and conduct of the clergy, "yet with the covert design of making room for the new-come Normans," by ejecting such of the bishops and abbots as had but little learning and 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; a very idiot, unacquainted with the French language, and incapable either to instruct the church, or counsel the king." His pastoral staff and ring were, therefore, demanded of him by Lanfranc, in the King's name; but Wulstan, grasping his staff with an unmoved countenance, made this reply: "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 measure I submit to your sentence, and will resign it; but consider it just to make that resignation to King Edward, who conferred it on me." Then ending, he left the synod, and crossing the church to Edward's tomb, said, whilst standing before it, "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 your commands obliged me; but see, a new king, new laws; 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 placed the staff upon the tomb,

which was of stone, and leaving it, went arrayed as a monk, and sat with them in the chapter-house. When this became known in the synod, a messenger was sent for the staff, but he found it adhere so firmly to the stone that it could by no means be removed; nor could either the king or the archbishop himself disengage it from the tomb. Wulstan was then sent for, and the staff readily submitted to his touch; which being considered as a consummation of the miracle, he was allowed to retain his episcopal dignity. Such implicit credence was given to this story, that, according to the annals of Burton Abbey, King John urged it to Pandulph, the pope's legate, as a proof of the right of the English kings to nominate a bishop.

To return to the obsequies of the Confessor:—"Our kings in the castle of Windsor (says Palgrave), live on the brink of the grave, which opens to receive them. The throne of Edward was equally by the side of his sepulchre, for he dwelt in the palace of Westminster; and on the festival of the Epiphany, the day after his decease, his obsequies were solemnized in the adjoining abbey, then connected with the royal abode by walls and towers, the foundations whereof are still existing. Beneath the lofty windows of the southern transept of the Abbey, you may see the deep and blackened arches, fragments of the edifice raised by Edward, supporting the chaste and florid tracery of a more recent age. Within stands the shrine, once rich in gems and gold, raised to the memory of the Confessor by the fond devotion of his successors, despoiled, indeed, of all its ornaments, neglected and crumbling to ruin, but still surmounted by the massive iron-bound oaken coffin which contains the ashes of the last legitimate Anglo-Saxon king."

After the decisive victory at Hastings over the brave but unfortunate Harold, William the Norman, on his arrival near London, made it one of his first cares to give thanks for his success at King Edward's tomb at Westminster; and as it would seem, in a passage in William of Malmesbury, the "better to ingratiate himself with the English," by displaying a veneration for the Confessor's memory, he fixed on the new church for the scene of his own coronation; accordingly, on the Christmas-day following, he was crowned by the side of Edward's tomb. At a subsequent period he caused the remains of his predecessor to be re-interred, with "a curious and more costly tomb of stone."

The Feast of Edward the Confessor was yearly observed with great ceremony in the Abbey. Matthew Paris describes that of the year 1247, when Henry III. walked from St. Paul's to Westminster Abbey, carrying as an offering a little vase, containing a portion of the alleged blood of Christ. Matthew, in his Chronicle, gives a drawing of the

nesser. The Bishop of Norwich preached on the occasion, when some of the clergy went so far as to express some doubt as to the genuineness of the relique; and the Bishop of Lincoln undertaking to convince them, his discourse was noted down at the time. The scene in the abbey must have been very impressive: the King was seated on his throne, attired in his royal robes, and recognising Paris, caused him to sit on the middle step, between the throne and the floor, and expressly directed him to write an account of the proceedings. This, it is added, Paris did so well that the king invited him to dinner.

The Abbey, as it now exists, was for the most part rebuilt by Henry III., in veneration of the memory of the pious Confessor. "The Abbey Church," says Mr. Bardwell, the architect, "formerly arose a magnificent apex to a royal palace, surrounded by its own greater and lesser sanctuaries and almonries: its bell-towers (the principal one 72 feet 6 inches square, with walls 20 feet thick), chapels, prisons, gatehouses, boundary-walls, and a train of other buildings, of which we can at the present day scarcely form an idea. In addition to *all the land around it*, extending from the Thames to Oxford-street, and from Vauxhall-bridge-road to the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, the Abbey possessed 97 towns and villages, 17 hamlets, and 216 manors! Its officers fed hundreds of persons daily; and one of its priests (not the Abbot) entertained at his 'pavilion in Tothill' the King and Queen, with so large a party, that seven hundred dishes did not suffice for the first table; the Abbey butler, in the reign of Edward III., rebuilt at his own private expense the stately gatehouse which gave entrance to Tothill-street."

It has lately been brought to light that the nave of the Abbey was rebuilt in 1413 by Richard Whittington and Richard Harrowden (a monk of the Abbey), to whom Henry V. issued a commission for the purpose. Now, it has been plausibly argued by Lysons, in his Memoir of Lord Mayor Whittington, that this personage was the very man named in the Royal Commission.

As the place of sepulture of our sovereigns, the Abbey is of paramount interest:—"The Chapel of the Kings (says an able critic), had been nearly filled before the accession of the House of Tudor. Henry VII.—partly, perhaps, to do honour to the holy shade of Henry VI., partly to mark the beginning of a new Royal line—determined to add a mausoleum to Westminster not unworthy of the Majesty of England. The beautiful chapel called by his name dates from the first year of the sixteenth century; and dull, indeed, the spirit must be which the scene does not waken to keen sympathy. The tombs and monuments within its precincts not only tell the ordinary

tale of the instability of human grandeur, but mark strikingly the strange vicissitudes and revolutions of our English history. The devices on Henry's monument record the day of Bosworth and his right of conquest; but they are prophetic of the union of these islands under Princes in whom the Celtic blood flowed mingled with that of Norman and Saxon. Henry VIII. rests with Jane Seymour at Windsor, far from the spot where he wedded Catherine, in nuptials accursed, as he thought, by Heaven; or where their doomed and immature fruit lies unhonoured by memorial or epitaph. But his three children who attained the Crown were buried in their grandfather's chapel; Edward VI. without a royal monument; Mary and Elizabeth, made foes in life by a schism that rent the ties of kindred, and divided Europe into hostile camps, but in death mingled in a common sepulchre. Here, too, borne from that tragic spot where a tardy justice overtook her crimes, lies the siren schemer of that stirring age, Mary Stuart, in the reconciliation of the grave placed in honour among the chiefs of a nation whose high destinies she would have frustrated had her power equalled her will and ambition. James I. and Anne of Denmark are near; and here, too, for a brief space—until the frenzy of the Restoration did cruel and idle violence to the dead—were laid several of the great men of the Commonwealth, among whom Blake and Ireton were conspicuous, encircling the tomb of the mighty Protector. Charles II. rests unhonoured in the chapel; his brother found a grave in his place of exile; but Anne and Mary rejoined their ancestors, and were laid there, by William III., strange to say, without a befitting monument. The first King of the House of Hanover sleeps far from the England he never loved; George II., however, and Queen Caroline, with many of their progeny, claiming justly a burial-place among our native kings, fill a large space in the centre of the chapel. With theirs ends the line of the Royal tombs, George III. having shown a preference for Windsor, since followed by his immediate successors. The chapel, however, of Henry VII., like that in a certain degree of the Kings, covers other dust beside that of royalty. Passing by the near relations of the Tudors, of the houses of Richmond, Suffolk, and Lennox, we see there the graves of Stuart favourites; of the great chiefs of the Restoration; of statesmen of Anne and George I., among whom friendship has placed Addison, as if to show that even in that place, where man strives to prevent the equality of death, the Monarchs of England are not separated by any impassable line from their subjects. There, too, tossed by the storm of a revolution that should teach a tremendous lesson to kings, rests one of the Princes of the House of Orleans, a Royal exile in his last English asylum."

A Legend of Kilburn Priory.

"A little lowly *Hermitage* it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side;
 Far from resort of people that did pass
 In travaill to and fro; a little wyde
 There was an holy chapelle edifyde,
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy things, each morne and eventyde:
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway."

Spenser.

Kilburn, a hamlet of Hampstead, famed for its fine spring of mineral water, lies about two miles from London, north-westward, on the Edgware-road. It derived its origin from a hermit, named Godwyn, who, retiring hither in the reign of Henry I. for the purpose of seclusion, built a cell near a little rivulet, called Kilbourne, or Kilburn, on a site surrounded with wood. Whether Godwyn grew weary of his solitude, or from whatever cause, between the years 1128 and 1134 he granted his hermitage, with the adjoining lands, to the conventual church of St. Peter, Westminster, "as an alms for the redemption of the whole convent of Brethren," under the same conditions and privileges which King Ethelred had granted *Hamstede* to the same church.

Almost immediately after this grant the abbot, with the prior, and the whole convent of Westminster, at Godwyn's request, and with the consent of the Bishop of London, assigned the hermitage and its lands to three Virgins, by name Emma, Griselda, and Christina, who were maids of honour to Matilda, or Maude, the queen of Henry I. Queen Maude was herself a Benedictine nun; and it was, probably, to obtain her favour, that the cell of the anchorite was converted into a nunnery. It is recorded of this princess, that every day in Lent she went bare-footed and bare-legged, wearing a garment of hair, to pay her devotions in Westminster Abbey; and that she would, during that season, wash and kiss the feet of the poorest of her subjects. The hermit, Godwyn, was appointed master of the Nunnery, and guardian of the maidens, as long as he should live; and after his death the nuns were to elect his successor. Abbot Herbert granted the nuns an estate held of the manor of Knightsbridge (which still belongs to Westminster), in the place called *Gara*, probably Kensington Gore. In return for various gifts, the vestals were enjoined to pray for the repose of the soul of St. Edward the Confessor, and the souls of the abbots and brethren of the church at Westminster. In 1536 the Nunnery was surrendered to the

Commissioners; the inventory corrects some erroneous notions respecting the state of our English bedding in Henry the Eighth's reign: there was *not* such a difference between the chamber furniture of those days and our own time as is generally supposed. The site of the dissolved Priory was then assigned to the Prior of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, in exchange for Paris Garden, in Surrey; which proprietorship continued until the year 1773. The Abbey Farm at Kilburn, and Priory site still belong to the March family, who were seated at Hendon in the reign of Edward IV. The conventual buildings have long been destroyed. Several relics, including pieces of pottery, a few coins, and a bronze vessel, all mediæval, were found on the Priory site in 1852.

There is a curious traditionary legend connected with Kilburn Priory, which states that at Saint John's-wood, not far distant, there was formerly a stone of a dark-red colour, which was the stain of the blood of Sir Gervase de Mertoun, which flowed upon it a few centuries ago. Stephen de Mertoun, being enamoured of his brother's wife, frequently insulted her by the avowal of his passion, which she, at length, threatened to make known to Sir Gervase; to prevent which, Stephen resolved to waylay his brother, and slay him. This he effected by seizing him in a narrow lane, and stabbing him in the back, whereupon he fell upon a projecting rock, which became dyed with his blood. In his expiring moments Sir Gervase, recognising his brother, upbraided him with his cruelty, adding, "This stone shall be thy death-bed."

Stephen returned to Kilburn, and his brother's lady still refusing to listen to his criminal proposals, he confined her in a dungeon, and strove to forget his many crimes by a dissolute enjoyment of his wealth and power. Oppressed, however, by his troubled conscience, he determined upon submitting to religious penance; and, ordering his brother's remains to be removed to Kilburn, he gave directions for their re-interment in a handsome mausoleum, erected with stone brought from the quarry where the murder was committed. The identical stone on which his murdered brother had expired formed a part of the tomb; and the eye of the murderer resting upon it, the legend adds, *blood was seen to issue from it!* Struck with horror, the murderer hastened to the Bishop of London, and, making confession of his guilt, demised his property to the Priory of Kilburn. Having thus acted in atonement for his misdeeds, grief and remorse quickly consigned him to the grave.

The Tower, Fortress, Palace, and Prison, and its Memories.

It has long been customary to carry the antiquity of this celebrated fortress, by tradition, centuries earlier than our records, and ascribe its origin to Julius Cæsar. Shakspeare has adopted this version, but in *Richard III.* only gives us Buckingham's assurance that it is founded "upon record;" and Gray has embellished the idea of this antiquity:

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

May it not be what architects term a "Julius Tower?"

The tradition that the site of the Tower was anciently a Roman stronghold is, however, capable of explanation. We find a similar tradition in connexion with the keeps of Kenilworth and some others of Norman date; but in connexion with the Tower of London there is no visible evidence of Roman construction. Near the basement, where some alterations have been made, there seems to be a mixture of Roman tiles and bricks; and the same may be seen near the base of some of the other towers which defend the inner ward. These, however, may have been brought from the ruins of the Roman city, which stretched westward; for we are not aware that any Roman remains exist which indicate that buildings of importance were here during the occupation of London by the Romans.

The oldest portion of the fortress is the Keep, or *White Tower*, so named from its having been originally *whitewashed*, as appears from a Latin document of the year 1241. This Tower was built about 1078, for William the Conqueror, by Gundulf, bishop of Rochester, who also erected Rochester Castle; and the two fortresses have points of resemblance. William Rufus greatly added to the Keep;* Henry I. strengthened the fortress; and Stephen, in 1140, kept his court here, with all the rude splendour of the period. Fitzstephen describes it as

* Gundulf reached the age of eighty-four, and lived till 1108, that is, through the reigns of the Conqueror, and Rufus, and to the ninth of Henry I. Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, the rapacious minister of Rufus, greatly assisted in completing the Tower, and, strangely enough, was the first person known to have been imprisoned there. He was sent to the Tower 15th August, 1100, and was lodged in the White Tower. Two shillings daily, then a large sum, was allowed for his subsistence. Making his keepers drunk, and obtaining a rope in a flagon, he let himself down from the window of the south gallery, February 4, 1101, taking his pastoral staff with him. The rope broke, and he was injured in falling, but he managed to escape to Normandy. He lived to recover his see, and was the architect of several remarkable buildings.

“the Tower Palatine, very large and very strong, whose court and walls rise up from a deep foundation. The mortar is *tempered with the blood of beasts*. On the west are two castles, well fenced.” The mortar process we suspect to be less tenable than the Roman origin; but writers of history are loth to part with such attractive mettle.

Its greatest antiquity must be placed at eight centuries; and all that we shall attempt is a chronological record of the Tower in the several reigns. Thus, about 1190, the Regent Bishop Longchamp surrounded the fortress with an embattled stone wall and “a broade and deepe ditch:” for breaking down part of the city wall he was deposed, and besieged in the Tower, but surrendered after one night. King John held his court here. Henry III. strengthened the White Tower, and founded the Lion Tower and other western bulwarks; and in this reign the palace-fortress was alternately held by the king and the insurgent barons. Edward I. enlarged the moat, and on the west made the last additions of military importance prior to the invention of cannon. Edward II. retired here against his subjects; and here was born his eldest daughter, Joan of the Tower. Edward III. imprisoned here many illustrious persons, including David king of Scotland, and John king of France with Philip his son. During the insurrection of Wat Tyler, King Richard II. took refuge here, with his court and nobles, six hundred persons: Richard was deposed whilst imprisoned here, in 1399. Edward IV. kept a magnificent court here. In 1460 Lord Scales was besieged here by the Yorkists, and was taken and slain in endeavouring to escape by water. Henry VI., twice imprisoned in the fortress, was murdered by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who crossed the Thames for that purpose in a small boat, at two in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 21st of May, 1471; the weapon was a knife, and the wound was in the ribs. The beheading of Lord Hastings, in 1483, by order of the Protector Gloucester; the seizure of the crown by Richard; and the murder of his nephews, Edward V. and the Duke of York,—are the next events in the annals of the fortress. Henry VII. frequently resided in the Tower, where also his queen sought refuge from “the society of her sullen and cold-hearted husband:” the king held a splendid tournament here in 1501; his queen died here in 1503. Henry VIII. often held his court in this fortress: here, in great pomp, Henry received all his wives previous to their espousals; here were beheaded his queens Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. About this time (1548), an old chronicle tells us that a great fire was caused in the Tower by a Frenchman setting on fire a barrel of gunpowder, “and so was burned himself, and 20 more persons.”

Edward VI. kept his court in the Tower prior to his coronation: here his uncle, the Protector Somerset, was twice imprisoned before his decapitation on Tower Hill, in 1552. Lady Jane Grey entered the fortress as queen of England, but in three weeks became here a captive with her youthful husband: both were here beheaded. Queen Mary, at her court in the Tower, first showed her Romish resolves: her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, was imprisoned here on suspicion of favouring Sir Thomas Wyatt's design; she was compelled to enter at the *Traitors' Gate*. Queen Elizabeth did not keep her court in the Tower, but at no period was the state prison more "constantly thronged with delinquents." James I. resided here, and delighted in combats of the wild beasts kept here. In Charles I.'s reign many leading partisans were imprisoned here; and under the Government of Oliver Cromwell, and in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the Tower was filled with prisoners, the victims of state policy, intrigue, tyranny, or crime. Almost from the Conquest, our sovereigns, at their coronations, went in great state and procession from the Tower, through the city, to Westminster; the last observance being at the coronation of Charles II. All the domestic apartments of the ancient palace within the Tower were taken down during the reigns of James II. and William and Mary. In 1792 the garrison was increased. Several hundred men were employed in repairing the fortifications, opening the embrasures, and mounting cannon; and on the western side of the fortress a strong barrier was formed with old casks filled with earth and rubble; the gates were closed at an early hour, and no one but the military allowed to go on the ramparts.

The *Tower Palace* occupied the south-eastern portion of the inner ward, as shown in a plan of the fortress in the reign of Elizabeth, within a century from which period much of its ancient character was obliterated.

The *White Tower* is a rare example of Norman architecture, but externally it has been much disfigured by casing and restorations in the architectural style of the reign of James I. The interior has been little interfered with. The council-chamber and chapel are at a considerable height above the ground of Tower-green, and are reached by two circular staircases of curious construction; one of these is on the north and the other on the west side of the White Tower: these are formed in the thickness of the masonry. Here and there are loopholes, in which may be seen the great strength of the main walls of the Keep. The council-chamber is a large apartment, now stripped of its tapestry hangings and other fittings. It was in this

chamber that the Duke of Gloucester rose from the council-table and admitted a body of armed men, who, by the Duke's orders, arrested Lord Hastings and other partisans of his nephew. Lord Hastings was immediately taken down the stairs and beheaded on some beams of timber which had been brought into the Tower-green for the purpose of making some repairs in the adjoining buildings; others were committed to close prisons, where they endured much suffering.

From some of the deeply-recessed windows of the White Tower we have glimpses of the little Chapel of St. Peter, in which two headless Queens and a large number of persons of note who have suffered execution, lie buried. Beyond the outer walls and across the moat, northward, is the site of the scaffold which was often raised on Tower-hill. The last who were beheaded here were Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat, for their share in the northern rebellion, in 1745. Looking westward, within the walls of the fortress may still be seen at a short distance from the Chapel of St. Peter, the square space on which the scaffold was placed whereon were put to death two Queens of Henry VIII., Lady Jane Grey, and others.

The *Arms and Armour* in this tower have been re-arranged by Mr. Planché, Somerset Herald, chronologically, in the several compartments appropriated to the successive periods of English history. The wall above the arches is painted with the livery colours of the royal families of England, from the Plantagenets to the Stuarts, and bearing the names and dates of the sovereigns, in gold, from Henry II. to James II.

In the *Bloody Tower*, in a dark windowless room, in which one of the portcullises was worked, George Duke of Clarence is said to have been drowned in malmsey; in the adjoining chamber, the two Princes are said to have been "smothered;" whence the name of Bloody Tower. This has been much disputed; but in a tract *temp.* James I. we read that the above "turret our elders termed the *Bloody Tower*; for the bloodshed, as they say, of those infant princes of Edward IV., whom Richard III., of cursed memory (I shudder to mention it), savagely killed, two together at one time." In the latter chamber was imprisoned Colonel Hutchinson, whose wife, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, lieutenant of the tower, where she was born, relates the above traditions. This portion was formerly called the *Garden Tower*; it was built *temp.* Edward III., and is the only ancient place of security, as a state prison, in the Tower: it is entered through a small concealed door in the inner ballium; it consists of a day-room and a bedroom, and the leads on which the prisoner was sometimes allowed to breathe the air,

By this concealed door tradition says, the murderers of the two Princes brought out the dead bodies of their royal victims. It will be recollected that, in the commonly-received history of this transaction, in the reign of Charles II., at the bottom of the staircase on the west side of the White Tower, was found a wooden box, in which were a quantity of bones, supposed to have been those of the youthful Princes; by direction of King Charles, they were inclosed and buried in the north aisle of the chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. Bailey, the historian of the Tower, however, believed the murder to have been committed in the White Tower, from the bones having been found there, near a door on the south side. Still, Sir Thomas More, who wrote a century and a half before these bones were found, says the bodies had been removed by a priest from the spot where they were first laid by Tyrrel, on the night of the murder, to a less dishonourable grave. This priest had removed them at the king's request; and as priest and king died suddenly, the secret of their new resting-place would account for Henry the Seventh being unable to find them, when it was of supreme importance for him to show that the Princes were dead. The discovery of bones (every way answering to those of Edward and Richard) under the old staircase leading into the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, in the White Tower, agrees exactly with the narrative in More. Richard might well object to the burial of his nephews in a place so public as the gateway under the Bloody Tower. The staircase of St. John's Chapel would offer him a spot which he might consider as at once secret and sacred.

Some further light was thrown upon this question in 1868. Adjoining the Bloody Tower is the *Wakefield Tower*. An opinion had long been entertained that a staircase existed in the wall between these two towers, but investigation had hitherto failed in detecting it. Between or in the thickness of the walls connecting the Bloody Tower with the Wakefield, was discovered 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 were sharp and clean, was a small cell, with a chimney-flue, 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 may have been at once closed up by Richard's own orders. The work is carefully executed, the openings being closed with stone, built up so as exactly to match the walls, and thus escape observation. At all events, it is very singular that a convenient staircase already made should be closed, thereby necessitating the formation of another, on the further side of the tower, to reach the chambers above. Here is fresh subject for surmise, especially as to the animal bones. In front of the foot of the stairs is an arched opening, which has all the appearance of a doorway ; but there is nothing left to show how it communicated with any other building, as it is at a considerable height from the ground. The chamber in the basement of the Bloody Tower, entered by a small door immediately behind the gate on the east side, was evidently intended for the use of the guard.

"In a chamber of the Bloody Tower," says Mr. Dixon, "occurred that strange scene when Sir Thomas Wyatt, on his way to Tower Hill for execution, was carried into Courtney's room, by Mary's command, in the hope that, on a chance of his own life being spared, he would implicate Elizabeth and Courtney in the Kentish plot. The room was full of men ; many lords of the council, the lord mayor and sheriffs, gentlemen of the guard, officers of the tower,—all eager for the words on which Elizabeth's life as well as Courtney's life then hung. But the undaunted poet—a man worthy to die for such a woman—would not win his pardon by a lie. Lord Chandos, his bitter enemy, says he implored Lord Courtney to confess the truth ; the sheriffs of London declared that he asked Courtney to forgive him for having spoken of him and the Lady Elizabeth in connexion with his plot. A few minutes later, with the axe gleaming close beside him, he told the people on Tower Hill that he had never accused either Elizabeth or Courtney ; that he could not truly do it, as neither had known of his rising until the commotion had begun. In another moment his head was in the dust."

The *Bloody Tower* gateway, built in the time of Edward III. opposite Traitor's Gate is the main entrance to the inner ward : it has massive gates and portcullis complete, at the southern end ; the gates are genuine, and the portcullis is said to be the only one remaining in England fit for use. The late Duke of Wellington described this tower as the best, if not the only good place of security at the disposition of the officers of the Tower, in which state prisoners can be placed.

Traitors' Gate was a small postern, with a drawbridge, fronting the

Thames, as Stow tells us, "seldom let down but for the receipt of some great persons, prisoners." "Perhaps," says Mr. Ferrey, the architect, "no part of this fortified enclosure has suffered more from improper use than the Traitors' Gate. Few people can be aware of the solemn grandeur which this water-gate must have presented in bygone times, when its architectural features were unmutilated. Gateways and barbicans to castles are usually bold and striking in their design; but a water-gate of this kind, in its perfect state, must have been quite unique. The structure consists in plan of an oblong block, each corner having an attached round turret of large dimensions. The south archway, which formed the water approach from the Thames, guarded by a portcullis, is now effectually closed by a wharf occupying the entire length of the tower. The water originally flowed through the base of the gate-house, and extended, probably, beyond the north side of it, to the traitors' steps, as they were called. Here the superincumbent mass of the gateway is supported by an archway, spanning the entire width of the front, from turret to turret, a distance of more than sixty feet. Such an arch, I think, is not to be found in any other gateway, and is a piece of masterly construction. A staircase in the north-west turret conducts to the galleries, or wall-passages, formed on a level with the top of the archway. These passages are lighted by loopholes through the outer walls; and have a breastwork on the inner faces, pierced and crenellated, so that each side of the gateway could be guarded by soldiers, commanding the space below as well as on the outside. The four angular turrets are approached by the wall passages; each turret has two tiers of chambers. They are beautifully groined, having elegant vaulting shafts, with capitals and bases. A lancet window on each side (for the rooms are octangular within), lightes the apartment. No stranger on looking at the Traitors' Gate as it is now encumbered, could possibly form an idea of its ancient dignity. The whole of the upper part is crammed with offices, and disfigured in every possible manner; and the gloom of the Traitors' Gate is now broken up by the blatant noise of steam machinery for hoisting and packing war-weapons."

As this is one of the most ancient prisons in England, so it is the most honourable (says Hatton, 1708), few criminals having the favour of being here imprisoned but the nobility, or Members of the House of Commons, who are for high misdemeanour kept in safe custody, by order of their own house, and the governor or lieutenant have their fees, viz., for a duke, 200*l.*, an inferior peer, 100*l.*, and a commoner, 50*l.* The gentleman-porter hath for his fee such prisoners' upper garment, or compounds for it, which is commonly 30*l.* for a peer, and 5*l.* each

for others. The yeomen-warders attend prisoners whose crimes or misdemeanours are something against the Queen (or government) who allow the prisoners, viz. to a duke, 4*l.*, other lords, 2*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.*, and to knights and gentlemen, 13*s.* 4*d.* per week while they are under confinement. Notwithstanding the numerous landmarks of our history, which have been swept away within the Tower walls, here and there ancient features remain to keep in memory the many innocent victims murdered here in times of despotism and tyranny, and which "pass like dark phantoms before the wind."

"On through that gate, through which before
Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."

Rogers's *Human Life*.

The prisoners were conveyed to Westminster for trial, and through the gate they were brought back accompanied by the headsman and the axe. "It would seem," says Mr. Ferrey, "that the enormous size of the north archway must have been for the admission of several barges or vessels to pass within the present boundary of the gateway-walls when the outer portcullis was closed, and that the Thames once penetrated further to the north."

Mr. Dixon reminds us that—"When it was found necessary, from any cause, to carry a prisoner through the streets, the sheriffs received him from the king's lieutenants at the entrance to the City, gave a receipt for him, and took another on delivering him up at the gates of the tower. The receipt of the governor for the body of the Duke of Monmouth—his living body—is still extant."

The *Bell Tower*, containing the alarm-bell of the garrison, is next in order. The Rev. Thomas Hugo, F.S.A., thus picturesquely introduces two of the illustrious tenants of this historical prison house—this gloomy dungeon, and the scarcely less gloomy chamber immediately above it. Of course, the identification of particular prisoners with particular spots is legendary, and we can rarely adduce precise historical proof of the correctness of such views. Assuming as a fact what tradition asserts,—these walls once looked upon two faces, among, doubtless, many others, whose owners possess considerable attractions for the minds of Englishmen. The first of these two was the venerable Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who fell under the headsman's axe for denying the spiritual supremacy of Henry VIII.

The Bishop of Rochester was one of the foremost men of his age, and was for many years confessor to the king's grandmother, the Countess of Richmond; and it is supposed that her munificence towards our two universities—by founding St. John's and Christ's Colleges at Cambridge,

and the professorships of divinity in both Oxford and Cambridge—was mainly owing to his pious advice and direction. He sided, as was likely, against the King in the matter of Queen Katharine, whose cause he warmly advocated, and, as also was likely, drew down upon himself the displeasure of his unscrupulous sovereign. At length, when called before the Lambeth council, and commanded to acknowledge the King's supremacy, he resolutely refused to do so, and was forthwith committed to the Tower.

“He had now reached his eightieth year, and the cold damp dungeon into which he was thrust was not calculated to prolong his days. Perhaps his enemies desired that death should naturally remove him, and remove from them also the odium which could not fail to attach to all who should be instrumental in his more direct and manifest destruction. His constitution, however, was proof against his position, and for many months he bore his privations as became a good soldier in a cause on which his heart and soul were set. Out of his painful dungeon he wrote to Mr. Secretary Cromwell in these words:—‘Furthermore, I beseech you, to be good master to me in my necessity, for I have neither suit nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear but that be ragged and rent shamefully. My diet also, God knoweth how slender it is at many times; and now in mine age my stomach may not away with but a few kinds of meat, which, if I want, I decay forthwith, and fall into coughs and diseases of my body, and cannot keep myself in health. And as our Lord knoweth, I have nothing left unto me to provide any better, but as my brother of his own purse layeth out for me to his great hindrance. Therefore, good Master Secretary, I beseech you to have some pity upon me, and let me have such things as are necessary for me in mine age, and especially for my health. * * * * Then shall you bind me for ever to be your poor beadsman unto Almighty God, who ever have you in his protection and custody.’

“This was written in the depth of a bitter winter, for the aged writer concludes:—‘This, I beseech you, to grant me of your charity. And thus our Lord send you a merry Christmas, and a comfortable, to your heart's desire.—At the Tower, the 22 day of December.’”

Condemned by his peers, and brought back to the Water-gate, he turned round and dismissed his escort, as though they had been a guard of honour, and he were only coming in from a feast, saying, that as he had nothing else left he should give them his hearty thanks.

This Bell Tower, one of the safest dungeons in the stronghold, was considered as next in rank to the Bloody Tower. Elizabeth is said to have been first of all lodged in its strong room, until the murmurs of all

London and the threats of Lord Howard and the fleet persuaded Mary to treat her with some show of justice. It was the prison, as we see, of Courtney and Lady Lennox, both of the royal race, of the blood of Edward IV.

"The scene again changes, and this time a very different prisoner enters the portals of the Bell tower. It is now the fair and blooming face of a young and noble lady, afterwards the Queen of this great country, then known by the name of the Princess Elizabeth. Her sister, ever sullen and suspicious, had removed her, to the danger of her life, from her home at Ashridge, in Hertfordshire, and after necessary delay at Redborne, St. Alban's, South Mimms, and Highgate, she at length, some days after the beginning of her journey, arrived at Whitehall. Within a fortnight she was lodged in her prison in the Tower. Doubtless you know the story; but her entrance into the fortress deserves a moment's mention. The barge was directed to enter by Traitors' Gate, much to the annoyance of the fair prisoner. It rained hard (an old chronicler says), and a certain unnamed lord offered her his cloak; but she put her hand back with a good dash, and then, as she set her foot on the dreaded stairs, she cried out aloud, 'Here landeth as good a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before Thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friend but Thee.' A few minutes afterwards found her a fast prisoner, and as tradition tells us, in the very turret to which we have drawn attention."

Walter Raleigh was thrice imprisoned in the Tower. Beauchamp Tower and the White Tower were his prison-houses; but his twelve long years of imprisonment were passed in the Bloody Tower. "It was hither that Prince Henry came to spend his hours with the great prisoner; and where he one day said to his attendants, as he rode away, that no king save his father would keep such a bird in such a cage. It was to these narrow chambers that Lady Raleigh, the bright Bessie Throgmorton of his youth, leaving all the splendours of Sherborne Castle, came to reside with her hero. Here her son Carew was born."* Here Raleigh devoted much time to chemistry and pharmaceutical preparations. "He has converted," says Sir William Wade, Lieutenant of the Tower, "a little hen-house in the garden into a still-house, and here he doth spend his time all the day in distillations; . . . he doth show himself upon the wall in his garden to the view of the people:" here Raleigh prepared his "Rare Cordial,"† wrote his political discourses,

* Dixon.

† Raleigh's "Rare Cordial," with other ingredients introduced by Sir Kenelm Digby and Sir A. Frazer, is the *Confectio aromatica* of the present day.

and commenced his famous "History of the World." He was at length liberated, but again committed to the Tower, about two months before his execution at Westminster.

Raleigh's shifting imprisonments must have been very irksome. Thus, in 1603, in the course of a few months, Raleigh was first confined in his own house, then conveyed to the Tower, next sent to Winchester gaol, returned from thence to the Tower, imprisoned for between two and three months in the Fleet, and again removed to the Tower, where he remained until released thirteen years afterwards, to undertake his new expedition to Guiana. Mr. Payne Collier possesses a copy of that rare tract, "A Good Speed to Virginia," 4to, 1609, with the autograph on the title-page, "W. Raleigh, Turr. Lond.;" showing that at the time this tract was published and read by Raleigh, he recorded himself a prisoner in the Tower of London.*

Raleigh's constant study was in the pages of that Divine Book, by which, as he told the clergyman who rebuked him for his seeming lightness, on the eve of his beheading, he had prepared himself to look fearlessly on death. His last hours were each an episode, and his acts and words have been carefully recorded. On the morning of his execution, his keeper brought a cup of sack to him, and inquired how he was pleased with it? "As well as he who drank of St. Giles's bowl as he rode to Tyburne," answered the knight, "and said, 'it was a good drink, if a man might but tarry by it.'" "Prithee, never fear, Beeston," cried he to his old friend Sir Hugh, who was repulsed from the scaffold by the sheriff, "I shall have a place!" A bald man, from extreme age, pressed forward "to see him," he said, "and pray God for him." Raleigh took a richly-embroidered cap from his own head, and placing it on that of the old man, said, "Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need of it than I." "Farewell, my lords," was his cheerful parting to a courtly group, who affectionately took their sad leave of him, "I have a long journey before me, and I must e'en say good-bye." "Now, I am going to God," said that heroic spirit, as he trod the scaffold; and, gently touching the axe, added, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." The very headsmen shrank from beheading one so illustrious and brave, until the un-

* Sir Richard Baker, in his "Chronicle," oddly says of Raleigh's first imprisonment for treason, that "he was kept in the Tower, where, to his great honour, he spent his time in writing, and *had been a happy man if he had never been released.* But such is our state, that no man's fortune is understood, whether it be good or bad, until it be discovered by the event." Baker had sad experiences of loss of liberty, many of which are shown in his "Chronicle."

quailing soldier addressed him, "What, dost thou fear? Strike, man!" In another moment, the mighty soul had fled from its mangled tenement.

Sir Walter Raleigh perished in the sixty-sixth year of his age—a mournful monument of the proverbial mutability of fortune, and a testimony that the most brilliant capacities, unless accompanied by moral rectitude, are insufficient and unstable. However much we may be inclined to dissent from that sweeping sentence of Dr. Lingard, that, in this catastrophe, "the provocation was great, and the punishment not understood," we can, nevertheless, coincide with that eminent historian in looking with admiration upon the magnanimous self-possession of Raleigh. We can peruse with joy that splendid panegyric uttered by the Bishop of Salisbury, who attended Sir Walter on the scaffold, and who declared that "his was the most fearless of deaths that ever was known, and the most resolute and confident, yet with reverence and conscience!" We can rejoice that the contemporary population were sufficiently dispassionate to regard that execution, according to Hume, as a deed of "cruelty and injustice, meanness and indiscretion!" We can rejoice to hear Macaulay asserting that that decollation, "under all the circumstances, must be considered as a dastardly murder!" We can almost rejoice at that dramatic incident at Whitehall, where, several years after this imperial assassination, James was startled by the introduction of Raleigh's only surviving son, Carew, at court, and turned from him with loathing, muttering that he resembled his father's ghost! An anecdote which proves, as Miss Aikin keenly remarks, 'how loudly the conscience of the King upbraided him with the sacrifice of Sir Walter.' We can rejoice in these considerations, painful and lamentable as they are, because, in the indignation which they aroused against the murderer of Raleigh, we recognise the safeguard of the future illustrious. Because Sovereigns must tremble in their palaces, and Ambassadors swallow vengeance in their cabinets, before another subject, however exalted or however base, shall suffer wrongfully for their satisfaction; before another Raleigh can perish by an ignominious punishment, deriving an additional glory to his memory out of the very abjectness and degradation of his antagonists.*

The *Beauchamp Tower* has a most minute individual history written upon its sides. It has been fancifully said that "walls have ears." The walls of the prison-lodgings in the Tower, however, bear more direct testimony of their former occupants; for here the thoughts, sorrows, and sufferings of many a noble soul, crushed spirit, are literally cut

in stone. The Beauchamp Tower has many records preserved of noteworthy persons confined upon its walls; but it is to be regretted that several of these records have been removed from the rooms where they were incised, so that the interest of the locality is marred. This tower originally derived its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned here in 1397. It consists of three apartments, one above the other, besides a few small passages and cells; and in the ground-floor chamber have been discovered in the stonework secret passages for listening spies. This room is partly below the ground, and must have been a dismal place of imprisonment. A circular staircase leads to the other apartments, in which have been confined so many eminent persons. Many of these have here endeavoured to shorten the tedious hours by records on the stone walls, of their names and sentiments; and hard must be the heart which could look unmoved at many of the memorials: they have been cleansed by an ingenious chemical process from dirt and paint. During this operation many new names have been brought to light which have been for long hidden from plaster, &c. Amongst these is a sculptured rebus—a *bell* inscribed TA. and Thomas above, the memorial of Dr. Abel, chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon. Thomas Abel was a man of learning, a great master of instrumental music, and well skilled in modern languages. He was introduced at Court, and he became domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII. When the validity of their marriage became a question, the affection which Dr. Abel bore towards his mistress, led him into the controversy to which it gave rise, and he opposed the divorce both by words and writings. By giving in to the delusion of the "Holy Maid of Kent" he incurred a misprision, and was afterwards condemned and executed in Smithfield, together with others, for denying the King's supremacy, and affirming his marriage with Queen Catherine to be valid. Couplets, maxims, allegories, and spiritual truths are sometimes added.

Another sculpture, a kneeling figure, portrays Robert Bainbridge, who was imprisoned for writing a letter offensive to Queen Elizabeth. "Thomas Talbot, 1462," is the oldest inscription which has been found in the prison: Talbot was here in 1464; he had kept Henry VI prisoner at Waddington Hall, in Lancashire.

In the State Prison room is IANE. IANE, cut in letters of Elizabethan character, which attract more attention from visitors than memorials of more elaborate design and execution. These letters are supposed to have been cut by Lord Guildford Dudley, as a solace, when he was confined in a separate prison from his unhappy

wife. This is the only memorial preserved of Lady Jane Grey in the Tower.

One of the most elaborate devices is that of John Dvdle, Earl of Warwick, tried and condemned in 1553 for endeavouring to deprive Mary of the crown; but being reprieved, he died in his prison-room, where he had wrought upon the wall his family's cognizance, the lion, and bear and ragged staff, underneath which is his name; the whole surrounded by oak-sprigs, roses, geraniums, honeysuckles, emblematic of the Christian names of his four brothers, as appears from this unfinished inscription:—

"Yow that these beasts do wel behold and se,
May deme with ease wherefore here made they be
Withe borders eke wherein (there may be found)
4 brothers' names, who list to serche the grovnd."

The names of the four brothers were Ambrose, Robert, Guildford, and Henry: thus, A, acorn; R, rose; G, geranium; H, honeysuckle: others think the rose indicates Ambrose, and the oak Robert (*robur*). In another part is carved an oak-tree bearing acorns, signed R.D.; the work of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

The following apophthegms are curious: "I hs 1571, die 10 Aprilis. Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do, to examine before they speake, to prove before they take in hand, to beware whose company they use, and above all things, to whom they truste. Charles Bailly." Another of Bailly's apophthegms is: "The most vnhappy man in the world is he that is not pacient in adversities; for men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with ye impacience which they suffer."

Here are several devices of the Peverils, on a crucifix bearing a heart, wheatsheaves, a portrait, initials, &c. A reference to Sir Walter Scott's novels of the *Fortunes of Nigel* and *Peveril of the Peak*, shows that their distinguished author had made himself acquainted with the various portions of the Tower. The lower right-hand inscription is one of several bearing the name of Peveril. The wheatsheaves are the armorial bearings of the Peverils of Derbyshire. Scott doubtless found these stones very suggestive. The room, above the entrance of the Bloody Tower, in which the young Princes are said to have been murdered by Richard III., agrees with the account of the place of meeting between George Heriot, his god-daughter, and Nigel. There is here a secret closet near the roof, of no seeming use, except to conceal an observer from the prisoners, which may have afforded the idea of the "lug" in which James I. ensconced himself

These inscriptions tell their own sad stories:—

"O . Lord . whic . art . of . heavn . King . Graunt . gras . and . lyfe .
everiastig . to . Miagh . thy . servant . in . prison . alon . with * * * *
Tomas Miagh." Again:—

"Thomas Miagh, whiche lieth here alon,
That fayne would from hens be gon,
By tortyre straunge mi troth was
tryed, yet of my libertie denied. 1581, Thomas Myagh."

He was a prisoner for treason, tortured with Skevington's irons and the rack.*

"Thomas Willyngar, goldsmith. My hart is yours tel dethe." By the side is a figure of a bleeding "hart," and another of "dethe;" and "T. W." and "P. A."

"Thomas Rose,
Within this Tower strong
Kept close
By those to whom he did no wrong. May 8th, 1666."

"J. C. 1538." "Learne to feare God." "Reprens . le . sage . et .
il . te . armera.—Take wisdom, and he shall arm you."

The memorial of Thomas Salmon, 1622, now let into the wall of the middle room, was formerly in the upper prison-lodging: it records a long captivity, and consists of a shield surrounded by a circle; above the circle the name "T. Salmon;" a crest formed of three salmons, and the date 1622; underneath the circle the motto *Nec temere, nec timore*—"Neither rashly, nor with fear." Also a star containing the abbrevia-

* *Torture* was never allowed by the laws of England, but it was inflicted in England from the reign of Henry VI. to the reign of Charles I., both inclusive, by virtue of what was then considered the royal prerogative, which at that period was also considered to be above the law. No earlier torture warrants have been discovered than the reign of Henry VIII. Mr. Jardine, the Recorder of Bath, has shown fifty instances of the infliction of torture. In Scotland, torture was allowed by law until its abolition at the Union in the reign of Queen Anne; and the last torture warrant, stated to be signed with the sign manual of King William III., is dated at Kensington Palace, and is for the torturing of Norvill Pain. With the form of that terrible instrument of torture—the Rack—we are familiar from the plates to the early editions of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

Dr. Lingard, in his account of the different kinds of torture used in the Tower in the times of the Tudors, says:—"A fourth kind of torture was a cell called 'Little Ease.' It was of so small dimensions and so constructed that the prisoner could neither stand, sit, nor lie in it at full length. He was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remained during several days." Randle Holme tells us there was a similar place at Chester, where it was used for the punishment of petty offences. In the House of Correction is a place cut into a rock, with a grate-door before it; into this place are put renegadoes, apprentices, &c., that disobey their parents and masters, robbers of orchards, and such like rebellious youths; in which they can neither stand, sit, kneel, nor lie down, but be all in a ruck, or knit together, so and in such a lamentable condition, that half an hour will tame the stoutest and stubbornest stomach, and will make him have a desire to be freed from the place."

tion of Christ in Greek, surrounded by the sentence, *Sic vive ut vivas*—"So live that thou mayst live." In the opposite corner are the words, *Et morire ne morieris*—"And die that thou mayst die not." Surrounding a representation of Death's head, above the device, is the enumeration of Salmon's confinement: "Close prisoner 8 moneths, 32 wekes—224 dayes, 5376 houres."

On the ground-floor is "Robert Dudley." He was the third son of John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1553, for high treason. At his death his sons were still left in confinement; Robert was, in 1554, arraigned in Guildhall for high treason, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He lay under this sentence till the following year, when he and his brothers were liberated by command of Queen Mary, and afterwards rose in high favour at Court. On the ground-floor, also, is this significant couplet:

"The man whom this house cannot mend,
Hath evil becom, and worse will end."

Sir Walter Raleigh's prison was the two upper chambers.

One of the most striking personages amongst the foreign prisoners was Charles of Orleans, the brave soldier and poet-prince, who was captured at Agincourt, and remained prisoner in the Tower five-and-twenty years. Mr. Dixon, availing himself of a copy of the Prince's French Poems, nobly illuminated, in the MS. department of the British Museum, states that one of the drawings in this MS. is of peculiar interest: in the first place, as being *the oldest view of the Tower extant*; in the second place, as fixing the exact chamber in the White Tower in which the poet was confined, and displaying dramatically the life which he led. First, we see the Prince at his desk, composing his poems, with his gentlemen in attendance, and his guards on duty. Next, we observe him on a window-sill, looking outwards into space. Then we have him at the foot of the White Tower, embracing the messenger who brings him the ransom. Again, we see him mounting his horse. Then we have him and his friendly messenger riding away from the Tower. Lastly, he is seated in a barge, which lusty rowers are pulling down the stream for the boat which is to carry him to France.

It is commonly stated that the *Beauchamp Tower* was formerly the place of confinement for state prisoners, and that Sir William Wallace and Queen Anne Boleyn were amongst its inmates. Mr. Sidney Gibson, however, maintains there to be "no historical authority for saying that the Scottish hero was ever confined in the Tower of London; and it seems certain that the unfortunate Queen was a prisoner in the royal apartments, which were in a different part of the fortress." Mr

Gibson proceeds to show that when Wallace was taken, and conducted to London, he was lodged in the house of a citizen in Fenchurch-street, and next brought on horseback to Westminster, and in the Great Hall was impeached; and Holinshed says, 'condemned and thereupon hanged' at Smithfield; so that 'he never was a prisoner in the Tower.' Queen Anne Boleyn occupied the royal apartments while she was prisoner here; Speed states that she continued to occupy the same apartments after she was condemned to death; and was beheaded on "the Green by the White Tower."

The economy of the Tower as a state prison presents a strange contrast with its magnificence as a royal palace. "The case of Sir Henry Wyatt," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in a paper read by him to the Archæological Institute, "father of the wit, poet, and courtier, Sir Thomas Wyatt, takes us back to the latter days of the Red and White Roses. Wyatt was a Lancastrian in politics, and under the reign of Richard the Third he spent not a little of his time in the Tower." The Wyatt Papers say—"He was imprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes sufficient 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 feed and to warm 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 his cold and short fare. The answer was, 'he durst not better it.'—'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?'—'I may well enough,' said he, the keeper, 'you are safe for that matter; and being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise, dressed for him, from time to time, such pigeons as his accator the cat provided for him. Sir Henry Wyatt in his prosperity for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of their spaniels or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him.' The prisoner had this faithful cat painted, with a pigeon in his paws, offering it through the grated window of his dungeon."

By way of relief to our gloomy chronicle, we conclude with a narrative of a strange incident, which Samuel Pepys has recorded in his *Diary*: "October 30, 1662. To my Lord Sandwich, who was in

his chamber all alone, and did inform me that our old acquaintance, Mr. Wade, hath discovered to him 7000*l.* hid in the Tower, of which he was to have two for the discovery, my Lord two, and the King the other three, when it was found; and that the King's warrant to search, runs for me and one Mr. Lee. So we went, and the guard at the Tower-gate making me leave my sword, I was forced to stay so long at the alehouse close by, till my boy run home for my cloak. Then walked to Minchen Lane, and got from Sir H. Bennet, the King's warrant, for the paying of 2000*l.* to my Lord, and other two of the discoverers. (This does not agree with the first statement as to sharing the money.) After dinner we broke the matter to the Lord Mayor, who did not, and durst not, appear the least averse to it. So Lee and I and Mr. Wade were joined by Evett, the guide, W. Griffin, and a porter with pickaxes. Coming to the Tower, our guide demands a candle, and down into the cellars he goes. He went into several little cellars and then out of doors to view, but none did answer so well to the marks as one arched vault, where, after much talk, to digging we went, till almost eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing; yet the guides were not discouraged. Locking the door, we left for the night, and up to the Deputy-Governor, and he do undertake to keep the key, that none shall go down without his privity. November 1st. To the Tower to make one triall more, where we staid several hours, and dug a great deal under the arches, but we missed of all, and so went away the second time like fools. To the Dolphin Tavern. Met Wade and Evett, who do say that they had it from Barkestead's own mouth. He did much to convince me that there is good ground for what he goes about. November 4th. Mr. Lee and I to the Tower to make our third attempt upon the cellar. A woman, Barkestead's confidante, was privately brought, who do positively say that this is the place where the said money was hid, and where he and she did put up the 7000*l.* in butter firkins. We, full of hope, did resolve to dig all over the cellar, which, by seven o'clock at night we performed. At noon we sent for a dinner, dined merrily on the head of a barrel, and to work again. But, at last, having dug the cellar quite through, removing the barrels from one side to the other, we were forced to pay our porters, and give over our expectations, though, I do believe, there must be money hid somewhere." Under December 17th, we read:—"This morning come Lee, Wade, and Evett, intending to have gone upon our new design upon the Tower, but it raining, and the work being to be done in the open garden, we put it off to Friday next." Such is the last we hear of this odd affair

Legendary Stories and Ballads of Old London Bridge.

In a singularly curious, although probably fabulous tract, the building of St. Mary Overie's Church, in Southwark, and of the first London Bridge, is attributed to the daughter of John Overs, who rented of the City a ferry across the Thames at this spot, and thus grew rich, by which means his daughter was enabled to construct the church and the bridge, whilst Overs lost his life by his own covetousness. Though he kept several servants and apprentices, he was of so parsimonious a soul, that notwithstanding he possessed an estate equal to that of the best Alderman of London, acquired by unceasing labour, frugality, and industry, yet his habit and dwelling were both strangely expressive of the most miserable poverty. He had an only daughter, "of a beautiful aspect," says the tract, "and a pious disposition; whom he had care to see well and liberally educated, though at the cheapest rate; and yet so, that when she grew ripe and mature for marriage, he would suffer no man of what condition or quality soever, by his goodwill, to have any sight of her, much less access to her." A young gallant, however, who seems to have thought more of being the Ferryman's heir than his son-in-law, took the opportunity, while he was engaged at the ferry, to be admitted into her company. "The first interview," says the story, "pleased well; the second better; the third concluded the match between them."

"In all this long interim, the poor silly rich old Ferryman, not dreaming of any such passages, but thinking all things to be as secure by land as he knew they were by water," continued his former wretched and penurious course of life. To save the expense of one day's food in his family, he formed a scheme to feign himself dead for twenty-four hours, in the vain expectation that his servants would, out of propriety, fast until after his funeral. Having procured his daughter to consent to this plot, even against her better nature, he was put into a sheet, and stretched out in his chamber, having one taper burning at his head and another at his feet, according to the custom of the time. When, however, his servants were informed of his decease, instead of lamenting they were overjoyed, and, having danced round the body, they broke open his larder, and fell to banqueting. The Ferryman bore all this as long, and as much like a dead man, as he was able; "but when he could endure it no longer," says the tract, "stirring and struggling in his sheet, like a ghost with a candle in each hand, he purposed to rise up, and rate 'em for their sauciness and boldness; when one of them

thinking that the Devil was about to rise in his likeness, being in a great amaze, caught hold of the butt-end of a broken oar, which was in the chamber, and being a sturdy knave, thinking to kill the Devil at the first blow, actually struck out his brains." It is added that the servant was acquitted, and the ferryman made accessory and cause of his own death.

The estate of Overs then fell to his daughter, and her lover hearing of it, hastened up from the country; but, in riding post, his horse stumbled, and he broke his neck on the highway. The young heiress was almost distracted at these events, and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment; for he was not permitted to have Christian burial, being considered as an excommunicated man, on account of his extortions, usury, and truly miserable life. The Friars of Bermondsey Abbey were, however, prevailed upon, by money, their Abbot being then away, to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched Ferryman. But, upon the Abbot's return, observing a grave which had been recently covered in, and learning who lay there, he was not only angry with his monks for having done such an injury to the Church for the sake of gain, but he also had the body taken up again, laid on the back of his own ass, and turning the animal out of the Abbey gates, desired of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass proceeded with a gentle and solemn pace through Kent-street, and along the highway, to the small pond once called St. Thomas-a-Waterings, then the common place of execution, and shook off the Ferryman's body directly under the gibbet, where it was put into the ground without any kind of ceremony. Mary Overs, extremely distressed by such a host of troubles, and desirous to be free from the numerous suitors for her hand and fortune, resolved to retire into a cloister, which she shortly afterwards did, having first provided for the building of the church of Saint Mary Overies, which commemorates her name.

Stow attributes the building of the first Wooden Bridge over the Thames to the pious brothers of the Priory, and this on the authority of Linsted, the last Prior of St. Marie Overies, who, on surrendering his Priory, at the Dissolution, had a pension assigned him of 100*l.* per annum, which he enjoyed until 1553. Stow's words are:—"A Ferry being kept in the place where a Bridge is built, the Ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the said Ferry to their only Daughter, a maiden named Mary; which, with the goods left her by her Parents, as also with the profits rising out of the said Ferry, built a House of Sisters in the place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overie's church, above the Choir, where she was buried. Unto which house she gave

the oversight and profits of the Ferry. But afterwards, the said House of Sisters being converted into a College of Priests, the Priests built the Bridge of Timber; but this story is much opposed by antiquaries."

The nurse's ballad, with which we are all familiar, tells of the connexion of the River Lee and London Bridge. It is thought to be of some very ancient date, when London Bridge, lying in ruins, the office of Bridge-master was vacant; and his power over the River Lee—for it is, doubtless, that river which is celebrated in the chorus to this song—was for a while at an end.

"London Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady."

Another copy of this ballad contains the following stanzas, coming in immediately after the third verse, "Silver and gold will be stolen away;" though the propositions for building this bridge with iron and

steel, and wood and stone, have, in this copy also, already been made and objected to.

“Then we must set a man to watch,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Then we must set a man to watch,
With a gay La-dee.

Suppose the man should fall asleep,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Suppose the man should fall asleep,
With a gay La-dee.

Then we must put a pipe in his mouth,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Then we must put a pipe in his mouth,
With a gay La-dee.

Suppose the pipe should fall and break,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Suppose the pipe should fall and break,
With a gay La-dee.

Then we must set a dog to watch,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Then we must set a dog to watch
With a gay La-dee.

Suppose the dog should run away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Suppose the dog should run away,
With a gay La-dee.

Then we must chain him to a post,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea;
Then we must chain him to a post,
With a gay La-dee.”

The Bridge of wood was succeeded by one of stone, begun about 1176, by Peter of Colechurch. This worthy ecclesiastic and architect was priest and chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch, in the Poultry, and London Bridge seems to have been the favourite object of his care; for he is said to have built the new bridge of elm-timber, which was erected in 1163, and to have begun, a little to the west of that structure, in 1176, the stone bridge above named; but he dying in 1205, the bridge was completed five years after. King John was anxious for the completion of the Bridge, and in 1201, recommended to the Mayor and citizens for that purpose, Isenbert, master of the schools of Saintes, who had built the bridges of Saintes and Rochelle. The sovereign granted that the profits of the edifices which Isenbert intended to erect on the bridge should be for ever applied to its repair; and the King exhorted the Mayor and citizens to receive Isenbert and his assistants courteously. Mr. Sidney Gibson remarks that “King John's desire for the comple-

tion of London Bridge, and his recommendation of Isenbert for that purpose during the lifetime of Peter of Colechurch, are facts little known to general readers." We should add that the remains of Peter of Colechurch were buried in the crypt of the chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury, within a pier of the stone bridge, which lasted till our time; and in 1832, when the last of the bridge was removed, the bones of the architect Peter were found beneath the masonry of the chapel, as if to complete the eventful history of the ancient structure. A portion of the stone was purchased by Alderman Humphery, and by him sold to Alderman Harmer, who employed it in building his seat, Ingress Abbey, at Greenhithe, in Kent.

The old Bridge was the scene of many penances. In the year 1440, the Bridge-street, by which is meant as well the passage over the Thames as the main street beyond it on each side, was one scene of the public penances of Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, on the very grave charge of having practised necromantic rites, in conjunction with other persons, in order to procure the death of the King. Being convicted, she was sentenced to a severe public penance, and banishment for life to the Isle of Man; but was afterwards imprisoned in the castles of Chester and Kenilworth. One of the alleged accomplices of the Duchess was Thomas Southwell, a priest and canon of St. Stephen's, who died in the Tower on the night before his proposed arraignment. Roger Bolynbroke, "a priest and great astronomer," and Margery Jourdemaine, or Gardemaine, whom Stow calls "a witch of Eye, besides Westminster," was implicated with the Duchess in the charge of necromancy, and suffered death, the former being hanged and quartered at Tyburn, and the latter burnt in Smithfield.*

On November 9, the Duchess was sentenced to perform penance at three open places in London. On Monday, the 13th, therefore, she came by water from Westminster, and, landing at the Temple Bridge, walked, at noon-day, through Fleet-street, bearing a waxen taper of

* Shakspeare, in *Henry IV.*, Part II., introduces the Duchess and Bolingbroke at their diabolical work:—

Duchess. Well said, my masters; and welcome all
To this gear; the sooner the better.

Bolin. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,

The time of night when Troy was set on fire;

The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,

And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,—

That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,

We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

two pounds' weight to St. Paul's, where she offered at the high altar. On the Wednesday following she landed at the Old Swan, and passed through Bridge-street and Gracechurch-street to Leadenhall, and at Cree-church, near Aldgate, made her second offering ; and on the ensuing Friday, she was put on shore at Queen Hythe, whence she proceeded to St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, and so completed her penance. In each of these processions her head was covered only by a kerchief; her feet were bare; scrolls containing a narrative of her crime were affixed to her white dress; and she was received and attended by the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Companies of London.

On St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1390, a solemn jousting of a most extraordinary character took place on the bridge. John de Wells, the English Ambassador in Scotland, having boasted at the Scottish Court of the prowess of his countrymen, a famous knight of that country, David Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, offered to put all questions on that point to a trial by combat on London Bridge. By a royal safe-conduct, he was enabled to travel to London with a retinue of twenty-nine persons. When the day of battle was come, both parties, being armed, were most honourably conducted to the bridge, which was splendidly decorated with rich hangings of tapestry and cloth of gold, and filled with noble spectators, King Richard II. himself being seated in the place of honour.

" All furnish'd, all in arms !
 All plumed like estridges that wing the wind :
 Baited like eagles having lately bathed ;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,
their horses
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth !"

the combatants approach ; and, " the signal being given," says Hector Boece, " tearing their barbed steeds with their spurs, they rushed, with square-ground spears, and a mighty force, impetuously to the conflict. Neither party was moved by the vehement impulse or by the splintering of their spears ; so that the common people affected to cry out that David was bound to the saddle of his horse, contrary to the law of arms, because he sat unmoved amidst the splintering of lances on his helmet and visor. When Earl David heard this, he presently leapt off his charger, and then as quickly vaulted upon his back again without any assistance ; and, taking a second hasty course, their spears were a second time shivered by the shock through their burning desire to conquer. And now

third time were the valorous enemies stretched out and running together ; but then the English knight was cast down breathless to the earth, with great sounds of mourning from his countrymen that he was killed ! Earl David, when victory appeared, leapt suddenly to the ground—for he had fought without anger, and but for glory, that he might show himself to be the strongest of the champions—and, casting himself upon Lord Wells, tenderly embraced him till he revived, and the surgeon came to attend him.”

Towards the end of the sixteenth century London Bridge was so completely covered with imposing buildings, that it resembled a palatial street rather than a bridge. The houses, as a rule, covered the whole of the bridge, and indeed in many cases projected to some distance over the pier heads. The carriage way of the bridge in those days had the appearance of a tunnel—an open thoroughfare, sometimes forty feet in width, running like an archway through the “ground” floor of the bridge houses. One striking peculiarity of these houses was that, unlike other ordinary buildings, each of their four sides was so to speak a “front ;” for the sides that fronted the river east and west were generally as highly decorated as those that looked to Southwark on the one side and the city on the other. Perhaps the most splendid and curious structure that adorned London Bridge at this time (1580-1600) was the famous Nonsuch House ; so called because it was constructed in Holland entirely of wood, and being brought over in pieces, was erected in this place with wooden pegs only, not a single nail being used in the whole structure. Its situation is even yet pointed out by the seventh and eighth arches of the bridge from the Southwark end being still called the Draw Lock and the Nonsuch Lock. On the London side of the bridge, the Nonsuch House was partly joined to numerous small wooden buildings of about twenty-seven feet in depth which hung over the parapet on each side, leaving, however, a clear space of twenty feet in the centre ; but over all these humble dwellings the carved gables, cupolas, and gilded vanes of the Dutch edifice proudly towered. Two sun-dials crowned the top on the south side, and on one of them was painted the appropriate adage—“Time and tide stay for no man.”

Like most other buildings on London Bridge, this celebrated house overhung the east and west sides of the bridge, and presented to the Thames two fronts of scarcely less magnificence than those presented to the city and borough respectively—the columns, windows, and carving being similarly splendid. Its southern front

only, however, stood perfectly unconnected with other erections, and was entirely free and unobstructed for about fifty-six feet in front, and presenting the appearance of a large building projecting beyond the bridge on either side. At each extremity was a square tower crowned by short domes or Kremlin spires, whilst an antiquesly carved gable arose on each centre. The whole of the front, too, was ornamented with a profusion of transom casement windows with carved wooden galleries before them; and richly sculptured panels and gilded columns were to be found in every part of it. The thoroughfare was carried through this building in the form of an archway.

The Bridge shops had signs, and were "furnished with all manner of trades." Holbein is said to have lived here; as did also Herbert, the printseller, at the time the houses were taken down. On the first night Herbert spent here, a dreadful fire took place on the banks of the Thames, which suggested to him the plan of a floating fire-engine, soon after adopted. "As fine as London Bridge" was formerly a proverb in the City; and many a serious, sensible tradesman used to believe that heap of enormities to be one of the seven wonders of the world, and, next to Solomon's temple, the finest thing that ever art produced.

The street was also the abode of many artists: here lived Peter Monamy, the marine painter, who was taught drawing by a sign and house painter on London Bridge. Dominic Serres once kept shop here; and Hogarth lived here when he engraved for old John Bowles, in Cornhill. Swift and Pope have left accounts of their visits to Crispin Tucker, a waggish bookseller and author-of-all-work, who lived under the southern gate. One Mr. Baldwin, haberdasher, born in the house over the Chapel, at seventy-one could not sleep in the country for want of the noise of the roaring and rushing of the tide beneath, which "he had always been used to hear."

A most terrific historic garniture of the Bridge was the setting up of heads on its gate-houses: among these ghastly spectacles was the head of Sir William Wallace, 1305; Simon Frisel, 1306; four traitor knights, 1397; Lord Bardolf, 1408; Bolingbroke, 1440; Jack Cade and his rebels, 1451; the Cornish traitors of 1497; and of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, 1535, displaced in fourteen days by the head of Sir Thomas More. In 1577, the several heads were removed from the north end of the Drawbridge to the Southwark entrance, thence called Traitors Gate. In 1578, the head of a recusant priest was added to

the sickening sight; and in 1605, that of Garnet the Jesuit, as well as those of the Romish priests executed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Hentzner counted above thirty heads on the Bridge in 1598. The display was transferred to Temple Bar in the reign of Charles II.

The narrowness of the Bridge arches so contracted the channel of the river as to cause a rapid; and to pass through them was termed to "shoot the bridge," a peril taken advantage of by suicides. Thus, in 1689, Sir William Temple's only son, lately made Secretary at War, leaped into the river from a boat as it darted through an arch: he had filled his pockets with stones, and was drowned, leaving in the boat this note: "My folly in undertaking what I could not perform, whereby some misfortunes have befallen the King's service, is the cause of my putting myself to this sudden end; I wish him success in all his undertakings, and a better servant." In 1737, Eustace Budgell, a *soi-disant* cousin of Addison, and who wrote in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, when broken down in character and reduced to poverty, took a boat at Somerset Stairs; and ordering the waterman to row down the river, Budgell threw himself into the stream as they shot London Bridge. He too had filled his pockets with stones, and rose no more: he left in his secretary a slip of paper, on which was written a broken distich: "What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong." This is a wicked sophism; there being as little resemblance between the cases of Budgell and Cato as there is reason for considering Addison's "Cato" written in defence of suicide.

Of a healthier complexion is the anecdote of Edward Osborne, in 1536, leaping into the Thames from the window of one of the Bridge-houses, and saving his master's infant daughter, dropped by a nursemaid into the stream. The father, Sir William Hewet, was Lord Mayor in 1559, and gave this daughter in marriage to Osborne, whose great-grandson became the first Duke of Leeds.



Bermondsey Abbey and its Memories.

The Cluniac Abbey of Bermondsey, in the low-lying parish adjoining Southwark, had at different times two visitors, to whom we may be sure every possible honour was done. The first of these was Katherine, the wife of Henry V., the French Princess whom Shakspeare has made so familiar to us in connexion with the blunt wooing of her gallant lover, and who alone perhaps, of all her country's children, could have so quickly reconquered France from the conqueror as she now did by

throwing around him the nuptial tie. Few marriages, promising so much of State convenience, have ended in giving so much individual happiness as Henry enjoyed with his young and beautiful bride. His early death was grieved by all; his courtiers and his nobles wept and sobbed round his death-bed: what, then, must have been *her* feelings at his loss? Fortunately, perhaps, Katherine was not present at the last moment, nor did she learn the dreadful tidings for some days afterwards. It was to receive this distinguished visitor that, some years later, the monks of Bermondsey were suddenly summoned from all parts of the monastery by the stroke on one of the great bells, twice repeated, who, suddenly hurrying into the church, robed themselves, and prepared for the reception of the newcomer. Upon the Queen's near approach, two of the great bells would ring out a peal of welcome, and then the Abbot would advance to meet her, saluting her with his blessing, and sprinkling holy water over her. The procession entered the church and made a stand before the crucifix, where the visitor prayed. Service in honour of the Saviour, as the patron Saint, followed; the singing-boys in the choir sang, the organ played, and at the termination the Queen found the best accommodation the Abbey could furnish provided for her use. She appears to have found all she desired, for she remained at Bermondsey till her death. One little incident has been recorded on the subject of her residence here, which is supposed to have been caused in some way by the dissatisfaction of the Court at her second marriage, with Owen Tudor, a gentleman of Wales, and, through this match, the founder of the Tudor dynasty. On the 1st of January, 1437, her son, the young Henry VI., sent to her at Bermondsey a token of his affectionate remembrance, in the shape of a tablet of gold, weighing thirteen ounces, on which was a crucifix, set with sapphires and pearls. She was, no doubt, then very ill, for two days later she died.

There is a striking connexion between this and the next distinguished visitor, Elizabeth of York, a lady who, if not one of the most interesting of female characters herself, is unquestionably so from the circumstances of her strange and eventful history. She came to Bermondsey quite as much a prisoner as a visitor, and she owed that imprisonment to the man whom she herself had been to a considerable extent the means of placing on the throne, Henry VII., the grandson of the widow of Henry V., and of her second husband, Owen Tudor. That two such women should meet in the same place to spend the last years of their lives, forms no ordinary coincidence. The history of Elizabeth of York, though but an episode of that of Bermondsey, is so full of romance, and so closely connected with it, by her imprisonment and

death within its walls, that the ancient priory may not improbably be remembered through these circumstances, when all others might else have failed to preserve more than the barest and driest recollections of the great house of the Cluniacs. It was on a visit to Jaquenetta, Duchess of Bedford, then married to a second husband, Sir Richard Woodville, that Edward IV., the handsomest, most accomplished, and most licentious man of his time, first beheld the Duchess' daughter, Elizabeth Gray, the widow of Sir John Gray, a Lancastrian, slain at the second battle of St. Alban's. The knight's estates had been forfeited to Edward, and the young widow, who is said to have been as eloquent as she was beautiful, availing herself of the opportunity, threw herself at the king's feet, and implored him, for the sake of her innocent and helpless children, to reverse the attainder. The irresistible petitioner rose with more than the grant of what she had asked—the king's heart was hers. Edward, perhaps for the first time, was seriously touched; and to the astonishment of the nation generally, and to the rage of no small portion of the king's partisans, the Yorkists, the king, some months after, at a solemn assembly of prelates and nobles in the ancient abbey of Reading, announced his marriage with the widow of the fallen Lancastrian knight; and amidst the surprise which prevailed throughout the assemblage, the king's brother, the Duke of Clarence, and the Earl of Warwick, led the *Queen* into the hall, and caused her in that character to be welcomed by all present. Thus ends one phase of her history.

In the next we behold her again as a widow; but this time her widowhood has brought her new and more anxious public duties: she is not merely a mother, but the mother of the young King Edward V. and of his brother, the Duke of York. Into the particulars of this momentous period, which includes the death of the young Princes in the Tower, of course, we are not about to enter; but it may be permitted to us to observe that few parents ever have endured keener agonies for their children than this unfortunate lady. The wild rumour that so quickly floated about as to the intentions of the Duke of Gloucester, the sudden shedding of the blood of her son and brother at Pomfret (Lords Gray and Rivers), the messages and deputations to and fro between the Protector and the Sanctuary at Westminster, where she had taken refuge with her youngest son, distracting her with conflicting thoughts—one moment giving the young Prince up to destruction, the next fearing to bring that destruction on him by indiscreet jealousy, or by thwarting Gloucester's views—all this must have been terrible to the lately made widow, had nothing remained behind. But when at last, calling for her child, she delivered him up to the Cardinal Archbishop,

and as soon as she had done so, burst into an uncontrollable fit of anguish, she but too rightly felt she had lost both her children.

In the interval, between the death of the Princes and that of the murderer, Richard, occurs the most unromantic part of the history of one whose misfortunes are unexampled for their severity. While at one period we find her eagerly engaging in the scheme proposed of marrying the Earl of Richmond to her daughter Elizabeth; at the other, when the prospect appeared less bright, she appears to have listened to Richard's overtures, first of marrying her daughter Elizabeth to his son, and when that son died, of giving her to himself. Whatever her conduct at this period, there is no doubt as to her subsequent misfortunes. The king, Henry VII., certainly did redeem the promise as to the marriage made by the Earl of Richmond, but it was done so tardily and so ungraciously, that the very people were disgusted at his conduct; and by their sentiments we may judge of the mother's. But this was not all. In the month of November, 1486, an extensive insurrection broke out in Ireland, at the head of which was, nominally, a youth who it was pretended was the Earl of Warwick (then in reality confined in the Tower), the son of the late Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. A great council was immediately held at the Charter House, at Shene, where first a general pardon was resolved on, free from all exceptions, and the second resolution was (a curious commentary on the first) to arrest Elizabeth Woodville, the Queen Dowager. The Queen was immediately arrested, deprived of all her property, and placed a close prisoner in the monastery at Bermondsey. Henry's historian, Bacon, may well observe, "whereat there was much wondering that a weak woman, for the yielding to the menaces and promises of a tyrant [he is alluding to her transactions with Richard III.], after such a distance of time wherein the king had shown no displeasure or alteration, but much more after so happy a marriage between the king and her daughter, blest with issue male [only two or three weeks before], should, upon a sudden mutability or disclosure of the king's mind, be so severely handled," for such it appears was the motive for this arrest set forth by the king. No one, however, believed in the truth of the allegation; and Bacon, following the chronicler Hall, gives a remarkable explanation of the affair. Having observed that the prompter of the young counterfeit of the Earl of Warwick, a priest, had never seen the latter, he continues, "So it cannot be, but that some *great* person, that knew particularly and familiarly, Edward Plantagenet, had a hand in the business, from whom the priest might take aim. That which is most probable, out of the precedent and subsequent acts, is, that it was the Queen

Dowager from whom this action principally originated. For, certain it is that she was a busy, negotiating woman, *and in her withdrawing chamber had the fortunate conspiracy for the king against King Richard III. been hatched, which the king knew, and remembered perhaps but too well*, and was at this time extremely discontent with the king, thinking her daughter, as the king handled the matter, not advanced, but depressed; and none could hold the book so well to prompt and instruct this stage-play as she could." Misfortunes never came singly to the unhappy queen; the Marquis of Dorset, her son by her first husband, was arrested soon after and thrown into the Tower. At the coronation of the queen, his half-sister, in the following year, he was, however, released, and was, we believe, present at the ceremony. The mother appears to have been still left to pine away in her enforced solitude at Bermondsey, where she lingered till 1492, when a fatal illness seized her.

On her death-bed she dictated the following pathetic will, which is of itself a decisive answer as to the doubts that have been raised concerning the penury of her latest days. It is dated Bermondsey, April 10, 1492:—"I, Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, late wife to the most victorious prince of blessed memory, Edward the Fourth, being of whole mind, seeing the world so transitory, and no creature certain when they shall depart from hence, having Almighty God fresh in mind, in whom is all mercy and grace, bequeath my soul into his hands, beseeching him of the same mercy to accept it graciously, and Our Blessed Lady Queen of Comfort, and all the holy company of heaven, to be good means (or mediators) for me. Item: I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, according to the will of my said lord and mine, without pomps entering or costly expenses done thereabout. Item: *Whereas I have no worldly goods to do the Queen's Grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children according to my heart and mind*, I beseech Almighty God to bless her Grace, with all her noble issue; and with as good heart and mind as is to me possible, I give her Grace my blessing, and all the aforesaid my children. Item: I will that *such small stuff and goods that I have* be disposed truly in the contentation of my debts, and for the health of my soul, as far as they will extend. Item: If any of my blood will any of the said stuff or goods to me pertaining, I will that they have the preferment before any other. And of this my present testament I make and ordain mine executors, that is to say, John Ingleby, Prior of the Charter House at Shene; William Sutton and Thomas Brente, Doctors; and I beseech my dearest daughter, the

Queen's Grace, and my son, Thomas, Marquis of Dorset, to put their good wills and help for the performance of this my testament."

And thus closes the eventful life of Elizabeth of York. Some thirty years ago, when the workmen were busy in the vaults of Windsor, preparing a place of sepulture for the family of George III., they lighted upon a stone coffin buried fifteen feet below the surface. It contained the remains of Queen Elizabeth Woodville.

Bermondsey has yet another memory in connexion with this unfortunate queen's persecutor, Henry VII., and one that illustrates another remarkable trait of his character—his superstitious piety. His masterly policy was not often a very upright and honourable policy; so, this stroke was followed by the erection of a chapel, that, by founding masses to be said evermore for his soul, he might keep a tolerably fair reckoning in the great account-book of his conscience. He is not the only monarch who has endeavoured to keep an "even mind" by the adoption of a similar kind of offset. It appears that an indenture was executed between the king, the City of London, and the Abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey, sometime after the death of his queen, the daughter of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, by which the Abbot and monks of Westminster were to pay *3l. 6s. 8d.* annually to those of Bermondsey, for the holding of an anniversary in the church on the 6th of February in every year, to pray for the good and prosperous estate of the king during his life, and the prosperity of his kingdom, also for the souls of his late queen and of their children, of his father, the Earl of Richmond, and his progenitors, and of his mother, the Countess of Richmond, after her decease. Full directions are contained in the indenture as to the mode of performing the ceremony.

As a glimpse of what was sometimes doing in the old church, as well as of the old custom itself, is the following:—"The Abbot and Convent of St. Saviour of Bermondsey shall provide at every such anniversary a hearse, to be set in the midst of the high chancel of the said monastery, before the high altar, covered and appareled with the best and most honourable stuff in the same monastery convenient for the same. And also four tapers of wax, each of them weighing eight pounds, to be set upon the same hearse, that is to say, on either side thereof one taper, and at either end of the same hearse another taper, and all the same four tapers to be lighted and burning continually during all the time of every such Placebo, Dirige, with nine lessons, lauds, and mass of Requiem, with the prayers and obeisances above rehearsed."

At the Dissolution, the Abbot of Bermondsey had no tender scruples about conscience or principle, like so many of his brethren, but arranged

everything in the pleasantest possible manner for the King; and he had his reward. The monastery itself, with the manor, demesne, &c., the "court leet, the view of frank-pledge, and the free-warren" were granted by Henry VIII., to Sir Robert Southwell, Master of the Rolls, who sold them to Sir Thomas Hope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford, who was the destroyer of the fine old Abbey of Bermondsey. He pulled down the conventual church and most of the other buildings, and erected a mansion on the site; and then, as if satisfied with what he had done, reconveyed the mansion, with the orchards, &c., to Sir Robert. The manor he subsequently sold to a citizen and goldsmith of London.

Bermondsey Priory (converted into an Abbey late in the fourteenth century), was founded in 1082, by Alwin Child, a citizen of London, for Cluniac monks, from the monastery of La Charité de Dieu, on the Loire, which continued to supply its priors until 1372. It is worthy of note that between 1082 and 1372, the number of these priors was sixty-eight, nine of whom were promoted, and six resigned, leaving fifty-three to die while holding the office; at times two or three within a single year. The average life in office of the priors of Bermondsey, during 290 years, was but four years, three months, and five days.

Founding the Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great.

Upon the south-eastern side of Smithfield stands a portion of the fine old church, which formed without doubt, part of the ancient Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great, supposed to have been founded at the commencement of the twelfth century, by Rahere, or Raherius, who became the first prior of the establishment. According to a manuscript in the British Museum, written, probably, soon after the death of Rahere, by a monk who inhabited the Priory, Rahere was a "man sprung and born from low *kynage*, but haunted the palace of the King Henry I., was a pleasant-witted gentleman, and called the *king's minstrel*;" though he has been identified with one of the companions of the "hardy outlaw," Hereward, "the last of the Saxons," who, at the bridge of Wrokesham, rescued four innocent persons from Norman executioners; and they, owing to his ingenious disguise, mistook him for a *heron*, an honourable nickname which continued to cling to him through life. Disgusted, however, with his manner of living, and repenting him of his sins, he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome. "There, at the shrine of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, he weeping his deeds, prayed to our Lord for the remission of them, and avowed that if health God would him grant, that he might return to his country, he would make an hospital

in recreation of poor men, and to them so there gathered, necessaries minister after his power. And not long after, the benign and merciful Lord beheld this weeping man, gave him his health, and approved his vow.

“When he would perfect his way that he had begun, in a certain night he saw a vision full of dread and sweetness. It seemed him to be borne up on high of a certain beast, having four feet and two wings, and set him in an high place. And when he, from so great a height, would inflect and bend his eye to the lower part downward, he beheld a horrible pit, whose beholding him impressed with great dread: for the deepness of the same pit was deeper than any man might attain to see; therefore, he (secret knower of his defaults) deemed himself to slide into that cruel a downcast. And therefore (as seemed him inwardly) he fremshid (quaked), and for dread trembled, and great cries of his mouth proceeded. To whom appeared a certain man, pretending in cheer the majesty of a king, of great beauty and imperial authority, and his eye on him fastened. ‘O man,’ he said, ‘what and how much service shouldst thou give to him that in so great a peril hath brought help to thee?’ And he answered to this saint, ‘Whatsoever might be of heart and of might, diligently should I given in recompense to my deliverer.’ ‘And then,’ said he, ‘I am Bartholomew, the apostle of Jesus Christ, that come to succour thee in thine anguish, and to open to thee the secret mysteries of Heaven. Know me truly, by the will and commandment of the Holy Trinity, and the common favour of the celestial court and council, to have chosen a place in the suburbs of London, at Smithfield, where, in mine name thou shalt found a church. This spiritual house Almighty God shall inhabit, and hallow it and glorify it. Wherefore, doubt thee nought; only give thy diligence, and my part shall be to provide necessaries, direct, build, and end this work.’ Rahere now came to London, and of his knowledge and friends with great joy was received; with which also, with the barons of London he spake familiarly of these things that were turned and stirred in his heart, and of that was done about him in the way he told it out; and what should be done of this he counselled of them. He took this answer, that none of these might be perfected, but the King were first counselled; namely, since the place godly to him showed was contained within the King’s market. In opportune time Rahere addressed him to the King; and nigh him was He in whose hands it was to what he would the King’s heart incline: and ineffectual these prayers might not be whose author is the apostle, whose gracious hearer is God. Rahere’s word therefore was pleasant and acceptable, and when the King had praised the good wit of the man (prudently, as he *was* witty), granted to the petitioner his kingly favour.

“ Then Rahere omitting nothing of care and diligence, two works of piety began to make—one for the vow he had made, another as to him by precept was enjoined.” The place where these great works were to be erected had been previously shown to King Edward the Confessor, in a revelation:—“ the which, in a certain night, when he was bodily sleeping, his heart to God waking, he was warned of this place with an heavenly dream made to him, that God this place had chosen: thereupon, this holy King, early arising, came to this place that God had showed him; and to them that about him stood, expressed the vision that night made to him, and prophesied this place to be great before God.” It was also said that three men of Greece, who came to London, went to this place and worshipped God; “ and before them that were present (and beheld them as simple idiots), they began wonderful things to say and prophesy of this place, saying, ‘ Wonder not; see us here to worship God, where a full and acceptable temple to him shall be builded; and the fame of this place shall attain from the spring of the sun to the going down.’ ”

The spot selected for the site of the church was a mere marsh, for the most part covered with water; while on that portion which was not so, stood the common gallows. Rahere’s power of rendering himself agreeable, it appears, had not left him; for it seems by assuming the manners of an idiot and consorting with the lower order of persons, he procured so much help, that notwithstanding the difficulties interposed by the badness of the situation, the great work was speedily finished. The church he made of comely stonework table-wise; and an hospital-house, a little longer off from the church by himself he began to edify. The completion of the work evidently excited a large amount of wonder and admiration, not unmixed with a kind of superstitious awe. People “ were greatly astonished both of the novelty of the raised frame, and of the founder, who would throw this place with so sudden a dreaming could be purged, and there to be set up the token of the Cross? And God there to be worshipped, where sometime stood the horrible hanging of thieves?” Three Byzantine princes, whether merchants or monks does not appear, attended the consecration of the choir, by Beauvais, Bishop of London, and prophesied the prosperity of the Hospital. On the conventual seal of the 12th century, the original design of the church is shown with a low central tower, and two pair of towers, one at each of the angles of the church, all crowned with conical spires.

When the Priory began to flourish and its fame spread, Rahere joined to him a certain old man, Alfun by name, who had not long be-

fore built the church of St. Giles, at Cripplegate. Rahere, from his counsel and help derived much encouragement. Alfun, with ministers of the church, sought and provided necessaries for the poor men that lay in the hospital, and for them that were hired in building their church. To help Alfun, St. Bartholomew was believed to have wrought miracles, such as the following. Alfun having applied to a widow, she told him she had but seven measures of malt, and that indeed, it was no more than but absolutely necessary for her family's use. She was, however, prevailed on to give one measure. Alfun was no sooner gone than, casting her eyes on the remaining measures, she counted seven still. Thinking herself mistaken, she tried again, and found eight, and so on *ad infinitum*. No sooner was the receptacle ready than many "yearly with lights and oblations, peaceful vows, and prayers, visited this holy church;" and the fame of cures performed was supported by magnificent festivals; "the year 1148, after the obit of Harry the First, King of England, the twelfth year, when the golden path of the sun reduced to us the desired joys of feastful celebrity, then, with a new solemnity of the blessed Apostle, was illumined with new miracles this holy place. Languishing men, grieved with varying sorrows, softly lay in the church; prostrate beseeching the mercy of God, and the presence of St. Bartholomew."

But, new troubles arose, and disturbed the last hours of Rahere. The reputation he had gained, created for him many enemies, who scrupled not to accuse him of hypocrisy, and sought all means to injure him: some even went so far as to conspire his death; but being apprised of the plot, he contrived to elude them, and ultimately obtained the interference of Henry I. in his behalf: the King also granted to the priory, by charter, many immunities and privileges. According to the MS. referred to, numerous miracles were wrought in the Monastery during the life of Rahere; and even after his death, the blind were restored to their sight, and the sick were made well by a visit to the spot. After the service of his prelate, twenty-two years and six months, Rahere "the clay-house of this world forsook, and the house everlasting he entered." His memory was held in great veneration: and his remains rest beneath a sumptuous tomb in the church. He was succeeded by Thomas, one of the canons of the church of St. Osyth, who was prelate about thirty years. "In age," says the MS., "an hundred winters, almost with whole wits, with all Christian solemnity, he deceased in 1174. In this man's time grew the plant of the apostolic branch in glory and in grace before God and man. And with more ample buildings were the skins of our tabernacle diat^{er}"

In 1410, the Priory was rebuilt. It was entirely enclosed within walls: at first there were no houses in the immediate neighbourhood; but the establishment of the Monastery, and the fair granted to it, speedily caused a considerable population to spring up all around and ultimately within. The fair, held annually at Bartholomew-tide, for three days, was granted to the Prior and canons, before the reign of Henry I.; for a charter from this monarch conveys certain immunities to the Priory, and by which "free place is granted" to all persons frequenting the fair of St. Bartholomew. To this mart originally resorted clothiers and drapers, not merely of England, but of all countries, who there exposed their goods for sale. The stalls or booths were within the walls of the Priory churchyard, the gates of which were locked each night, and a watch was set in order to protect the various wares; the street on the north side of the church is still called *Cloth Fair*. During the fair a "Court of Pie-powder" was held, to do justice expeditiously among the numerous persons who resorted there. The fair was proclaimed *for the last time* in 1855: the sole existing vestige of it is the old fee of three-and-sixpence still paid by the City to the Rector of St. Bartholomew the Great, for a proclamation in his parish. Of Rahere's church nothing remains but the *choir*, with a procession path surrounding its east end. The modern tower of brick was built in 1628. Still, the church is, beyond all question, the oldest in the City of London, having been erected nearly 750 years; and its restoration has been commenced, and will, it is hoped, be completed.

"We have few monuments of mediæval art in London, (says the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott,) and with the exception of the unrivalled Church of Westminster, and the surviving portion of St. Mary Overye, there is not one among them to compete in size, importance, or archæological interest, with the old minster of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield. It is to be hoped that the wealthy citizens of London and other churchmen will not withhold their contributions, which might be made a memorial for the martyrs who suffered the baptism of fire on the adjoining ground for the doctrine of the Church of England, but will aid in the spirit of an ancient worthy: 'Revere founders, revere their names, revere that ancient glory and honourable age, which venerable in man, in cities are sacred.'"*

Stow records having seen in his youth, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, the scholars of divers grammar-schools repair to the churchyard, and upon a bank under a tree, dispute with one another: on the Suppres-

* Plin. ad Max., Ep. viii. 24.

sion, these opponences were removed for a few years to the cloisters of Christ's Hospital, in the time of Edward VI. ; and the conquerors in the wordy war were rewarded with bows and arrows of silver.*

Romance of Baynard's Castle.

On the north bank of the Thames, immediately below St. Paul's, and in the line of Upper Thames-street, stood two Castles—all traces of which have long since disappeared, with the exception of the name of one of them, which is still preserved to the Ward of Castle Baynard, wherein it was situated. Of this fortress, especially, many are the romantic tales which might be told. It was so called of its founder, William Baynard, a nobleman, lord of Dunmow, who came in with William the Conqueror. Fitzstephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., describes it as a considerable building in his time ; and Gervasius of Tilbury, a contemporary writer, speaks of two castles, built with walls and ramparts, whereof one is in right of possession Baynard's, the other is the Baron Montfichet's. Baynard, the founder of the former, dying in the reign of William Rufus, left it to his son Geoffrey, from whom it came to William Baynard ; who, having forfeited his barony of Little Dunmow, and "honor of Baynard's Castle," both were conferred by Henry I. on Robert Fitzwalter, the son of Gilbert, Earl of Clare, in whose family it remained for three centuries.

A love story is told of this family in the reign of King John. Robert, baron Fitzwalter, lord of Castle Baynard, had a lovely daughter, Matilda the Fair. The "Chronicle of Dunmow" saith that discord arose between the King and his barons, because of the above Matilda, whom the king loved ; but her father would not consent, and thereupon war ensued throughout England. "The King spoiled especially the castle of Baynard, in London, and other holds and houses of the barons. Fitzwalter, Fitzrobert, and Mountfichet passed over into France ; some also went into Wales, and some into Scotland, and did great damage to the King. Whilst Maude the Fair remained at Dunmow, there came a messenger unto her from King John, about his suit in love ; but because she would not agree, the messenger poisoned a boiled or poached egg, against she was hungrie, whereof she died, and was buried in the choir at Dunmow." The name of Robert Fitzwalter, the father of this unhappy maid, is placed by Matthew Paris at the head of the Barons who

* Abridged from Knight's *London*, vol. ii., where the valuable manuscript is more fully quoted.

came armed to King John in the Temple, and made those demands which finally resulted in the signing of Magna Charta.

Another romantic story is related of his reconciliation with the King, which we would fain hope is not true; and there is difficulty in believing it, from the confusion of dates. If King John really poisoned his daughter, and acted throughout towards her as he is represented to have done, no true man, as Fitzwalter appears to have been, would have ever condescended to be taken into his favour. The following is the story:—King John being in France, after the flight of Fitzwalter from England, concluded a truce with the French king for five years. When the truce was proclaimed, an English knight invited any knight from the French to cross the stream that divided the two armies, and take a joust or two with him. The invitation or challenge was accepted, and a knight of the French plunged his horse into the river and swam across, and defeated the English knight in so masterly a manner, that King John, struck with admiration, is said to have exclaimed, “Happy is the king who has such a knight as this!” The words were reported to the victor, who was no other than Fitzwalter, who had joined the French army; and he was so flattered with the praise that he came the next day, threw himself at the feet of John, and was pardoned for his defection. He then returned to England, rebuilt Castle Baynard, which John had thrown down, and resided in it with great magnificence until his death.

In 1428, being then, probably, by another forfeiture a part of the Royal possessions, the Castle was almost entirely destroyed by fire, but was soon after granted to and rebuilt by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, for his own residence. In this castle the Council assembled which proclaimed the Earl of March King, under the title of Edward IV.; and here also his luckless boy was proclaimed Edward V.

But the castle acquired its greatest celebrity in connexion with Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., who here assumed the regal dignity. Here Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, offered the crown to Richard, in the court of the castle; and here Shakspeare has laid a scene of inimitable excellence. Buckingham, in veritable history, will be remembered as the second of Dr. Shaw's sermon at Paul's Cross, to establish the illegitimacy of the children of Edward IV., and thus clear the way to the throne for the wily Richard, Duke of Gloucester. Two days afterwards, the Duke of Buckingham harangued the citizens in the same strain with Shaw; and on the 25th of June that nobleman presented to Richard, in his mother's house at Baynard's Castle, a parchment purporting to be a declaration of the Three Estates in favour of Richard, as the only legitimate prince of the

House of York. Buckingham had been sent by Richard to Guildhall, to see his suit well urged, and bring the Lord Mayor and aldermen to him, saying, "If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle, where you shall find me well accompanied with reverend fathers, and well learned bishops;" then, with seeming reluctance, Richard repels the offer of the glittering crown, but at length accepts. Buckingham then salutes Gloucester as "England's worthy king;" the day of coronation is fixed; Gloucester says to the two bishops,

"Come, let us to our holy work again;"

and thus ends this usually well-acted scene of royal hypocrisy and blood-stained guilt. By the way, this was the incident which so delighted George II., that when Garrick asked his Majesty, on leaving the box, how he liked the play, the King replied seriously, "Fine lor mayor, capital lor mayor; where you get such lor mayor?"

Baynard's Castle was the scene of many other historical events, prior to its destruction in the Great Fire. Henry VII. changed the castle from a fortress to a palace. He lodged in it occasionally, and from hence made several of his solemn processions. Here, in 1505, he lodged Philip of Austria, the matrimonial King of Castile, when he was driven to England by a tempest.

The Castle was the residence of Sir William Sydney, who died chamberlain and steward to Edward VI. It next became the residence of the Earls of Pembroke; and in 1553, on the 9th of July, about a fortnight after the death of Edward VI., William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, assembled there the council of the nobility and clergy, at which the determination was taken, on the motion of Lord Arundel, to abandon the cause of Lady Jane Grey, and to proclaim Queen Mary, which accordingly was instantly done in different parts of the city. It is recorded of this Earl, that "he rode on the 17th of February, 1553, to his mansion of Baynard Castle, with 300 horse in his retinue, of which 100 of them were gentlemen in plain blue cloth, with chains of gold, and badges of a dragon on their sleeves." He died on the 17th of March, 1569-70, and was buried in the cathedral of St. Paul's with such magnificence, that the mourning given at his funeral, according to Stow, cost the very large sum, at that period, of 2000*l*.

Queen Elizabeth visited the Earl of Pembroke at Baynard's Castle, and took supper with his lordship; after which the Queen showed herself from a balcony to the people assembled in boats and barges upon the river; and then entered her own barge amid a brilliant display of fireworks, and the acclamations of the people.

Here Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, was (July 9, 1641)

reinstated Chancellor of the University of Oxford; and here his second Countess, the still more celebrated "Anne Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery," took up her abode, while her husband resided at the Cockpit, at Whitehall. She describes Baynard Castle in her Memoirs, as "a house full of riches, and more secured by my lying there." On the 19th of June, 1660, King Charles II. went to supper here, as Pepys records: "My Lord [*i.e.*, Lord Sandwich] went at night with the King to Baynard's Castle to supper."

The Earls of Shrewsbury were the last proprietors of this famous castle, and resided in it until its destruction by the Great Fire. It is represented in an old print as a square pile, surrounding two courts, and surmounted with numerous towers. A large gateway in the middle of the south side, led to the river by a bridge of two arches and stairs. In Hollar's View of London *after the Great Fire*, we see the river front standing, with its numerous towers; but to the right and left of the Castle the ruins of the fire are very extensive, and we miss or see in ruins many a noble mansion.

The principal front of the castle was in Thames-street. Two of the towers, incorporated with other buildings, remained till the present century, when they were pulled down to make way for the Carron Iron Company's premises. The ward in which stood the fortress-palace is named Castle Baynard, as is also a wharf upon the site; and a public-house in the neighbourhood long bore the sign of "Duke Humphrey's Head."

In *Notes and Queries*, No. 11, it is shown that Baniardus, who gave his name to Baynard's Castle, held land here of the Abbot of Westminster; and in a grant as late as 1653 is described "the common field at Paddington" (now Bayswater Field), as being, "near to a place commonly called *Baynard's Watering*." Hence it is concluded "that this portion of ground, always remarkable for its springs of excellent water, once supplied water to Baynard, his household, or his castle; that the memory of his name was preserved in the neighbourhood for six centuries;" and that this watering-place is now Bayswater.

There is a curious record of the failure of Lord Fitzwalter to place delinquents in the stocks, which he had set up at Castle Baynard at his own will. The citizens were in an uproar at this abuse; and Fitzwalter being no longer in possession at Castle Baynard, he had to take down the stocks. The Fitzwalters had, however, a stranger privilege than even this: they had the privilege of drowning traitors in the Thames. The "patient" was made fast to a pillar at Wood Wharf, and left there for the tide to flow twice over, and ebb twice from him, while the crowd looked on, and enjoyed the barbarous spectacle!

Adjoining Baynard's Castle was another tower, built by Edward II., which his son gave to William de Ross, of Hamlake, in Yorkshire, he having done service in the wars against Scotland and France; for this tower he paid yearly a *rose*.

The other castle, of which mention is made by Fitzstephen in his account of London, was called the Castle of Montfichet, and stood to the west of Castle Baynard. It was founded by Gilbert de Monfichet, a native of Rouen, and related to the Conqueror. He brought with him a great force, and fought gallantly in his cause at the Battle of Hastings. This tower was demolished by King John in 1213, after banishing Richard, successor to Gilbert, the actual owner: the materials were applied, in 1276, towards building the monastery of Blackfriars.

The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green.

The low-lying district, formerly a "Green," but now covered with masses of small houses, was once a hamlet of Stepney, but was made a parish in 1743. It is of long celebrity from the old English ballad of "The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green," written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is founded, though without the least appearance of truth, or even probability, on a legend of the time of Henry III. Henry de Montfort, son of the ambitious Earl of Leicester, who was slain with his father at the memorable battle of Evesham, is the hero of the tale. He is supposed (according to the legend), to have been discovered among the bodies of the slain by a young lady, in an almost lifeless state, and deprived of sight by a wound which he had received in the battle. Under the fostering hand of this "faire damosel," he soon recovered, and afterwards marrying her, she became the mother of "the comelye and prettye Bessee." Fearing lest his rank and person should be discovered by his enemies, he disguised himself in the habit of a beggar, and took up his abode at Bethnal Green. The beauty of his daughter attracted many suitors, and she was at length married to a noble knight, who regardless of her supposed meanness and poverty, had the courage to make her his wife, her other lovers having deserted her, on account of her low origin. In the ballad, the "Song of the Beggar" contains the whole of the legend concerning de Montfort, as follows:

"A poore beggar's daughter did dwell on a greene,
 Who for her fairnesse might well be a queene;
 A blithe bonny lasse, and a dainty was shee,
 And many a one called her pretty Bessee.

Her father hee had noe goods nor noe land,
But begg'd for a penny all day with his hand ;
And yett to her marriage he gave thousand^s three,
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

And if any one her birth doe disdain,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To prove shee is come of noble degree—
Therefore never flout att the pretty Bessee.

• • • • •
Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
And if that itt may not winn good report,
Then doe not give me a Groat for my sport.

Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall bee,
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee—
Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
Now lost and forgotten are hee and his race.

When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose—
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

At length in the battle on Evesham's plaine
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine ;
Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my pretty Bessee !

Along with the nobles that fell at thy tyde,
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was felde by a blowe he receiv'd in the fighte !
A blowe that depriv'd him for ever of sight.

Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
Wher by a young ladye discover'd was hee—
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessee !

A baron's faire daughter stept forth in the nighte,
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he laye,
Was moved with pitye, and broughte him awaye.

In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
While he throughe the realme was beleev'd to be slaine :
At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
And made him glad father of prctty Bessee.

And nowe, lest oure foes our lives shoulde betraye,
We clothed ourselves in beggar's arraye ;
Her Jewells she solde, and hither came wee—
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessee.

And here have wee lived in fortune's despite,
Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighte.
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall Greene.

And here, noble lords, is ended the song
 Of one that once to your owne ranke did belong;
 And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
 That ne'er had beene knowne but for prettye Bessee."

Here is a portrait of the Blind Beggar:—

"My father, shee said, is soone to be seene,
 The sicly blind beggar of Bednall-green,
 That daylye sits begging for charitie,
 He is the good father of prettye Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are known very well;
 He always is led with a dogg and a bell.
 A seely old man, God knoweth, is hee,
 Yet he is the father of prettye Bessee."

Lysons tells us that "the story of the Blind Beggar seems to have gained much credit in the village, where it decorates not only the sign-posts of the publicans, but the staff of the parish-beadle."

In 1570, there was a house at Bethnal Green, built by John Thorpe, the architect of Holland House, for John Kirby, of whom nothing is known; but the house was distinguished in rhyme as "Kirby's Castle," and associated with other memorable follies in brick and mortar:

"Kirkeby's Castell and Fisher's Follie,
 Spinila's pleasure and Megse's glorie."

This house was inhabited in 1663 by Sir William Rider, to whom Pepys records a pleasant visit: "26 June, 1663. By coach to Bednall-green to Sir W. Rider's to dinner. A fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner in the garden: the greatest quantities of strawberries I ever saw, and good." Pepys speaks with less authority of the mansion: "This very house," he says, "was built by the Blind Beggar of Bednall-green, so much talked of and sung in ballads; but they say it was only some of the outhouses of it."



The Lollards at Lambeth Palace.

Few of the venerable edifices of this kingdom are more richly stored with historical associations than the archiepiscopal palace of Lambeth. Its origin, as stated by Matthew Paris, in the words of his translator Stow, is curious. "Boniface," saith Matthew Paris, "Archbishop of Canterbury, in his visitation came to this Priory [of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield], where being received in procession in the most solemn wise, he said that he passed not upon the honour, but came to visit them. To whom the canons answered, that they, having a

learned bishop, ought not, in contempt of him to be visited by any other. Which answer so much offended the Archbishop, that he forthwith fell on the Sub-Prior, and smote him on the face, saying 'Indeed! Indeed! doth it become you English traitors so to answer me?' Thus raging, with oaths not to be recited, he rent in pieces the rich cope of the Sub-Prior, and trod it under his foot, and thrust him against a pillar of the chancel with such violence that he had almost killed him. But the canons seeing their Sub-Prior thus almost slain, came and plucked off the Archbishop with such force that they overthrew him backwards, whereby they might see *he was armed and prepared to fight*. The Archbishop's men, seeing their master down, being all strangers, and their master's countrymen, born at Provence, fell upon the canons, beat them, tore them, and trod 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, who bade them go to the King at Westminster, and tell him thereof. Whereupon four of them went thither; the rest were not able, they were so sore hurt. But when they came to Westminster, the King would neither hear nor see them, so they returned, without redress. In the mean season, the whole city was in an uproar, and ready to have rung the common bell, and to have hewed the Archbishop of Canterbury into small pieces; who was secretly kept to Lambeth, where they sought him, and not knowing him by sight, said to themselves, 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, &c. But the Archbishop conveyed himself over [to Westminster,] and went to the king, with a great complaint against the canons, whereas himself was guilty." So the Archbishop from Lambeth boldly issued a sentence of excommunication against his opposers, satisfied that the king would support him in his violent tyranny. Another tribunal, however, was appealed to, which had no particular prepossession for the Archbishop—the Pope; who commanded him, by way of expiation, to build a splendid mansion at Lambeth for the occupant of the see, in the room of the humble manor-house that is supposed to have existed previously.

Such was the origin of the first building erected at Lambeth as the archiepiscopal seat. That portion of the palace known as the *Lollards' Tower* is more directly associated with history than any other part of the present edifice. The Lollards, named from their low tone of singing, (in German *lollen*,) at interments, will be remembered

in our history as a numerous sect, whose powerful preaching produced an extensive reformation in religious opinion in the fourteenth century. They endured severe persecutions with sincerity and firmness; but in general we find an extravagant fanaticism among them. In their un-social qualities, as well as in their superior abilities, the Lollards bear a very close resemblance to the Puritans of Elizabeth's reign. The Lollards numbered among them many eminent followers of Wickliffe. Fostered by the general ill-will towards the Church, his principles made vast progress in England, and unlike those of earlier sectaries, were embraced by men of rank and civil influence. Notwithstanding the check they sustained by the sanguinary law of Henry IV., it is highly probable that multitudes secretly cherished them down to the Reformation. As the virulence of the Lollards was thus directed against the Church, we might expect to find its high seat the prime scene of defence. Accordingly, the Registers of Lambeth Palace, or rather the See of Canterbury, record several proceedings against this sect. Wickliffe himself appeared here to defend his tenets. He had been previously cited to St. Paul's, whither he went, attended by the all-powerful John of Gaunt. A new and what was intended to be a more private council was held in the Archbishop's Chapel, at Lambeth, before which Wickliffe appeared, "when not only the London citizens, but the mob, presumed to force themselves into the chapel, and to speak in Dr. Wickliffe's behalf, to the great terror of the delegates; and that the Queen's mother sent Sir Lewis Clifford to them to forbid them to proceed to any definitive sentence;" with which message the delegates are said to have been much confounded. "As the reed of a wind shaken," says Walsingham, "their speech became as soft as oil, to the public loss of their own dignity, and the damage of the whole church. They were struck with such dread that you would think them to be as a man that hearth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs." On this occasion, Wickliffe delivered in writing an elaborate statement of his views, but the delegates commanded him to repeat no more such propositions either in his schools or his sermons.

Foremost among the defenders of the Church was Archbishop Arundel, in the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V.; and it is presumed that his influence much contributed to pass the horrible law referred to above; while he has the bad reputation of being the first head of the Church of England who brought in the argument of the fiery stake to convince heretics of their heresy. The statute condemned to be burnt all who were convicted before the diocesan of obstinate or relapsed heresy, and commanded the sheriff or other local magistrate to

commit the offender against the Divine Majesty to the flames. In the reigns of both the Henries considerable numbers thus suffered death. The first sufferer, William Sawtre, was executed in 1410. But Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, was the most conspicuous of the first heretics; or in other words, of the first who preferred death to insincerity, under the new law for burning heretics. His rank and military reputation enhanced, in some respects, his merit, and gave more efficacy to the example of his martyrdom. Henry V. laboured to soften Cobham's determination; and it was only after his courageous refusal that he was abandoned to Archbishop Arundel. Cobham was tried, convicted, and condemned, but escaped from his prison; he was retaken, and in 1417, executed under the avowed authority of the Archbishop and his judicial synod, condemning Oldcastle as an incorrigible heretic. Soon after passing the sentence, an inflammation of the throat speedily put an end to Arundel's life. This incident, with a pardonable degree of superstition, considering the times, the Lollards transformed into a special judgment.

If Arundel merits the stigma of "the fiercest persecutor of the Lollards," his successor, Archbishop Chicheley, has left a more substantial memorial of his conduct towards this sect, in the *Lollards' Tower* at Lambeth, which he built in the years 1434 and 1435. It is a large stone building, and derives its name from the Lollards' prison which it contains, the ascent to which is by a narrow newel stone staircase; the steps are much worn, and fill the mind with gloomy retrospections of the many victims that must have contributed to this decay. It is entered by a small, pointed stone doorway, barely sufficient for one person to pass at a time; which doorway has an inner and outer door of strong oak, thickly studded with iron, and fastenings to correspond. Secured to the wainscot which lines the walls are eight large iron rings. The wainscot, the ceiling, and every part of this chamber is entirely lined with oak, nearly an inch and a half in thickness. It has two very small windows, narrowing outwards. A small chimney is on the north part; and upon the sides are various scratches, half-sentences, initials, and in one or two places a crucifix, cut out with a knife, or some other sharp instrument, by the prisoners who are supposed to have been confined here.

Not only was Lambeth Palace thus employed for the punishment of ecclesiastical offenders, for Queen Elizabeth appropriated it as a state-prison: besides committing the two Popish prelates, Tunstall and Thirlby, to the custody of the Archbishop, her Majesty committed here other persons of rank. The Earl of Essex was confined here before he

was sent to the Tower. It was usual for the prisoners to be kept in separate apartments, and to eat at the Archbishop's table. The tower appears to have cost building only 278*l.* 2*s.* 11½*d.*: the ironwork about the windows and doors amounted to 1322½*lb.* in weight. There is a minute account of the cost of each item: a bricklayer and a tiler's wages were then, by the day, with victuals, 4*d.*; a labourer's, with victuals, 3*d.*, without victuals, 3½*d.* On the exterior is a niche, in which was the image of St. Thomas à Becket, which image cost 13*s.* 4*d.* There is also a small apartment adjoining the porter's lodge, and supposed to have been anciently used as a second prison for confining the overflowing of the Lollards' Tower. This room has three iron rings fastened in the wall; it has a double door; the windows are high and narrow, and the walls, which are lined with stone, are of prodigious thickness. An additional proof of the ancient appropriation of this room is, that here is the same description of writing as in the Lollards' Tower, cut in the wall. The name of Grafton, in the Old English character, is perfectly legible; and near it are a cross and other figures rudely delineated.

At the Great Gate of the Palace, built by Cardinal Morton, about 1490, the *Dole*, immemorially given by the Archbishops of Canterbury to the indigent parishioners of Lambeth, is constantly distributed. Its recipients are 30 poor widows, from sixty to seventy years of age, each of whom, three days a week, has a loaf, meat, and 2½*d.* Soup is also given to them, and many other poor persons. The word *dole* signifies a share or portion, and is still used in that sense; but in former times it was more particularly applied to the alms (broken victuals, &c.), customarily distributed at the gates of great men. Stow, in his examples of housekeeping, laments the decline of this laudable custom in his day, "which before had been so general that *almes-dishes* (into which certain portions of meat for the needy were carved), were to be seen at every nobleman and prelate's table." As the first in place and dignity under the sovereign, the Archbishops of Canterbury appear to have exercised this ancient virtue of hospitality in a supereminent degree; and in Archbishop Parker's Regulations for the officers of his household at Lambeth, it was ordered that there should be "no purloining of meat left upon the tables, but that it be putt into the almes-tubb, and the tubbe to be kept sweete and cleane before it be used from time to time." The desuetude of which Stow complains may possibly be ascribed to the institution of the Poor-Laws in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Stories of the Savoy.

The site in the Strand which bears this name, but is now partly occupied by the northern approach to Waterloo Bridge, and the buildings of Lancaster Place, is suggestive of a long train of historical memories. More than six centuries ago, the site was granted to Peter, Earl of Savoy and Richmond, uncle unto Eleanor, wife to King Henry III., and who, being on a visit to his niece, in the year 1245, obtained by means of her influence over the King, not only titles but possessions in England. Here he erected one of the most magnificent buildings on the banks of the Thames. There were houses standing upon the site at the time, which must have been pulled down when he built his palace. "In 30 Henry III. the king granted to Peter de Savoy the inheritance of those houses in the street called the Strand, in the suburbs of London, and adjoining to the river of Thames, formerly belonging to Brian de Lisle, paying yearly to the king's exchequer, at the Feast of St. Michael, three barbed arrows for all services." Peter de Savoy, not choosing to end his days in England, bestowed his palace on the fraternity of Mountjoy (or Priory de Cornuto by Havering-at-the-Bower, in Essex), of whom it was bought by Queen Eleanor, for Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, second son of King Henry III. His son, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, was beheaded during the reign of Edward II.; and the Savoy then became the property of his brother, Henry, who enlarged it, and made it so magnificent in 1328, at an expense of 52,000 marks ("which money," says Stow, "he had gathered together at the town of Bridgerike"), that there was, according to Knighton, no mansion in the realm to be compared with it in beauty and stateliness. After the decease of the Earl's son, the first Duke of Lancaster, in 1351, one of the daughters of the latter married the famous John of Gaunt, who became, in consequence, the possessor of the Savoy. Six years later occurred an event which has bequeathed to the locality one of its most interesting memories,—the residence of the captive King John of France. The battle of Poitiers took place on the 19th of September, 1356, and on the 24th of April following, the King, with his illustrious conqueror, the Black Prince, the darling of our old historians, entered London, by Kent-street, Southwark, then the only public road into London from the south. It was an obscure route. Yet, what long lines of conquest and devotion, of turmoil and rebellion, of victory, gorgeous pageantry, and grim death, have poured through this narrow inlet of old London! The Roman invader came

along the rich marshy ground now supporting "Kentish-street;" thousands of pious and weary pilgrims have passed along this causeway to St. Thomas of Canterbury; and here the Black Prince rode with his royal captive from Poitiers, and the victor of Agincourt was carried in kingly state to his last earthly bourne. By this route, Cade advanced with his 20,000 insurgents from Blackheath to Southwark; and the ill-fated Wyat marched to discomfiture and death. The Black Prince was received with excessive joy, but constantly refused all honours that were offered to him, being satisfied with those paid to the captive king. Lingard says: "His father had given the necessary directions for his entry into the capital, under pretence of doing honour to the King of France; an unwelcome honour, which served to remind that monarch of his captivity, and to make him the principal ornament in the triumph of his conqueror." He was received by Henry Picard, the Mayor, and the Aldermen, in all their formalities, with the City pageants; and in the streets, as he passed to Westminster, the citizens hung out all their plate, tapestry, and armour, so that the like had never been seen before in the memory of man.

With the same touching delicacy of feeling which characterized all the proceedings of the Prince towards his prisoner, from the first supper after the battle, (when he served the French monarch kneeling, and refused to sit at table with him,) John was now mounted on a richly caparisoned cream-coloured charger, while the Prince rode by his side on a little black palfrey. The accompanying procession was most magnificent. The Savoy was appropriated to King John during the period of his stay; and "thither," says Froissart, "came to see him the King and Queen oftentimes, and made him great feast and cheer. The negotiations as to John's ransom were long protracted, and it was not till October, 1360, that the terms were settled; when all the parties being at Calais, the French king and twenty-four of his barons on the one side, and Edward, with twenty-seven of his barons on the other, swore to observe the conditions, and John was liberated on the following day. He returned to France, but was unable to fulfil his portion of the treaty; and to add to his mortification, his son, the Duke of Anjou, entered Paris from Calais, where he had been permitted by the English, whose prisoner he was, to reside, and which he had only been able to leave by breaking his parole. These, and it is said, various other and more doubtful circumstances, made him resolve upon a line of conduct which his courtiers vainly strove to drive him from by ridicule; and to the astonishment of all parties, he suddenly returned to London, where he was received with open arms by Edward, and took up his final resi-

dence at the Savoy. Under the date 1364, we find in Stow's *Chronicle* the following passage: "The 9th day of April, died John, King of France, at the Savoy, beside Westminster; his corpse was honourably conveyed to St. Denis, in France."

John of Gaunt lived at the Savoy in almost regal state, and here, which is a fact more interesting than his magnificence, Geoffrey Chaucer was his frequent guest. Here, under the protection of the Duke of Lancaster and his amiable Duchess Blanche, Chaucer passed the happiest hours of his life; and here also he found a wife in the person of Philippa, a lady of the Duchess' household, and sister to the Lady Catherine Swynford. The date of Chaucer's poem, the *Assembly of Fowls*, or the *Parliament of Birds*, may be referred to the year 1358, upon the supposition, which appears to be generally admitted, that it was composed with reference to the intended marriage between John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaster, which took place in 1359, and which the lady is represented in the poem as deferring for a twelve-month. From this circumstance, also, we gather the not unimportant fact, that at this time Chaucer was on terms of intimacy with John of Gaunt. The poem called *The Dream* is supposed to have been written on the occasion of the nuptials. Chaucer's own marriage with Philippa, the maid of honour in the royal household, subsequently brought him into the most intimate relations with John of Gaunt, and the Duke's regard for Chaucer and his wife was evinced by many substantial gifts. Some of Chaucer's finest poems were composed in the Savoy, and were on the subject of its inmates; among which must be especially noticed the one entitled *Chaucer's Dream*, which is an allegorical history of the loves of John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaster, and of his own marriage with the Lady Philippa. Whether the poet was married in the Savoy, or in the neighbouring church, does not appear.

During John of Gaunt's occupancy, the Savoy was twice pillaged by a mob. The first occasion was in the year 1376, when the Duke had made himself unpopular by his bold speech to the Bishop of London in St. Paul's church, at the citation of Wickliffe. Lord Percy, the friend of John of Gaunt, had requested that Wickliffe might be allowed to sit; but the Bishop of London replied that he must stand up and remain uncovered, for he appeared there as a criminal, and no criminal could be allowed to sit in the presence of his judges. John of Gaunt, in great anger, turned to the Bishop, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the whole assembly, that "he would humble his pride, and the pride of every arrogant bishop in the kingdom." The prelate made some reply, which increased the anger of the Duke of Lancaster

much, that he turned pale in the face, and whispered in the ear of the Bishop, that rather than sit there and be insulted by a priest, he would drag him out of the church by the hair of his head. The threat was heard by the nearest bystander, and was soon whispered from one to another till everybody in the church was aware of it. It then became rumoured among the populace, who, anxious for the condemnation of Wickliffe, had assembled in great numbers in the churchyard. A cry immediately arose among them, and it was proposed to break into the church, and pull John of Gaunt from his judgment-seat. At his departure he was received with yells by the mob, who ran after him and pelted him with dirt. He was so exasperated against them, that he proceeded immediately to Westminster, where the Parliament was sitting, and in his place as President, introduced a motion that from that day forth all the privileges of the citizens of London should be annulled; and that there should be no longer a lord mayor, sheriff, or other popular magistrates, and that the entire jurisdiction within the City should be vested in Lord Percy, the Chief Marshal of England. When news of this proposal reached the citizens on the following day, they assembled in great numbers, swearing to have the life of the Duke. After pillaging the Marshalsea, where Lord Percy resided, they proceeded to the Savoy, and killed a priest whom they found in the house, and thought to be Lord Percy in disguise. They then broke all the valuable furniture, threw the fragments into the Thames, and left little more standing than the bare walls of the palace. John of Gaunt and Lord Percy were dining at the house of a wealthy merchant in the City, when this news reached them; and from thence they escaped in disguise by rowing up the river in an open boat, passing the Savoy at the very moment while the mob were throwing the magnificent furniture from the windows. But for the Bishop of London, who, hearing of the riot, had hurried to the Savoy, the palace would no doubt have been destroyed, as it was a little later, under very similar circumstances. The people, to show their opinion of the Duke, reversed his arms, traitor-fashion. The civic authorities were obliged to exhibit a very different demeanour: one of the last audiences given by Edward III. was that to the lord mayor and aldermen, at Shene (Richmond), who came to crave pardon of the Duke, in his presence, for their grievous offence. Not the less, however, were they all ousted from office by the powerful Duke, and creatures of his own substituted.

Five years afterwards, a still more serious attack was made upon the Savoy. John of Gaunt being particularly obnoxious to the rebels under Wat Tyler, the whole body of the insurgents, under the guidance of

that chief, marched to the Savoy with the intention of burning it to the ground. Proclamation was previously made by the leaders that, as their object was not plunder, all the rich jewels, furniture, pictures, plate, and other articles, should be burned, or thrown into the Thames; and that any one appropriating the property to his own uses, should suffer death. The Duke of Lancaster was then absent pursuing the war in Scotland, and the attack being sudden, no means of defence were taken by those in possession of the palace. It is not true, as stated in Hardyng's *Chronicle*, that the Duke was in the palace at the time, and fled into Scotland in consequence. John of Gaunt was no such craven; and if he had been in London, and had fled, he would not have fled to such a distance. No palace in Christendom, at that time, contained greater wealth than the palace of the Savoy; and the greater portion of it was destroyed. The rebels broke the vessels of gold and silver into small pieces, and threw them into the Thames; they tore the rich hangings of velvet, silk, and embroidered drapery, together with an immense quantity of linen and wearing apparel into shreds, or burned it; and the rings or jewels were broken in mortars, and the fragments thrown into the flames, or into the river. It is said that one of the mob being seen to hide a valuable piece of plate in his bosom, he was thrust into the fire with his booty, and burned to death, amidst the shouts of his fellows, who exclaimed that they were freemen and lovers of justice, not thieves or robbers. They were less scrupulous as regards wine: the rich citizens had set open their cellars, and they had drunk of the wines to such excess that they were maddened. Thirty-two of the rebels broke into a cellar of the Savoy, where they drank so much wine that they were prevented getting out in time, by masses of falling stones and rubbish from the burning palace, and they died of suffocation; or, as Stow says, the door being walled-up, they were heard crying and calling seven days after, but none came to help them out till they were dead. Some of the rioters found a number of barrels, which they thought to contain gold and silver, and flung them into the flames. They contained gunpowder; an awful explosion was the consequence, which blew up the great hall, and destroyed several houses.

One of the scenes in Shakespeare's *Richard II.* is supposed to pass in a room of the Savoy, though at the date it was a heap of ruins. Thus it lay until 1505, when Henry VII. had the site cleared, and commenced building thereon a Hospital of St. John the Baptist, "to receive and lodge nightly one hundred poor folks." The master and brethren were to stand alternately by day and night at the gate, and if they saw any poor distressed persons they were to ask them in and feed them. If

such persons were travellers, they were to be lodged for the night, and dismissed on the following morning, with a letter of recommendation to the next Hospital, and as much money as would defray their expenses on the road. In the reign of Edward VI. part of the revenues of the Savoy Hospital was bestowed on Bridewell and Christchurch, on account of the abuses, for instead of the Savoy being a lodging for pilgrims and strangers, it became a noisome refuge for loiterers, vagabonds, and disreputable women; they lay all day in the field, and were harboured there at night, so that the hospital was rather a maintenance of beggary, than any relief to the poor. It was re-endowed and re-furnished by Queen Mary, and maintained by Elizabeth; but the buildings and revenues were shamefully perverted, and Fleetwood, the Recorder of London, describes the Savoy to Lord Burghley, as a nursery of rogues and masterless men: "the chief nurserie of all the evell people in the Savoy and the brick-kilnes near Islington." This state of things continued until the commencement of Queen Anne's reign, when the hospital was finally dissolved. Here, in 1658, the Independents met, and agreed upon their well-known Declaration of Faith; three years later was held here the "Savoy Conference" for the revision of the Liturgy; and Charles II. established here "the French Church in the Savoy."

The Mastership of the Savoy was promised to the poet Cowley by Charles I., and afterwards by Charles II. The latter gave the office to Dr. Killigrew, "through certain persons, enemies of the Muses." Cowley's disappointment was great; and to add to his chagrin, his play of the *Cutter of Colman Street*, was unsuccessful at the same time. In his despondency, he wrote his poem of *The Complaint*; and in an anonymous satire, published at the time, he is represented as "Savoy-missing Cowley making apologies for his bad play." In this reign also, during the Dutch war, the sick and wounded were lodged in the Hospital; and great part of it was dilapidated by fire. On the demolition of the old church of St. Mary-le-Strand, by the Protector Somerset, the Hospital Chapel was allotted to that parish. There is a tradition that when the Liturgy in the vernacular tongue was restored by Queen Elizabeth, the chapel of the Savoy was the first place in which the service was performed. Several persons of note are buried here, with figure monuments; among them was a memorial, rather sumptuous, erected about 1715, in honour of a merchant: the sole statement of the epitaph was, that he had bequeathed 5*l.* to the poor of the Savoy Precinct, and a like sum to the poor of St. Mary-le-Strand; while at the side, and occupying about half the breadth of the marble, the

money was expressed in figures, just as in a page of a ledger, with lines single and double, perpendicular, and, at the bottom, horizontal; the whole being summed up, and in each line two ciphers for shillings and one for pence. The epitaph concluded with "which sum was duly paid by his executors." A strange custom prevails here to this day: on the Sunday following Christmas Day, a chair is placed near the chapel-door, covered with a cloth; on the chair is, in a plate, an orange. The object of this custom is not recorded.

Contemporary with the Fleet and Mayfair marriages, the priest at the Savoy Chapel carried on a like traffic; and in the *Public Advertiser*, Jan. 2, 1754, marriages are advertised by authority, to be performed here "with the utmost privacy, decency, and regularity;" also, registers from the time of the Reformation were kept here. While the Dutch, German, and French congregations met quietly within the precinct,—a favour which was originally owing to Charles II.,—all sorts of unseemly marriages were celebrated by the "Savoy parsons," there being five private ways by land to this chapel, and two by water. The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, the father of Tate Wilkinson, the actor, for performing the illicit ceremony, was informed against by Garrick, and the disreputable functionary was transported. The chapel also possessed the privilege of sanctuary; and in July, 1696, a creditor going into the Savoy to demand a debt of a person who had taken sanctuary there, was seized by the mob, according to their usual custom (says the *Postman*, No, 180), and was tarred and feathered, and carried in a wheelbarrow to the Strand, there bound fast to the Maypole, and so he remained until he was rescued by constables.

The Savoy was last used as barracks and a prison for deserters, impressed men, convict soldiers and offenders from the Guards: at one period their allowance was only fourpence a day. In 1819, the premises were taken down to form the road to Waterloo Bridge. The approach to the bridge from the Strand, or Wellington-street and Lancaster-place, covers the entire site of the old Duchy-lane and great part of the Hospital. We see the river front of the Savoy in Hollar's prints and Canaletti's pictures; and Vertue's ground-plan shows the Middle Savoy Gate, where Savoy-street now is; and the Little Savoy Gate, where now are Savoy-steps. It was a massive brick, stone, and flint, fortress-like building, embattled throughout; the outer walls abutted upon the Thames, where was a flight of steps to the water; the principal or Strand front had large pointed windows, and parapets 'ozenged with flints. Over the Great Gate were the arms of Henry VII.,

and the badges of the rose, fleur-de-lis, and portcullis; and this inscription (*Weever*):—

“ Hospitium hoc inopi turba Savoia vocatum
Septimus Henricus fundavit ab imo Solo.”

The pulling down of the last of the ruins in 1816, when the chapel was left isolated, was a work of immense labour, so massive was the masonry. Not the least amusing incident was that of the *gamins* picking out the softest parts of the Royal palace and cutting them into hearthstones to clean hearths and the steps before doors!



Siege of Essex House.—Queen Elizabeth's Ring.

The first of the magnificent mansions situated upon Thames bank, from Temple Bar, was *Exeter House*, an inn belonging to the Bishop of Exeter, afterwards called *Paget House*, *Norfolk House*, and *Leicester House*, bequeathed by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, to his son-in-law, the unhappy Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the last favourite of Elizabeth. It was then called Essex House, and become more celebrated than it ever was before. While still in the occupation of the Earl of Leicester, we should not forget to mention that the author of “The Fairy Queen,” was a frequent visitor there, and that his visits did not altogether cease when the house came into new hands. Spenser had received assistance from Leicester, and thus writes in his *Prothalamion*; he has been speaking of the Temple:—

“ Next whereunto there stands a stately place
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Where want too well now feels my friendless case;
But, ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but joyes, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly till I end my song.

“ Yet therein doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and feare.
Faire branch of honour, flower of chevalrie!
Thou fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie.”

The chief memory of this place is, of course, connected with Essex, and the rash act for which he was executed. Elizabeth and he had quarrelled more than once or twice before the last irreconcilable difference.

She had been offended by his conduct in joining the expedition to Caëiz without her permission; by his marriage with the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham; and above all, by a dispute concerning the appointment of an assistant in the affairs of Ireland, when he was about to visit that country as Lord Deputy. This last quarrel terminated in her boxing his ears, and bidding him "go and be hanged." The provocation was, it is said, his turning his back upon her. The indignant noble clapped his hand to his sword, and swore he would not have put up with such an insult from Henry VIII. It was in Essex House that the high-spirited, hot-blooded, and ambitious Earl shut himself up after he had received the box on the ear. That hasty blow and its results led to his ruin. He might have curbed his pride a little when he reflected that it was but a woman's hand that inflicted it; and instead of resenting it, as he did, he might have affected to consider it as a proof that he was not altogether indifferent to her. In fact, it showed Elizabeth's tender regard for the man; but Essex did not feel the tenderness for her that she felt for him. He then retired hastily from Court to Essex House, where he shut himself up for some days, refusing to see any but his most intimate friends. Sir Thomas Egerton, the Chancellor, wrote to him to make proper submission, but Essex stoutly refused. "If the vilest of all indignities is done me," he wrote to the Chancellor, in reply, "does religion enforce me to sue for pardon? Doth God require it? Is it not impiety to do it? Why? Cannot princes err? Cannot subjects receive wrong? Is an earthly power infinite? Pardon me, my Lord, I never can subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their price of princes show no sense of princes' injuries. As for me, I have received wrong—I feel it. My cause is good—I know it. And whatsoever happens, all the powers on earth can never exert more strength and constancy in oppressing, than I can show in suffering everything that can or shall be imposed upon me."

When this letter, containing so many noble passages, was shown to Elizabeth, she had good sense enough to perceive the fine manly feeling that pervaded it, and perhaps loved Essex all the more for his independence and scorn of flattery. He was soon drawn from his retirement in the Strand, and sent as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and was followed for some miles by crowds of Londoners, crying, "God bless your Lordship—God preserve you!" His discontent and impatience, while in Ireland, are well known. He neither liked the service, nor the absence from Court, which it occasioned. He was afraid that his enemies at home were endeavouring to

supplant him; and in all his letters to Elizabeth at this time, he expressed a dissatisfaction which to her seemed anything but loyal. Essex wished he could live like a hermit "in some unhaunted desert most obscure"—

"From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure,
Then wake again, and yield God every praise,
Content with hips and hawes, and bramble berry;
In contemplation parting out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
Who, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.
Your Majesty's exiled servant,

ROBERT ESSEX."

He suddenly returned from his government, and without stopping at his own house, hastened to the palace before any one knew of his return, and besmeared with dirt and sweat, from hard riding, forced his way into Her Majesty's bedchamber. The Queen had just risen, and was sitting with her hair about her face. Essex fell on his knees, kissed her hand, and was so well received that he flattered himself he had made a masterstroke of policy: he left her, thanking God that, though he had suffered much trouble and storms abroad, he found a sweet calm at home. The calm was but of short continuance; the Cecils and others were at work, and that very evening he was ordered to consider himself a prisoner in his room. After eight months of restraint he wrote a touching appeal to the Queen, which was not answered for three months more, when he was released, but ordered not to appear at Court, or approach Her Majesty's person.

But the patience of Essex could not endure for ever. In a few days a valuable patent he held for the monopoly of sweet wines expired, and he petitioned for a renewal to aid his shattered fortunes. It was refused; and in a most mortifying manner. "In order to manage an ungovernable beast, he must be stinted in his provender," was the Queen's reply. Essex now became desperate. He was advised to remove Sir Robert Cecil, Raleigh, and others forcibly from Court, and so make the way clear for the recovery of his ascendancy. Other men joined in this advice, and Essex, relying upon his popularity with the Londoners, determined to adopt it. A strong party of officers who had served under him, took lodging about Essex House, and formed themselves into a council. The gates of Essex House were thrown open to flocks of Catholic priests, Puritan preachers, soldiers, sailors, young citizens, and needy adventurers. These proceedings, of course, attracted the notice of the Government, and Essex was summoned to

appear before the Privy Council. A note from an unknown writer, warning him to provide for his safety, was at the same moment put into his hand, and he was informed that the guard at the palace had been doubled. On the following Sunday morning, Feb. 8, 1600-1, he marched into the City, during sermon-time at St. Paul's Cross, and called upon the people to join him, and force his way to the Queen. His dear friend, the Earl of Southampton, with the Earl of Rutland, Lords Sandys and Mounteagle, and about 300 gentlemen, were ready to accompany him, when the Lord Keeper Egerton, Sir William Knollys, the Lord Chief Justice Popham, and the Earl of Worcester arrived, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. They were admitted without their attendants; when Egerton and Popham asked what all this meant. "There is a plot laid against my life," was the reply, uttered in a loud and impassioned tone: "letters have been forged in my name—men have been hired to murder me in my bed—mine enemies cannot be satisfied unless they suck my blood!" The Lord Chief Justice said he ought to explain his case to the Queen, who would do impartial justice. Some voices now cried out, "They abuse you, my lord—they betray you—you are losing time!" The Lord Keeper, then putting on his hat, commanded the assembly, in the Queen's name, to lay down their arms, and depart. Louder cries now broke out, "Kill them! kill them!—keep them for hostages!—away with the Great Seal!" Essex immediately conducted them to an inner apartment, bolted the door, and placed a guard of musqueteers to watch it. Drawing his sword, he rushed out, followed by most of the assembly. At St. Paul's Cross, to their surprise, they found no preaching—no congregation—the Queen having sent orders to that effect to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. The Earl, addressing the citizens he met with, cried, "For the Queen, my mistress!—a plot is laid for my life!" and entreated them to arm. But they contented themselves with crying, "God bless your Honour!" and left him to his fate.

Uncertain what to do, Essex went to the house of one of the sheriffs, and remained for some time. About two in the afternoon, he again went forth, and passed to and fro through many streets, till, seeing that his followers were fast disappearing, he directed his footsteps to Essex House. Barricades had been formed in the meantime, and at Ludgate he was attacked by a large body of armed men whom the Bishop of London had placed there. Several persons were wounded in the affray, Essex was twice shot through the hat, and his stepfather, Sir Christopher Blount, was severely wounded and taken prisoner. The Earl retreated into Friday-street, where, being faint, drink was given him by

the citizens. At Queenhithe he obtained a boat, and so got back to Essex House, where he found that his last hope, the hostages, were gone. He now determined to retreat. He turned back for that purpose, but found that the streets had been barricaded against him by the citizens and a strong company under the command of Sir John Levison. He attempted, however, to force his way; and in the skirmish which ensued, Tracy, a young man to whom he bore great friendship, was killed. The Earl then struck suddenly down into one of the narrow passages leading from Fleet-street to the river, at the bottom of which he and several of his company procured boats and rowed themselves to Essex House, the garden of which abutted on the Thames. Essex, reduced to despair, now determined to fortify his house; but a great force hemmed him in on all sides; and several pieces of artillery were planted against the house, among the rest one on the tower of the church of St. Clement Danes. He stood a siege of four hours: about ten at night he demanded a parley, and surrendered to the Lord Admiral upon a promise of a hearing, and a speedy trial. It being very dark, and the tide not serving to pass the cumbrous and dangerous London Bridge to the Tower, Essex and Lord Southampton were conveyed up the river in a boat to Lambeth Palace, where they passed the night. On the following morning they were conducted to the Tower, together with the Earl of Rutland, Lords Sandys, Cromwell, and Mounteagle, Sir John Danvers, and Sir Henry Bromley. Others, prisoners of inferior note, were conveyed to Newgate.

Ten days afterwards, Essex and Southampton were brought to trial, and found guilty of high treason. Essex was executed on Ash Wednesday, the 25th of February, about eight in the morning, in an inner court of the Tower—Sir Walter Raleigh looking on from the Armoury. It was said the execution was made thus private from the Queen's fear of what Essex might say touching her own virtue. He was only in his thirty-fourth year when he thus perished, universally regretted. So popular was he during his bright, brief, troubled career, that he scarcely ever quitted England, or even the metropolis, without a pastoral or other song in his praise, which was sold and sung in the streets: but his rivals, enemies, and judges were insulted and hooted whenever they appeared; even the Queen herself was looked on coldly. Several of Essex's principal followers, including the instigator, Cuffe, were executed. Southampton was saved from the block and retained a close prisoner in the Tower during the Queen's life, which was fearfully embittered by these melancholy transactions.

The affecting story of the Ring sent to the Queen by Essex after his

condemnation, is one of the memories of Essex House. When Catherine Countess of Nottingham was dying (about a fortnight before Queen Elizabeth), she sent to Her Majesty to desire that she might see her, in order to reveal to her something, without the discovery of which she could not die in peace. Upon the Queen's coming, Lady Nottingham told her that, while the Earl of Essex lay under sentence of death, he was desirous of asking Her Majesty's mercy in the manner prescribed by herself during the height of his favour; the Queen having given him a ring, which being sent to her as a token of his distress might entitle him to her protection. But the Earl, jealous of those about him, and not caring to trust any of them with it, as he was looking out of his window one morning, saw a boy with whose appearance he was pleased; and, engaging him by money and promises, directed him to carry the ring, which he took from his finger and threw down, to Lady Scroope, a sister of the Countess of Nottingham, and a friend of his Lordship, who attended upon the Queen; and to beg of her that she would present it to Her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, carried it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband, the admiral, an enemy of Lord Essex, in order to take his advice. The admiral forbid her to carry it, or return any answer to the message; but insisted upon her keeping the ring. The Countess of Nottingham, having made this discovery, begged the Queen's forgiveness; but Her Majesty answered, "*God may forgive you, but I never can;*" and left the room with great emotion. Her mind was so struck with the story that she never went to bed, nor took any sustenance from that instant; for Camden is of opinion that her chief reason for suffering the Earl to be executed was his supposed obstinacy in not applying to her for mercy. In confirmation of the time of the Countess' death, it now appears from the parish register of Chelsea, that she died at Arundel House, London, February 25th, and was buried the 28th, 1603. Her funeral was kept at Chelsea, March 21, and Queen Elizabeth died three days afterwards! An additional confirmation is given by the recorded incidents of Elizabeth's conduct during her last illness. For ten days and nights together prior to her decease, she refused to go to bed, but lay upon the carpet, with cushions around her, buried in the profoundest melancholy.

There are other versions of this anecdote; the principal facts are the same in each. The whole of the evidence in support of the above is in Osborn's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, published fifty-five years after her death. Lord Clarendon mentioned it as a loose report which had crept into discourse. Again, "there is no contemporaneous account of the kind in either of the accounts of the Queen's last illness; and that

by the Earl of Monmouth, an eye-witness, shows that so far from anything having occurred to disturb the Queen's friendly relations with Lord Nottingham, he was actually sent for as the only person whose influence would be sufficiently powerful to induce her to obey her physicians.

“Now, whatever might be the supposed indignation of Elizabeth against her dying cousin, Lady Nottingham, it is clear that as the real offender was Lord Nottingham, he would naturally have more than shared in her displeasure; and it is very improbable that a fortnight after the Queen had shaken the helpless wife on her deathbed, the husband, by whose authority the offence was committed, should have continued in undiminished favour. The existence of the ring would do but little to establish the truth of the story, even if but one had been preserved and cherished as the identical ring; but as there are two, if not three, which lay claim to that distinction, they invalidate each other's claims. One is preserved at Hawnes in Bedfordshire, the seat of the Rev. Lord John Thynne; another is the property of C. W. Warren, Esq.; and we believe the third is deposited for safety at Messrs. Drummonds' bank. The ring at Hawnes is said to have descended in unbroken succession from Lady Frances Devereux (afterwards Duchess of Somerset) to the present owner. The stone in this ring is a sardonyx, on which is cut in relief a head of Elizabeth, the execution of which is of a high order. That the ring has descended from Lady Frances Devereux affords the strongest presumptive evidence that it was not *the* ring. According to the tradition, it had passed from her father into Lady Nottingham's hands. According to Lady Elizabeth Spelman, Lord Nottingham insisted upon her keeping it. In her interview with the Queen, the Countess might be supposed to have presented to her the token she had so fatally withheld; or it might have remained in her family, or have been destroyed; but the most improbable circumstance would have been its restoration to the widow or daughter of the much injured Essex by the offending Earl of Nottingham. The Duchess of Somerset left ‘a long, curious, and minute will, and in it there is no mention of any such ring.’ If there is good evidence for believing that the curious ring at Hawnes was ever in the possession of the Earl of Essex, one might be tempted to suppose that it was the likeness of the Queen, to which he alludes in his letters as his ‘fair angel,’ written from Portland road, and at the time of his disgrace, after the proceedings in the Star Chamber, and when still under restraint at Essex House. Had Essex at this time possessed any ring, a token by presenting which he would have been entitled to restoration to favour, it seems most im-

probable that he should have kept it back, and yet regarded this likeness of the Queen, whose gracious eyes encouraged him to be a petitioner for himself. The whole tone of the letter is in fact almost conclusive against the possibility of his having in his possession any gift of hers endowed with such rights as that of the ring which the Countess of Nottingham is supposed to have withheld." We have abridged this investigation of the whole story from a paper in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 200.

The Strange History of Lady Hatton.

This "strange lady," the widow of Sir Christopher Hatton's nephew, who had inherited his estates and title, resided in Ely Place, or rather in that portion of it called Hatton House, upon Holborn Hill. At the decease of her first husband, Sir William Newport, who, on the death of his uncle, took the name of Hatton, she was young, very beautiful, of eccentric manner, and a most vixenish temper. She was rich withal, and wooers were numerous. Among them came two remarkable men, already rivals in their profession, and now to be rivals in a tenderer pursuit: these were Coke and Bacon. And some noticeable scenes must, no doubt, have taken place in Hatton House during the progress of this remarkable courtship. How Lady Hatton's two distinguished lovers hated each other we know, before this new fuel was added to the flame. Both were powerfully supported. Coke had already been appointed Attorney-General by the Queen, in spite of the most powerful efforts of the ill-fated Earl of Essex to obtain the appointment for Bacon, so that he was already on the high road to fortune; on the other hand, Bacon's ever-faithful friend—alas! that it should have to be remembered how ungratefully he was rewarded!—Essex pleaded personally his cause with the beautiful widow and with her mother.

Sir Edward Coke, or Cook, as now pronounced, was the "oracle of law," but, like too many great lawyers, he was so completely one, as to have been nothing else. Coke, already enriched by his first marriage, combined power with added wealth, in his union with the relict of Sir William Hatton, the sister of Thomas Lord Burghley. It was the greater titles that most probably at last decided Lady Hatton to accept Coke; and, like many other clever people, she lived no doubt to repent of a choice formed on such considerations, when she found she had rejected a Chancellor!

It is a remarkable fact, connected with the character of Coke, that this great lawyer suffered his second marriage to take place in an illegal

manner, and condescended to plead ignorance of the laws! He had been married in a private house, without banns or licence, at a moment when the Archbishop was vigilantly prosecuting informal and irregular marriages.

In 1616, Coke, by his unbending judicial integrity, lost the favour of James, and with it the Chief Justiceship, which he then held: his mode of obtaining a restoration of the first, and an equivalent for the second, stands in strange contrast. This was the marriage of his daughter to Sir John Villiers, afterwards Viscount Purbeck, brother to the haughty favourite, then supreme at Court. It is to Lady Hatton's credit that she determinedly refused, as long as she could with any prospect of utility, to consent to this bargain and sale of her child, then only in her seventeenth year, and who had a great aversion to the match. There were, however, other personages than his Majesty, and his favourite, more deeply concerned in the business, and who had not hitherto been once consulted—the mother and the daughter! Coke, who, in everyday concerns, issued his commands as he would his law-writs, and at times, boldly asserted the rights of the subject, had no other paternal notion of the duties of a wife and child than their obedience!

At first, the mother and daughter ran away, and secreted themselves at Oatlands, where Coke, having discovered their retreat, came armed with a warrant, and broke open door after door until he found the fugitives. The Privy Council were now inundated with appeals and counter-appeals, and disturbed with brawls when the parties were before them. Mr. Chamberlain, writing to Carleton (May 24, 1616), says, "The Lord Coke and his lady had great wars at the Council-table. The first time she came accompanied with the Lord Burghley and his lady, the Lord Danvers, the Lord Denny, Sir Thomas Howard and his lady, with I know not how many more, and declaimed so bitterly against him, and so carried herself, that divers said Burbage (the player) could not have acted better."

Lady Hatton, haughty to insolence, had been often forbidden both the courts of their Majesties, where Lady Compton, the mother of Buckingham, was the object of her ladyship's persevering contempt. She retained her personal influence by the numerous estates which she enjoyed in right of her former husband. When Coke fell into disgrace, his lady abandoned him, and to avoid her husband, frequently moved her residence in town and country. We trace her with malicious activity disfurnishing his house in Holborn, and at Stoke Poges, in Buckinghamshire; seizing on all the plate and moveables, and in fact,

leaving the fallen statesman, and the late Lord Chief Justice, empty houses and no comforter!

It is extraordinary that Coke, able to defend any cause, bore himself so simply. It is supposed that he had laid his domestic concerns too open to animadversion in the neglect of his daughter; or that he was aware that he was standing before no friendly bar, at that moment being out of favour; whatever was the cause, our noble virago obtained a signal triumph, and the "oracle of law," with all his gravity, stood before the council-table henpecked. In June, 1616, Sir Edward appears to have yielded at discretion to his lady; for in an unpublished letter we find that "his curst heart hath 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."

In the following year, 1617, these domestic affairs totally changed. The political marriage of his daughter with Villiers being now resolved on, the business was to clip the wings of so fierce a bird as Coke had found in Lady Hatton, which led to an extraordinary contest. The mother and daughter hated the upstart Villiers, and Sir John, indeed, promised to be but a sickly bridegroom. They had contrived to make up a written contract of marriage with Lord Oxford, which they opposed against the proposal, or rather the order, of Coke.

The violence to which the towering spirits of the conflicting parties proceeded is a piece of secret history, of which accident has preserved an able memorial. Coke, armed with law, and what was equally potent, with the King's favour, entered by force the barricaded houses of his lady, took possession of his daughter, on whom he appears never to have cast a thought till she became an instrument for his political purposes, confined her from her mother, and at length got the haughty mother imprisoned, and brought her to account for all her past misdoings. Quick was the change of scene, and the contrast was wonderful. Coke, who in the preceding year, to the world's surprise, proved so simple an advocate of his own cause in the presence of his wife, now, to employ his own words, "got upon his wings again," and went on, as Lady Hatton, when safely lodged in prison, describes, with "his high-handed tyrannical courses," till the furious lawyer occasioned a fit of sickness to the proud, crestfallen lady. "Law! law! law!" thundered from the lips of its "oracle!" and Bacon, in his apologetical letter to the King for having opposed his "riot or violence," says, "I disliked it the more, because he justified it to be Law, which was his old song."

The memorial alluded to appears to have been confidentially composed by the legal friend of Lady Hatton, to furnish her ladyship with

answers when brought before the council-table. It opens several domestic scenes in the house of that great Lord Chief Justice; the forcible simplicity of the style in domestic details shows that our language has not advanced in expression since the age of James I. The memorial opens as follows:

“TO LADY HATTON.

“ 10 July, 1617.

“MADAM,—Seeing these people speak no language but thunder and lightning, accounting this their cheapest and best way to work upon you, I would with patience prepare myself to their extremities, and study to defend the breaches by which to their advantage they suppose to come in upon me, and henceforth quit the ways of pacification and composition heretofore, and unseasonably endeavoured, which, in my opinion, lie most open to trouble, scandal, and danger; wherefore I will briefly set down their objections, and send answers to them as I conceive proper.” [The details are too lengthy for us to quote.]

Among other matters, it appears that Coke accused his lady of having “embezzled all his gilt and silver plate and vessell (he having little in any house of mine but that his marriage with me brought him), and instead thereof foisted in *alkumy* of the same sorte, fashion, and use, with the illusion to have cheated him of the other.” Coke insists on the inventory by the schedule! Her ladyship says: “I made such plate for matter and form for my own use at Purbeck, that serving well enough in the country; and I was loth to trust such a substance in a place so remote, and in the guard of few; but for the plate and vessell he saith it is wanting, they are every ounce within one of my three houses.” She complains that Sir Edward Coke and his son Clement had threatened her servants so grievously, that the poor men ran away to hide themselves from his fury, and dare not appear abroad.

“Sir Edward broke into Hatton House, secured my coach and coach-horses, nay, my apparel, which he detains; thrusts all my servants out of doors without wages; sent down his men to Corfe to inventory, seize, ship, and carry away all the goods, which being refused him by the castle-keeper, he threats to bring your lordship’s warrant for the performance thereof. But your lordship established that he should have the use of the goods only during his life, in such houses as the same appertained, without meaning, I hope, of depriving me of such use, being goods I brought at my marriage, or bought with the money I spared from my allowances. Stop, then, his high tyrannical courses; for I have suffered beyond the measure of any wife, mother, nay of

any ordinary woman in this kingdom, without respect to my father, my birth, my fortunes, with which *I have so highly raised him.*"

However, she at last consented to the match, which was the principal cause of these unseemly proceedings, although she continued to live at Hatton House, separated from her husband; and this unpleasant business settled, she returned, with as great zest as ever, to the amusements she chiefly delighted in. Some years before, she had played a conspicuous part in the performance of Ben Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*, when fifteen of the choicest Court Beauties had been selected as actors for the solace of Royalty; and now again, in 1621, we find her at the same vocation, in the representation of the *Metamorphosed Gipsies*, at Burley-on-the-Hill, James again being the chief spectator. In this piece, the fifth gipsy is made thus to address her:

" Mistress of a fairer table
Hath no history, no fable;
Others' fortunes may be shown—
You are builder of your own;
And whatever Heaven hath given you,
You preserve the state still in you,
That which time would have depart,
Youth without the help of art,
You do keep still, and the glory
Of your sex is but your story."

As a specimen of the vixenish temper of Lady Hatton, we may relate that she had, for a considerable period, Gondomar, the noted Spanish Ambassador, for her next-door neighbour—he occupying, we presume, the palatial portion of the building. Howell, in a letter to Sir James Crofts, March 24, 1622, says: "Gondomar has ingratiated himself with divers persons of quality, ladies especially; yet he could do no good upon the Lady Hatton, whom he desired lately, that in regard he was her next-door neighbour (at Ely House), he might have the benefit of the back-gate to go abroad into the fields, but she put him off with a compliment; whereupon, in a private audience lately with the King, among other passages of merriment he told him, that my Lady Hatton was a strange lady, for she would not suffer her husband, Sir Edward Coke, to come in at her fore-door, nor him to go out at her back-door, and so related the whole business." The last "Mystery" represented in England was that of Christ's Passion, in the reign of James I., which Prynne tells us, was "performed at Elie House, in Holborne, when Gondomar lay there, on Good Friday, at night, at which there were thousands present."

What availed the vexation of this sick, mortified, and proud woman, or the more tender feelings of the daughter, in this forced marriage to

satisfy the political ambition of the father? When Bacon wrote to the King respecting the strange behaviour of Coke, the King vindicated it, for the purpose of obtaining his daughter, blaming Bacon for some expressions he had used; and Bacon, with the servility of the courtier, when he found the wind in his teeth, tacked round, and promised Buckingham to promote the match he had abhorred. Villiers was married to the daughter of Coke, at Hampton Court, on Michaelmas-day, 1617; Coke was readmitted to the council-table. Lady Hatton was then reconciled to Lady Compton, and the Queen gave a grand entertainment on the occasion, to which, however, "the good man of the house was neither invited nor spoken of. He dined that day at the Temple; she is still bent to pull down her husband."

The moral of the close remains to be told. Lady Villiers looked on her husband as the hateful object of a forced union, and nearly drove him mad; while she, it is believed, at length obtained a divorce.

Thus, a marriage promoted by ambition, and prosecuted by violent means, closed with that utter misery to the parties by which it had been commenced; and served to show that when a lawyer, like Coke, holds his "high-handed tyrannical courses," the law of Nature, as well as the law of which he is "the oracle," will be alike violated under his roof. Wife and daughter were plaintiffs or defendants, on whom this Lord Chief Justice closed his ear; he had blocked up the avenues to his heart with "Law! law! law!" his old song.

No reconciliation took place between the parties. In June, 1634, we find in the Earl of Strafford's Letter, that on a strong report of his death, Lady Coke, accompanied by her brother, Lord Wimbledon, posted down to Stoke Poges, to take possession of his mansion; but beyond Colnbrook they met with one of his physicians coming from him, who informed them of Sir Edward's amendment, which made them return. On the following September the venerable sage was no more. Beyond his eightieth year, in the last Parliament of Charles I., the extraordinary vigour of his intellect flamed clear under the snows of age.

Lady Hatton was still flourishing at the period of the sitting of the Long Parliament, when Hatton House was decided to be her own. Her daughter's marriage turned out as might have been expected. Viscount Purbeck went abroad only three years after, and she led a life of profligacy that had once narrowly brought her to the chapel of the Savoy, to do penance in a white sheet.

This "strange lady," as Howell calls her, "died in London on the 3rd of January, 1646, at her house in Holbourne," having effectually repelled the entrance of her husband, and all the exertions of successive

Bishops of Ely to recover Ely House, in Holborn, to the see of Ely; and the Bishops removed to a house built for them in Dover-street, Piccadilly. Upon the site was built Ely-place,—a *cul-de-sac*—part of which has been taken down in the works for the Holborn Viaduct.*

Halliwell, or Holywell Priory, Shoreditch.

At a period long before the parish of Shoreditch contained scarcely an habitation, and while it consisted of fields chiefly devoted to sports and recreations, there stood upon the present site of New Inn-yard and Holywell-lane a Priory dedicated to St. John the Baptist. It was founded about 1100, and by aid of several benefactors the extent of its buildings and the area of its grounds were considerably enlarged. It became, in fact, a resort of prelates and great people of the land, and even the sovereigns of England were proud to be reckoned among its patrons. It continued to flourish until it was suppressed in 1539, and was surrendered to the Crown. Its ecclesiastical edifices were then pulled down, and houses for the nobles and gentry were built upon its site. It was bounded on the one side by the present High-street, Shoreditch, but the extent of it in other directions it is not possible to trace. There exists upon the spot a very old wall, nearly 100 feet long, which is considered to be the remains of the Priory Church.

In the reign of Henry VII. lived Sir Thomas Lovel, a nobleman of wealth and renown, a Knight of the Garter, and a great benefactor to the City of London. He was knighted at the battle of Stoke, made Chancellor of the Exchequer for life, one of the executors of Henry VII.'s will, Constable of the Tower, and afterwards Steward and Marshal to the House of Henry VIII. He was a great benefactor to the Priory of Halliwell, and built there "a beautiful chapel, wherein his body was interred." This he endowed with fair lands, and he also built himself a large and handsome mansion. He married the daughter of Thomas Lord Ros of Hamlake, and in 1508, succeeded to the Manor of Worcester, in the parish of Enfield. In the mansion of that manor he was honoured with a visit from Margaret, Queen Dowager of Scotland. He died there in 1524, but was buried in the chapel which he himself had founded within the Priory of Halliwell, and it may be presumed that his lady was buried at Halliwell with him. A monument representing a knight in a recumbent position was erected soon

* Lady Hatton left a charitable benefaction to the poor of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn.

after his death, and on the death of his lady a figure in marble was placed at its side. In the windows of the chapel, which were of the richest stained glass, the following words, indicative of the high respect in which the memory of Sir Thomas was held, were afterwards inscribed :

“ Al the nunnes in Holywell
Pray for the soul of Sir Thomas Lovel.”

They are also stated to be as follows, inscribed on a wall of the Priory :

“ Al the nuns of Haliwell,
Pray ye both day and night
For the soul of Sir Thomas Lovel,
Whom Harry the Seventh made knight.”

In the year 1513, Lord Ros, pursuant to his will, was buried nigh the altar in the chapel of this priory ; but other historians consider it probable that at the death of his lady, the body was removed to Windsor, as both figures lie upon one tomb in St. George's Chapel ; and upon the tomb is an inscription recording the fact that this nobleman, who died 1513, and his lady, Anne, who died 1526, were there buried. There are no records of any other persons of note whatever having been buried within this chapel, or within the precincts of the priory.

It is not, however, improbable that within the grounds of the priory was a burial-ground, in which the deceased inmates, and possibly other persons in favour with, or benefactors to, the establishment were buried, as many loose bones have been turned up. Sir Thomas and his lady died only a few years before the suppression of the convent in the time of Henry VIII., and were therefore probably the last persons of note who were interred within it ; and in the course of excavations in the neighbourhood of New Inn-yard, have been found two leaden coffins believed to have contained the remains of Sir Thomas Lovel and his lady. The shape of these coffins is peculiar, distinguished by having a head and shoulders, — a form in stone not uncommon in the reigns of Henry V. and VI. From the material of these coffins, it may be reasonably assumed that the persons interred within them were persons of station or quality. They were found resting upon the clay, enclosed in a grave formed of chalk, which fell in as the workmen disturbed it. Both of the leaden shells, when discovered, were somewhat decayed by time ; especially round the joints securing the lids, which were easily taken off in several pieces. On removing the coffins from the ground, two skeletons in perfect form were discovered, the heads occupying the upper circular cavity. There was neither sign of any flesh nor clothing, nor any relics whatever, which it might be supposed would be placed within the coffins of people of note, and who were buried in the

Catholic faith. The only other remnants of decay, besides the bones, visible, were—a sort of brownish yellow dust which lay beneath the bones, and a sort of chalky deposit at the bottom of the shells. This deposit is common, and has frequently been found to consist of lime put into the coffin, most probably to hasten the destruction of the body.

No inscription is discoverable on the leaden shells now found. If there ever were any, the corrosion of the metal has quite obliterated it; but it is just possible that, after the demolition of the Priory, the tomb may have been opened, and the outer shells, with their ornaments, removed; and if so, the leaden shells themselves may have been opened, and any valuables that may have been inclosed also removed, and that at a period when decay had not sufficiently set in to allow the disturbance of the bones.

The following are additional records of the interment here: Sir Thomas Lovel was buried there June 8, 1525, "in a tombe of whyte marbell, on the southe syde of the quyre of the saide church." At his funeral there were present the Bishop of London, Lord St. John, Sir Richard Wyngfield, and many others, nobles and gentlemen. The Abbot of Waltham, the Prior of St. Mary Spital, four orders of friars, the Mayor and all the aldermen of London, gentlemen of the Inns of Court, the Lord Steward, and all the clerks of London attended. Part of the Chapel remains under the floor of the *Old King John* public-house, and the stone doorway into the porter's lodge of the Priory still exists.



Stories of Old Somerset House.

This celebrated palace, situated on the south side of the Strand, with gardens and water-gate reaching to the Thames, was commenced building about 1547, by the Protector Somerset, maternal uncle of Edward VI. To obtain space and building materials, he demolished Strand or Chester's Inn, and the episcopal houses of Lichfield, Coventry, Worcester, and Llandaff, besides the church and tower of St. John of Jerusalem: for the stone, also, he pulled down the great north cloister of St. Paul's; St. Mary's church was also taken down, and the site became part of the garden. Stow describes it, in 1603, as "a large and beautiful house, but yet unfinished." The Protector did not inhabit the palace; for he was imprisoned in the Tower in 1549, and beheaded in 1552. Somerset-place then devolved to the Crown, and was assigned by Edward VI. to his sister the Princess Elizabeth. Lord Burghley notes:—"Feb. 1566-7, Cornelius de la Noye, an alchemist, wrought in

Somerset House, and abused many in promising to convert any metall into gold."

In 1570, Queen Elizabeth went to open the Royal Exchange, "from her house at the Strand, called Somerset House." The Queen lent the mansion to her kinsman, Lord Hunsdon, whose guest she occasionally became. At her death, the palace was settled as a jointure-house of the queen-consort; and passed to Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., by whose command it was called *Denmark House*. Inigo Jones erected new buildings and enlargements. Here the remains of Anne and James I. lay in state. For Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., Inigo Jones built a chapel, with a rustic arcade and Corinthian columns, facing the Thames; and here the Queen established a convent of Capuchin friars. In the passage leading from east to west, under the quadrangle of the present Somerset House, are five tombstones of the Queen's attendants.

Inigo Jones died here in 1652. During the Protectorate, the altar and chapel were ordered to be burnt; and in 1659 the palace was about to be sold for 10,000*l.*; but after the Restoration, the Queen-mother Henrietta, returned to Somerset House, which she repaired: hence she exclaims, in Cowley's courtly verse:—

" Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
Which still with waves of crowding people flows;
And every day there passes by my side,
Up to its western reach, the London tide,
'The spring-tides of the term. My front looks down
On all the pride and business of the town.'

Waller's adulatory incense rises still higher:—

" But what new mine this work supplies?
Can such a pile from ruin rise?
This like the first creation shows,
As if at your command it rose."

Pepys gossips of "the Queen-mother's court at Somerset House, above our own Queen's; the mass in the chapel; the garden; and the new buildings, mighty magnificent and costly," "stately and nobly furnished;" and "the great stone stairs in the garden, with the brave echo." The Queen-mother died abroad in 1669. In 1669-70, the remains of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, "lay for many weeks in royal state" at Somerset House; and thence he was buried with every honour short of regality. Thither the remains of Oliver Cromwell were removed from Whitehall, in 1658, and were laid in state in the great hall of Somerset House, "and represented in effigie, standing on a bed of crimson velvet." He was buried from hence with great pomp and

pageantry, which provoked the people to throw dirt, in the night, on his escutcheon that was placed over the great gate of Somerset House: his pompous funeral cost 28,000*l.* On the death of Charles II. in 1685, the palace became the sole residence of the Queen Dowager, Catherine of Braganza; and in 1678, three of her household were charged with the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, by decoying him into Somerset House, and there strangling him.

Strype describes the palace about 1720: its front with stone pillars, its spacious square court, great hall or guard-room, large staircase, and rooms of state, larger courts, and "most pleasant garden;" the water-gate, with figures of Thames and Isis; and the water-garden, with fountain and statues. Early in the last century, court masquerades were given here. Addison, in the *Freeholder*, mentions one in 1716; and in 1763, a splendid fête was given here by Government to the Venetian Ambassadors. In 1771, the Royal Academy had apartments in the palace, granted them by George III. In 1775, Parliament settled upon Queen Charlotte Buckingham House, in which she then resided, in lieu of Old Somerset House, which was given up to be demolished, for the erection upon the site of certain public offices, the present Somerset House; the produce of the sale of Ely House being applied towards the expenses. The chapel, which had been opened for the Protestant service by order of Queen Anne, in 1711, was not closed until 1777. The venerable court-way from the Strand, and the dark and winding steps which led down to the garden beneath the shade of ancient and lofty trees, were the last lingering features of Somerset Place, and were characteristic of the gloomy lives and fortunes of its royal and noble inmates.

Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, his Mysterious Death.

This tragical event originated in Titus Oates' Popish Plot in 1678; of this Oates drew up a narrative, to the truth of which he solemnly deposed before Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was an eminent Justice of the Peace. This seemed to be done in distrust of the Privy Council, as if they might stifle his evidence; which to prevent he put into safe hands. Upon that Godfrey was chid for his presuming to meddle in so tender a matter, and, as appeared from subsequent events, a plan was immediately laid to murder him; and this, within a few weeks, was but too fatally executed. In the meantime, various arrests of Jesuits and Papists were made.

About a fortnight afterwards, on Saturday, October 12, Godfrey was missing from his house in Green's-lane, in the Strand, near Hungerford-

market, where he was a wood-merchant, his wood wharf being at the end of what is now Northumberland-street. Nor could the most sedulous search obtain any other tidings of Godfrey for some days, but that he was seen near St. Clement's Church, in the Strand, on the day above mentioned; he left home at nine in the morning. Shortly after this, he was seen in Marylebone, and at noon of the same day, had an interview on business with one of the churchwardens of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

From this time Godfrey was never seen again alive; nor was any message received by his servants at home. Sunday came, and no tidings of him; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday followed with the like result. At six o'clock, on the evening of the last-mentioned day, the 17th, as two men were crossing a field on the south side of Primrose-hill, they observed a sword-belt, stick, and a pair of gloves, lying on the side of the hedge: they paid no attention to them at the time, and walked on to Chalk Farm, then called at the White House, where they mentioned to the master what they had seen, and he accompanied them to the spot where the articles lay; one of the men, stooping down, looked into the adjoining ditch, and there saw the body of a man lying on his face. It was Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey: "his sword was thrust through him, but no blood was on his clothes, or about him; his shoes were clean; his money was in his pocket, but nothing was about his neck [although when he went from home, he had a large lace band on], and a mark was all around it, an inch broad, which showed he had been strangled. His breast was likewise all over marked with bruises, and his neck was broken; and it was visible he was first strangled, then carried to that place, where his sword was run through his dead body." It was conveyed to the White House, then the farmhouse of the estate of Chalcott's, abbreviated to Chalco's, and then corrupted to Chalk Farm, in our day a noted tavern. A jury was impanelled, and the evidence of two surgeons showed that Godfrey's death must have been occasioned by strangulation. The ditch was dry, and there were no marks of blood in it, and his shoes were perfectly clean, as if, after being assassinated, he had been carried and deposited in the place where he was found. A large sum of money and a diamond ring were found in his pockets; but his pocket-book, in which, as a magistrate, he used to take notes of examinations, was missing. Spots of white wax, an article which he never used himself, and which was only employed by persons of distinction, and by priests, were scattered over his clothes; and from this circumstance persons were led to conclude that the Roman Catholics were concerned in his death. Still, there appeared no proof of his being murdered; but it was regarded as

a direct testimony of the existence of the Popish Plot; warrants were signed for twenty-six persons who had been implicated by Oates, and who were committed to the Tower.

From the White House, the corpse of Godfrey was conveyed home, and embalmed, and after lying in state for two days at Bridewell Hospital, was borne from thence, with great solemnity, to St. Martin's Church, to be interred. The pall was supported by eight knights—all justices of the peace; and in the procession were all the City aldermen, together with seventy-two clergymen, in full canonicals, who walked in couples before the body, and a great multitude followed after. The clergyman who preached a sermon on the occasion, was supported on each side by a brother divine. The body was interred in the churchyard; and a tablet to the memory of Sir Edmund Berry was erected in Westminster Abbey.

As yet, however, the perpetrators of this murder had not been discovered, though a reward of 500*l.* and the King's protection had been offered to any person making the disclosure; but, within a few days afterwards, one William Bedloe, who had been a servant, was brought to London from Bristol, where he had been arrested by his own desire, on affirming that he was acquainted with some circumstances relating to Godfrey's death. He stated that he had seen the murdered body in Somerset House (then the Queen's residence), and had been offered a large sum of money to assist in removing it. It was remembered that at that time the Queen was for some days in so close confinement that no person was admitted. Prince Rupert came there to wait on her, but was denied access. This raised a strong suspicion of her; but the King would not suffer that matter to go any further. Coleman, the Duke of York's secretary, who was soon afterwards convicted of high treason, when he lay in Newgate, confessed that he had spoken of the duke's designs to Godfrey; "upon which the duke gave orders to kill him."

Soon after, Miles Prance, a goldsmith, who had some time wrought in the Queen's Chapel, was taken up on suspicion of having been concerned in the death of Godfrey; and on his subsequent confession and testimony, confirmed by Bedloe and others, Green, Hill, and Berry, all in subordinate situations at Somerset House, were convicted of the murder, which they had effected in conjunction with two Irish Jesuits, who had absconded. It appeared that the unfortunate magistrate had been inveigled into Somerset House, at the water-gate, under the pretence of his assistance being wanted to allay a quarrel; and that he was immediately strangled with a twisted handkerchief, after which Green,

“with all his force, wrung his neck almost round.” On the fourth night after, the assassins conveyed his body, first in a sedan chair, to Soho, and then on a horse to the place where it was afterwards discovered, near Primrose-hill; where one of the Jesuits ran his sword through the corpse, in the manner it was found. Green, Berry, and Hill were executed; each of them affirming his innocence to the very last.

This horrible event is commemorated in a contemporary medal of Sir Edmund Berry, representing him, on the obverse, walking with a broken neck and a sword in his body; and on the reverse, St. Denis, bearing his head in his hand, with this inscription:

“Godfrey walks up-hill after he was dead,
Denis walks down-hill carrying his head.”

There is also a medal with the head of Godfrey being strangled; and the body being carried on horseback, with Primrose-hill in the distance: likewise a large medallion, with the Pope and the devil; the strangulation by two Jesuits; Sir Godfrey borne in a sedan; and the body, with the sword through it.



Canonbury, and Lady Elizabeth Compton.

Few of our suburban parishes possess such antiquarian and historic interest as large and populous Islington, where, whatever may be the boast, the present has not effaced the glory of the past. The original hamlet of *Iseldon* was, in all probability, of British origin, lying within the forest of Middlesex, whither the conquering Roman came with camp, and station, and Ermine-street—all to be traced to the present hour. The village of huts, the *Iseldon* of the Britons, became a Saxon parish before the coming of the Normans; and its winding ways are identified in the irregular features of the old village. Among its early landowners was the family of Berners, who, in the thirteenth century, granted to the Priors of the *canons* of St. Bartholomew, in West Smithfield, for a *bury*, or retiring-place, the manor, which took the name of *Canonbury*. The year of the gift is unknown, but the estate is enumerated among the possessions of the priory, in a confirmation granted by Henry III., bearing date 1253. A silly notion once prevailed that there was formerly a subterranean communication between the Priory of St. Bartholomew and Canonbury House. We have contemporary evidence of the general productiveness of the estate; its meadow for pasture; its fields of corn, and the excellent produce of its dairies; so

that from the thirteenth century till the Reformation, Canonbury, and other large estates in Islington, were cultivated under the monks. Those of Canonbury even supplied the distant priory with water, much esteemed for its clearness and purity, from "the condyte hede of Saynt Barthilmewes, within the manor of Canbury," or Canonbury. To it a small piece of land called *le Coteliers*, or the Cutlers, was added, to benefit the soul of one John of Kentish Town, deceased. The manor retains its old boundaries to the present day—*i.e.*, from the Cock at Highbury, along the Upper-street, to the statue of Sir Hugh Myddelton, on Islington-green; thence *viâ* Lower-road to St. Paul's Church, Ball's Pond; and so by St. Paul's-road back to the starting-point. The waste of the manor exists in the triangular plot of land called Islington-green.

At the Dissolution of the monasteries, under Henry VIII., the Priory of St. Bartholomew surrendered itself into the King's hands, and the manor of Canonbury, with other lands, was granted to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. In his hands it remained but one year; for in 1540, having assisted in palming off Anne of Cleves on Henry, as a marriageable beauty, he suffered attainder; the manor again reverted to the King, who charged it with an annuity of twenty pounds, payable to Anne of Cleves, the innocent cause of Cromwell's disgrace and ruin, and she received this annuity until her decease in 1557. The manor remained in the hands of the crown till Edward VI., in the first year of his reign, granted it to John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey; and he held possession till his attainder, in 1553, put the place into the hands of Queen Mary, who, in 1557, granted the manor to Thomas Lord Wentworth; and he, in 1570, alienated it to the celebrated and affluent Sir John Spencer, Knight and Bart., commonly called "Rich Spencer," who so greatly distinguished himself by his public spirit during his mayoralty in London in 1595, which he kept at Crosby-place, purchased by him in the previous year. Canonbury was his country house; and in one of his journeys hither he had well nigh been carried off by a pirate, in the expectation of a heavy ransom. The pirate came over from Dunkirk with twelve musketeers, in a shallop; he reached Barking Creek in the night, and leaving his shallop in the custody of six of his men, with the other six he came as far as Islington, where they hid themselves in ditches, near the path by which Sir John usually came to Canonbury; but by an accident he was detained in London, and thus escaped—the pirate and his mates returning to their shallop, and safe to Dunkirk again.

Ten years before his death "Rich Spencer" had his soul crossed by

a daughter, who insisted upon giving her hand to a slenderly endowed young nobleman, the Lord Compton. It seems to have been a rather perilous thing for a citizen in those times to thwart the matrimonial designs of a nobleman, even towards a member of his own family. On the 15th of March, 1598-9, John Chamberlain adverted, in one of his Letters, to the troubles connected with the love affairs of Eliza Spencer. "Our Sir John Spencer," says he, "was the last week committed to the Fleet for a contempt, and hiding away his daughter, who, they say, is contracted to the Lord Compton; but now he is out again, and by all means seeks to hinder the match, alleging a pre-contract to Sir Arthur Henningham's son. But upon his beating and misusing her, she was sequestered to one Barker's, a proctor, and from thence to Sir Henry Billingsley's, where she yet remains till the matter be tried. If the obstinate and self-willed fellow should persist in his doggedness (as he protests he will), and give her nothing, the poor lord should have a warm catch."

Sir John having persisted in his self-willed course of desiring to have something to say in the disposition of his daughter in marriage, the young couple became united against his will. The lady is traditionally said to have contrived her elopement from her father's house at Canonbury in a *baker's basket*! Sir John, for some time steadily refused to take Lady Compton back into his good graces. At length a reconciliation was effected by a pleasant stratagem of Queen Elizabeth. When Lady Compton had her first child, the Queen requested that Sir John would join her in standing as sponsor for the first offspring of a young couple happy in their love, but discarded by their father. The knight readily complied, and her Majesty dictated her own surname for the Christian name of the child. The ceremony being performed, Sir John assured the Queen that, having discarded his own daughter, he should adopt the boy as his son. The parents of the child being introduced, the knight, to his great surprise, discovered that he had adopted his own grandson; who, in reality, became the ultimate inheritor of his wealth.

There is extant the following curious characteristic letter of Lady Compton to her husband, apparently written on the paternal wealth coming into their hands:—

"MY SWEETE LIFE,—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink, or consider with myself, what allowance were meetest for me. For considering what care I ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt

with those, which, by the laws of God, of nature, and civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 1600*l.* per annum, quarterly to be paid.

“Also for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away with the carriages, to see all safe; and the chambermaids I will have go before with the grooms, that the chambers may be ready, sweet, and clean.

“Also, that it is indecent for me to crowd up myself with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country, and I must have two footmen; and my desire is that you defray all the charges for me.

“And for myself (besides my yearly allowance), I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them very excellent good ones.

“Also, I would have put into my purse 2000*l.*, and 200*l.*, and so you to pay my debts.

“Also, I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 400*l.* to buy me a pearl chain.

“Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling; and all my servants, men and women, their wages.

“Also, I will have all my house furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So, for my drawing-chamber, in all houses I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, chairs, cushions, and all things thereto belonging.

“I would also (besides the allowance for my apparel) have 600*l.* added yearly (quarterly to be paid), for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would not, neither will, be accountable for.

“Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I; none borrow but you.

“Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other lett. Also believe that it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate.

“Also, when I ride a hunting, or hawking, or travel from one home to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of these said women I must and will have a horse.

“Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two

coaches—one lined with velvet, to myself, with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women, lined with cloth; one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and laced with watch-lace and silver, with four good horses.

“Also, I will have two coachmen: one for my own coach, the other for my women’s.

“Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only carriages and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly; not pestering my things with my women’s, nor theirs with chambermaids, or theirs with washmaids.

“Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build Ashby House, and purchase lands, and lend no money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain,* which would have all, perhaps your life, from you. Remember his son, my Lord Waldon, what entertainment he gave me when you were at Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friends so vilely. Also, he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter-house; but that is the least: he wished me much harm; you know him. God keep you and me from him, and such as he is.

“So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is I would not have, I pray, when you be an earl, to allow me 1000*l.* more than now desired, and double attendance.

“Your loving wife,

“ELIZA COMPTON.”

The above letter, it is thought, was written about 1617. It is concluded from a lease, dated 1603, that Sir John Spencer was then resident at Canonbury; and from his granddaughter being baptized at Islington, it is probable that Lord and Lady Compton were resident at the mansion in 1605. In 1618, the year after Lady Compton made the above stipulation for increase of income, Lord Compton was created Earl of Northampton; whether the addition was made we are not informed. His Lordship died in 1630, in this strange manner, as described in a letter dated July 2: “Yesterday senight, the Earl of Northampton, lord-president of Wales (after he had waited on the King at supper, and had also supped), went into a boat, with others, to wash himself in the Thames; and so soon as his legs were in the water but to the knees, he had the colic, and cried out, ‘Have me into the boat again, for I am

* Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, made Lord Treasurer in 1613.

a dead man!" From the Earl is lineally descended the present owner of Canonbury, who is the eleventh Earl and third Marquis of Northampton.

Canonbury has had many tenants of distinction. Soon after 1605, Thomas Egerton, both when Lord Keeper Ellesmere, and when Lord Chancellor, resided here; as did Sir Francis Bacon, when Attorney-General, from February, 1616; as also, at the time of his receiving the Great Seal, Jan. 7, 1618, and for some time afterwards. From 1627 to 1635, Canonbury was rented by Lord Keeper Coventry. In the Stafford Papers is a letter from the Earl of Derby, dated Jan. 29, 1635, from Caubury Park (as the place was then called), where he was staid from St. James's by the greatest snow he ever saw in England. In 1641, commenced the Great Rebellion, in which James, Earl of Northampton, was slain at Hopton Heath, near Stafford, in 1642. The young Earl, together with his brother, were actively engaged on the King's side; and its noble and loyal owner, in 1650 and 1651, was compelled to mortgage Canonbury, to enable him to incur debts in the service of his sovereign. From this time Canonbury House was occupied separately; for it is apparent from the mortgage of 1661, that the mansion-house was then on lease to Arthur Dove, and the Tower to Edward Ellis. The last nobleman who resided at Canonbury was William, Viscount Fielding, Earl of Denbigh, who died here the 23rd of August, 1685.

To return to the mansion. The year 1362 has been assigned as the date of the original building, though two Arabic figures, or numerals found therein, imply a much later date. Previous to the Dissolution, the last head was Prior Bolton, and in his days, which extended from 1509 to 1532, the old manor-house was rebuilt, and the adjacent lands, to the extent of about sixteen acres, enclosed. The central object is the red-brick Tower, seventeen feet square by fifty-eight high. In a wall, let into the brickwork, were several stone carvings, about sixteen inches square, of the Prior's *rebus*—a bird-bolt through a tun—

" Old Prior Bolton with his bolt and tun ;"

one of these sculptures is still perfect. This *rebus* is also said to be still extant in three other parts of the building.

Sir John Spencer, after his purchase of the manor, did not probably reside here till 1603. It must have been about this time, if at all, that Sir Walter Raleigh resided here. It is true that he lived on the manor, in a house believed to be near the site of Islington Chapel.

During the last century, Canonbury was occupied, says Tomlins, "by transitory visitants, who went thither for fresh air, or to pursue their

literary labours in retirement; indeed, a list of its occupants would comprise jaded statesmen, wearied encyclopædists, busy citizens, and controversial nonconformists, who all seemed to regard Canonbury as a place of repose." It was let in separate apartments or suites, each door having a knocker on the outside, which puzzles occasional visitors at the present day. Prior Bolton's Tower, though its oak staircase is far from fine, is the most interesting portion of the whole place. It is, indeed, the staircase to the four-and-twenty rooms of the Spencer mansion, which has been unsparingly modernized. Only two of the rooms contain the original oak panelling of Spencer's time. These chambers are large and lofty: in one the fireplace is surmounted with figures of Faith and Hope, and above are the Spencer arms.

Ephraim Chambers, the dictionary-maker, was one of the literary lodgers at Canonbury, where he died May 15, 1740; he was buried from thence in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Oliver Goldsmith came to lodge at the Tower at the close of 1762. Sir John Hawkins tells us that Newbery had apartments in the Tower, and induced Goldsmith to remove there, the publisher being Oliver's responsible paymaster, at 50*l.* a year—equal to twice the amount now. The landlady, Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, stout and elderly, was, it is said, painted by Hogarth, one of Goldsmith's visitors. There were still green fields and lanes in Islington. Glimpses were discernible yet even of the old time, and the country all about was woodland. There were walks where houses were not, nor terraces, nor taverns; and where stolen hours might be given to precious thoughts in the intervals of toilsome labour. While here, Goldsmith wrote his *History of England*, "in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son." Oliver had several visitors here, as testified in Mrs. Fleming's incidental expenses: "four gentlemen have tea for eighteenpence;" wines and cakes are supplied for the same sum; bottles of port are charged two shillings each; rent for the retention of Goldsmith's room in his absence, is charged at the rate of about three shillings a week. At Islington, Oliver continued a resident till towards the end of 1764. Sir John Hawkins has recorded Goldsmith's abode here as "concealment from his creditors," though the reverse may have been the case, his removal thence being occasioned by his arrest; his landlady latterly narrowed the credit to such items as sixpence for "sassafras-tea," twopence for a pint of ale, and twopence for "opodeldock." A number of literary acquaintances Goldsmith had for fellow-occupants of the *Castle* (as Canonbury Tower was called); they formed a temporary club, which held its meetings at the Crown tavern, on the Islington Lower Road, and here Oliver presided in his

own genial style, and was the life and delight of the company. Here ends the literary tenancy :

“ See on the distant slope, majestic shows
 Old Canonbury's tower, an ancient pile
 To various fates assigned ; and where by turns
 Meanness and grandeur have alternate reigned ;
 Thither in later days hath genius fled
 From yonder city to repine and die.
 There the sweet bard of Auburn sat and tuned
 The plaintive murmurings of his village dirge ;
 There learned Chambers treasured lore for *men*,
 And Newbery there his A, B, C's for *babes*.”

Canonbury, after this occupancy, was leased in 1770 to Mr. John Dawes, for sixty-one years, who converted the ancient mansion into three dwelling-houses; Mr. Dawes also built other houses on the old site. Viewed from the Alwyne-road, that occupies the space between the New River and the old garden-wall, Canonbury House presents to the eye a lofty range of well-tiled buildings, with some gardens, that still present an air of seclusion. Nelson, in 1811, described the pleasing appearance of these gardens, when the New River formed their boundary, and the neighbouring fields were unenclosed. From the leads of the Tower may be enjoyed, in fine clear weather, a delightful view of London. In 1817, it was described as including “a vast extent of country, teeming with towns and villages, and finely diversified by hill and dale; that over London is uncommonly grand; on a clear day the whole course of the river Thames may be traced as far as Gravesend, with the hills of Kent rising beyond, and all the intervening tract spotted by buildings, and enriched by cultivation.” This may have been correct fifty years ago, when it was written; but the increase of cities is apt to spoil the prospect of them.

Here, in the last century, rose from a small alehouse, Canonbury Tavern, started by a landlord who had been a private soldier; but its celebrity was chiefly owing to the fame of an attractive widow, who resided here from 1785 to 1808; she added several new rooms, and laid out the bowling-green and tea-gardens; and the ancient fish-pond was included in the premises, which occupied about four acres, within the old park wall of the priory of St. Bartholomew. Next were added Assembly-rooms, and the gay Assembly in 1810. But manners change with times, and the crowds who enjoyed themselves on the green, and were at home among the grotesquely costumed figures provided for their amusement, could not be expected to reach the higher delights of the ball-room. The costly rooms were swept away, and upon part of the site has been erected a well-appointed tavern, nearly opposite to

the ivy-clad Tower. The old glass-coach no longer brings its gay freight to Canonbury Tavern; but there may be treasured up a few of the quaint artistic conceits—the grotesque tenants of the old grounds—for the gratification of the curious, and such as can "suck melancholy from a song."



"The Lady Arabella's" Fatal Marriage.

"Where London's towre its turrets show,
So stately by the Thames's side,
Faire Arabella, child of woe!
For many a day had sat and sighed.

And as shee heard the waves arise,
And as shee heard the bleake windes roare,
As fast did heave her heartfelte sighes,
And still so fast her teares did poure!"

Ballad, probably written by Mickie.

Although the name of Arabella Stuart is scarcely mentioned in history,—for her whole life seems to consist of secret history—how its slight domestic incidents could produce results so greatly disproportioned to their apparent cause, may always excite our curiosity. She was the daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, younger brother of Lord Darnley, and was by her affinity with James I. and our Elizabeth, placed near the throne; too near, it seems, for her happiness and quiet. Her double relation to royalty was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her having a legitimate offspring. The first thing we hear of "the Lady Arabella" concerns a marriage: marriages are the incidents of her life, and the fatal event which terminated it was marriage. Such was the secret spring on which her character and her misfortunes revolved.

James proposed for the husband of the Lady Arabella one of her cousins, Lord Esme Stuart, and designed her for his heir; but Elizabeth interposed to prevent the match; she imprisoned the Lady Arabella, on hearing of her intention to marry a son of the Earl of Northumberland, and Elizabeth would not deliver her up to the King. Meantime, the Pope, intending to put aside James on account of his religion, formed a chimerical scheme of uniting Arabella with a prince of the House of Savoy, and setting her upon the English throne; but this project failed. Shortly after the accession of James a clumsy conspiracy, in which Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have been concerned,

was formed of raising her to the throne, but it does not seem to have been shared in by Arabella herself.

We now approach that event of the Lady Arabella's life, which reads like a romantic fiction; and the misery, pathos, and terror of the catastrophe, even romantic fiction has not exceeded. The revels of Christmas, 1608, had hardly closed, when she renewed a connexion, which had commenced in childhood, with Mr. William Seymour, the second son of Earl Beauchamp, and a private marriage took place. The treaty of marriage was detected in February, 1609, and the parties were summoned before the Privy Council. Seymour was strongly censured for daring to ally himself with the royal blood, although that blood was running in his own veins. The secret marriage was discovered about July, in the following year. They were then separately confined, the Lady at the house of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and Seymour in the Tower, for "his contempt in marrying a lady of the royal family without the King's leave." The mansion of Sir Thomas Parry, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was named Copt Hall, and was described as bounded by the Thames, being a fair dwelling-house, strongly built, of three stories high, and a fair staircase breaking out from it of nineteen feet square. Sir Samuel Morland, in 1675, carried on his mechanical and philosophical experiments in this house. Copt Hall stood at Vauxhall, adjoining the premises of Burnett and Co., distillers. This, their first confinement, was not rigorous: the lady walked in her garden, and the husband was a prisoner at large in the Tower. Some intercourse they had by letters, which after a time was discovered. This was followed by a sad scene. The King had now resolved to consign this unhappy lady to the stricter care of the Bishop of Durham. Lady Arabella was so subdued at this distant separation, that she gave way to all the wildness of despair; she fell suddenly ill, and could not travel but in a litter, and with a physician. In her way to Durham, she was so greatly disquieted in the first few miles of her uneasy and troublesome journey, that they could proceed no further than to Highgate. The physician returned to town, and reported her in no case fit for travel. The King's resolution, however, was, that "she should proceed to Durham, if he were King!" "We answered," replied the Doctor, "that we made no doubt of her obedience." "Obedience is that required," replied the King; "which being performed, I will do more for her than she expected." The King, however, consented that Lady Arabella should remain for a month at Highgate, in confinement, till she had sufficiently recovered to proceed to Durham. A second month's delay was granted.

But the day of her departure hastened. She and Seymour had concerted a flight, as bold in its plot, and as beautifully wild as any recorded in romantic story. The day preceding her departure, Arabella persuaded a female attendant to consent to her paying a last visit to her husband, and to wait for her return at an appointed hour. She then assisted the Lady Arabella in disguising herself: "She drew a pair of large French-fashioned hose or trousers over her petticoats; put on a man's doublet or coat: a peruke, whose long locks covered her own ringlets; a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side. Thus accoutred, the Lady Arabella stole out with a gentleman about three o'clock in the afternoon. They had proceeded a mile and a half, when they stopped at a poor inn, where one of her confederates was waiting with horses; yet she was so sick and faint that the ostler observed, "the gentleman could hardly hold out to London." But at six o'clock she reached Blackwall, where a boat and servants were waiting. Mr. Seymour, who was to have joined her here, had not yet arrived: and in opposition to her earnest entreaties, her attendants insisted on pushing off, saying he would be sure to follow them. The watermen were at first ordered to Woolwich; there they were desired to push on to Gravesend; then to Tilbury, where, complaining of fatigue, they landed to refresh; but tempted by their freight, reached Lee.

At the break of morn, a French vessel was descried, lying at anchor for them, about a mile beyond; but as Seymour had not yet arrived, Arabella was desirous to lie at anchor for her lord, conscious that he would not fail to his appointment. If he, indeed, had been prevented in his escape, she herself cared not for the freedom she now possessed; but her attendants, being aware of the danger of being overtaken by a king's ship, overruled her wishes, and hoisted sail, which occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower. He is said to have left his servant watching at his door to warn all visitors not to disturb his master, who lay ill with a raging toothache. "In the meanwhile, Mr. Seymour, with a Perruque and a Beard of blacke Hair, and in a tauny cloth suit, walked alone without suspicion from his lodg'ing, out at the great Weste Doore of the Tower, following a cart that had brought him billets (of firewood). From thence he walked along by the Tower Wharf, by the Warders of the South Gate, and so to the Iron Gate, where Rodney was ready, with oares for to receive him." (*Mr. John More to Sir Ralph Winwood, June 8th, 1611*). He arrived at Lee. Time pressed, Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman for twenty shillings to take him on board,

his grief, on hailing it, he discovered that it was not the French vessel charged with his Arabella ; but he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a good sum, altered its course, and landed him in Flanders. In the meanwhile, the escape of Arabella became known to the Government, and the hot alarm which spread may seem ludicrous to us. The political consequence attached to the union and flight of Arabella and Seymour shook the cabinet with consternation ; more particularly the Scotch party, who, in their terror, paralleled it with the Gunpowder Treason.

Confusion and alarm prevailed at court. Couriers were despatched to the sea-ports. They sent to the Tower to warn the lieutenant to be doubly vigilant over Seymour, who, to his surprise had escaped. The family of the Seymours were in a state of distraction ; and a letter from Mr. Francis Seymour to his grandfather, the Earl of Hertford, residing then at his seat far remote from the capital, acquainting him of the escape of his brother and the lady, still bears to posterity a remarkable evidence of the trepidations and consternation of the old Earl : it arrived in the middle of the night, accompanied by a summons to attend the Privy Council. In the perusal of a letter written in a small hand, and filling more than two folio pages, such was his agitation, that in holding the taper, he must have burnt what he probably had not read ; the letter is scorched, and the flame has perforated it in so critical a part, that the poor old Earl journeyed to town in a state of uncertainty and confusion.

But we have left the Lady Arabella alone and mournful on the sea, not praying for favourable gales to convey her away, but still imploring her attendants to linger for her Seymour ; still straining her sight to the point of the horizon for some speck which might give a hope of the approach of the boat freighted with all her love. Alas ! never more was Arabella to cast a single look on her lover and her husband ! She was overtaken by a pink in the King’s service in Calais roads ; and then she declared that she cared not to be brought back again to her imprisonment should Seymour escape, whose safety was dearest to her.

The life of the unhappy, the melancholy, and the distracted Arabella Stuart is now to close in an imprisonment, which lasted only four years ; for her constitutional delicacy, her rooted sorrow, and the violence of her feelings, sunk beneath the hopelessness of her situation, and a secret resolution in her mind to refuse the aid of her physicians, and to wear away the faster if she could, the feeble remains of life. What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot, perhaps, be recovered for authentic history ; but enough is known, that her mind grew impaired, and that she finally lost her reason. That she had frequently meditated on

suicide appears in her letters; and we find the following evidence of her utter wretchedness in a memorial to the King: "In all humility, the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived, prostrates itself at the feet of the most merciful King that ever was, desiring nothing but mercy and favour, not being more afflicted for anything than for the losse of that which hath binne this long time the onely comfort it had in the world, and which, if it weare to do again, I would not adventure the losse of for any other worldly comfort; mercy it is I desire, and that for God's sake!"

Such is the history of the Lady Arabella, who, from some circumstances not sufficiently opened to us, was an important personage, designed by others, at least, to play a high character in the political drama; thrice selected as a queen; but the consciousness of royalty was only felt in her veins, while she lived in the poverty of dependence. Many gallant spirits aspired after her hand, but when her heart secretly selected one beloved, it was for ever deprived of domestic happiness. She is said not to have been beautiful, and to have been beautiful; and her very portrait, ambiguous as her life, is neither the one nor the other. She is said to have been a poetess, and not a single verse substantiates her claim to the laurel. She is said not to have been remarkable for her intellectual accomplishments, yet a Latin letter of her composition has been found in her handwriting. Acquainted rather with her conduct than with her character, for us the Lady Arabella has no palpable historical existence; and we perceive rather her shadow than herself. A writer of romance might render her one of those interesting personages whose griefs have been deepened by their royalty, and whose adventures, touched with the warm hues of love and distraction, closed at the bars of her prison-grate—a sad example of a female victim to the State.

"Through one dim lattice, fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew."

The Lady Arabella died in 1615, and was buried in the north aisle of the Chapel of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey. The position is thus described by Cunningham: "Alabaster cradle, with the effigy of Sophia, daughter of James I., who died when only three days old; King James I. and Anne of Denmark, Henry Prince of Wales, the Queen of Bohemia, and Arabella Stuart are buried beneath."

Seymour, who was afterwards permitted to return, distinguished himself by his loyalty through three successive reigns, and retained his romantic passion for the lady of his first affections; for he called the

daughter he had by his second lady by the ever-beloved name of Arabella Stuart.*

Newcastle House, and its Eccentric Duchess.

In Clerkenwell Close, upon the ruins of the once magnificent nunnery of St. Mary, which, at the Dissolution, became the property of the Cavendish family, was built the suburban residence of the Duke of Newcastle. Clerkenwell was then a sort of Court quarter of the town, and the most distinguished residents in this mansion were William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and his wife, Margaret Lucas, both of whom are remembered by their literary eccentricities. The Duke, who was a devoted Royalist, after the defeat at Marston Moor, which was fought against the Duke's consent, through the precipitancy of Prince Rupert, quitted the King's service in disgust, and retired with his wife to the Continent; and with many privations, owing to pecuniary embarrassments, suffered an exile of eighteen years, chiefly in Antwerp, in a house which belonged to the widow of Rubens. Such was their extremity that the Duke and Duchess were both forced at one time to pawn their clothes to purchase a dinner. The Duke beguiled his time by writing an eccentric book upon Horsemanship. During his absence from England, Cromwell's parliament levied upon his estate nearly three-quarters of a million of money. Upon the Restoration he returned to England, and was created Duke of Newcastle; he then retired to his mansion in Clerkenwell; he died there in 1676, aged eighty-four.

The Duchess was a pedantic and voluminous writer, her collected works filling ten printed folios, for she wrote prose and verse in all their varieties. "The whole story," writes Pepys, "of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. April 26th, 1667.—Met my Lady Newcastle, with her coach and footmen all in velvet, herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town talk is now-a-days of her extravagances, with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches because of pimples about her mouth, naked-necked without anything about it, and a black *just-au-corps*. May 1st, 1667.—She was in a black coach, adorned with silver instead of gold, and snow-white curtains, and everything black and white. Stayed at home reading the ridiculous history of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him." On the 10th of April, 1667, King Charles and his Queen

* Abridged from D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*; with interpolations.

came to Clerkenwell, on a visit to the duchess. On the 18th John Evelyn went to make court to the noble pair, who received him with great kindness. Another time, he dined at Newcastle House, and was privileged to sit discoursing with her Grace in her bedchamber. The Duchess thus describes to a friend her literary employments:—"You will find my works like infinite nature, that hath neither beginning nor end, and as confused as the chaos, wherein is neither method nor order, but all mixed together, without separation, like light and darkness." "But what gives one," says Walpole, "the best idea of her passion for scribbling, was her seldom revising the copies of her works, lest it should disturb her following conceptions. Her servant John was ordered to lie on a truckle-bed in a closet within her grace's bedchamber; and whenever, at any time, she gave the summons, by calling out 'John,' I conceive poor John was to get up, and commit to writing the offspring of his mistress' thoughts. Her grace's folios were usually enriched with gold, and had her coat-of-arms upon them."

In her *Poems and Fancies*, 1653, the copy now in the British Museum, on the margin of one page is the following note in the Duchess' own handwriting:—"Reader, let me intreat you to consider only the fancies in this my book of poems, and not the language of the numbers, nor rimes, nor fals printing, for if you doe, you will be my condemning judg, which will grive me much." Of this book she says:

"When I did write this book I took great paines,
 For I did walk, and thinke, and break my braines;
 My thoughts run out of breath, then down would lye,
 And panting with short wind like those that dye;
 When time had given ease, and lent them strength,
 Then up would get and run another length;
 Sometimes I kept my thought with strict dyet,
 And made them fast with ease, rest, and quiet,
 That they might run with swifter speed,
 And by this course new fancies they could breed;
 But I doe feare they are no so good to please,
 But now they're out my brain is more at ease."

Among the epigrammatic oddities of this work is the following:--

"The brain is like an oven, hot and dry,
 Which bakes all sorts of fancies, low and high;
 The thoughts are wood, which motion sets on fire;
 The tongue a peel, which draws forth the desire;
 But thinking much, the brain too hot will grow,
 And burns it up; if cold, the thoughts are dough."

There is a story current that the Duke being once, when in a peevish humour, complimented by a friend on the great wisdom of his wife, made answer, "Sir, a very wise woman is a very foolish thing." She died in 1676, and lies buried with her husband in Westminster Abbey,

beneath a handsome monumental tomb, having upon it their recumbent effigies.

Another eccentric inhabitant of Newcastle House was the eldest daughter of William, Duke of Newcastle,—Elizabeth, Duchess of Albemarle, “the mad Duchess,” who was married in the year 1669, to Christopher Monk, Duke of Albemarle (son of the famous General Monk), then only a youth of sixteen, whom the Duchess’ excessive pride drove to the bottle, which brought his life prematurely to an end. At his decease, this capricious woman, whose vast estates so inflated her vanity as to produce mental aberration, resolved never again to give her hand to any but a sovereign prince. She had many suitors, but she firmly rejected them all until Ralph, first Duke of Montague, achieved a conquest by courting her as the *Emperor of China*; and the anecdote has been dramatized by Colley Cibber, in his comedy of *The Double Gallant, or Sick Lady’s Cure*. Lord Montague married the lady as Emperor, and shared her wealth, but not her affections; for he afterwards kept her in strict confinement at Montague House, and only by compulsion of the law did he produce her in open court to satisfy her relatives that she was alive; she was, at length, found to be a lunatic. Richard Lord Ros, one of her rejected suitors, addressed to Lord Montague these lines on his match:—

“ Insulting rival, never boast
Thy conquest lately won :
No wonder that her heart was lost,—
Her senses first were gone.
From one that’s under Bedlam’s laws
What glory can be had ?
For love of thee was not the cause :
It proves that she was mad.”

The Duchess survived her second husband nearly thirty years, and at last “died of mere old age,” at Newcastle House, August 28th, 1738, aged ninety-six years. Until her decease, she is said to have been constantly served on the knee as a sovereign. Lord Montague’s wooing of her is thought to have been dramatized by another author besides Cibber. “In Burnaby’s comedy of *The Lady’s Visiting Day*, are the characters of Courtine, a gallant lover, and Lady Lovetoy, who would marry only a prince. Courtine wins her as Prince Alexander of Muscovy. At the first performance of the piece the audience laughed as they recognised therein the incident of the merry Lord Montague wooing the mad Duchess Dowager of Albemarle.”*

* Doran’s *Their Majesties’ Servants*, vol. i. p. 258.

The Field of Forty Footsteps.

Long Fields, in the rear of Montague House, appear to have been a place of superstitious haunt. Aubrey tells us that on St. John Baptist's Day, he saw, "at midnight, twenty-three young women in the parterre behind Montague House, looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, and they should dream who would be their husbands." But there is a more terrible story of the place. A legendary tale of the period of the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion relates a mortal conflict here between two brothers, on account of a lady, who sat by; the combatants fought so ferociously as to destroy each other; after which, their footsteps, imprinted on the ground in the vengeful struggle, were said to remain, with the indentations produced by their advancing and receding; nor would any grass or vegetation ever grow over these *forty footsteps*. Miss Porter and her sister, upon this fiction, founded their ingenious romance, *Coming Out, or the Field of Forty Footsteps*; but they entirely depart from the local tradition. At the Tottenham-street Theatre was produced, many years since, an effective melodrama, founded upon the same incident.

Southey relates the same story, in his *Commonplace Book*, (Second Series, p. 21.) After quoting a letter from a friend, recommending him to "take a view of those wonderful marks of the Lord's hatred to duelling, called *The Brothers' Steps*," and describing the locality, Southey thus narrates his own visit to the spot: "We sought for near half an hour in vain. We could find no steps at all within a quarter of a mile, no, nor half a mile, of Montague House. We were almost out of hope, when an honest man, who was at work, directed us to the next ground, adjoining to a pond. There we found what we sought, about three-quarters of a mile north of Montague House, and 500 yards east of Tottenham Court Road. The steps are of the size of a large human foot, about three inches deep, and lie nearly from north-east to south-west. We counted only seventy-six; but we were not exact in counting. The place where one or both the brothers are supposed to have fallen, is still bare of grass. The labourer also showed us the bank where (the tradition is) the wretched woman sat to see the combat." Southey adds his full confidence in the tradition of the indestructibility of the steps, even after ploughing up, and of the conclusions to be drawn from the circumstance.

Joseph Moser, in one of his *Commonplace Books*, gives this account of

the *footsteps*, just previous to their being built over:—" June 16, 1800. Went into the fields at the back of Montague House, and there saw, for the last time, the *forty footsteps*; the building materials are there, ready to cover them from the sight of man. I counted more than *forty*, but they might be the footprints of the workmen."

We agree with Dr. Rimbault that this evidence establishes the period of the final demolition of the footsteps, and also confirms the legend that forty was the original number.

In the third edition of *A Book for a Rainy Day* we find this note upon the above mysterious spot:—" Of these steps there are many traditionary stories: the one generally believed is, that two brothers were in love with a lady, who would not declare a preference for either, but coolly sat down upon a bank to witness the termination of a duel, which proved fatal to both. The bank, it is said, on which she sat, and the footmarks of the brothers when passing the ground, *never produced grass again*. The fact is, that these steps were so often trodden that it was impossible for the grass to grow. I have frequently passed over them: they were in a field on the site of St. Martin's Chapel, or very nearly so, and *not on the spot as communicated to Miss Porter, who has written an entertaining novel on the subject.*"



Stories of Temple Bar.

We find the earliest mention of a *Bar* in this locality in Stow's account of the pageant prepared to welcome Anne Boleyn, in her procession from the Tower to Westminster, on Saturday, May 31, 1534. On the following day (Sunday), her coronation took place. Temple Bar had been newly painted and repaired for the occasion, and there stood singing men and children. Next, at the coronation of the youthful Edward VI., February 19, 1546-7, the gate was painted and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with cloth of arras, and garnished with fourteen standard of flags; there were also eight French trumpeters, blowing their trumpets, after the fashion of the country, and a pair of regals with children singing to the same. Mary Tudor, Edward's half-sister, succeeded him; and in accordance with ancient custom, on September 27, 1553, the day prior to her coronation, she rode through the city, *not* as her predecessor had done, on *horseback*, but in a chariot of cloth of tissue, drawn by horses trapped with the same; and Temple Bar was then "newly painted and hanged."

This separation of Westminster from the liberty or freedom of the

City was anciently only posts, rails, and a chain, such as were at Holborn, Smithfield, and Whitechapel Bars. Afterwards a house of timber was erected across the street, with a narrow gateway, and an entry, on the south side of it, under the house. This timber gateway is shown in Hollar's seven-sheet Map of London; and it is also shown in a bird's-eye View of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1601.

The first entry in the City records of any matter connected with the Bar is as follows: "1554, 1 and 2 Phil. and Mary. Mr. Chamberlain shall commit the custody of the new gates at Temple Bar to the Cittie's tenants, dwelling nigh unto the said gates; taking, nevertheless, especial order with them for the shutting and opening the same gates at convenient hours." Sir Thomas Wyatt and his followers had, probably, a few months previously, in his ill-contrived rebellion, destroyed, or so damaged the old gates in forcing his way into the City, that the civic authorities were compelled to erect new ones, the care of which devolved on such of the City's tenants as were living adjacent to them.

The City had often been pressed to rebuild the Bar, and had been offered by the Commissioners of Sewers 100*g*l. towards the cost, which, however, they considered inadequate. Thereupon, the King sent for the Lord Mayor, when "the City's weak state of inability," on account of the great expense of the rebuilding public works consumed in the Great Fire, was pleaded; but the King insisted on the Bar being taken down, and he promised, if the 100*g*l. proved insufficient, to supply other funds to complete the work. The destruction was accordingly commenced in 1670, and the present Bar, after the designs of Wren, was erected; but the royal promise was not performed. The Bar is of Portland stone, with statues of Charles I. and II., and James I. and his queen, Anne of Denmark, by John Bushnell; the interior is an apartment, held by Messrs. Child, the bankers, as a depository for their account books.

We now come to the criminal records of the Bar. Upon the centre of the pediment, on iron spikes, were formerly placed the head and limbs of persons executed for treason. The first of these revolting displays was one of the quarters of Sir Thomas Armstrong, implicated in the Rye House Plot. He was arrested at Leyden, and for a present of about 500*l*. was delivered to the King's minister, who placed him on board a royal yacht, and sent him to England. He neglected, probably owing to his confusion, to plead being a native of Holland; which, had he done, would probably have insured his safety. He was sentenced without trial, but upon an award of execution on the outlawry, by Chief Justice Jeffreys, when Sir Thomas Armstrong urged that he should have the benefit of the law, "That you shall have," jeeringly

exclaimed the Chief Justice, "by the grace of God; see that execution be done on Friday next, *according to law*; you shall have the full benefit of the law." He was executed at Tyburn; and after hanging half-an-hour, he was cut down, and pursuant to his sentence, his heart and bowels were taken out, and committed to the flames; his body divided into four parts, which, with his head, were conveyed back to Newgate, and then set up on Westminster Hall, between those of Cromwell and Bradshaw; *one of the quarters upon Temple Bar*, two others on Aldersgate and Aldgate; the fourth was sent to Stafford, which borough he had represented in Parliament. Shortly after this event, when Jeffreys had an interview with the King at Windsor, Charles took from his finger a diamond ring of great value, and gave it to him; this ring was ever after called "the blood-stone."

Next, the quarters of Sir William Perkins and Sir John Friend, together with the head of the former, were placed on the Bar. They had conspired to assassinate William III.

"The head of Sir John Friend was set up on Aldgate, on account, it is presumed, of that gate being in the proximity of his brewery, which, after the death of Friend, was taken by the notorious swindler Joseph Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, Bart. He was the last person tried and convicted under the statute of the 5th Elizabeth, c. 14, entitled 'An Act against Forgers of false Deeds and Writings.' The instrument he had forged was the will of a Mr. Thomas Hawkins, and having been found guilty, the sentence provided by the statute was carried into effect. On June 10, 1731, he stood in the pillory at Charing Cross, and the common hangman cut off his ears, and slit up his nostrils and seared them; he was then in his seventieth year. The 2nd George II. c. 25, recently passed, made this offence felony; and Richard Cooper, a victualler at Stepney, was the first person in London to suffer the new penalty, for the forgery of a bond of 25*l.* in the name of Holme, a grocer in the neighbourhood of Hanover-square. This execution took place at Tyburn, on Wednesday, June 16, 1731." (From *Temple Bar, the City Golgotha*, by a Member of the Inner Temple, 1853; an authentic and very interesting *brochure*.)

Next, Colonel Henry Oxburgh, in the Pretender's army, was, on May 9th, 1715, found guilty of high treason, and on the 14th of the same month executed at Tyburn; his body was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and his head placed upon Temple Bar; "which," says a writer of the day, "we choose to mention, that the rebels may place it among their other saints' days."

Counsellor Loyer, who had conspired to assassinate King William on

his return from Kensington, was the next victim; after sixteen hours, he was found guilty. Seven months after, he was conducted from the Tower to Tyburn, seated in a sledge, habited in a full-dress suit and a tie-wig. The streets were never more crowded than on this occasion, and many fatal accidents occurred from the breaking down of the stands erected to accommodate the spectators. The day subsequent to Layer's execution, his head was placed on Temple Bar; there it remained, blackened and weather-beaten with the storms of many successive years, until it became its oldest occupant; it repulsively looked down from the summit of the arch; it seemed part of the arch itself. For upwards of thirty years the head remained, when one stormy night it was blown from its long resting-place into the Strand. It was picked up by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, Mr. John Pearce, an attorney, who showed it to some persons at a public-house, under the floor of which it was buried. Dr. Rawlinson, the antiquary, having made inquiries after the head, wishing to purchase it, was imposed upon with another instead of Layer's, which he preserved as a relic, and directed to be buried in his right hand, and this request was complied with.

The heads last set up here were those of Townley and Fletcher, the rebels, in 1746. Walpole writes, August 16, 1746: "I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look;" and, in 1825, a person, aged eighty-seven, remembered the above heads being seen with a telescope from Leicester-fields, the ground between which and Temple Bar being then thinly built over. These two grim tenants of the Bar remained until the 31st of March, 1772, when one of them fell down; and very shortly afterwards, during a high wind, the remaining head was swept away from its position, and Temple Bar was left untenanted; but the last of the iron poles was not removed from the Bar until the commencement of the present century. Mrs. Black, the wife of the learned editor of the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, had seen, when a girl, human heads fixed on spikes on Temple Bar. Mr. Peter Cunningham used to relate her account of this strange sight, as told to him and his brother. "She took us aside, and said, 'Don't ask me, boys. Why do you ask me?' We then told her, and told her all. (Mrs. Black could not bear being thought old.) She said, collectedly, and as usual with her, without any parade of telling the story she had to relate, 'Boys, I remember the scene well! I have seen on that Temple Bar, about which you ask, two human heads—men's heads—traitors' heads—spiked on iron poles. There were two. I saw one fall. Women shrieked as it fell: men, I have heard, shrieked;

one woman near me, fainted. Yes, I recollect seeing human heads on Temple Bar." Another person who remembered to have seen the spiked heads was Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, who died in December, 1855, at the age of ninety-three. "I remember well," (he said,) "one of the heads of the rebels upon a pole at Temple Bar—a black shapeless lump. Another pole was bare, the head having dropped from it."

We find in the *Annual Register* for 1766, the following strange anecdote connected with the heads. "This morning (Jan. 20th), between two and three o'clock, a person was observed to watch his opportunity of discharging musket-balls, from a steel cross-bow, at the two remaining heads upon Temple Bar. On his examination he affected a disorder of his senses, and said his reason for so doing was his strong attachment to the present Government, and that he thought it was not sufficient that a traitor should only suffer death, and that this provoked his indignation; and that it had been his constant practice, for three nights past, to amuse himself in the same manner; but it is much to be feared that he is a near relation to one of the unhappy sufferers." The account given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* further states, "Upon searching him, above fifty musket-balls were found wrapped in paper, with this motto, *Eripuit ille vitam.*"

The gate was originally shut at night and guarded by watchmen; and, in our time, it has been closed in cases of apprehended tumult. Upon the visit of the Sovereign to the City, or upon the proclamation of a new Sovereign, or of Peace, it was formerly customary to keep the gate closed until admission was formally demanded; the gate was then opened; and upon the royal visit the Lord Mayor surrendered the city sword to the Sovereign, who re-delivered it to the Mayor.

At the old Bar, when Queen Elizabeth went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Armada, the Lord Mayor delivered to her hands the sceptre (sword), which her highness re-delivered to the Mayor; and he, again taking his horse, bore the same before her. When Cromwell and the Parliament dined in the City in state on June 7, 1649, the same ceremony was observed; the Mayor (says Whitelock) delivering up the sword to the Speaker, "as he used to do to the King."

The gate has been opened to receive Charles II., James II., William III., and every English monarch since.

In Baker's *Chronicle* is thus described the ceremony on the Proclamation of Charles II.: "At Temple Bar, the gates being shut, the King-at-Arms, with trumpets before him, knocked and demanded entrance. The Lord Mayor appointed some [one] to ask *who it was that knocked.*

The King-at-Arms replied, *that if they would open the wicket, and let the Lord Mayor come thither, he would to him deliver his message.* The Lord Mayor came then *on horseback*, richly habited in a crimson-velvet gown, to the gate; and then the trumpets sounded, and, after silence being made, Alderman Bateman, by order of the Lord Mayor, demanded of the herald *who he was, and what was his message.* To which he answered, with his hat on, *We are the Herald-at-Arms, appointed and commanded by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament to demand entrance into the famous City of London, to proclaim Charles the Second King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland; and we expect your speedy answer to this demand.* To which, after a little consultation among themselves, Alderman Bateman answered, *This message was accepted, and the gates should be opened immediately; which was done accordingly.* Sir Richard Baker, it will be recollected, died in 1644-5, leaving his *Chronicle* only brought down to the commencement of the reign of Charles I.; and the above extract is from the continuation by Edward Phillips, nephew of Milton, who brought down the *Chronicle* to the coronation of Charles II.; so that the above may be the description of an eye-witness, whereas Baker wrote his *Chronicle* in the Fleet Prison. This was the last ceremony of the kind at the old Bar.

The Knights Templars in London.

The origin and history of the celebrated Order of Templars are too well known to need recapitulation in connexion with some account of their chief establishment in England, of which the famous Round Church in the Temple marks the culminating period of the Knight Templars in England. In the year 1128, the head of this new and strange society, which had excited much notice among the pious and warlike of England, arrived in London to explain its objects. He narrated to King Henry I. and his Court the origin and progress of the Order,—how he himself and eight other Knights, calling themselves “poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ,” entered into a solemn compact to devote their lives and fortunes to the Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem, by the defence of the highway from the inroads of the Mussulmans, and the ravages of the numerous robbers who infested it. They enlarged their object to the defence of the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem itself. Hugh de Payens was made Master, and set out from Jerusalem with four brethren; he returned after his visit to England, with 300, chosen principally from the noblest families of France and

England. But Matthew Paris tells us that they at first lived upon alms, and were so poor that *one horse served two of them* (Hugh de Payens and a companion), as we see in their seal; yet they suddenly waxed so insolent, that they disdained other orders, and sorted themselves with noblemen. Before Hugh de Payens left England, he placed a Knight Templar, called the Prior of the Temple, at the head of the Society in this country, to manage the estates and affairs of the Order. Numerous Templar establishments now sprang up, the chief of which was in Holborn, where Southampton House was afterwards erected, and a hall of which existed to our day, with traces of an ancient circular chapel. As the English Knights increased in number and wealth, they purchased the site of the present Temple, in the rear of the south side of Fleet-street, and set about erecting their magnificent round church, after the model of that at Jerusalem. Meanwhile, the misfortunes of the Templars in Palestine brought to Europe for assistance Heraclius, the Patriarch, the Master of the Temple, and the Master of St. John's. Now, Henry II. promised them assistance, on receiving absolution for the murder of Becket. The Master of the Temple died on the way, the other two reached England in 1185. King Henry met them at Reading; in tears he heard their supplications for assistance, and promised to grant it.

The English Templars brought Heraclius to their church, and requested him to consecrate it. To this he consented, as recorded in an inscription; and at the same time consecrated the church of the rival Society of Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, at Clerkenwell. Heraclius's demands for succour were, however, evaded by the King and his Parliament, and the Patriarch's mission altogether failed.

The Temple church is one of the four circular churches in England; the other three existing at Cambridge, Northampton, and Maplestead in Essex. The architecture is midway between Romanesque and Early English Gothic; the western entrance, semicircular arches and capitals, are richly sculptured and deeply recessed; within, Purbeck marble columns, with boldly-sculptured capitals, support a gallery or triforium of interlaced Norman arches; and the clerestory has six Romanesque windows, one filled with stained glass, bright ruby ground, with a representation of Christ, and emblems of the Evangelists; and the ceiling, of Saracenic character, is coloured. On the gallery well-staircase is a "penitential cell." Upon the pavement are figures of Crusaders, "in cross-legged effigy devoutly stretched," but originally placed upon altar-tombs and pedestals. These effigies of feudal warriors are sculptured out of freestone. The attitudes of all are different, but they are all recumbent

with the legs crossed. They are in complete mail with surcoats; one only is bare-headed, and has the cowl of a monk. The shields are of the *beater* or Norman shape, but the size is not the same in all; one of them is very long, and reaches from the shoulder to the middle of the leg. Their heads, with one exception, repose on cushions, and have hoods of mail. Three of them have flattish helmets over the armour, and one has a sort of casque. The best authorities assign five of them as follow: to Geoffry de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, A.D. 1144, (right arm on his breast and large sword at his right)—he is not mentioned by Weever; William Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, A.D. 1219 (sculptured in Sussex marble, with his sword through a lion's head); Robert Lord de Ros, A.D. 1245 (head uncovered, with long flowing hair), whose effigy is said to have been brought from Helmsley Church, Yorkshire; William Mareschall, jun., Earl of Pembroke, 1231 (with lion rampant on shield, and sheathing his sword). Gilbert Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, 1281 (drawing his sword, winged dragon at feet). In 1841 were discovered the ancient lead coffins containing the bodies of these knights, who did not appear to have been buried in their armour; and none of the coffin ornaments were of earlier date than the beginning of the thirteenth century. The ancient hostels existed until 1346 (20th Edward III.), when the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem (to whom the forfeited estates of the rival brotherhood of the Templars had been granted by the Pope) demised the magnificent buildings, church, gardens, "and all the appurtenances that belonged to the Templars in London," to certain students said to have removed thither from Holborn, in which part of the town the Knights Templars themselves had resided before the erection of their palace on the Thames.

In this New Temple, "out of the City and the noise thereof, and in the suburbs," between the King's Court at Westminster and the City of London, the studious lawyers lived in quiet, increasing in number and importance; so that although the mob of Wat Tyler's rebellion plundered the students, and destroyed almost all their books and records ("To the Inns of Court! down with them all!"—*Jack Cade*), it became necessary to divide the Inn into two separate bodies, the Hon. Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple; having separate halls, but using the same church, and holding their houses as tenants of the Knights Hospitallers until the dissolution by Henry VIII., and thenceforth of the Crown by lease. This was done in the sixth year of James I.; and the two Temples were granted as the Inner and Middle. Thus, for nearly five centuries, some of the leading practisers of the law have been settled upon the spot where the lawless Knights

Templars long held sway. The circular church and its appurtenances, were then leased for an annual fee-farm rent of 10*l.* to the students. The preacher is styled Master of the Temple, as was the lord paramount of the Templars: the early lawyers had their pillars in the church and cloisters—a falling off from their spiritual predecessors; and the Middle Temple still bears the arms of the Knights Templars—Arg. on a cross gu., a paschal lamb or, carrying a banner of the first, charged with a cross of the second, such as we see in university towns lowered to the Lamb and Flag public-house sign; whilst Pegasus salient of the Inner Temple long enjoyed a similar distinction in becoming a popular London sign. This winged horse, with the motto “*Volat ad æthera virtus,*” was substituted by the Inner Temple for the Holy Lamb early in the reign of Elizabeth. There has been much amusing speculation upon the cause of the change: it is thought to have been intended to signify—in allusion to the fable of Pegasus forming the fountain of Hippocrene by striking the rock—that the lawyers aspired to become poets. In the Temple Round, lawyers received clients as merchants on 'Change:—

“ Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' the Temple under trees;
Or walk the Round with Knights o' the Posts,
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts.”

Hudibras, pt. iii. c. 3.

Dugdale says: “ Item, they (the lawyers) have no place to walk in and confer their learnings but the *church*; which place all the term-times hath in it no more quietness than the Pervise of Paules, by occasion of the confluence and concourse of such as are suitors in the law.” “ The Round” is the nave or vestibule to the oblong portion of the church, the Choir, in pure Lancet style, and almost rebuilt in our time. It is divided into three aisles, by clustered marble columns, the groined roof being richly coloured in arabesque, and ornamented with holy emblems: while triple lancet-headed windows let in floods of light.

It is mentioned in Dugdale's *Monasticon* that both King Henry II. and his Queen Eleanor directed that their bodies should be interred within the walls of the Temple Church, and that the above monarch by his Will left 500 marks for that purpose. The walls are inscribed with Scripture texts in Latin; and between the top of the stalls and the string-course beneath the windows, is the Hymn of St. Ambrose. The windows, by Willement, are among the finest specimens of modern stained glass: the altar subjects are from the life of Christ, the interspaces being deep-blue and ruby mosaic, with glittering borders.

Knights Templar fill the aisle windows; but that opposite the organ has figures of angels playing musical instruments.

A brief history of the Templars in England and of this church may be read in the rude effigies of the successive kings during whose reigns they flourished, now painted on the west end of the chancel. At the south corner sits Henry I., holding the first banner of the Crusaders, half black, half white, entitled "Beauseant;" white typifying fairness towards friends; black, terror to foes. This banner was changed during the reign of Stephen for the red cross:

"And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord."

Henry II. and the Round Church are represented by the third figure. Richard I. with the sword which he wielded as Crusader, and John, his brother, are the next kings; and in the north aisle is portrayed Henry III., holding the two churches; the chancel, or square part, having been added in his reign, and consecrated on Ascension-day, 1240.

Among the rules for the government of the Order of Templars was that of obedience, for breach of which was the penitential cell, already mentioned; it was formed in the wall of the church, and measured only four and a half feet in length, and two and a half in breadth, so that the unhappy prisoner could not lie down, except by drawing his limbs together. Others were fettered by order of the Master, and left till they died by severity of the punishment. Besides imprisonment, they were scourged on the bare shoulders by the Master's hands in the hall, or whipped in the church on Sundays before the congregation. The Order became highly popular for their piety, bravery, and humility, and great men desired to be buried among them. This was insured by lands, manors, and privileges, and sometimes money. King John deposited himself in the community, and numerous documents of this King's are dated from the Temple. Martin, the Pope's nuncio, made unheard-of extortions of money and valuables. The abbots and priors were told that they must send him rich presents, desirable palFREYS, sumptuous services for the table, and rich clothing. The treasure deposited in the Temple must often have been immense, and here were brought all the moneys collected for the Christian service in Palestine. The great Earl of Kent, Hubert de Burgh, on his disgrace and committal to the Tower, was suspected by the King to have no small amount of treasure deposited in the Temple; the King demanded of the Master of the Temple, if it was so; when he confessed that he had money of the said Hubert,

adding that he could not give it up without the consent of the owner. Then the King sent the Treasurer of his court, with his Justices of the Exchequer, to Hubert, who was in fetters in the Tower, that they might exact from him an assignment of the entire sum to the King. Hubert submitted, and sent to the King the keys of his treasure in the Temple, which the King ordered to be counted, and placed in his treasury, and the amount reduced into writing and exhibited to him. And there were "found deposited in the Temple gold and silver vases of inestimable price, and money, and many precious gems, an enumeration whereof would, in truth, astonish the hearers."—Addison's *History of Knights Templars.*

The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem.

This renowned military and religious Order, for upwards of four hundred years, had its *chef lieu* in Clerkenwell. Its origin has been referred to in a previous page (113). Their magnificent Priory was founded in the year 1100, by Jordan Briset, a baron of the Kingdom, and Muriel, his wife, near unto "Clarke's Well," (now Clerkenwell,) in the reign of Henry I. This was the period of the first Crusade. Forty years later, the servants of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem became "a military order of monks, the first body of men united by religious vows, who wielded the temporal sword against the enemies of the faith." They triumphed over the great rival Order of the Templars. Their greatest conquest was the island of Rhodes, whence they became the Knights of Rhodes, which island, in two centuries, they rendered one of the strongest places in the world; and, during its six months' siege by the Turks, they are said to have lost upwards of one hundred thousand men. After this conquest, the Knights of St. John dwelt within their Priory at Clerkenwell, which was of almost palatial extent, employing their great possessions for the maintenance of the poor. But, before the end of the fourteenth century, they incurred the hatred of the common people by their tyranny and licentiousness.

The year 1381 was one of dire calamity to the Knights Hospitallers, who had incurred the displeasure of the populace. The rebels under Wat Tyler directed their fury against the houses and possessions of the Knights of St. John, their rancour having been greatly excited by the haughty conduct of Sir Robert Hales, the Prior, and Lord Treasurer of England, who, when the mob, led by Wat Tyler, sought a conference with the King (Richard II.), counselled their punishment. On their demands being told to the King, Simon de Sudbury, the

Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir Robert Hales, "spake earnestly against their advice, and would not, by any means, that the King should go to such sort of bare-legged ribalds, but rather he wished that they should take some order to abate the pride of such vile rascals." The rebels of Essex had previously displayed their animosity to this Prior, who, "having a goodly and delectable manor in Essex, wherein was ordained victuals and other necessaries for the use of a chapter general and a great abundance of fair stuffs—of wines, arras cloths, and other provisions for the Knights Brethren,—the commons entered this manor, ate up all the victuals, and spoiled the manor and ground with great damage."

This riotous mob, emboldened by their successes, on Thursday, the 13th of June, the feast of Corpus Christi, divided themselves into three bodies; those that were in the City, the "commons of Kent," broke open the Fleet, and let the prisoners go where they would. From thence they went to the Temple, to destroy it, and pulled down the houses, took off the tiles from the other buildings left, went to the church, took out all the books and remembrances that were in the hutches of the prentices of the law, carried them into the high street, and there burnt them. "This house," says Stow, "they spoiled for wrath they bare the Lord Prior of St. John's, to whom it belonged." Their vengeance was not satisfied, for after "the destruction of the Savoy, the rebels," says Froissart, "went straight to the faire hospitalle of the Rodes, called saynte Johans, and there they brent (burnt) house, hospitalle, mynster, and all; then they went from streete to streete, and slew all the flemmynges that they could fynde in churche or in any other place; there was none respyted fro death." The fire, the account says, burnt for the space of seven days after, and none was suffered to quench it. These conflagrations filled the minds of the peaceful citizens with terror; and the King was dismayed when he saw from a distance the city illumined by the flames. Stow tells us that "the King, being in a turret of the Tower [of London], and seeing the mansion of Savoy, the Priory of St. John's Hospital, and other houses on fire, demanded of his counsell what was best to be done in that extremite; but none could counseille in that case."

Whilst the rebels of Kent were making this havoc in the metropolis, so that, in this disorder, "London looked like a city taken by storm," the commons of Essex, twenty thousand strong, led on by one Jack Straw, "took in hand to ruinate" the Lord Prior's country-seat at his manor of Highbury, which they did effectually, pulling down by main force all those main parts of the building which the fire could not con-

sume. The Tower was successfully assaulted by another body of the rioters; and several of the nobility, who had fled hither for refuge, came to an untimely end. Sir Robert Hales, the Prior, was beheaded in the courtyard of the Priory, the site of St. John's-square. Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, and others, were dragged out and beheaded on Tower-hill. Such a strong repugnance had the riotous commons to the Hospitallers, that Jack Straw, in a subsequent confession, speaking of the intentions of his partisans, declared, with bitter emphasis, "specially we would have destroyed the Knights of St. John."

Thus was the magnificent Priory swept away. During the next century it was restored. The conventual church was rebuilt, the old site again covered with buildings. Prior Docwra completed the church and rebuilt St. John's-gate, originally erected at the foundation of the Priory in 1100. Docwra was the immediate predecessor of the last superior of the house, who died of grief on Ascension day, 1540, when the Priory was suppressed. Five years subsequently, the site and precincts were granted to Lord John Lisle, for his service as high admiral; the church becoming a kind of storehouse "for the King's toyles and tents for hunting, and for the warres." At the Suppression, yearly pensions were granted to the knights by the King, and to the Lord Prior during his life, 1000*l.*; but he never received a penny: the King took into his hands all the lands that belonged to the House and the Order in England and Ireland, "for the augmentation of his Crown." In the reign of King Edward VI., the church, with the great bell-tower (a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and enamelled, to the great beautifying of the city) was undermined and blown up with gunpowder, and the materials were employed by the Lord Protector to King Edward VI. in building Somerset Place; the Gate would, probably, have been destroyed, but from its serving to define the property. The Priory was partly restored upon the accession of Mary, but again suppressed by Elizabeth.

Hollar's etchings show the castellated Hospital, with the old front, about 1640; and the Gate-house, the southern entrance, and the church, both in St. John's-square, which was the Priory court. The church is built upon the chancel and side aisles of the old Priory church, and upon its crypt. The Gate-house, which in 1604, was granted to Sir Roger Wilbraham for his life, subsequently became the printing-office of Edward Cave, who, in 1731, published here the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Dr. Johnson was first engaged here by Cave, in 1737: here Johnson first met Savage; Garrick frequently called upon Johnson, as did Goldsmith; and when Cave grew rich, he had St. John's Gate

painted, instead of his arms, on his carriage, and engraved on his plate. The Gate, a good specimen of the groining of the 15th century, ornamented with shields of the arms of France and England, and those of the Priory and Docwra, has been saved from removal, and restored.



Queen Elizabeth, the Manor of Pleazaunce, and Greenwich Castle.

Greenwich was called by the Romans *Grenovicum*, and in Saxon *Grenawic*, or the Green Town. Lambarde gives this curious account of its early history: "In ancient evidences, East Greenwiche for difference sake from Deptford, which in olde instruments is called West-greenewiche. In the time of the turmoiled King Ethelred, the whole fleete of the Danish army lay at roade two or three yeres together before Greenwich: and the souldours for the most part were encamped upon the hill above the towne now called Blackheath. During this time (1011) they pierced the whole countrie, sacked and spoiled the citie of Canterburie, and brought from thence in to their ships, Alepheg [Alphege] the Archbishop. And here a Dane (called Thrum) whome the Archbishop had confirmed in Christianitie the day before, strake him on the head behinde, and slew him, because he would not condescend to redeeme his life with three thousand pounds, which the people of the citie and diocesse were contented to have given for his ransome; neither would the rest of the souldiors suffer his body to be committed to the earth, after the manner of Christian decencie, till such time, (said William of Malmesbury,) as they perceived that a dead sticke, being anointed with his bloud, waxed suddenly greene againe, and began the next day to blossome. Which by all likelihood was gathered in the wood of Dia Feronia; for she was a goddess, whom the Poets do phantasie to have caused a whole woode (that was on fire) to wax greene again." The present church of St. Alphege, in Greenwich, stands on the spot where he suffered martyrdom.

A royal residence is noticed at Greenwich as early as the reign of King Edward the First, when that Monarch made an offering of seven shillings at each of the holy crosses in the chapel of the Virgin Mary, and the Prince an offering of half that sum: though by whom the Palace was erected is not known.

King Henry IV. dates his will from his Manor of Greenwich Jan. 22, 1408; which appears to have been his favourite residence.

King Henry V. (in whose time Greenwich was still a small fishing-town), granted the Manor for life to his kinsman, Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter; soon after whose decease in 1417, it passed to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who, in 1433, obtained a grant of 200 acres of land in Greenwich, for the purpose of enclosing it as a Park. In 1437 he obtained a similar grant, and in it license was given to the Duke, and Eleanor his wife, "their Manor of Greenwich to embattle and build with stone, and to enclose and make a tower and ditch within the same, and a certain tower within his park to build and edify." Accordingly, soon after this, he commenced building the Tower within the park, now the site of the Royal Observatory, which was then called *Greenwich Castle*; and likewise newly erected the Palace on the spot where the West wing of the Royal Hospital now stands, which palace he named, from its agreeable situation, *L' Pleazaunce*, or *Placentia*; this name, however, was not commonly made use of until the reign of Henry VIII.

Duke Humphrey was Regent of England during the minority of King Henry VI., and for his many virtues was styled the "Father of his Country." He excited the envy of Queen Margaret from his strong opposition to her marriage with Henry, which induced her to enter into a confederacy with the Cardinal of Winchester and the Earl of Suffolk; who, strengthened by her assistance, and incited by their common hatred of the patriotic Duke, basely assassinated him at St. Edmondsbury, Suffolk, Feb. 28th, 1447. He was a generous patron of men of science, and the most learned person of his age; he founded at Oxford one of the first public libraries in England. Leland, in his *Laborgeuse Journey*, says, "Humfrey, the good Duke of Glocestre, from the favor he bare to good letters, purchased a wonderfull nombre of bokes in all scyences, whereof he frely gave to a lybrary in Oxforde a hondred and xxix fayre volumes." He was buried in the Abbey church of St. Alban, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory.

At Duke Humphrey's death, in 1447, the Manor reverted to the Crown. King Edward IV. expended considerable sums in enlarging and beautifying the Palace, which he granted, with the Manor and Town of Greenwich and the Park there, to Elizabeth his Queen. In this reign, a royal joust was performed at Greenwich, on the marriage of Richard, Duke of York, with Anne Mowbray. In 1482, Mary, the King's daughter, died here; she was betrothed to the King of Denmark, but died before the solemnization of the marriage.

The Manor with the appurtenances came into the possession of Henry VII. by the imprisonment of Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV. Henry on some frivolous pretence, committed her in close confinement

to the nunnery of Bermondsey, where, some years after, she ended her life in poverty and solitude. Henry enlarged the Palace, and added a brick front towards the water-side; finished the Tower in the Park begun by Duke Humphrey; and built a convent adjoining the Palace for the Observant or Grey Friars, who came to Greenwich about the latter end of the reign of Edward IV. This convent, after its dissolution in the reign of Henry VIII., was re-founded by Queen Mary, but finally suppressed by Elizabeth in 1559.

In 1487, on the second day preceding the coronation of Henry VII., the Queen came from Greenwich by water, royally attended; and among the barges of the City Companies which accompanied the procession was "in especial, a barge called the Bachelors' barge, garnished and apparelled passing all others; wherein was ordeyned a great redde dragon, spouting flames of fyer into the Thames, and many gentlemanlie pagiaunts, well and curiously devised to do her highnesse sporte and pleasure with."

King Henry VIII. was born at Greenwich, June 28, 1491, and baptized in the parish church, by the Bishop of Exeter, Lord Privy Seal. This monarch exceeded all his predecessors in the grandeur of his buildings, and rendered the Palace magnificent; and, perhaps, from partiality for the place of his birth, resided chiefly at Greenwich, neglecting the Palace of Eltham, which had been the favourite residence of his ancestors. Many sumptuous banquets, revels, and solemn jousts, for which his reign was celebrated, were held at his Manor of Pleazaunce. In 1509, June 3, Henry's marriage with Catherine of Aragon, was solemnized here. In 1511, on May-day, "The King lying at Greenwich, rode to the wodde to fetch May; and after, on the same day, and two days next ensuing, the King, Sir Edward Howard, Charles Brandon, and Sir Edward Nevill, as challengers, held justes against all comers. On the other part, the Marquis Dorset, the Earls of Essex and Devonshire, with others, as defendantes, ranne againste them, so that many a sore stripe was given, and many a staffe broken."

In 1513, the King gave a festival "with great solemnity, dancing, disguisings, and mummeries, in a most princely manner." At this entertainment was introduced the first Masquerade ever seen in England: the following account of it and the other festivities of this Christmas may not prove uninteresting, as it is very characteristic of the splendours of that period:—"The Kyng this yere kept the feast of Christmas at Grenewich, wher was such abundance of viandes served to all comers of any honest behaviours, as hath been few times seen; and against New-yere's night was made, in the hall, a castle, gates, towers,

and dungeon, garnished with artilerie and weapon, after the most warlike fashion; and on the frount of the castle was written, *Le Fortresse dangerus*; and within the castle wer six ladies clothed in russet satin laide all over with leues of golde, and every owde knit with laces of blewe silke and golde; on ther heddes coyfes and cappes all of gold. After this castle had been caried about the hal, and the Quene had behelde it, in came the Kyng with five other appareled in coates, the one halfe of russet satyn spangled with spangels of fine gold, the other halfe rich clothe of gold; on ther heddes caps of russet satin, embroudered with workes of fine gold bullion. These six assaulted the castle, the ladies seying them so lustie and coragious wer content to solace with them, and upon further comunicacion to yeld the castle, and so thei came down and daunced a long space. And after the ladies led the knightes into the castle, and then the castle sodainly vanished out of ther sightes. On the daie of the Epiphanie at night, the Kyng with xi other wer disguised after the manner of Italie, called a maske, a thing not seen afore in Englande; thei wer appareled in garmentes long and brode, wrought all with gold, with visers and cappes of gold; and after the banket doen, these maskers came in with six gentlemen disguised in silke, bearing staffe torches, and desired the ladies to daunce; some were content, and some that knewe the fashion of it refused, because it was not a thing commonly seen. And after thei daunced and commoned together, as the fashion of the maske is, thei tooke their leave and departed, and so did the Quene and all the ladies."—*Hall's Chronicle*.

Other joustes were held, as also in 1516, 1517, and 1526. In 1512, the King kept his Christmas at Greenwich "with great and plentiful cheer," in a most princely manner; also in 1521, 1525, 1527, 1533, 1537, and 1543. On Feb. 8th, 1515, Princess Mary, afterwards Queen, was born here; and on May 13th, the marriage of Mary, Queen Dowager of France (Henry's sister), with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was publicly solemnized in the parish church. In 1527, the embassy from the French King to Henry VIII. was received here. This embassy, that it might correspond with the English Court in magnificence, consisted of eight persons of high quality, attended by six hundred horse; they were received with the greatest honours, "and entertained after a more sumptuous manner than had ever been seen before." In 1533, Sept. 7th, the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen, was born here. In 1536, on May-day, after a tournament, Anne Boleyn, the mother of the Princess Elizabeth, was arrested here by the King's order. She was beheaded on the 19th of the same month in the Tower of London. In 1540, Jan. 6, Henry's marriage with

Anne of Cleves was solemnized here; "and aboute her marying ring was written, 'GOD SEND ME WEL TO KEPE.'" This was a most unpropitious alliance, for Henry took a dislike to Anne of Cleves immediately after their marriage. Cromwell Earl of Essex, the wise and faithful minister of this ungrateful king, was beheaded in the Tower, in 1540, because he had been the principal promoter of this marriage.

A procession from Greenwich to Westminster, immediately after the nuptials of Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves, is thus chronicled by Holinshed:—"The fourth of Februarie (1540), the King and she removed to Westminster by water, on whom the Lord Maior and his brethren, with twelue of the cheefe companies of the citie, all in barges gorgeously garnished with baners, penons, and targets, richlie couered, and furnished with instruments sweetly sounding, gaue their attendance: and by their waie, all the ships shot off; and likewise from the tower, a great peal of ordnance went off lustilie." "The King, after Parliament was ended, kept a solempe Christmas at Grenewiche to chere his nobies, and on the twelwe day at night, came in the hall a mount, called the riche mount. The mount was set full of riche flowers of silke; the braunches wer grene sattin, and the flowers flat gold of damaske, which signified Plantagenet. On the top stode a godly bekon gevyng light; rounde about the bekon sat the Kyng and five other, al in coates and cappes of right crimosin velvet, embroudered with flat golde of damaske; the coates set full of spangelles of gold. And four woodhouses drewe the mount till it came before the Quene, and then the Kyng and his compaignie disceded and daunced; then sodainly the mount opened and out came sixe ladies, all in crimosin satin and plunket embroudered with gold and perle, and French hoddess on their heddes, and thei daunced alone. Then the lordes of the mount took the ladies and daunced together; and the ladies re-entred, and the mount closed, and so was conueighed out of the hall. Then the Kyng shifted hym and came to the Quene, and sat at the banquet whiche was very sumptuous."—*Hall*.

The fortunes of Duke Humphrey's Tower were very changeful. It was sometimes the habitation of the younger branches of the royal family; sometimes the residence of a favourite mistress; sometimes a prison, and sometimes a place of defence. Mary of York, fifth daughter of Edward IV., died at the Tower in Greenwich Park, in 1482. In 1543, the King entertained twenty-one of the Scottish nobility here, whom he had taken prisoners at Salem Moss, and gave them liberty without ransom.

King Edward VI. resided at this Manor, where he kept his Christmas in 1552; he died here July 6th, 1553.

Queen Elizabeth made several additions to the Palace, where she kept a regular Court. In 1559, July 2, she was entertained by the citizens of London with a muster of 1400 men, and a mock fight in Greenwich Park; and on the 10th of the same month she gave a joust, mask, and sumptuous banquet in the Park, to several Ambassadors, Lords, and Ladies. At a Council held at Greenwich the same year, it was determined to be contrary to law for any Nuncio from the Pope to enter this realm.

In 1585, June 29th, she received here the Deputies of the United Provinces, who offered her the sovereignty of the Low Countries, which, from motives of state policy, she declined to accept. In 1586, she received the Danish Ambassador at Greenwich; and in 1597, July 25th, the Ambassador from the King of Poland.

A curious picture of the Queen and her Court at Greenwich appears in Paul Hentzner's *Journey into England*, in 1598, and the account of his reception by Elizabeth is minute and characteristic. "It was here," says Hentzner, "Elizabeth, the present queen, was born, and here she generally resides, particularly in summer, for the delightfulness of its situation. We were admitted by an order Mr. Rogers had procured for us from the Lord Chamberlain into the presence-chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, covered with hay (*rusbes*), through which the Queen passes in her way to chapel. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the Queen any persons of distinction that came to wait on her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great number of counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the Queen's coming out, which she did from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:

"First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bare-headed; next came the Chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two, one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard, studded with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, the points upwards.

"Next came the Queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we are told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; a nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth *black* (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar); she had in the ears two pearls with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown,

reputed to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels.

“As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, or Italian; for, besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is a mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. W. Slawata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favour. Whenever she turned her face, as she was going along, everybody fell down on their knees. The ladies of the Court followed next to her, very handsome and well-shaped, and for the most part, dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel, where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of, *Long live Queen Elizabeth*. She answered it with, *I thank you, my good people*. In the chapel was excellent music; as soon as it and the service were over, which scarce exceeded half-an-hour, the Queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out with the following solemnity:—

“A gentleman entered the room, bearing a rod, and along with him another, who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table; and after kneeing again they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-seller, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess), and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prepared herself three times, in the most graceful manner, approached the table, rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the

Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeoman of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plates, most of them gilt; these dishes were received by gentlemen in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat, of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison.

“During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle drums made the hall ring for half-an-hour together.

“At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen’s inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the Court. The Queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that anybody, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power.”

To return to the history of the royal abode. King James I. erected a new brick front to the Palace towards the gardens; and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, laid the foundation of the “House of Delight,” near the Park; in this house the Governor of Greenwich Hospital afterwards resided, and it is now the centre building of the Naval Asylum. In 1606, the Princess Mary, daughter of James I., was christened at Greenwich with great solemnity.

King Charles I. resided much at the Palace previous to the breaking out of the Parliamentary War; and Henrietta Maria, his Queen, finished the House near the Park begun by Anne of Denmark. Inigo Jones was employed as the architect, and it was completed in 1635, as appears by a date still to be seen on the front of the building; it was furnished so magnificently that it far surpassed all other houses of the kind in England. King Charles left the Palace with the fatal resolution of taking his journey northward, and the turbulent state of the times prevented him from again visiting it. Greenwich Castle was considered a place of some strength and consequence by the Parliament, in the time of the Commonwealth. On the restoration of King Charles II., in 1660, this Manor, with the Park, and other royal demesnes, again reverted to the crown. The King, finding the old palace greatly decayed by time, and the want of necessary repairs during the Commonwealth, ordered it to be taken down, and com-

menced the erection of a most magnificent palace of freestone, one wing of which was completed (now forming, with additions, the west wing of the Royal Hospital), where he occasionally resided, but made no further progress in the work. The Architect he employed was Webb, son-in-law of Inigo Jones, from whose papers the designs were made.

In 1685 it was made part of the jointure of Queen Mary, consort of King James II., but remained in the same state till the reign of William and Mary, whence its history merges in that of the Royal Hospital.*

At the entrance to Queen Elizabeth's Armoury in the Tower of London, are two grotesque figures, of the time of Edward VI., called "Gin" and "Beer," which Meyrick supposes to have been originally placed in the great Hall of the Palace at Greenwich, over the doors which led to the buttery and larder.

Kennington Palace, and the Princes of Wales.

Upon the triangular plot of ground near Kennington Cross, may be traced to this day fragments of a royal palace, the retreat of our ancient Kings, dating from Norman times. The site or manor belonged to the Crown in the Saxon times, its name *Cbenitune*, in Domesday, signifying the *place or town of the King*. King Richard Cœur de Lion, in 1189, granted to Sir Robert Percy the custody of this manor; and appointed him steward, with wages of fourpence a day. At Christmas, 1231, Henry III. held his court here, when Hubert de Burgh, justiciary of England, provided everything requisite for the regal festival. Next year Hubert was removed from his office, having been charged with high crimes and misdemeanours, but refused to attend the summons of the court. The custody of the manor was granted to various persons by Henry III., Edward II., and Edward III. The latter was at Kennington in 1340, attended by his eldest son, the Black Prince, then only ten years of age. He died in 1376, soon after which his son Richard was created Prince of Wales; and in the same year the citizens of London made a Show, or Mummery, "for the disport of the young Prince," who remained at Kennington, with his mother, his uncle the Duke of Lancaster, the Earls of Cambridge, Hertford, Warwick, and Suffolk. This Show took place in the night, when 130 citizens, disguised and well horsed, in a Mummery, with sound of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shalmes, and other minstrels, and innumerable torch-lights of wax, rode from Newgate, through Cheap over the Bridge,

* See *Greenwich: its History, Antiquities, &c.* By H. S. Richardson. 1834

through Southwark, to Kennington. First rode 48 Esquires, in red coats, and gowns of Say or Sendall, with vizors on their faces. Then came 48 Knights, in the same livery. Then one, richly arrayed like an Emperor; then one like a Pope, and 24 Cardinals. These Maskers were received at the palace by the Prince, his Mother, and the Lords. The Mummers played with a pair of dice with the Prince, who always won the stakes, among which was a Boule, Cup, and Ring of Gold. The Mummers were feasted, the Music sounded, and the Prince and Lords and Mummers danced; and the jollity ended with their drinking and departure. Hither came a deputation of the chiefest citizens to Richard II., "before the old king was departed," "to accept him for their true and lawfull king and gouvernor." Kennington was the occasional residence of Henry IV. and VI. Henry VII. was here on the Eve of St. Simon and St. Jude, when he went to dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth Palace; after dinner, with a goodly company of lords, he went by land towards London, his nobles riding after the guise of France upon small hackenies, *two and two upon a horse*; and at London Bridge, the Mayor and his brethren, and the crafts, received the King, who proceeded to Grace-Church corner, and so to the Tower.

Katherine of Aragon was here for a few days. James I. settled the manor on Henry, Prince of Wales, his eldest son, and next on Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.), and it has ever since been held as part of the estate of the Princes of Wales. In 1617, Prince Charles leased the manor of Kennington, but retained the site of the palace and its garden, until he came to the crown in 1625; after which the palace was taken down, and there was built on the site a manor-house, described in 1656 as an old, low, timber building; but of the palace offices there remained the stable, a long building of flint and stone, used as a barn: this was taken down in 1795.

Eltham Palace.

Eight miles south of London, on the Maidstone road, lies the town of Eltham; and hard by, are the remains of a royal palace, which was, for centuries, a favourite abode of English monarchs. The approach is through an avenue of noble forest trees. East of the palace, and extending over five acres, are the original garden, massive walls, and a lofty archway; and the entrance to the palace on the north is across an ivy-mantled bridge of four groined arches, of massive yet beautiful design,

which probably replaced the drawbridge in the reign of Edward IV. The manor was held by the soldier-bishop, Odo of Bayeux, by De Vescis, and de Mandevilles, and de Scropes; but the Crown long preserved a moiety, and now holds its entire extent. The manor was granted, in 1663, to Sir John Shaw, Knight, whose family derive themselves from the county palatine of Chester. Hugo de Shaw, of that county, having distinguished himself, under the Earl of Chester, in an enterprise against Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, in the Castle of Ruthin, had several manors, and the daughter of the Earl given him in marriage. One of the titles of the Prince of Wales is Earl of Eltham.

The palace was built, most probably, on part of those premises which were granted by King Edward I., in his ninth year (1281), to John de Vesci, and perhaps on the very site of the house where Henry III., in his fifty-fifth year (1279), kept his Christmas publicly, according to the custom of the old time; being accompanied by the Queen and all the great men of the realm. Speaking of these festivities, Lambarde remarks, "And this (belike) was the first *warming of the house* (as I may call it), after that Bishop Beke had finished his work. For I do not hereby gather that hitherto the King had any property in it, forasmuch as the princes in those daies used commonly both to sojourn for their pleasures, and to pass their set solemnities in abbaies and bishops' houses." Edward II. resided at Eltham Palace, where in 1315, his queen (Isabel), was delivered of a son, who, at twelve years of age, was created Earl of Cornwall, but was commonly called *John of Eltham*, from the place of his birth; from hence the hall probably derives its local name, "King John's Barn."

The Statutes of Eltham, containing precedents for the government of the King's house, were made at this palace. King Edward III., in the fourth year of his reign, held a parliament here; and thirty-four years afterwards, gave a princely reception to John, King of France (who had formerly been his prisoner), entertaining him with great magnificence. The same monarch held another parliament here in 1375; when the Lords and Commons attended with a petition, praying him to create his grandson, Richard of Bordeaux (son of the Black Prince and heir apparent to the realm), Prince of Wales. Lionel, his third son (guardian of the realm), kept his Christmas here when the King was in France in 1347. Richard II., who "resided much at Eltham, and took great delight in the pleasantness of the place," entertained Leo, King of Armenia, a fugitive from the Turks, at Christmas, 1386. Froissart, here a frequent guest, records how on a Sunday afternoon, in 1364, Edward and Philippa waited at the gates, to receive the fallen monarch;

and how, between that time and supper, in his honour were many grand dances and carols, at which the young Lord de Courcy distinguished himself by singing and dancing. This fascinating young nobleman contrived to win and wed the Princess Royal of England. Froissart mentions a secret parliament, or rather council, which was held during his stay at the palace. It was while wasting his time at Eltham, that the Parliament sent Richard II. a bold message and remonstrance on his arbitrary conduct. Parliament met here to arrange the King's second marriage with Isabella of Valois, who was brought here after her bridal, and set out from the gates to her coronation. Henry IV. kept his last Christmas here in 1412, when he feasted in fear, for the Duke of York, so report ran, designed to scale the walls, and rob him of life and crown together; and here he actually sickened in death-like trances of his mortal disease. Two years afterwards, Henry V. made great preparations for feasting at Christmas, but suddenly left the palace in consequence of an idle report of a conspiracy to assassinate him, in which Sir John Oldham was said to be implicated. Henry VI. made Eltham his principal residence, keeping his Christmas here with splendour and feasting in 1429. Yet, in this palace unhappy Henry, unconscious of his critical position, forsook his studies to hunt and follow field sports, under the watchful eye of his keeper, the Earl of March, while his wife and son, for whom he had restored the palace, were sheltered in Harlech Castle. Edward IV., to his great cost, repaired his house at Eltham, and in 1482 kept a splendid Christmas here, with great feastings, two thousand guests feeding at his expense every day. His fourth daughter, the Princess Bridget Plantagenet, was born at this palace, in 1480: she was signed, when little more than eight years of age, to the care of the Abbess of Dartford Nunnery, of which she afterwards became the Superior. Edward IV. is the first *Sovereign* on record who built any part of Eltham Palace, and the Hall is attributed to him. Henry VII. built a handsome front to the palace towards the moat, and was usually resident here; and, as appears by a record in the Office of Arms, most commonly dined in the great hall, and all his officers kept their tables in it.

Henry VIII., in 1515 and 1527, kept his Whitsuntide and Christmas at Eltham; where, in the former year, he created Sir Edward Stanley, banneret, Lord Monteagle, for his services against the Scots at Flodden Field. Some contagious disorder raging at that time in London, none were permitted to dine in the King's hall but the officers of arms, who at the serving of the King's second course of meat, according to custom, came and proclaimed the King's style and title, and also that of the new

lord. His residence, however, was only occasional, Greenwich being preferred, where "the emparked groundes" could as well be enjoyed as at Eltham. The bricks which had been provided for the repair of Eltham Palace were taken from the kilns there, and used in the improvement and extension of the royal residence of Placentia, at Greenwich. Queen Elizabeth, who was born at Greenwich, was frequently carried thence to Eltham, when an infant, for the benefit of the air; and she visited this palace, in a summer excursion round the country, in 1559. Sir Christopher Hatton was Keeper of Eltham palace in her reign; and after him Lord Cobham, who had a grant of that office in 1592. The palace was then long neglected, but it was not finally deserted by royalty until the seventeenth century, James I. having remained a short time at Eltham, in 1612, which is the last authentic record of his having visited it. At the commencement of the Civil War, the palace was in the occupation of Robert, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary General, who died there, September 13, 1646, but was buried in Westminster Abbey. In 1649, after the death of Charles I., Eltham, being much out of repair, was sold for the materials, valued at 2753*l.*; and the manor and entire property sold to different persons, the whole of which reverted to the Crown, at the Restoration in 1660.

Eltham Palace was quadrangular in plan, and surrounded by a moat, and external wall. The entrance was on the north, but there was a drawbridge on the south side, where is now a bank of earth. The hall, its principal feature, rose above the other edifices; it is a perfect specimen of the great Banqueting Halls of the 15th century, and was at once an audience chamber and refectory of grand dimensions, 100 feet in length, 55 feet in height, and 36 feet broad. 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, out there are still remains of the minstrels' gallery, and the oak screer below it, with doorways leading to the kitchen, butteries, and cellars. More than a century ago, the hall was converted into a barn. Through the influence of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, who frequently visited the palace, some substantial repairs were effected at a cost of 700*l.* Over the chief entrances, are the falcon, the fetterlock, and the *rose-ensoleil*, the badges of the royal builder, Edward IV., who is represented by Skelton, as saying:

"I made Nottingham a palace royal,
Windsor, Eltham, and many other mo'."

The elegant pointed windows have been much injured from being bricked up, to exclude the weather; delicate tracery is mutilated, and

the parapets and enrichments have disappeared. The framework which supported the louvre has long been destroyed; but, as the hearth was not substituted by a recessed fire-place in the side wall, it is probable that the old method of warming the room was adhered to till its desecration, and that afterwards the louvre was removed as useless.

The situation of Eltham Palace upon an elevated site, in some measure protected it from any sudden attack, whilst a series of subterranean passages evinces the care that was bestowed in providing means for the security of the royal inmates, in case of treason or other emergency. The existence of a series of underground passages running in the direction of Blackheath to Greenwich had long been popularly believed; but nothing certain was known on the subject until 1834, since which Messrs. Clayton and King have explored these military stratagems of the Middle Ages, and have cleared about 700 feet of the passages, which were partially filled with rubbish. They descended a ladder below a trap-door in the yard on the south front of the hall, and entered a subterranean room, whence a narrow-arched passage, about 10 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, and for hurling down missiles or pitch-balls," with deadly effect in case of attack, according to the mode of defence practised in the old time. The remains of two iron gates, completely carbonized, were found in the passage under the moat. There is a tradition that at Middle Park, through which the passages are believed to run, there are underground apartments of sufficient extent to accommodate sixty horses. The date of these passages is assigned to that of the reign of Edward II., at the commencement of the fourteenth century.



Shene, or Richmond Palace.

This celebrated palace was anciently named *Shene* or *Sheen* (Saxon resplendent), from its delightful situation. It was subsequently styled *Richmond*, by command of King Henry VII., who inherited the earldom of Richmond in Yorkshire from his father, Edmund Tudor, on whom it was bestowed by his half-brother, Henry VI. The manor was given by Henry I. to one of the family of Belet, to hold by the service, or serjeantry, of officiating as chief butler to the King. A palace is said to have been erected on his manor at Shene by Edward III., where death terminated his long and victorious reign on

the 21st of June, 1377. His grandson and successor, Richard II., passed most of his time at this place during the life of his first Queen, Anne of Bohemia; and, on her death, which happened at Shene, in 1394, he was so violently afflicted "that he beside cursing the place where she died, did also for anger throwe downe the buildings, unto which the former kings being wearied of the citie were wont for pleasure to resort." The palace remained in ruins during the reign of Henry IV.; but Henry V., soon after he ascended the throne, restored the edifice to its former magnificence. Thomas Elmham says it was "a delightful mansion, of curious and costly workmanship, and befitting the character and condition of a king." In the sixth year of Edward IV., his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, had a grant of the manor for her life. In 1492, Henry VII. held a grand tournament at this place, when in a combat between Sir James Parker, Knight, and Hugh Vaughan, Gentleman Usher, Sir James was slain at the first course, by a false helmet being stricken into his mouth.

On the 21st of December, 1498, the King being at Shene, a fire broke out in his lodging in the palace, and burnt from nine o'clock till midnight, destroying a great part of the old buildings, together with hangings, beds, apparel, plate, and many jewels. The restoration of the palace was forthwith commenced. Another fire occurred in the King's chamber in January, 1506-7, when much rich furniture was consumed; and in July following, a new gallery, in which the King and his son, Prince Arthur, had been walking a short time previously, fell down, but without injuring any person. In the same year, Philip I. of Spain, who had been driven on the coast of England by a storm, was entertained by King Henry at Richmond, "where many notable feates of armes were proved, of tylte, tourney, and barriers." Henry VII. probably had a picture gallery and library at Richmond. A painting of Henry V. and his family; the Marriage of Henry VI., and that of Henry VII.; which were at Strawberry Hill, are supposed to have been painted at this time as decorations for the palace. Henry VII. died here, 21st of April, 1509. Henry VIII. celebrated his Christmas at Richmond in the year of his accession to the throne; and on January 19 following, a tournament was held here, when the King, for the first time, publicly engaged in chivalrous exercises. On New Year's day, 1511, Queen Katherine, at Richmond was delivered of a son, who was baptized Henry, after his father; but on February 23 he died at his birth-place, and was interred at Westminster. Hall, in his *Chronicle*, says that the Emperor Charles V., who visited England in 1522, was lodged at Richmond. In a curious account of this visit, provision was made at "Rychemount"

for "X mealy's," "with Gascon wyne and Rhenyssh wyne, plentye." In 1526, the King having received from Cardinal Wolsey the magnificent present of his newly-erected palace of Hampton Court, he obtained in return permission to reside at Richmond. This excited the spleen of Wolsey's enemies; when the common people, and especially such as had been servants to Henry VII., saw the Cardinal keep house in the manor royal of Richmond, which that monarch so highly esteemed, it was a marvel to hear how they grudged, saying—"So, a butcher's dogge doth lie in the manor of Richmond." In 1541, the royal demesnes here were granted to Anne of Cleves (after her voluntary divorce from King Henry), so long as she should reside in this country: In August, 1554, Queen Mary, with her newly-wedded consort, Philip of Spain, removed from Windsor (where he had been installed a Knight of the Garter), to this palace; and some of the State Papers show that she was here at other times. Richmond was also a favourite place of residence with her successor Elizabeth, who here entertained Eric the Fourth, King of Sweden, when he visited England to make her a proposal of marriage. It was in this palace that, in 1596, Anthony Rudd, Bishop of St. David's, incurred Elizabeth's displeasure, by preaching before the Court on the infirmities of old age; and at the same time applying his remarks personally to her Majesty, and showing how time had "furrowed her face, and besprinkled her hair with the meal." But a few years before, being then at Richmond, she was so fond of youthful amusements that "six or seven gallyards of a morninge, besides musycke and synginge, were her ordinary exercise."

Of the last hours of Elizabeth, who died here, we find these very interesting records in the *Diary of John Manningham, law-student, 1602-3*:—On the 23rd March, the rumours respecting her Majesty's health were most alarming. The public were even doubtful whether she was actually alive. In satisfaction of his curiosity our Diarist proceeded to the palace at Richmond, where the great business was in progress. He found assembled there the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Keeper, and others of the highest official dignitaries. The Queen still lived, and the ordinary daily religious services were still kept up within the sombre palace. Dr. Parry preached before the assembled visitors, and our Diarist was permitted to be one of the audience. The sermon was as little connected as could be with the urgent circumstances which must have drawn off the thoughts of his congregation, but in the preacher's prayers both before and after his discourse he interceded for her Majesty so fervently and pathetically, that few eyes were dry."

Service over, Manningham dined in the privy chamber with Dr.

Parry and a select clerical company, who recounted to him the particulars of the Queen's illness; how for a fortnight she had been overwhelmed with melancholy, sitting for hours with eyes fixed upon one object, unable to sleep, refusing food and medicine, and until within the last two or three days declining even to go to bed. It was the opinion of her physicians that if at an early period she could have been persuaded to use means she would unquestionably have recovered; but she would not, "and princes," our Diarist remarks, "must not be forced." Her fatal obstinacy brought her at length into a condition which was irremediable. For two days she had lain "in a manner speechless, very pensive and silent,"—dying of her own perverseness. When roused, she showed by signs that she still retained her faculties and memory, but the inevitable hour was fast approaching. The day before, at the instance of Dr. Parry, she had testified by gestures her constancy in the Protestantism "which she had caused to be professed," and had hugged the hand of the archbishop when he urged upon her a hopeful consideration of the joys of a future life. In these particulars our Diarist takes us nearer to the dying bed of the illustrious Queen than any other writer with whom we are acquainted. Dr. Parry remained with the Queen to the last. It was amidst his prayers that about three o'clock in the morning which followed Manningham's visit to the palace she ceased to breathe.

Not an instant was lost; at the very earliest moment, in less than four hours after the Queen had expired at Richmond, a meeting of the Council was held at Whitehall. A proclamation already prepared by Cecil, and settled by the anxious King of Scotland, was produced and signed. At ten o'clock the gates of Whitehall were thrown open. Cecil, with a roll of paper in his hand, issued forth at the head of a throng of gentlemen, and with the customary formalities proclaimed the accession of King James.

The Plague raged greatly in London at the time of the accession of James I.; in consequence of which the Exchequer and other Courts of Law were removed to Richmond; as they were again, on the same account in 1625. In 1610, the manor, with the palace and park was settled on Henry, Prince of Wales, his heirs and successors, Kings of England, for ever. The Prince resided at Richmond in 1605, and he kept house here in 1612, in which year his death took place. In the accounts of his expenses are payments to De Caus, the French engineer, who appears to have been employed by the Prince upon works at Richmond House and Shene.

In 1617, the royal estate at Richmond was granted to Charles, Prince of Wales, who often resided here after he became King; and had here

a large collection of pictures. In 1627, the estate was settled on the Queen, Henrietta Maria, as part of her dower. In 1636, a masque was performed before the King and Queen at Richmond, by Lord Buckhurst, and Edward Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset. After the execution of the King in 1649, a survey of the palace was taken, and showed there to be a spacious hall, with clock-turret; privy lodgings, three storeys high, ornamented with fourteen turrets; a chapel, with cathedral seats and pews; the privy garden, with open and covered galleries, &c. The palace was sold to Sir Gregory Norton, a member of the High Court of Justice, who signed the warrant for the execution of Charles I.; and who, probably, resided in some part of the palace buildings. Shortly after the Restoration, several boats, laden with rich and curious effigies, formerly belonging to Charles I., were brought from Richmond to Whitehall. On the restoration of the Richmond estate to the Queen-mother, Sir Edward Villiers, father of the first Earl of Jersey, had a grant of the royal house and manor, which he afterwards re-leased to King James II.; whose son, known in history as the *Pretender*, was (according to Burnet), nursed at Richmond.

Next, in the year 1770, the manor was granted to Queen Charlotte, George III.'s consort; from which grant was excepted the site of the palace, then held under lease from the Crown; nor did it include the royal park, inclosed in the reign of Charles I. Wolsley occasionally resided in the lodge, described as "a pleasant residence for a private gentleman." In 1707, Queen Anne demised it to James, Duke of Ormond, who rebuilt the lodge, and resided there until 1715, when having been impeached as an adherent of the Pretender, he privately withdrew from his house at Richmond, and went to Paris. In 1721, the property was sold to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., who frequently retired to Richmond; and his Queen, Caroline, built here a menagerie, a hermitage, and a mystic "Merlin's Cave." George III. occasionally resided here. Some time afterwards, the Lodge was taken down, and the foundations were laid for a new palace; but the building was not proceeded with. In the grounds of one of the Lodges in the Park is a small *Mound*, whereon Henry VIII. is reported to have stood, when watching the ascent of a rocket from the Tower, to announce the execution of Anne Boleyn; on the day after which, Henry was wedded to Jane Seymour. In 1834, some labourers, when digging near Oliver's Mound (where Cromwell is said to have had a camp), discovered the skeletons of three persons, buried about three feet from the surface. There is no lack of deer at Richmond; the venison is stated to be the finest belonging to the Crown; and about sixty brace of bucks are annually supplied from this park.

Different religious communities were founded at Shene; as a Convent of Carmelite Friars, by Edward II.; a Priory of Carthusian Monks, by Henry V.; and a Convent of Observant Friars, by Henry VII. Within the walls of the Carthusian convent, Perkin Warbeck sought an asylum, entreating the prior to beg his life of the King: he was afterwards executed for attempting to break out of the Tower.

On Richmond green remains the entrance gateway to the Wardrobe Court of the old palace; near which long grew a noble elm, said to have been planted by Queen Elizabeth. In the upper chamber of the gateway, it is absurdly stated, the Countess of Nottingham, when on her deathbed, revealed to her royal mistress the treachery of which she had been guilty in respect of the Earl of Essex's ring. Whether there be or be not any truth in the main incident (of which Hume has made such pathetic use, in his account of the last days of Elizabeth), this was certainly not the place of the Countess of Nottingham's decease. That event took place at Arundel House, London, February 20, 1603; as appears from the register of Chelsea parish, where she was buried three days afterwards.

Elizabeth was deeply lamented by her people; indeed, some of their expressions of regret were strangely exaggerated. A poet of that day asserts even that, at the funeral procession, when the royal corpse was rowed from Richmond, to lie in state at Whitehall,

" Fish wept their eyes of *pearl* quite out,
And swam blind after ;"

doubtlessly intending, most loyally, to provide the departed sovereign with a fresh and posthumous supply of her favourite gems! Elizabeth seems to have been particularly fond of pearls, from youth even to her death. The now faded waxwork effigy preserved in Westminster Abbey (and which lay on her coffin, arrayed in royal robes, at her funeral, and caused, as Stow relates, "such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man,") exhibits large round Roman pearls in the stomacher; a carcanet of large round pearls, &c., about the throat; her neck ornamented with long strings of pearls; her high-heeled shoe-bows having in the centre large pearl medallions. Her ear-rings are circular pearl and ruby medallions, with large pear-shaped pearl pendants. This, of course, represents her as she was dressed towards the close of her life. At Ham House is a miniature of her, however, when about twenty, which shows the same taste as existing at that age. She is there portrayed in a black dress, trimmed with a double row of pearls; her point-lace ruffles

are looped with pearls, &c. Her head-dress is decorated in front with a jewel set with pearls, from which three pear-shaped pearls depend. And finally, she has large pearl-tasselled ear-rings. In the Henham-hall portrait, the ruff is confined by a collar of pearls, rubies, &c., set in a gold filigree pattern, with large pear-shaped pearls depending from each lozenge. The sleeves are wreathed with pearls and bullion. The lappets of her head-dress also are adorned at every crossing with a large round white pearl. Her gloves, moreover, were always of white kid, richly embroidered with pearls, &c., on the backs of the hands.

To conclude, 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.



Hampton Court Palace.

The Manor of Hampton was, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, vested in the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; and early in the reign of Henry VIII. Cardinal Wolsey became lessee of the manor, under the Prior of that foundation. The lease is followed by an inventory of the furniture left in the ancient mansion on the estate when Wolsey took possession: his name is spelt *Wuley* in the lease, which is dated Jan. 11th, 1514. The manorial chase was of vast extent; and here, in the height of his greatness, Wolsey built his sumptuous palace, consisting of five courts, two of which only remain. The apartments which were left were principally domestic offices; so that we can have but an inadequate conception of the former splendour of Hampton Court, except from prints. The Cardinal employed the Warden and certain members of the Freemasons as his architects in building his palace; and the accounts of the expenses are preserved in our public records. In removing, in 1838, one of the old towers built by Wolsey, a number of glass bottles were dug out of the foundation: they were, probably, buried to denote the date of the building; and bottles, similarly placed, have been found in corners of old buildings, both at Windsor and Kingston-upon-Thames.

The grandeur of the edifice, or some other cause, of which we have no certain account, induced Wolsey to resign his palace to Henry VIII., in the year 1516, although he occasionally resided in it afterwards. This was the last instance, in this country, of the magnificence of the household establishment of a priest, who held the highest offices in church and

state. Here Wolsey lived in more than regal splendour, and had nearly one thousand persons in his suite. Henry proceeded with the building for several years, and it subsequently became a favourite royal residence.

The best idea that can be formed of the extent of the old palace is by passing along the Tennis-court lane, and inspecting the north front, from the gateway to the Tennis-court. This is all *Wolseyan*, except the modern windows. The chimneys—windpipes of hospitality—are characteristic of the Cardinal's housekeeping. Each of the fireplaces is large enough to roast an ox whole. The attendants were not allowed to enter the kitchens, as each of them has a large square opening, communicating with the several passages, which were closed until the dinners were dressed, when a large wooden flat was let down and upon it were placed the dishes, which were then removed by servants on the outside. When we consider that Wolsey's palace is stated to have contained 1500 rooms, we shall find that these enormous kitchens and fireplaces were not out of proportion to the number of his attendants and guests.

The springs, locally termed the Coombe Water, three miles distant from Hampton Court, were first collected into a conduit, or reservoir, and then conveyed in double pipes for the supply of the palace, by Wolsey; and, as the top of that building is considerably below the level of Coombe Hill, whence the springs issue, the entire palace is amply supplied with the most salubrious water by little aid from artificial hydraulic agency. It is entirely free from all calcareous admixture; and for its efficiency in cases of stone (under which painful disease Wolsey himself is well known to have suffered), by preventing the formation of lithic acid, we have the authority of Dr. William Roots, under whose house at Surbiton the spring passes just prior to its transit beneath the Thames.

In 1527, when some French ambassadors were in England, the King sent them to be entertained by Wolsey at Hampton Court. Cavendish tells us of the preparations: "expert cookes, and connyng persons in the art of cookerie; the cookes wrought both by day and night with subtleties and many crafty devices, where lacked neither gold, silver, nor other costly things;" and "280 beds furnished with all manner ofurniture." Wolsey's arrival is described thus quaintly: "Before the second course, my lord Cardinal came in all booted and spurred; at whose coming there was great joy, with rising every man from his place, whom my lord caused to sit still, and keep their roomes, and being in his apparel as he rode, called for a chayre, and sat down in the middle of the high paradise, laughing and being as merry as ever Cavendish saw him in all his life." The whole party drank long and strong,

and some of the Frenchmen were led off to bed, and in the chambers of all was placed "abundance of wine and beere."

Edward VI. was born at Hampton Court, and his mother, Queen Jane Seymour, died in two days after;* her corpse was conveyed by water to Windsor for burial. Edward VI. resided here, but in such fear of his person being seized, that the inhabitants of Hampton armed themselves for the protection of the young King. Catherine Howard was openly shown as Queen at Hampton Court. Catherine Parr was here married to Henry. Philip and Mary kept Christmas here, 1557, when the large hall was illuminated with 1000 lamps. It was from this place that passports, signed by Queen Mary, but not filled up, were in readiness to be sent off to announce the birth of a son or daughter, as the case might be, when she fancied herself with child; some of these passports are preserved in the State Paper Office. Queen Elizabeth frequently resided here, and gave many splendid entertainments. The celebrated Conference between Presbyterians and the Established Church was held here before James I. as moderator, in a withdrawing-room within the privy chamber, on the subject of Conformity: all the Lords of the Council were present, and the Conference lasted three days; a new translation of the Bible was ordered, and alterations were made in the Liturgy. Charles I. retired here on account of the Plague, 1625, when all communication between London, Southwark, or Lambeth was prohibited by proclamation.

Charles passed his honeymoon here; and here he displayed some of the latest external appearances of being a king. The latter period is thus described: "The King was now come to Hampton Court, with the Parliament Commissioners, at this time attending upon him, and some of the army for his guard. He dines abroad in the presence-chamber, with the same duty and ceremonies as heretofore, where any of the gentry are admitted to kiss his hand. After dinner he retires to his chamber, then he walks into the park, or plays at Tennis. Yesterday he killed a stag, or a buck, and dined with his children at Sion, where they remain as yet; and he returned." Charles was fond of Tennis: he played at Hampton Court the day before he made his escape to the Isle of Wight.

There is a singular anecdote of the King, traditional at Hampton Court. He was one day standing at a window of the palace, surrounded by his children, when a gipsy came up and asked for charity. Her appearance excited ridicule, and probably threats, which so enraged the gipsy, that she took out of her basket a looking-glass, and presented

* Hentzner, in 1598, was shown the bed in which Queen Jane died.

it to the King: he saw in it his own head decollated. Probably, with a natural wish to propitiate so prophetic a beggar, or for some other reason, money was given her. She then said that the death of a dog, in the room the King was then in, would precede the restoration of the kingdom to his family; which the King was about to lose. It is supposed that Oliver Cromwell afterwards slept in the room referred to. He was constantly attended by a faithful dog, who guarded his bedchamber door. On awakening one morning he found the dog dead, on which he exclaimed, in allusion to the gipsy's prophecy, which he had previously heard, "The kingdom is departed from me." Cromwell died soon afterwards.

In 1651, the Honour and Palace of Hampton Court were sold to the State creditors; but previously to 1657 it came into the possession of Cromwell, who made it one of his chief residences: he used frequently to hunt in the neighbourhood, and a part of Bushy Park was formed by him into a preserve for hares. Cromwell is said to have built the old Toy inn, as a dormitory for his roundhead soldiers, not liking to admit them into the palace. Elizabeth, his daughter, was here publicly married to the Lord Falconberg; and the Protector's favourite child, Mrs. Claypole, died here, and was conveyed with great pomp to Westminster Abbey, for burial. On the Restoration of Charles II., the palace was given to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who had brought about that event without bloodshed or confusion. He accepted a sum of money in lieu of the grant, and Charles afterwards occupied the palace. James II. occasionally resided here, and the canopy is still to be seen there, under which he received the Pope's nuncio. King William lived much at Hampton Court: he had it enlarged and the pleasure-gardens laid out in the Dutch style. In July, 1689, the Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess, afterwards Queen Anne, was born here. The Queen sojourned at Hampton Court occasionally; as did her successors, George I., and II., and occasionally, Frederick Prince of Wales; but George III. never resided here. When William V., Stadtholder of the United Provinces, was condemned to quit his country by the French, this palace was appropriated to his use, and he resided here several years.

In the bird's-eye view, by Kipp, the palace and its several courts are shown, in the time of Queen Anne, with its gardens laid out in the geometrical style and decorated with fountains and statues, its kitchen-gardens, Tennis-court, &c.; the chief front of the palace facing the Thames; the formal avenues, radiating from the centre, with the canal formed by Wolsey through the middle avenue. King William pulled down much of the old palace, and employed Wren to build the Foun-

tain Court, which contains on the south the State Apartments, and the King's Staircase, painted by Verrio; and on the north the King's Gallery, originally fitted up for the cartoons of Raphael. On the east is the room in which George I. and George II. frequently dined in public. Northwestward of the Fountain Court is the Chapel, part of Henry VIII.'s building, but fitted up in its present state by Queen Anne, with carving by Gibbons.

Hampton Court in its present state consists of three principal courts, and exceeds in plan any of the royal palaces. The first court is Wolsey's, and is occupied by persons who have grants for life from the Crown. In the Middle or Clock Court is an astronomical clock put up in 1540. On the north is the Great Hall, with a rich timber-framed roof, screen, and part of the gallery. As this hall is not mentioned by Cavendish, it was probably part of Henry's building; it certainly was not finished till 1536 or 1537, as appears from the initials of Henry and Jane Seymour, joined in a true lover's knot, among the decorations. Queen Caroline had a theatre erected here, but only eight plays were performed in it. The walls are hung with tapestry, and the windows have armorial painted glass. Adjoining the hall, at the east end, is "Wolsey's Withdrawing-room," also hung with tapestry; and the round Kitchen Court is of Wolsey's time. An unusually large spider is found in the palace, and called "the Cardinal Spider," from the superstitious notion that the spirits of Wolsey and his retinue still haunt the palace in the shape of spiders!

On the south side of the palace is the Privy Garden, which was sunk ten feet to open a view from the apartments to the Thames. On the northern side is the Tennis-court, and beyond this the Wilderness or Maze. In the Privy Garden is a grape-house, seventy feet in length and fourteen in breadth; the interior is wholly occupied by one vine of the black Hamburgh kind; it was planted in the year 1769, and has in a single year produced 2200 bunches of grapes, averaging one pound each. Here too is the orange-myrtle, said to have been brought to this country by King William III.

The large bay window in the Hall has a strange history. It was upon a pane of this window that, during one of the festivals given there by Henry VIII., the ill-fated Earl of Surrey wrote with a diamond the name of "fair Geraldine," and in quaint verse commemorated her beauty; a license which is said to have excited the jealousy of the King, and to have been one among many other causes of Surrey's end on the scaffold. So runs the romantic episode in his unfortunate life; but there is better evidence to show that Surrey's attachment or rather ad-

miration, was only encouraged for the sake of rhyming—that it was, indeed, a poetical conceit, and that other circumstances lessened the soldier-poet in his sovereign's opinion, although the real cause of his condemnation and death has not been very clearly ascertained.

Surrey, describing Geraldine, says:

“ Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast,
Her sire an earl, her dame of prince's blood,
From tender years in Britain doth she rest
With kynge's child, where tasteth costly food.
Hundsdon did first present her to my eyes ;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight ;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine.”

Walpole considers Geraldine to have been the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of that Earl of Kildare who died a prisoner in the Tower in the year 1535, and one of the maids of honour to the Princess Mary. When Surrey first saw her he was married, living affectionately with his wife, and the fair Geraldine was a mere child, thirteen years of age ; Surrey himself was in his twenty-fourth year. The lady was married in her fifteenth year to Sir Anthony Browne ; but Surrey continued to rhyme, without offending either his own wife or the lady's husband, a circumstance which serves to show that the persons most concerned were fully aware of the real state of the case.

The Palace of Nonsuch.

This royal house, which Henry VIII. began building in a village called Codintone, that no longer exists, obtained its name from its unparalleled beauty ; Leland sings, in Latin, thus translated :

—“ This, because it has no equal, Britons are accustomed to praise, and call by name the *Matchless, or Nonsuch.*”

The works were not completed at the death of Henry VIII., in January, 1547, and they remained unfinished during the reign of Philip and Mary. Henry, Earl of Arundel, “ for the love and honour he bare to his olde maister,” purchased the estate of Queen Mary. Queen Elizabeth, in the second year of her reign, gave Nonsuch Great Park to the Earl of Arundel in exchange for other estates, and he completed the buildings. Nonsuch was in the Earl's time frequently visited by Elizabeth, and subsequent to his death, Her Majesty purchased the palace and Little Park ; and in the latter part of her reign she passed much of her time there. It was at Nonsuch that the Earl of Essex, the Queen's un-

fortunate favourite, had the remarkable interview with Her Majesty on his return from Ireland in September, 1599, as already referred to at page 72.

Camden describes Nonsuch as "built with so much splendour and elegance that it stands a monument of art, and you would think the whole science of architecture exhausted on this building. It has such a profusion of animated statues and finished pieces of art, rivalling the monuments of ancient Rome itself, that it justly receives and maintains its name from them. The house is so surrounded by parks so full of deer, delicious gardens, artificial arbours, parterres, and shady walks, that it seems to be the spot where Pleasure chose to dwell with Health." Hentzner, who visited England in 1598, adds: "in the pleasure and artificial gardens are many columns and pyramids of marble, with two fountains that spout water one round the other like a pyramid, upon which are perched small birds that stream water out of their bills. In the Grove of Diana is a fountain with Actæon turned into a Stag, as he was sprinkled by the Goddess and her Nymphs, with inscriptions. There is besides another pyramid of marble full of concealed pipes, which spirt upon all who come within their reach." In 1650, Nonsuch was described as a large freestone building, two stories high, embattled and slated, and surrounding a paved court, with a gatehouse, battled and turreted at every corner; also a curious structure, two stories high, richly adorned and garnished with statues, pictures, and "other antick forms." On the east and west corners were two large turrets of five storeys high, with lanterns, commanding prospects of the parks of Nonsuch, and most of the country round. The decorations of the gardens and fountains, banqueting-house, &c., are likewise described in this survey.

James I. settled Nonsuch Palace and Parks on Anne of Denmark. Next they were held by the consort of Charles I. After the execution of the King, in 1649, a lease of Nonsuch was granted to Algernon Sidney. At the Restoration, the Queen Dowager, Henrietta Maria, recovered possession. In the Plague year, 1665, the Exchequer was removed to the "Queen's House" at Nonsuch; and next year it was visited by Evelyn, who describes the plaster statues and bas-relievs inserted twixt the timbers and punchions of the outside walls of the court; which were the work of some celebrated Italian, and had lasted well and entire since the time of Henry VIII.: some were as big as the life; the story of the Heathen Gods, emblems, &c. The palace consists of two courts—one stone, castle-like; the other timber, Gothic, covered with scales of slate fastened on the timber in pretty figures. There stand in

the garden two handsome stone pyramids, and avenues of fair elms; but the rest of the trees were felled "by those destructive and avaricious rebels in the late warr, w^{ch} defac'd one of the stateliest Seates his Ma^y had."

Pepys says of Nonsuch: "A fine place it hath heretofore been, all the house on the outside being filled with figures of stories, and good paintings of Rubens' or Holbein's doing. (?) And most of the house is covered, I mean between the post and quarters in the walls, with lead and gilded."

On the death of the Queen Dowager, Aug. 10, 1669, this estate reverted to the Crown; and in 1670, Charles II. demised it to Sir Robert Long, who had been Secretary to the King during his exile. The King conveyed it in trust to his mistress, Barbara, Countess of Castlemaine, now created Baroness of Nonsuch, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled down the palace, sold the materials, with which the Earl of Berkshire built Durdans, and disparted the land. Among the noble trees of the domain is "Queen Elizabeth's Elm," beneath whose shade she is said to have taken her stand when shooting with the cross-bow at the deer in the park: the height is eighty feet. Upon part of the estate is built a large castellated edifice, in the Elizabethan style, which bears the name of Nonsuch.



The Palace of Oatlands.

This "royal pleasure-house," built by Henry VIII., lay but a short distance from Cowey Stakes, the point at which, about eighteen centuries previously, Cæsar crossed the Thames to the territories of Cassibelaunus. King Henry had obtained possession of Hampton Court, and obtained in exchange Oatlands to annex to the chace. A drawing made in the time of Elizabeth shows Oatlands palace to have comprised two quadrangular courts, and three enclosures, with a garden beyond. The second or principal quadrangle has at each end a machicolated gate-house, with angle turrets and fine bay-windows. Queen Elizabeth was here in 1599 and 1602, when she is said to have shot with a cross-bow in the paddock. Anne of Denmark, consort of James I., was also sometime resident at Oatlands, and built here "the Silkworm Room," which may have been designed by Inigo Jones. Charles I. granted the estate for life, to the Queen (Henrietta Maria); their youngest son, Henry, created Duke of Gloucester, was born here in 1640, and was hence styled *Henry of Oatlands*. Most of the palace buildings were

destroyed (the foundations and vaults may yet be traced), and the land was disparked, during the interregnum; but, after the Restoration of Charles II., the Queen Dowager regained possession of Oatlands, in the dilapidated state to which it had been reduced. In 1661, it was leased to Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's, the favourite, and afterwards the second husband of the said Queen (see *Diary* of Samuel Pepys, 2nd edit.) In 1716, it became the property of Henry, Earl of Lincoln, whose son and heir formed the gardens, about 1725; and he most probably erected the house on the terrace. On the side of the park next Walton-on-Thames is an arched gateway, which was built by Inigo Jones. The estate next became the property of the Duke of Newcastle, who had constructed here a grotto, at a considerable expense, by three persons, a father and two sons, who are reported to have been employed on the work several years; the sides and roof of the apartments are incrustated with satin-spar, sparkling ores, shells, crystals, and stalactites. Oatlands was next sold to the Duke of York; in 1793, the house was destroyed by fire, while the Duke was in Flanders; when the Duchess and her servants escaped with difficulty. A new house was built, and the estate enlarged; after the Duke's death, the estate was sold, and eventually disparked.

In the upper chamber of the grotto the Duchess of York passed much of her time when the Duke was in Flanders. Her Royal Highness had an eccentric taste for keeping pet-dogs, and near the grotto there were between sixty and seventy small upright stones, inscribed with the names of an equal number of dogs, which were buried here by direction of the Duchess: she extended her kindness even to the rooks, which, when driven from the neighbouring fields, experienced a marked protection on this demesne, where, finding themselves in security, they soon established a flourishing rookery. This humane trait in the character of the Duchess was thus commemorated by Lord Erskine:

“At Oatlands, where the buoyant air
Vast crowds of Rooks can scarcely bear
What verdure paints returning spring!
What crops surrounding harvests bring!
Yet swarms on every tree are found,
Nor hear the Fowler's dreaded sound.
And when the Kite's resistless blow
Dashes their scattered nests below,
Alarmed, they quit the distant field,
To seek the Park's indulgent shield;
Where close in the o'ershadowing wood
They build new castles for their brood,
Secure, their fair Protectress nigh,
Whose bosom swells with sympathy.”

Henry of Oatlands, so Fuller had heard him called in his cradle, has been described as a prince of promising hopes, who, at the last interview which the ill-fated King (Charles I.) had with his children, "displayed an understanding and sensibility far beyond his years." Fuller quaintly remarks, that "he had a great *appetite* for learning, and a quick *digestion*, able to take as much as his tutors could teach him. He fluently could speak *many*, understand *more* modern tongues; and was able to express himself in matters of importance *presently*, *properly*, *solidly*, to the admiration of such who trebled his age." Dr. South relates that "a certain Lawyer, a great confidant of the rebels in the time of their reign, upon a consult held amongst them, how to dispose of the Duke of Gloucester, then in their hands, with great gravity (forsooth) declared it for his opinion, 'that they should bind him out to some good Trade, so that he might eat his bread honestly.' " He was, however, "permitted to depart the land, with scarce tolerable accommodations, and the promise of a (never-performed) Pension for his future support." South adds: "Those were his words, and very extraordinary they were indeed. Nevertheless they could not hinder him from being made a Judge in the reign of King Charles II.—A Practice not unusual in the Courts of some Princes, to encourage and prefer their mortal enemies before their honest Friends." On the Restoration, in 1660, Henry returned to England with his brothers; but he died at Whitehall on September 13th, following, of the small-pox, "by the great negligence of the doctors." Pepys saw the King in Whitehall gardens, in *purple* mourning for his brother." He was interred in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, whither his remains were conveyed by water from Somerset House.

St. James's Palace.

This Palace, more remarkable for its historical associations than for its architectural character, is situate on the north side St. James's Park, and occupies the site of a hospital, founded prior to the Norman Conquest, for leprous females, and dedicated to St. James; it was endowed by the citizens with lands, and Edward I. granted to the foundation the privilege of an annual Fair, to be held on the eve of St. James and six following days. The house was rebuilt by Berkyngge, abbot of Westminster, in Henry III.'s reign: and its perpetual custody was granted by Henry VI. to Eton College. Henry VIII. obtained the hospital in exchange for Chattisham and other lands in Suffolk: he then dismissed

the inmates, pensioned the sisterhood; and having pulled down the ancient structure, "purchased all the meadows about St. James's, for a parke." "The Manor House," as it was then called, is believed to have been planned by Holbein, and built under the direction of Cromwell, Earl of Essex. Henry's gatehouse and turrets face St. James's-street. It was occasionally occupied by Henry as a semi-rural residence, down to the period when Wolsey surrendered Whitehall to the Crown. Edward and Elizabeth rarely resided at St. James's: but Mary made it the place of her gloomy retirement during the absence of her husband, Philip of Spain: here she expired. The Manor House, with all its appurtenances, except the park and the mews, were granted by James I. to his son Henry in 1610; at whose death, in 1612, they reverted to the Crown. Charles I. enlarged the palace, and most of his children (including Charles II.) were born in it. In the chapel of the hospital, Charles I. attended divine service on the morning of his execution, and "from hence the king walked through the Park, guarded with a regiment of foot and partisans, to Whitehall." The *Queen's Chapel* was built for Catherine of Braganza, who first heard mass there on Sunday, September 21st, 1662, when Lady Castlemaine, though a Protestant, and the King's avowed mistress, attended her as one of her maids of honour. Pepys describes "the fine altar ornaments, the fryers in their habits, and the priests with their fine crosses."

At "St. James's House" Monk resided while planning the Restoration. In the old bedchamber, now the ante-chamber to the levee-room, was born James (the old Pretender), the son of James II. by Mary of Modena: the bed stood close to the back stairs, and favoured the scandal of the child being conveyed in a warming-pan to the Queen's bed. During the Civil Wars, St. James's became the prison-house, for nearly three years, of the Duke of York and Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth: on April 20, 1648, the Duke of York escaped from the palace-garden in the Park, through the Spring Garden, to a hackney-coach in waiting for him; and in female disguise, he reached a Dutch vessel below Gravesend. After the Restoration, the Duke occupied St. James's; here the Duke slept the night before his coronation, and next morning proceeded to Whitehall. On December 18, 1688, William Prince of Orange came to St. James's, where, three days afterwards, the peers assembled, and the household and other officers of the abdicated sovereign laid down their badges. Evelyn says: "All the world goes to see the Prince at St. James's, where there is a greate court. There I saw him: he is very stately, serious, and reserved." King William occasionally held councils here: but it

was not until after the burning of Whitehall, in 1697, that this Palace became used for state ceremonies, whence dates *the Court of St. James's*.

One of the most interesting apartments is the *Tapestry Room*, hung with gorgeous tapestry made for Charles II., and representing the amours of Venus and Mars. The stone Tudor arch of the fireplace is sculptured with the letters H. A. (Henry and Anne Boleyn), united by a true lover's knot, surmounted by a regal crown; also the lily of France, the Tudor portcullis, and the rose of Lancaster.

Scandalous stories are related of the conduct of the mistresses of George I. and II. in St. James's Palace. The Duchess of Kendal, the German mistress of King George I., and Miss Brett, the English mistress of the same King, had apartments there; the Duchess of Kendal's rooms were on the ground-floor towards the garden. Three of the King's grand-daughters were lodged in the palace at the same time; and Anne, the eldest, a woman of most imperious and ambitious nature, soon came to words with the English mistress of her grandfather. When the King set out for Hanover, Miss Brett, it appears, ordered a door to be broken out of her apartment into the palace garden. The Princess Anne, offended at her freedom, and not choosing such a companion in her walks, ordered the door to be walled up again. Miss Brett as promptly reversed that command; and while bricks and words were bandied about, the King died suddenly, and the empire of the imperious mistresses was at an end.

Mrs. Howard (afterwards Countess of Suffolk), the mistress of George II., had apartments here, the same formerly occupied by the Duchess of Kendal. The King was not allowed to retain undisturbed possession of his mistress. Mr. Howard went one night into the quadrangle of St. James's, and before the Guards and other audience vociferously demanded his wife to be restored to him. He was, however, soon thrust out, and just as soon soothed—selling (as Walpole had heard) his noisy honour and the possession of his wife for a pension of 120*l.* a year.

Sometimes these strange doings were checked. The Queen had an obscure window at St. James's, that looked into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield, one Twelfth Night at Court, had won so large a sum of money, that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the Queen inferred great intimacy; and afterwards, Lord Chesterfield could obtain no favour at Court; and finding himself desperate, went into opposition.

Kensington Palace,

Though named from the adjoining town, is situated in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster. The original mansion was purchased (with the grounds, six acres) by King William III., in 1691, of Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham. In the following November the house was nearly destroyed by fire, and the King narrowly escaped being burned in his bed. After Sir Heneage Finch's advancement to the peerage, the mansion was called "Nottingham House," of which the north wing is part. King William held councils in this palace; its decoration was the favourite amusement of Queen Mary; and it was next fitted up for Queen Anne, for whom was built the Banqueting House, in the gardens. George II. and Queen Caroline passed most of their time here. In the palace died Queen Mary and King William; Queen Anne and Prince George; and George II. Some of the State Apartments are hung with tapestry, and have painted ceilings, and carvings by Gibbons. The closet of William III. contained his writing-table and escritoire; and the Patchwork Closet had its walls and chairs covered with tapestry, worked by Queen Mary. During the reign of George III. the palace was forsaken by the Sovereign. The Princess of Wales and her aged mother resided here. Queen Victoria was born here, and held here her first Council.

At Kensington Palace the Princess Victoria received the intelligence of the death of William IV., as described in the *Diaries of a Lady of Quality*: "June, 1837. On the 20th, at 2 A.M., the scene closed, and in a very short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyng-ham, the Chamberlain, set out to announce the event to their young Sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace at about five; they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gates; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform H.R.H. 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 she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come to the *Queen* on business of State, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did: and to prove that *she* did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes 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.

“The first act of the reign was of course the summoning of the Council, and most of the summonses were not received till after the early hour fixed for its meeting. The Queen was, upon the opening of the doors, found sitting at the head of the table. She received first the homage of the Duke of Cumberland, who, I suppose, was not King of Hanover when he knelt to her; the Duke of Sussex rose to perform the same ceremony, but the Queen, with admirable grace, stood up, and, preventing him from kneeling, kissed him on the forehead. The crowd was so great, the arrangements were so ill-made, that my brothers told me the scene of swearing allegiance to their young Sovereign was more like that of the bidding at an auction than anything else.”

Kensington Gardens, “not exhilarating, yet alive and pleasant,” contain some interesting memorials: the old sun-dial, attributed to Gibbons, was stolen in 1855.

Carlton House.

This royal mansion, which existed little more than a century, occupied that portion of Waterloo-place which is south of Pall Mall. It was originally built for Lord Carlton, in 1709: bequeathed by him to his nephew, Lord Burlington, the architect, and purchased, in 1732, by Frederic Prince of Wales, father of George III.: here the Princess of Wales died in 1772. Kent laid out the grounds for Lord Burlington: they extended along the south side of Pall Mall, and are said to have been in imitation of Pope’s garden at Twickenham, with numerous bowers, grottoes, and terminal busts. The property was assigned as the residence of the Prince—afterwards George IV.—in 1783, when great alterations were made under Holland.

Horace Walpole writes, Sept. 17, 1785: “We went to see the Prince’s new palace in Pall Mall, and were charmed. It will be the most perfect in Europe. There is an august simplicity that astonished me. You cannot call it magnificent; it is the taste and propriety that strike. Every ornament is at a proper distance, and not one too large, but all delicate and new, with more freedom and variety than Greek ornaments [designed by Gobert] . . . and there are three most spacious apartments, all looking on the lovely garden, a terreno, a state apartment, and an attic. The portico, vestibule, hall, and staircase will be superb, and, to my taste, full of perspectives: the jewel of all is a small music-room, that opens into a green recess, and winding walk of

the gardens. In all the fairy tales you have seen, you never was in so pretty a scene, Madam [Countess of Ossory]. I forgot to tell you how admirably all the carving, stucco, and ornaments are executed; but whence the money is to come I conceive not, all the tin mines in Cornwall could not pay a quarter. How sick one shall be after this chaste palace of Mr. Adam's gingerbread and sippets of embroidery!"

The main front had a central Corinthian portico. The most important point for notice as to the interior of Carlton House, is the absence of the Louis Quinze style. The Carlton House chair and table are remembered. The conservatory, said to be in imitation of a cathedral, or Henry VII.'s chapel, was equally suggestive of Roslyn Chapel: the ribs of the fan-tracery filled in with stained glass.

Here was a remarkably fine collection of arms and costumes, including two swords of Charles I.; swords of Columbus and Marlborough, and a *couteau-de-chasse* used by Charles XII. of Sweden. Carlton House was sumptuously furnished for the Prince's ill-starred marriage: here was born the Princess Charlotte. The ceremonial of conferring the Regency was enacted at Carlton House with great pomp in 1811, and on June 19 following, the Prince Regent gave here a superb supper to 2000 guests; a stream with gold and silver fish flowing through a marble canal down the centre table. In 1827 the palace was removed.

The Archiepiscopal Palace, Croydon.

The manor of Croydon is stated to have been given by William the Conqueror to Archbishop Lanfranc, who is supposed to have founded the archiepiscopal palace; though Robert Kilwardby is the first prelate who is certainly known to have resided at Croydon, whence he dated, September 4th, 1273, a mandate for holding a convocation at the New Temple, in London. Several succeeding prelates, in the same and the following century, were occasionally resident here; and among them Archbishop Courtney, who received the pall with great solemnity in the principal chamber, or great hall, of his manor of Croydon, May 14, 1382. Thomas Arundel, the next archbishop, probably built the guard-chamber, which bears his arms: in his custody King James I. of Scotland was detained here. Cardinal Stafford, who obtained the see in 1443, either rebuilt or repaired the great hall. Archbishop Cranmer also repaired the palace. During his prelacy, Croydon became the scene of the trial or judicial examination of John Frith, accused of heresy before Cromwell, Cranmer, and others, for maintaining certain doctrines which the archbishop himself, secretly, and afterwards openly,

professed. Frith, refusing to recant, was burnt in Smithfield, July 22, 1534. Cranmer is said to have had no hand in the Bill of Attainder against the Duke of Norfolk; but recent historians prove that Cranmer, after being present in the House of Lords on the three several days on which the iniquitous Bill against the Duke was read, had retreated for quiet to Croydon, where he was when he received a summons to attend his royal master in his last agonies.

Archbishop Parker entertained Queen Elizabeth at his palace of Croydon for seven days in July, 1573. In April 1587, Sir Christopher Hatton was appointed Lord Chancellor, through the recommendation of Archbishop Whitgift, and the Great Seal was delivered to him in the gallery of the palace at Croydon. During the interregnum, the palace and lands were let, for forty pounds a year, to Charles, Earl of Nottingham. In 1652, the estate was granted to Sir William Brereton, Bart., who died 1661: while he held the palace, it was said that he was "a notable man at a thanksgiving-dinner, having terrible long teeth, and a prodigious stomach, to turn the Archbishop's chapel into a kitchen, and to swallow up that palace and lands at a morsel."

After the Restoration, Archbishop Juxon repaired and restored the palace. Archbishop Herring vastly improved and adorned it: he was the last prelate who resided at Croydon; and the palace having been deserted for more than twenty years, became greatly dilapidated, was sold in 1780, and the mansion and estate of Addington Park were purchased in lieu of it.

Croydon Park was held by the Archbishops of Canterbury: among the Keepers was William Walworth, Mayor of London, who contributed greatly to the extinction of the rebellion of Wat Tyler, in the reign of Richard II. Walworth was appointed to the Keepership by Archbishop Courtney in 1382. In Croydon church, founded in the Saxon era, are monuments to several Archbishops of Canterbury. The present church was commenced by Archbishop Courtney, and completed by Archbishop Chicheley. It had originally very fine painted windows, which, in the time of the Rebellion, one Blope was hired for half-a-crown per day to break! In the church are the effigies of these archbishops: Grindal, in his scarlet robes; Sheldon, in his robes and mitre, designed and executed by the City mason and his English workmen: the tombs of Wake, Potter, and Herring; and Whitgift, in the act of prayer. Here lies Dr. Richard Phillips, the vicar, who, preaching at St. Paul's, *against printing*, exclaimed: "We [the Roman Catholics] must root out Printing, or Printing will root out us!" Dr. Clewer, collated in 1680, by Charles II., was of criminal character, and had

been tried once, and burnt in the hand at the Old Bailey, for stealing a silver cup: he was robbed on the Acton road, when the Doctor, not having a farthing about him, lost his gown at a game of all-fours with the footpad, and had to go home without his canonicals. Barkley, who wrote the *Ship of Fools*, and was successively a Benedictine monk at Ely, and a Franciscan at Canterbury, was buried in the churchyard, where lay one William Burnet, with this inscription:

"What is Man?
 To-day he's drest in Gold and Silver bright;
 Wrapt in a Shroud before to-morrow night:
 To-day he's feasting on delicious food;
 To-morrow, nothing eat can do him good;
 To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
 In a few days himself a dish for worms:
 To-day he's honour'd, and in great esteem;
 To-morrow not a beggar values him:
 To-day he rises from a velvet bed;
 To-morrow lies in one that's made of lead:
 To-day his house, tho' large, he thinks too small;
 To-morrow can command no house at all:
 To-day he's twenty servants at his gate;
 To-morrow scarcely one will deign to wait:
 To-day perfumed, and sweet as is the rose;
 To-morrow stinks in everybody's nose:
 To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight;
 Ghastly and pale before to-morrow night.
 Now, when you've wrote and said whate'er you can,
 This is the best that you can say of MAN."

The Minorics.

The street which extends from Aldgate to the Tower has the name of *Minorics*, derived from *Sorores Minores* (Minoreesses), a convent of nuns, denominated Clares, from their foundress, St. Clara. It was founded by Blanche, widow of Henry le Gros, King of Navarre, married to Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, Leicester, and Derby, brother to King Edward I. In the year 1515, we are informed by Stow, that a pestilence being in the city and suburbs, there died in this convent twenty-seven nuns, besides lay sisters and servants of the monastery. There were interred in its church the Queen Dowager Isabella, wife of Edward II.; as also Bishop Clerke, who in 1521, presented that remarkable copy of the King's book against Luther to the Pope, which obtained for Henry VIII. the name of "Defender of the Faith." This embassy, it is supposed, paved the way to a bishopric, as another seems to have occasioned his death. For when, in 1533, it was debated in

convocation whether a marriage with a brother's widow was contrary to the divine law, and indispensable by the Pope, supposing no issue, and, again, whether the marriage between Prince Arthur and Katharine had been properly consummated; he was one of the few of the council who, on the first question, refused to vote against the Queen, and the only one who, on the second point, actually voted in her behalf. Notwithstanding his opposition to the wishes of Henry VIII., this King gave him the monastery in the "Minorities," then recently become vested in the Crown. This prelate was supposed to have been poisoned in Germany, as he was journeying towards Cleves, and having returned with great difficulty to London, died the following year, 1544, and was buried in the abbey of the "Sorores Minores," before its actual suppression and surrender. The land belonging to the abbey reverted to the Crown; and in the following reign, Edward VI., it was again given to Henry Grey, the father of Lady Jane Grey, who was created Duke of Suffolk in 1551, and beheaded in 1553. "In place of this house of nuns," says Stow, "is now built divers fair and large storehouses for armour and habiliments of war, with divers workhouses working for the same purpose." There was built also on the site of the monastery the parish church of Holy Trinity, on the east side of the Minorities: the parish, which was formerly the close of a religious house, is without the walls of London, although in the Liberty of the Tower of London. It contains a handsome monument, supposed of alabaster, with the figures of Sir John Pelham and his wife, together with their son, all kneeling; it bears the following inscription:

"Deathe first did strike Sir John, here tombd in claye,
And then enforst his sonne to follow faste;
Of Pelham's line, this Knyghte was chiefe and stay,
By this, behold! all fleshe must dye at laste.
But Bletsowe's lord, thy sister most may moane
Both mate and sonne hathe left her here alone.

SIR JOHN PELHAM, dyed Oct. 13, 1580.

OLIVER PELHAM, his sonne, dyed Jan. 19, 1584."

There is a supposition that Sir Isaac Newton, who was Warden of the Mint in 1704, and afterwards Master Worker of the same place, lived for a short period in Haydon-square, which is in the parish; and there is also in this square a spring of pure water of the most admirable purity and brilliancy, which was the convent fountain. Some bones, taken from the plains of Culloden, are deposited in the churchyard, bearing the date 1745; and in the church is placed a head, taken from a body which evidently had suffered decapitation, although it is impossible to discover now the name of its possessor.

In 1853, during excavations in the square, was found a stone sarcophagus of the late Roman period, sculptured with fruit, a medallic bust, and foliage, and containing a leaden coffin with the remains of a child: the sarcophagus is now in the British Museum.

Francis Osborne records (1701), that he heard William, Earl of Pembroke, relate, with much regret, that Sir Walter Raleigh's Lord Cobham, died in a room ascended by a ladder, at a poor woman's house in the Minories, formerly his laundress, rather of hunger than any more natural disease.

The Minories weapons do not appear to have ranked very high, to judge by the following comparison, in one of Dryden's prefaces: "He who works dully on a story, without moving laughter in a comedy, or raising concernments in a serious play, is no more to be counted a good poet, than a gunsmith of the Minories is to be compared with the best workmen of the town;" so that, when the Spa Fields rioters, in 1816, plundered the shops of the gunsmiths on their way to "summon the Tower," they reckoned without their host.

Sion House, Isleworth.

Upon the north bank of the Thames, opposite Richmond Gardens, is the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, called Sion, from a nunnery of Bridgetines, of the same name, originally founded at Twickenham by Henry V., in 1414, and removed to this spot in 1432. The conventual association consisted of sixty nuns, exclusive of the abbess, thirteen priests, four deacons, and eight lay-brethren; the whole thus corresponding, in point of number, with the apostles and seventy-two disciples of Christ. Many irregularities existed in this foundation; on which account it was among the earliest of the larger monastic institutions that was suppressed in the time of Henry VIII.

After the Dissolution of the convent, in 1532, it continued in the Crown during the remainder of Henry's reign; and the King confined here his unfortunate Queen, Catherine Howard, from Nov. 14, 1541, to her being examined by the Archbishop of Canterbury and confessing the looseness of her life: she was executed with Lady Rochford, Feb. 12, 1542. Edward VI. granted the estate to his uncle, the Duke of Somerset, who, in 1547, began to build this magnificent structure, and finished the shell of it nearly as it now remains. It is of white stone, quadrangular form, with a square turret at each angle, the roof flat and embattled. In the centre is an inclosed area, eighty feet square,

now laid out as a flower-garden. The gardens were inclosed by high walls before the east and west fronts, and were laid out in a grand manner, but so as to insure stately privacy, thus depriving the house of all prospect. To remedy this inconvenience, the Protector built a high triangular terrace in the angle between the walls of the two gardens: this, by his enemies, was afterwards called a *fortification*, and adduced as one proof among others, of his having formed a design dangerous to the liberties of the King and people. The Duke was executed, Jan. 22, 1552. The King gives, in his Journal, several particulars of the charges against his uncle, but dismisses his death in the most heartless manner. "The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Tower Hill, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning."

Sion was now forfeited, and the house, which was given to John, Duke of Northumberland, then became the residence of his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, and of his daughter-in-law, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey: she resided at Sion when the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk, and her husband, came to prevail upon her to accept the fatal present of the Crown; and hence she was conducted, as then usual on the accession of the Sovereign, to reside some time in the Tower.

The Duke being beheaded in 1553, Sion House reverted to the Crown. Queen Mary restored it to the Bridgetines, who possessed it till they were finally expelled by Elizabeth. In 1604, Sion House was granted to Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, in consideration of his eminent services. His son, Algernon, employed Inigo Jones to new face the inner court and finish the Great Hall. In 1682, Charles, Duke of Somerset, having married the only child of Joceline, Earl of Northumberland, Sion House became his property. He lent the house to the Princess Anne, who resided here during her misunderstanding with Queen Mary. Upon the Duke's death, in 1748, his son, Algernon, gave Sion House to Sir Hugh and Lady Elizabeth Smithson, his son-in-law and daughter, afterwards Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

The house has a magnificent interior, with treasures of ancient and modern sculpture; and a fine collection of royal and noble portraits. Those of the Stuart family are placed in the apartments in which the ill-fated Charles had so many tender interviews with his children, after the latter were committed to the charge of Lord Algernon Percy, and removed to Sion House in August, 1646. The Earl treated them with parental attention, and obtained a grant of Parliament for the King to be allowed to see them; and in consequence of the indulgence, Charles, who was then under restraint at Hampton

Court, often dined with his family at Sion House. The Duke of York was, at that period, about fourteen years of age; the Princess Elizabeth, twelve; and the Duke of Gloucester, seven. The portrait of the Princess, in the Sion collection, is believed to be the only picture extant of this lady.

Ham House, Petersham.

One of the finest *historic houses* in the environs of London is Ham House, in the possession of the Dysart family, situated upon low ground, near the banks of the Thames, and opposite to the classic shore of Teddington. This mansion is a very curious specimen of the domestic architecture of the time of James I. It was erected by Sir Thomas Vavasor, Knt., who, in 1611, was appointed judge of the then newly-constituted Marshal's court, conjointly with Sir Francis Bacon, the solicitor-general, and afterwards lord chancellor. The date of the house, 1610, and VIVAT REX, are carved on the principal entrance-door. The house is surrounded with majestic elms and groves of Scotch firs. The mansion is built of red brick, with stone finishings. The gardens have been but little altered since they were originally formed; terrace above terrace slope towards the river; and Ham Walks have been celebrated by several of our poets. On the principal façade of the house, and the garden walls, is a series of well-sculptured busts in niches. In the centre is a large hall, surrounded by an open gallery; the balustrades of the grand staircase are of walnut tree, ornamented with military trophies. The great statesman and general, John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, was born here. James II. was ordered to retire to Ham House, on the arrival of the Prince of Orange in London, but thinking himself too near the metropolis, he retired precipitately into France. Some of the apartments are lined with tapestry and rich hangings; and are left nearly in the same state as when they were inhabited by the Countess of Dysart, who refurnished the house at a great expense in the reign of Charles the Second. Many things, indeed, remind us of those times; the Stuart arms form the back of several of the fireplaces; the paintings are mostly of that era, and the inlaid floors and tables still bear the cypher of the countess. Adjoining the entrance hall is a small chapel, in which is a folio prayer-book, with the royal arms, presented by Charles II. Within a small picture-closet, the coved ceiling painted by Verrio, are miniatures, cabinet pictures, and articles of *virtu*. Here are two miniatures of Queen Elizabeth, one with astonishing elaborateness of dress, embroidery, and pearls. In a

little glazed cabinet are miniatures of Charles XII. of Sweden ; Mary d'Este, second wife of James II. ; Louis XIV. when a child, on enamel, by Petitot ; together with a small lock of hair from the decapitated Earl of Essex, which is attached to one ear-ring that was originally worn by the Duchess of Somerset, the Earl's daughter.

The hangings of the Tapestry-room comprise four copies of Raphael's Cartoons, possibly wrought at Mortlake, where Sir Francis Crane established a tapestry manufacture, under the patronage of James I. The Queen's Audience Chamber is likewise hung with tapestry resembling the Gobelin manufacture—the subjects from Watteau. This room is called the Cabal Chamber, from the meetings held there by the despotic ministers of Charles II., whose initials form "Cabal." In the China closet is an original picture of King James I., seated in an arm-chair. The prayer-book of the celebrated Lady Rachel Russell is kept in one of the drawing-rooms.

In the Duchess of Lauderdale's Apartments almost everything remains in the same order as when tenanted by that lady. Besides the choice portraits, in the adjoining room is the arm-chair (beneath a silken canopy, now pendent in tatters), in which she was accustomed to sit ; her writing-desk, tall cane, and shorter walking-stick are preserved here. The Picture Gallery is hung with portraits, mostly by Sir Peter Lely and Vandyck. The curious old Library, called by Dibdin a "wonderful book paradise," contains fourteen of Caxton's works. Here are many documents and original letters of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. ; also, the first known edition of the *Pastime of Pleasure*, by Stephen Hawes, printed by De Worde, in 1509 ; and from the same press is another amatory poem, entitled *The Comfort of Lovers*, by Hawes, of which no other copy is known to be extant.

The Countess of Dysart, of whom here is a most lovely portrait by Vandyck, came to have so much power over the Lord Lauderdale, that it lessened him much in the esteem of the world ; for he delivered himself up to all her humours and passions. She sold all places, and was wanting in no methods that could bring her money, which she lavished out in a most profused vanity. She is supposed to have been the mistress of the Protector : she made a boast to her husband, that when he was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, she saved him from the block by submitting to the familiarities of Cromwell. Burnet says that "he was certainly fond of her, and she took good care to entertain him in it," and that "his intrigues with her were not a little taken notice of." This intimacy subsequently gave so much offence to the Puritans, that he was compelled to relinquish his visits.

Holland House and its Memories.

This celebrated mansion is charmingly placed upon high ground, about two miles west of the town, in a beautiful park, between the Kensington and Uxbridge roads. The upper apartments are on a level with the stone gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral. It was the manor-house of Abbots Kensington, built in 1607, for Sir Walter Cope, from whom it descended to his son-in-law, Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, whence it was named *Holland House*. The Earl was twice made prisoner here—by Charles I., in 1633, for his challenging Lord Weston—and by the command of the Parliament, after his attempt to restore the King, for which he was beheaded in 1649. Holland House was next occupied by Fairfax, as his head-quarters. The mansion was, however, soon restored to the Countess of Holland. During the Protectorate, “in Oliver's time,” the players used to act privately here. In 1716, the estate passed to Addison, the Essayist, by his marriage with Charlotte, Dowager Countess of Holland and Warwick; here Addison died, June 17, 1719: having, as stated by Dr. Edward Young, addressed to the dissolute Earl of Warwick these solemn words: “I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die!” he shortly after expired:

“There taught us how to live, and—oh, too high
The price of knowledge!—taught us how to die.”

The young Earl himself died in 1721. Lord Holland died here July 1, 1774: during his last illness, George Selwyn called and left his card; Selwyn had a fondness for seeing dead bodies, and the dying lord, fully comprehending his feeling, is said to have remarked, “If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead, he would like to see me.” Lord Holland (the famous Whig), called on Lord Lansdowne a little before his death, and showed him his epitaph of his own composition. “Here lies Henry Vassall Fox, Lord Holland, &c., who was drowned while sitting in his elbow-chair:” he died in Holland House, in his elbow-chair, of water in the chest.—*Cunningham*.

About the year 1762, the estate was sold to Henry Fox, the first Baron Holland of that name, whose second son, Charles James Fox, passed his early years at Holland House; and here lived his nephew, the accomplished peer, at whose death, in 1840, the estate descended to his only son, by whom the olden character of the mansion and its appurtenances was studiously maintained.

It has been commonly stated and believed that Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick was a most unhappy match; and that, to drown his sorrow and escape from his termagant wife, he would often slip away from Holland House to the White Horse Inn, which stood on the site of the present Holland Arms Inn. Here Addison would enjoy his favourite dish of fillet of veal, his bottle, and perhaps a friend. Moreover, Addison is accused of having taught Dryden to drink, so as to hasten his end. Pope also states that Addison kept such late hours that he was compelled to quit his company. But both these anecdotes are from Spence's medley volume, and are doubted; and they have done much injury to Addison's character. Miss Aikin (in her *Life of Addison*), endeavours to invalidate these imputations, by reference to the sobriety of Addison's early life. He had a remarkably sound constitution, and could, probably, sit out his companions, and stop short of actual intoxication; indeed, it was said that he was only warmed into the utmost brilliancy of table conversation by the time that Steele had rendered himself nearly unfit for it. The idea that domestic unhappiness led him to contract intoxication, is then repudiated; and the opposite conclusion supported by the bequest of his whole property to his lady. "Is it conceivable," asks Miss Aikin, "that any man would thus 'give and hazard all he had,' even to his precious only child, in compliment to a woman who should have rendered his last years miserable by her pride and petulance, and have driven him out from his home, to pass his comfortless evenings in the gross indulgence of a tavern?"

There is a story told of Sheridan, which has more the semblance of truth. Nearly opposite, in the Kensington road, was the Adam and Eve public house, where Sheridan, on his way to and from Holland House, regularly stopped for a dram; and there he ran up a long bill, which Lord Holland had to pay.

The House, designed by Thorpe, is in plan half the letter H, of deep red brick, with stone finishings, and Elizabethan character, but it has lost many of its original features. The Great Staircase and the Gilt Room, are of the time of James I.; the latter is mostly by Francis Cleyn, who was much employed by James I. and Charles I.: the ceiling "in grotesque," by Cleyn, fell down during the minority of the late Lord Holland; the wainscot-panels have alternately gold fleurs-de-lis on blue, within palm branches; and gold crosslets on red, encircled with laurel; with the arms of the Rich and Cope families, and the punning motto, *Ditior est qui se?*—who more *rich* than he? The entablature has a painted leaf enrichment, with gilt acorns between; the compartments of the two fire-

places are painted with female figures and bas-reliefs from the antique fresco of the Aldobrandini Marriage, executed by Cleyn, and not unworthy of Parmegiano: among the furniture are carved and gilt shell-back chairs, also by Cleyn, and a table from the Charter-house hall. The Library, or Long Gallery, forms the eastern wing of the mansion: the collection exceeds 18,000, besides MSS. and autographs, including three plays of Lope de Vega. In the other apartments are valuable pictures, miniatures, drawings, sculptures; with enriched cabinets, vases, carvings in ivory, china, filigree-work, time-pieces, &c. In the Ante-room is the celebrated collection of miniatures.

Aubrey relates *two supernatural appearances* at Holland House; the first to "the beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, as she was walking in her father's garden at Kensington," when she "met with her own apparition, habit and everything, as in a looking-glass. About a month after, she died of the small-pox." Aubrey's second story is that the third daughter of Lord Holland, not long after her marriage with the first Earl of Breadalbane, "had some such warning of approaching dissolution."

Holland House has been for nearly two centuries and a half the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. In the lifetime of Vassall Lord Holland it was the meeting-place of "the Whig Party;" and his liberal hospitality made it "the resort not only of the most interesting persons composing English society, literary, philosophical, and political, but also to all belonging to those classes who ever visited this country from abroad." (*Lord Brougham.*) "Holland House" (says Macaulay) "can boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England."

* Tickell has thus elegantly apostrophised the brave old house:—

"Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race;
 Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears?
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air;
 How sweet the glooms beneath thine aged trees,
 Thy noontide shadow, and thine evening breeze!)
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
 No more the summer in thy gloom's allay'd,
 Thine evening breezes, and thy noonday shade."

Mr. John Fisher Murray, in his *Environs of London*, quotes the following pleasing tribute, at once considerate and just, to the memory of the social and conversational excellences of Lord Holland: it is from

the pen of one well calculated to do justice to his memory; while it is an agreeable picture of manners in high literary life, especially that portion of it more particularly associated with Holland House:—

“Speaking of the mansion, the writer eloquently, and we fear *prophetically*, says: ‘Yet a few years, and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as a young town of log-wood by a water privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens, which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble; with the courtly magnificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormond, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison. The time is coming when perhaps a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amid new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling, which in their youth was the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen; they will then remember with strange tenderness many objects familiar to them—the avenue and terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar tenderness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages; those portraits, in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations: they will recollect how many men, who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze or canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written that it will not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that is loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the singular character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds’ Baretta; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace, and the kindness far more admirable than grace, with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed; they will remember the venerable and benignant countenance and the cordia!

voice of him who bade them welcome ; they will remember that temper, which years of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter ; and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist who found himself for the first time among ambassadors and earls. They will remember that, in the last lines which he traced, he expressed his joy that he had done nothing unworthy of the friend of Fox and Grey ; and they will have reason to feel similar joy, if, in looking back on many troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done anything unworthy of men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland.' ”

We regard this as a very graceful as well as truthful piece of writing, such as we rarely find in the journals of home tourists.

Osterley Park and Sir Thomas Gresham.

Osterley, the noble seat of the Jersey family, near Hounslow, belonged to the Convent of Sion, on the suppression of which it was granted to Henry, Marquis of Exeter ; and reverting to the Crown on his attainder, Edward VI. granted it to the Duke of Somerset. Being again forfeited by his attainder, it was granted, in 1557, to Augustine Thair. Between this period and 1570, it came into the possession of Sir Thomas Gresham, by whom a noble edifice was erected. Here the great merchant magnificently entertained Queen Elizabeth, before whom the *Devises of Warre*, and a play, were performed. On this visit her Majesty found fault with the court of Gresham's house, affirming it would appear more handsome, if divided with a court in the middle. What does Sir Thomas, but in the night time sends for workmen to London, who so speedily and silently apply their business, that the next morning discovered the court double, which the night had left single before. It is questionable whether the Queen next day, was more contented with the conformity to her fancy, or more pleased with the surprise and sudden performance thereof. Her courtiers, some avowed it was no wonder he could so soon change a building, who could build a “change ;” others, reflecting on some known difference in the knight's family, affirmed that a house is easier divided than united.

In 1596, Osterley was in the possession of the “Ladie Gresham ;” it was a fair and stately building of brick, standing in a park, well wooded, and garnished with many fair ponds, which afforded not only fish and fowl, as swans and other waterfowl, but also great use for mills, as

paper-mills, oil-mills, and corn-mills, all which were then decayed except a corn-mill. In the park, too, was a heronry, for the increase and preservation of which "sundrie allurements were devised and set up," now fallen all to ruin. The mansion afterwards was the seat of Sir William Waller, the celebrated Parliamentary General. It then passed by mortgage, to Sir Francis Child, who commenced the present mansion, on the site of the more ancient structure, about the year 1750. "It had a magnificent interior," Walpole describes, "and a drawing-room worthy of Eve before the fall. Mrs. Child's dressing-room is full of pictures, gold, filigree, China, and Japan. So is all the house; the chairs are taken from antique lyres, and make charming harmony. There are Salvators, Gaspar Poussins, a beautiful staircase, a ceiling by Rubens, not to mention a kitchen garden that costs 1400*l.* a year; a menagerie full of birds which came from a thousand islands which Mr. Banks has not discovered; and there in the drawing-room which I mentioned; there are door-cases and a crimson and gold frieze, that I believe were borrowed from the Palace of the Sun; and then the park is the richest spot of ground in the universe."

Enfield Palace.

Enfield, ten miles east of London, was anciently famed for its Chace, a large tract of Woodland, filled with deer; granted by the Conqueror to an ancestor of the Mandevilles, Earls of Essex, from whom it came to the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford; but it has belonged to the Duchy of Lancaster ever since King Henry IV. married a daughter and co-heir of the last Humphrey Bohun. When King James resided at Theobalds, this Chace was well stocked with deer; but in the Civil Wars, it was stripped of game and timber, and let out in farms. At the Restoration, it was again laid open, and stocked with deer; but in 1779, it was disafforested. Almost in the middle of the Chace are still the ruins of an ancient house, which tradition affirms to have belonged to the Mandevilles, Earls of Essex.

In the town of Enfield is a small part of an ancient royal palace, which was the manor-house of Enfield; and either in this, or another ancient house, called Elsyng Hall, (now demolished,) Edward VI. on his succession to the throne, kept his court for five months, before he removed to London. Mrs. Boscawen, writing to Mrs. Delany, thus describes the palace:—"I had a mind to explore an old house, which is called here Queen Elizabeth's House. I went in, and doubtless arrived

in Her Majesty's eating parlour—a large room, fretwork, mosaic ceiling of old form. A chimney-piece, ditto E. R., carved and corniced, portcullises, roses and other marks of Plantagenets; also a Latin distich over the chimney-piece, which I believe was her Majesty's own composing." A letter of Queen Elizabeth's, dated from Enfield, is yet extant; and there is in the Bodleian Library a sermon which her Royal Highness translated at Enfield and presented, as a new year's present to her brother, King Edward. Elizabeth kept her court here early in her reign; but the palace was alienated from the Crown by Charles I. Dr. Uvedale, who lived here, planted in the garden a cedar of Libanus, which in 1793, was twelve feet in girth. Tradition says that the tree, when a plant, was brought from Mount Libanus in a portmanteau. In one of the rooms of the palace were two chimney-pieces, with architectural and heraldic enrichments. The building was taken down in 1792.

We read of the Princess Elizabeth, in 1557, being escorted from Hatfield to Enfield Chace, attended by twelve ladies in white satin, on ambling palfreys, twenty yeomen in green, all on horseback, that her grace might hunt the hart. She was met on the Chace by fifty archers, armed with gilded bows, each of whom presented her with a silver-headed arrow winged with peacocks' feathers. At the conclusion of the hunt, the Princess cut the throat of the buck.

Over Enfield Wash a mysterious tradition yet lives. It appears that Elizabeth Canning, a servant girl, having been to visit a relation on New Year's-day, 1753, did not return to her master's house that night, nor was she heard of for a month afterwards, when she came to her mother in a very emaciated and deplorable condition, and affirmed that on the night she disappeared she had been attacked in Moorfields by two men, who robbed her, and carried her by force to the house of one Mother Wells, at Enfield Wash. Another person who ill-treated her at the time, she said, was Mary Squires, a gipsy. In consequence of these charges, both Squires and Wells were apprehended and tried at the Old Bailey. The former was condemned to be hanged, and the latter to be burned in the hand and imprisoned. Subsequent inquiry established the falsehood of the whole story. The gipsy and Wells were set free, and Canning, in her turn, was sentenced to seven years' transportation. Elizabeth Canning was the popular heroine of the day. The mob warmly took up her side. They proceeded to the most violent outrages, breaking the coach-windows of the Lord Mayor, and even threatening his life.

The Palace of Whitehall.

That part of Westminster which extends from near Charing Cross to Canon-row, and from the Thames to St. James's Park, was the site of the royal Palace of Whitehall, from 1530 to 1697. Its historical associations are very interesting. It was formerly called *York Place*, from having been the town residence of the Archbishops of York: Wolsey being the last by whom it was inhabited. It was taken from him by Henry VIII., and the broken-hearted prelate left in his barge on the Thames for Esher. The name of the palace was then changed to White Hall, possibly from some new buildings having been constructed of white stone. Here Henry and Anne Boleyn were married; and here her coronation was kept. Henry built a noble stone gallery, from which, in 1539, he reviewed 15,000 armed citizens: and the Court and nobility witnessed the jousts and tournaments in the Tilt-yard, now the parade-ground of the Horse Guards. Holbein built, opposite the entrance to the Tilt-yard, a magnificent Gate-house, of small squared stones and flint boulders, glazed and tessellated: on each front were four terra-cotta busts, naturally coloured, and gilt. The gate was removed in 1750. Three of the busts, Henry VII. and VIII. and Bishop Fisher, are now at Hatfield Priory, Essex. The Gate-house was used as a State-paper Office many years before its removal, and was known as the Cockpit Gate. Bishop Latimer preached before the Court in the Privy Garden, the King sitting at one of the palace windows. Queen Mary went from Whitehall by water to her coronation at Westminster, Elizabeth bearing the crown before her. Whitehall Palace was attacked by Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebels, who "shotte divers arrowes into the courte, the gate beyng open;" and looking out over the gate, the Queen pardoned the Kent men, with halters about their necks. From the palace the Princess Elizabeth was taken captive to the Tower on Palm Sunday, 1554. Bishop Gardiner died here at midnight, exclaiming: "I have sinned; I have not wept with Peter."

Elizabeth revived the pageants at Whitehall, and built "the Fortress or Castell of perfect Beautie," a large wooden banquetting-house. Late in life she enjoyed other recreations: in her sixty-fifth year we find her appointing a Frenchman to do feats upon a rope in the conduit-court; commanding the bear, the bull, and the ape, to be baited in the Tilt-yard; and solemn dancing next day. In the Orchard of Whitehall, the Lords in Council met; and in the Garden James I. knighted 300 or 400 judges, serjeants, doctors-at-law, &c. Here the Lord Montecagle imparted to

the Earl of Salisbury, the warning letter of the Gunpowder Plot; Guy Fawkes was examined in the King's bedchamber, and carried hence to the Tower. In this reign were produced many "most glorious masques" by Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson. Inigo designed a new palace, which would have exceeded that of the palace of Diocletian, and would have covered nearly twenty-four acres: there are engraved views.

Of Jones's magnificent design, only the *Banqueting-house* was completed. Charles I. commissioned Rubens to paint the ceiling, and by his agency obtained the Cartoons of Raphael. In the Cabinet-room of the palace, built also by Inigo Jones, Charles assembled pictures of almost incalculable value. Upon the Civil War breaking out, Whitehall was seized by the Parliament, who, in 1645, had the masque-house pulled down, sold great part of the paintings and statues, and burnt the "superstitious pictures." Here, Jan. 29, 1649, in the Cabinet-room Charles last prayed; in the Horn-chamber he was delivered to the officers, and thence led out to execution upon a scaffold in front of the Banqueting-house.

The King was taken on the first morning of his trial, Jan. 20, 1649, in a sedan-chair, from Whitehall to Cotton House, where he slept pending his trial in Westminster Hall; after which the King returned to Whitehall; but on the night before his execution he slept at St. James's. On Jan. 30 he was "most barbarously murdered at his own door, about two o'clock in the afternoon." Lord Leicester and Dugdale state that Charles was beheaded at Whitehall gate. The scaffold was erected in front of the Banqueting-house, in the street now Whitehall; and Herbert states that the King was led out by a "passage broken through the wall," on to the scaffold; but Ludlow states that it was out of a window, according to Vertue, of a small building north of the Banqueting-house, whence the King stepped upon the scaffold. A picture of the sad scene, painted by Weesop in the manner of Vandyck, shows the platform, extending only in length, before two of the windows, to the commencement of the third casement. Weesop visited England from Holland in 1641, and quitted England in 1649, saying, "he would never reside in a country where they cut off their king's head, and were not ashamed of the action."

To Whitehall, in 1653, April 20th, Cromwell returned from the House of Commons, with the keys in his pocket, after dissolving the Long Parliament, which he subsequently explained to the Little or Barebones Parliament. Here the Parliament desired Cromwell to "magnify himself with the title of King." Milton was Cromwell's Latin Secretary, Andrew Marvell his frequent guest, with Waller his

friend and kinsman, and sometimes the youthful Dryden. Cromwell expired here Sept. 3, 1658, "the double day of victory and death." Richard Cromwell resided here. Charles II., at the Restoration, came in grand procession of seven hours' duration from the City to Whitehall. To the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury Charles assigned the Cockpit; and in this locality their chambers have ever since remained. Hence the phrase at the foot of proclamations—"Given at the Cockpit at Westminster." Charles collected by proclamation the plate, hangings, and paintings, which had been pillaged from the palace. Evelyn describes the Duchess of Portsmouth's apartment, "twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures;" its French tapestry, "Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, table-stands, chimney-furniture, sconces, branches, brasenas, &c., all of massive silver, and out of number." Evelyn also sketches a Sunday evening in the palace:—"The King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in those glorious galleries; whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them. Six days after was all in dust."

Charles II. died at Whitehall; his last hours have been thus graphically narrated:—During the night Charles earnestly recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth and her boy to the care of James. "And do not," he good-naturedly added, "let poor Nelly starve." The Queen sent excuses for her absence by Halifax; she said she was too much disordered to resume her post by the couch, and implored pardon for any offence which she might unwittingly have given. "She ask my pardon, poor woman!" cried the repentant King; "I ask hers with all my heart."

The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall, and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might once more look at the day. He remarked that it was time to wind up a clock which stood near his bed. These little circumstances were long remembered, because they proved beyond dispute that, when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, he was in full possession of his faculties. He apologised to those who stood round him all night for the trouble which he had caused. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time dying, but he hoped they would excuse it. This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation. Soon after dawn the speech of the dying man failed. Before ten his senses were

gone. Great numbers had repaired to the churches at the hour of morning service. When the prayer for the King was read, loud groans and sobs showed how deeply his people felt for him. At noon, on Friday, the 6th February, 1685, he passed away without a struggle.—*Macaulay.*

The palace was twice greatly damaged by fire: April 10, 1691, when, to save the trouble of cutting a candle from a pound, a kitchenmaid burnt it off, and threw the rest aside before the flame was out. The fire began at the fine lodgings of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and burnt the long gallery, &c.; 150 houses were burnt, and 20 blown up with gunpowder. But the great fire, which finally destroyed Whitehall, broke out on Tuesday, Jan. 4, 1697-8, about four in the afternoon, through the neglect of a Dutchwoman who had left some linen to dry before the fire in Colonel Stanley's lodgings. This fire lasted seventeen hours; twelve persons perished.

Owing to its low level, Whitehall was liable to floods from the Thames. Pepys tells a story of the Countess of Castlemaine, when the King was to sup with her soon after the birth of her son, the Duke of Grafton. The cook came and told the imperious countess that the water had flooded the kitchen, and the chine of beef for the supper could not be roasted. "Zounds!" was her reply, "she must set the house on fire but it should be roasted." So it was carried, adds Pepys, to Mrs. Sarah's husband, and there roasted. Another picture of the water rising at Whitehall is contained in a Speech of Charles II. to the House of Commons, in the Banqueting Hall, March 1, 1661 [2], in which he desires them so to amend the ways, "that she (my wife) may not find Whitehall surrounded with water." Lord Dorset alludes to these periodical inundations in his well-known song, "To all you ladies now at land":—

"The King, with wonder and surprize,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides still higher rise
Than e'er they did of old;
But let them know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall Stairs.
With a fa la, la, la, la."

Charles's successor was immediately proclaimed at the palace-gate. James II. resided here: he washed the feet of the poor with his own hands on Maundy Thursday in the Chapel Royal: here he admitted Penn, the Quaker, to his private closet; and he rebuilt the chapel for Romish worship, with marble statues by Gibbons, and a fresco by Verrio. The King also erected upon the Banqueting-house a large

weathercock, that he might calculate by the wind the probable arrival of the Dutch fleet. On Dec. 18, 1688, King James left Whitehall in the state-barge, never to return.

Remains of ancient Whitehall have been from time to time discovered. In 1831, Mr. Sydney Smirke, F.S.A., in the basement of 'Cromwell House,' Whitehall-yard, found a stone-built and groined Tudor apartment—undoubtedly a relic of Wolsey's palace. Mr. Smirke also found a Tudor arched doorway, with remains of the arms of Wolsey and the see of York in the spandrels; and in 1847 were removed the last remains of York House, a Tudor embattled doorway, which had been built into a later façade of the Treasury. The Banqueting Hall is now a chapel; but it has never been consecrated.

Among the relics, comparatively but little known, is a range of chambers, with groined roofings of stone, at the Rolls Offices in Whitehall Gardens; which, probably, are a portion of the ancient Palace of Whitehall. Part of the external wall of these remains is still visible opposite the statue of James II. In Privy Garden was a dial set up by Edward Gunter, by command of James I., in 1624. A large stone pedestal bore four dials at the four corners, and "the great horizontal concave" in the centre; besides four others at the sides. In the reign of Charles II. this dial was defaced by an intoxicated nobleman of the Court:

" This place for a dial was too unsecure,
 Since a guard and a garden could not defend;
 For so near to the Court they will never endure
 Any witness to show how their time they misspend."

Marvell.

In the court-yard facing the Banqueting-house was another curious dial, set up in 1669 by order of Charles II., by one Francis Hall, *alias* Lyne, a Jesuit. It consisted of five stages rising in a pyramidal form, and bearing several vertical and reclining dials, globes cut into planes, and glass bowls; showing "besides the hours of all kinds," "many things also belonging to geography, astrology, and astronomy, by the sun's shadow." Among the pictures were portraits of the King, the two Queens, the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert. Father Lyne published a long description of this dial, which consisted of seventy-three parts.

A curious instance of the punishment generally inflicted for *striking in the King's Court* was the Earl of Devonshire being fined in 1687 in the sum of 30,000*l.* for striking Culpepper with his cane in the Vane Chamber at Whitehall.

Durham House,

All that part of the Strand now known as the Adelphi was formerly occupied by one of the most interesting of the old Strand palaces—Durham House.

Pennant says the original founder was Anthony de Beck, Patriarch of Jerusalem and Bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward I. ; and that Bishop Hatfield, to whom Stow ascribes the foundation, merely rebuilt the place. The latter historian describes a great feast that was held here in the reign of Henry VIII., on the occasion of a jousting or tournament which was held at Westminster, in 1540, when the challengers not only feasted the King, Queen, ladies, and all the Court at Durham House, but also all the knights and burgesses of the Commons House of Parliament, and entertained the Mayor of London, with the Aldermen and their wives, at a dinner.

In the reign of Edward VI. the Royal Mint was established here, under the direction of the Lord Admiral Seymour, who placed a creature of his own, Sir William Sharrington, in it as master. He calculated on thus obtaining great assistance in his ambitious projects ; but, as is well known, they were frustrated, and his lordship was brought to the scaffold. After his execution, Durham House passed into the hands of the Duke of Northumberland, the uncle of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey ; and it was here, in the beginning of May, 1553, that scheming and ambitious noble beheld the first part of his plan, in reference to the throne, accomplished, by the marriage of his fourth son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane. To strengthen himself as much as possible by other powerful alliances, his daughter, Lady Catherine Dudley, at the same time married the eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon, and a sister of Lady Jane's the son of the Earl of Pembroke. The end of all these arrangements was soon to be known. The young king died on the 6th of July following ; and Northumberland, after two days' delay, exhibited the will of the deceased monarch declaring Lady Jane Grey his successor, to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and obtained their oaths of allegiance. Two days afterwards Lady Jane was conducted from Durham House to the Tower, and openly received as queen, much, however, to the sorrow of the amiable victim herself, who had been reluctantly induced to

enter into the schemes of her ambitious and calculating relative. Seldom indeed has a more pitiable sacrifice been offered up on the altar of ambition ! Young, brilliant, learned, and amiable, she at the same time possessed all those womanly qualities that would have cheered, adorned, or elevated the domestic hearth. The people of England, however, resented the unscrupulous conduct of Northumberland, and, with the true English instinct of loyalty, rallied round Mary ; and a numerous body of adherents having been got together, the duke collected all his retinue at Durham House, and set out at the head of 6000 men to attack them. In his absence, the council went over in a body to Mary ; his troops deserted ; and, at last, to save his life, he endeavoured to make a virtue of necessity by proclaiming Queen Mary at Cambridge. To all readers of English history the result is but too well known. The innocent and the guilty fell together. The duke was beheaded on the 22nd of August, 1553 ; and in the following November Lady Jane and her husband were condemned. For a time Mary hesitated, however, to pronounce sentence of death against the young couple ; but at length, on the 8th of February, she issued the fatal warrant, and four days after both were executed.

The annals of Greece and Rome show nothing equal to the calm heroism and grandeur of soul displayed by this innocent girl in the last scenes of her unhappy prison life. "The twelfth of Februarie," we quote the quaint, touching language of the old chronicler, Hollinshed, "being Mondaie, about ten of the clocke, there went out of the Tower, to the scaffold on Tower Hill, the Lord Gilford Dudlie, sonne to the Duke of Northumberland, husband to the Ladie Jane Greie . . . and without the bulwarke gate, Master Thomas Offlie, one of the Sheriffes of London, received him, and brought him to the scaffold, where, after a small declaration, he knelled doune and said his praier. Then holding up his eyes and hands to Heaven, with tears he desired the people to praie for him, and after that he was beheaded. His bodie being laid in a carte, and his head into a cloth, was brought into the chapell within the Tower, where the Ladie Jane, whose lodging was in Maister Partridge's house, did see his dead carcasse taken out of the carte, as well as she did see him before while living, and going to his death, a sight, as may be supposed, to her worse than death.

"By this time there was a scaffold made upon the Greene, over against the white tower, for the Ladie Jane to die upon ; and being nothing at all abashed, neither with the feare of her owne death,

which then approached, neither with the sight of the dead carcasse of her husband when he was brought into the chapell, came forth, the lieutenant leading her, with countenance nothing abashed, neither her eies anything moistened with teares, with a booke in hir hand, wherein she praied untill she came to the scaffold. Whereon, when she was mounted, this noble young ladie, as she was indued with singular gifts both of learning and knowledge, so was she patient and mild as anie lamb, at her execution, and a little before hir death, uttered these words :—‘ Good people, I come hether to die, and by a lawe I am condemned to the same. My offense against the Queene’s Highnesse was onlie in consent to the advice of others, which is now deemed treason, but it was never of my seeking, but by counsell of those who should seeme to have further understanding than I, which knewe litle of the lawe, and much less of the titles to the crowne. Touching the procurement and desyre thereof by me, or on my halfe, I do wash my hands thereof, in innocency before God and before you, good Christian people, this day.’ And thirwith she wrung hir handes in which she had hir booke. Then she sayd, ‘ I pray you all, good Christian people, to bere me witnesse that I die a true Christian woman, and that I looke to be saved by none other men but onlie by the mercie of God, in the merites of the blood of his onlie Sonne Jesus Christe : and I confesse that when I knewe the worde of God, I neglected t^he same, and loved myselfe and the world, and therefore this plague and punishment is happily and worthily happened unto me for my sinnes. And yet I thanke God that he has thus given me a tyme and respect to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I praie you assist me with your praiers.’

“ And then, kneeling down, she turned to Fecknam, saying, ‘ Shall I say this Psalm?’ and he said, ‘ Yea ;’ then she said *Miserere mei Deus* in English, most devoutly to the ende. Then she stode up, and gave hir mayde, Mistress Tylney, hir gloves and hir handkercher, and hir booke to Maister Thomas Brydges, the Lyvetenant’s brother. Forthwith she untied hir goun. The headsman went to hir to have helped hir off therewith ; but she desyred him to let hir alone, turning towards hir two gentlewomen who helped hir off therewith, and also hir neckercher, giving to hir a fayre handkercher to knyt about hir eyes. Then the headsman kneeled down and asked hir forgiveness, whome she forgave most willingly. Then she said, ‘ I pray you despatche me quickly.’ Then she kneeled down, saying, ‘ Will you take it off before I lay me down?’ And

the headsman answered her, 'No, Madame.' She tied the kercher about hir eyes. Then, feeling for the blocke, said, 'What shall I do? Where is it?' One of the standers-by guiding hir thereunto, she layd hir head upon the blocke, and stretched forth hir body and said, 'Lord, into thy hands I commende my spirit'—and so she ended."

Well might another chronicler, on concluding his own account of this cruel deed, exclaim—

" Though with dry eyes this story may be read,
A flood of tears the pitying writer shed."

The next eminent inhabitant was Sir Walter Ralceigh, to whom the house was granted by Queen Elizabeth; but the grant appears to have been made without sufficient legal right in the maker, for Sir Walter was ultimately dispossessed of it by the Bishops of Durham. With the house, however, Sir Walter appears to have inherited the fate of his unfortunate predecessors; for he also, as is well known, died by the hands of the headsman! As the last distinguished occupant of the house, and as one of the most remarkable men of his age, every incident in whose romantic and chequered career reads like that of a romance, the following account of some of the later circumstances of his life cannot fail to be interesting:—With the death of Elizabeth, in 1603, the brilliant and prosperous portion of Ralceigh's career terminated. Her mean and pusillanimous successor, James, from the first regarded him with a suspicion and dislike which he never cared to conceal. And as he had besides made some powerful enemies, his ruin was resolved on, and means were soon found to compass it. Having been accused of participating in a plot against the king, though not a particle of evidence of his having been in any way connected with it was produced at his trial, a verdict finding him guilty of high treason was readily procured, and sentence of death was passed on him. As James, however, did not venture to execute him, he remained for thirteen years a prisoner in the Tower, his estates being confiscated and assigned to the king's favourite, the upstart Carr, afterwards Earl of Somerset. In 1615, he procured his release, and sailed for Guiana. The expedition, from which great results were anticipated, was, however, a miserable failure; and, to add to his grief and mortification, his eldest and favourite son was killed in the storming of the Spanish town of St. Thomas. Broken in spirit and ruined in fortunes, therefore, Ralceigh returned to England to die.

Having landed in his native county of Devon, he was summoned to appear in London ; and on repairing thither, was immediately seized, and committed to the Tower. After having been confined for some time, he was one morning taken out of his bed in a fit of fever, and unexpectedly hurried before his judges to hear sentence of death pronounced upon him. This was done, it is alleged, at the desire of James, for the purpose of appeasing the wrath of Spain, against whose colonies Raleigh's last expedition had been directed.

But though fallen, he was not conquered by fate. Death he resolved to meet after "the high Roman fashion !" The bishop who attended him, and the lords about him, were astonished to witness his serenity of demeanour. On the very last night of his existence, when some of his friends were lamenting his fate, he calmly observed that the world itself was but a larger prison, out of which some were daily selected for death. His lady visited him that night, and amidst her tears she told him she had obtained the favour of disposing of his body ; to which he answered, smiling, "It is well, Bess, that thou mayst dispose of that dead which thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive !" At midnight she left him ; and it is then that Sir Walter is supposed to have written the well-known lines on his death, which were found next morning in his Bible :—

" Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days !
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord will raise me up, I trust."

On the morning of his death he smoked as usual his favourite tobacco ; and when they brought him a cup of sack, and asked him how he liked it, he answered, "As the fellow that, drinking of St. Giles's bowl as he went to Tyburn, said, 'That is good drink, if a man might tarry by it.'" On the scaffold he preserved the same cheerfulness of manner. Having requested the headsman to show him the axe, he passed the edge lightly over his fingers, and, smiling, observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases !" He then laid his head on the block with these words, "So the heart be right, it is no matter how the head lies."

Thus nobly died the last distinguished occupant of Durham House.

Campden House, Kensington.

Campden House was built on the high ground of Kensington, over two centuries and a half ago. It belonged to a more picturesque age of architecture than the present; and though yielding in extent and beauty to its more noble neighbour, Holland House, built within five years of the same date, and which in many respects it resembled, was still a very interesting structure.

The Campden House estate was purchased by Sir Baptist Hicks from Sir Walter Cope, or, according to a popular tradition, was won of him at some game of chance; and the house was built for Sir Baptist about the year 1612. His arms, with that date, and those of his sons-in-law, Edward Lord Noel, and Sir Charles Morison, were emblazoned on a large bay window of the house.

Baptist Hicks was the youngest son of a wealthy silk-mercator in Cheapside. He was brought up to his father's business, in which he amassed a large fortune. In 1603, he was knighted by James I. He was created a baronet in July, 1620; and was further advanced to the peerage as Baron Hicks of Ilmington, in the county of Warwick, and Viscount Campden, in Gloucestershire, in May, 1628. He died at his house in the Old Jewry on the 18th of October, 1629, and was buried at Campden. He had two daughters, coheiresses, who are reputed to have had 100,000*l.* each for their fortune. The eldest, Juliana, married Lord Noel, to whom the title fell at the first Viscount's death; Mary, the youngest daughter, married Sir Charles Morison, of Cassiobury, Herts. Baptist, the third Lord Campden, who was a zealous royalist, lost a large amount of property during the Civil War; but was allowed to retain his estates on paying the sum of 9000*l.* as a composition, and settling 150*l.* per annum on the Commonwealth Ministry.

At the Restoration, the King honoured Lord Campden with special notice; and it is recorded in one of the journals of the day, that, on the 8th of June, 1666, "His Majesty was pleased to sup with Lord Campden at Kensington." In 1662, an act was passed for settling Campden House on this nobleman and his heirs for ever; and in 1667, his son-in-law, Montague Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, who so nobly distinguished himself by his filial piety at

the battle of Edge Hill, and who was wounded at Naseby, died in this house.

In 1691, Anne, Princess of Denmark, hired Campden House from the Noel family, and resided there for about five years with her son, William, Duke of Gloucester, then heir-presumptive to the throne. The young duke's amusements were chiefly of a military cast; and at a very early age he formed a regiment of boys, chiefly from Kensington, who were on constant duty here. King William placed him under the care of the Duke of Marlborough and Bishop Burnet. In giving him into the hands of the former, the King said, "Teach him to be what you are, and my nephew cannot want accomplishments." The bishop, who had superintended his education for some years, describes him as an amiable and accomplished prince, but of weak constitution. "We hoped the dangerous time was over, however," says the bishop. "His birthday was on the 24th of July, 1700, and he was then eleven years old; he complained the next day, but we imputed that to the fatigue of a birthday, so that he was too much neglected; the day after he grew much worse, and it proved to be a malignant fever. He died on the fourth day of his illness; he was the only remaining child of seventeen that the Princess had borne."

In 1704, Campden House was in the occupation of the Dowager Countess of Burlington, and of her son, the architect Earl, then in his ninth year. In the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, Campden House was sold to Nicholas Lechmere, an eminent lawyer, who became successively Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Attorney-General. In 1721 he was created a peer, and Swift's ballad of "Duke upon Duke," in which the following lines occur, had its origin in a quarrel between his lordship, who then occupied the mansion, and Sir John Guise:—

" Back in the dark, by Brompton Park,
He turned up through the Gore,
So slunk to Campden House so high,
All in his coach and four,
The Duke in wrath called for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy stones,
O kingly Kensington!"

The house was built of brick, with stone finishings; and Bowack, in his "Antiquities of Middlesex," describes it as a "very noble pile, and finished with all the art the architects of that time were masters of." The principal or southern front of three stories con-

sisted of three bays, flanked by two square turrets surmounted with cupolas ; the central bay having an enriched Jacobean entrance porch, with the Campden arms sculptured above the first-floor bay windows ; a pierced parapet above, and dormer windows in the roof. Towards the latter end of the last century the house underwent considerable external alterations ; but the interior remained to the last pretty much as at first. Faulkner, in his "History and Antiquities of Kensington," describes the entrance hall as lined with oak panelling, and as having a great archway leading to the grand staircase. The great dining-room, in which Charles II. supped with Lord Campden, was richly carved in oak, the ceiling being stuccoed, and ornamented with the arms of the Campden family. The chief attraction of this room, however, was the tabernacle oak mantel-piece, consisting of six Corinthian columns supporting a pediment, the intercolumniations being filled with grotesque devices, and the whole supported by two caryatid figures finely carved. The state apartments consisted of three large rooms facing the south ; that on the east, "Queen Anne's bedchamber," had an enriched plaster ceiling, with pendants, and the walls were hung with red damask tapestry in imitation of foliage. The central apartment had its large bay window filled with painted glass, showing the arms of Sir Baptist Hicks, Lord Noel, and Sir Charles Morison, and the date of the erection of the mansion, 1612. The apartment adjoining had its plaster ceiling enriched with arms, and a mantel-piece of various marbles.

This fine old mansion, and fitting ornament of the old court suburb, was destroyed by fire on the morning of Sunday, the 23rd of March, 1862.—*Abridged from the Book of Days.*

Northumberland House.

Northumberland House, the last of the grand old palaces of the Strand, stands on the site of an hospital or chapel dedicated to St. Mary, and which was founded in the reign of Henry III. by William, Earl of Pembroke, on a piece of ground which he had given to the Priory of Rouncivalle in Navarre. In the reign of Henry V. the hospital was suppressed, as belonging to an alien monastery, with all the other houses of that kind in the kingdom, but was again restored by Edward IV., to be finally dissolved at

the Reformation. About the beginning of the seventeenth century the site passed into the possession of Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, son of the poet Surrey, who erected a magnificent mansion, and who died here in 1614. Descending then to the Earl of Suffolk the name was changed from Northampton to Suffolk House, and again to the present title, Northumberland House, on the marriage of the daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk with Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland.

The edifice originally consisted of three sides of a spacious quadrangle, the fourth, facing the Thames, being open. Bernard Jansen is said to have been the architect ; but the front is supposed to be from the designs of Gerard Christmas, who rebuilt Aldersgate in the reign of James I. The principal apartments were originally on the Strand side, but Earl Algernon, who disliked the noise of that crowded thoroughfare, had the quadrangle completed by a fourth side, containing the state rooms towards the river, under the direction of Inigo Jones. About the end of the eighteenth century two new wings were attached to the garden front, and all but the central division (including the gateway, the work of Christmas,) of the front next the Strand was rebuilt.

Immediately behind that long front, with its conspicuous lion, the famous badge of the Percies, extends a spacious courtyard surrounded by the buildings just mentioned. From the principal entrance, a magnificent staircase, lighted by a beautiful lantern, leads to the principal apartments ; the stairs and landings of white marble contrasting finely with the rich carpets which partially cover them, and with the gilt-bronzed balusters and chandeliers. The mansion is rich in works of art. Evelyn visited the house in June, 1658, and has recorded an account of it in his Diary, and given an inventory of the pictures. The collection has been greatly increased since his time, and is now of very great value. In the dining-room is Titian's celebrated picture of the Cornaro family, said to be one of the painter's masterpieces ; a Sebastian bound, by Guercino ; a small Adoration of the Shepherds, by Giacomo Bassano ; a Fox and Deer Hunt by Snyders ; a Holy Family by Jordaens, and a picture containing three portraits by Vandyke. In the long and lofty gallery, a most splendidly ornamented place, are copies of several great pictures by Raphael, Annibale Carracci, and Guido Reni, of more than ordinary excellence. The drawing-room is richly decorated with arabesques intermingled with paintings. There is also a suite of three magnificently-decorated apartments used for the

reception of evening parties. From the windows are seen the beautiful gardens extending down towards the Thames, and forming a noble background to the picture.

It was in this grand old mansion, in 1660, that General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, and many of the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom who agreed in his views, met, by invitation of Earl Algernon, to concert measures for the restoration of Charles II. Here, too, cluster many social and political associations. Horace Walpole, in his amusing correspondence, makes frequent mention of the social doings here in his time. It was from Northumberland House that Horace sallied with a gay party to pay a visit to the Cock Lane ghost! And, as a characteristic sketch of the frivolous manners of the upper classes of the period, his account of it is really worth recording. "We set out," he says, "from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach, and drove to the spot. It rained torrents; yet the Lane was full of mob, and the house so full, we could not get in. At last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. When we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts. We had nothing. They told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning; that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one!"

What a commentary on the past!—a prince of the blood, two noble ladies, a peer, and the son of a prime minister, packing in one hackney coach from Northumberland House on a winter's night, and, in a dirty lane in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, watching till half-past one by the light of a tallow candle, amidst fifty of the "unwashed" for the arrival of a ghost!

The Priory or Monastery of the Black Friars.

A little to the south of Ludgate Hill, and overlooking the Thames, there formerly stood one of the most magnificent of the great religious establishments which formed at one period so marked a feature of London, and which has left to the locality a long train of the most interesting recollections, of which the name given to the district, the bridge, and the neighbouring road is now the only existing memorial.

The order of the Black friars came into England in 1221. Their first house was at Oxford; their second in London, at Holborn, or Oldbourne, on the site now occupied by Lincoln's Inn. The cause of their removal from thence is not now known; but it appears that in 1276 Gregory Rocksley, then mayor, in conjunction with the barons of the city, gave to Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury, a cardinal of Rome and an ecclesiastic of more than ordinary ability, a grant of "two lanes or ways next the street of Baynard's Castle, and also the tower of Montfichet, to be destroyed," for the erection of a house and church for the Black friars, and there they finally settled. Out of the materials of the Castle of Montfichet, which had been founded by a follower of the Conqueror's, Kilwarby reared a magnificent church. Here the order grew and prospered. A striking instance of the favour shown to the brotherhood was given in the permission of Edward I. for the taking down of the city wall from Ludgate (just above the end of the Old Bailey) to the Thames for their accommodation, which was then rebuilt, so as to include their buildings within its shelter. The expenses of this rebuilding, and of a "certain good and comely tower at the bend of the said wall," wherein the king might be "received, and tarry with honour" to his ease and satisfaction in his comings there, were defrayed by a toll granted for three years on various articles of merchandise. Nor did the king's liberality end here. All kinds of special privileges and exemptions were granted to the house and its precincts. Shops could be opened here without being free of the city; felons flying from justice found refuge within its walls; and the inhabitants were governed by the prior and their own justices.

The estimation in which the order was held is shown by the long list of names of eminent persons given by our historians as having been buried in the church of the Black friars. Here lay the ashes

of Hubert de Burgh, the great Earl of Kent, translated from the church at Oldbourne, and his wife Margaret, daughter of the King of Scotland; Queen Eleanor, whose heart alone was interred here, with that of Alphonso her son; John of Eltham, Duke of Cornwall, brother of Edward III.; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, so distinguished for his intellectual accomplishments, who was beheaded in 1470, one of the victims to the wars of the Roses; Sir Thomas Brandon, 1509, the uncle of the Duke of Suffolk, who took Henry VIII.'s beautiful sister Mary into France, as the bride of the French king, and after the death of the latter, brought her back as his own; Sir Thomas and Dame Parr, the parents of Henry VIII.'s last wife; and earls, knights, ladies, and other persons of rank too numerous to mention.

But other and more interesting historical recollections belong to the Church of the Black friars. Here, in 1450, met that famous Parliament of Henry VI., in which his queen's favourite, William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk, was impeached, and was about to be tried, when, by a previously arranged manœuvre, he placed himself in the hands of the weak king, who banished him for five years. At an earlier period of his career he had been warned by a wizard to beware of water, and to avoid the tower. So when his fall came, and he was ordered to leave England in three days, he made all haste from London on his way to France, naturally supposing that the Tower of London, to which traitors were conveyed by water, was the place of danger indicated. On his passage across the Channel, however, he was captured by a ship named *Nicholas of the Tower*, commanded by a person named Walter. The duke, asking the captain to be held to ransom, says:—

“ Look on my George; I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
Captain. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore—
How now? why start'st thou? What, doth death affright?
Suffolk. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death!
A cunning one did calculate my birth,
And told me that by water I should die!”

Three days afterwards, as is well known, he was beheaded in a cockboat by the ship's side.

Here also another Parliament rendered itself noticeable by daring to defy Henry VIII. when that monarch, in 1524, demanded a subsidy of some 800,000*l.* to carry on his useless wars in France, but who was obliged to content himself with a much less sum. The

Chancellor, Cardinal Wolsey, thinking to overawe the refractory members by his presence, came into the house with his maces, poleaxes, cross, hat, and great seal, and with a body of followers which filled every vacant part of the place. But when Wolsey, after explaining his business, remained silent, expecting the house to proceed, he was surprised to find the assemblage silent also. He addressed one of the members by name, who politely rose in acknowledgment, but sat down again without speaking; another was addressed, but with no better success. At last he became impatient, and, looking on the speaker, Sir Thomas More, who was to be his still greater successor, he said:—"Masters, as I am sent here immediately from the king, it is not unreasonable to expect an answer; yet there is a surprising and most obstinate silence, unless indeed it may be the manner of your house to express your mind by your speaker only." More immediately rose, and with equal tact and courage said, the members were abashed at the sight of so great a personage, whose presence was sufficient to overwhelm the wisest and most learned men in the realm; but that his presence was neither expedient nor in accordance with the ancient liberties of the house. They were not bound to return any answer; and as to a reply from him individually, that was impossible, as he could only act on instructions from the house. And so at last Wolsey found it necessary to depart.

It was in this church, also, on the 21st of June, 1529, that Wolsey, and his fellow cardinal, Campeggio, whom the Pope had appointed to act with him, in the matter of the proposed divorce of Henry and Catherine, held their court, and sat in judgment, with the King on their right, and the queen accompanied by four bishops on their left. Henry, when his name was called, answered, "Here!" but the queen, when hers was pronounced, remained silent. The citation having been repeated, Catherine rose, ran to her husband, and throwing herself at his feet, appealed to him in language that would have deterred any less cruel and sensual nature from the infamous path he was pursuing. But in vain. The tyrant was deaf to reason and insensible to shame. At last, tormented with their questions, in a passionate out-burst of grief, she exclaimed,

"They vex me past my patience! Pray you pass on: [*To her attendants*
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts."

She rose, left the court, and never entered it again. She died at

Kimbolton in 1536, broken-hearted, but refusing to the last to renounce her regal rights or royal title.

In this same church, too, singularly enough, where Wolsey had endeavoured to browbeat one Parliament, the sentence of *pre-munire* was passed against himself by another; and he who had there sat in judgment on Catherine, and who had acted throughout as an instrument in Henry's hands to doom a noble, virtuous, and innocent lady to a lingering life of agony, found that day's proceedings the immediate cause of his own downfall and death.

At the dissolution of the religious houses, Bishop Fisher, who held it in *commendam*, resigned it to the King. The revenues were then valued at the very moderate sum of 100*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.* The prior's lodgings and the great hall were granted to Sir Francis Bryan in 1547; but these, with the church, and all the old buildings, it need scarcely be said, have long since been swept away.

But long after the monks had been scattered and the buildings themselves had disappeared, the special privileges of sanctuary which they had for centuries enjoyed continued to be claimed by the inhabitants of the district in which they were situated. In the course of time, however, these privileges developed into the most monstrous abuses, and at last became so intolerable that all the legislative and executive powers of the state were put in force to suppress them. Since then, historians, novelists, and poets have rendered the district and its somewhat singular inhabitants so famous, that some little account of them cannot fail to be acceptable.

Between Blackfriars and the Temple there had been founded in the thirteenth century a house of Carmelite Friars, distinguished by their white hoods. The precincts of this house, and of that of the Blackfriars, had, says Macaulay, "before the Reformation, been a sanctuary for criminals, and still retained the privileges of protecting debtors from arrest. Insolvents consequently were to be found in every dwelling from cellar to garret. Of these a large proportion were knaves and libertines, and were followed to their asylum by women more abandoned than themselves. The civil power was unable to keep order in a district swarming with such inhabitants; and thus Whitefriars became the favourite resort of all who wished to be emancipated from the restraint of the law. Though the immunities belonging to the place extended only to cases of debt, cheats, false witnesses, forgers, and highwaymen found refuge there. For amidst a rabble so desperate no peace

officer's life was in safety. At the cry of 'Rescue!' bullies with swords and cudgels, and termagant hags with spits and broomsticks, poured forth by hundreds; and the intruder was fortunate if he escaped back into Fleet-street, hustled, stripped, and pumped upon. Even the warrant of the Chief Justice of England could not be executed without the help of a company of musketeers . . .

. . . The Templars on one side of Alsatia, and the citizens on the other, had long been calling on the Government and the legislature to put down so monstrous a nuisance. Yet still, bounded on the west by the great school of English jurisprudence, and on the east by the great mart of English trade, stood this labyrinth of squalid, tottering houses, close packed every one, from cellar to cockloft, with outcasts whose life was one long war with society. The most respectable part of the population consisted of debtors who were in fear of bailiffs. The rest were attorneys struck off the roll, witnesses who carried straw in their shoes as a sign to inform the public where a false oath might be procured for half a crown, sharpers, receivers of stolen goods, clippers of coin, forgers of bank-notes, tawdry women blooming with paint and brandy, who, in their anger, made free use of their nails and their scissors, yet whose anger was less to be dreaded than their kindness. With these wretches the narrow alleys of the sanctuary swarmed. The rattling of dice, the call for more punch and more wine, and the noise of blasphemy and ribald song never ceased during the whole night. The benchers of the Inner Temple could bear the scandal and the annoyance no longer. They ordered the gate leading into Whitefriars to be bricked up. The Alsatians mustered in great force, attacked the workmen, killed one of them, pulled down the wall, knocked down the sheriff who came to keep the peace and carried off his gold chain, which no doubt was soon in the melting pot. The tumult was not suppressed till a company of the Foot Guards arrived. This riot excited general indignation. The City, indignant at the outrage done to the sheriff, cried loudly for justice. . . .

At length, in 1697, a bill for abolishing the franchises of these places passed both Houses and received the royal assent. The Alsatians were furious. Anonymous letters, containing menaces of assassination, were received by members of Parliament who had made themselves conspicuous by the zeal with which they had supported the bill; but such threats only strengthened the general conviction that it was high time to destroy these nests of knaves and ruffians. A fortnight's grace was allowed; and it was made

known that when that time had expired, the vermin who had been the curse of London would be unearthed and hunted without mercy. There was a tumultuous flight to Ireland, to France, to the colonies, to vaults and garrets in less notorious parts of the capital; and when, on the prescribed day, the sheriffs' officers ventured to cross the boundary, they found those streets, where a few weeks before the cry of 'A writ!' would have drawn together a thousand raging bullies and vixens, as quiet as the cloister of a cathedral."

Every reader of the Waverley Novels will remember Scott's graphic account, in "The Fortunes of Nigel," of the old sanctuary, with the reckless habits and wretched life of the bullies and bravoes that swarmed and swaggered about it in the days of James I. "But here come two of the male inhabitants, smoking like moving volcanoes! Shaggy uncombed ruffians they were; their enormous moustaches were turned back over their ears, and mingled with the wild elf-locks of their hair, much of which was seen under the old beavers which they wore aside upon their heads, while some straggling portion escaped through the rents of the hats aforesaid. Their tarnished plush jerkins, large slops, or trunk-breeches, their broad greasy shoulder-belts, and discoloured scarves, and above all, the ostentatious manner in which the one wore a broadsword, and the other an extravagantly long rapier and poniard, marked the true Alsatian bully, then, and for a hundred years afterwards, a well-known character." Here some of the most stirring scenes and one of the most tragic incidents in the novel take place.

The Palace of Theobalds, Cheshunt.

"The house itselfe doth shewe the owner's wit,
And may for bewtie, state, and every thing,
Compared be with most within the land."—*Old Poet.*

This sumptuous Palace rose and disappeared within a protracted life-time—fourscore years and ten. It was built by a favourite minister, ostensibly as a home for his son, though its splendour made it resemble the lure of a courtier; it became the resort of a gay queen, and the abode of two kings, whence it fell into the hands of crafty men, who levelled its magnificence, and scattered its treasures to aid them in carrying on their scheme of desolation, and to furnish them with the sinews of civil war.

Hence, Theobalds has for many years been known but by name; for, as if to erase its existence, representations of it have been desiderata among the collectors of such records. When Mr. Lysons wrote his *Environs of London*, he lamented that he "had not been able to find any print or painting which conveys any adequate idea of this palace." We have participated in his regret, seeing that Theobalds was a fair specimen of a style of architecture again become popular; and the gardens, though quaint and odd in their way, were designed by one of the earliest patrons of botany in this country. Besides, the mansion was the home of that good and great man, Lord Burghley, who here closed his brilliant and useful career. The history of the whole place, too, is pointed with a moral, presenting as it does a memorial of the instability of kingly state, and the vanity of human grandeur.

This magnificent Palace stood in the parish of Cheshunt at the distance of twelve miles from London, and a little to the north of the road to Ware. The origin of the name is uncertain; but it is probable that Theobald was the name of an owner, though at what period earlier than the reign of Henry VI. does not appear.

The manor probably reverted to the Crown at the Suppression of religious foundations; and, after passing through the families of Bedyll, Burbage, and Elliott, on June 10, 1563, it was purchased by Sir William Cecil, afterwards the great Lord Burghley.

The original manor house is supposed to have been on a small moated site, which is to be traced to this day. In 1570, Sir William increased the estate by an important addition, which is thus mentioned in his Diary:—"May 15, I purchased Cheshunt Park of Mr. Harryngton." Cecil now, if not before, must have been proceeding in earnest with his new mansion, as in September of the following year, Queen Elizabeth honoured it with a visit; when she was presented with "a portrait of the house."

Lord Burghley was not the least sumptuous in architecture among a nobility which produced many magnificent palaces. The author of his contemporary biography (printed in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*), says, "He buylt three houses: one in London, for necessity; another at Burghley, of competency for the mansion of his Barony; and another at Waltham [this of Theobalds,] for his younger sonne; which, at the first, he meant but for a little pile, as I have hard him saie, but, after he came to enterteyne the Quene so often there, he was enforced to enlarge it, rather for the Quene and her greate traine, and to sett poore on worke, than for pompe or glory; for he ever said it wold be to big for the small living he cold leave his sonne. The other two are

but convenient, and no bigger than will serve for a nobleman; ail of them perfected, convenient, and to better purpose for habitation than many others buylt by greate noblemen; being all bewtiful, uniform, necessary, and well seated; which are greate arguments of his wisdom and judgment. He greatly delighted in making gardens, fountains, and walkes; which at Theobalds were perfected most costly, bewtyfully, and pleasantly; where one might walk twoe myle in the walks before he came to their ends."

As Lord Burghley had built this mansion expressly for his younger son, he was evidently inclined, some years before his death, to give possession to Sir Robert Cecil; but some opposition was made to this proposal by the Queen, as appears from some humorous sallies both on the part of her Majesty and of her 'Hermit,' as the Secretary was pleased to style himself, and it is clear that the longer purse of the Lord Treasurer was requisite to maintain the house and the establishment which had both been increased for her Majesty's pleasure.

Just at the period of Lord Burghley's death, in 1598, Theobalds was visited by the tourist Hentzner, who thus describes it in his journey, as translated by Horace Walpole:—

"Theobalds belongs to Lord Burghley, the Treasurer. In the Gallery is painted the genealogy of the Kings of England. From this place one goes into the garden, encompassed with water, large enough for one to have the pleasure of going in a boat, and rowing between the shrubs. Here are a great variety of trees and plants, labyrinths made with a great deal of labour, a *jet d'eau*, with its basin of white marble, and columns and pyramids of wood and other materials up and down the garden. After seeing these, we are led by the gardener into the summer-house; in the lower part of which, built semicircularly, are the twelve Roman Emperors in white marble, and a table of touchstone; the upper part of it is set round with cisterns of lead, into which the water is conveyed through pipes, so that fish may be kept in them; and, in summer time, they are very convenient for bathing. In another room for entertainment, very near this, and joined to it by a little bridge, was a noble table of red marble. We were not admitted to see the apartments of this palace, there being nobody to show them, as the family was in town attending the funeral of their lord."*

On the decease of Lord Burghley, August 4, 1598, his son, Sir Robert Cecil, became the possessor of Theobalds and the neighbouring estates, pursuant to indenture dated 16th June, 29 Eliz. (1577).†

* Translation of *Paul Hentzner's Journey*. Strawberry Hill, 1758, p. 54

† Lord Burghley's Will, in Peck's *Desiderata*, p. 192.

The Earl of Salisbury (as he shortly became after the accession of James I.), having captivated his royal master with the charms of Theobalds, particularly in two sumptuous entertainments given to his majesty, on his first arrival in England, and on the visit of his brother-in-law the King of Denmark, was very shortly after the latter festivity induced to exchange it for the palace of Hatfield; where (being now himself Lord Treasurer, and thus in possession, like his father, of the strings of the royal purse), he commenced building a mansion of perhaps still greater magnificence; and which stood unaltered, except by a partial fire, to our own days.

The Earl of Salisbury gave up possession on the 22nd of May, 1607, with a poetical entertainment written by Ben Jonson. In this, "the Queen" was supposed to receive the Palace, perhaps with the view of its becoming her dowager-house had she survived King James. However, Theobalds became his principal country residence throughout the whole of his reign, and it was here that he breathed his last, on the 27th of March, 1625. Windsor was at that period never visited except to hold the feasts of the Order of the Garter; Richmond, which had been a favourite palace of Elizabeth, was given up to the Prince of Wales; Hampton Court was occasionally resorted to; but the attractions of Waltham Forest gave Theobalds by far the preference in the eyes of the sylvan monarch.

After taking possession, King James enlarged the park, by inclosing part of the adjoining chase, and surrounded it with a wall of brick measuring ten miles in circumference; part of which, on the north, containing the eighth milestone, remains in the gardens of Albury House.

King Charles I. continued to reside here; and there is an interesting picture, representing an interior view of the Gallery in perspective, into which the King and Henrietta Maria are entering at a door, ushered by the brother Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, each with his wand of office, the former as Lord Steward, and the latter as Lord Chamberlain, of the King's household. Waiting in the gallery, stands the dwarf Jeffery Hudson, with three of King Charles's favourite spaniels; and a parroquet is perched on a balustrade.*

When the sale of Crown lands was in agitation in 1649, it was at

* This curious picture is at Hinton St. George, the seat of Earl Poulett, in Somersetshire. Horace Walpole supposed the architecture to have been painted by Steenwyck, and the figures copied from Vandyck by Polenburg or Van Bassen. There is a folio engraving by S. Sparrow, jun., published by Edward Harding in 1800, and a small copy by Aug. Fox in Pickering's edition of Walton and Cotton's *Angler*, p. 52.

first resolved that Theobalds should be excepted, but it was afterwards determined that it should be sold. In the following year, the surveyors reported that the palace was an excellent building, in very good repair, by no means fit to be demolished, and that it was worth 200*l.* per annum, exclusive of the park; yet, lest the Parliament should think proper to have it taken down, they had estimated the materials, and found them to be worth 8275*l.* 11*s.* The calculations of the surveyors were more acceptable than their advice; and consequently, the greater part of the Palace was taken down to the ground, and the money arising from the sale of the materials was divided among the army.

The Survey affords a circumstantial description of the several portions and apartments of the Palace. It consisted of two principal quadrangles, besides the Dial-court, the Buttery-court, and the Dovehouse-court, in which the offices were situated. The Fountain-court, so called from a fountain of black and white marble in the centre, was a quadrangle of 86 feet square, on the east side of which was a cloister, 8 feet wide, with seven arches. On the ground-floor of this quadrangle was a spacious hall, paved with Purbeck marble; the roof "arched over the top with carved timbers of curious workmanship, and of great worth, being a goodlie ornament to the same;" at the upper end was "a very large picture of the bignesse of a paire of staggess horns seene in France."

On the second floor was the Presence Chamber, with carved wainscot of oak, richly gilt, the ceiling being enriched with gilt pendants; and coats of arms were set in the large windows. These windows opened south on the walk in the Great Garden, leading to the green gates into the Park, where was a double avenue of trees a mile long. On the same floor were also the Privy Chamber, the Withdrawing Chamber, the King's Bedchamber, and a Gallery 123 feet by 21, wainscoted with oak; also with paintings of cities, a fretted ceiling, with pendants and flowers, richly painted and gilt; also large stags' heads: the windows of this Gallery looking north into the Park, and so to Cheshunt.

On an upper floor were the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings, my Lord's Withdrawing Chamber, and several other apartments. Near the Chamberlain's lodgings on the east was a leaded walk, 62 feet in length and 11 in breadth, with an arch of freestone over it; "which said arch and walk," says the Survey, "looking eastward into the middle court, and into the highway leading from London to Ware, standeth high, and may easily be discerned by passengers and travellers to their

delight." On the west of the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings was another walk of the same dimensions, looking westward into the Fountain-court. At each corner of these walks stood four lofty towers, with lions and vanes; and in the walk over the hall, in the midst of the four corners, was a lantern-tower, with pinnacles at each corner, wherein were twelve bells and a clock with chimes.

The Park contained 2508 acres, valued, together with six lodges, one of which was in the occupation of Colonel Cecil, at 1545*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* per annum. The deer were valued at 1000*l.*; the rabbits at 15*l.*; the timber at 7259*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*; exclusive of 15,608 trees marked for the use of the Navy, and others already cut down for that purpose; the materials of the barns and walls were valued at 1570*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*

The gardens were large, and ornamented with labyrinths, canals, and fountains. The great garden contained several acres, and there was, besides, a pheasant, privy, and laundry garden. In the former were nine knots, artificially and exquisitely made, one of them in imitation of the King's arms.

After the Restoration, the Manor of Theobalds was granted, in 13 Car. II., to George, Duke of Albemarle; and it subsequently descended to the late Oliver Cromwell, Esq. The park and ruins remained in the Crown, until granted in 1 and 2 William and Mary, to William, Duke of Portland, to whose heirs they descended, until sold in 1763 to George Prescott, Esq., the grandfather of Sir George Beeston Prescott, of Cheshunt Park.

The last stages of the decay of Theobalds were recorded by Mr Gough, first in his *Catalogue of British Topography*, and afterwards in his *Additions to Camden's Britannia*. The room said to have been that in which King James I. died, and the parlour under it, with a cloister or portico having the Cecil pedigree painted on the walls, were standing until 1765, when George Prescott, Esq., cleared out the site for building. "It is now," adds Mr. Gough, "covered with gentlemen's houses; and the only remains of its ancient grandeur are a walk of abeles, between two walls, a circular summer-house, and the traces of the park wall, nine or ten miles round, built by James I." Mr. Gough purchased so much of the chimney-piece of the parlour as had survived the demolition. It is two-thirds of a group of figures in alto relievo, representing in the centre Minerva, driving away Discord, overthrowing Idolatry, and restoring true Religion. The architecture is ornamented with garbs of wheat-sheaves, from the Cecil crest. It is carved in clunch, or soft stone, probably by Florentine artists. Mr. Gough placed it over the chimney-piece of his library at Fortyhill, Enfield,

where it remained until the year 1834, when it was presented by his representative, John Farran, Esq., to J. B. Nichols, Esq., F.S.A., who removed it to his house, the Chancellors, Hammersmith.

The Stables of Theobalds were situated on the opposite side of the road leading from Waltham Cross to Cheshunt: and in immediate proximity to them there was a large building called the Almshouse. It is mentioned in the Life of the Earl of Salisbury, which was printed on his death in 1612, that it was occupied by "aged and overworn Captaines, gentlemen by birth and calling." This building, which had the arms of Cecil displayed in front, and which was furnished with a hall and chapel, was standing till about the year 1812.



Canons, near Edgware, and "the Great Duke of Chandos."

The following interesting account of the celebrated property of Canons Park, and its noble owner, was written by the late Mr. Till, the well-known Medallist, who, in his visit to the locality, took much pains to insure the accuracy of his narrative. The paper was written in the year 1840:—

"James, the ninth Baron of Chandos, was, in 1714, created Viscount Wilton and Earl of Caernarvon; in April, 1719, Marquis of Caernarvon and Duke of Chandos: he died in 1744, and was succeeded by his second son, Henry (the eldest having died before him). The first nobleman, styled, in his time, 'the Great Duke,' was celebrated for the regal style of splendour and magnificence in which he lived; and for being the object of the ungrateful and cutting sarcasms which Pope thought fit to publish in his *Moral Essays*.

"'The Great Duke' erected, in the domains of Canons Park, near Edgware, a superb palace, and with it connected every attribute that could charm the senses or afford gratification to his numerous visitors: he there assembled men of every country as well as his own, who were celebrated for literary attainments, amongst whom was Pope, who had repeatedly partaken of the Duke's splendid hospitality, and who, in return, satu-

rized his host and friend. The poet, however, lived to repent his ingratitude, for he openly denied the identity of the person intended; but it was too palpable: his contemporaries blamed, and posterity condemns alike, his satire and his subterfuge. The site of the ground, to this day, bears out the accuracy of his offensive description.

“The palatial home built by ‘the Great Duke,’ with the improvements in the park, is stated to have cost from 200,000*l.* to 300,000*l.* The mansion was in the form of a square, and of stone; the four sides being very similar, surmounted with statues of heathen deities, as Jupiter, Apollo, &c.; and at their sides were vases in imitation of the antique: each front had two rows of eleven windows, over each of which was a sculptured head, and above these were eleven smaller windows, each with a sculptured ornament. In the centre of the principal front were six fluted marble columns, with an ascent of steps. The cornice of this front was highly decorated with trophies, musical instruments, groups of fruit, the ducal coat-of-arms and coronet, with the initials of his Grace, &c. The walls at the base were twelve feet thick; above, nine feet.

“The house was built in the year 1712, when three of the most celebrated architects of the day were employed in the design—viz., Gibbs, James, and Sheppard. It was erected at the end of a long and spacious avenue of trees, and being placed diagonally it gave, at a distance, a front and appearance of prodigious extent. The hall was richly decorated with marble statues, busts, &c.; the ceiling of the staircase was painted by Sir James Thornhill; the grand apartments were finely adorned with sculpture, paintings, &c.; the staircase was of marble, each step being one entire block, exceeding twenty-two feet in length; the locks and hinges of the doors were said to be of solid silver, if not of ‘gold,’ as some writers have affirmed. The demesne at this time contained 400 acres.

“The Duke had accumulated vast wealth as paymaster of the army, in the reign of Queen Anne. His fortune, however, suffered three successive shocks by his concerns in the African Company, the Mississippi, and the South Sea speculations, in 1718, 1719, and 1720; notwithstanding which he continued to reside at Canons, though with diminished splendour, until his death in 1744. As no purchaser of the entire property could then be found, in 1747 the mansion was taken down, and the materials produced, when disposed of in separate lots, the sum of 11,000*l.* Among the most costly items were, an equestrian statue of George I., which was placed in Leicester-square; a superb marble staircase, now in Chesterfield House, May Fair; and

the fine marble columns of the front, which were employed in building Wanstead House, which mansion was taken down in 1822. The site of Canons House, with part of the materials, were purchased by Mr. Hallett, a cabinet-maker, who erected the present elegant little villa; which, in 1786, came by purchase into the possession of Colonel O'Kelly, the owner of the celebrated horse *Eclipse*. The Colonel died, and was interred at Whitchurch, in 1788; and his favourite steed was buried in the paddock fronting the house.

“Pope was not only ungrateful, but unjust in his satire, when speaking of a fine ornamental piece of water, and of the lawn; the former he assimilates to an ocean, the latter to a down: with more justice, however, he condemns the then prevailing formal fashion of

‘Trees cut to statues—statues thick as trees.’

Although Dr. Blackwell, author of a *Treatise on Agriculture*, was employed in laying out the pleasure-grounds; still, a formality, doubtless, was substituted for simple nature, and was much to be censured. In his allusion to the musical service performed at Whitchurch, Pope says:

‘Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.’

These light quirks of music were not only composed, but performed, by the immortal Handel, who was here employed as ‘*maëstro di cappella*’ to his Grace; and, as the author of the *Reminiscences of Handel** states, the cathedral service was performed by a choir of voices, accompanied by instruments, superior at that time in number and excellence to those of any sovereign prince in Europe. Here that celebrated composer produced his *Chandos Anthems*; and the chief part of his hautboy concertos, sonatas, lessons, and organ fugues.

“On the organ, at Whitchurch, a plate † states that ‘Handel was organist at this church, from the year 1718 to 1721, and composed his Oratorio of *Esther* on this organ.’

“On entering Canons Park, the visitor must be struck with the fulfilment of Pope’s prophetic lines:

‘Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrow the slope,—and nod on the parterre.’

“This is, indeed, figuratively the case; for the enclosure, which was once so beautiful and boasted of every plant that the most distant clime

* Richard Clarke, Esq., one of the gentlemen of Her Majesty’s choir.

† The plate was fixed by Julius Plumer, son of Sir Thomas and Lady Plumer.

could produce, assisted by the highest art of the day, is now little better than a common field, though stocked with noble timber. It is partly let to the farmer and grazier.

“One spot, one little spot, however, remains entire to convey to posterity an idea of the princely grandeur of ‘the Great Duke of Chandos.’ A beautiful little church, rendered more interesting by the absence of that high cultivation with which it was formerly surrounded, attests the taste and liberality of this munificent nobleman.

“Whitchurch, formerly called *Stanmore Parva* or the less, from the neighbouring parish of *Stanmore Magna*, formerly having contained more inhabitants, though one hundred acres less of land, than at present. The church is a plain brick edifice, rebuilt in 1715, by the Duke of Chandos; except the tower, which is part of the original structure, and was dedicated to St. Lawrence. It is situated within half a mile of the mansion of Canons, and contiguous to the village of Edgware.* The exterior is singularly unattractive; but on entering it you are struck with the beauty and splendour of the little edifice; its walls and ceiling are decorated with paintings by Laguerre, the subjects being taken from the miracles performed by our Saviour; as well as the figures of St. Matthew, Mark, and other of the Evangelists, and of Faith, Hope, and Charity, which are on each side of the chapel. In the seat used by Lady Plumer, is a splendid painting of the Transfiguration, in which the portrait of the Redeemer is pre-eminently beautiful. In a recess, supported by columns elaborately carved by Gibbons, is the organ, rendered sacred by its association with Handel, for whose choir beneath was erected a large orchestra, which still remains, and is used as a pew for a neighbouring school. On each side of the altar are paintings by Belluchi, on canvas, of Moses receiving the Tablets of the Commandments; of the Nativity, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Crucifixion; all which are finely executed. The church consists of a chancel and nave, to which you ascend by a step. In the nave are the tombs of M. Mosely, Esq., Lady Frankland, and others. Opposite the organ, on the west side, is a superb pew, formerly appropriated to the Duke and his family; and on each side there is one for his domestics. Adjoining the body of the church, on the north side, is what is termed the Monument-room, paved with black and white marble, in which are monuments of the family of the Brydges, Dukes of Chandos; one of which, in white marble, represents ‘the

* This church, at that period styled the Duke of Chandos's; was opened for service, the first time, on Monday, 29th of August, 1716.

Great Duke,' in the costume of a Roman, with long, flowing hair. Beside him are his two wives, Mary and Cassandra, in a kneeling posture; these figures, at first sight, appear mythological; but as an inscription beneath records their names, it is but fair to appropriate them to these ladies: some *iconoclast* has mutilated the fingers of the statues. A florid inscription enumerates the virtues of his Grace, who, it appears from its tenor, forbade the act thus consummated — that of praise. Beneath these figures is a tomb, in which are the remains of Duke Henry, and James, the last Duke, and their Duchesses,* Anne excepted, the consort of the former, who lies in the vault beneath. On the same side of the apartment is the monument of a daughter of Lord Bruce, and consort of Henry, Marquis and afterwards Duke of Chandos, and others: one especially deserves attention from the heart-rending circumstance which dictated its erection: it is to the memory of a child of the house of Chandos; who, the clerk states, died as it was about to be christened, and in the arms of its nurse; King George III. and Queen Charlotte being sponsors. Still, the ceremony was performed, and the body, enclosed in a silver coffin, reposes within the sarcophagus here erected. The domestics of the family stated the infant's death to have been caused by the weight of gold and gems pressing on its breast at the time of baptism. It is said that the Duke, its father, never recovered the blow, and that the Duchess retired into seclusion. There is no inscription to this child's memory, nor is any record of its birth to be found in the English peerage.

"From the Monument-room you are led, by a flight of steps, to the ante-chamber, in which are monuments to the memory of the Marquis of Caernarvon, 1727; also of Frances, and the Rev. Henry Brydges. Here you observe the escutcheon of Chandos, with the coronet, and tattered banner of this all but regal nobleman, 'the Great Duke,' falling piecemeal to the earth, without a friendly hand to arrest its rapid decay. A few years hence and its office will be accomplished, and not a vestige of it will remain.

"On descending, you are shown the vault of the Brydges; wherein are heaped the remains of this once powerful and illustrious family. Here, likewise, the descendants of the Plantagenets and Tudors lie in melancholy confusion. Much faith cannot, however, be placed on the

* A curious anecdote is extant of James, Duke of Chandos, having purchased his last wife of her husband, an ostler at an inn. However incredible this story may appear, the fact is indubitable; the clever author of the *Reminiscences of Handel* (in his account of the 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' over whose remains he, in conjunction with another gentleman, has erected a memento in Whitchurch churchyard), gives part of the particulars, from an authentic source.

appropriation of the names on the coffins; as a miscreant broke into this vault some time since, and wrenched the plates from off them, presuming they were silver; but on finding himself mistaken, many were left behind and replaced. In connexion with this sacrilege a story is told which partakes of the marvellous and tragic, but which, as it came from a 'high authority' still in the parish, may be here related. A person was set to watch, after this robbery, in the expectation that the thieves would return on the following evening: by some accident a sow, in her midnight perambulations, strayed into the church, the door of which had been left open, and making her road up the steps leading to the Monument-room, mistook her way and fell headlong to the bottom. The fall caused her death almost immediately, but not before the young man who was there placed, but who had fallen asleep, was awakened by the noise and caught a glimpse of her. That glimpse was, however, enough: to his eyes she appeared of monstrous dimensions; and the place and circumstances together conspired so to shock his mind, that the sight of the dead sow did not satisfy him, and the poor fellow took to his bed, and died in three days!

"Some of the coffins are very fresh, and from the purity of the country air admitted into the tomb, the materials of which it is composed are nearly as fresh as when first erected.

"The Great Duke of Chandos' appears to have been peculiarly unfortunate in his offspring, as from the parish register we find, in six years he lost five children, four sons and a daughter, whose coffins are here seen; as are also those of the Duchess Anne, who died in 1759, before noticed, and the Marchioness of Caernarvon, with many of the younger branches of the family, as well as collateral relatives of the first Duke. In this vault, likewise, is seen a coffin of colossal dimensions, being four feet eight inches across, containing the body of a mother and daughter of the name of Inwood.

"Many of the family of the Lakes, who possessed the mansion from 1604 until the marriage of Mary, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Lake, with James the first Duke, lie interred in this church. A capacious parish vault likewise contains a great number of gentry, formerly residents of the adjoining village. The late proprietor of Canons, Mr. Hallett, with his family, lie under the orchestra.

"To this church it was the custom of 'the Grand Duke,' to repair attended, if not by a superb, at least an interesting retinue: eight old sergeants of the army, who had fought in the battles of their country, were selected and dressed in the Chandos livery; these formed his escort on the Sunday, and at night were guardians of his property, each

of them having appropriated to his use a neat and comfortable residence, which was erected at the termination of the principal avenue of trees.

“This ostentation may, perhaps, be spared censure when it is considered that it gave employment to the aged, and an extension of those comforts they would otherwise have in vain sought for. Pope himself, in his satire, confessed that from this harmless vanity were derived health and blessings to the poor, and food for the hungry.

“In the present mansion, which is built nearly on the site of the former one, is a beautiful chimney-piece originally in the Duke’s palace: it is most exquisitely sculptured in white marble, and is, I believe, the only part which can be recognised as belonging to that once princely edifice. In the park are two sphinxes, evidently from the old palace; they are stationed on what is termed the boat-house.

“On September 25, 1790, a grand miscellaneous concert of sacred music was performed at Whitechurch: the pieces were selections from the compositions of Handel; and the profits were appropriated to the benefit of the Sunday-schools in the neighbourhood.

“Reverting once more to the family of the Brydges, genealogists inform us that they are descended from the Montgomeries, Earls of Arundel, and lords of the castle of Brugge, in Shropshire, from whence their name; and from Sir Simon de Brugge, who lived in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I.; as well as from Robert de Chandos, a powerful warrior, who came over with the Conqueror. James, the last Duke of Chandos, until the restoration of the title in the person of the Duke of Buckingham, died in 1789, without male issue, leaving an only daughter and heiress, the Lady Anna Eliza Brydges, who married Earl Temple; he was in 1822 created Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, since dead; and was succeeded by his son, Richard Plantagenet, Marquis of Chandos, subsequently Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

“The illustrious house of Chandos derives its descent from the royal houses of Plantagenet and Tudor; and the above Duke from that of Bruce, in Scotland; his maternal ancestress being the Lady Mary Tudor, the favourite sister of Henry VIII., and the youthful widow of Louis XII. of France, afterwards married to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, whose daughter, the Lady Eleanor, married with the Clifford family; from whom, and from the royal house of Scotland, before-named, the late Duchess sprang.

“Whitechurch, although only eight miles from the metropolis, appears almost unknown to Londoners; but it will be found well worth their attention.”

Stories of the Star Chamber.

Every person at all acquainted with the localities of the late Houses of Parliament must recollect in New Palace-yard the last line of buildings on the river side, which, to those who were familiar with the historical associations of the spot, told afflicting tales of other times. Indeed, it was scarcely possible for any one to pass this dilapidated pile without some inquiry as to its appropriation—its history, and its aspect of neglect and decay.

These buildings stood on the eastern side of New Palace-yard, near the bank of the Thames: adjoining them, northward, was an arched gateway, apparently of Henry the Third's time, which communicated with a boarded passage and stairs leading to the water. At different times, since 1807, the whole of this range of building was pulled down; the last remaining part, included the offices where the *trials of the Pyx* took place, and the printing of Exchequer bills was carried on. There was also an apartment in the same edifice, in which that despotic tribunal, the STAR CHAMBER, held its sittings during the most obnoxious period of its career—namely, from the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign until the final abolition of the Court by Parliament, in 1641. This, however, could not have been the "*Chambre des Estoilles*," or "*Camera Stellata*," in which the Court originally sat; for, the building itself was evidently of the Elizabethan age, and the date 1602, with the initials E. R. separated by an open rose on a star, was carved over one of the doorways. But it may be inferred from various records, that the original Star Chamber occupied the same site, or nearly so, as the late buildings.

Having thus premised a general outline of the buildings, we propose glancing at the origin of the infamous Court which was held in one of the principal apartments; an inquiry which bespeaks the attention of the reader from the prominent mention of the Star Chamber in the history of our country. In this task, advantage has been taken of two letters from John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A., to Thomas Amyot, Esq., F.S.A., and Treasurer to the Society of Antiquaries; both which are printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxv. pt. 2, 1834, pp. 342, 393.

It seems agreed that all superior courts of justice originated in the ancient Royal Court held in the King's Palace, before the King himself, and the members of his "*Consilium ordinarium*," commonly called "*the Council*." The Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, arose from time to time out of the King's Court, and

assumed independent jurisdiction over particular descriptions of causes. Hence a considerable portion of the business of the King's Court was diverted into other channels; but the court itself subsisted, and exercised a judicial discretion, which it is difficult to define.

In the exercise of their judicial authority, the Council held their sittings in a chamber of the Palace at Westminster, known as "the Council Chamber near the Exchequer," and the "Chambre des Estoyers," or "Estoilles," near the Receipt of the Exchequer. This chamber is said to have been situated in the outermost quadrangle of the Palace, next the bank of the river, and was consequently easily accessible to the suitors. The occupation of the "Chambre des Estoilles," or Star Chamber, by the Council, can be traced to the reign of Edward III.; but no specific mention of the Star Chamber, *as a Court of Justice*, can be found, Mr. Bruce believes, earlier than the reign of Henry VII., about which time the old titles of "the Lords sitting in the Star Chamber," and "the Council in the Star Chamber," seem to have merged in this one distinguishing appellation.*

The origin of the name "Star Chamber," has been a subject of dispute which has given occasion to several ingenious guesses. The most satisfactory explanation appears to be that supported by Mr. Caley, in the eighth volume of the *Archæologia*, p. 404; that the ceiling of the chamber was anciently ornamented with gilded stars.

The course of the proceedings before the Council was twofold; one, *ore tenus*, or by mouth; the other by bill and answer. The proceeding *ore tenus* was that which was usually adopted in political cases, and consequently, was the most abused. It originated either in "soden reporte," which Mr. Bruce thinks means private, and probably secret information given to the Council. The person accused, or suspected, was immediately apprehended and privately examined. If he confessed any offence, or, if the cunning of his examiners drew from him, or his own simplicity let fall, any expressions which suited their purpose, he was at once brought to the bar, his confession or examination was read, he was convicted *ex ore suo* (out of his own mouth), and judgment was immediately pronounced against him. Imagination can scarcely conceive a more terrible judicature. Dragged from home in the custody of a pursuivant, ignorant of the charge or suspicion entertained against

* The Judges before and subsequent to this alteration were the same—viz., the members of the King's ordinary council,—“the Lords of the Council,” as they are still termed in the Litany of the Church service, although many of them have generally been under the degree of a Baron.

him, without friend or counsellor, the foredoomed victim was subjected to a searching examination before the members of a tribunal which was bound by no law, and which itself created and defined the offences it punished. His judges were, in point of fact, his prosecutors, and every mixture of these two characters is inconsistent with impartial justice.

Besides the mode of proceeding *ore tenus*, the Council might be applied to in another manner, in all cases of libel, conspiracy, and matters arising out of force or fraud. Crimes of the greatest magnitude, even treason and murder, were treated of in this Court, but solely punished as trespasses, the Council not having dared to usurp the power of inflicting death. Causes of a capital nature could originate only in the King, who by prosecuting in this Court for any treasonable or felonious offence, showed his desire to remit the sentence against the life which would have been awarded in the Courts of Law. In these cases, a Bill of Complaint was filed with the Clerk of the Council, who then granted a warrant, and subpœnas were issued to the defendant. Strictly, no subpœna could be issued until a bill was filed; but it seems that this practice was at one time relaxed; and the consequence was, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, "many solicitors who lived in Wales, Cornwall, or the furthest parts of the North, did make a trade to sue forth a multitude of subpœnas to vex their neighbours; who rather than they would travel to London, would give them any composition, although there were no colour of complaint against them."

The process of the Star Chamber might anciently be served in any place. In Catholic times, the market, or the church, seems to have been the usual place for service. We find a corroboration of this practice in the mention of a case which occurred in the second year of Henry VIII., in which one Cheesman was committed to prison for contempt of Court, in drawing his sword upon a messenger who served process upon him in the church of Esterford, in Essex. The practice of wearing swords during divine service is ancient; and, in Poland, so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was the custom for gentlemen to draw their swords at church, during the repetition of the Creed, by way of testifying their zeal for the faith.*

In the time of Henry VII., the person summoned appeared personally before the Chancellor, or President, of the Council. In the reign of James I., the defendant appeared before the Clerk of the Council, who took from him a bond not to depart without licence of

* Howel's *Letters*, p. 268, ed. 1737.

the Court; by which bond he was anciently conditioned to appear from day to day, or confess the offence. In the time of Edward III., we find a petitioner summoned to appear on a certain day, when his opponent not being present, he was ordered to follow the Court from day to day until the complainant should appear, and thus he was kept, "as in a prison," upwards of a year. If the defendant refused to answer upon oath, the plaintiff's bill, he was imprisoned for a certain time; when, if he still refused, either the bill was taken as his confession, or he was retained in custody and kept upon bread and water until he answered. When he had put in his answer, the plaintiff examined him upon written interrogatories, when if he refused to answer them, he was committed until he consented to do so; and some persons who persisted in refusing, were continued in confinement during their lives. The examination was secret, and the defendant was neither allowed advice nor notice; but, having passed his examination, he was allowed to depart, upon securities being given for his reappearance. The witnesses were then similarly examined; but the defendant was not allowed to cross-examine them. When the cause was ready, it was entered in a list, and the defendant was summoned to hear the judgment of the Court.

The Court sat for the hearing of causes, during term time, twice and sometimes thrice in a week. After the sitting, the Lords, with the Clerk of the Council, dined in the Inner Star Chamber, at the public expense. The cost of these dinners rose to an extravagant sum: from 1509 to 1590, the charge for each dinner varying from 2*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* to 17*l.* or 18*l.*, though the number of persons dining considerably decreased during that time.

The number of the Council who attended the Court, is said in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., to have been nearly forty, of whom seven or eight were prelates: in the reign of Elizabeth the number was nearly thirty; but it subsequently declined.

The Chancellor proceeded to the sittings of the Court in great state; his mace and seal being carried before him. He was the supreme Judge, and alone sat with his head uncovered; and was attended by his own servants in the Court. Upon important occasions, persons who wished "to get convenient places and standing," went there by three o'clock in the morning. The privileges of the Chancellor were much abused: he appointed his own kinsmen and favourites to be Counsel to the suit, and he made orders upon private petitions, which were a source of profit to his attendants: he could sit when he chose, and command the attendance of the other Judges.

Upon the trial of causes, the parties were heard by their Counsel, who were confined to a "laconical brevity;" the examinations of the witnesses were read, and the members of the Court proceeded in silence to deliver their opinions. They spoke in order from the inferior upwards, the Archbishop always preceding the Chancellor. In the case of equality of voices, that of the Chancellor was decisive. He alone had the power of assessing damages and awarding costs, and he alone could discharge persons sentenced to imprisonment during pleasure.

Every punishment, except death, was assumed to be within the power of the Court. If the complaint were founded upon a precise statute (which was very seldom the case), the Court awarded the punishment inflicted by the statute; but if the offence was against the statute, but the bill not grounded upon the statute, they usually imposed a heavier punishment than the statute. The following is an instance of this practice:—"The statute of the 5th Elizabeth, c. 14, punisheth the forging of false deeds with double damages to the partie grieved; imprisonment during life, pillory, cutting off both ears, slitting nostrils, and forfeiture of all his goods and profits of all his lands during his life; and the publisher of such deedes (knowing the same to be forged), with like double damages, pillory, cutting off one ear, and imprisonment for a year. The Starre Chamber will adde, upon the forger, a fine to the value of all his estates, whipping, wearing of papers through Westminster Hall, letters to be seared in his face with hote irons; and to the publisher likewise a great fine and longer imprisonment, not to be released until hee find sureties for good behaviour, and the like."

This catalogue of judicial terrors comprehends, at one view, all the ordinary punishments of the Star Chamber. In John Lilburne's case gagging was had recourse to, in order to stop his outcries in the pillory. In other cases, a savage and cold-blooded ingenuity was exercised in the discovery of novel inflictions. Thus, one Traske, a poor fanatic who taught the unlawfulness of eating swine's flesh, was sentenced to be imprisoned and fed upon pork.

Mr. Bruce thinks it might be shown that most of these infamous punishments were introduced during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and grew into common practice under Elizabeth. Whipping seems to have been introduced by Lord Keeper Pickering, in the later reign. In the early instances, there was a moderation in fines; but latterly, they were excessive, not according to the estate of the delinquent, but in proportion to the supposed character of the

offence, "the ransom of a beggar and a gentleman being all one;" or, as it is elsewhere expressed, "the Lord Chancellor useth to say often, that the King hath committed his justice to them, and that he hath reserved his mercy to himself; wherefore that they ought to look only upon the offence, and not upon the person, but leave him to his Majesty for mercy, if there be cause." In the reigns of Henrys VII. and VIII. it was not so. The clergy were then in the habit of attending the Court, and their "song was of mercy."

We have explained that the Chamber, as it appeared shortly before its demolition, was not the original one in which the Court sat. The ceiling was of oak, ornamented with roses, pomegranates, portcullises, and fleurs-de-lis; but of Tudor-Gothic design, which raised a dispute as to its identity. This was, however, set at rest on its being taken down, by finding some of the enriched Gothic panelling of the old Chamber behind the Elizabethan panelling. There were also four *arched* doorways of the Tudor style, within the modern *square beaded* door-frames. These discoveries prove that the ancient building was not destroyed, but was merely new-fronted and fitted up according to the style prevailing in the time of Elizabeth. Under the principal staircase was a wood-hole with a stone Gothic entrance, having spandrels ornamented with roses, which confirmed the originality of the building.

Mr. Bruce commences his Second Letter by observing, that the causes determined by the Council during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III., although important and interesting in themselves, are not of such a character as can well be brought within the limits of a rapid sketch like the present; the object of which is not to enumerate all, or even many, of the cases determined in the Star Chamber, but to give a general notion of the practices which prevailed there, and the spirit which pervaded its decisions, during the several periods of its existence.

The reign of Henry VII. is an epoch in the history of the Star Chamber. That monarch appears to have had a fondness for sitting in person with his Council upon judicial occasions; and, during the first and second years of his reign, held "twelve several stately sessions" in the Star Chamber: but Mr. Bruce has not found any instances of his Majesty's judicial wisdom, though he had collected around him a learned council.

During the reign of Henry VII., our attention is not so much drawn to the particular cases determined in the Star Chamber, as to the general system which prevailed there. This Court was the instrument by which the politic rapacity of the Sovereign, and the subtlety of his

favourite "promoters of suits" accomplished their nefarious purposes. If a man were descended from a stock that had favoured the White Rose; if he were suspected of sympathizing with the misfortunes of the Earl of Warwick; if his behaviour indicated a lofty spirit; or even if he were merely thought to be moderately rich; neither a dignified station in society, nor purity of life, nor cautiousness of conduct, could afford him any protection. Some obsolete law was put in force against him by the King's receivers of forfeitures. If his purse were found to be empty, the prejudged culprit was committed to prison, until a pardon was purchased by the compassion of his friends; if full, just enough was left for a second plunder. The King's agents, or as Hall calls them, "ravenynge wolves," in these transactions, were Empson and Dudley, who filled the royal coffers and enriched themselves. "At this unreasonable and extort doynge," says Hall, "noble men grudged, meane men kycked, poore men lamented, preachers openlie at Paules crosse and other places exclaimed, rebuked, and detested, but they would never amend."

Mr. Bruce next refers to two papers among the MSS. in the British Museum, and selects from one an account of sums received for cases in which persons, who had been prosecuted for breaches of the law, either real or pretended, had compounded with the King, and paid fines, through Dudley, to be discharged. Among the persons named in this paper, are many of the chief nobility of the time:—The unhappy Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, stands at the head of the list for 500 marks. At a little distance follow "Sir William Capel, alderman of London, and Giles Capel, his son, for their pardons, 1000*l.*; besides 2615*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for other troubles. Sir William was again sued, for "things done by him in the time of his mayoralty;" when either his purse or his patience was exhausted, and he refused all composition, "and after prysonment in the Countour, and sheriff's house, was by the King's counsell commanded to the Tower, where he remayned until the King died, and shortly after was delivered with many other." It seems to have been scarcely possible to fill any of the civil offices without giving occasion of advantage to these watchful informers. Escheators, customers, controllers, sheriffs, are to be found in the MSS. referred to, and the King seems to have taken double advantage of these officers, by first selling them their appointments, and afterwards scrutinizing their conduct by the most vigilant severity. Amongst the items quoted from this account are:—

"For the pardon of murther of Sir John Fines, Kt., 25 *lib.*" (pounds).

"From the Earl of Derby, for his pardon, 6000 lib."

"For the pardon of the Earl of Northumberland, 10,000 lib."

From these and many other similar items, it would seem that the King assumed the power of withdrawing causes from the jurisdiction of all the courts, upon the accused party making a pecuniary arrangement with his receivers; or, as the phrase ran in the Star Chamber, the "King took the matter into his own hands," and the prisoner was discharged upon his Majesty certifying that fact to the Court.

Bacon has made us acquainted with the traditional story of the King's conduct to the Earl of Oxford, whose retainers, dressed in liveries, came around him upon occasion of a visit from his Majesty. Henry expressed his thanks for the good cheer he received, but added, "I may not endure to have my laws broken in my sighte—my attorney must speak with you;" which words were the prelude to a fine of 15,000 marks. Tradition has probably exaggerated the amount of the fine; but the anecdote is perfectly in character with the practices evidenced in the MSS. referred to.

The accession of Henry VIII. produced an extraordinary change in the Star Chamber. The Council no longer listened approvingly to the accusations of the late King's Commissioners of Forfeitures, but immediately proceeded to sit in judgment upon the accusers. They were committed to the Tower the very day after the new King was proclaimed. All offences, except murder, felony, and treason, were pardoned; and it was added, that if any man had wrongfully sustained injury or loss of goods, through Empson and Dudley, that he would receive satisfaction upon petition to the King. A crowd of applicants immediately besieged the Council, and due restitution was made; but fraudulent claims being afterwards put forth, the Council soon desisted.

The Promoters,* "notwithstanding the general pardon, were sentenced by the Council, some of them to pay fines, and others to ride about the City on horseback, with their faces towards the horses' tails, and afterwards to stand in the pillory in Cornhill, and wear papers indicative of their offences. Such a punishment was, in truth, an invitation to the people to revenge themselves upon their persecutors, and the opportunity it afforded was not lost. Three of the ringleaders, upon whom this sentence was carried into effect on June 6, 1509, died in Newgate, within a few days afterwards; 'for very shame,' say some

* These informers were so called, because they "promoted many honest men's vexations."

of the authorities, but more probably, as assigned by others, from ill-usage in the pillory."

The fate of Empson and Dudley is well known. To satisfy public clamour, they were convicted, and sentenced to death, but probably without any intention of carrying the sentence into execution. It happened, however, that Henry set out at that time upon his first progress; finding himself annoyed, wherever he went, by outcries for vengeance against the unpopular ministers, he at once despatched a warrant for their execution, and they were accordingly sent to the block, to add to the enjoyment of a royal progress. Empson's forfeited mansion, with its orchard and twelve gardens, situate in St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and occupying the ground now known as Salisbury-square and Dorset-street, were granted to Wolsey on the 30th of January, 1510.

For the honour of Wolsey let it be noticed that, during his administration, there prevailed in the Star Chamber, neither the pecuniary meanness which was its prominent vice under his immediate predecessors, nor the cruelty which distinguished it at a later period. The Council frequently investigated alleged offences, and occasionally committed to the Tower; but there are no traces of the long imprisonments, the degrading and barbarous punishments, or the oppressive fines, which it inflicted at other periods. Perhaps this circumstance may be explained by the sanguinary disposition of the monarch, and the obsequiousness of juries. Offences which were formerly thought fit subjects for the Star Chamber, were now punished with death; the boundaries of treason were enlarged so as to enclose words, and even wishes, as well as acts; but treason was a crime not cognizable before the Council, and death a punishment which they never dared to inflict. To carry these new laws into effect, it was therefore necessary to resort to the ordinary tribunals.

Wolsey, always delighted with magnificence, made a great show on it in the Star Chamber. In his time, "the presence that sat with him was always great;" and Cavendish has detailed the pompous "order of his going to Westminster Hall, surrounded by noblemen, and preceded by cross-bearers and pillar-bearers."

Wolsey's administration of justice in private causes has often been praised. In the Star Chamber, "he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to their merits and deserts." In political cases, the object of the Cardinal's Star Chamber prosecutions does not seem to have been the punishment of offenders so much as the procuring a general submission to the authority of the King. Those who

submitted were usually pardoned, whilst the obstinate were, in most cases, turned over to the common law.

After the time of Wolsey, there occurred during the remainder of the reign of Henry VIII., but few public cases of sufficient interest to be noticed in a sketch like the present. Wolsey stamped his individual character upon the Court; he made it subservient to the furtherance of political and personal purposes; and, when he fell, the Court seems, for a time, to have lost the use to which he applied it. His successors, who were fully, and probably, more usefully occupied in private causes, brought before it but little business; so that, with the exception of occasional interference in religious matters, and matters of police, we seldom hear of the Star Chamber

ESSEX.

Colchester Castle.

Colchester, the town of Essex, there is strong evidence to show, was originally both a British and Roman city, being most probably on the site of the Camalodunum of the Romans, which was burnt in the insurrection under Boadicea. There are few places in England where more Roman antiquities have been found. Morant, in his *History of Essex*, mentions "bushels" of coins of Claudius, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, and their several successors. The town walls, the Castle, and many of the churches and other ancient buildings, are chiefly built of the Roman brick; and vases, urns, lamps, rings, bracelets, and tessellated pavements have been found here in great numbers.

There is a tradition to the effect that Coel, the second of that name, a British prince, who was invested by the Romans with the government of the district of which Camalodunum was the chief station, taking advantage of the distracted state of the Roman empire, assumed independence, and gave to his capital the name of *Caer-Coel*; and he is supposed to have become tributary to Carausius and other usurpers of the Imperial dominion, to which they threw off their allegiance in Britain. Constantius Chlorus, afterwards Emperor, who had been associated in the purple, under Diocletian and Maximian, then embarked at Boulogne, to chastise the rebels and reduce Britain to its former state of dependence. Having landed, he commenced the siege of *Caer-Coel*, as being the focus of the insurrection. The resistance opposed to his arms was so determined that the siege was protracted to the unusual period of three years, and even then seemed very distant from a successful termination. In this state of affairs Constantius beheld Helena, Coel's daughter, who was born in *Caer-Coel*, and who possessed the most fascinating charms, as well as uncommon endowments of mind. Struck with her beauty, and interested by her acquirements, Constantius became enamoured of the British Princess, and hesitated not to make peace with Coel, on condition of receiving the accomplished Helena as his bride. At this point, the tradition branches off in different directions; one account asserting that the marriage was immediately

celebrated with becoming splendour; another, that Helena was the mistress of Constantius before she became his wife. Both, however, affirm that Constantine, surnamed the Great, was the issue of this intercourse, whom Henry of Huntingdon styles King of Colecestre; and that he also was born at Caer-Coel, about 275. Gibbon denies that a British king was the father of Helena, and gives that honour to an innkeeper; and William of Malmesbury, on what ground is not known, asserts that Helena was a "tender of cattle." At the same time the historian observes, the legality of her marriage may be defended against those who have represented her as the concubine of Constantius. The real birthplace of Constantine, the first Roman emperor that openly avowed Christianity, is supposed to have been at Naissus, in Dacia. After her departure from Britain, Helena made a journey to Jerusalem, where she is said to have discovered the Cross on which the Saviour was crucified: and to this circumstance the arms of Colchester, which display a cross between three coronets, are attributed.

The history of the Castle was very ably illustrated by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, at the Congress of the British Archæological Association, held at Colchester in the year 1865, from which we quote the most interesting points of the construction of the Castle and its history. Although its position "presents nothing remarkable in a defensive view, yet it has some peculiarities of an architectural nature that entitle it to a careful examination. The keep, and there remains nothing besides, was formerly surrounded by a fosse and palisade, the usual method of fortification at the time these military buildings were erected. The fosse may have either been the work of the Romans or of a very much later period, as it would equally suit their system of castrametation, or the practice of the Normans. Viewed by itself it has very little evidence in the inquiry as to when the Castle itself was built. If traditionary accounts are of any value, what has been written about the extent of the fosse would make it appear more probable that it was executed by the Romans than their successors.

"The admixture of Roman brick with flints and cement stone imparts to the Castle a rugged effect. The keep, which is rectangular, is 171 feet 8 inches from north to south, and 128 feet 8 inches from east to west in its widest dimensions, thus exhibiting a greater size and larger area within its extreme outward walls than the White Tower of London, Castle Rising, Bamborough, Rochester, or any other castle in England. Its altitude is below all of them, and was never much more than is seen at present.

"The angles of the buttresses throughout are built with Roman brick,

or an imitation of it, nearly half their height. They are generally used horizontally, but sometimes endwise and herring-bone fashion. This irregularity of construction, together with the disfigurements made by an ignorant owner, who purchased the Castle in 1683, for the sake of pulling it down and selling the materials, give the whole building a rough and dilapidated appearance. The best material employed throughout the entire district, when bricks are not used, consists of flint and Harwich cement stone. In this Castle they are used with some of the dressings of Caen stone, or of the shelly oolite from Barnack, near Stamford.

“It is clear that the Castle was erected before 1130, since in this year there is a payment entered on the Great Roll of the Pipe, of one marc of silver being paid to Eraddus the mason. There being no other building in Colchester then in the hands of the Crown, this outlay must consequently have been expended upon the Castle. No further mention of it occurs until 1170; when there appears an entry on the same records for works which cost forty-seven shillings. Again in 1180 the turris, as it is termed, being the keep, was repaired at an outlay of upwards of ten pounds. These entries upon the accounts of the sheriff of the county make it conclusive that the whole building had, by this time, been finished, but began to require reparation.

“The gateway of the keep, ornamented with roll mouldings and their nebule ornament, has a portcullis. It is the principal feature of architecture in the building, and is of the period at which we have arrived. A large gateway at St. Osyth Priory is very like it in mouldings and proportions, though the one at Colchester is earlier.

“There does not appear any entry of importance during the reign of King John either on the Pipe or Close Rolls. However, in 1219, the Bishop of London, who was then farmer of the town, received a precept from Henry III. to select two legal and discreet men, who should erect a palisade round the Castle in lieu of the one recently blown down.

“This building is historically memorable for two assaults that it underwent in the thirteenth century. The first was made by Saher de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, in 1215, by whom it was captured. After a few days' siege, it was, however, retaken by King John. In the following year it fell into the hands of Louis, son of Philip II. of France. At this time the Dauphin, partly on the invitation of the English nobility, in consequence of their hatred of John, landed at Dover, and ultimately succeeded in obtaining possession of Rochester, Guildford, Heveningham, and Colchester. His tenure was, however, but brief. The barons gained their liberties without foreign assistance, and the

Dauphin was driven out of the Castles he had taken with so little difficulty.

“Colchester Castle was never of the same altitude as other Norman fortresses met with in England and elsewhere. This is another feature of its peculiarity. Though the keep is the largest, it is also the lowest that now exists. Its vaulting, too, is more extensive than is met with in other castles. This gives it internally a degree of apparent spaciousness and of real solidity that is not of frequent occurrence. In fact, this species of wagon vaulting is rarely seen, except in the basements of military buildings. The walls average 12 feet in thickness.

“In a document printed by Dugdale, in his *Monasticon*, there occurs a passage which must for ever set a controverted question at rest. The writer of the *Genealogy of Tintern Abbey* speaks of Rohesia, the daughter of Hasoul de Harcourt. She married for her first husband, Richard, the son of Earl Gilbert, who was amongst the most leading of the Conqueror's followers. Her second husband was Eudo le Dapifer, who is here spoken of as the builder of the Castle of Colchester and the founder of the Abbey of St. John. Between the accession of Henry I. in 1100, and the death of Eudo Dapifer in 1120, there was ample time for him to construct the Castle. Still more time if the reign of William Rufus is included, which would widen the conjectural period of its erection nearly thirteen years more, and extend the interval during which the building must be confined between 1087 and 1120. It is not improbable that it was built in his reign.

“It is recorded in the history of the foundation of St. John's Abbey, that it was set out in the presence of Maurice Bishop of London in 1096, or the ninth year of the reign of William II.; that the first stone was laid by Eudo Dapifer after Easter the following year, the second by Rohesia his wife, and the third by Earl Gilbert her brother. The same account that furnishes these particulars also states how Eudo became invested with the honour of dapifer or seneschal, or, as the office may perhaps now be termed, royal chamberlain. William Fitz Osborn, who had previously held it, placed before the king on a particular feast day, in virtue of his duty, a goose which was so badly roasted that the blood came out when it was pressed. Being very deservedly reprobated by the King for such an act of negligence, with difficulty stomaching the royal abuse, and unwillingly shedding tears, he stretched forth his hand for punishment, when immediately Eudo thrust out his own, and in his stead received the monarch's angry blow. Fitz Osborn, exasperated, retired from office; but he, however, asked that he should be succeeded by Eudo; and thus, it is said, in consequence of his

father's deserts as well as his own, with the request of Fitz Osborn, Eudo received the appointment.

“When the Conqueror was lying under his last sickness at Caen, Eudo, though promoted, was not unmindful that upon William's decease another person might succeed as dapifer; therefore, he passed over into Normandy, and applied to the future king to be confirmed in his office at his father's death. He really deserved it from his hands; for he promptly supported him, when the event happened, by preparing the English nobility for his succession to the throne. Nor in his elevation did he forget the people of Colchester. After his visit to Normandy he returned to the town at the earliest moment, and devoted himself to their service. He both fully inquired into and relieved their grievances. They, in turn, confessed their obligation, and solicited the King that they might be placed under the protection of such a benefactor. Had William II. granted a charter during his reign, undoubtedly Eudo's influence would have obtained the fullest privileges for the men of Colchester. His name ought for ever to be enshrined in the grateful memories of the inhabitants, since it is associated with the brightest period of the town.”

His remains were carried, after his decease, from the Castle of Preux, in Normandy, and honourably interred, 1120, in the Abbey founded by his piety. Of that monument of his devotion, little belonging to his time exists; but the Castle he built testifies his former power, and a most interesting building must always appeal, not more forcibly for preservation to the people of Colchester than to England itself, as an ancient landmark of history.

A recent writer has made the startling assertion that Colchester Castle was once a temple of Claudius, that the vaulted room, commonly called a Chapel, was the podium in front of the adytum of the temple, whilst the building itself is the oldest and the noblest monument of the Romans in Great Britain. Mr. Hartshorne does not, however, assent to these ideas. There is abundant evidence to show the Roman occupation in the reign of Claudius; but there is none to prove its antiquity as a settlement earlier than the nation made on the southern coast at Pevensey, Lymne, Dover, and Richborough. Roman settlement in Colchester is shown not by its name alone. It is visible in some of the *materials* of which the Castle is built; but no portion whatever of the present structure can be attributed to a period before the Conquest, nor can it be assigned to any other than the Norman period, or considered otherwise than a Norman castle.

When the Catholic religion regained a temporary predominance over

the Reformation under Mary I., the persecution was very severe in Essex, twenty-one persons (five of them women) were burnt at Colchester, and one died in prison; and two persons (one a woman) were burnt at Stratford.

The Priory of St. Osyth.

The county of Essex, at the Reformation, possessed several religious houses, of which there are some remains. At the time of the Suppression there were seven of the greatest monasteries, of which that at Chich, ten miles south-east of Colchester, was the third in rank. 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, and the great Earl gave it to Christ Church, in Canterbury, with the licence of Edward the Confessor. It must have been taken from that Church at or soon after the Conquest, for, at the time of the Domesday survey, the Manor belonged to the Bishop of London, and formed part of the endowment of the monastery.

St. Osyth was very celebrated in Essex. There are many histories of her life, but the most voluminous is that in Latin, by Capgrave, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1516. St. Osyth, according to this life, was the daughter of Frithwald or Redwald, the first Christian King of the East Angles, 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, sister of King Alfred, to St. Modwen, and fell off a bridge into a river and was drowned. She remained in the river three days, and was restored to life by the prayers of St. Modwen.

St. Osyth having returned to her parents, was betrothed by them to Sighere, King of Essex; but before the marriage was consummated she took the veil, and Sighere gave her his village of Chich, and built a nunnery there, of which she was abbess. The house was of the order of Maturines. In the month of October, 653, a band of Danes landed in the neighbourhood of Chich, and ravaged the country. St. Osyth refused to worship their gods, and the leader of the Danes ordered her head to be cut off. The saint took up her head in her hands, and proceeded to the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, about one-third of a mile, stopping at the door of the Church, which was closed. She

struck it with her blood-stained hand, and fell prostrate. On the spot where the saint suffered, a fountain of clear water gushed forth, said to be a cure for many diseases. There is no reason to doubt the legend,—which is confirmed by Essex tradition—that the scene of St. Osyth's martyrdom was in the Nun's Wood, and that the old fountain which still remains there, and takes its name from the murdered nun, is the stream which ran in the days of the Heptarchy, and is probably destined to flow on to the end of time.

The body of St. Osyth was at first buried in the Church of Chich, which was founded by her, but soon removed by her father and mother to Aylesbury. Many miracles were performed at her shrine, and after forty-six years, by miraculous interposition, the body was translated to Chich, and deposited in the Church there with great solemnity. A long account of the miracles performed at the shrine of the saint, or through her interposition, is given in the life in the *Legenda*.

The Nunnery founded by St. Osyth is supposed to have been the most ancient monastic establishment in Essex. It was no doubt destroyed by the Danes at the time of St. Osyth's death, for no trace of it appears in the records extant before the Conquest or in *Domesday Book*. The Church founded at Chich by St. Osyth in honour of St. Peter and St. Paul was on the site of the Church now standing.

St. Osyth was held in great veneration. Matthew Paris 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 all paradise, he saw St. Catherine, St. Margaret, and St. Osyth. This is said to have happened in the reign of King John, A.D. 1206.

In those days (says Aubrey), when they went to bed, they did rake up the fire and make a \times in the ashes, and pray to God and St. Sythe to deliver them from fire and from water, and from all misadventure.

According to a local tradition, on one night in every year St. Osyth revisits the scene of her martyrdom, walking with her head in her hands. This legend probably gave rise to the sign of the Good Woman at Widford, of whom it used to be said that she was the only good woman in Essex.

In the reign of Henry I. the Bishop of London, Richard de Belmeis, or Beauvays, built a religious house of regular canons of St. Augustine at Chich, in honour of the two great Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and of St. Osyth, Virgin and Martyr; and in the year 1120 ob-

tained the Manor of Chich, which then belonged to the see of London, from the Church of St. Paul, giving in exchange for it fourteen pounds of land in Lodeswoode, and six pounds of land in Southminster. By this charter the Bishop granted to the canons several extraordinary privileges and immunities.

Bishop Belmeis caused the arm of St. Osyth to be translated to the church with great solemnity 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 all who should devoutly come thither to celebrate her festival, which was held on the 7th August.

It is said by William of Malmesbury that it was the wish and intention of the Bishop to have thrown aside the dignity and splendour of the episcopal see, and to have retired as a brother into the Priory. He died, however, before carrying his intention into effect, and the monks or canons of St. Osyth buried his body within the walls of the monastery, under a marble monument.

The first Abbot of St. Osyth was William de Corbill or Corboise, who was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury in the year 1123, and soon after built Christ Church, Canterbury. At the death of Henry I., he espoused the cause of Stephen, Earl of Blois, and crowned him King.

Among the benefactions, King Henry II.'s charter, in addition to confirming previous charters, confirmed the right of the canons to elect their own Abbot, and gave them free warren in the lands of Chich, Birche, and Stowmarket, with the liberty to keep two harriers and four foxhounds, for hunting the hare and fox. He also granted to them a free market at Chich, which was held down to the year 1317; for in that year a presentment was made at Colchester that the Abbot of St. Osyth held a market in the village of St. Osyth, every Sunday, to the great injury of the town of Colchester.

The Church of St. Osyth having been given to the canons by Bishop Belmeis, and the tithes having been appropriated to them, they served the cure by one of themselves. On 9th February, 1401, *temp.* Henry IV., Sir William Sawtre, priest of St. Osyth, was burnt alive for heresy.

The Priory was surrendered to the King in 1539 by Prior Colchester and sixteen monks. It was granted to Thomas Cromwell, one of the most eminent statesmen under Henry VIII. The King rewarded the zeal of his minister by the gift of about thirty monastic

manors and valuable estates in Essex and other counties; and among others by patent of the 31st Henry VIII. he obtained the grant of the dissolved Monastery of St. Osyth, and all the houses, buildings, church, and other appurtenances thereunto belonging, and also the manors or lordships. On the attainder of Cromwell, however, his possessions again reverted to the Crown.

William Barlow, who was very active in promoting the destruction of monasteries, was originally a canon of St. Osyth. He fled from England on the accession of Mary; but when Elizabeth came to the throne he was promoted to the see of Chichester. The Priory with other considerable estates was, in the 5th Edward VI., granted to Sir Thomas Darcy, who was in the same year created Baron Darcy of Chich, and made K.G. He paid to the King for the grant 3974*l.* 9*s.* 4½*d.* Lord Darcy is said to have been descended from the ancient family of the same name.

John, his son and successor, entertained Queen Elizabeth at St. Osyth, when the royal festivity was interrupted by "as great thunder and lightning as any man had ever heard, from about eight or nine till past ten, then great rain till midnight, insomuch that the people thought that the world was at an end and the day of doom come, it was so terrible."

From the Dissolution until the death of Darcy Earl Rivers, the Priory was the principal seat and residence of the Darcy family. The Priory estates passed by the Earl's death into the Savage family; but the house was not inhabited until the time of the Earl of Rochford, about eighty years after this period. It is from this time probably that the Priory began to fall into decay. The third Earl is supposed to have pulled down part of the ruins of the Priory, and to have built with the materials the modern mansion, part of which is still standing. The third and fourth Earls made the Priory their ordinary residence.

Lord Rochford is said to have brought, in 1768, from Lombardy, some Lombardy poplar-trees, of which four or five are still standing in the park. They are supposed to have been the first planted in England.

George III., on two occasions, when he went to inspect the camp at Colchester, stayed at St. Osyth as the guest of the fourth Earl. The King presented two fine portraits of himself and Queen Charlotte to Lord Rochford in their coronation robes, by Allan Ramsay. Lord Rochford was one of the only men of note mentioned by Junius in his letters with commendation. If we may believe the statements of an anonymous writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he was privy to the authorship of those letters. The writer says that an intimate friend of

his lordship was kept waiting outside by him one evening, and that when Lord Rochford came in he apologized for his absence, saying that it had been caused by an affair of the utmost importance, adding that he would hear no more of Junius. The writer gives no date, but says that after that time no letters were published.

This Earl was a personal friend of George II. and III., and was for many years in their service. In 1738 he was appointed Lord of the Bed-chamber to George II.; in 1748, Vice-Admiral of the Coast of Essex; in 1756, Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County; and 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. Some pictures of which the Earl became thus possessed are still at the Priory, and the bed-quilt until recently did *cutz* as an altar-cloth in the parish church.

The estate some years ago passed into the hands of the present owner, Mr. Johnson. The ancient buildings covered a great extent. The ruins are scattered in rich profusion in all directions round the modern dwelling-house—arches, towers, and picturesque remains meet the eye in every direction. During the last hundred years the ruins are said to have furnished materials for repairing houses in the village, and even for mending the roads. Fortunately, the noble gate tower and the Abbot's Tower are still in very good preservation.

The greater part of the existing remains were built by Abbot John Vyntoner, the last Abbot but one, in the early part of the sixteenth century. From the fact that Cromwell chose it for himself out of all the spoils of the monasteries, which he had at his entire disposal, it is evident that the Priory must have been a magnificent building at the time of its dissolution. There is very little of an earlier date. The Norman archway on the Bury, part of another Norman arch at the back of the existing house, some old walls, and the crypt or chapel, are the only remains of the first building. There is no trace of an abbey church, so that probably the monks used the parish church. The gate-house, the abbot's tower, the clock tower, and the beautiful oriel window in front of the house, were evidently erected at the commencement of the sixteenth century.

The window is filled with heraldic and other devices, and at the top are two dates—A.D. mcccccxvii., and A.D. 1527. The initials and rebus of Abbot Vyntoner are many times repeated in the window. The two shields before the dates are curious examples of the monograms of that early date. A vine growing out of a tun is on several shields, but the most curious rebus of the Abbot is on the east side of the window.

A vine surrounds a shield, on which is a crosier passed through a mitre, and issuing out of a tun, with the initials I.V. on either side of the crosier. The portcullis, the royal arms, the three crowns, the arms of the Priory—in one instance with a sword—the head of St. Osyth, the cross keys and sword, to designate the apostles Peter and Paul, the Papal arms, the five wounds of our Saviour, and the monogram of the Virgin Mary, occur frequently, while other shields, such as those charged with a white heart, with three combs, with four water bougets for Bouchier, with a mullet for De Vere, may represent the arms of benefactors to the Abbey. Some very handsome old oak panels, which evidently came from the old Priory, are of the same time and the work of the same abbot. His rebus, more elaborate, a grape vine growing from a tun, is very often repeated, and the vine is carved on nearly every panel.

We have condensed the foregoing details of this important religious house from a paper read by Mr. Watney to the Essex Archæological Society, at their meeting at Colchester, in July, 1869. The materials for this paper have evidently been assembled with great discrimination and appreciative acquaintance with the history of the Priory and its locality.

Mr. C. F. Haywood, at the above-named meeting of the Essex Archæological Society, made these supplemental descriptive notes:—

Among the remains there are none of the Saxon period, but some of the Norman date, and some beautiful Early English near the large tower. The tower gateway, which is the principal entrance to the Priory, is a noble structure, covered with rich tracery, niches, and ornaments, and is one of the most interesting portions of the remaining ancient buildings. To the east of the gateway are three lofty towers, commanding extensive views of the surrounding country. The quadrangle of the Priory is almost entire, but some of the buildings are of modern date. On one side of the quadrangle is a range of old buildings in the Tudor style, and having several sharp pointed gables and an octagonal observatory rising from the centre. Among the ruins in the garden, on the north side of the present mansion, is a pier—evidently a portion of the ancient buildings—with a Latin inscription upon it, of which the following is the translation:—

“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 pleasantness of this place, now that superstition has been banished from this stately mansion, which was consecrated to barrenness and sloth. 1760.”

The parish church is situate near the Priory, on the south side, and

is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. It is a large and stately building, having a nave and lofty north and south aisles and chancel, with a north aisle or chapel, and a large square tower containing six bells. The principal objects of interest in the building are several defaced monuments belonging to the Darcy family.



The Priory of Little Dunmow, and the Flich of Bacon Custom.

In a corn-field, about four miles distant from the town of Dunmow, are the venerable remains of the Priory Church of Little Dunmow. It was formerly the eastern end of the south aisle of a magnificent collegiate church, erected for the joint use of the parish, and of a religious house, founded A.D. 1104, by Juga, sister of Ralph Bayard, for a Prior of eleven canons of the order of St. Augustine, and consecrated by Maurice, Bishop of London. At the Suppression, this monastery was given to Robert, Earl of Sussex, by Henry VIII.; but it was subsequently in the possession of several different families. Here the fair Matilda lies buried, who, better known as Maid Marian, shared the fortunes of Robin Hood. According to Mr. Steevens, Bishop Percy, and Drayton, the name of Marian was originally assumed by "a lady of high degree," who was murdered at Dunmow Priory.

In this Priory was a custom which is believed to have originated with Robert Fitz-Walter, in the reign of Henry III., that "he which repenteth him not of his marriage, sleeping or waking, in a yeere and a day, might lawfully fetch a gammon of bacon." To this custom we shall presently return.

In the chancel, upon an altar-tomb, is the fair alabaster *effigies* of the celebrated Matilda. On the head, which reposes upon a cushion, is a covering like a woollen nightcap. She has a collar of SS; a necklace of pendants falling from a richly-embroidered neckerchief, a rich girdle and long robes, the sleeves close to the wrists, and slit there. Her fingers are loaded with rings. At the head were two angels, now mutilated, and a dog on each side of her feet. According to the Chronicle of Dugdale, in the *Monasticon*, she was buried across two columns, in the south part of the choir; but her effigy, with its slab, is now placed upon a grey altar-tomb, decorated with shields with quatrefoils.

The lady's history has been already related at pages 52 and 53: but the following account of her death differs from that given in

the former of these pages. When her husband was again outlawed by King John, she shared his misfortune, and at his death took refuge in Dunmow Priory (which appears to have been enriched by some member of her family), trusting to spend the residue of her days in peace.

The tyrant, however, who had never forgotten her bravery in Sherwood Forest, despatched a gallant knight, one Robert de Medewe (the common ancestor of the present Earl Manvers), with a token to the fair recluse—a poisoned bracelet. Ignorant of the accursed deed he went to perform, Sir Robert arrived at the Priory, and was respectfully and cordially received. Matilda had lost the bloom and vivacity of youth, but her mien was stately, and her person still imposing. The rough warrior felt the flame of love kindling in his bosom, but he strove to stifle it, and bidding the lady a hasty adieu, speedily departed. Whilst on the road to London, his fond feelings waxed stronger and stronger the farther he proceeded from the object of them; and at length, being unable any longer to curb his passion, he turned his horse's head, and retraced his way. It was night when he reached the Priory, but the light of many tapers streamed through the windows of the adjoining church on the weary soldier, and the solemn dirge of death awoke the slumbering echoes. With fearful forebodings, he entered the house of prayer, and there, in the chancel, on a bier and covered with flowers, was stretched the lifeless body of the unfortunate Matilda. The bracelet was on her wrist, it had eaten its way to the bone, and the fiery poison had dried her life-blood. The flesh was very pale, but a heavenly smile irradiated her countenance: the priests were standing around, weeping, and the "Dies iræ" died away on their quivering lips when the warrior entered. He flung himself on the lady's corpse, invoking a thousand maledictions upon his own head. No persuasions could induce him to return to the camp and Court, but, resigning his mail for the cowl and gown, he became a faithful brother of the order of St. Augustine.

Facing the monument of this hapless lady, is another erected to the memory of Walter, first of the name, who died A.D. 1198, and was buried with Matilda Bohun, his second wife, in the choir. Sir Walter is clad in *plate* armour, beneath which is a leathern shirt; the legs are broken off at the knees; the lady wears a tiara decorated with lace, earrings, and a necklace; their heads repose on cushions, and their hands are raised in the supplicatory attitude. On the north side of the chancel is a mural monument to the memory of Sir James Hallet, Knight; and near it stands the *Chair*, in which the happy couple who obtained the flitch of bacon, were carried on men's shoulders round

the site of the Priory. Probably, it was the usual seat of the old Abbots: it is in good condition, considering that several centuries have glided away since it assumed its present form.*

The last Prior of Dunmow, Geoffrey Shether, was confirmed in 1518. A memorial of him is preserved in the British Museum, in his book of household expenses, from the 23rd to 26th of Henry VIII. That he was a thrifty farmer is evident from many payments for the "sowing of Lente corne," "thresshyng of whete," "mendyng of the plowys," "spreddyng of dung," "mowynge," &c. Nor did Geoffrey forget the conventual beer; he pays twelve pence to "ij men for keypyng of rokys fro my barley," and three shillings to "a woman for drying of malt." At harvest-time he employed a large number of the labouring poor, both men and women. The Priory land yielded a goodly crop; and Prior Geoffrey expended in harvest wages seven pounds eight shillings and fourpence, which seems to have so rejoiced his heart that he bought new "harvest bowlys," and expended fourteenpence for "harvest dysshes," for the merry feast. Perhaps, to do honour to his higher guests, he also purchased "iiij botteles of wyn xvjd." He delighted in the songs and music of the minstrels, and found pleasure in the disport and jests of fools and players. Sometimes they came singly, but often in little companies, to the Prior's hall, where they were well received and always dismissed with "a rewarde." Nor must we overlook the payments to "the Lorde of Mysrulle of Dunmow."

If Prior Geoffrey loved mirth, he was not neglectful of the poor: he gave constantly "almes," "maundy money," &c. What became of the Prior after the Dissolution is doubtful; perhaps, like many others, he sank into obscurity and indigence, and instead of his "venyson," his "botelle of red wyn," and his "creem and strawberries," which his household book tells us he sometimes enjoyed, he had to learn the rigour of a more monastic but less agreeable regimen.—*Notes and Queries*, 1855.

The history of the Bacon Custom is thus briefly told:—The Flich of Bacon is one of those numerous old local customs of which the origin seems to be entirely forgotten. All we really know is, that at an early period the custom existed, in the Priory of Little Dunmow, of delivering a Flich or a Gammon of Bacon to any couple who claimed it, and could swear, a year and a day after their marriage, that during that time they had never offended each other in deed or word, or ever wished

* Contribution to the *Graphic Illustrator*, 1834.

themselves unmarried again. It was probably a custom attached to the tenure of the manor, and it was continued after the Priory was dissolved, and the land had passed into secular hands. Three cases of the gift of the flitch are recorded as having occurred before the Dissolution of the Priory; but we probably owe the knowledge of these to mere accident or caprice, and they do not prove, as some seem to think, that it was not given much more frequently. On the contrary, we can only account for the great celebrity which the custom at this place enjoyed throughout England at a very early period, by assuming that the prize was frequently claimed and adjudicated. So early, indeed, as the middle of the fourteenth century, the author of the celebrated satirical poem of *Piers Ploughman*, who lived on the borders of Wales, mentions the custom in a manner that implies a general knowledge of it among his readers; and most readers of the present time will remember how, about half a century later, Chaucer put an allusion to it in the mouth of his "Wife of Bath," implying that it was then a matter of common notoriety in the West of England. About the middle of the fifteenth century—that is, in the reign of Henry VI.—we have another curious allusion to this custom in an English theological poem. The writer, speaking of the general corruptions of the time, which affected even domestic life, says quaintly:

" I can fynd no man now that wille enquire
The parfyte wais unto Dunmow;
For they repent hem within a yere,
And many within a weke, and sooner, men trow;
That cawsith the wais to be rough and over-grow,
That no man may fynd either path or gap;
The world is turnyd to another shape.

" Beef and moton wylle serve welle enow;
And for to fetch so ferre a lytil bacon flyk,
Which hath long hanggid, rusty, and tow;
And the way, I telle you, is combrous and thyk;
And thou might stomble, and take the cryke.*
Therefore bidē at home, whatsoever hap,
Tylle the world be turnyd into another shape."

It was about the date of this poem, in the 23rd Henry VI. (1445), that the first recorded award of the Flitch of Bacon took place: it was then delivered to Richard Wright, yeoman, of Bradbourgh, in Norfolk. In the 7th Edward IV. (1467), Stephen Samuel, a husbandman, of Little Easton, in Essex, received a gammon of bacon; and a gammon was similarly given, in 1510, to Thomas Fuller, of Coggeshall.

* Break thy neck.

According to the old ceremonial at Dunmow, the party claiming the bacon—who was styled the Pilgrim—was to take the oath in rhyme, kneeling on two sharp stones in the churchyard, the Convent attending, and using a variety of ceremonies. The oath is as follows:—

“ We do swear by custom of confession
That we ne'er made nuptial transgression ;
Nor since we were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise—bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or word ;
Or since the parish clerk said amen,
Wished ourselves unmarried again ;
Or in a twelvemonth and a day
Repented in thought or any way,
But continued true and in desire,
As when we joined in holy quire.”

When this oath was taken by each couple, it was the duty of the officer who administered it to reply:—

“ Since to these conditions, without any fear,
Of your own accord you do freely swear,
A whole flitch of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave ;
For this our custom at Dunmow we'll known,
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own.”

Then the Pilgrim was taken on men's shoulders, and carried, first, about the Priory churchyard, and afterwards through the village, attended by the monks of the Convent, the bacon being borne in triumph before them. The ceremonial was continued with little alteration after the Dissolution of the monastery, but the adjudication then took place in the court-baron of the lord of the manor. A case occurred in 1701, when two couples obtained each a gammon of bacon. The first claimants on this occasion were William Parsley, butcher, of Much Easton, in Essex, and his wife; and the second, John Reynolds, steward to Sir Charles Barrington, of Hatfield Broad Oak, and his wife. They took the usual oath, kneeling on two stones, in the churchyard; but the jury consisted only of five maidens, without any of the other sex, and four of the maidens appear by their names to have been sisters. In 1761, the bacon was claimed by Thomas Shakeshaft, weaver, of Weathersfield, in Essex, and his wife. A special court-baron was held for the investigation of the case, a widow being the lady of the manor; and six maidens and six bachelors were duly enrolled as the jury. The claimants had been married seven years, and no objection having been found to their claims, they went through the usual

formalities, and received a gammon of bacon. This case appears to have made great noise in the country, and no less than five thousand persons are said to have been present, the road being literally blocked up by the various vehicles from the town of Great Dunmow to the Priory. It is said that on this occasion the successful candidates realized a considerable sum of money by selling slices of the bacon to those who had come to witness the celebration. This procession was represented in a large print, engraved by C. Mosley, after a painting taken on the spot by David Osborne: this print—a Hogarthian scene—is now scarce, and fetches a high price.

From this time the custom appears to have become obsolete; even the stones on which the claimants knelt on taking the oath, were carried away; and the old Chair, of carved oak, in which the successful couple were borne, alone remains in the Priory church. The *John Bull* newspaper, Oct. 8, 1837, speaks of the renewal of the observance at a meeting of the Saffron Walden and Dunmow Agricultural Society. It is reported in the neighbourhood that when our excellent Queen had been married a year and a day, the then lord of the manor privately offered the fitch of bacon to her Majesty, who declined the compliment; but be this true or not, the same generosity was not extended to the less elevated claimants. In 1855, on July 15th, the custom was observed at the instigation of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, who subscribed handsomely towards the expenses, besides providing the fitch, and eventually gave a second. The honour fell upon Mr. Barlow, a builder, of Chipping Ongar; and the second fitch was adjudged to a couple from London—the Chevalier de Chatelain and his wife. As the lord of the manor of Little Dunmow refused to allow the revival of the custom there, it was held at Great Dunmow. But it met with great opposition even there, headed by the clergy of the neighbourhood; though it was very popular generally. The weather proved wet; but the adjudication took place in the Town-hall. The jury consisted of six maidens and six bachelors; Mr. Ainsworth presided; there were two sets of claimants and their witnesses, and counsel for claimants and opposition; but they were declared worthy of the prize. In 1861, just a century after the last gift of the bacon at the Manorial Court, a claim was made by a Mr. and Mrs. Hurrell, owners and occupiers of a farm at Felsted, adjoining Little Dunmow; but the lord of the manor refused to revive the custom. This caused much discontent in the parish, which was only appeased by an intimation that if the claimants would drive over to Easton Park, on the 16th of July, where a rural fête was to take place, they would there receive a gammon of bacon, on going through the old ceremonial. On

the day appointed, a multitude of persons assembled before the Town Hall in Great Dunmow, with music, and when the two claimants appeared, they were escorted in triumph to the Park, and the gammon of bacon was carried before them. About three thousand persons witnessed the proceeding, which consisted in taking the old Oath and receiving the bacon, without the jury or trial. The opposition of the lord of the manor to any revival of the old custom in Little Dunmow continued until the year 1869, when it was revived on Aug. 16, the court being held in a marquee; but this was not strictly a revival of an ancient and interesting usage.

Such is an outline of the general history of this "jocular tenure," the course of which has not always run smoothly. Thus, it appears that in 1772, June 12, an Essex couple made their public entry into Dunmow, escorted by a great concourse of persons, and demanded the gammon of bacon, declaring themselves ready to take the usual oath; but the Priory gates were found fast nailed, and all admittance refused, by order of the lord of the manor; and Gough, writing in 1809, mentioned the custom as abolished, "on account of the abuse of it in these loose principled times."

The Oath was sometimes in prose, and less strict than that at Dunmow: this was certainly done as early as the 10th year of King Edward III., when the manor was held by Sir Philip de Somerville. The Oath was taken on a book laid above the bacon, and was as follows: "Here ye, Sir Philippe de Somerville, Lord of Whichenovre, maynteyner and gyver of this Baconne, that I, *A*, sithe I wedded *B*, my wife, and sythe I hadd hyr in my kepyng, and at my wylle, by a yere and a day, after our marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other, farer ne fowler, rycher ne pourer, ne for none descended of greater lynage, slepyng ne waking, at noo tyme. And yf the seyd *B* wer sole, and I sole, I would take her to be my wyfe, before all the wymen of the worlde of what condicionen soever they be, good or evylle, as helpe me God and his Seyntys, and the flesh and all fleshes."

It is observable that this Whichenovre Flitch was to be hanging in the hall of the manor, "redy arrayed all tynes of the yere, butt in Lent." It was to be given to every man or woman married, "after the day and the yere of their marriage be past: and to be given to everyche mane of religion, archbishop, bishop, prior, or other religious, and to everyche preest, after the year and day of their profession finished, or of their dignity reseved."

This observance was not, however, confined entirely to Dunmow and

Whichenoure, for it prevailed in Bretagne, at the Abbey of St. Melaine, near Rennes, where, for six hundred years, a flitch of bacon was given to the first couple who had been married a year and a day without having quarrelled or grumbled at each other, or repented of their union.

Hedingham Castle.

This Anglo-Norman fortress, which gives name to the parish in which it stands, was built by the De Veres, to which family the lordship of Hedingham was given by the Conqueror. The architecture, which is very similar to that of Rochester Castle, leads to the supposition that it was erected about the same time as that fortress—viz., towards the close of the eleventh, or the beginning of the twelfth century. Maud, wife of King Stephen, is said to have died here. In the Civil Wars of the reign of King John, the Castle was held by Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, for the Barons, but was taken A.D. 1216 by the King. It was retaken in the beginning of the reign of Henry III. by Louis, Dauphin of France, but recovered by the Earl of Pembroke for the young King. In the reign of Henry VII. that prince was sumptuously entertained here by John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who had suffered severely for his attachment to the Lancastrian cause, and had been one of the chief instruments in placing the crown on Henry's head. As the King was departing, he observed that the Earl, to do him honour, had put liveries on his retainers; and in return for his hospitality, the King compelled him to compound by a fine of 15,000 marks for breaking a statute recently passed, forbidding such a practice.

The De Veres retained the Castle until A.D. 1625. It has since passed through various hands. The Keep is the only part remaining; it is one of the finest and best preserved Norman Keeps in the kingdom. The walls are above 100 feet high, from $11\frac{1}{2}$ to $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick at the bottom, and from $9\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 feet thick at the top; the eastern wall is at least a foot thicker than the others, having been so built, it is conjectured, to withstand the violent easterly winds. The building is a parallelogram of 55 feet on the east and west sides, and 62 feet on the north and south. At each angle, on the top, there was formerly an embattled turret; two of the turrets remain; the parapet, now destroyed, was also embattled. The Castle is built with irregular flints, or stones, embedded in grouting or fluid mortar, and is cased on the outside with squared stone, very neatly and regularly put together.

It has five storeys, including the ground-floor and platform. The principal entrance is on the first storey, and on the west side, with a flight of stairs leading up to it. Entrances to the ground-floor were made with great labour in 1720. The whole building is worthy of inspection; it has some fine Norman enrichments in the interior.

Saffron Walden Castle and Audley End.

Walden, or Saffron Walden, lies near the north-eastern extremity of Essex, and is named from *Weald*, a wood and *den*, or valley; its prefix *Saffron* is derived from the great quantity of that plant formerly cultivated in the neighbourhood; but this culture has been long abandoned. At the period of the Domesday Survey, the lordship of Walden was possessed by a Norman, Geoffrey de Magnaville, one of the companions of the Conqueror. This nobleman erected at Walden a Castle, which, judging from the remains of it, must have been of great strength. These remains occupy the highest part of the town, and consist of some parts of the walls and towers, built with flint bound together by a very hard cement. Geoffrey, the grandson of the founder of the Castle, having deserted the party of Stephen for that of the Empress Maud, obtained of her permission to remove the market from the neighbouring town of Newport (now a village) to Walden. Having been, however, seized by Stephen, he could only obtain his freedom by the delivery of his castles, Walden being one of them, to the King.

The same nobleman founded here in 1136 a Benedictine Priory, which was, some years later, raised to the rank of an Abbey, and obtained several valuable benefactions. At the Dissolution, the site was granted to Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor, and the title of Lord Audley of Walden was conferred upon him. On the site and grounds of the monastery, enlarged by a subsequent addition of 200 acres, stand the present mansion and park of Audley End.

“Lord Audley is a singular instance,” says Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Keepers of the Great Seal*, “of a statesman, in the reign of Henry VIII., remaining long in favour and in office, and dying a natural death. Reckoning from the time when he was made Speaker of the House of Commons, he had been employed by Henry constantly since the fall of Wolsey—under six Queens—avoiding the peril of acknowledging the Pope on the one hand, or offending against the Six

Articles on the other. He enjoyed great power, amassed immense wealth, was raised to the highest honours and dignities, and reaped what he considered a full recompence. According to a desire expressed in his will, he was buried in a chapel he had erected at Saffron Walden, where a splendid monument was raised to him, with a poetical epitaph, which there is some reason to suppose that, in imitation of his immediate predecessor, he had himself composed. He was highly connected by marriage, having for his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset; and his daughter and heiress, after having been married to a younger son of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, becoming the second wife of Thomas Duke of Norfolk; their son being the ancestor of the Howards, Earls of Suffolk and Berkshire; 'famous in his day,' says Dugdale, 'for building on the ruins of the Abbey of Walden that stately fabric, now known by the name of Audley End (in memory of this Lord Audley), not to be equalled excepting Hampton Court, by any in this realm.'"

Audley End is the seat of Lord Braybrooke, whose father, 3rd Baron of Braybrooke, edited the *Diary of Samuel Pepys*, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reign of Charles II., and the *Private Correspondence of Jane Lady Cornwallis*, 1613 to 1644. The mansion, originally more extensive than at present, is still one of the finest in the county; it is said to have cost at its erection 190,000*l.* The house contains some interesting historical portraits, and other pictures.

On a green, near the town, is a singular relic of other times, called the Maze; it consists of concentric circles, with four outworks cut in chalk, which here rises to the surface; its origin and use are unknown. Dr. Stukeley conjectures it to have been a British *cursus* or place of exercise for the soldiery. A short distance from the town are the remains of an ancient encampment, of an oblong form, called Pell Ditches, or Rope Ditches.

We have referred to the extensive culture of Saffron at Walden, in former times. Hakluyt, when he visited the place, was told that a pilgrim brought Saffron from the Levant into England in the reign of Edward III. The first root of Saffron he had found means to conceal in his staff, made hollow for that purpose; and so, continues Hakluyt, "he brought the root into this realm with venture of life; for if he had been taken, by the law of the country from whence it came, he had died for the fact." It was a costly plant at Walden, for we find the Corporation paying five guineas for a pound of Saffron to present to Queen Elizabeth, upon her visit to the town. It is a curious old place, which Stukeley thus describes: "A narrow tongue of land shook itself

out like a promontory, encompassed with a valley in the form of a horse-shoe, enclosed by distant and most delightful hills. On the bottom of the tongue stand the ruins of a Castle, and on the top or extremity the church, round which, and on the side of the hill and in the valley, is the town built, so that the bottom of the church is as high as the town, and seen above the tops of the houses." Many of these are of quaint forms, with gabled fronts, and old customs linger here. May Day is kept with garlands of flowers, in the centre of which is placed a doll, dressed in white, according to certain traditional regulations. The doll represents the Virgin Mary, and is a relic of the ages of Romanism.



Barking Abbey.—Bow Bridge.

Barking, seven miles east of London, on the river Roding, running into the Thames, had a magnificent Abbey, one of the earliest of our monastic institutions; but it is erroneously said to have been the first convent for females established in the kingdom. It was founded about 675, by St. Erkenwold, Bishop of London, in honour of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, his mother, for Benedictine nuns. St. Ethelburgh, the founder's sister, and first Abbess, afterwards became the patron saint of the convent. The day dedicated to her service was October 11, and in the Abbey accounts mention occurs of the annual store of provision of "wheat and milk for Frimité upon St. Alburg's Day." The site of the conventual buildings, with the demesne lands of the Abbey, were granted by King Edward VI. in 1551, to Edward Fynes, Lord Clinton. Scarcely any remains of the Abbey exist, except fragments of walls. At the entrance of Barking Churchyard is an embattled gatehouse, called Fire-Bell Gate, from its having once contained a bell, which Mr. Lysons imagines to have been used as a curfew-bell.

St. Erkenwold died at the Abbey of Barking, and upon the removal of his body to London for interment, the procession was stopped at Ilford and Stratford ferry by the river flood there; but the Chronicles record the intervention of a miracle, by which a safe and easy passage was procured for the corpse of the holy man and its attendants.

The passage, however, became dangerous and difficult to other persons, many losing their lives, or being thoroughly wetted, which happened to be the case of Queen Maud, who turned the road, and caused the bridge and causeway to be built at her own charge. Such was the origin of the first "Bow Bridge:" it is described as a "rare piece of worke, for before the time the like had never beene seene in England."

Matilda gave manors and a mill to the Abbess of Barking for the repair of this bridge and highway: the bridge had originally on it a chapel erected by order of the pious Matilda.

After Gilbert de Montfichet built the Abbey of Stratford-in-the-Marshes, the Abbot bought the "manors and mil," and covenanted for the repairs, which he entrusted to one Godfrey Pratt for "certaine loaves of bread daily;" but at length he neglected his charge, and the bridges fell into decay. Lysons, however, states that Hugh, not Godfrey Pratt, in the reign of King John, by aid of passengers, kept the bridge in repair; and at his death his son did the same, and obtained a toll, stated by Morant to have been "for every cart carrying corn, wood, coal, &c., one penny; of one carrying tassel, twopence; and of one carrying a dead Jew, eightpence." But our law records show that in the reign of Edward II. the Abbot of Stratford, the Master of London Bridge, and the Master of St. Thomas of Acre, are charged with the repair of the Bridges (*i.e.*, Bow-bridge, and the Chancel-bridge), as holding the mills and other property originally given by Queen Matilda to the Abbess of Barking, for their support and maintenance. It was finally agreed between the Abbess of Barking and the Abbot of West Ham, that the latter should repair the Bridges ever after, upon receiving a sum of money from the former. Pratt's claim for toll was rigidly enforced; for "he put staples and bars upon the bridges, &c., and refused to permit carts or horse even to pass, unless they were nobility, whom, through fear, he quietly permitted to pass." The remainder of these proceedings was occasioned by the refusal of the Abbot of Stratford to repair this great work of the pious Queen; and he did not acknowledge his liability till 8th Edward II. The question was finally settled in 1690, from which period the landowners "continued the charge of the bridge and causeway at Stratford for the free and uninterrupted use of the public, as was originally intended by the royal founder." [The old bridge has been removed, and a new one erected in its place in 1835-9.]

The adjoining village of Stratford, on the London side of the bridge, appears to have received the addition of the word *atte-Boghe*, or *atte-Bowe*, to its name, in consequence of the erection of this bridge; and to distinguish it from a place of the same name on the opposite side of the river. Chaucer, in his description of Dame Eglantine, the Prioress, has:

"Frenche she spake full fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford-*atte-Bowe*,
For Frenche of Paris was to her unknow."

Among the many miracles wrought in Barking monastery, Bede relates the following during a plague:—"When the mortality, ravaging all around, had also seized on that part of this monastery where the men resided, and they were daily hurried away to meet their God, the careful mother of the Society often inquired in the convent of the sisters, where they would have their bodies buried, and where a churchyard should be made when the same pestilence should fall upon that part of the monastery in which God's female servants were divided from the men, and they should be snatched away out of the world by the same destruction. Receiving no certain reply, though she often put the question to the sisters, she and all of them received a most certain answer from heaven. For one night, when the morning psalm was ended, and those servants of Christ were gone out of the oratory to the tombs of the brothers who had departed this life before them, and were singing the usual praises to the Lord, on a sudden a light from heaven, like a great sheet, came down upon them all, and struck them with so much terror that they, in consternation, left off singing. But that resplendent light, which seemed to exceed the sun at noon-day, soon after rising from that place, removed to the south side of the monastery—that is, to the westward of the oratory—and having continued there some time, and scattered those parts in the sight of them all, withdrew itself again up to heaven, leaving conviction in the minds of all that the same light, which was to lead or to receive the souls of those servants of God into heaven, was intended to show the place in which their bodies were to rest, and await the day of the resurrection. This light was so great, that one of the eldest of the brothers, who at the same time was in their oratory with another younger than himself, related in the morning, that the rays of light which came in at the crannies of the doors and windows seemed to exceed the utmost brightness of daylight itself.

"There was in the same monastery a boy, not above three years old, called Esiou, who, by reason of his infant years, was bred up among the virgins dedicated to God, and there to pursue his studies. The child being seized by the pestilence, when he was at the last gasp, called three times upon one of the virgins consecrated to God, directing his words to her by her own name, as if she had been present—"Eadgith! Eadgith! Eadgith!" and thus ending his temporal life, entered into that which is eternal. The virgin whom he called was immediately seized, where she was, with the same distemper, and departing this life the same day on which she had been called, followed him that called her into the heavenly country.

"Likewise, one of those same servants of God, being ill of the same

disease, and reduced to extremity, began on a sudden, about midnight, to cry out to them that attended her, desiring that they would put out the candle that was lighted there ; which, when she had often repeated, and yet no one did it, at last she said · ‘ I know you think I speak this in a raving fit, but let me inform you that it is not so ; for I tell you that I see this house filled with so much light, that your candle there seems to me to be dark.’ And when still no one regarded what she said, or returned any answer, she added : ‘ Let the candle burn as long as you will, but take notice that it is not my light, for my light will come to me at the dawn of the day.’ Then she began to tell that a certain man of God, who had died that same year, had appeared to her, telling her that at the break of day she should depart to the heavenly light. The truth of which was made out by the virgin’s dying as soon as the day appeared.”

About two miles from Barking, on the road to Dagenham, is Eastbury House, built about the reign of Edward VI. : it is a very fine specimen of the Tudor style of domestic architecture ; the whole is of brick, unmixed with stone, and the chimney-stacks and pinnacles at the corners of the gables are fine examples of moulded brickwork. It is supposed to have been built by Sir W. Denham, to whom Edward VI. granted the estate. An unfounded tradition formerly prevailed in the neighbourhood, that the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot was owing to a mistake in delivering a letter which was designed for Lord Montague to an inhabitant of Eastbury House, named Montague.



Ingatestone Hall.—Hiding-places of Priests.

This curious old place, with a strange history, is twenty-four miles from London, and was anciently a grange or summer residence belonging to the Abbey of Barking. It came with the estate into possession of the noble family of Petre, in the reign of Henry VIII., and continued to be occupied as their family seat from that period until the middle of the last century. The Hall, originally built on the plan of a double square, had outer and inner courts, with a stately towered entrance to the main building. This gateway and the entire outer court have been destroyed, leaving only three sides of the inner court : yet this fragment of the original mansion affords ample residence for several families. It is in plan the form of the lower half of the letter H, and formed a portion of the principal part of the house ; the family and domestics occupying the right or south wing, and the guests and visitors the left or north

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wing; the great hall being the centre. The south front is broken up by picturesque gables, and the north presents a nearly unbroken front, and opens to a spacious lawn and garden, with gravel-walks a quarter of a mile in length.

Few persons may be aware of the existence of "secret chambers" in any of the old mansions of this country, particularly in those erected or occupied by the followers of the old faith, which were intended for priests' hiding-places, which the state of the law formerly rendered necessary. It appears that late in the sixteenth and early in the seventeenth centuries, the celebration of mass in this country was strictly forbidden; indeed, on the discovery of an offender the penalty was death. The Rev. E. Genings was hanged, drawn, and quartered on the 10th December, 1591, before the door of Mr. Wells's house, in Gray's Inn Fields, for having said mass in a *chamber* of the said house on the previous 8th of November. Hence the necessity for great privacy. It was illegal to use the chapel; the priest, therefore, celebrated mass secretly "in a chamber" opening from which was a hiding-place to which he could retreat, and where, in a trunk, the vestments, altar-furniture, missal, crucifix, and sacred vessels were kept. In Challoner's *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, it is said that "Father S. J. was forced to be concealed all day under so close a confinement that he scarce durst for months together walk out so much as into the garden of the house where he was harboured."

The "secret chamber" at Ingatstone Hall was entered from a small room in the middle floor over one of the projections of the south front. It is a small room attached to what was probably the host's bedroom; or, at all events, to this day, the apartment, hung with some fine tapestry, is in good preservation. In the south-east corner of this small room, on taking up a carpet, the floor-boards were found to be decayed, and under them was found a second layer of boards, about a foot lower down. When these boards were removed, a hole, or trap-door, about two feet square, and a twelve-step ladder to descend into a room beneath, was disclosed. The ladder can scarcely be original: the construction does not carry one back more than a century; the age of the chamber itself goes back to the reign of James I. By comparison with ladders of the sixteenth and even the seventeenth centuries, this ladder is slightly made; the sides only are of oak, notched to receive the steps, which are nailed. The steps are more worn than the use of the chamber at the assumed period would warrant. The existence of this retreat must have been familiar to the heads of the family for several generations: indeed, evidence of this was afforded by a packing-case directed

“For the Right Honble. the Lady Petre, at Ingatestone Hall, in Essex:” the wood was very much decayed, and the writing was in a formal and antiquated style. The Petre family left Ingatestone Hall between the years 1770 and 1780.

The “hiding-place” measures fourteen feet in length, two feet one inch in width, and ten feet in height. Its floor-level is the natural ground line: the floor is composed of nine inches of remarkably dry sand, so as to exclude damp or moisture. The Hall itself is of the age of Henry VII.; but it is difficult to determine whether the chamber is coeval therewith, or the work of the next century. The style of the brickwork of the party-wall is very similar to that of the main walls, with this difference, that the bricks in the latter, with few exceptions, are two and a quarter inches in thickness; while those in the former agree only in this respect to the height of four feet, above which the majority of them are two and a half inches in thickness. The top of the party-wall gathered over in six courses, receives a “double-floor” sixteen inches thick over the “hiding-place;” while the rest of the room above is a single floor measuring only seven inches—a circumstance affording strong evidence that the “secret chamber” is an addition to the original structure. A cursory examination of the sand composing the floor brought to light a few bones, small enough to be those of a bird, and in all probability the remains of food supplied to some unfortunate occupant during confinement.

The most interesting relic is the chest, in which no doubt were deposited the vestments, crucifix, altar-furniture, and sacred vessels. Care was taken that the apartment should be perfectly dry; the chest was, moreover, kept off the floor by two pieces of oak for bearers. The wood of the chest appears to be yew, and is only three quarters of an inch in thickness, very carefully put together, and entirely covered with leather, turned over the edge inside and glued down. The chest was further lined with strong linen, securely nailed, and the outside edges ironbound; five iron bands pass round the skirt-way, two others lengthwise, and two girt it horizontally. The metal is thin, hard hammered, one and one eighth and one and quarter inches in breadth, and, as it were, woven alternately under and over, and thickly nailed. The nails are clenched at the back, and each of the cross-bands is made into a hinge, so that the lid hangs upon five hinges. There are two hasped locks, each riveted on by three long staples, made ornamental by chisel-cuts on the face; a projecting rib, formed like the letter S, encircles the keyholes; and there is a third means of fastening adapted for a padlock in the centre. At the ends are long thin handles of quaint

character, like the rest. Against the end wall is firmly stuck a small, rudely modelled clay candle-holder.

We have abridged these details from a communication to *Notes and Queries*, No. 293, by Mr. Henry Tuck, who some time resided at the Hall, and took especial interest in its history and contents. At Ingatestone, too, is The Hyde, late the seat of Mr. John Disney, who here assembled a most interesting collection of antiquities, principally mediæval, known as the *Museum Disneianum*, an illustrated account of which, in folio, has been published.

Wanstead House.

The ancient manor of Wanstead, granted by Edward VI. to Robert, Lord Rich, was sold by him to the Earl of Leicester, who, in 1568, entertained Queen Elizabeth at the manor-house for several days; and also solemnized his marriage here with the Countess of Essex. The estate reverting to the Crown, King James gave it to Sir Henry Mildmay, who, having been one of the judges of King Charles I., the property was again forfeited. King Charles II. gave it to the Duke of York, who sold it to Sir Robert Brooke. Of his representatives it was purchased by Sir Josiah Child, whose son Richard, Earl of Tylney, built here a magnificent mansion about 1715, from designs by Colin Campbell.* It was cased with Portland stone, was 260 feet in length, and 70 feet in depth, and was one of the noblest houses in all Europe. It had a noble portico of six Corinthian columns, with a double flight of steps. The great Hall was fifty-three feet by forty-five, the ceiling painted by Kent with representations of Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night. In this Hall were antique statues of Agrippina and Domitian; and four statues of Poetry, Painting, Music, and Architecture. The principal apartments were right and left of the Hall; the back room, extending the whole length of the house, was hung with tapestry of Telemachus and Calypso, and the Battles of Alexander. The back front contained some noble apartments, including a saloon thirty feet square, in which were antique statues of Apollo and Bacchus, and a

* About this time (1717) the "tall Maypole," which "once o'erlooked the Strand," was taken down, when it was found to measure 100 feet. It was obtained by Sir Isaac Newton, and borne on a carriage, for timber, to Wanstead, the seat of the Earl of Sidney, where, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Pound Breton, it was placed in the Park, for the erection of a large telescope, the largest then in the world, presented by a French gentleman to the Royal Society.—*Notes and Queries*, No. 9.

statue of Flora by Wilton. The principal apartments were hung with pictures; and a breakfast-room contained fine prints pasted on a straw-coloured paper, with engraved borders.

The gardens and grounds were ornamented with fine sculptures; a circular piece of water, seemingly equal to the length of the house; the river Roding, formed into canals; walks and wildernesses, and a curious grotto. In the Park were abundance of deer, and some fine timber.

Wanstead House was for several years, during the minority of Miss Long, occupied by the emigrants of the Royal House of Bourbon. It was afterwards repaired, and became the residence of its rich heiress, Miss Long, who in 1812 was married to William Tylney Pole Long Wellesley, Esq. Within ten years the magnificent mansion was dismantled, and the sale of its splendid furniture was commenced June 10, 1822; and the house was taken down and the materials sold.

Mrs. Long Wellesley died in 1825, and Mr. Pole Wellesley (who succeeded his father as Earl of Mornington in 1845) married secondly, in 1825, the third daughter of Colonel Thomas Paterson. The death of this lady in the year 1869 was thus commented on in the *Athenæum* journal:—

“The Countess of Mornington, widow of the notorious William Pole Tylney Long Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, who died recently in her 76th year, adds an incident to the Romance of the Peerage. After the ruin into which the reckless Earl’s affairs fell, some forty years ago, this lady was for a brief time an inmate of St. George’s Workhouse, and more than once had to apply at police courts for temporary relief. Yet she might have called monarchs “*cousins*.” She was descended from the grandest and greatest of all the Plantagenets. Her mother (wife of Col. Paterson), Ann Porterfield of that ilk, came through Boyd, Cunningham, Glencairn, and Hamilton, from Mary Stuart, daughter of King James the Second of Scotland, and seventh in descent from Edward the First of England. The earldom of Mornington, extinct in the elder line of the Wellesleys, has lapsed to the Duke of Wellington.”

Havering Bower, or Havering-atte-Bower.

This small Essex village, three miles north of Romford, is famous in royal records from a remote period. It was a seat of some of our Saxon kings, and a favourite one of Edward the Confessor, who took great delight in the place, as being woody, solitary, and fit for devotion. "It so abounded," says the old legend, "with warbling nightingales, that they disturbed him in his devotions. He, therefore, earnestly prayed for their absence; since which time never nightingale was heard to sing in the Park, but many without the pales, as in other places." The little parish, though near London, has abundance of parks and woodlands, and is as quiet and peaceful as any in Old England; and the sweet notes of the nightingale are still heard at Havering, chattering their Maker's praise amid the shady groves of this pretty village. Some portion of the walls of the Confessor's palace was standing in our time. The Park, containing about 1000 acres, is now let on lease by the Crown.

Havering was named the Bower, from some fine bower or shady place, like Rosamond's Bower at Woodstock. It is a charming spot, having an extensive prospect over a great part of Essex, Herts, Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey, and of the river Thames.

Besides the Confessor's Palace, there was another called Pergo, that seems to have been always the jointure-house of a Queen-consort. Here died Joan, Queen of Henry IV. It was certainly one of the royal seats in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for during her progress into Suffolk in 1570, she sojourned here some days. The Palace was some time the seat of Lord Archer, and was pulled down in 1770.

In the parish register of Havering, is an entry which exhibits a curious fact, showing the common and ordinary use of the word *Sack*. In November 1717, was voted by vestry, that "a pint of Sack be allowed to y^e Minister y^e officiates y^e Lord's Day y^e Winter Season." Yet, in the last century, the editors of Shakspeare were full of conjecture as to what this word sack applied.



Tilbury Fort.

Of this noted place, in the parish of West Tilbury, an ancient town in Essex, opposite Gravesend, we hear more than of the Roman origin of the locality. Here the four Roman proconsular ways crossed each other; and in the year 620, this was the see of Bishop Ceadda, or St. Chad, who converted the East Saxons.

Tilbury is a regular fortification, constructed for the purpose of commanding the navigation of the river Thames, and it has been termed "the Key of London." It was originally formed as a mere block-house in the time of Henry VIII.; but, after the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, had advanced into the Thames and Medway in 1667, Charles II. converted it into a regular fortification, to which considerable additions have since been made. It is surrounded by a deep and wide fosse, which may be filled with water when necessary; and its ramparts present formidable batteries of heavy cannon towards the river. Its chief strength on the land side consists in its being able to lay the whole tract under water. On the side next the river is a strong curtain, with a noble Water-gate in the middle. The Fort has been dismantled, and some parts are to be rebuilt.

But the historic renown of Tilbury culminates in the chivalrous visit of Queen Elizabeth to the Fort, in the year 1588, when the Spaniards were expected to attack England with their "Invincible Armada;" and a camp was formed here, where a body of more than 18,000 men under the Earl of Leicester, was posted; and a bridge of boats was established, both as a means of communication, and also, if necessary, to block up the river.

At the camp, which was on the spot where a windmill subsequently stood, Queen Elizabeth addressed the army commanded by her favourite Leicester, in the following celebrated speech:—"We have been persuaded by some, that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you, I do not live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my choicest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you, as you see at this time, not for any recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of battaile, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down, for my God, and for my Kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the bodie but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a

King—and of a King of England, too! and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm, to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and recorder of everie of your virtues in the field. I know, alreadie, for your forwardness, you have deserved crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my Lieutenant-General (Leicester) shall be in my stead, than whom prince never commanded more noble or worthie subject; not doubting, but, by your obedience to my General, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my Kingdoms, and my people.” The loyalty of the Roman Catholic party in England at this period has been much doubted; but it has been observed that “as to any general imputation of disloyalty, the English Catholic nobles cleared themselves from such a charge in the day of the Spanish Armada, when Catholics and Protestants stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks at Tilbury; and a Catholic commanded the fleet which sent Philip’s galleys to the bottom.”

We may readily understand how such speeches, at such a time, from such a commander, must have excited the enthusiasm of the armed listeners; how every man must have felt himself a citizen of a country that would surely prove to be what its opponents denominated their Armada—invincible. Altogether, the men of England under arms at the time amounted to 130,000, exclusive of the levies of the city of London, which sent forth a body of picked men 10,000 strong, an army in themselves of the first order for courage, skill, and equipments, and who were honoured, as they deserved, by the care of the Queen’s own person. The English naval force amounted to 181 ships, with 17,472 sailors.

Philip had a pompous account of his “most unhappy Armada” printed in Latin and other languages; and Cardinal Allen wrote in English, an “Admonition to the Nobility and People of England and Ireland,” exhorting them to rise in aid of the Spaniards, and denouncing the Queen as the most infamous of human beings. On the failure of the Expedition, every effort was made to suppress this pamphlet.

“It was a pleasant sight,” says old Stow, “to behold the soldiers as they marched towards Tilbury, their cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures, dancing and leaping wheresoever they came; and in the camp their utmost felicity was hope of fight with the enemy; where oftentimes divers rumours rose of their foes’ approach, and that present battles would be given them; then were they joyful at such news, as if lusty giants were to run a race.”



The so-called "Invincible Armada," as most English readers are aware, did not afford an opportunity for Elizabeth's land forces to show their valour. Its destruction was due to other causes. When this formidable armament—destined by the bigoted and vindictive Philip to extinguish for ever the religion and liberties of Protestant Europe—left the shores of Spain, it consisted of 130 vessels, of larger size than any that had hitherto been seen in Europe, with 20,000 land forces on board. Of all these, fifty-three ships only returned to Spain, and these in a most wretched condition. The seamen and soldiers who remained were so overcome by hardships and fatigue, and so dispirited by their failure, that they filled all Spain with accounts of the desperate valour of the English, and of the tempestuous violence of the ocean by which they were surrounded.

Waltham Abbey.—Burial-place of Harold.

Waltham Abbey, or Waltham Holy Cross, is a large irregular town, situated near the River Lea (which is here separated into divers streams), and skirted by low-lying meadows. The Convent of Waltham appears to have been originally founded by Tovi, Standard-bearer to Canute the Dane, King of England. This officer built a hunting seat in the Forest, near which he formed a village, placing in it "threescore and six dwellers," and it was, probably, after he had completed this settlement that he founded the Church. This place was called *Waltham* from the Saxon *Weald-ham*, a dwelling on the forest or wild; and from a Cross with the figure of the Saviour upon it, said to have been found at Montacute, and brought hither, was derived the adjunct name of *Holy Cross*. In the hands of the priests of Waltham, this crucifix manifested miraculous power; and among the wonders told, one is that Harold, son of Earl Godwin, in consequence of a visit to it was cured of palsy, whereupon he rebuilt the church, increased the number of canons to twelve, settled on them ample estates, and provided for the establishment of a school of learning at Waltham.

Farmer, in his *History of Waltham*, gives an account of the foundation of the Convent somewhat different from the preceding, which is from Dugdale's *Monasticon*. Farmer states that "Tovi, the original founder of Waltham Abbey, had a son named Athelstan, who proved a prodigal, and quickly spent all the good and great estates which his

father had got together; so that by some transaction this place returned to the Crown."—"Edward the Confessor then bestowed Waltham, with the lands thereabouts, on Harold, his brother-in-law, who was then only an Earl, and son to Earl Godwin, who immediately built and endowed there a monastery." It is further stated by Farmer, that each of the canons had one manor appropriated for his support, and that the Dean had six; making in all seventeen. "All these manors the King granted them with sac, sol, tol, and team, &c., free from all gelds and payments, in the most full and ample manner, as appears by the charter among the records of the Tower." Harold is commonly stated by historians to have been killed at the battle of Hastings, and interred in Waltham Abbey; but there are so many versions of this event, that we shall for the present, reserve an account of the transaction.

From a treatise among the Harleian MSS., entitled the Life and Miracles of Harold, we learn that William the Norman, as might be expected, showed no favour to the religious foundation of his vanquished rival. He forcibly took away from the Church of Holy Cross a quantity of valuable plate, gems, and rich vestments; but, fortunately for the canons, he left them in possession of all their estates and revenues, or nearly so. Henry II. entirely dissolved the foundation of dean and eleven canons at Waltham (as is stated in his charter), on account of the lewdness and debauchery of their lives. Guido or Wido Rufus, who was the last Dean of Waltham, having previously been suspended from his office, resigned in 1177, to the King's Commissioners. This preliminary proceeding having taken place, the King visited Waltham on the eve of Pentecost, when regular canons were substituted for secular, the number enlarged to sixteen, the endowments of the establishment augmented, and Walter de Gaunt, a canon of Oseney, was constituted the first Abbot of the new foundation. The Church, thus settled, was dedicated first to the Holy Cross, and afterwards to St. Lawrence. The Church was then declared exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and at the same time the use of the *pontificals*—namely the mitre, crosier, ring, &c.—were granted to the Abbot. Waltham is still exempt from the Archdeacon's visitation.

Henry II., by his charter, not only confirmed to the newly-established Augustinian canons their right to the lands given by Harold and others, but he also added to their possessions the manors of Sewardston and Epping; using the remarkable expression, that it was fit that "*Christ's spouse, should have a new dowry.*" Richard I. confirmed former grants, and bestowed on the canons his whole manor of Waltham, with the

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✓ great wood and park, called Harold's Park; ✓ 300 acres of assart land, the market of Waltham; the village of Nasing, a member of Waltham; and ✓ 160 acres of assart land there—the canons paying yearly to his exchequer 60*l.* in lieu of all services. Further additions by charter and valuable grants were made to their property in the same reign. Henry III. frequently took up his residence at Waltham Abbey, and in requital of the hospitality of his entertainers, he granted them the right to hold a fair annually for seven days. At a subsequent period, two fairs were kept here, each continuing one day, the first on the 3rd of May, o.s., the Invention of the Cross; and the other on the 14th of September, o.s., the Exaltation of the Cross.

Henry III. not only greatly augmented the privileges of Waltham Church, but also bestowed on it many rich gifts; and from this time it became so distinguished by royal and noble benefactors, as to rank with the most opulent establishments in the kingdom. It was to avoid the expenses of a Court that this monarch so frequently made the Abbey his place of residence. Matthew Paris informs us that, in 1242, the Church of Waltham was again solemnly dedicated, the King and many nobles being present, most probably when Our Lady's Chapel (now a school-room) was added.

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When Simon de Seham was Abbot, in 1245, a dispute arose between the Abbot and the townsmen of Waltham about the common land, for the details of which we have not space. The townsmen, fearing they should be prosecuted by the Abbot for injuries and outrage, they desired a "law-day," and offered to pay damages; but instead of doing so, they went to London, and accused the Abbot to the King of having wrongfully taken away their common land, and bringing up new customs, adding that he would "eat them up to the bone." The Abbot then excommunicated the men of Waltham; and they impleaded him at common law, for appropriating the common land to himself. They were unsuccessful, and after a long suit in the King's Bench, were glad to confess that they had done wrong, and they were amerced twenty marks, which were, however, remitted.

The same Abbot had a lawsuit with Peter, Duke of Savoy, the King's uncle, lord of the manor of Cheshunt, about boundaries, which was eventually settled; but a dispute about land was not decided when the last Abbot resigned the convent to Henry VIII. During these unpleasant altercations, the monks were charged by their enemies with resorting for consolation to the holy sisters in the nunnery at Cheshunt. Fuller relates that Sir Henry Colt, of Nether Hall, who was a great favourite with Henry VIII. for his merry conceits, went late one night

to Waltham Abbey, where, being duly informed by his spies that some of the monks were indulging in female converse at Cheshunt Nunnery, he determined to intercept their return. With this intent, he had a buck-stall pitched in the narrowest part of the meadow, or marsh, which they had to cross in their way home; and the monks getting into it in the dark, were inclosed (or trapped) by his servants. The next morning Sir Henry presented them to the King, who, heartily laughing, declared that he had often seen sweeter, but never fatter venison.

Stow, in his account of Wat Tyler's Rebellion, says that King Richard II., while it lasted, was "now at London, now at Waltham." In 1444, the campanile of the Abbey was struck with lightning. The last event of any importance recorded of Waltham, prior to the Reformation, was the accidental meeting of Thomas Cranmer (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) with Fox and Gardiner, which ended so remarkably in the advancement of the former, and produced such important consequences in the affairs both of Church and State. Cranmer, when Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, retired to Waltham (on account of the plague at his university), to the house of a Mr. Cressy, whose wife was his relation. Whilst there, Edward Fox, the King's almoner, and Stephen Gardiner, his secretary, went fortuitously to the same house, and in conversation with them on the much-disputed point of the King's *divorce*, Cranmer said that "it would be much better to have this question, 'Whether a man may marry his brother's wife or no?' discussed and decided by the divines, and the authority of the Word of God, than thus from year to year prolong the time, by having recourse to the Pope." This opinion being reported by Dr. Fox to the King, the latter, in his occasional coarse language, vociferated that Cranmer "had the sow by the right ear," and ordering him to Court, he commanded him to write on the subject of the divorce, and afterwards rapidly promoted him.

The following pleasant anecdote is related of this Monarch; but the Abbot, who enjoyed the benefit of his prescribed regimen is not named. Henry, having disguised himself in the dress of one of his Guards, contrived to visit, about dinner-time, the Abbey of Waltham, where he was immediately invited to the Abbot's table; a sirloin of beef being set before him, he played so good a part, that the Abbot exclaimed, "Well fare thy heart, and here's a cup of sack to the health of thy master. I would give a hundred pounds could I 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 return, and having dined heartily, and thanked him for his good cheer, he departed. A few

days after, the Abbot was sent for to London, and lodged in the Tower, where he was kept a close prisoner, and for some time fed upon bread and water. At length a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which he fed as heartily as one of his own ploughmen. In the midst of his meal the King burst into the room from a private closet, and demanded his hundred pounds, which the Abbot gave with no small pleasure; and on being released, returned to his monastery with a heart and pocket much lighter than when he left it a few days before.

On the surrender of Waltham Abbey to the King's Commissioners in 1539, the clear income, according to Dugdale, was 90*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* Its superiors were mitred parliamentary Barons, and its Abbots held the twentieth place among them in parliament; the number of Abbots was thirty-two. The last Abbot was Robert Fuller, who was afterwards elected Prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. He may be reckoned among the *literati* of Waltham; and from his "History," written in 460 pages folio, the fair manuscript of which was in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle, Fuller, his namesake (made curate of Waltham by that nobleman in 1648), professes faithfully to have compiled almost all the materials for his account of Waltham Abbey, subjoined to his *Church History*, published in a thick folio in 1656.*

The site was granted for thirty-one years to Sir Anthony Denny, who, dying about the second year of Edward VI., his widow bought the reversion in fee from that monarch, for somewhat more than 3000*l.* Sir Edward Denny, grandchild to Sir Anthony, created Earl of Norwich by Charles I., was the next possessor; from him it passed by the marriage of his daughter to the celebrated James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, and next to the family of Sir William Wake, Bart., D.C.L.

Though the buildings of Waltham Abbey were once so extensive as to include a space of many acres, scarcely any part of it remains but the *nave* of the Abbey Church, now the parochial church; the Lady Chapel on the south side; some ruinous walls; a small bridge and a gateway, near the Abbey mills; and a dark, vaulted structure connected with the Convent Garden, and which adjoined the Abbey House (inhabited by the Dennys); of this no remains exist. In the convent garden is an aged tulip-tree, reported to be the largest in England.

Originally, the Abbey Church was a very magnificent edifice, and its remains must be regarded as the earliest undoubted specimen of the Norman style of architecture now existing in England. Though erected

* Among the natives of this parish of some degree of literary merit, are recorded *Roger de Waltham*, canon of St. Paul's, a writer in the thirteenth century; and *John de Waltham*, keeper of the privy seal to King Richard II.

by Earl Harold in the Anglo-Saxon period, it cannot be justly referred to any other style than that which the Normans permanently introduced after the Conquest.

The original form of the Church was that of a cross; and a square tower, which contained "a ring of five great tuneable bells," arose from the intersection of the nave and transept; the two great western supporters of which are partly wrought into the east end. Some part of the tower fell from mere decay; the remainder was purposely destroyed in 1556. The Lady Chapel is probably of Henry III.'s time, and is supported by graduated buttresses, ornamented with elegantly formed arches. Beneath it is a crypt, "the fairest," says Fuller, "that ever I saw." The superstructure, or schoolroom, has been much modernized. In the contiguous burial-ground is a very fine widely-spreading elm, the trunk of which, at several feet above the earth, is $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference.

The crypt, the roof of which is sustained by groined arches, was formerly used as a place of worship, and it had its regular priest and other attendants: the reading-desk was covered with plates of silver. In the Churchwardens' accounts we read of six annual *Obits*, to defray the expenses of which various lands were bequeathed, and a stock of eighteen *cows* was let out to farm for 18*s*. The sum allotted for each obit was thus expended: to the parish priest, 4*d*.; to our Lady's priest, 5*d*.; to the charnel priest, 3*d*.; to the two clerks, 4*d*.; to the children (choristers), 3*d*.; to the sexton, 2*d*.; to the bellman, 2*d*.: for two tapers, 2*d*.; for oblations, 2*d*., &c.

The present stone tower, at the west end of the Church, rises about eighty-six feet, and was erected about 1558, but the bells from the old steeple were sold to raise money for its completion; so that Waltham, "which formerly had *steeple-less* bells, now had a *bell-less* steeple." The defect was remedied when a tuneable set of bells was hung in the present tower. The Church is now in course of repair.

Many persons of eminent rank were buried in the church in the monastic times. Among the memorials is a brass plate to the memory of an aged couple, with these lines:

" This tyme we have desired, Lord,
When wee might come to thee,
That from this state of sinfull life
Dissolved wee might be.
But thou, O Lord, didst tyme prolonge
Our lives for to amende,
That so in tyme wee mighte repente
Of All did thee offende.

And now, here Lord in clay we lye,
Thy mercy to expect,
Hoping that thou hast chosen vs
To rest with thine elect."

Near the Abbey Mill, which is still occupied in grinding corn, is a wide space of ground, surrounded by small dwellings, called the *Bramblings*, but formerly *Rome-land*, it is conjectured, from its rents being, in former times, appropriated to the use of the Holy See. On this spot King Henry VIII. is reported to have had a small house, to which he frequently retired for his private pleasures; as may be inferred from Fuller, who says, "Waltham bells told no tales when the King came there." The statute fair is held on this piece of land.

The various streams of the river Lea, in this neighbourhood, are traditionally said to flow in the same channels that were made by the great King Alfred, when he diverted the current of the river, and left the Danish fleet on shore. They are now partly occupied by Government, for the use of the Gunpowder Mills and other works which have been erected here; and which, in detached branches, extend for a distance of nearly four miles towards Epping.

The Burial of Harold.

The exact spot where Harold was buried is one of the most doubtful points in English history. The unfortunate King offered up his vows and prayers for victory in Waltham Church, previous to his engagement near Hastings with the Norman invader, where he was slain, on Saturday, the 14th of October, 1066, having reigned nine months and a few days. His body, by the mediation of his mother Githa, and two religious men of Waltham Abbey, called Osgood and Ailric, having been obtained of the Conqueror (who, for some time, denied it burial, affirming that it was not fit for him who had caused so many funerals), was, with the bodies of his two brothers, slain at the same time, brought hither, attended by a small dejected remainder of the English nobility, and with great lamentation solemnly interred.

Harold's tomb was situated at the end of the Church, at the distance of about forty feet from the termination of what forms the present structure: it was plain, but of rich grey marble, and had on it a sort of cross fleury, and was supported by "pillarets," one pedestal of which Fuller seems to have had in his possession at the time of writing his History. The inscription is said to have been only these two expressive words, *Harold infelix*; but Weever gives half-a-dozen lines of barbarous Latin, which are probably genuine, as they are preserved in a very ancient

manuscript once belonging to the Abbey. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a gardener belonging to Sir Edward Denny, discovered, in digging, a large stone coffin, which, from the spot where it lay, was supposed to contain the royal corpse: the remains, on being touched, fell into dust. A second coffin was found near the same place, containing an entire skeleton enclosed in lead, which conjecture identified as one of Harold's brothers.

Florence is thought to tell us the true tale in words speaking straight from the heart of England's grief—"Heu, ipsemet occidit crepusculi tempore." The son of Godwin died, as such king and hero should die, helm on head and battle-axe in hand, striking the last blow for his crown and people, with the Holy Rood of Waltham the last cry rising from his lips and ringing in his ears. Disabled by the Norman arrow, cut down by the Norman sword, he died beneath the standard of England, side by side with his brothers in blood and valour. What then was the fate of the lifeless relics which alone came into the power of the Conqueror?

There is, however, strong contemporary, or nearly contemporary, evidence in favour of the burial on the sea-shore, and at Waltham; and Mr. Freeman, in his account of Waltham Abbey (*Trans. Essex Archæological Society*), makes an ingenious attempt to reconcile them. "The contemporary Norman evidence seems certainly in favour of the belief that Harold was buried on the sea-shore," to "guard the land and sea," as the Conqueror is reported to have said in mockery. But there is also strong evidence in favour of his burial at Waltham. Even the *Vita Haroldi*, which adopts the story of his survival, acknowledges that he was supposed to be buried at Waltham immediately after the battle; and, in order to reconcile these two conflicting statements, conceives that a wrong body was buried there in his stead.

William of Malmesbury is the first writer who speaks of Harold's burial at Waltham. A modern poet would thus call up the scene in the Abbey to the imagination:—

"A stately corpse lay stretched upon a bier,—
The arms were crossed above the breast; the face,
Uncovered, by the taper's trembling light,
Showed dimly the pale majesty severe
Of him whom death, and not the Norman Duke,
Had conquered."

Some annalists narrate details of his burial there, with regal honours, in the presence of many Norman nobles and gentlemen. The supposition that a disinterment took place after Harold had been buried in Sussex is one which there appears no reason for discrediting, although some are of opinion that the story is merely traditionary, and that it originated in the desire of the monks of Waltham to attract

visitors to their shrine. That Harold was first interred in Sussex immediately after the battle is attested by contemporary authority.

Sir Francis Palgrave asks the question, "Was not the tomb at Waltham an empty one?" On the Bayeux tapestry we see Harold falling to the ground, and read the words, "*Hic Harold interfectus est.*" In history his burial succeeds, and then there is usually an account of his living long afterwards. Aelred of Rievaulx hints at Harold's surviving Senlac or Hastings; and Giraldus Cambrensis, in his *Itinerary*, mentions that the Saxons long cherished a belief that their king was alive. According to him, a hermit, deeply scarred and blinded in his left eye, long dwelt in a cell near the Abbey of St. John at Chester. He was visited by Henry I., who had a protracted private discourse with him. On his deathbed the King declared that the recluse was Harold. The tradition that he was dragged from among the slain, and carried off alive, is repeated by Bromton and Knyghton. Sir F. Palgrave observes:—"If we compare the different narratives concerning the inhumation of Harold, we shall find the most remarkable discrepancies. The escape of Harold would solve the difficulty; the tale, though romantic, is not incredible, and the circumstances may easily be reconciled with probability. But of this story it may be asked, in the words of Fuller, where is the grain of probability to season it? It is well known how fondly a vanquished people will embrace any supposition of escape for a popular and native king:

"View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be,
Nor cherish hope in vain."

After Flodden the idea was long entertained that James IV. survived. So was it with respect to Don Sebastian of Portugal; Frederick, Emperor of Germany, and the Greek Emperor, Baldwin of Flanders; and with such delusions may be classed the supposed escape of Harold."

It has, however, remained for Mr. Freeman, in the *Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society*, to reconcile two different statements, totally rejecting the account of the escape from Hastings. He supposes that Harold's body was buried under a heap of stones on the Sussex coast, nearly in the same manner as Charles of Anjou buried the body of Manfred in 1266; and that a few months afterwards it was conveyed to Waltham, and there solemnly interred, most probably in the apse of the church. It was, in all likelihood, moved to the centre of the new choir of Henry I., and, perhaps, again placed in a new tomb when the choir was rebuilt in 1242.

Nell Gwynn's House, and Looking-glass.

AT Newport, a straggling village, near the Great Eastern Railway, 42 miles from London, was once a Castle, and the village is at least as old as the time of the Conqueror. Near the end a fine old house is visible from the railway, possessing some quaint gable ends and windows; and in this house it is said that one of the "merry Monarch's" many mistresses resided some time, to wit, Nell Gwynn, ancestress of the Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, the Duke of St. Albans, who enjoys 1200*l.* a year from the State. Nelly, however, has left behind her reminiscences that may reconcile us to the absurd pension of her descendants. To the influence of the poor orange-girl over the regal lover we owe the erection of Chelsea Hospital. Incidents in her strange life have inspired many a dramatist—amongst the number, Douglas Jerrold, with one of his happiest dramas; and her biography, contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* by Mr. Peter Cunningham, F.S.A., has been republished. Of Nelly herself it may be as well to recount a few leading particulars.

Nell Gwynn—pretty, witty, merry, open hearted Nelly—has much more than her own frailties to answer for; and they (alas, that we must say it!) are enough in all conscience. Her very virtues have proved mischievous, inasmuch as they have given occasion to certain scoffers to blaspheme "the sun-clad power of Chastity." It is worth while to imagine in what consists that strange fascination which, after the lapse of a century and a half, still hangs round the memory of this singular woman. Why is her name still familiar and dear in the mouths of the people? Why hath no man condemned her? Why has satire spared her? Why is there in her remembrance a charm so far beyond, and so different from, mere celebrity? Other women have become famous and interesting in spite of their lapses from virtue, and some from that cause. The course of her life, which had begun in the puddle and sink of obscurity and profligacy, as it flowed, refined. For the humorous and scandalous stories of which she is the subject, some excuse may be found in her plebeian education, and the coarseness of the age in which she lived: when ladies of quality gambled and swore, what could be expected from the orange-girl! Her earliest days were spent in London, and in the very lowest haunts of vulgar profligacy. While yet a mere child, she was an attendant in a tavern, where the sweetness of her voice and ner sprightly address recommended her to notice. She was afterwards,

still in extreme youth, a servant to a fruiterer, and in this capacity employed to sell oranges at the theatres. Here her beauty and vivacity attracted the notice of Lacy, the comedian, her first lover, who was soon rivalled in her good graces by Hart, the handsomest man and most accomplished actor of that day.

Nell Gwynn was prepared for the stage, for which she had a natural penchant; and, in 1667, we find her enrolled in the King's company of comedians, who were then acting under Killigrew's patent, at the new theatre in Drury-lane. Before the Restoration no woman had appeared on any English stage, the female parts being all acted by the men. The novelty and attraction of seeing beautiful women in such characters as Desdemona, Ophelia, Aspasia, &c., was undoubtedly one cause of that mania for theatrical amusements which was one of the characteristics of the time. Nell Gwynn at once became popular, and the same year that she first appeared on the stage, she attracted the notice of the witty Lord Buckhurst (afterwards the Earl of Dorset), who took her from the theatre, and allowed her 100*l.* a year. This absence, however, was not long; she returned to the stage in 1668. The King openly distinguished her; and after the first performance went behind the scenes, and took her away in his carriage to sup with him. Soon after, Lord Buckhurst resigned her for the consideration of an earldom and a pension. After this elevation (as the contemporary writers express it, and no doubt very sincerely thought it), we find Nelly dignified in the playbills with the title of "Madam Ellen," by which name she was popularly known. She appeared on the stage once or twice after the birth of her eldest son, but retired altogether in 1671. About this time she was created one of the ladies of the Queen's privy-chamber, under which title she was lodged in Whitehall. Madam Ellen lost none of her popularity by her elevation. Nell had a natural turn for goodness, which survived all her excesses. She was wild and extravagant, but not rapacious or selfish,—frail but not vicious; she never meddled with politics, nor made herself the tool of ambitious courtiers. At the time the King's mistresses were everywhere execrated for their avarice and arrogance, it was remarked that Nell Gwynn never asked anything for herself, never gave herself unbecoming airs, as if she deemed her un-nappy situation a subject of pride: there is not a single instance of her using her influence over Charles for an unworthy purpose; but on the contrary, the presents which the King's love or bounty lavished upon her, she gave and spent freely; and misfortune, deserved or undeserved, never approached her in vain.

After the King's death, Nell Gwynn continued to reside in Pall mall,

where she lived on a small pension and some presents the King had made her. She survived him about seven years, conducting herself with the strictest decorum, and spending her time in devotion, and her small allowance in acts of beneficence: she died in 1691. Dr. Tenison, then vicar of St. Martin's, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon. The secret of Nell Gwynn's popularity seems to have consisted in what is generally called heart, in a kindness and candour of disposition which the errors and abject miseries of her youth could not harden, nor her acquaintance with a corrupt court entirely vitiate. On comparing and combining the scattered traits and personal allusions found in contemporary writers, it appears she was in person considerably below the middle size, but formed with perfect elegance; the contour of her face was round, her features delicate, her eyes bright and intelligent, and so small as to be almost concealed when she laughed; her cheek was usually dimpled with smiles, and her countenance radiant with hilarity, but when at rest it was soft and even pensive in its expression; her voice was sweet and well modulated, her hair glossy, abundant, and of light auburn; her hands were singularly small and beautiful, and her pretty foot so very diminutive, as to afford occasion for mirth as well as admiration.—*Condensed from Mrs. Jameson's Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second.*

There is in existence a looking-glass which bears the likeness of Nell Gwynn and King Charles, modelled in wax; and also the supporters or crest which Nell assumed, namely, the lion and leopard. The whole is curiously worked in variously coloured glass beads, and the figures with the dresses made to project in very high relief; indeed, they are merely attached to the ground-work. In the upper part is Charles in his state dress, and in the bottom one Nell Gwynn in her court dress—the pattern of which is very tasteful. On the right is Charles in his hunting dress, and on the left is Nell in her *negligée* dress. The beads have retained their colours, which are very appropriate to the subject, and must have been a work of considerable time and patience; but whether done by Nell or not, there is no record. To this relic Laman Blanchard addressed these graceful stanzas:

" Glass antique, 'twixt thee and Nell
 Draw we here a parallel.
 She, like thee, was forced to bear
 All reflections, foul or fair;
 Thou art deep and bright within,
 Depths as bright belonged to Gwynn;
 Thou art very frail as well,
 Frail as flesh is—so was Nell.

- " Thou, her glass, art silver-lined,
 She too had a silver mind ;
 Thine is fresh to this far day,
 Hers till death ne'er wore away ;
 Thou dost to thy surface win
 Wandering glances, so did Gwynn ;
 Eyes on thee long love to dwell,
 So men's eyes would do on Nell.
- " Life-like forms in thee are sought,
 Such the forms the actress wrought ;
 Truth unfailing rests in you,
 Nell, whate'er she was, was true ;
 Clear as virtue, dull as sin,
 Thou art oft, as oft was Gwynn ;
 Breathe on thee, and drops will swell—
 Bright tears dimmed the eyes of Nell.
- " Thine s a frame to charm the sight,
 Framed was she to give delight.
 Waxen forms here only show
 Charles above and Nell below ;
 But between them, chin with chin,
 Stuart stands as low as Gwynn,—
 Paired, yet parted—meant to tell
 Charles was *opposite* to Nell.*
- " Round the glass wherein her face
 Smiled so oft, her 'arms' we trace ;
 'Thou, her mirror, hast the pair,
 Lion here, and leopard there.
 She had part in these ;—akin
 To the lion-heart was Gwynn ;
 And the leopard's beauty fell,
 With its spots, to bounding Nell.
- " Oft inspected, ne'er seen through,
 Thou art firm, if brittle too ;
 So her will, on good intent,
 Might be broken, never bent.
 What the glass was, when therein
 Beamed the face of glad Nell Gwynn,
 Was that face, by beauty's spell,
 To the honest soul of Nell !"

* Charles, in spite of every attempt made to detach him from her, loved her to the last, and his last thought was for her—" Let not poor Nelly starve !"

New Hall Manor.

This ancient and historically-famous Hall is situated about three miles to the north of Chelmsford, and about one mile from the main road. Its park affords many glimpses of rich and picturesque scenery, and the avenue of limes by which it is approached is one of the finest in the kingdom.

This noble and extensive lordship, the possession successively of knights, dukes, and monarchs, formed in early times a part of the possessions of Waltham Abbey, but by whom it was bequeathed to that ancient foundation is not known. It has been named New Hall to distinguish it from the neighbouring but less interesting manor of Old Hall.

The independent history of this famous house dates from the twenty-fourth year of Henry IV., when the Convent of Waltham passed it, in exchange for the manors of Copped Hall and Shingled Hall in Epping, into the hands of Sir John Shardilow. Three years later it was transferred to Sir Henry de Coggeshall and his brother Thomas. The latter died in the tenth year of Henry V., leaving New Hall to Richard, his son and heir, and a youth of thirteen years of age. After passing into the possession of a number of different families New Hall was forfeited to the crown, probably from the part which its owners had taken in the desperate Wars of the Roses.

The estate is next found in the possession of the noble family of Boteler, Earl of Ormonde. The Botelers or Butlers—the family name of the earls of Ormonde—were faithful adherents of the House of Lancaster. James Boteler, Earl of Wiltshire, who at his father's death inherited the earldom of Ormonde, was an earnest and able partizan of Henry VI. He fought by the King's side at the battle of St. Alban's, and also maintained his cause on the fields of Wakefield, Mortimer's Cross, and Towton. But at the last engagement his career of loyalty and service was brought to a close. He was taken prisoner, and was beheaded in 1461, in the reign of Edward IV. But with the return of the House of Lancaster to the throne of England fortune smiled once more upon the Botelers. Thomas, the third brother of the earl who had suffered death on the block, lived long enough to see a Lancastrian, in the person of Henry VII., again King of England, and to receive the manor of New Hall as some reward for the labours and the sufferings of his

family in the cause of the Red Rose. A further token of royal favour was granted to the new proprietor when the King signified his complete reliance upon the fidelity of Boteler by according him liberty to strengthen and fortify the manor by building walls and towers upon it.

It is very probable that when Thomas, Earl of Ormonde, obtained licence thus to convert his manor into a castle or fortress, he seized the opportunity to entirely rebuild, or at least to completely repair it. But for all his labours he had not the satisfaction of knowing that the old manorial seat would be in future maintained in connexion with the name of Ormonde. He had no heirs male, and of his two daughters, one, named Margaret, was married to Sir William Boleyn, the son and heir of that Sir Geoffrey Boleyn "who was citizen and mercer of London, and Lord Mayor of that city in 1458." The issue of this marriage between Margaret, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Ormonde, and Sir William Boleyn was Thomas Boleyn, who, possessing a beautiful daughter upon whom the reigning king, Henry VIII., was desirous of showering his attentions, and whom he soon afterwards married, was rapidly advanced from that middle-class station of life in which he had been born to one of the first honour and preferment. The knight of New Hall was created Viscount Rochfort in 1525, and was soon afterwards made Knight of the Garter. In 1529 he was created Earl of Wiltshire and Ormonde, and in the following year he was appointed Lord Privy Seal.

Meantime not only had King Henry VIII. obtained the Earl of Ormonde's daughter in marriage, but he had also acquired the estate of the family by exchange. So highly pleased was Henry with the position of his new estate that he named it *Beaulieu* (or Beautiful Place)—a name which, as may be imagined from its artificial and un-English form, never became popular among the common people. He also adorned and improved the place with all the taste for lordly luxury for which he was famous, erected it into an honour, and included it in the list of his royal residences. Here the King kept the royal feast of St. George in 1524, and here his daughter, the Princess Mary, resided for several years.

New Hall continued in the possession of the Crown till 1573, when Queen Elizabeth granted it, together with all the manors of Boreham, Walkfare, Old Hall, and their dependencies, commonly called the "honour" of Beaulieu, to Thomas Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex. The grant may be considered a most munificent one,

coming as it did from a princess usually sparing of her favours when these favours affected her purse ; but the services of Sir Thomas in Scotland and in Ireland had been so important to his Queen and his country that Elizabeth felt constrained by the exceptional circumstances of the case to be unusually generous. The career of this fortunate Earl, who had on several occasions filled the offices of Lord Deputy and Lieutenant of Ireland, was brought to a close in 1583. He died without issue, and his estates passing into the hands of his nearest of kin, the lordship of New Hall was sold to George Villiers, the famous, if not notorious, Duke of Buckingham, and the favourite of James I. of England, for the sum of 30,000*l.*

Among all the illustrious and noble proprietors who had in turn become masters of New Hall few won the attention of their contemporaries more completely, or have more thoroughly awakened the interest of posterity, than George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. So singularly rapid were the steps by which he rose in eighteen months from the rank of a humble gentleman to that of the first courtier in England and the most potent adviser of the King, and so dark are the colours in which his tragic death has been painted—a death foretold, as we are asked on the authority of family legend to believe, by a supernatural visitant—that a few of those incidents in the life of this remarkable character which historians have not yet seen fit to select from the annals of conspicuous families, but which have nevertheless been established on the best authority, may here be given.

The Villiers family had long been a noteworthy one before George Villiers saw the light. Beauty was their inheritance; and they were further distinguished by a grace of manner, an affability of address, and a gaiety and liveliness of wit, which rendered the spell of personal charms irresistible everywhere. It was in the old family hall of the village of Brooksby that George—the second son of Sir George Villiers and that extraordinary lady whom personal or mental attractions enabled to rise from the rank of a serving-maid to be Lady Villiers and Lady Compton by marriage and Countess of Buckingham by creation—was born. The early youth of the lad, who was destined soon to distinguish himself as the most ardent and successful votary of gaiety and pleasure, was spent amid rural quiet, the sluggish pace of an inactive life, and the unromantic associations connected with life at a weekly boarding-school.

Withdrawn from school at thirteen years of age, Villiers remained for the following three years under his mother's training. Even at

this early age so handsome was the youth in person, and so bright and pleasing in mental gifts, that his mother resolved upon sending him for the completion of his education to France, in order that the advantages which had been so lavishly bestowed upon him by nature should be touched to their finest issues by art.

On his return from France, Villiers became the intimate friend of Sir John Graham, a gentleman of the King's privy chamber. This Graham having in the first instance rescued Villiers from the awful crime of engaging himself to a young lady of good birth, but almost as poor as himself, turned the face of his young *protégé* to the Court. "Look higher," said Sir John, "woo fortune at the Court, and cease to think of a girl who, though a very Hebe, has not portion enough to buy her own pocket-handkerchiefs."

Graham followed up this advice by introducing Villiers to Court. The season for such an introduction was most opportune. King James was a man that could hardly exist without a favourite, and at this special moment he had quarrelled with Somerset, the courtier who had last held the place of favour in the royal heart. Being thus destitute of an object on which to bestow the honours at his disposal, he welcomed the singularly handsome and captivating Villiers to his Court with a love passing the love of women, and installing him at once as his chief favourite, began to shower distinctions upon him. There was a charm in the conversational powers of Villiers, and a fascination in his manner which James had never yet found equalled in his Scottish, and seldom in his English courtiers, and these exercised such an effect upon the "wisest fool in Christendom" that he became completely infatuated.

The King created Villiers Knight Commander of the Garter, Justice in Eyre, Earl, Marquis, and, subsequently, without any ceremony but the delivery of the patent, Duke of Buckingham, Lord High Admiral, Master of the King's Bench, High Steward of Westminster, and Constable of Windsor Castle. And all these honours and titles, with the exception of one (the dukedom), the King of England conferred upon this stranger and adventurer within the very brief period of eighteen months.

Nor did the King lavish on him merely titles and lucrative appointments; he enriched him with magnificent grants from the royal domains; thus placing him, not only among the highest, but among the wealthiest noblemen in the land. The royal lordship of Whaddon alone, from which the duke derived his first title, contained four thousand acres, and a chase sufficient for a thousand

deer. To gratify his favourite still more, the King extended his patronage to his whole family. His mother was, in 1618, created Countess of Buckingham; his elder brother, John, was made Baron Villiers and Viscount Purbeck; his younger brother, Christopher, was in 1623, created Earl of Anglesey and Baron of Daventry; his half-brother, William, was, in 1619, created a baronet; and his other half-brother, Edward, was knighted in 1616, and in 1622 was appointed President of Munster in Ireland—a lucrative post of great honour, which had previously always been held by a nobleman. In short, the duke's influence was unbounded. So much so, indeed, that Clarendon asserts, that "all preferments in Church and State were given by him; all his kindred and friends promoted to the degree in honour, or riches, or offices that he thought fit, and all his enemies and enviers discountenanced as he appointed."

"To him the church, the realm, their powers consign;
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows;
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power,
Till conquest, unresisted, ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize."

Having been thus hoisted by the credulity and silly partiality of a king into a position next the throne itself, there was only one other favour that the most fastidious and exacting courtier could desire, and that was the hand, in marriage, of the loveliest and the wealthiest woman in the land. This lady was found in Catharine Manners. "the Rose of the Vale," the only daughter of Francis, Earl of Rutland, and the wedding was celebrated in 1620—the fair bridegroom being then in his twenty-eighth year.

But the wooing which preceded this marriage seems to have been very singular. It is described by Arthur Wilson, and his account of it is appended in his own words:—"The marquis having tempted her, and carried her to his lodgings in Whitehall, *kept her there for some time*, and then returned her to her father. Upon which the stout old earl sent him this threatening message—'That he was too much of a gentleman to suffer such indignity, and if he did not marry his daughter to repair her honour, no greatness should protect him from his justice.' Buckingham, who perhaps made it his design to get her father's goodwill this way, she being the greatest heir in the kingdom, had no reason to dislike the union, and therefore he quickly salved up the wound before it grew into a quarrel."

With that elaborate practical joke of this age—the incognito visit of Prince Charles and Buckingham to Spain, to escort the betrothed Infanta home to England, all are acquainted. Taken up in a spirit of reckless adventure, imprudence and mismanagement were the characteristics of the expedition, and misfortune and disaster were its legitimate results. The two youths with their escort visited Paris on their route to Madrid, and attending a Court ball in the capital of France, Prince Charles had an opportunity of seeing the Princess Henrietta, whom he afterwards married, and who was then in the bloom of youth and beauty. Falling in love with this princess, Prince Charles resolved to marry her and give up the Infanta of Spain—with such results as were to be full of consequence to himself, his companion, and the country.

The declaration of King Charles I. after his accession, to the effect that “wee have found him (Buckingham) a faithful servante to our deere father of blessed memory and ourselves,” is sufficient testimony that “Steenie,” as this courtier was fondly called, enjoyed no less favour at the court of Charles than he did at that of his father. But the very eminence to which he had risen, the splendour with which he shone in that “fierce light which beats upon a throne,” seemed to be cause sufficient to rouse the jealousy of his rivals, and to awaken the apprehension of the people. The breaking off of the Spanish match led immediately to a war with Spain, and for this calamity the nation somewhat unfairly blamed Buckingham. A war with France followed; and this misfortune, with more show of justice, was also laid at Buckingham’s door. Having taken command of the forces in this war with France, Buckingham showed in the most conspicuous manner that, though by no means wanting in personal bravery, he was utterly destitute of military genius. On his inglorious return from an expedition to the French coast, in which he lost the flower of his army, plots were formed to assassinate him. But this awful act, to the performance of which many men had bound themselves by solemn oaths, was destined to be carried out by a single individual, who had never declared his intention to a human being, nor received the slightest assistance from any of the swarming enemies of the Court favourite. A certain John Felton, who is styled gentleman, and who certainly was a political fanatic as well as a religious enthusiast, conceived himself selected by Providence as the instrument for the destruction of Buckingham.

The duke was engaged at Portsmouth in preparing an expedition

for the relief and revictualling of Rochelle, which the French had besieged both by sea and land, when, on the morning of Saturday, August 23rd, 1628, while passing from the breakfast-room to the parlour, Felton struck him on the left breast with "a long knife with a white hafte." The assassin's blade is said to have pierced the heart, and in a quarter of an hour after receiving the wound the duke expired.

There is a singular tradition connected with the death of the duke. About the time this event happened, a dependent of the Villiers family, an honest, reputable gentleman of fifty years of age, was engaged as an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windsor Castle. This officer had in his youth known Sir George Villiers, the father "Steenie," intimately.

About six months before the assassination of the duke, this officer had retired to rest. He was in excellent health at the time, and was indeed specially fortified by the soundness of his mind and body against any liability to visions, delusions, or phantoms of any kind. At midnight a man of a very venerable aspect appeared at the bedside, drew aside the curtains, and fixing his eyes upon the officer, asked him if he knew him.

The affrighted man, half dead with fear and apprehension, after a moment, recognised in his midnight visitor the likeness, the costume, and the general habit and bearing of the Sir George Villiers whom he had known in his youth; and, after having recovered his presence of mind, he expressed himself to that effect.

"You are right," answered the visitor; who then proceeded to inform the officer that he expected a service from him, which was, that he should "go to his son, the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him if he did not somewhat to ingratiate himself with the people, or at least to abate the extreme malice which they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time."

This message having been delivered, the mysterious visitor disappeared.

Next night, in the same place and at the same time, the "venerable man," looking in all respects the same as on the previous night, save that his countenance wore a somewhat severer aspect reappeared at the bedside of the officer.

"Have you done as I required you?" he asked. Then perceiving that his instructions had not been carried out, the visitor told the officer that he had expected more compliance from him, and that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of,

mind, but should always be pursued by him. Upon this, obedience was promised. Next morning, waking out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the strikingly life-like character of all the particulars, the officer was still willing, as on the previous day, to consider that he had only dreamed.

On the third night the same personage appeared at the bedside. His face was dark with anger and resentment, and he bitterly reproached the officer for not fulfilling the given promise.

In the midst of his distress, the poor man so far recovered his presence of mind as to say that in truth he had been unable to carry out the instructions given him, chiefly from the difficulty, to a man of humble station, of obtaining access to the duke. And even if, through the influence of some gentleman attending the great Villiers, he should gain admission to him, he should never be able to convince him that he had been sent in this extraordinary manner ; but that he should be thought to be mad, or at least to be desirous of working some evil purpose upon the duke.

The visitor, threatening as before, never again to give the officer rest unless the mission were carried out, stated that access to his son was always easy ; and, in order to secure credit for the message sent, stated two or three particulars which he charged the officer to breathe to no mortal living but to the duke alone, and added that he should no sooner hear those particulars than he should credit the message sent to him.

Somewhat confirmed by this midnight visit, the dependent of the house of Villiers made his way to London, where the Court was then held, and meeting with Sir Ralph Freeman, to whom he was well known, and who was allied by marriage to the duke, he acquainted him with his desire to have a private interview with Buckingham ; but while he explained enough to make it clear that his message was a special and extraordinary one, he took care not to divulge those particulars which were intended for the duke's ear alone. Sir Ralph promised that he would speak to the duke about the man, informing him of his honesty and reputation, and then making known the request for a private interview.

A meeting was accordingly arranged. The duke received the officer with his usual courtesy, and walking aside with him near Lambeth Bridge, where it was appointed a royal party was to assemble for the hunt, gave him an audience of nearly an hour. During the conference the duke was observed to speak with much excitement and commotion, though, owing to the distance, no word

of the discourse was heard by Sir Ralph and the servants, who were there observing the behaviour of the two who were in conversation.

The officer reported that when he mentioned those particulars which were to gain him credit, the duke changed colour, and swore that that knowledge could have been obtained only through the devil ; for that the facts were known only to himself and to one other person, who, he was sure, could never have disclosed them.

The hunt proceeded ; but all that morning the duke was observed to ride in great abstraction. The excitement of the chase was not sufficient to rouse him from his deep thought, nor could the merry jests of his companions scatter the perverseness that had overcome him. Before the morning was spent, Buckingham left the field and repaired to his mother's lodgings in Whitehall, where he remained shut up with her for two or three hours. During the conference loud voices were heard by the attendants in the next room, and when the duke left the house his face was dark with trouble and disturbed with anger. This was remarked as strange, for his countenance was usually so placid, and even more than mortally composed, that it had obtained for him the name of "Steenie," the form which the pedantic James had used for the scriptural Stephen, whose face, on the occasion of his martyrdom, is said to have shone "*as the face of an angel.*" His mother also, when the duke left her, was found overwhelmed with an agony of grief and bathed in tears.

Whatever were the particulars communicated to the duke in so strange a manner—whatever were the subjects of discussion, or remonstrance, or reproach which caused the only stormy conference that ever took place between him and the mother he so deeply revered—it is a notorious truth that a few months afterwards, the death by assassination, which had been foretold by the midnight visitant at Windsor, overtook the duke. But the strangest part of the legend is that when the news of Buckingham's murder was announced to his mother, she received the intelligence with composure—almost with indifference—as if she had been already aware of it, and had long foreseen it ; or, to use the words of the old chronicler, "the countess seemed to be so forewarned of the mishap that she was *nothing troubled or amazed at the act that all Christendom wondered at.*"

George Villiers, son of the murdered duke and heir to his title and estates, became master of New Hall in 1628 ; but uniting with the Earl of Holland and others to rise on behalf of Charles I,

against the Parliament, he shared some of the misfortunes of his royal master. After the defeat of the Royalists at Kingston-upon-Thames, Parliament resolved to proceed against the duke and to sequester his estates. This line of conduct was pursued, New Hall was sold, and we find that its next possessor was no less a personage than Oliver Cromwell himself, the Lord Protector of England.

But Cromwell does not appear to have identified himself in any special way with this ancient manor; indeed two years after he purchased it he exchanged it (paying the difference in value) for Hampton Court, the situation of which he found more to his liking.

After the Restoration, New Hall reverted to the successor of the first Duke of Buckingham.

But, as if the destiny of this noble lordship was to ally itself always with the history of the country, we next find it in the hands of General Monk, who brought about the Restoration, and who was created Duke of Albemarle for that service. At New Hall the duke lived in great pomp and splendour; at such an extravagance of expense, indeed, as materially to impoverish the estate. The manor passed to the second duke; but he dying, and his widow afterwards marrying the Duke of Montague, another name illustrious in the history of England comes to be connected with this ancient Hall. Sir Richard Hoare, banker and Lord Mayor of London, was the next owner; but in 1737 he sold the property to John Olmins, afterwards Baron of Waltham, who demolished a great part of the old building, reserving, however, a portion sufficient to form a noble and commodious country-seat.

New Hall, as it appears at the present day, is a red brick building of the Tudor style, with bay windows and pillared chimneys. For some years it has been used as a Roman Catholic nunnery. It was first occupied by nuns driven from Liège during the French Revolution. Here a large number of young ladies belonging to the chief Roman Catholic families of England and Ireland are now educated.

SURREY.

Guildford Castle.

It is a remarkable fact that the first mention of a Castle at Guildford, in Surrey, in our historical records, is of the time of King John; although the masonry of the *Keep*, which is the principal part now remaining, appears to indicate a far more remote origin than the era of that reign. From this evidence it has been inferred that "this was one of the identical Palaces and Castles of the earliest Saxon Kings;" and that "Alfred the Great sometimes dwelt here." Again, the statement that Prince Alfred, after his courteous reception at Guildford by Earl Godwin, was conducted to Guildford Castle, under pretence of refreshment, prior to his seizure,* is apparently as erroneous as the above deductions from some features of the architecture of the fortress; for neither of our ancient chroniclers makes any mention of a Castle in Guildford in their accounts of the above transaction; nor is it mentioned in Domesday record, so that we may reasonably conclude that the Castle had not been erected at the time of the survey.

There can be little doubt, however, that from the Castle assimilating with most of the Norman fortresses in this country, it was built either at the end of the eleventh century or soon afterwards. It is first mentioned in history under the year 1216; when, as Matthew Paris states, Guildford Castle was taken by Prince Louis of France, who had invaded England on the invitation of the Barons in arms against King John. In the *Annals of Waverley* it is stated that the Prince having landed at Sandwich on the 31st of May, in the above year, possessed himself of this fortress on the 19th of June following.

In the fifty-first year of the reign of Henry III. the custody of this fortress was entrusted to William de Aguillon, then Sheriff of Surrey;

* Guildford is mentioned first in the will of Alfred the Great, by whom, as being a royal demesne, it was bequeathed to his nephew, Ethelwald, on whose rebellion or death, a few years after, it reverted to the Crown. It was here that Alfred, the son of Ethelred II., was treacherously seized in the reign of Harold I. (A.D. 1066), and here his Norman attendants were massacred to the number of nearly 600.

probably in order that it might be used as a prison. In the second year of Edward I., an inquiry was made into the encroachments upon the fosse of the Castle; and in the twenty-seventh of the same reign, the issues and profits of the fortress, with those of the town and part of Guildford (being then of the annual value of 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*), were assigned to Margaret of France, second wife of King Edward, as part of her dowry. At or about this period the fortress became the common gaol of the county; for Henry de Sey, keeper of the King's prisoners here, petitioned for a gaol delivery, or that the prisoners might be transferred to more secure custody, the Castle not being strong enough. In answer to which the keeper was informed that he might strengthen or enlarge the Castle; but he must, at all events, keep the prisoners securely, as the King did not see fit to provide any other place for their detention. Probably this was a feint of the keeper; for in the fifteenth of Edward II., during the insurrection of the Earl of Lancaster and others, a writ was addressed to Oliver de Bourdeaux, the Constable of the Castle, directing him to furnish it with provisions and other requisites for the King's service, the costs of which were to be allowed in the account of the Sheriff. In the 41st year of Edward III. the custody of this fortress was given to the Sheriff of Surrey and Sussex for a common gaol, and also for his own residence. In the beginning of the reign of Richard II., Sir Simon Burley, K.G., who had been tutor to that Prince, held the office of Constable here. The fortress continued to be used as the common gaol of Surrey and Sussex until the reign of Henry VII., when the inhabitants of the latter county petitioned Parliament that the gaol of Lewes should be the common prison, on account of escapes and rescues being common, and the removal was made. The Castle was granted by James I. to Francis Carter, of Guildford, whose descendants retained it until, in 1813, it was purchased by Charles Duke of Norfolk, and was, by his successor, alienated to Fletcher, Lord Grantley.

Guildford Castle originally consisted of an inner and outer ballium, occupying between four and five acres of ground, on the south side of the town, on the acclivity of a considerable height, and in former ages a station of importance, as it fully commanded the ancient ford of the river Wey. The outer walls of the Castle may yet be traced; the Keep still remains, but in much dilapidation. Its form is quadrangular, height about 70 feet, lower walls 10 feet thick; the exterior casing of chalk, flint, sandstone, and ragstone, the middle filled with coarse rubble and strong cement. The courses of herring-bone work are striking. The Tower is of three stories, and probably a vault

or dungeon in the basement below the ground; the floor and the roof have long been destroyed. The Norman arches and columns of the interior are very characteristic. There are galleries in the thickness of the walls, as at Rochester, for the more speedy conveyance of orders in the case of a siege. On the south side is a mock entrance, or sally-port, to mislead the besiegers, with machicolations over it, as if to defend it from attacks. Over the door of the dungeon are two overhanging machicolations designed to guard it, either by means of stones cast down or molten lead, arrows, or lances, should any escape from the dungeon, or any attack on its door be attempted. On the wall of a room in the second story of the Castle are several rude figures cut in the chalk, as St. Christopher, with the infant Jesus; a Bishop with his mitre, and over him an antique crown; the Crucifixion; a square pillar, the capital with Saxon ornaments. Tradition makes these figures the work of some captive. Here are the remains of the ancient gate of the fortress, which was defended by a portcullis, as appears by the grooves.

In the chalky ridge on which the Castle stands there is a series of caverns or excavations, which have been vaguely supposed to have had a communication with this fortress. In 1869 this notion was revived, with traditional tales of horrible cruelties practised in the so-called dungeons, suspected to communicate with the Castle, where six chambers were discovered in the chalk, at about 220 yards from the fortress, in a direct line with the arch of a passage communicating with a vaulted chamber 75 feet long, 60 wide, and 15 in height, at about 100 feet deep from the surface. On the walls are inscribed many ancient dates; curious bottles, shoe-buckles, and pieces of old iron have been discovered; but the connexion of these excavations with the Castle has not been traced.

Waverley Abbey.

About two miles south-east of Farnham, on the borders of Moor Park, are the remains of the celebrated Waverley Abbey, still interesting from the associations connected with them, although the fragments which that "very valiant trencherman Time" is wont, as old Fuller tells us, to leave in the dish for manners sake, are in this instance but slender. They stand on a broad green meadow, round which the river Wey, overlooked by low wooded hills, winds on three sides, thus completely forming one of those valleys which the followers of the "divus Bernardus" are said to have preferred to the rocky heights loved

of their Benedictine brothers. Waverley was the first house of the White Monks, the Cistercians, founded in England, and was established in 1128 (29th of Henry I.) by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, who brought twelve monks (the proper number, with their Abbot, for a new settlement,—“for thirteen is a convent, as I guess,” says Chaucer) from the Abbey of Eleemosyna, in Normandy, itself an offshoot from Citeaux. One after another, granges and manors were bestowed on the new-comers. In 1187 the Abbey contained seventy monks, 120 “conversi” or lay brethren, often troublesome enough, and kept about thirty ploughs constantly at work. But during the troubles of John’s reign, who at no time hesitated “to shake the bags of hoarding abbots,” and who kept an especial eye on the wool-trading Cistercians, monks and lay brethren were all dispersed, and Abbot John himself “fled away secretly by night.” They returned, however, as the times became more favourable, and their buildings increased in stateliness, until on St. Thomas’s Day, 1230, with solemn procession *et magnæ devotionis gaudio*, they entered their new church, which had been thirty years in building, under the auspices of their benefactor, Nicholas, parson of Broadwater, in Sussex, who, however, had not lived to see its completion. The *Annales Waverlienses*, one of those chronicles which were kept with more or less minuteness in every great Abbey, were published by Gale in the second volume of his *Hist. Anglicanæ Scriptores*. They begin in 1066 (the portion before the foundation of Waverley being a compilation), and end in 1291. There can be no doubt but that it was in turning over their pages that the graceful name of the Abbey approved itself to the ear of Sir Walter Scott. Little did the good monk think, as he laboriously filled his sheet of parchment, what a “household word” Waverley was hereafter destined to become.

Waverley, although the “mother of the Cistercians” in Southern England, where she colonized numerous Abbeys, from Kent to Devonshire, was exceeded in worldly advantages by many of her daughters. The clear income of the Abbey at the suppression was 174*l.* 8*s.* 3½*d.* It was then granted to Sir W. Fitzwilliam, the King’s Treasurer, and, after passing through many hands, was sold in 1796 to W. Thomson, Esq., whose son, C. E. Poulett Thomson, created Lord Sydenham, was born here; from his family the estate was purchased by G. T. Nicholson, Esq. (*Murray’s Handbook of Surrey; abridged.*)

In the *Annales* we find a remarkable instance of the assertion of the privilege of sanctuary in this convent. It was during the Abbacy of Bishop Giffard that, in 1240, about Easter, a young man was received into the house as shoemaker to the fraternity; and in August following,

officers of justice, with the King's warrant, were sent to Waverley to arrest this person on a charge of murder. Notwithstanding the remonstrances and threats of the Religious, they secured their prisoner. The monks, astonished at this violation of their privileges, and foreseeing that if such proceedings were permitted, there would be an end of all distinction between religious and secular persons, first agreed to suspend divine services in the Abbey until they obtained satisfaction, and then despatch their Abbot to the Pope's legate, then in England, with a representation of their case. The legate listened, but declined to interfere. The Abbot then addressed himself to the King, Henry III., demanding, in strong terms, vengeance on his officers for having thus insulted God and the Holy Church; and craved the immediate restoration of the prisoner. The King would, probably, have complied, but his lords and councillors interfered, and the Abbot only obtained a promise that he should be heard and receive satisfaction on his petition, if he would remove the interdict which he had laid upon his convent. Accordingly the charters and muniments of the order having been exhibited before the King and Council, and it appearing that the precincts of the Abbey and the estates were to be considered as sanctuaries as inviolable as the altars of churches, the Abbot's petition was granted in its full extent. The shoemaker was sent back to the Abbey; and the officers who had taken him were condemned to ask pardon of God and of the monks at the gate of the convent, and afterwards to be publicly whipped. This sentence was duly executed by the Dean of the house and the Vicar of Farnham. The offenders were then formally absolved, and due penance having been enjoined on them, they were dismissed.

The situation of Waverley Abbey, on the bank of the Wey, is very delightful. Aubrey describes the monastic buildings as they existed in 1673: a fine rivulet *running under the house*; 60 acres within the walls, which were ten feet high; walls of a fine church, and of the cloisters; a handsome chapel (now a stable); in the parlour and chamber over it (built not long since) are some roundels of painted glass—one, St. Michael fighting with the Devil; St. Dunstan holding the Devil by the nose with his pincers; his retorts, crucibles, and chemical instruments about him. The Hall was very spacious and noble, with a row of pillars in the middle, and vaulted overhead. The remains were greatly mutilated by Sir Robert Rich, who chiefly employed the materials in annexing wings to Waverley House, of which the central part was built in the reign of George II.

Of the existing remains, the most perfect is a vaulted crypt, which, according to an old print of the ruins (about 1736), formed the under

story of the dormitory. Like the rest of the ruins, it is of Early English character. Adjoining is the east wall of an apartment with three good lancet windows, perhaps the refectory. Of the church nothing is traceable but portions of the walls, and those but indistinctly. Oaks, thorns, and ivy overshadow and mingle with the ruins, which are so close to the river that we cannot wonder to find the annalist complaining of disastrous inundations and floods sweeping from time to time through the buildings, to the infinite loss and terror of the brethren. Traditions of concealed wealth linger about the ruins. Figures of the twelve Apostles in massive silver are said to be concealed at Waverley, and have sometimes displayed themselves to the chance passenger; but only, like all "fairy gold," to vanish again instantly.

Cobbett, in his *English Gardener*, has described the ancient kitchen-garden of the monks, which he says: "was the spot where I first began to learn to work, or, rather, where I first began to eat fine fruit in a garden; and though I have now seen and observed upon as many fine gardens as any man in England, I have never seen a garden equal to that of Waverley. Ten families, large as they might be, including troops of servants (who are no churls in this way), could not have consumed the fruit produced in that garden. The peaches, nectarines, apricots, and plums never failed; and, if the workmen had not lent a hand, a fourth part of the produce could never have been got rid of."

Moor Park.

Moor Park and House lie at the base of the hills which bound the heaths towards Farnham, and near to Waverley Abbey. This house is a spacious mansion of three stories: and near its east end is the sundial, beneath which was buried the heart of Sir William Temple, who died here in 1698: his body was interred in Westminster Abbey. The park and gardens were much altered early in the present century: the latter were in the formal Dutch style, and were the great delight of William Cobbett, who when a boy many a time walked over from Farnham to see the stately gardens. At the entrance of the Park, near the Waverley Gate, is a cottage, where Swift is said to have first seen Stella; and where, the people in the neighbourhood tell you, Swift used to sleep when he resided at Moor Park with Sir William Temple. The age of the cottage, however, scarcely supports this fame; and were it old enough, Swift is not likely to have slept there.

When Swift first solicited the patronage of Sir William Temple, he hired Jonathan to read to him, and sometimes to be his amanuensis, at the rate of 20*l.* a year and his board. At first he was neither treated with confidence nor affection; neither did Sir William favour him with his conversation, nor allow him to sit at table with him. Temple, an accomplished statesman and polite scholar, could scarcely tolerate the irritable habits and imperfect bearing of the new inmate; but Sir William's prejudices became gradually weaker as Swift's careless and idle habits were abandoned; he studied eight hours a day, and became useful to his patron as his private secretary. To a surfeit of stone fruit (it is also stated to have been twelve Shene pippins), Swift ascribed the giddiness with which he was so severely afflicted; and it brought on an ill state of health, for the removal of which, after he had been about two years with Sir William Temple, he went to Ireland, but soon returned to Moor Park. He was now treated with greater kindness than before. Temple permitted him to be present at his confidential interviews with King William, who was a frequent guest at Moor Park; and when Temple was laid up with gout, the duty of attending the King devolved upon Swift, who won so much on his Majesty's favour, that he not only taught him to eat asparagus in the Dutch manner (stalks as well as heads), but offered to make him captain of a troop of horse, which Swift, however, declined. There were long at Moor Park portraits of King William and Queen Mary, which were presented to Sir William Temple by the King.

Cobbett had a great predilection for Temple, whom he appears to have liked a great deal better than Bacon; he adds:—"Sir William Temple, while he was a man of the soundest judgment, employed in some of the greatest concerns of his country, so ardently and yet so rationally and unaffectedly praises the pursuits of Gardening, in which he delighted from his youth to his old age; and of his taste, in which he gave such delightful proofs in those gardens and grounds at Moor Park, in Surrey, beneath the turf of one spot of which he caused, by his will, his heart to be buried; and which spot, together with all the rest of the beautiful arrangement, has been torn about and disfigured within the last fifty years by a succession of wine merchants, spirit merchants, West Indians, and God knows what besides; I like a great deal better the sentiments of this really wise and excellent man."

Sir William Temple had a canal of his own constructing in Moor Park. On the outsides of the grass walks on the sides were borders of beautiful flowers. "I have stood for hours," says Cobbett, "to look at this canal, which the good-natured manners of those days had led the

proprietor to make an opening in the outer wall, in order that his neighbours might enjoy the sight as well as himself. I have stood for hours, when a little boy, looking at this object; I have travelled far since, and have seen a great deal; but I have never seen anything of the gardening kind so beautiful in the whole course of my life."

In the abrupt sand-rock that bounds the Park is the old cavern vulgarly called Mother Ludlam's Hole. Here, as traditionally stated, Mother Ludlam, a friendly witch, long took up her abode. Along the bottom of the cavern flows a small current from a hidden spring; the water is transparent and pure, and it was, doubtless, from this place that in ancient times, and under its name of *Ludeawell*, or *Ludwell*, the monks of Waverley, as stated in the *Annales*, obtained their supply of water for domestic purposes. Above this cave is a deep fox-hole in the sand; within which a person named Foote, when soured by the world, sought a last retreat. He continued here until nearly starved to death; when, in the extremity of his thirst, he crawled down to the rivulet at the bottom of the hill, and was found upon its banks in a dying state. He was carried to the nearest cottage, and next to the poor-house of Farnham, where he died, January, 1840; his last words were, "Do take me to the cave again."

Farnham Castle.

The manor of Farnham was given by Ethelbald, King of the West Saxons, to the see of Winchester, to which it has ever since belonged. One of the bishops, Henry de Blois, brother to King Stephen, built himself, on the brow of a hill which rises rapidly from the northern side of the town of Farnham, a Castle as the palatial residence of the see, at the time when King Stephen was contending for the throne with the Empress Maud, and had granted leave 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." This allusion to rebels probably refers to the previous seizure of the Castle by Louis, the Dauphin of France, and the associated Barons, in June, 1216, during the contest with King John. It had, however, together with Guildford and other Castles of which Prince Louis had obtained possession, been removed in the following year.

About the year 1267, there was a certain outlawed knight of the neighbourhood of Winchester, named Adam Gurdun, who, with his

adherents, withdrew to a woody height near the road between the town of Alton and the Castle of Farnham, and there "infested the country with rapine," and especially preying on the lands of those who adhered to the King. The fame of his strength and courage reaching Prince Edward, he was desirous to make trial of him; and coming upon the outlaw with a strong body of men, the Prince commanded that no one should interfere to prevent a single combat. Meeting, they encountered each other, and, with redoubled blows and equal strength, fought a long time without either giving ground. At length, Edward, admiring the valour of the knight, and the fierceness with which he fought, advised him to yield, promising him his life and fortune. To this the knight agreed, and surrendered, having his inheritance restored; and Edward always esteemed him a dear and faithful subject.

Scarcely anything of historical interest is recorded of Farnham Castle until the reign of Elizabeth, when it is several times mentioned as having been visited by that Queen in her summer progresses. Thus, during the episcopate of Bishop Horn, she was at Farnham in 1567 and 1569. On the latter occasion, the Duke of Norfolk dined here with the Queen at her own invitation, and on rising from the table she "*pleasantly*" (as Camden informs us) advised him to be "careful on what pillow he laid his head." This ominous warning was spoken in reference to the Duke's projected marriage with Mary Queen of Scots; but, unfortunately, Norfolk's "ill-weaved ambition" induced him secretly to persist in his scheme, until his plans became treasonable; and within two years afterwards, he was decapitated on Tower Hill.

Elizabeth was again at Farnham in September, 1591, when Bishop Thomas Cooper had the honour of her company: at the time of the threatened invasion in 1588, this prelate addressed a letter to the Clergy of Surrey relative to the raising of troops for the defence of the kingdom, which possibly may have been written at the Castle. In 1601, Elizabeth once more visited the Castle, when Montagu held the See.

In the Civil War between King Charles I. and his Parliament, this Castle was garrisoned for the King by Sir John Denham, high sheriff of the county in 1642, who was appointed governor. He soon quitted it, and shortly afterwards the fortress surrendered to the Parliamentary General, Sir William Waller, by whom it is said to have been blown up, on December 29 in the same year. In the following year, however, it was again held as a stronghold, and its garrison comprised several companies of soldiers, which, in November, 1643, joined with Waller's army and its London auxiliaries in the fruitless attack on Basing House. ✓

After keeping the field some days, Waller took up his head-quarters at Farnham, and began to fortify the town, and his forces were twice drawn up in Farnham Park, on a rumour of the King's approach to attack the Castle. They showed themselves, but made no assault, though they came so near that the ordnance from the Castle and Park killed about fifteen men and seventeen horses. Some slight skirmishes followed; and on December 13 Sir William Waller marched with the Londoners from Farnham to Alton, and attacking the Royalists under Lord Craford, took between 800 and 900 prisoners, who were brought into the town and secured in the Church and Castle. George Wither, the poet, was afterwards constituted Governor of Farnham Castle for the Parliament; but his office was rendered inefficient, and he had to leave the fortress to the possession of the enemy. In 1648 the fortifications were demolished by order of the then existing Government.

After the Restoration of Charles II., the remains of the Castle, with the manor of Farnham, were restored to the See of Winchester; and Bishop Morley, who presided over it from 1662 to 1684, is said to have expended 8000*l.* in the renovation and improvement of the Episcopal Palace erected within the precincts of the fortress, and including some portions of the original structure. There were formerly two parks* attached to the Castle. The Bishops had here various officers: as a constable of the fortress; keepers of the parks and chases; and of the Frensham ponds, with the swans in them; which offices were held by persons of distinction in the county.

The latter years of Bishop Richard Fox, who had been long afflicted with blindness, were chiefly spent in Farnham Castle; and from the initials of his name, and other memorials yet traceable among the ruins of the Keep, it is surmised that this division of the fortress was partially restored or built during his retirement here: he died in 1528. The lowest and oldest part of the Keep is, however, of an age long prior to the time of Bishop Fox.

The Castle buildings approach the quadrangular form, and enclose a large court, in connexion with the Keep. The outer walls still retain some square bastions, and are surrounded by a wide and deep fosse, in which, on the Park side, oak and beech trees are flourishing. The State apartments are elegantly fitted up, and there is a handsome chapel. The library is extensive, and there are some portraits. The

* From a document preserved at Losely, it appears that the Templars, in Elizabeth's reign, drank their ale or wine out of *green pots* manufactured from the clay dug in Farnham Park.

Cure
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now!

servants' hall formed a portion of the original structure, its round columns and pointed arches corresponding with the age of the fortress. The shattered Keep, apparently hexagonal in form, is entered from a high flight of steps, leading up an arched avenue of strong masonry. The Keep is entirely unroofed, and the enclosed ground has long been a fruit garden. On the eastern side of the great court was another avenue, leading down to the ancient sally-port. The kitchen and flower gardens, occupy a considerable space. Bishop the Hon. Brownlow North greatly improved the Park, through which the little river Lodden flows. Here is an avenue of elms, terminating at the distance of three-quarters of a mile in two noble trees, the bole of one being 19 feet in circumference, at three feet from the ground; the other 18 feet 6 inches.

It is most important that the people of Surrey should be reminded that Farnham has belonged to the church of Winchester for more than a thousand years. It is rumoured that, at the next vacancy of the See, the manor is to be sold by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. But it will be a disgrace to the churchmen of Surrey and Hampshire if they allow this deeply interesting place to be alienated from the See, after a connexion with it which has lasted more than ten centuries. Such associations are far too precious to be lightly broken; and we are quite sure that if Farnham Castle is suffered to pass into other hands, the time will come when it will be deeply but unavailingly regretted. The place itself is full of ecclesiastical interest, and is quite unsuitable, as it stands, for a lay occupant. If the estate and house are of necessity to be sold, it will surely be easy for so wealthy a diocese to purchase it, and to hold it in trust for the use of the bishop for the time being.*

The Priory of Newark.

On a pleasant site, near the borders of the Wey, in Send parish, a Priory of the Canons regular of the Order of St. Augustine was founded in or before the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, by Ruald de Calva and his wife Beatrice de Sandes. They gave to the Canons land in Ockham, with its appurtenances of woods, waters, &c., to build a church to the Blessed Virgin and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and

* *Saturday Review*, August 24, 1861. Bishop Sumner, who was translated to the See of Winchester in 1827, resigned in 1869; but it has been arranged that his lordship shall continue to occupy Farnham Castle. His prelacy has rendered him very popular among all classes; and the park forms a delightful place of recreation for the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood.

endowed it the same as did Godfrey de Lacy, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1204. In 1220, the Canons obtained from Henry III. the privilege of holding a fair at Ripley, on the eve of the day of St. Mary Magdalene; for which the Prior gave to the King a palfrey.

The remains appear to have formed part of the Priory Church, and the adjoining refectory; in the Early Pointed style, with lancet windows; the walls are roofless. Most of the Priory buildings, with great portions of the church, were pulled down, and the materials used in repairing the roads! In 1840, fragments of a tessellated pavement, with devices of animals, flowers, buildings, &c., with human bones and an entire skeleton, were excavated here.

Aubrey relates a tradition at Ockham Court, told him by the clerk, that his father remembered to have gone into a vault at Newark Abbey, which went under the river to a nunnery here; by which the poor deluded people would insinuate malpractices between the monks and nuns, a common slander thrown upon the Religious at the time of the Reformation. Upon this tale, Dr. Charles Mackay has founded the following cleverly humorous ballad:—

“ The monks of the Wey seldom sung any psalms,
And little they thought of religious qualms ;
Ranting, rollicking, frolicsome, gay,
Jolly old boys were the monks of the Wey.
Tralalala ! lara la !

“ To the sweet nuns of Ockham devoting their cares,
They had but short time for their beads and their prayers ;
For the love of the maidens, they sighed night and day,
And neglected devotion, these monks of the Wey.
Trala, &c.

“ And happy, i' faith, might these monks have been,
If the river had not rolled between
Their abbey dark and their convent grey,
That stood on the opposite side of the Wey.
Trala, &c.

“ For daily they sighed and nightly they pined,
Little to anchorite rules inclined ;
So smitten with beauty's charms were they,
These rollicking, frolicsome monks of the Wey.
Trala, &c.

“ But the scandal was great in the county near—
They dared not row across for fear ;
And they could not swim, so fat were they,
These oily, amorous monks of the Wey.
Trala, &c.

“ Loudly they groaned for their fate so hard,
From the smiles of these beautiful maids debarred,
Till a brother hit on a plan to stay
The love of these heart-broken monks of the Wey
Trala, &c.

- “ ‘Nothing,’ quoth he, ‘should true love sunder ;
 Since we cannot go over, let us go under ;
 Boats and bridges shall yield to-day—
 We’ll dig a tunnel beneath the Wey.
 Trala, &c.
- “ To it they went with right good will,
 With spade and shovel, pike and bill ;
 And from evening’s close to the dawn of day
 They worked like miners all under the Wey.
 Trala, &c.
- “ And every night as this work begun,
 Each sang of the charms of their favourite nun ;
 ‘ How surprised they will be, and how happy,’ said they,
 ‘ When we pop in upon them from under the Wey.’
 Trala, &c.
- “ And for months they kept grubbing and making no sound,
 Like other black moles, darkly under the ground ;
 And no one suspected such going astray,
 So sly were these amorous monks of the Wey.
 Trala, &c.
- “ At last, this fine work was brought near to a close,
 And early one morn from their pallets they rose,
 And met in their tunnel with lights to survey,
 If they’d scooped a free passage right under the Wey.
 Trala, &c.
- “ But, alas for their fate ! as they smirked and they smiled,
 To think how completely the world was beguiled,
 The river broke in, and it grieves me to say,
 It drowned all the frolicsome monks of the Wey.
 Trala, &c.
- “ O, Churchmen, beware of the lures of the flesh,
 The net of the devil hath many a mesh ;
 And remember, whenever you’re tempted to stray,
 The fate that befel the poor monks of the Wey.
 ‘Trala, &c.’”

Reigate Castle.

On the north side of the town of Reigate are the earthworks of an ancient Castle, of the foundation and history of which little is positively known. It is ascribed to the Earls of Warren and Surrey, who, on acquiring estates in this county, made Reigate their principal residence. The ground-plot suggests the idea of its having been the site of a Roman fort ; and Brayley considers it not improbable that, in later times, it may have been one of a chain of forts commanding the vicinal or cross road which may be traced from Ightham, in Kent, to Farnham, in Surrey, and still known, in parts, by the name of the Pilgrims’ Road. If the inhabitants of the district were so successful in repelling

the Danish plunderers, as to have given rise to the proverbial distich attributed to them by Camden—

“ The vale of Holmesdale,
Never wonne, never shall,”

it is not unlikely, considering the importance of the situation, that their leaders had a strong fortress here. Be this as it may, it is certain that under the Earls of Warren, Reigate Castle was one of the capital seats of their barony in England. It is supposed to have been founded before the Norman Conquest: others (from the pointed character of the remaining subterraneous vaults), refuse to assign to it an earlier date than the termination of the twelfth or commencement of the thirteenth century. William, Earl of Warren, by whom it was held in the time of King John, is the first of his family mentioned by Dugdale as its owner, his title to it being derived from his earliest ancestors. The wavering policy of this nobleman, in the contest between King John and his Barons, is thought to have occasioned him the temporary loss of the Castle; which is also said to have been for a time (1216) in possession of Louis, Dauphin of France. Jettons, or French coins have been found among the ruins; and a spur of extraordinary size was, in 1802, found in the Castle butts, at the depth of three feet in the ground.

There is a tradition current that the insurgent Barons held their councils, previously to the congress at Runnymede, in the Castle of Reigate; and Gough, in his edition of Camden's *Britannia*, when speaking of a cavern there, under the Castle court, says: “ It is called the *Barons' Cave*; and it is pretended that the Barons conferred here before they met King John, in Runnymede.” This is thought unworthy of credence; because William, Earl of Surrey, was one of those lords who were most firmly attached to the King; and as he did not join the Barons till all resistance to their claims appeared hopeless, it cannot be supposed that his Castle would be chosen as the place for their deliberation. It is not unlikely, however, that the Earl of Surrey and a few other lords, who, like him, for a while endeavoured to preserve their neutrality in the grand contest, may have held secret consultations in Reigate Castle, and even in the cavern to which the tradition refers; and which, hence, probably obtained the appellation of the Barons' Cave.

In 1265, John de Warren, Earl of Surrey, sullied his reputation by an act of violence in a private feud. He had a lawsuit with Alan, Baron de la Zouche, respecting a title to a certain manor. It was decided against the Earl, who became so highly exasperated that an

altercation arising between him and his competitor, from abusive language they proceeded to personal violence. Some of Surrey's domestics, or retainers, were on the spot, who were privately armed; and with his assent, if not by his order, they drew their swords, and assaulted the unarmed Baron and his son, who was with him. Thinking their lives in danger, they fled towards the King's chamber in the palace of Westminster; the assailants followed, and wounded both De la Zouche and his son; the former so severely that he never recovered. The Earl, becoming alarmed for the consequences of his violence, and fleeing with his servants to the river-side, where he had a boat waiting, they crossed the Thames, and took refuge in the Castle of Reigate. The King and Prince Edward, considering it impossible to overlook the conduct of the Earl (though they owed him so many obligations), had an order issued to compel the appearance of Surrey before the Court, to answer for his offence. The Earl refused obedience to the mandate, whereupon Prince Edward, accompanied by the Archbishop of York and other persons of rank, with an armed force, proceeded to Reigate, to take the culprit into custody. At first he seemed determined to defend the fortress, but he was induced to surrender himself. He was fined 10,000 marks to the King, and 2000 marks damages to the injured Baron; and having declared that the offence was not of malice-aforethought, but of sudden anger, on these terms the Earl received pardon. In the third year of Edward I. the Earl of Surrey entertained that sovereign at his Castle of Reigate, in a style of great splendour; and received the deduction of 1000 marks from the amount of the above fine then unliquidated.

The Castle was in a decayed state in the reign of King James, and in 1648 it was demolished; but some remains of the outer walls were standing within the last half century.

The site of the Castle comprises an eminence of about fifty feet above the level of the town, and nearly surrounded by a dry fosse of considerable breadth and depth; at some distance northward is a moat. The area, a lawn of very fine turf, is an oblong with rounded angles, about 160 paces from east to west, and 100 from north to south. Over a bold escarpment at the east end it is entered by a stone gateway, erected in the year 1777. On the lawn was formerly a summer apartment, corresponding with the ancient design of the fortress. In the centre of the area is the entrance to the caves by a flight of steps hewn out of the sandstone rock to the depth of 18 feet, and thence by a regular slope 26 feet more. The entire descent of 235 feet terminates in a cavern, or chamber, probably a dungeon for prisoners. A gallery, nearly 150

feet long, with a semicircular end, has a seat all round; this is the Barons' Cave, already mentioned. The pointed roof is 12 feet in height, and springs from a ledge. An arch, supposed to have formed a private communication with the town, fell in many years ago. An apartment near the entrance is supposed to have been occupied by the guard. The vaultings throughout the caverns assume the figure of the pointed arch, hewn out of the solid rock, which, however, is soft and of fine texture.

William de Warren, who died in 1240, is said to have founded a Priory at the southern extremity of Reigate, dedicated to the Virgin Mary and the Holy Cross, and to have endowed it for the support of a Prior and Canon of the order of St. Augustine. The mansion now called Reigate Priory, which occupies part of the old site and precincts, is the seat of Earl Somers.

Chertsey Abbey.

Shortly after the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity, a small monastery was founded at Chertsey, on the western side of the Thames, by Erkenwald, an ecclesiastic, afterwards Bishop of London, and Frithwald, Viceroy of Surrey, under Wulpher, King of Mercia, who, in confirmation of the foundation charter, "laid his hand on the altar, and made the sign of the cross." The charter is dated 727, probably several years after the death of those whose deed it purports to be; a forgery thought to be to frustrate the severe inquisition of the Norman Conqueror and his agents as to the mode of acquisition and tenure of monastic estates. Late in the ninth century, the Abbot of Chertsey, Beorca, a priest, and all the monks, 90 in number, were slaughtered; the church and conventual buildings were burnt, and the surrounding territory laid waste by the Danes. The monastery was not fully restored till the reign of Edgar, who, in 964, expelled the secular clerks, and placed Benedictine monks in their room.* About a century and a half later, the rebuilding of the Abbey was commenced; for we read in the *Saxon Chronicle*, 1110, "This year men first began to work at the new monastery of Chertsey."

The body of Henry VI., who died in the Tower of London, was buried in Chertsey Abbey, as Grafton asserts, "without priest or clerk,

* In the *Transactions of the Surrey Archaeological Society*, vol. i. pt. i., is a valuable paper by W. G. R. Corner, F.S.A., "On the Anglo-Saxon Charters of Frithwald, Ælfred, and Edward the Confessor, to Chertsey Abbey."

torch or taper, singing or saying;" but, in an Issue Roll, 11th Edward IV., there are disbursements for wax, linen, spices, &c., incurred for Henry's burial, and for wages and rewards to the men carrying the torches from the Tower to St. Paul's; and from thence, accompanying the body to Chertsey; also, for a reward to soldiers from Calais, guarding the body, and for the hire of barges with rowers on the river Thames to Chertsey; likewise payments to Brethren and Friars, and for obsequies and masses said at Chertsey on the burial.

The Abbots of Chertsey retained an uninterrupted possession of the manor from the time of the Domesday Survey until the Dissolution; when, in the deed of Surrender it is stated that the King, for the honour of God, and the health of his soul, purposed to refund the dissolved Priory of Bisham, in Berkshire, and to establish there the Abbot and Brethren of Chertsey, and endow them with the manors, &c., of Bisham, as well as the Chertsey estates. This was done, but in less than a year the newly-formed monastery was surrendered to the Crown.

The superior of Chertsey monastery was one of the Mitred Abbots, or those who were privileged to wear episcopal ornaments; and he was a baron, or military tenant of the Crown, doing duty by his knights. In a bull, dated 1258, there is reference to *vineyards* belonging to the monks. By charter the Abbot kept dogs for hunting hares and foxes. The Exchequer Leiger, which is of vellum, is a general plan of the demesne of the Abbey; the Leiger itself being a ponderous volume, 19 inches in length, and 13 in breadth. It exhibits the monastic church, an hospitium, two mills, a bridge, and a few buildings beyond the Thames, called the vill of Laleham. By the writing it seems to have been depicted about the reign of Henry VI.; parts of the original are coloured. The Abbey, though a large establishment, was completely destroyed; yet by whom commenced, or how carried on, nothing appears to be recorded. In Aubrey's time (1673), the out-walls only remained; the street-roads of Chertsey were made with the ruins. Dr. Stukeley visited the site in 1752; he writes: "So total a dissolution I scarcely ever saw. Of that noble and splendid pile, which took up four acres of ground, and looked like a town, nothing remains." At the entrance of the kitchen-garden stood the church. "Human bones of the abbots, monks, and great personages, who were buried in great numbers in the church and cloisters, were spread thick all over the garden; so that one may pick up handfuls of bits of bones at a time everywhere among the garden stuff. Foundations of the religious building have been dug up, carved stones, slender pillars of Sapex marble, monumental stones, effigies, crosses, inscriptions, everywhere."

Dr. Stukeley mentions the large orchard, many and long canals, or fish-ponds and preserves, and the great moat round the Abbey. "I left the ruins of this place," he adds, which had been consecrated to Religion ever since the year 666, "with a sigh for the loss of so much national magnificence and national history. Dreadful was that storm which spared not, at least, the churches, libraries, painted glass, monuments, manuscripts; that spared not a little out of the abundant spoil to support them for the public honour and emolument." Figured tiles bearing crowned heads, abbots wearing mitres, grotesque heads, and fragments of tessellated pavements have been dug up in the Abbey-house garden and orchard. The walls of a large barn, an arched gateway, and adjoining wall, are nearly all that remains of this once venerated and extensive foundation of Chertsey Abbey.

Almners' Barns, near St. Anne's Hill, formerly belonged to the Almoners of Chertsey Abbey, and was for a long period occupied by the Wapshott family, who, it is said, "have continued to cultivate the same spot of earth from generation to generation ever since the reign of Alfred, by whom the farm in which they have lived was granted to Reginald Wapshott, their ancestor." That the Wapshotts were residents here some centuries ago is traditionally acknowledged; and a deed proves their occupation of Almners' Barns upwards of five hundred years since. Yet these worthy tenants were expelled the farm by the Duke of York exorbitantly increasing the rent — an act of much injustice.

In the old church of Chertsey the Curfew is still regularly tolled every evening in the winter months upon the Abbey bell, which bears a motto in Saxon characters. The late Albert Smith, who was a native of Chertsey, at his outset in literary life, wrote a pleasing drama, the action of which was laid in the town of Chertsey and its neighbourhood; and the climax of the piece is brought about by the agency of the bell. The performance proved very popular. In the opening chapter of the story, the bell is referred to as one of the few records extant of the noble monastery. "Its motto and quaint Saxon letters prove its antiquity. It probably swung, and clanged, and echoed from the turrets of the monastery centuries before the honest Abbot Rutherford's time — it might have assisted to chime for his birth, and it ushered him to the grave in company with the other prelates who went before or succeeded him. The kingdom changed its rulers; usurpers rose and fell; war followed inaction, and peace transplants war; yet still the old bell kept on its unchanging song, and rang for the conqueror as bravely and lustily as it had before welcomed the vanquished. The morning sounds

roused the hind from slumber to his daily toils ; and at evening it pealed out the solemn curfew, which carried its voice of rest far over the broad expanse of wooded hill and rich pasture that then surrounded the monastery." There is homely pathos in this passage.



Merton Priory.

In the village of Merton, seated on the river Wandle, a Priory was erected of timber by Gilbert Norman. This was in 1115; but about two years afterwards the founder was induced by its Prior, Bayle, to remove the establishment to another site, and when the new house was finished, the Prior and his brethren (fifteen in number) went thither in procession, singing "*Salve dies.*" In 1121, in consideration of one hundred pounds in silver, and six marks of gold, given by Gilbert Norman, the King granted the entire manor of *Meretone*, with all its customs and privileges, to the canons here, to enable them to construct a church in honour of the Virgin Mary, &c. About 1130, the Priory was first built of stone, the foundation being laid with great solemnity by Gilbert himself, the Prior, and 36 brethren: the buildings were completed in 1136.

When Hubert de Burgh, the principal minister of Henry III., lost the favour of his weak and prodigal master, and had been accused of high crimes and misdemeanours, he fled for sanctuary to Merton Abbey; and having refused to quit his place of refuge, the church, after being ordered to attend at a great council or parliament held at Lambeth, the King sent letters to the Mayor of London, commanding him to proceed to Merton, with the armed citizens, and bring Hubert before him either alive or dead; but Henry recalled the mandate, and in the sequel restored him to favour. Eventually, however, he was deprived of a considerable portion of his accumulated wealth, and passed the concluding years of his life at his manor of Banstead, in Surrey.

About four years after, in 1236, a Parliament or National Council was held at Merton Abbey, when the famous "*Statutes of Merton*" (the most ancient body of laws after *Magna Charta*) were enacted; and the Prelacy having proposed to introduce the canon law, to supersede the common law of the realm, the Barons made the memorable reply, "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare,*"—"We will not alter the laws of England."

The chronicles of Merton Abbey, which are in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, contain the Ordination of William of Wykeham, for the

government of this convent. One of the statutes prohibits the canons from hunting, or keeping dogs for that sport, within the walls of the Priory, "on pain of being restricted to a diet of bread and ale, during six holidays." The punishments are, in general, of a similar description; the severest being a compulsory abstinence from all food but bread and water; and the slightest, confinement to an allowance of bread, ale, and pulse. In a visitation of the Priory by Henry de Woodlock, Bishop of Winchester, the canons are censured for not attending mass, and for going about with bows and arrows; and they are menaced with punishment by restriction of food.

Charters of new donations, confirmations of grants of lands and privileges, were obtained by the canons of Merton from eleven sovereigns; the Prior sat in Parliament as a mitred Abbot. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was educated in the Priory school; as was also Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, and Chancellor of England, the illustrious founder of Merton College, Oxford, who was born in this village, and, dying in 1277, was buried in Rochester Cathedral.

During the Civil Wars, the Priory was used as a garrison; for the Derby House Committee, in July, 1648, were ordered by Parliament, "to make Farnham Castle indefensible, and to secure Merton Abbey, and other places of strength in the same county." Part of the outer walls, and the east window of the Abbey chapel remain; and several of its stalls are preserved in Beddington Church.*

* Merton became the residence of Lord Nelson, in compliance with whose wishes a small estate here was purchased by Lady Hamilton, in 1801, about which time the hero contemplated a final retirement from command. Nelson lived here from October, 1801, until May, 1803, when he quitted it to resume his command in the Mediterranean; prior to which he devised his capital message at Merton, with its gardens, pleasure-grounds, shrubbery, canal, mote, &c., to Lady Hamilton, who was then a widow. After the Admiral fell at Trafalgar, in 1805, Lady Hamilton continued to reside here, with Nelson's daughter, Horatia, until about 1808, when she was compelled by her necessities to dispose of the estate; subsequently the house was pulled down, and the site was built upon.

KENT.

Rochester Castle.

Rochester, which took its name after one "Hroffe," a Saxon, who built his "ceaster," or city, here, abolishing in the process the more expressive and appropriate British name of "Dourbryf," or "Swift Stream." The most important natural feature of the place is the Medway, which flows with great swiftness. The British name was Latinised by the Romans calling it *Durobrivis*, or *Durobrivum*. The extent of the old walls may be traced, and they remain picturesque ruins in many places, making flower gardens and walks for the adjoining houses. Its natural advantages made Rochester a great fighting place, giving it the name of "the Kentishmen's Castle," under all its masters—Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans. Until the time of Edward IV., its Castle and walls were constantly in need of repair, all his royal predecessors besieging or defending the city by turns.

Rochester Castle, one of the finest examples of Anglo-Norman architecture in the kingdom, stands on the banks of the Medway, being built on the brow of a hill with its principal tower so situated as to command both the river and adjacent country. It is attributed to Cæsar, but erroneously; but it is highly probable that the Britons, from their experience of the importance of this passage over the Medway, might erect some fortification to secure it after the Romans had retired to the Continent; and when the legions again arrived, in the time of Claudius, under the command of A. Plautius, they might improve it to a regular fort or Castle; for such a place there certainly was, since both *Durobrivis* (or Rochester) is mentioned as a Roman station, and the Roman way certainly led across the river Medway, near this place.

This appears more certain from the great variety of Roman coins which have frequently been found here—viz., of the Emperors Vespasian, Trajan, Adrianus, Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, Maximus, Aurelianus, Constantius, Constantine the Great, and others. All these have been found in the ruins of the Castle.

This fort or Castle might also have been rebuilt in the time of Uske,



ROCHESTER CASTLE

King of Kent, about the year 480; for it is certain there was a fortress here in 765, when Egbert, King of Kent, gave a certain portion of land to the church lying within the walls of the Castle of Rochester; and in the year 855, Ethelwulf, King of the West Saxons, gave a house and lands to one Dunne (his minister), that were situate to the south of the Castle.

The Castle, of which there are fine remains, was built about the year 1088, by Gundulph, a monk of Bec, in Normandy, Bishop of Rochester, and the most celebrated architect of his age. The principal entrance was on the north-east, which was defended by a tower gateway, probably designed to command the passage of Rochester Bridge, with outworks at the sides, a remaining part of which has fallen. From this entrance is an easy descent into the city, formed of two arches turned over the Castle ditch. But the chief attraction is the noble tower which stands in the south-east angle of the Castle, and is so lofty as to be seen distinctly at twenty miles distance. This tower was rebuilt in the place of the original square one destroyed when King John besieged and took the fortress.

In the reign of William Rufus, Kent was the scene of Civil War, in which Rochester and its Castle were defended on behalf of Odo, Bishop of Baieux, to whom the fortress belonged. King Rufus, who was not deficient in courage, finding his subjects lukewarm in his support, proclaimed that whosoever would not be reported a *niding* (ninny, or fool), should repair to the siege of Rochester. This expedient had the desired effect; for the youth, abhorring the above reproachful name, flocked to the King's standard, and he soon took the town and closely besieged the Castle for six weeks, without making much progress, but a contagious distemper breaking out, the besieged offered to capitulate. Rufus, however, would grant them no terms for a time; at length, through the persuasion and entreaties of his nobles, he permitted the besieged to march out with their horses and arms, and to leave the kingdom with the forfeiture of their estates; but Odo he sent a prisoner to Tunbridge Castle, and afterwards, on condition of his leaving the country, gave him his liberty.

The Castle received considerable damage by this siege; and perhaps the Prior and Bishop Gundulph might have been somewhat tardy in their allegiance to Rufus; at least the King entertained suspicions of that nature, and made it a pretence to extort money from them, for he refused to confirm a grant of the manor of Hadenham, in Buckinghamshire, given to the see of Rochester by the then archbishop, Lanfranc: but being entreated by Robert Fitz Hamon and Henry Earl of Warwick,

the King consented, on condition that Gundulph should expend 60*l.* in repairing the injuries which the Castle had suffered by the siege, and make other necessary additions.

Gundulph accordingly repaired the walls, and laid the foundation of the great square tower. He died about twelve years after it was begun, leaving it unfinished; but it has ever since been called Gundulph's Tower. It is quadrangular, about seventy feet square at the base; the walls are in general twelve feet thick. Adjoining to the east angle of this tower is a small one, about two-thirds the height of the large tower, and about twenty-eight feet square. The grand entrance was into this small tower by a noble flight of steps, through an arched gateway, adorned with curious fretwork. At this entrance was a drawbridge, under which was the common entrance into the lower apartments of the great tower. These lower apartments are dark and gloomy. They are divided by a partition wall five feet thick, which partition is continued to the top. In the lower part of the walls are several narrow openings for light and air; there are also arches in the partition wall by which one room communicated with the other. These apartments were designed for store-rooms.

In the partition wall, in the centre of the building, is a well, neatly wrought in the walls; which well ascends through all the stories to the top of the tower, and has a communication with every floor.

On the north-east side within the tower is a small arched doorway, through which is a descent by steps into a vault under the small tower: here seems to have been the prison and melancholy abode of the state criminals confined in the fortress.

The top of the great tower is about ninety-three feet from the ground, round which is a battlement seven feet high, with embrasures. At each angle is a tower about twelve feet square, with floors and battlements above them: the whole height of these towers is about one hundred and twelve feet from the ground. There is in the tower of the Castle wall near the bridge a funnel or space in the wall, open from the bottom to the top, supposed to have been used for the secret conveyance of provisions from the river into the Castle.

There are fire-places to the rooms, which have semicircular chimney-pieces; the arches of which, in the principal rooms, are ornamented similarly. The smoke was not conveyed off through funnels ascending to the top of the tower, but through small holes left for that purpose in the outer wall near to each fire-place. About mid-way as you ascend to the next floor, there is a narrow arched passage or gallery in the main wall, quite round the tower.

The tower being finished, the first circumstance on record is the imprisonment of Robert Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry I. This great man was general and counsellor to Matilda in her opposition to King Stephen; and in the year 1141 was taken prisoner at Winchester, after he had by his gallantry effected the escape of his sister Matilda. He was committed to the custody of William de Ypre, who probably was castellan of Rochester Castle at that time, for he sent him a close prisoner to this fortress. King Stephen, at the same time, was in confinement by Matilda: and very soon after the captivity of the Earl, the King was exchanged for him.

The Castle was given in custody to the Archbishops of Canterbury by Henry I. in 1126, but the clergy did not keep it long; for about the year 1163, Thomas Becket, among the many insults with which he treated his sovereign King Henry II., accused him with having unjustly deprived him of the Castle of Rochester, which had been formerly annexed to the archbishopric.

In the troubled reign of King John, William de Albini bravely defended Rochester Castle for three months against him: during the siege the garrison in the Castle were reduced to such extremities that they ate all their horses. At length the fortress surrendered, when all the soldiers, except the cross-bow men, were ordered by King John to be hung. In 1216, Louis, Dauphin of France, landed in the Isle of Thanet, near Sandwich, in order to assist the Barons, and took the Castle of Rochester, after a short siege; but after his retreat, and the death of King John, it again submitted to the Crown.

In the contest between Henry III. and his Barons, in 1264, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, made a furious assault on the Castle; after a siege of seven days he retired, leaving a few forces to continue the siege, but these were soon slain or put to flight.

Edward IV. repaired the walls of this Castle; from that period they were left to decay. In the next century, the fortress rested among the manors of the Crown, until James I., 1610, granted it with all its services annexed, to Sir Anthony Weldon, whose descendants demolished the interior for the sake of the timber; the walls defy destruction. It is now the property of the Earl of Jersey.

The points most observable are, the well, and its contrivances for supplying every floor; the ornamented arched gateway; the semicircular fire-places in almost every story; the columns and arches of the chapel on the second story; and the Titanesque massiveness of the walls, generally twelve feet in thickness, which make modern buildings mere doll-houses of pigmy children. From the floor, at one view, the

whole height of the interior, with its five stories, appears. The space enclosed by the walls of the Castle was about 300 feet square. A ditch, broad and deep, surrounded three sides, the Medway protecting the fourth. An ancient Castle was a sort of armed town on a small scale, with all kinds of provision for feasting, residence, fighting, praying; and Rochester still retains enough of its characteristic features to enable us to identify many of its parts.

In the venerable ruins of this fortress the inhabitants of Rochester have long felt an interest, in which the whole country may now be said to participate; since, under the shadow of those walls, in a house situate in the garden on which the tower abuts, was born a successor of Lanfranc, whose praise is now in all the churches.

Much land in Kent and other counties is held of this Castle, whose tenure is perfect Castle guard; for on St. Andrew's day, old style, a banner is hung out at the house of the receiver of the rents; and every tenant who does not then discharge his proper rent, is liable to have it doubled on the turn of every tide in the adjacent river, during the time it remains unpaid.

Richborough Castle.

This ancient maritime station, supposed to be the first that was formed in the island, is situate near Sandwich. It is one of the noblest Roman remains in the country. It was the usual place of communication with the Continent, and guarded one mouth of the Channel which then insulated Thanet. The site of the Castle is a kind of promontory of high ground, projecting into the marshes. "Time," says Camden, "has devoured every trace of it, and to teach us that cities are as perishable as men, it is now a corn-field, where, when the corn is grown up, one may see the traces of the streets intersecting each other; for, wherever the streets have run the corn grows thin. The site of the city discovers evidences of its antiquity in Roman coins of gold and silver."

The area within the walls is five acres. The walls (that eastward has disappeared) are flanked with projecting round towers at the angles, and by intermediate circular towers. There is a large opening in the west wall, and a narrower one in the north wall. The walls were built of blocks of chalk and stone, and faced on both sides with square blocks of stone, banded at intervals with double rows of large flat tiles. The walls, to the height of six feet, are 11 feet 3 inches thick, above that height they are 10 feet 8 inches. The greatest

height of the wall is 23 feet. Near the Castle are the remains of a Roman circular amphitheatre, of about 70 yards diameter. Such was part of the system adopted by our conquerors for the defence of the seaboard.

It is stated that there has been discovered under Richborough Castle a subterraneous passage, which has been cleared to a considerable distance, some six feet high and three feet broad, besides passages leading therefrom in other directions. The walls and roof of the excavated portion are described as lined with rough stones and flints.



Reculver.

The wide estuary which formerly separated the Isle of Thanet from the main land was, in the Roman times, an important haven, as well as the general passage for shipping between the Downs and the mouth of the Thames. The two stations, or Castles, which guarded the opposite entrances to this port were named Regubium, now *Reculver*, and Rutupium, or *Richborough* (just described), near Sandwich. Reculver must have been the first watch-tower seen on the Kentish coast by ships sailing out of the Thames. The Castle also commands a view, not only of the open sea, but of the mouths of the Thames and Medway, on which account it was used as a watch-tower and a lighthouse. The antiquity of Reculver is attested by the variety and abundance of Roman remains discovered there. The northern station has been partly washed away by the sea. The Church of Reculver, which forms a well known sea-mark, occupied the centre of the station. Richborough, on the contrary, has been deserted by the waves, and is now considerably within the land.

On the subjugation of Kent by the Saxons, Regubium (*Raculf-cestre*) became a principal seat of the Saxon Kings; and hither King Ethelbert retired with his Court after his conversion to Christianity by St. Augustine, when he granted his Palace at Canterbury to the monks for the site of the Priory of Christchurch. In the next century it obtained the name of *Raculf-minstre*, from a Benedictine Abbey, founded here by Bapa, a priest and noble, to whom some lands were given for the purpose by King Egbert, in atonement for the murder of his two nephews. Afterwards, in the year 949, Reculver was granted by King Edred, in the presence of Queen Edgiva, his mother, and Archbishop Odo, to the Monastery of Christchurch, Canterbury; but before the Norman Conquest the Society was dissolved or removed

As the sea continued to encroach upon the shore, and the estuary to be filled up, there can be little doubt but that the once extensive and populous town, Reculver, was gradually deserted; and all that remain are the ruins of the Roman station, and the desecrated walls of the church. This was thought to have belonged to the Abbey, but the architecture is of a much earlier period. The spires, 136 feet high, were poetically termed "sisters," from a popular tradition of their having been built at the expense of two sisters. They are now deplorably dilapidated. The remains of Ethelbert, the first Christian King of Kent, were interred in the first church erected on the spot.

Of late years, Reculver Castle has been explored by Mr. Roach Smith, whose investigations have thrown a new light upon the inquiry. The work is manifestly Roman: the chancel arch was triple, resting upon two columns, and they were of Roman brick. It has been asked by an able critical writer, "Is it a church built out of some Roman building, which, even in its ruined state, was capable of being adapted to such a purpose; or was it simply a church built, after the conversion of the Kentishmen, by the Roman missionaries in the Roman manner? The work, though Roman, cannot be called classic. It may be work of the very latest Roman days, or even of Welshmen left to their own skill after Honorius had withdrawn his legions. Or it may be the work of the earliest Christian Englishmen and their instructors. In either case it bears witness to no continuous Roman traditions, such as meet the inquirer at every step of a journey through a Romance-speaking land."

Stutfall Castle.

This is the modern appellation of the remains, at Stutfall, of the Roman fortress *Lemanis*, between West Hythe and the village of Lymne, and having an area of about five acres. The high road, which appears to follow the Roman road from Canterbury, goes almost straight to Lymne. Suddenly you see the vast champaign of the Romney Marshes, the British Channel, and the coast of France. This tract of land in times past has been subject to many geological changes, but is now thoroughly subjugated by the hand of man; and is computed to contain about 56,000 acres, including the shingle banks at Dengeness and Hythe, which may be estimated at 10,000 acres. It is intersected with dykes and roads, and every part is in high cultivation as pasture or arable land, chiefly the former, upon which at least 200,000 sheep are sustained, and

numerous herds of cattle. The ocean itself is curbed by a strong mural defence, called the Dymchurch Wall. Immediately beneath the spot where the visitor is supposed to stand was the Portus Lemanis, one of the great harbours of Roman Britain; but the name and position are all that history has left us of a place through which for some centuries poured a stream of communication between Britain and Gaul, and which shared with Rutupixæ the honour of sheltering the Roman fleet. The port is now no more; but from the elevation of Lymne the eye can still trace the line of its sea margin. It is remarkable, that at the time of the former panic, at the apprehended invasion by Napoleon, when the military canal was cut, and Martello towers at an incredible expense were erected along the coast, the surveyors considered the site of the entrance of the Portus Lemanis as by far the most advantageous point for the enemy's landing. Opposite, and to the south-west of Lymne, at the time when the Portus Lemanis existed, the land must have stretched to a very considerable distance beyond the present sea boundary, probably a mile at least; and there is every reason to believe that the tract now submerged, as well as the entire district now known as the Romney Marshes, was cultivated and peopled by the Romans.

The destruction of the fortress has been assigned to land-slips, such as the coast of Kent is subject to, and subsidences of the earth, occasioned by land-springs acting upon the clay, which, being forced out from its bed, leaves the overlying sandstone without support, and, in consequence, it gives way, and slides down. Some attribute its overthrow to the Saxons; but it is more likely attributable to an earthquake. In 1728, a piece of land to the west of the castrum sank 40 feet. The subsidence took place in the night-time, and it was so imperceptible, that the inmates of a farm-house situate upon the sunken ground did not know what had happened until the morning. A penny of Eadgar, found at the depth of two feet, and also some iron prick-spurs, suggest that the castrum may have been partially tenanted for some centuries after the Romans had abandoned it. There is no record of the period when the great land-slip took place, but it has been suggested before the Conquest, since Lanfranc used the facing stones of the castrum for building the Castle and Church which stand upon the brow of the cliff.

The excavations of these curious remains were commenced in 1850, by Mr. Roach Smith, who has presented to the subscribers to the excavations a very interesting Report, with explanatory engravings, showing how portions of the wall, and tower, and gates fell, or overtopped, and showing the house in the area of the fortress; also, fragments of inscribed tiles, an altar, bronze bracelet, fine red pottery, a Saxon pin,

ring, and chain, jewellery, variegated glass, and coins of Carausius and Allectus.

Hever Castle and Anne Boleyn.

At the distance of a tourist's walk from Edenbridge and Penshurst, in a pleasant nook of the county of Kent, stands Hever Castle—of little architectural extent or pretension, but in its associations one of the most popular and interesting of our historical houses. It was anciently the seat of a family of the same name, but is more endeared to memory as the paternal abode of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. It is a curious specimen of the domestic fortress, and was erected by William de Hever, a Norman baron, who, under Edward III., obtained the King's licence to embattle his manor-house, and to have liberty of free warren within this demesne. His two daughters and co-heiresses conveyed it in marriage to the families of Cobham and Brocas; the former, who had acquired the whole by purchase, afterwards sold the entire estate to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, a wealthy mercer of London, Lord Mayor of that city in the thirty-seventh of Henry VI., and great-grandfather to Anne Boleyn, a Queen of Henry VIII., and mother of Queen Elizabeth.

The family of Boleyn, or Bullen, originally of French extraction, was transplanted to England soon after the Norman Conquest, and settled in Norfolk, where they resided for three centuries, maintaining their rank and influence among the provincial gentry, till Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, amidst the conflicts of York and Lancaster, exchanged the pastimes of hawking and hunting for the pursuits of commerce, amassed great wealth, and was invested with the knighthood, whilst his children intermarried with noble families. Sir Geoffrey also purchased the manor of Blickling from Sir John Falstaff. His son, Sir William Boleyn, was equally fortunate with his father, and more aspiring: he proved a successful courtier, and his most sanguine expectations were more than realized by the subsequent union of his son Thomas with Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Surrey, a nobleman in whom high rank was exalted by chivalrous valour, munificent liberality, and refined taste. Sir Thomas did not, however, obtain preferment till the end of the reign of Henry VII.; and he appears to have passed that interval at Rochford Hall, in Essex, where, in 1507, his wife gave birth to the celebrated Anne, the scene of whose infancy is still shown to the curious inquirer, and many traditional stories are related. Such is Miss Benger's statement; but Blickling Hall, in Norfolk, also the seat of Sir Thomas Boleyn, is stated to have been the birthplace of Anne. A tradition was

related in the neighbourhood, that Sir Thomas Boleyn was believed by the vulgar to be doomed annually, on a certain night in the year, to drive for a period of 1000 years, a coach drawn by four headless horses, over a circuit of twelve bridges in that vicinity. These are Aylsham, Burgh, Oxnead, Buxton, Coltishall, the two Meyton bridges, Wrexham, and four others. Sir Thomas carries his head under his arm, and flames issue from his mouth. Few rustics were hardy enough to be found loitering on or near these bridges on that night; and an informant averred, that he himself was, on one occasion, hailed by this fiendish apparition, and asked to open a gate, but "he warn't such a fool as to turn his head; and well a' didn't, for Sir Thomas passed him full gallop like;" and he heard a voice which told him that he (Sir Thomas) had no power to hurt such as turned a deaf ear to his requests, but that had he stopped he would have carried him off. The informant adds, that he had never found but one person who had ever actually *seen* the phantom.—*Notes and Queries*, No. 29.

To return to Hever. On the death of Sir Thomas Boleyn, K.G., Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, and father of Anne, Henry seized this estate in right of his own wife; and afterwards enlarged it by purchases from others of her family; or, as Miss Benger states, "Henry, with matchless cupidity, claimed it in right of a wife, for whom, previous to her wedding, he had been divorced." The next possessor was Lady Anne of Cleves, who, after her divorce, had settled on her this and other manors for life, so long as she should remain in the kingdom. She made Hever Castle her general place of residence, and died here in 1557, 3 and 4 year of the reign of Philip and Mary, at which time the estate was sold by Commissioners authorized by the Crown to Sir Edward Waldegrave, chamberlain to the Queen's household; who on the accession of Elizabeth was divested of all his employments and committed to the Tower, where he died in 1561. From his family the manors passed to the Humphreys, and finally, to the Malleys, in Sussex.*

The Castle, as we now see it, is a mass of buildings, with buttresses,

* Much of the property left by Alderman Boleyne (the Queen's grandfather), was situated in Kent, in the neighbourhood of which estates a worthy inn-keeper, indignant at the treatment of his old master's relative, altered his sign from "The Boleyne Arms" to "The Boleyne Butchered." Queen Elizabeth, they say, who took every means to hush up her mother's sorrows and end, induced the host to amend it into the "Bull and Butcher," which henceforth became a popular sign throughout all England.—*Historical Reminiscences of the City of London and its Livery Companies*. By Thomas Arundell, B.D. 1869.

square towers, embrasures, square headed windows, and a watered moar, the latter being supplied by the river Eden. The principal front consists of an entrance flanked by towers: it is embattled and strongly machicolated, and defended by a portcullis and two thick oaken doors, immediately behind which are two guard-rooms. A broad avenue of solid masonry leads straight to a second portcullis, and this again to a third, occupying altogether the whole depth of the Castle. These gates lead into a spacious courtyard formed of three sides of the house built in the early Tudor style, and on the fourth by the Castle. The great dining-room, now used as a kitchen, contains a portion of the original Boleyn furniture; but the room visited with the greatest curiosity is that known as Anne Boleyn's bedchamber, beautifully panelled, and containing the original furniture, as chairs, tables, muniment-chest, and Anne's bed. Here, too, is a pair of elegant andirons, bearing the royal initials H.A., and surmounted with a royal crown. A door in one of the corners of the room opens into a strong dark cell. The great staircase communicates with various chambers, wainscoted with small oaken panelling, and a gallery the whole length of the building, with three recesses: in one of them it is said Henry, on one of his visits, received the congratulations of his gentry; and he is said to have used it as a council-chamber. This gallery has a curiously ornamented ceiling in stucco. The windows of the staircase display several heraldic shields in painted glass, collected from different parts of the Castle, charged with the arms and alliances of the Boleyns, &c. At the upper end of the gallery, part of the floor lifts up and discovers a narrow, gloomy descent, leading as far as the moat, and called the dungeon.

Presuming the reader to be familiar with the outline of the tragical story of Anne Boleyn, we may proceed to detail that period of her life which she passed at Hever. Her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, was the representative of an ancient line in Norfolk, which had in three descents been allied to the noblest families in England; he was afterwards created Viscount Rochford and Earl of Wiltshire. Anne's mother was Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. Anne was born in the year 1507, and in her childhood accompanied Mary, the sister of Henry VIII., to France, where she remained in the court of that Queen and of her successor, the wife of Francis I., for many years. She was afterwards attached to the household of the Duchess of Alençon. Anne, to English beauty added the lively charms of foreign manner. Viscount Chateaubriand describes her as "rivalling Venus." It is most probable that she was present at the Field of the Cloth of

Gold, where Henry might have been smitten by her charms. The time of her return from France is doubtful, but is placed in 1527, when her father was sent in an embassy to France. At that time she became a maid of honour to Queen Katherine, the wife of Henry VIII., and was receiving the addresses of Lord Percy, the eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland. If the assertion of Henry VIII. is to be credited, he had long entertained scruples concerning the lawfulness of his marriage with his brother's widow; and had attributed to the violation of God's law the premature death of all his children by Katherine, excepting the Princess Mary. The most charitable and credulous, however, cannot abstain from remarking that the moment of his proceeding openly to annul the marriage was identical with the commencement of his addresses to Anne Boleyn, and that a similar coincidence marks the catastrophe of this unhappy woman. A letter from the King to her in 1528 alludes to his having been one whole year struck with the dart of love, and her engagement with Lord Percy was at this time broken off by the intervention of Wolsey, in whose household that nobleman was brought up. After this malicious interference Anne retired to Hever, but she kept up a correspondence with Henry by letters: some of the King's letters to her are still extant in the library of the Vatican. Although not consistent with the delicacy of expression usual in these days, they show unquestionably that Anne Boleyn was the beloved, not the mistress of the King. The crafty Cardinal having first prevailed on the Earl of Northumberland to forbid his son's marriage with Anne, succeeded in persuading Sir Thomas Boleyn to withdraw her from the Court. Anne was little aware of the real source of her disappointment, which was, in truth, the unholy passion of Henry. She, on the other hand, attributed it exclusively to Wolsey's malice; and she protested, with an impetuosity which fatally for herself she never learnt to control, that she would some day find the means to requite the injury.

From the diary of Margaret, Sir Thomas More's eldest daughter, we gain a glimpse of Henry, as he was to be seen in 1524. Margaret More says her mother "calls him a fine man; he is, indeed, big enough, and like to become too big, with long slits of eyes that gaze free lie on all, as who should say, 'Who dare let or hinder us?' His brow betokens sense and frankness, his eyebrows are supercilious, and his cheeks puffy; a rolling, straddling gait, and abrupt speech." And, in 1528, "Mistress Anne is not there (at Court) at present; indeed, she is now always hanging about Court, and followeth somewhat too literallie the Scripture injunction to Solomon's spouse—to forget her father's house. The King likes well enow to be compared with Solomon; but Mistress Anne is

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not his spouse yet, nor ever will be, I hope. Flattery and Frenchified habits have spoiled her, I trow."

Mistress Anne, however, drew the King deeper into danger by judicious encouragement, and keeping him in suspense. Here are two letters, in which her arts are plainly visible:—

Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.

"MY MISTRESS AND MY FRIEND,—My heart and I surrender themselves into your hands, and we supplicate to be commended to your good graces, and that by absence your affection may not be diminished to us, for that would be to augment our pain, which would be a great pity, since absence gives enough, and more than I ever thought could be felt. This brings to my mind a fact in astronomy, which is, that the further the poles are from the sun, notwithstanding, the more searching is the heat. Thus it is with our love; absence has placed distance between us, nevertheless, fervour increases, *at least on my part.* I hope *the same from you*, assuring you that in my case the anguish of absence is so great that it would be intolerable, were it not for *the firm hope I have* of your indissoluble affection towards me. In order to remind you of it, and because I cannot in person be in your presence, I send you the thing that comes nearest that is possible—that is to say, my picture, and the whole device, which you already know of, set in bracelets, wishing myself in their place when it pleases you. This is the hand of

"Your servant and friend,

"H. R."

Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII.

"SIR,—It belongs only to the august mind of a great king to whom nature has given a heart full of generosity towards the sex, to repay by favours so extraordinary an artless and short conversation with a girl. Inexhaustible as is the treasury of your Majesty's bounties, I pray you to consider that it cannot be sufficient to your generosity; for if you recompense so slight a conversation by gifts so great, what will you be able to do for those *who are ready to consecrate their entire obedience to your desires?* How great soever may be the bounties I have received, the joy that I feel in being loved by a king *whom I adore, and to whom I would with pleasure make a sacrifice of my heart, if fortune had rendered it worthy of being offered to him,* will ever be infinitely greater.

"The warrant of maid of honour to the Queen induces me to think

that your Majesty has some regard for me, since it gives me the means of seeing you oftener, and of assuring you, by my own lips (which I shall do on the first opportunity), that I am

“Your Majesty’s very obliged and very obedient

“Servant, *without any reserve,*

“ANNE BOLEYN.”

Anne’s seclusion at Hever Castle is touchingly referred to by Miss Benger: “The long gallery she so often traversed with impatience, still seems to re-echo her steps; and after the vicissitudes of three centuries, the impression of her youth, her beauty, and singular destiny, is still fresh and vivid to the imagination.”

While Anne Boleyn was repining in exile, Henry contrived the marriage of her lover, Lord Percy, to the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. At this moment there is no reason to believe her aware of the true source of her disappointment; even her father’s sagacity appears not to have penetrated the mystery; and he probably attributed the royal interposition solely to that spirit of domination which he had long remarked in his sovereign, of whom it was too justly predicted that he would not scruple to strike off even a favourite’s head if it obstructed his views of advantage.

According to tradition, however, the mist vanished from his eyes when he suddenly saw the King arrive by stealth at Hever on some frivolous pretext, which ill disguised his real errand, that he came but to steal a glimpse of the lovely Anne Boleyn. Alarmed by his delicate attention, Sir Thomas is said to have sedulously withdrawn his daughter from the King’s view, and during his visit, on the plea of indisposition, to have kept her confined to her chamber. Whatever credit be attached to this story, it is certain that a considerable time intervened before Anne received her place at Court; and that during her absence her father, created Lord Viscount Rochford, was advanced to the office of Treasurer of the Royal household.

In the meantime the King’s divorce from Katherine was retarded by various delays; and at the beginning of the year 1533 Henry married Anne Boleyn secretly, in the presence of her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, and of her father and mother—first secretly, in a garret of Whitehall Palace, and then publicly. A handsome little clock of brass (by mistake sometimes described as silver-gilt) was presented by Henry to Anne upon the day of the marriage. This clock fell into the possession of Lady Elizabeth Germaine, who gave it to Horace Walpole. At the Strawberry Hill sale, this famous clock was purchased for Queen

Victoria for 110*l.* 5*s.*, and it is now in Windsor Castle, and in going order. It is richly chased and engraved, and ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis*, &c., and surmounted with the arms of England. The weights are chased with the initials of Henry and Anne within true lovers' knots. One bears the inscription "The most happye," the other the Royal motto. Queen Anne was crowned at Whitehall with great pomp, on the 1st of June, and on the 13th of the following September the Princess Elizabeth was born. Poor unhappy Katherine, after having served Henry faithfully eighteen years, he willingly turned adrift, "and all," says Margaret More, "for love of a brown girl with a wen, or perthroat, and an extra finger." Henry was more concerned about the *even* than any scruples of conscience, and in 1536 was pleased to prefer Lady Jane Seymour to either, upon which there followed a base accusation, a mockery of a trial, and the gleam of a bright axe.

There is a mysterious uncertainty about Anne's burial-place. There is a tradition at Salle, in Norfolk, that her remains were removed from the Tower and interred at midnight, with the rites of Christian burial, in Salle Church; and a plain black stone, without any inscription, was long supposed to indicate the spot where she was buried. The stone has been raised, but no remains were found underneath it. Holinshed, Stow, and Speed say that the body, with the head, was buried in the choir of the Chapel in the Tower; and Sandford that she was buried in the Chapel of St. Peter, in the Tower. Burnet, who is followed by Hume, Henry, and Lingard, says that Anne's body was thrown into an elm chest to put arrows in, and was buried in the Chapel in the Tower before twelve o'clock. In Crispin's description of the execution, written fourteen days after, is the following passage, cited by Mr. Sharon Turner:—"Her ladies immediately took up her head and the body. They seemed to be without souls, they were so languid and extremely weak; but fearing that their mistress might be handled unworthily by inhuman men, they forced themselves to do this duty, and though almost dead, at last carried off her dead body wrapt in a white covering."

A Correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1815, describes "the headless remains of the departed queen as deposited in the arrow-chest, and buried in the Tower chapel, before the High Altar. Where that stood, the most sagacious antiquary, after a lapse of more than three hundred years, cannot now determine; nor is the circumstance, though related by eminent writers, clearly ascertained. In a cellar, the body of a person of short stature, without a head, not many years

since was found, and supposed to be the reliques of poor Anne; but soon after reinterred in the same place, and covered with earth."

The fall of the Boleyns must have been signally sudden; for Lambard, in his *Perambulations in Kent*, published about the middle of the seventeenth century, does not refer to the family. To the Boleyns no motto could have been so appropriate as that assumed by the House of Courteney: *Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?* (Where have I fallen? What have I done?) Their rise had been slow and gradual—their fall was rapid and irretrievable; and after the death of Anne, they never recovered dignity and importance. The Earl of Wiltshire survived his ill-fated daughter but two years, and died in 1538, at Hever, in whose parochial church his tomb is pointed out. For the Countess, contrary to her daughter's predictions, was reserved a longer term of existence; and eventually she lived to witness the death or disgrace of those peers who sat in judgment on her daughter. The Earl of Northumberland had soon followed the object of his juvenile affection to the grave, overwhelmed with shame and sorrow by the execution of his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, who had been involved in Aske's rebellion. Cromwell and Surrey perished on the scaffold, and the Duke of Norfolk was immured in the Tower ere the remains of Anne's mother were consigned to the tomb of her ancestors in the chapel at Lambeth, with this brief monumental inscription: "Elizabeth Howard, sometime Countess of Wiltshire." Mary Boleyn, her younger daughter, died in 1546, at Rochford Hall, Essex, leaving two children, a daughter, afterwards married to Sir Francis Knollys; and a son, Henry Carey, created Baron Hunsdon by Queen Elizabeth, in whose brilliant circle he was distinguished as the honest courtier. His son enjoyed favour and consideration by James I., but the fortunes of their House declined, and the collateral branches of the Boleyns in Kent and Norfolk sank into quiet obscurity.

Tunbridge Castle.

Close to the railway station of "Tunbridge Town," there exists an architectural fragment, which may be often mistaken for an entire Castle, but was merely the entrance gateway to a fortress of very great extent. At the time of the Domesday Survey, lands were held here by Richard de Tonebridge, a Norman follower and uncle of the Conqueror, who created him Earl of Clare, and settled several lordships upon him. De Tonebridge exchanged his lands at Byon, in Normandy, with the

Archbishop of Canterbury for a tract of equal extent at Tunbridge. Here he erected a Castle, and assembled his retainers and vassals. These were called into active service soon after the death of William I., for Earl Richard espoused the cause of Robert Curtoise, in opposition to William Rufus, who had seized the crown. The latter immediately marched an army to Tunbridge, to compel obedience and allegiance to his relative; and the Earl, after a short struggle, was compelled to submit. Frequent contests occurred between the lords of this Castle and the prelates of Canterbury, till the reign of Henry III., when it was agreed that the Earls of Clare should hold "Tunbridge and its Lowy," *i.e.*, liberty or certain district which had grown up under the protection of the Castle—"by the grand sergeantry of being chief butlers and high stewards at the instalments of the metropolitans, and grant them wardship of their children." On such occasions the butler was to receive seven robes of scarlet, 30 gallons of wine, 50 pounds of wax for his own lights at the feast, the livery of hay and corn for 80 horses for two nights, and the dishes and salts placed before the prelates at the first course of the feast, &c. These services and conditions remained in force till the fourteenth century, when they were compounded for by a sum of money, generally 200 marks. At the time of Henry VIII. this office was held by Edward Duke of Buckingham. The history of the fortress embraces accounts of sieges, burnings, sappings, and slaughter too numerous to relate. In the Civil troubles of Henry III. the Castle was besieged and taken from its owner, the Earl of Clare, by Prince Edward; and during the siege, the garrison burnt the town. There was also a Priory at Tunbridge, founded by Earl Richard, in the time of Henry I. for canons of St. Augustine, of which structure only a small fragment remains. King Edward I. was entertained at this Castle in a magnificent style for several days, in the second year of his reign. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Castle, together with the town, was forfeited to the Crown by the Duke of Buckingham; after which time, the fortress was suffered to fall into decay.

The remains of the Castle are on the northern bank of the Medway, which formerly was made to flow not only around the whole Castle in a broad moat, but also around the base of the keep. The exterior walls enclosed about six acres. Part of the outer walls remain; also the lower portion of the water-tower, the mound of the Keep, and the entrance gatehouse. The latter is flanked by two circular towers, and had a drawbridge in front, of the time of King John or Henry III. This Anglo-Norman fortress, by the side of the railway of our times, is a very suggestive scene.

Tunbridge Wells, at a short distance from Tunbridge Town, dates from early in the 16th century, when persons of fashion began to "drink Tunbridge waters." Among the papers of Richardson, the novelist, was found a water-colour drawing by Loggan showing the principal walk at "The Wells," with portraits of Dr. Johnson, Cibber, Garrick, Mr. Pitt (the Earl of Chatham), Beau Nash, Miss Chudleigh (afterwards Duchess of Kingston), and Richardson himself. The date of the drawing is 1748; it was engraved and coloured as the frontispiece to Richardson's *Correspondence*, published in 1804.

Penshurst Place and the Sydneys.

About six miles north-west of Tunbridge Wells, in a picturesque district, towards the western verge of the county of Kent, lies Penshurst Place, the memorable and once splendid mansion of the Sydneys. In the Norman times, there was a building here occupied by a family named Penchester. One of this race, Sir Stephen de Penchester, was a famous Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. In the 15th of Edward II., Sir John de Poultney, then possessor of Penshurst, obtained a licence to embattle his mansion: he was four times Lord Mayor of London, and was noted for his public charities, magnificent housekeeping, and splendid buildings. In course of time the lands of Penshurst, as the place is now called, fell into the possession of females, one of whose descendants sold the property to the Regent, the Duke of Bedford. On his decease at Paris, in the 14th Henry VI., Penshurst came to his next brother, the good Duke of Gloucester, after whose death, in 1447, it descended to the King, and was in the same year granted to the Staffords. On the attainder of Edward Duke of Buckingham the possessions of this family fell to the Crown. Henry VIII. long kept the property, and greatly extended the park; and it has been presumed that during one of his visits here he first became acquainted with Anne Boleyn, then living with her father at Hever Castle, in the neighbourhood. King Edward VI. granted Penshurst to Sir Ralph Fane, who within two years afterwards was executed as an accomplice to the Protector Somerset. The property was then given by the youthful Sovereign to Sir William Sydney, one of the heroes of Flodden Field, whose connexion with the King is in part explained by the inscription on the square massive entrance-tower—"The most religious and renowned Prince Edward the Sixth, King of England, France, and Ireland, gave this

nouse of Penchester, with the manors, lands, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, unto his trustye and well-beloved servant, Syr William Sydney, Knight Banneret, serving him from the time of his birth unto his coronation in the offices of Chamberlayne and Stewarde of his Household, in commemoration of which most worthy and famous King, Sir Henry Sydney, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, Lord President of the Council established in the Marches of Wales, son and heyre of the aforementioned Sir William, caused this tower to be erected, anno Domini 1585." Near this inscription is a hatchment, quartering the Royal arms with those of the Sydneys; below is carved the Royal arms of the period.

Dying in 1553, at the age of 70, Sir William's property descended to his son and heir, Sir Henry Sydney, a learned and accomplished knight, in whose arms the youthful King Edward VI. expired. Grieved at this sad event, Sir Henry retired to Penshurst, where he sheltered and protected his father-in-law, "the great and miserable" John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and his family. Sir Henry enjoyed the confidence of Queen Elizabeth, and died at Ludlow Castle, while President of the Welsh Marches. His body was conveyed to Penshurst and by the Queen's order there buried. He left three sons and a daughter, of whom Sir Philip, Sir Robert, and Mary, are distinguished in our historic and poetic annals.

The great light of Penshurst was Sir Philip Sydney, one of the brightest gems of Queen Elizabeth's Court,—the eloquent poet, able statesman, and noble soldier. The house, the woods, gardens, and terraces around are full of delightful associations connected with this worthy and accomplished gentleman, the author of *Arcadia*, the *Defence of Poesy*, and *Astrophis and Stella*. Oldys could muster up 200 authors who had spoken in praise of Sir Philip Sydney. It is said of this famous Sydney that "Royalty would be honoured by his acceptance of it." Notwithstanding his high qualities, Sir Philip Sydney, in consequence of expressing a plain and honest objection to the proposed French marriage of Queen Elizabeth and certain State intrigues, became for a time under the Royal disfavour, and retired for a period to Wilton, and there wrote his most famous work. The following extract, so characteristic of the man, is worth quoting here:—"Let calamities be the exercise but not the overthrow of my virtue. Let the power of my enemies prevail, but prevail not to my destruction. Let my greatness be their pretext, my pain be the sweetness of their revenge. Let them, if so it seems good unto thee, vex me with more

and more punishment ; but, O Lord, let never their wickedness have such a head but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body." These words were in years after repeated by Charles I. shortly before his execution.

When only thirty-two years of age, Sir Philip Sydney was wounded at the battle of Zutphen. It was on this field that, being offered water, he desired that it might be given to a soldier, whose wants, said Sir Philip, were greater than his own. This happened on Sept. 22, 1576. He died twenty-five days after, and was buried with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral. Robert, the brother of Sir Philip, afterwards became Earl of Leicester ; and his sister, to whom the *Arcadia* is dedicated, Countess of Pembroke. The character of Sir Philip Sydney is one of the finest in the long line of English chivalry. He was "a gentleman finished and complete, in whom mildness was associated with courage, erudition mollified by refinement, and courtliness dignified by truth. He is a specimen of what the English character is capable of producing, when foreign admixtures had not destroyed its simplicity, or politeness debased its honour. Of such a stamp was Sir Philip Sydney ; and as such every Englishman has reason to be proud of him." Sir Walter Raleigh styled him "the English Petrarch." The chivalry of his character, his learning, generous patronage of talent, and his untimely fate, contribute to make him an object of great interest. "He trod," says the author of the *Effigies Poeticæ*, "from his cradle to the grave, amidst incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory." Dr. Thornton, of Oxford, had it recorded on his tomb that he was "Tutor to Sir Philip Sydney : " and Lord Brooke in like manner commemorated his affection and esteem for his early friend by causing the following inscription to be placed upon his own monument :—"Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney."

Sir Robert Sydney succeeded to the Penshurst property ; he was succeeded by his son and heir, in 1626, and after spending some time at foreign courts, settled at Penshurst, where he died in 1677, in his 82nd year. Among his fourteen children was the celebrated Algernon Sydney, who, through the iniquitous Jeffreys, was implicated in the Rye House plot, and illegally put to death in 1683 ; for one of the first acts of the Revolution was to reverse his attainder. One of Algernon's sisters, afterwards Countess of Sunderland, was the famed Saccharissa of the poet Waller.

Penshurst continued to be inhabited by the Sydneys to July, 1743,

when Jocelyn, the last Earl of Leicester of this family, died without legitimate issue, and disputes and litigation followed. The next possessor was William Perryng, by marriage with Elizabeth Sydney, niece of the above Earl of Leicester, and who left the estate in the hands of trustees for her grandson, the younger brother of Sir John Shelley, of Castle Goring, Sussex, who has since taken the ancient family name of Sydney. His only surviving son was Sir Philip Charles Sydney, son-in-law of King William IV., who, in 1835, conferred on him the barony of De Lisle and Dudley, not a new creation, but the revival of a title which had long been claimed by the Sydneys of Penshurst. His lordship, who married Lady Sophia Fitzclarence, became the occupier of Penshurst; and is understood to have been liberally aided by King William IV. in the reparation of the mansion. Kings had already contributed to its embellishment; and much beautiful tapestry and furniture were presented by Queen Elizabeth to its distinguished possessor. Lord De Lisle and Dudley died in 1851, and was succeeded by the present peer and possessor of Penshurst Place.

The house, originally a fine specimen of the embattled mansion of the 14th century, or, possibly, a castle, in later times expanded into a mixture of the castle and mansion, with its towers, courts, and spacious hall, retained much of its olden state until the middle of the last century. Inscriptions and armorial bearings on different parts of the building, point out their respective ages. In 1803, John Carter could recognise the architectural characteristics of the reigns of Henry II., Richard III., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Georges I. and II.; so that a portion of Penshurst Place is nearly seven centuries old. The fine old baronial hall 60 feet by 40 feet, and 60 in height, is open to the roof, where was originally an open *louvre*. Beneath it, on the floor, is the fire-hearth with large and-irons upwards of 3 feet 6 inches high; near the top of each is the double broad arrow of the Sydney arms; the "dogs" are connected by a massive bar of iron, which served the purpose of a rest for the fuel. This is nearly a yard and a half wide, and would allow the trunks and large portions of trees to blaze; the ribs of the roof and the walls are much discoloured by the wood-smoke. Near the entrance to the hall is the dinner-bell, of considerable size, and inscribed with the words: "Robert, Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst, 1649." The sills of the side windows are very near the floor, an unusual arrangement in such halls. The floor is composed of small bricks and tiles, and beneath is a very fine crypt or vault. Communicating with the hall is a state room, 70 feet long, with an Elizabethan

ceiling, and crimson velvet and gold screen, embroidered with mother-of-pearl by Elizabeth, who was here entertained with a masque. Next is the Queen's drawing-room, said to have been furnished by that monarch, and the embroidered satin which covers part of the walls to be the work of Elizabeth and her maidens. Amongst the most valuable of the portraits are those of Sir Philip, Algernon (another famed head of this house), and Mary Sydney (Countess of Pembroke), in the tapestry-room picture-closet; in the gallery there are choice portraits, landscapes and various subjects by Rubens and other great masters, cabinets, &c., presents from Royal and distinguished personages; including a large cabinet, with paintings and brass and gilt ornaments, said to be a present from James I. Among the curiosities is the black wooden cradle of the profligate Duke of Buckingham; with the date, 1583. Preserved at Penshurst also, are several family and historical records, amongst them one of much curiosity,—an inventory of furniture, &c., at Kenilworth Castle, belonging to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Another MS., of the date 1625, shows the sumptuous scale on which hospitality was dispensed in the hall at Penshurst. In this household book are the expenses in kitchens, larders, buttes, cellars, brewehouse, laundries, fuel, &c. In one week, the expenses are as under:—Kitchen—for flesh, poultry, butter, eggs, and grocery, 29*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*; pantry and cellar—in bread, beer, sack, claret, &c., 14*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.*; laundry—soap and starch, 1*s.* 11*d.*; fuel, in charcoal and billets, 3*s.* 9*d.*: this is at the rate of upwards of 2200*l.* a year. In the book mentioned the number and names of the guests assembled on each day are given; and it seems not unusual, in addition to the certain party, to have a small company of thirty or forty neighbours dropping in. From each corner of the dais staircases lead to the state apartments, and another passage conveniently to the cellar.

The grounds at Penshurst are very extensive, and were originally laid out in the formal taste of the trim hedge, the evergreen wall and arch, and geometrical bed; the basin and its fountain, the straight walk and pleasant green. In the outer park to this day is a heronry. Here too is the fine large oak tree said to have been planted at Sir Philip Sydney's birth. Its bole measures about 28 feet in circumference. Waller thus refers to the planting of this tree:—

“ Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth; when such benign—
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
That there it cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love.”

Ben Jonson thus alludes to this tree, in his *Forest*:—

“Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport,
Thy mount to which the Dryads do resort,
When Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
Beneath the broad beech and the chesnut shade.
That tall tree, too, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the muses met.”

In a poem by E. Coventry are these lines:—

“What genius points to yonder oak !
What raptures does thy soul invoke !
There let me hang a garland high,
There let my muse her accents try ;
Be there my earliest homage paid,
Be there my latest vigils made :
For thou wast planted in the earth
The day that shone on Sydney's birth.”

The identity of this tree is, however, questionable; Collins, the poet, who died in 1756, tells us that this tree was remaining in the park in his time, and called Bean Oak. There is no well ascertained tradition relating to it. In another part of the park there was an ancient oak, hollow, within which six persons could stand with ease.

Of more special interest is the chair, which is said to have been the accustomed seat of Sir Philip Sydney. This piece of old-fashioned furniture, now in the possession of James Sedgwick, Esq., came originally from the mansion at Penshurst, having been bought at a sale of old moveables there by an inhabitant of the neighbourhood upwards of a century ago. It is not remarkable for costliness of material or beauty of design or workmanship; its only, or at least its main, value being dependent upon the tradition which associates it with the author of the *Arcadia*.

Knole Park, and Buckhurst.

The mansion and demesne of Knole, near Sevenoaks, was possessed in the reign of King John by Falcatin de Brent, and in its manorial descent was successively transferred to William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke; Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk; Otho de Grandison, *temp.* Edward I.; Sir Geoffrey de Say, *temp.* Edward III.; Raufe Leghe, *temp.* Henry VI., who sold the property to the Fienneses, Lords Say and Sele, the second of whom again disposed of it for 400 marks to Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, who rebuilt the mansion. Henceforth it continued for some years the chief seat of the Archbishops, and was visited by Henries VII. and VIII. Cranmer relinquished this

with other property belonging to the metropolitan see to the monarch; and Knole was subsequently granted to the Protector Somerset. John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, was the next possessor. Queen Mary granted it to her kinsman, Cardinal Pole; and Queen Elizabeth conferred it on Robert, Earl of Leicester. Thomas Sackville, Baron Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, became proprietor of Knole in 1603; he was a statesman as well as poet, and died whilst sitting at the council board in 1608. He had previously greatly improved Knole; he is said to have constantly employed 200 workmen there; the bead-work and carved screen in the hall bear his arms and the dates 1605 and 1607. His grandson, Richard, the third Earl, who married the celebrated Anne Clifford, wasted his fortune, and parted with Knole. Richard, the fifth Earl of Dorset, repurchased the estate, which has ever since continued in the same illustrious family.

The mansion of Knole, seated on high ground, in a noble park, is an immense pile of buildings, stated to cover an area of five acres. It surrounds three square courts. The greatest part is of Archbishop Bourchier's time, about 1480; the latest of the time of King James I., by the first Earl of Dorset. Knole has long been famed for its fine collection of pictures by Italian, Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch painters. The dining or poet's parlour has portraits of the most eminent English poets, some by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough. The hall has in the fire-place a pair of and-irons brought from Hever Castle, and supposed to have belonged to Henry VIII., as they bear the Tudor crown and H.R. The Brown Gallery contains a series of old portraits of eminent persons. The Great Gallery contains copies from the cartoons of Raphael, by D. Mytens. The Colonnade contains several busts.

Of Buckhurst, the magnificent seat of the Sackvilles, a solitary gatehouse remains, indicating the style of the house. A ground-plan of the whole is preserved among a collection of drawings by John Thorpe in the museum of Sir John Soane, in Lincol'n's Inn Fields. Buckhurst was a large quadrangular mansion 250 by 200 feet; it was placed at the edge of a steep hill, having a moat with a bridge and a broad terrace on one side. The seat attained its zenith and decline in the time of the first Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth, who, according to Camden, being "equally eminent for prudence and nobility," found it incompatible with his public duties to travel so far from London as twenty-eight miles, through "fowle ways," and therefore obtained from his royal mistress a grant of Knole in Kent. Buckhurst being deserted, was taken down and its materials conveyed

to East Grinstead, where a college or hospital was built by Richard, the third Earl of Dorset, with them.

Lesnes Abbey.

The Abbey Wood Station of the North Kent Railway is named from the adjoining wood which belonged to the Abbey of Lesnes, ruins of which still remain. In the wood are vast quantities of chestnuts, one of the many instances of that tree having been the indigenous growth of England. Lesnes Abbey, first called from its situation the Abbey of West Wood, was founded in the year 1178, for canons regular of the Order of St. Augustine, by Richard de Lucy, in the reign of Henry II. The hill at the back of the Priory garden, which stood due south in a line with the refectory and cloisters, was covered with a dense forest. The barns in which the Prior stowed his sheaves rest on their original foundation; and the stews or fish-ponds remain on the east side of the Priory. The area of the church, cloisters, and lodgings of the monks is a market garden. A doorway, apparently of the time of Edward I., exists at the south-western corner of the garden, and seems to have been the principal entrance into the Abbey, opening into the cloisters beneath the refectory, which stood on the southern side of the quadrangle opposite the church, the kitchen adjoining. The dormitory surmounted the cloisters, and the rest of the buildings contained the chapter-house and the conventual offices. The convent garden still remains, enclosed within its ancient boundary-wall.

The Abbey was suppressed in 1524, and in 1630 became the property of Sir John Hippesley, Knight. He, according to the account transmitted by Weever in his *Funeral Monuments*, appointed in 1630 workmen to dig amongst the rubbish of the decayed fabric of the church, which had lain a long time buried in ruins, when there was discovered a monument, the full proportion of a man, in his coat of armour, his sword hanging at his side by a broad belt, upon which the *fleur-de-lis* was engraven in many places, being, as the writer imagines, a rebus or device of the Lesnes. The representation lay upon a flat marble stone, over a trough or coffin of smooth hewn ashlar stones, while in a sheet of lead were the remains of an "ashie-dry carcase," whole and undisjointed, and upon the head some hair. There is little doubt that these were the remains of Richard de Lucy, the founder of Lesnes Abbey. They were buried, we are told, by order of Sir John Hippesley, who caused a bay tree to be planted near the spot.

The reinterment may be questioned, since the figures could not be found when searched for some years since, on behalf of Mr. Charles Stothard, who proposed to engrave the figure of Richard de Lucy in his valuable work, *Monumental Effigies*.

Weever, compiler of the *Funeral Monuments*, was the rector of Erith parish in the reign of Elizabeth. The Monastery of Lesnes, with the church belonging thereto, was dedicated to Saints Mary and Thomas the Martyr, for so Archbishop Becket was called within eight years after his death. Godfrey de Lucy, a near relation of the founder, proved a great benefactor to this house in the reign of Edward I. The Abbey of Lesnes was one of the first lopped off at the Reformation, and its revenues of nearly 260*l.* per annum went to endow Wolsey's new college at Oxford. After the Cardinal's fall, the King granted the Abbey estates to William Brereton, a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, who, like other sharers of Henry's favours, had better have been quit of his royal generosity, for two years afterwards he was executed on some false charge.

Henry VIII. granted to Ralph Sadler, gentleman, the Monastery of Lesnes, and the Manors of Lesnes and Fant, with all appurtenances. These manors, and the site of the Abbey, after passing through different hands, were conveyed, in 1619, to Sir John Leman, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1616, remembered by the splendid pageant exhibited by the Fishmongers' Company at his inauguration. Sir John Leman sold the estates to Sir John Hippesley, who was a courtier of the reign of Charles I., and the bearer of the news of Buckingham's assassination at Portsmouth to the King. By Sir John Hippesley the estates were alienated to Sir Thomas Gainsford, of Crowhurst, in Surrey, who, in the reign of Charles I., sold them to Mr. Hans, of London, when he, dying without issue, settled them by will for ever on the Mayor and Commonalty of London, as governors of the hospitals of Bridewell, Christ Church, and St. Thomas, in whose possession they continue.

A portion of the wall of the Abbey is still to be seen, and now belongs to a farmhouse; there is also an old thorn which has no doubt existed for centuries; it retains the name of "the Abbot's Thorn," and now stands alone, a solitary memorial of past ages.* This Thorn may possibly be derived from the more celebrated Glastonbury thorn, described at page 163 of the present volume.

* Abridged from an interesting *Account of Erith and its Neighbourhood*, published in 1855.

Dartford Nunnery.

Near the town of Dartford, on the river Darent, are the remains of a Nunnery, founded A.D. 1371, by King Edward III., for Augustine nuns, but afterwards occupied by Dominicans. Here retired early in life the fourth daughter of King Edward IV., Bridget of York, who became Prioress here. At the Dissolution, this Prioress and several of the nuns were of some of the best and most ancient families of the county. The buildings were then fitted up as a royal palace for Henry VIII., the keepership being granted to Sir Edward Long. On his death, Edward VI. granted the same office to Lord Seymour, the unfortunate brother of the ill-fated Duke of Somerset. It was granted, the next year, to Anne of Cleves, the divorced wife of Henry VIII.; and on her death, Queen Mary granted it to the Friars Preachers, of Langley, in Herts. Elizabeth kept it in her own hands, and, during her progress in Kent, sojourned here. James I. granted it to the Earl of Salisbury, who conveyed it to Sir Robert Darcy, who named it Dartford Place. The present remains of the Nunnery are of brick, and consist of a large embattled gateway, with some adjacent buildings occupied as a farmhouse. The nunnery gardens and orchards occupied twelve acres and were surrounded by a stone wall yet entire.

There is a legendary account of an earlier Nunnery at Dartford. The Danes, in their piratical incursions, frequently ravaged the coast of Kent, and sometimes carried their depredations up the country. Dartford, where was a seminary of noble virgins, which might probably have been founded by Ethelbert, was ravaged and burnt; and the tradition adds that among the inmates, who were barbarously murdered, was Editha, the daughter of a Saxon King, as told in the ballad:

- “ ‘Revenge ! revenge !’ in accents hoarse,
 The Saxon Offa cried,
 As he pursued his anxious course,
 Along the Darent’s side.
- “ Betray’d by friendship and by love,
 While blood bounds through my veins,
 I vow, ’fore all the powers above,
 Fierce vengeance on the Danes.
- “ Revenge ! revenge ! my soul inspires—
 To loved Editha’s manes,
 I vow, till fleeting breath expires,
 Fell vengeance on the Danes.”

Pope celebrates the Darent, in allusion to a battle fought upon its banks, as

“ Silent Darent, stain’d with Danish blood !”

now
revised
↓
Allington Castle, and the Wyatts.

This ivy-mantled pile is all that remains of Allington Castle, on the left bank of the Medway, just below Maidstone; but, with the fatality which often attends places of historical renown, this Castle is now occupied as two tenements. It was built by William de Columbaris, in the reign of King Stephen. Here lived Sir Henry Wyatt, the father of the Poet, a man of high principles and strict conduct, of whom his son states that he was deeply impressed with reverence for religion; that there was no man more pitiful; no man more true of his word; no man faster to his friend; no man diligenter nor more circumspect; which thing both the Kings, his masters, noted in him greatly. His attachment to the House of Lancaster brought him under the displeasure of Richard III., who sent him into prison in Scotland, where he was kept "in irons and stocks" for upwards of two years, and put to the rack under the eyes of the tyrant.

As soon, however, as Henry VII. succeeded to the throne, Sir Henry was restored to liberty, appointed to high offices, and at the coronation of Henry VIII., he was created a Knight of the Bath. Having distinguished himself at the battle of the Spurs, he was made a Knight Banneret on the field. He held the office of Keeper of the King's Jewels and King's Ewerer; and in 1527, entertained the King at Allington Castle, which he had purchased in 1493. Here Thomas Wyatt, the poet, was born in 1503. As an elegant courtier, and a statesman of great sagacity and integrity, he takes a prominent position in the history of the reign of Henry VIII., who, in 1542, created him steward of the King's manor of Maidstone. The brief remainder of his life he passed in retirement at Allington; hunting, and hawking, and shooting with the bow, and in bad weather devoting himself to the study and composition of verses; but he died October 11. 1542, of fever, brought on by his zeal in attending an unexpected summons from his sovereign. Wyatt has left us writings both in prose and verse; but taking into account the time at which he wrote, his prose is the more remarkable. How meanly Wyatt estimated the courtier's life, he thus sings:—

" In court to serve deck'd with fresh array,
Of sugar'd meats feeling the sweet repast,
The life in banquets and sundry kinds of play;
Amid the press the worldly looks to waste;
Hath with it join'd oft-times such bitter taste
That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,
In prison joys, fetter'd with chains of gold."

Wyatt's satires are curious and valuable, as pictures of the habits of a country gentleman of the sixteenth century, who divided his leisure between the sports of the field and the delights of his library. Between his domestic affairs, his poetry, and the improvements he made upon his estates, there was no lack of active occupation during his residence at Allington Castle.

Leeds Castle.

Near Maidstone, in the middle of the county of Kent, rising out of a broad sheet of water, stands a large Castle that was once the residence and property of the good Queen Eleanor. It was then either a Norman building, or a Saxon fortress with Norman extensions; but Eleanor's gallant husband's additions give it an Edwardian character. It first passed into the hands of Eleanor's successor, Margaret, the second queen of Edward I. William of Wykeham possessed the Castle. Froissart visited it, in company with Sir Thomas Percy and Sir William de Lisle, and has recorded his stay at the "beautiful palace," and his kind reception by King Richard II. Then we find Henry VIII. building more accommodation for one of his wives and her maids of honour. Next it was in the possession of the famous Lord Colepepper, the friend of Charles II.; and Evelyn arranged for the keeping here of some six hundred Dutch prisoners entrusted to his care. Next it passed into the possession of the Fairfax family; and finally George III. and Queen Charlotte visited the Castle, and recorded the event in the family Bible.

The Castle stands on two islands, in a sheet of water about fifteen acres in extent, these islands being connected by a double drawbridge. It consists, therefore, of two huge piles of buildings, which, with a strong gatehouse and barbican, form four distinct forts or divisions, capable of separate defence after either fell into the hands of an enemy; and the water was so managed as to pass between these several buildings in three places.

The first outwork, or barbican, contained the mill; then an outer ditch, called the inner barbican. These two, taken together, not only formed the dam which kept the water in the moat, but they were strengthened with a ditch round the inner barbican, over and above the wide moat which yawned between this outwork and the entrance to the Castle. At the end of the bridge giving access to the main portion of the fortress, stands the gatehouse, which is attributed to the reign of Henry III.

The area of the island was divided into an inner and outer bailey. The massive inner wall has disappeared, but the foundations remain; the outer bailey was surrounded by a lower wall, strengthened with bastions and towers, believed to be the work of Edward I. There are traces of several ancient buildings, besides the residence of the lord of the place on this island, but the only one standing within the inner bailey is the Maiden's Tower.

The entrance-tower, called in old records the Tower of the Gloriette, has a curious old bell, with the Virgin and Child, St. George and the Dragon, and the Crucifixion depicted upon it, which is used as a curfew; that custom having been maintained from the days of the Crevecoeurs, the owners of the Castle before it became the property of Queen Eleanor. And there is also a very ancient clock which strikes on this bell, supposed to be of the same age. Then, passing through the flat-headed trefoiled archway of this tower, you come upon the chapel built or improved by Edward I.

Most of the rest of the work forming the old Castle, save the outer shell, was the work of Henry VIII., and consisted of timber and plaster, with large oak or chestnut windows and handsome cornices. But the prisoners whom Evelyn lodged here, either accidentally or intentionally, set fire to this part of the fabric. Lord Fairfax rebuilt some of the injured parts, especially the banqueting-hall, leaving the original doorway, and fireplace, with the Royal arms and supporters of the House of York on the spandrels and windows. The banqueting-hall is now a kitchen. In this kitchen, wherein the dinner for the banqueting-hall was prepared when King Harry feasted in it, there is a fireplace with its chimney divided into two flues with a window between them, that appears to have been made by him. In the Castle was found a pair of fire-dogs which formerly belonged to Henry VIII., and bear the Tudor crown, &c. There were also a buttery and pantry, besides accommodation for the stowage of provisions in the event of a garrison occupying it during a siege. There was a sally-port, too, opening on to the moat from the foot of a newel staircase, which is still there, with its flight of steps descending below the present level of the water.

The Maiden's Tower is built upon the wall of the outer bailey, and thence projects into the inner bailey. It is a large quadrangular three-storied tower finished with battlements; but a drawing of it on an old plan of the estate shows that the roof was once gabled. The ground-floor contains the brewhouse, in which is a very wide chimney, thought to have been required for the heating of many large cauldrons of water

at a time, before the introduction of coppers with flues. There appear to have been two staircases and two sets of rooms above; and two garderobes still exist, from which circumstance it is concluded it was occupied by several persons, probably guests, though not necessarily the maids of honour, with whom tradition has associated it.

There were vineyards attached to Leeds Castle in the days of Queen Eleanor, and wine made from them. The expense-rolls of that lady's executors mention various sums paid to a vine-dresser. No vines are now grown for wines. But at the cottages in the locality are still to be seen vines bearing "black cluster" grapes, clusters thought to be descendants of those with which Queen Eleanor made wine in 1290. The expense-rolls show that on the anniversary of the Queen's death a sum equal to between 300*l.* and 400*l.* of our money was spent in memorial ceremonies at this Castle.*

The present fortress was either built or rebuilt by Sir Hugh, or Hamo, de Crevecœur, one of the eight Captains of Dover Castle, in the year 1071: his son forfeited the estate by his siding with the rebellious Barons. The Castle was then bestowed by King Henry III. on Robert de Leybourne, in exchange for other lands. It was next granted by King Edward II. to Bartholomew, Lord Badlesmere, who had been at the wars in the Holy Land, but he died on the scaffold at home. The cause of his ruin is differently related; the following relation is by a contemporary noble person: "Queen Isabel came to the Castle at Leeds, about Michaelmas, 1321, where she had designed to lodge all night, but was not suffered to enter. The King, highly resenting this, as done in contempt of him, called together some neighbouring inhabitants out of Essex and London, and gave them orders to besiege the Castle. Bartholomew de Badlesmere, who had left his wife and sons there, was gone, with other barons, to spoil the estate of Hugh de Spenser. The besieged, in the meantime, despairing of succour, the barons and their associates came as far as Kingston, and with the mediation of the Bishop of London and the Earl of Pembroke, petitioned the King to raise the siege, promising to surrender the Castle into his hands after the next Parliament. But the King, considering that the besieged could not hold out long, and moreover incensed at this their contumacy (and, doubtless, provoked at what was done against Spenser), would not listen to the petition of the

* The above details of this extraordinary Castle are quoted in the *Builder* review of *The History and Description of Leeds Castle, Kent.* By Charles Wykeham Martin, Esq., M.P., F.S.A., the present proprietor, who is descended from the family of William of Wykeham.

Barons. After they had dispersed themselves to other parts, he gained the Castle (though with no small difficulty), and sending Badlesmere's wife and sons to the Tower of London, hanged the rest that were in the place." This lord being taken prisoner next year, was beheaded at Canterbury. But, this is told with a difference.

Among the memorable events at Leeds Castle were the following: In 1321, Queen Isabella being refused admission into the Castle when on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, the King (Edward II.) took the place by siege, and hung the Governor, Thomas de Colepepper, by the chain of the Castle drawbridge. In 1406, Henry IV. retired here on account of the plague in London; and within these walls Joan of Navarre, second consort of Henry IV., was held in captivity for having conspired against her son-in-law's life, until conveyed to Pevensy Castle. In 1441, at Leeds Castle, Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, presided at the process against Eleanor, wife of Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, for sorcery and witchcraft. } n B

Saltwood Castle.

This famous fortress, situate about one mile north-west from Hythe, has been attributed to the Romans, though on insufficient authority; but there is a paved way "made after the Roman manner, and carried not only as far as the Castle, but a mile further. Kilburn says that it was erected by Oesc, son of Hengist; and Grose states that "on examining these ruins every one of them evidently appears to have been laid by the Normans." The principal buildings now standing are, however, of a much later date, and in a different style of architecture to what was in use among that people. Hugo de Montfort, who possessed this manor at the time of the Domesday Survey, is said to have repaired the Castle; yet, as it is not noticed in Domesday Book, though the church itself is mentioned, which comparatively must have been of much less importance, the probability is that the Castle was not then built; therefore, if Hugo de Montfort had any concern in the buildings here, he must himself have been the founder. Hasted states that it was rebuilt by Henry de Essex, Baron of Raleigh, and standard-bearer to Henry II., in right of inheritance, who held it of the Archbishop of Canterbury, yet his authority for this assertion does not appear. "Henry de Essex," says Philpot, from Matthew Paris, "having, in a light skirmish against the Welsh in Flintshire, not only cast away his courage but his standard also, was appealed of high treason (by Robert

de Montfort), and in a legal duel or combat was vanquished by his challenger (but his life being preserved by the clemency of the King) and being possessed with great regret and shame contracted from his defeat, shrouded himself in a cloistery (at Reading) and put on a monk's cowl, forfeiting a good patrimony and livelihood, which escheated to Henry II. But Thomas Becket acquainting the King that this manor belonged to his church and see, that prince being beyond the seas, directed a writ to King Henry, his son, for restitution; yet, in regard of new emergent contests between the King and that insolent prelate it was not restored unto the Church until the time of Richard II."

Though, from what has been said, it is evident that the exact era of the foundation of this Castle is extremely questionable, it is equally clear that it must have been built before the contumacy of Becket obliged the King to exert his authority against that ambitious priest; and it was this fortress that the conspirators against the life of Becket made their point of rendezvous immediately previous to his assassination. Philpot mistook in asserting that Saltwood was retained by the Crown till the time of Richard II., for King John in his first year restored it to the See of Canterbury, to be held of him *in capite*; and it afterwards became an occasional abode or palace of the Archbishops till the period of the Dissolution.

Archbishop Courteney, who was promoted to the See of Canterbury in the 5th of Richard II., expended great sums in the buildings of this Castle, to which he annexed a park, and made it his usual place of residence. His arms are still remaining over the principal entrance on two shields, namely, three torteaux with a label of three points, and the same arms impaled with those of the See of Canterbury.

It is related of Archbishop Courteney, while he held possession of Saltwood Castle and Manor, some country people having offended him by bringing straw in a slovenly manner in sacks instead of carting it, that proud prelate sent for the offenders to Saltwood, and after reproving them for their negligence, he compelled them to swear obedience to his injunctions. This being done he commanded them all to march in solemn procession with their heads and legs bare, each carrying a sack of straw, which appeared at the mouth of the sack, but not so as to be scattered, by way of penance for the offence they had committed against his high dignity. "Thus," says the account, "did the Archbishop think proper to set an example to his flock of the meekness and disposition to forgive offences so strongly enforced by that religion which he was bound to inculcate."

In the 31st of Henry VIII. Archbishop Cranmer exchanged this Castle, park, and manor, with the King; and in the 1st of Queen Mary they were finally granted from the Crown to Edward Fynes, Lord Clinton, soon after which the park appears to have been thrown open; and the Manor and Castle have since passed through various families by purchase and otherwise to William Deeds, Esq., of Sandling, who obtained them in exchange from Sir Brooke Bridges, Bart., of Goodneston.

The site of the Castle is well chosen: the walls encircle an extensive area of an elliptical form, surrounded by a very broad and deep moat partly natural and partly artificial. The entrance into the first court was by a gateway, now in ruins, defended by a portcullis; the outer walls were strengthened by several circular and square towers, all of which are dilapidated. In this court are several barns, &c., built out of the ruins, the estate being tenanted as a farm. The Keep or gatehouse, which seems to have been almost wholly rebuilt by Archbishop Courteney, is a noble pile, having two lofty round towers flanking the entrance, over which, on the summit of the building, are machicolations. The entrance-hall has been continued through to the rear, which opened into the inner court, but is now divided into two apartments by fire-places and chimneys. The front division is vaulted and strongly groined. The principal ornament is the Tudor Rose, which was, probably, put up on some addition being made to Courteney's works. In each of the round towers is a hexagon chamber and upper chamber; the deep grooves of the portcullis are still in good repair. The summit of the roof commands a most extensive view, to which the white cliffs of Boulogne and the intermediate space of water, constantly animated by shipping, give a strong interest. On the southern side of the inner court are the ruins of the chapel and several other buildings; the former has been a large and handsome structure, probably of the time of Henry III. The walls of this court, like the outer walls, are defended by towers at different distances, and near the middle of the area is an ancient well.

Malling Abbey.

At the east end of the town of West Malling are the remains of a Monastery for nuns and a Church built by Bishop Gundulph, of Rochester, soon after his consecration. A part of this Nunnery was destroyed by fire half a century after Gundulph's death, but large portions undoubtedly remain of his work. The Abbey is approached by

a venerable gateway, through which may be seen the lofty tower of the church. This church was evidently built at the same period as Rochester Cathedral, as it is decorated with intersected arches and zigzag ornaments, similar to those in the west front of that Cathedral; the west end of the church is a beautiful specimen of Norman architecture. The Abbey was originally built in 1090 for a community of Benedictine nuns, in whose possession it remained until the Dissolution. A very singular fact in the history of this Convent was that when it was first founded there was scarcely an inhabitant living near it, but its erection soon attracted so many people that the little village increased in size very rapidly, so much so that it soon lost its ancient name of *Millinges Parva*. The Abbey buildings formerly consisted of two quadrangles with cloisters and a spacious hall, but only one quadrangle is at present to be seen. The chapel or oratory is now used as a dwelling-house; the Abbey itself was rebuilt in the Gothic style in 1738 by the then lord of the manor and possessor of the Abbey lands. On the south side of the church evidences of an ancient burial-ground have from time to time been turned up in the shape of human bones, rings, and old coins. Two stone coffins were also found which contained skeletons, the lids (on which no inscriptions were discovered) were ornamented with a cross. The Abbey now forms a commodious and picturesque residence.

It is worth while here to note an instance of the supernaturalism related as a judgment upon the murderers of Becket, at Canterbury, and known as a popular tradition at South Malling as late as the fourteenth century. It is thus concisely narrated by Dean Stanley in his *Memorials of Canterbury*:—"They (the murderers) rode to Saltwood the night of the deed; the next day (thirty miles by the coast) to South Malling. On entering the house they threw off their arms and trappings on the dining-table, which stood in the hall, and after supper gathered round the blazing hearth. Suddenly the table started back and threw its burthen to the ground. The attendants, roused by the crash, rushed in with lights, and replaced the arms. But a second and still louder crash was heard, and the various articles were thrown still further off. Soldiers and servants with torches scrambled in vain under the solid table to find the cause of its convulsions, till one of the conscience-stricken knights suggested that it was indignantly refusing to bear the sacrilegious burthen of their arms—the earliest and most memorable instance," says Dr. Stanley, "of a rapping, leaping, and moving table."

Faversham Abbey.

The town of Faversham, which is a member of the Cinque Port of Dover, is situated in a navigable inlet of the Thames, called the Swale, which forms the southern boundary of the Isle of Sheppey. It was of Saxon origin, and was granted to the see of Canterbury by Cenulph, King of Mercia, in 812. Here, about 630, King Athelstan assembled a Wittenagemot, or Council of wise men. It is probable that the Saxon Kings had a palace here long prior to the Conquest. The manor and hundred were granted by King Stephen to William de Ipres, whom that monarch created Earl of Kent for his faithful services against the Empress Maud. Sometime afterwards, King Stephen built and endowed here an Abbey for Cluniac monks. At the Dissolution, the greater part of the monastic buildings were pulled down. The site of the Abbey, with some adjoining lands, was then granted to Sir Thomas Cheyney, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. That nobleman about five years afterwards alienated his grant to Thomas Ardern, gent., who was Mayor of Faversham in 1548, and on February 15, 1550, was basely murdered in his own house by the contrivance of his wife, Alice (an adulterous wanton), who was afterwards burnt at Canterbury for the crime; six of her accomplices, including two females, were also punished with death for the same offence, but two others, one of whom had been brought from Calais to execute the murder, escaped. The play of *Ardern of Faversham*, which was written by Lillo, and first printed in 1592, was founded on this murder, which is fully described in the Wardmote Book of Faversham. The house in which Ardern was murdered adjoined the entrance gateway of the Abbey.

In the Abbey Church were deposited many worthy persons; including those of the founder, King Stephen, Maud, his Queen, a liberal benefactor, and Eustace, their eldest son; but at the Dissolution, for the sake of the lead wherein the King's body was inclosed, his sacred remains were dislodged and thrown into the neighbouring river. The latter circumstance is somewhat doubtful, for the King's body is said to have been reinterred in the parish church. Robert of Gloucester says that "a peece of ye Holy Cross" was preserved in this Monastery, "which Godfrey Boylen for kyndred had sent to King Stephen."

Faversham has been visited by many of our sovereigns. Mary, Queen of France, and sister of Henry VIII., passed through the town in May, 1515, when the expenses of the "brede and wine" given to

her are stated at 7*s.* 6*d.* Henry VIII. and his Queen, Catherine of Aragon, were here in 1519, with Cardinal Wolsey, and Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, when "the spiced brede and wine" for the latter came to 5*s.* 4*d.*; "the spiced brede, wine, and capons," for my Lord Cardinal, to 18*s.* 9*d.*; and "the spiced brede, wine, beer, and ale," for the King and Queen, to 1*l.* 6*s.* 5¼*d.* Henry was again in this town in the year 1522, with the Emperor Charles V., whom he was conducting to Greenwich, with a numerous retinue, on which occasion the expenses of his entertainment were charged at 1*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.*, exclusive of a gallon of wine to the Lord Archbishop, which cost one shilling. In 1545, Henry slept one night at Faversham, and was presented with "two dozen of capons, two dozen of chekins, and a sieve of cherries," all which are recorded at 1*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* Queen Elizabeth came here in 1573, "and lay two nights in the town," which cost the town 44*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.*, including a silver cup presented to her, which cost 27*l.* 2*s.* Charles II. dined with the Mayor here in 1660, and the expense was 56*l.* 6*s.* In the following year the Corporation presented the King with 50*l.*

In the year 1688, James II. was detained a prisoner three days in Faversham, on his first attempt to quit the kingdom after the landing of the Prince of Orange. The nation was then in a ferment, and all were on the alert to secure suspicious characters, or those who were considered more particularly in the interest of the King. Hence it was that the vessel in which James had embarked was observed taking in ballast at Shell-ness, and was boarded by the Faversham sailors, who seized three persons of quality in the cabin and conveyed them on the following morning (December 12) to the Queen's Arms in this town, where the King's person was first recognised. He was afterwards detained in the Mayor's house, in Court-street, under a strong guard, till Saturday, the 16th, when he was set at liberty, the Lords of the Council having invited him to return to Whitehall, and despatched a guard of horse to conduct him thither. There is great reason to believe that if James's apprehension of personal safety had not overpowered his better judgment, neither himself nor his family would have been expelled the throne; though proper restraints must have been devised for the preservation of the Protestant Religion, and the rights of civil liberty. James finally quitted England, under a pass granted by the Prince of Orange, on Saturday, December 23, with his natural son, the Duke of Berwick. He departed from Sir Richard Head's house at Rochester by a back door about 3 o'clock in the morning, and was carried in a barge to a small vessel at Shell-ness,

the master of which landed him in France (whither the Queen had previously gone) between Calais and Boulogne, on the second day afterwards.

Dover Castle.

The famous town and Castle of Dover was formerly a place of the greatest importance, and accounted the key and barrier of the island. The name of Dover is from the British *Dofyrrba*, signifying a steep place. The Saxons called it *Dorfa* and *Defris*, which, in Domesday Book, is softened into Dover. Its situation, in respect to the Continent, must have rendered it a port of consequence from the very earliest period of our history, and it was a hill fort long prior to the invasion of Julius Cæsar. There is a tradition that here Arviragus, the British chief, fortified himself when he refused to pay the tribute imposed by Cæsar; and that here, afterwards, King Arthur also held his residence. Another tradition assigns the foundations of the fortress to Cæsar himself, but this is considered devoid of truth, though the ancient Pharos, or watch-tower, which still remains in the upper part of the Castle Hill, is unquestionably of Roman workmanship, and it must have been one of the first places fortified by the Romans. The present height of the Pharos is nearly forty feet, but the upper part is of more modern origin, most probably of the time of Sir Thomas Erpingham, who repaired it when Constable of Dover Castle, in the reign of Henry V., his arms being sculptured on the north front. Immediately contiguous to the Pharos is an ancient Church, generally stated to have been built by King Lucius in the second century; but the walls are of a much later period, though Roman materials have been worked up therein. The church has been recently restored by Government for the garrison, under the direction of Mr. Gilbert Scott.

The situation of the Castle, on the summit of a cliff more than 300 feet in height, was not overlooked by William, Duke of Normandy, who, immediately after the battle of Hastings, took possession of it. He assigned the custody of it to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, his half-brother, whom he created Earl of Kent. The Kentishmen did not, however, like their new masters, and made an attempt to surprise the fortress, with Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, who had crossed the sea in the night, to lead them, well furnished with scaling ladders. But the watch descried them: the soldiers within the Castle allowed them to approach the wall, and while they were attempting to scale it, the soldiers opened the gates and sallied out, setting upon the assailants with

such fury that they compelled Eustace and a few others to return to his ship, the rest being either slain by the sword, destroyed by falling from the cliffs, or "devoured by the sea." After this, Odo falling under the King's displeasure, was sent prisoner into Normandy; his possessions were confiscated, and the King seized the Castle into his own hands, and fortified it anew, appointing nine trusty knights for its defence, each of whom, by tenure of lands, was bound to maintain one hundred and twelve soldiers, performing watch and ward, each in particular towers, turrets, and bulwarks, which bore the names of their respective captains.

Henry II. rebuilt the Keep on the Norman plan, and otherwise fortified the Castle. Louis the Dauphin besieged it to assist the discontented Barons; but Hubert de Burgh, then Governor, so strenuously defended it with one hundred and forty soldiers only, exclusively of his own servants, that the enemy retired after much loss. The Dauphin again besieged the fortress, *temp.* Henry III., when, failing to induce Hubert, by promises of great honours, to deliver up the fortress, Louis raised the siege, and returned to London. Hubert, for his eminent services, received grants of the Castle and Port of Dover, and the Castles of Canterbury and Rochester, during life, with 1000 marks per annum for the custody of them. At this time the Regulations for the ordering of the Castle set forth that the drawbridge should be drawn at sunset.

Many alterations were made in the fortifications and apartments of Dover Castle by different sovereigns till the time of the Civil War, *temp.* Charles I., when it was wrested from the King's power by a merchant named Drake, a partisan of the Parliament; and on the night of August 1, 1642, he took it by surprise with the aid of twelve men only. By ropes and scaling ladders, he ascended with his party to the top of the cliff on the sea-side, which being considered inaccessible, had been left unguarded. He instantly advanced, seized the sentinel, and threw open the gates, when the officer on duty, concluding that Drake had a strong party and that all was lost, surrendered at discretion. Next Drake immediately despatched messengers to Canterbury, whence the Earl of Warwick sent him 120 men to assist in retaining possession. The King on receiving advice of the loss of his fortress sent a general officer to reduce it, but the Parliament sent a superior force to its relief, and the Royalists were compelled to raise the siege. The fortress was then left for upwards of a century, when the threats of invasion thrown out after the French Revolution, led the Government to put Dover Castle into a state of strength sufficient to withstand a regular siege.

The works constructed for its defence consist of different batteries furnished with a very formidable train of artillery; casemates dug in the solid chalk rock, magazines, covered ways, and various subterranean communications, and apartments for 2000 soldiers; light and air being conveyed by shafts and lateral openings through the rock to the face of the cliffs. Within the Keep is the ancient well mentioned in the document by which Harold surrendered the Castle to William the Conqueror. This well is said to be 370 feet in depth; and at no great distance, all within the Saxon works, are three other wells, reported to be nearly as deep. The Castle consists of two wards, an upper and lower, and occupies about 35 acres of ground. The lower ward is surrounded by an irregular wall or curtain, flanked at unequal distances by towers of different forms, semicircular, square, polygonal, &c. The oldest is said to have been built by Earl Godwin, and bears his name. Nine of the other towers were built in the Norman times, and named from Sir John de Fiennes and the eight approved warriors whom he selected for the defence of this fortress. The Constable's Tower is the principal entrance to the Lower Court: this entrance has a deep ditch, crossed by a drawbridge, massive gates, portcullis, &c.

The Keep, or Palace Tower, rebuilt by Henry II., is nearly similar to that built at Rochester by Gundulph; it is in fine preservation, and is used as a magazine. In the thickness of the wall—from eighteen to twenty feet—run the galleries, so contrived as to render it nearly impossible for the arrows or missile weapons of an enemy to do any execution within them. The summit of the Keep is embattled, and at each angle is a turret; the whole height above low-water-mark, spring tide, is 465 feet 8 inches. During the last war the summit was made bomb-proof, and several sixty-four pounders were mounted on the top.

Near the edge of the cliff is a beautiful piece of brass ordnance twenty-four feet long, cast at Utrecht in the year 1514, and generally called *Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol*, it having been presented by the States of Holland to that sovereign; it carries a twelve-pound shot, but is entirely unfit for use. There are several very 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.”

Among the events in the history of the Castle are the following:—
1156. Henry II. at Dover, in his way to Normandy. 1189. Richard I. sailed from Dover for Jerusalem with 100 large ships and eighty galleys. 1255. Henry III., after concluding a peace with Spain, re-

turned through France, and landed at Dover. 1259. Richard, King of the Romans, landed at Dover, and swore to assist the Barons in their reformation. 1295. Dover Castle greatly damaged by the French. 1491. Henry VII. embarked at Dover to besiege Boulogne. 1513. Henry VIII. embarked at Dover on board the Cinque Ports fleet, and left his Queen, Catherine of Aragon, in the Castle. 1575. Queen Elizabeth stopped some days at Dover Castle, and ordered the repair of the walls and towers. 1660. At Dover, May 25, Restoration of Charles II., who landed with his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester.

Sandown Castle.

On the seashore, a little distance northward from Deal, is Sandown Castle, built on a similar plan to that of the Castles of Deal, Walmer, and others, which the policy of Henry VIII. occasioned him to erect on the different points of the English coast subsequent to the Reformation. Lambard, in his *Perambulations in Kent*, tells their history in his quaint way: "Having shaken off the intollerable yoke of the Popish tyrannie, and espying that the Emperor was offended for the divorce of Queen Katherine, his wife, and that the French King had coupled the Dolphine, his sonne, to the Pope's niece, and married his daughter to the King of Scots, so that he might more justly suspect them all, than safely trust any one, *Henry* determined, by the aide of God, to stand upon his owne guardes and defence, and therefore, without sparing any cost, he builded Castles, Platforms, and Block Houses, in all needefull places of the realme; and amongst the other, fearing lest the ease and advantage of descending on land, in this part, would give occasion and hardinesse to the enemies to invade him, he erected (neare together) three fortifications, which he might at all times keepe and be at the landing place; that is to say, Sandowne, Sandgate, Deal, and Walmere."

This fortress consists of an immense round tower in the centre, connected with four lunettes, or semicircular outworks; the whole being surrounded by a deep fosse, and having additional defences and batteries towards the sea. The entrance is by a drawbridge and gate on the land side. In the lower part of the central tower is a large vaulted apartment, bomb-proof, for the garrison. The Castle is under the command of a Captain and Lieutenant, who are subordinate to the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

In this Castle the celebrated Colonel John Hutchinson died, after

eleven months' imprisonment, in 1663. He had been a member of the Long Parliament, and Governor of Nottingham Castle in the time of the Civil Wars. Latterly, Colonel Hutchinson's friends obtained permission from the Secretary of State for him to take a walk daily upon the beach. Mrs. Hutchinson appears to have overcoloured the hardships endured by the Colonel. Such overcolouring is, however, excusable in a devoted, idolising wife mourning over the loss of a husband—and such a husband as Colonel John Hutchinson.

Sandgate Castle.

In the village of Sandgate, near the seaside, is a small Castle, built by Henry VIII., about the year 1539, on a plan similar to those of Deal and Walmer. It was most probably erected on the site of a more ancient fortress which existed in the time of Richard II., who, in his twenty-second year, "directed his writ to the Captain of his Castle of Sandgate, commanding him to admit his Kinsman, Henry de Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, with the family, horses, &c., to tarry there for six weeks to refresh himself." Queen Elizabeth lodged in this Castle in the year 1588 when on her progress through Kent to see the coast put into a proper state of defence against the projected Spanish invasion. This edifice was greatly altered about 1806, when a large Martello Tower was built up in the centre of it in order to combine with other Martello Towers (erected on the contiguous hills) in defending this part of the shore against the landing of an enemy. During the American war several frigates were built here.

Folkestone Castle and Nunnery.

Folkestone, a short distance from Sandgate, was early a place of some importance. The Romans had a tower here on a high hill, of the earthworks or entrenchments of which there are yet some remains. Here was also a Castle built by the Saxon Kings of Kent, and rebuilt by the Normans, which has been in later times nearly all destroyed, with the cliff on which it stood, by the encroachments of the sea.

The "solemn old Nunnery" mentioned by Leland, was founded by King Eadbald at the request of his pious daughter, Eanswitha, and is supposed by Bishop Tanner to have been the first nunnery ever established in England. This building was despoiled by the Danes,

and continued in ruins till after the Norman Conquest, when Nigell de Mundeville, Lord of Folkestone, about the year 1095, refounded it as a Priory, or Cell, for Benedictine Monks, and granted it to the Abbey of Lallege, or Lolley, in Normandy. Before the middle of the ensuing century, the sea had so far washed the cliff on which the Priory stood (though that had originally been one mile from the shore), that William de Averanche erected a new Church and Priory about the year 1137. On the suppression of the Alien Priories by Henry V., this at Folkestone was made denizen, and so continued till it was finally dissolved by Henry VIII.

The ancient Church connected with the Nunnery, and in which St. Eanswith, the first Abbess was interred, was dedicated to St. Peter. On the rebuilding of the Church and Priory in the Norman times, St. Mary and St. Eanswith were made its patrons, the relics of the latter being, at the same period, solemnly translated into the new fabric. "The author of *New Legends of England*," says Lambard, "reporteth many wonders of this woman; as that she lengthened the beame of a building three foote, when the carpenters, missing in their measure, had made it so much too short; that she baled and drew water over the hills and rocks against nature from Swecton, a mile off, to her oratorie at the seaside; that she forbade certaine ravenous birdes the country, which before did much harm thereabouts; that she restored the blinde, cast out the divell, and healed innumerable folkes of their infirmities; and therefore, after her death, she was, by the policy of the Popish priestes, and follie of the common people, honoured for a saint." Hasted, in his *History of Kent*, states that the "stone coffin" of St. Eanswith was discovered about the middle of the seventeenth century, and that, on opening it "the corpse lay in its perfect form; and by it, on each side, were hour-glasses, and several medals with obliterated letters on them."



Walmer Castle.

About a mile southward from Deal is the manor and parish of Walmer, which was anciently held of Hamo de Crevequer by the De Aubervilles, by the tenure of knight's service. From that family the property was conveyed by marriage to the Criols, or Keriells, the last of whom, Sir Thomas Keriell, was killed at the battle of St. Albans.

The Castle at Walmer, at some distance from the village, is one of the seaside fortresses erected by command of Henry VIII. It consists

of a large central round tower, surrounded by a wall of considerable strength. There are clear remains of a Roman entrenchment close to the Castle.

This fortress is appropriated to the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; and here Mr. Pitt, who held that office, and that of Colonel of the Cinque Ports Cavalry, used frequently to pass some of the summer months. The Castle was the official residence of Arthur, first Duke of Wellington, during his Wardenship, or from January 29, 1829, to the hour of his lamented death, at twenty-five minutes past three o'clock, P.M., September 14, 1852. Walmer was a favourite retirement of the Duke many years before he took possession of the Castle, as Lord Warden. A house of the better class in Castle-street, Walmer, is to this day known as "the Duke's House," and was for some time tenanted by him before entering on his Peninsular campaigns.

Walmer Castle, according to some authorities, occupies the identical spot whereon Cæsar landed nineteen centuries since; that our modern Cæsar should breathe his last upon this spot is one of those strange coincidences that fill men's minds with special wonder. The fortress has been well described as "just the sort of residence that would have been pointed out by an imaginative mind as appropriate to such an event. Placed behind the high shingly beach, which the incessant action of the waves has formed on this part of the coast, and surrounded on the landward side by lofty trees, it does not arrest notice by any pretentious prominence, and the modern windows in the old thick walls denote that warlike uses had been laid aside for the milder and more peaceful influences of the times in which we live. There are, however, some heavy guns upon the upper walls pointed towards the Downs, and below a battery of smaller pieces, that seemed to include foreign invasion among the contingencies to which we are still exposed. It was a place of strength built for rough work in stormy times. It has become a quiet seaside residence, within ear-shot of the surf as it breaks upon the beach, and within sight of those essentially English objects, the chalk cliffs of Dover, the Goodwin sands, and the shipping in the Downs. This was no unsuitable place for the Duke of Wellington to die in—that man in whose eventful history the largest experiences of military and civil life are so marvellously united."

The interior of the Castle is fitted up in a remarkably plain manner, yet possessing every comfort. When the Queen visited Walmer in 1842 her Majesty was so charmed with the simplicity of the place, that she requested to be allowed to extend her visit a week longer than she at first intended. When intimation was received that the Queen in-

tended to honour the Duke with a visit, the only preparation made at Walmer Castle was to provide a plate-glass window, to enable her Majesty to have a better view of the sea. A stand for a time-piece was required for Prince Albert, and the Duke sent for a village carpenter who made it of common deal wood, and it became a fixture in the bedroom. Her Majesty is stated to have been much delighted at this simplicity of the Duke.

The Duke regularly resided at Walmer Castle in September and October in each year. He occupied only *one room*, which was his library, study, or bedchamber. This was "the Duke's Room." It is in one of the smaller towers, of moderate size, and plainly furnished, methodically arranged, something like an officer's room in a garrison. On the right hand side stood an ordinary iron camp-bedstead, three feet wide, with a horsehair mattress about three inches thick, and a horsehair pillow, covered with chamois leather, which the Duke usually carried with him, and used in town; it was indeed part of his luggage. Summer or winter the little camp bedstead was without curtains; and the German quilt (no blankets) was the covering. Near the bedstead was a small collection of books—recent histories and biographies, some French memoirs, military reports, parliamentary papers—the last which occupied the Duke's attention being a voluminous Report of the Oxford University Commission. In the centre of the room was a mahogany table covered with papers; and here for some hours every day the Duke sat and wrote. Near this was a portable table, contrived to be used for reading and writing while in bed. These, with two or three chairs, comprised the furniture; a few common engravings hung upon the neatly-papered walls; and on the mantel-piece was a small ivory statuette of Napoleon, and a common plaster cast of Jenny Lind. The windows look out upon the sea, and one of the doors of the room opens upon the ramparts. Until his illness, a few years before his death, the Duke never failed to be there at six o'clock in the morning, and walked for an hour or more. The view from the ramparts is very extensive.

The details of the last hours of the great Duke are very touching. On Monday afternoon, September 13, it was remarked that when the Duke was returning from a short walk he looked much better than for some days previously. He dined heartily at seven o'clock, and instead of retiring at ten, his usual hour, he sat up till nearly half-past eleven, conversing with Lord Charles and Lady Wellesley. He did not awake until after his usual time next morning, when he awoke breathing rather heavily, which continued to be laboured, from the accumulation of mucus in the bronchial passages. This continuing, the apothecary

from Deal was sent for, and arrived in about an hour. The Duke complained of uneasiness about the chest and stomach; medicine was ordered; during its preparation the Duke took some tea and toast. He then grew much worse, and had fits similar to those he was subject to. The valet had applied a mustard poultice to the Duke's chest, such as on former occasions had given relief. Three physicians were telegraphed for. A mustard emetic was given, but this and other measures were of no avail. His Grace grew very restless, tried to turn on his left side, and there were slight twitchings of the left arm. When raised in bed his breathing was much more free, and he was placed in an easy chair; his pulse sank, and he was now placed more horizontally; the pulse rallied for a little time, and then gradually declined; the breathing became more feeble; and at twenty-five minutes past three o'clock the Duke breathed his last. So easy and gentle was the transition, that for a moment it was doubted. A mirror was held before his Grace's mouth; its brightness was undimmed, and he was no more!

The Monastery of St. Augustine, at Canterbury.

The city of Canterbury, distinguished as the metropolitan see of all England, acquired that honour in consequence of the mission from Pope Gregory I. in 596 of a body of Benedictine monks, with Augustine at their head, to Ethelbert King of Kent, for the purpose of converting to Christianity the King, who was still a Pagan. In the following year, Ethelbert was baptized at Canterbury by Augustine, who in one day baptized 10,000 Anglo-Saxons in the river Swale.

Bede relates, in his *Ecclesiastical History*: "Augustine having his episcopal see granted him in the royal city, as has been said, and being supported by the King, recovered therein a church, which he was informed had been built by the ancient Roman Christians, and consecrated it in the name of our Holy Saviour, God and Lord, Jesus Christ, and there established a residence for himself and his successors.* He also built a monastery not far from the city to the eastward, in which, by his advice, Ethelbert erected from the foundation the church of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul (afterwards called St. Augustine's Abbey), and enriched it with several donations; wherein the bodies of

* This church is now the Cathedral of Canterbury; but the present structure, although ancient, is of date long subsequent to the age of St. Augustine.

the same Augustine, and of all the Bishops of Canterbury, and of the Kings of Kent, might be buried. However, Augustine did not consecrate that church, but Laurentius, his successor.

“The first Abbot of that Monastery was the priest Peter, who, being sent ambassador into France, was drowned in a bay of the sea which is called Amfleet,* and privately buried by the inhabitants of the place; but Almighty God, to show how deserving a man he was, caused a light to be seen over his grave every night, till the neighbours who saw it, perceiving that he had been a holy man that was buried there, inquiring who and from whence he was, carried away the body, and interred it in the church, in the city of Boulogne, with the honour due to so great a person.”

The Monastery is commonly believed to have been founded originally by the Saint whose name it bears: and in a work in the library of Canterbury Cathedral, it is stated that “the ground thereon to build was given by grant to Augustine by King Ethelbert, for dedication to St. Peter and St. Paul.” By later records we find that St. Dunstan, in the year 978, renewed that dedication, adding to those of the Apostles above-named that of St. Augustine. In 1172, at Canterbury, Henry II. walked barefoot to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, and was scourged by the monks of St. Augustine; and in 1179, Louis, King of France, landed at Dover as a pilgrim, and was met by King Henry, whence they both proceeded in great state to Becket’s shrine at Canterbury. In 1389, Richard II., his Queen and Court, were entertained at St. Augustine’s by Abbot Welde, from the octave of the Ascension to the morrow of the Holy Trinity.

In the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is a MS. styled *Liber Cantuariensis*, which is the history of the foundation of the Augustine Monastery at Canterbury, written on vellum, and beautifully illuminated. At the Dissolution of the Monastery, *temp.* Henry VIII., it fell into the hands of the donors to the College, who, in presenting it, added a proviso that, in case the monks should be again restored to their possessions, the book should return to their hands. The passage appears to have been written by some after-reader and commentator, and the date might, probably, be somewhere at the end of the twelfth century.

After the Dissolution, St. Augustine’s Abbey was converted to a palace by King Henry VIII. Queen Mary next granted it to Cardinal Pole for life. Having reverted to the Crown, at the death of Pole,

* Now, probably, Ambletuse, a small seaport village about two miles to the north of Boulogne.

Queen Elizabeth kept her Court here in 1573. It was afterwards granted to Lord Cobham, who was attainted in 1603. King James granted it to Robert Cecil, Lord Essenden; and soon afterwards it became the property of Thomas, Lord Walton. King Charles I. was married here, 13th June, 1625; and King Charles II. lodged here on his passage at the Restoration. In the Abbey had sepulture Ethelbert and his Queen Bertha; most of his successors in the kingdom of Kent, St. Augustine, and the nine succeeding Archbishops of Canterbury.

The Abbey and its precincts occupied sixteen acres of ground, which were enclosed by a wall. The fine gateway of St. Augustine, which formed the chief entrance, was long in a dilapidated state, but has been restored. It is a very elegant and highly enriched specimen of this description of ancient architecture, and now almost the only remains of the once celebrated Abbey. James Wyatt adopted the general design of this gatehouse in the eastern towers of Fonthill Abbey: its general merit is the simplicity as well as elegance of its design; and the enrichments are beautiful mouldings rather than sculptured ornaments. Another gatehouse formed the opposite extremity of the western front of the Abbey precinct. St. Ethelbert's tower, part of the western front of the Abbey church, recorded to have been built in 1087, having been undermined for the sake of the very fine stone, fell down in 1822. The other remains, after being shamefully desecrated, were purchased in 1844 by Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., who has restored St. Augustine's gateway and built a Missionary College, which was incorporated June 28, 1848. At the north-east angle of the Cemetery adjoining is the ruined Chapel of St. Pancras, rebuilt 1387; stated to have been originally built before Augustine came on his mission to England. They said it had formerly been the place of the King of Kent's idol worship, but was purified by the Saint and converted into a chapel, and was duly consecrated. They add that the devil was so much displeased at this change that he assaulted the chapel with all his violence, but was not able to overthrow it; yet he left the print of his talons sticking in the walls of the south porch. That there are some marks there, Somner says, cannot be denied; and they are probably occasioned by the ivy having eaten into the materials of that part of the building.

Canterbury Castle.

Among the ruins of ancient buildings at Canterbury, on the south-west side of the City, near the entrance from Ashford, are the walls of

a Castle, supposed to have been built by William the Conqueror; larger than that of Rochester, being 88 feet by 80 in dimensions. These remains appear to have been the keep, or donjon of a fortress, within which it stood, and of which the bounds may still be traced, like those of the Castles at Dover, Rochester, and the White Tower of London, the building being much in the same style with those just mentioned. The original portal was on the north side, and the state chambers on the third story, where alone are found large windows. The principal room in the centre of the edifice was 60 feet by 30; two others on the southern side were each 28 feet by 15; and one on the northern side was 20 feet by 15. In the latter end of the reign of James I. the Castle was granted away from the Crown, and became private property.

The Crispes of the Isle of Thanet.

About half a mile south-eastward from Birchington, is *Quekes, Quek*, or, as it is now called, *Quex*, anciently the seat of a family of that name, who were in possession of the estate as far back as the year 1449. Several of this family have been Sheriffs of Kent, of whom, Henry Crispe, Esq., held that office in the thirty-eighth of Henry VIII., and was afterwards knighted. He was so eminent here as to be called "A little King of all the Isle of Thanet." Another of the family, Henry Crispe, Esq., was Sheriff of Kent part of the year 1649 and 1650; but being aged and infirm, his office was executed by his son, Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knight, who died in the year 1657. In the same year his father was seized at his house at *Quex* in the night-time and conveyed to Bruges, in Flanders, where he was detained a prisoner eight months, until the sum of 3000*l.* was paid for his ransom. This enterprise is said to have been planned by Captain Golding, of Ramsgate, a sanguine Royalist, who had for some time taken refuge with Charles II., in France, and was thus conducted: The party landed at Grove End, near Birchington, and, proceeding immediately to *Quex*, took Mr. Crispe out of his bed without the least resistance; and having conveyed him in his own coach to the water-side, he was there forced into an open boat without any of his domestics being suffered to attend him, although that favour was earnestly requested. He was carried first to Ostend, and thence to Bruges, both which places then belonged to Spain, at that time at war with England.

Considerable difficulty was experienced by his family in raising the

money for his ransom, as the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, suspecting that it was only a plan by which they might assist the fugitive Prince, made an order in Council that he should not be ransomed; and the licence for so doing was at last procured only after great solicitations and much embarrassment. On the other hand, it is said that Mr Crispe had been for some time apprehensive of such an attack, and had made loop-holes for the discharge of musketry in different parts of the house, the better to defend himself; yet all his precautions were rendered ineffectual by the spirit and management of Captain Golding.

In this mansion King William III. occasionally resided till the winds favoured his embarkation to Holland. His bedroom used to be shown, and an adjacent enclosure pointed out in which his guards encamped.

The Ellington Murder.

At a short distance westward from Ramsgate is Ellington, which gave name to an ancient family that resided here previously to the time of Edward VI., towards the end of whose reign they were succeeded by the Thatchers, another family of considerable antiquity in this part of Kent. About the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign it passed from them to the Spracklyns, of whom Adam Spracklyn, who resided here in the time of George II., and had married Katherine, daughter of Sir Robert Leuknor, of Acrise Place, was executed for the murder of his wife. This unfortunate man having wasted his estate by riotous living, and considerably involved himself in debt, was compelled to lock himself up in his own house to avoid being arrested; and while there he conceived a rooted antipathy against his lady, through supposing her to be in league with his creditors. Occasionally, too, he was afflicted with outrageous fits of passion, mingled with insanity, and in one of these paroxysms he committed the horrid deed for which he suffered.

From the many appearances of design, however, which accompanied the sanguinary act, the jury were led to declare him guilty of pre-meditated murder. The unfortunate victim to his rage was highly esteemed for her piety and virtue. Her death was very dreadful. He first struck her on the face with a dagger whilst she was endeavouring to soothe his passion, and then, on her attempting to open the door to leave the room, he struck her wrist so forcibly with an iron cleaver, or chopping-knife, "that the bone was cut asunder, and her hand hung

down only by the sinews and skin." An interval elapsed (during which the wounded limb was bound up by an aged servant); he felled her to the ground, bleeding, by a blow on the forehead with the same weapon, and on her raising herself upon her knees, as she prayed to God to forgive her murderer, he "cleft her head in two, so that she immediately fell down stark dead." He afterwards killed six dogs and threw four of them beside the dead body of his wife, in order, according to his own words, given in evidence, "that he might be reckoned mad."

This murder was committed on the night of Saturday, December 11, 1752, at which time Spracklyn had been married nineteen years. Before morning he was apprehended, and soon afterwards lodged in the gaol at Sandwich, where he was tried and found guilty at the Sessions held on April 22, 1753. He was hanged on the following day, and on the second night after his body was interred near the remains of his wife in St. Lawrence's Church.

Legends of Minster Abbey.

Minster lies on the south side of the Isle of Thanet, about a mile and a half from the river Stour; a branch of which formerly flowed up to the church, under the appellation of *Mynstre Fleet*. This place derived its origin from the nunnery and church founded here in the Saxon times by the Princess Domneva, who was daughter to Ermenred, eldest son to Eadbald, King of Kent, and wife to Merwodd, the son of Penda, King of Mercia. In the early part of her life she had been left with her sister Ermengitha, and her brothers Ethelbert and Ethelbright, under the guardianship of her uncle Erwinbert, who had usurped his brother's throne, and whose son and successor, Egbert, through the counsels of Thumor or Timor, his lieutenant, was induced to consent to the murder of both the princes, in order that he might retain secure possession of the kingdom. In expiation of the murder, which Thumor is said to have perpetrated in the King's palace at Eastry, and which the monkish legends state to have been discovered by "a light from heaven seen pointing to the very spot where the bodies were interred," Egbert, by the advice of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Adrian, Abbot of St. Augustine's, promised (in accordance with the customs of the age) to give to Domneva "whatever she should ask," besides offering her many rich presents.

Domneva, who had borne one son and two daughters to her husband,

and with him had afterwards taken a vow of chastity, refused the presents, but at the same time requested that the King would grant her as much land as her tame deer "could run over at one course," on which she might found a Nunnery in memory of her deceased brothers; and with her virgin train solicit the Almighty to pardon him for his participation in the murder. The King readily complied, and in the presence of many of his nobles and people the deer was turned loose at West-gate, on the sea-coast in Birchington parish; and after running in a circuitous track eastward, proceeded towards the south-west, though every endeavour was made by Thumor to obstruct its course, the "envious murderer," as he is called by Thorne (from whose Annals of St. Augustine's Monastery these particulars are gathered), crying out that "Domneva was a witch, and the King a fool, in yielding so far to her art as to suffer so noble and fruitful a soil to be taken from him by the decision of a buck." "This impiety," continues the Annalist, "so offended heaven, that the earth opened and swallowed him up," whilst riding across and checking the deer, and he went with Dathan and Abiram into hell, leaving the name of Thumor-his-lepe, or Thumor's Leap, to the field and place where he fell, to perpetuate the memory of his punishment."

Meanwhile the deer, continuing its progress, stopped not till it came to the estuary of the Stour, now called Sheriff's Hope, near Monkton, having completely crossed the isle, and cut off a tract of land comprehending upwards of ten thousand acres. This was immediately given by the King to Domneva, and afterwards confirmed to her by his charters, which contained a most fearful curse against all infringers of the gift. Egbert, whom the fate of Thumor had affected "with great fear and trembling," assisted Domneva with wealth to enable her to build the Nunnery, which she soon afterwards founded on the spot "where the present Church now stands." When completed, which was about the year 680, it was consecrated by Archbishop Theodore, in honour of the Virgin Mary; and Domneva, having endowed it for seventy nuns with the lands granted for the purpose, became the first Abbes; on her decease she was buried here "on the glebe."

Such is the monkish account of the famous Minster Abbey, which was afterwards called St. Mildred's Abbey, from St. Mildred, one of the daughters of Domneva, and her successor to the government of this foundation. The princess was held in very high repute for her great holiness, both in that and in succeeding ages. Lambard says she was "so mightily defended with Divine Power, that lying in a hote oven for three hours together, she suffered not of the flame. She was also

endowed with the God-lyke virtue, that coming out of Fraunce, the very stone on which she first stepped, at Ippedsflete, in this Isle, received the impression of her foote, and retained it for ever; having, besides, this propertie, that whether-soever you removed the same, it would within a short time, and without helpe of man's hande, returne to the former place againe." Many other miracles are related by the monks of this lady, who, on her decease, was buried in St. Mary's Church, which formed part of the Nunnery her mother had founded.

Edburga, the third Abbess, is said to have been a daughter of King Ethelbert, and to have built a "new, larger, and more stately temple," with convenient offices and dwellings, contiguous to that erected by Domneva, which had been too small for the number of virgins which were there associated. The new Church was dedicated by Archbishop Cuthbert to St. Peter and St. Paul; and hither, about the year 750, Edburga translated the body of St. Mildred, who, though she had now been interred nearly forty-five years, was so pure and incorrupt, that "she seemed more like a lady in her bed, than one resting in a sepulchre or grave;" and even "her garments had continued unchanged." Sigeburga, the next Abbess, was doomed to witness the commencement of those devastations which eventually proved the total destruction of the Convent; for in her time the Danes began their depredations in this Isle, and plundered the nuns and ravaged their possessions. A still more hapless fate attended some of the succeeding Abbesses, who, during a course of two centuries, were frequently subjected to the cruelties of their infidel invaders; and at length the whole of the religious edifices were destroyed by fire, together with all the nuns and attending priests, as well as many of the neighbouring inhabitants who had fled hither for safety. Whether this event took place in the year 978, 988, or 1011 is uncertain, as historians differ with respect to the precise time. Those who fix it in the latter year say that nearly the whole Isle was then destroyed by the Danish army, under Swein, the father to King Canute.

If the legends of the monks may be credited, the remains of the body of St. Mildred were preserved by miraculous interposition during all these ravages; and were afterwards, in 1027 or 1030, given by Canute to the Abbey of St. Augustine, at Canterbury, on the earnest solicitation of Abbot Elstan, together with all the lands and possessions of the foundation. The great veneration in which the saint was held obliged the Abbot and his brethren to proceed with considerable caution, in procuring the removal of the venerated reliques, which they at last effected in the night time, though not so secretly but that the

inhabitants were alarmed, and pursued the Abbot and his comrades "with swords and clubs, and a great force of arms." The monks, however, having got the start, secured the ferry-boat, and had almost crossed the river before the men of Thanet could reach it, who, having no means to cross the stream, were therefore obliged to give up the pursuit.

In Domesday Book this manor, which is therefore called Thanet Manor (from its comprehending the greater part of the Isle), is stated to have one hundred and fifty villeins, with forty borderers, having sixty-three carucates. There is a "Church," continues the record, "one priest, one salt-pit, and two fisheries of three pence, and one mill."

The most remarkable monument in the Church is that of Sir Robert de Shurland, who resided at Shurland, in the Isle of Sheppey. It is of Gothic design. The Knight is represented recumbent, cross-legged, and his head resting on his helmet; close to the wall appears a horse's head, as if emerging from the waves; on his left arm is a shield like that of a Knight Templar, and a page stands at his feet. He was created a Knight Banneret by Edward I., for his gallant services at the siege of Caerlaverock, in Scotland, in the thirteenth century. The vane on the tower of the church is in the figure of a horse's head, the meaning of which is very conjectural. Some pretend (says Grose, in his *Antiquities*) it was to an excellency he possessed in the art of training horses to swim; others suppose it alludes to a grant of "wrecks of the sea" bestowed on him by Edward I., extending as far as he could reach with his lance when mounted on his horse; "which grant or right is evermore esteemed to reach as far into the water, upon a low ebb, as man can ride in and touch anything with the point of his lance." Then we are told that the vulgar have digged out of his vault many wild legends and romances, as, namely: "that he buried a priest alive; that he swam on his horse two miles to the King, who was then near this isle, on shipboard, to purchase his pardon, and, having obtained it, swam back to the shore, where, being arrived, he cut off the head of the said horse because it affirmed that he had acted this by magic; and that riding a hunting a twelvemonth after, his horse stumbled and threw him on the skull of his former horse, which blow so bruised him, that from the contusion he contracted an inward imposthumation of which he died." But these legends are more popularly sung as follows:—

"Of monuments that here they show,
Within the Church, we sketch'd but two:

One an ambassador of Spain's,
 To other Lord Shurland's dust contain'd,
 Of whom a story strange they tell,
 And seemingly believe it well:
 The Lord of Shurland, on a day,
 Happ'ning to take a ride this way,
 About a corpse observed a crowd
 Against their priest complaining loud,
 That he would not the service say
 Till somebody his fees should pay;
 On this his Lordship too did rave,
 And threw the priest into the grave.
 'Make haste and fill it up,' said he,
 'We'll bury both without a fee.'
 But when he cooler grew and thought
 To what a scrape himself he'd brought,
 Away he gallop'd to the bay,
 Where at the time a ship did lay,
 With Edward, England's King, on board:
 When, strange to tell, this hair-brained lord
 The horseback swam to the ship's side,
 There told his tale and pardon cry'd!
 The grant with many thanks he takes,
 And swimming still, to land he makes;
 But on his riding up the beach
 He an old woman meets, a witch!
 'The horse which now your life doth save,'
 Says she, 'will bring you to your grave.'
 'You'll prove a liar,' saith my lord,
 'You wild hag!' Then with his sword,
 Acting a most ungrateful part,
 The gen'rous beast stabb'd to the heart.
 It happened after many a day,
 That with some friends he stroll'd that way,
 And the strange story, as they walk,
 Became the subject of their talk:
 When on the beach, by the seaside,
 'Yonder the carcass lies,' he cried.
 As 'twas not far, he led them to't,
 And kick'd the skull up with his foot,
 When a sharp bone pierced through his shoe,
 And wounded grievously his toe,
 Which mortified: so he was kill'd,
 And the hag's prophecy fulfilled.
 See there his cross-legged figure laid,
 And at his feet his horse's head.'

Cobham Hall.

This brave house, five miles west from Rochester, was the ancient seat and head of the barony of the illustrious and far-spreading family of Cobham, which became extinct in the time of the Commonwealth, and with whom, perhaps, the ancient nobility of Kent may be said to have

expired. The estate is now the property of the Darnley family, whose predecessor acquired it in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. Cobham Hall is built in the form of a half H, and the extremities of the wings are terminated with octagonal towers. The central part was designed by Inigo Jones in 1672; the wings, chiefly built by Brook, Lord Cobham, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, exhibit the dates 1582 and 1594, and have the later Tudor projecting mullioned windows, quaintly carved cornices, and ornamental doorways; but Jones's portion is a plain façade, with Corinthian pilasters. The southern front is eminently Elizabethan in character, and the rich tones of the red brick, contrasted with the variously tinted foliage surrounding the house, offer the finest studies of colour. The interior is elegantly fitted up, and has a very fine collection of pictures, mostly collected by the fourth Earl of Darnley; several belonged to the Orleans collection, and others came from the Venetian collection of Vettori: they are admirably described in Felix Summerly's *Excursions*, 1843, to which is appended a full catalogue. The park is nearly seven miles in circumference, and abundantly wooded: the oaks are very large and ancient; and here is a noble avenue of lime-trees, in four rows, extending more than 1000 yards. Of the chestnuts Strutt has published "The Four Sisters," which trees measured upwards of thirty feet in circumference. Near the south-eastern extremity of the park is a mausoleum chapel, erected at the expense of 9000*l.* Near the stabling is shown a richly painted and gilt state-coach, said to be that in which Mary Queen of Scots rode after her marriage with the Earl of Darnley.

The Church of Cobham is noticeable for its antiquity—its Perpendicular and lancet-windows—but, above all, for its magnificent brasses: side by side in the chancel are thirteen brasses, life size, recording the Cobhams and Brookes. The earliest is to the memory of Joan de Cobham, A.D. 1354; the latest to Thomas Broke, Dominus de Cobham, 1522. Among them is the monument of John, Lord Cobham, founder of the adjoining College. In addition to the above thirteen there are eleven other brasses in the Church to the memory of the masters of Cobham College. Felix Summerly has reprinted Weever's readings of the legends, corrected on the spot. On the chancel walls hang rust-eaten pieces of armour, including a helmet surmounted with a representation of a human head, which, according to village tradition, belonged to one of the lords of Cobham, who settled a pending dispute with some neighbouring noble in a trial by battle. The result was favourable to Cobham, who, as stated, at one blow struck off his adversary's head, and to signalize this feat adopted ever after a bleeding

human head for his crest. The recumbent figure, on a splendid marble tomb adjoining, with hands upraised in prayer, is pointed out as the effigy of the victorious noble. This is Sir George Brooke, Lord Cobham, governor of Calais in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary; who, in the first year of the latter sovereign, was disgraced, and sent to the Tower, charged with participating in the treasonable attempt of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Cobham suffered himself to forego the claims of kindred, and of common principles with his grandson, and gave the rebel so warm a reception when he essayed the seizure of Cowling Castle, that though the entrance gate had been forced by the cannon of the besiegers, they were yet compelled to retire the next night to Gravesend. When the excitement of the plot had blown over, and the axe had performed its office, then was the old Lord Cobham liberated, and suffered to return home to his favourite seat in this garden county of Kent.



Thurnham Castle.

Thurnham, called also, from the hill on which it stands, "Godard's" Castle, near Maidstone, is a curious example of a Norman Castle, placed upon what is evidently a British camp. The camp crowned the high point of a very steep spur, which juts out between a depression on the one side, and a small deep combe on the other, in the great escarpment of the lower chalk, about four miles east-north-east of Maidstone.

The Norman Castle occupied a platform close west of the mound, and probably included within the British camp. Here stand the remains of the gateway and court, but as a trace of masonry is still seen upon the mound, it may be that it was included in the enceinte wall, or that upon it stood one of the circular or polygonal shell keeps which sometimes, with the Normans, took the place of the ordinary square keep, especially where there was an earlier mound to be fortified.

Thurnham, or Turnham, occurs in Domesday, and was one of the numerous manors given by the Conqueror to Bishop Odo. On Odo's fall, it was granted to Gilbert Maminot by the tenure of castle guard under Dover Castle. The holders under Maminot were a knightly family, who took their name from the place. Robert de Turnham held it *temp.* Henry II., and founded Combwell Priory. Possibly he built the Castle, which is thought to have been dismantled at an early period.

*Shell
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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL & NORTH GATE.

Canterbury Cathedral.

After Westminster Abbey no ecclesiastical edifice in England is so conspicuous at once for its beauty, its antiquity, and the innumerable historical associations and almost immemorial traditions which cluster around it, as Canterbury Cathedral. In general interest it must ever hold the first place in the esteem of British nations. Here the first Christian church in England arose, and the advanced position achieved by Canterbury in the early times is still maintained. The earliest episcopal city in England, it is at the present day the *metropolis* or "mother city," upon which the other episcopal cities are in some sense dependent. Its archbishop, besides being "metropolitan," and having suffragan bishops subject to him—a privilege which is also enjoyed by the Archbishop of York—has the special distinction of being primate of all England, and first peer of the realm. No English cathedral so completely dominates over the surrounding town as that of Canterbury; and no religious house in Britain can assert a superiority over all other establishments of the same kind with the same claim of right.

The interest of this splendid foundation being thus of the highest order, it is with confidence that a brief sketch of its history, and a rapid survey of its historic associations and traditions, are offered to the reader.

Whoever was the actual founder of the church in Canterbury it has, at least, been well attested that two churches had been built by the Christianized Roman legionaries who occupied this part of the country, and had been used by them for the purposes of Christian worship. These structures were still standing at the time of Augustine's mission into Britain for the conversion of the British Saxons in 596, though many years before, the last of the Romans had left our shores to aid in defending their own country against the Goths.

But the celebration of the Christian worship was not extinct merely because the faithful Romans had departed. Ethelbert, King of Kent, had married Bertha, daughter of Cherebert, King of France. The Saxon King adhered to the heathen superstitions of his ancestors—the French Princess, like all the other members of the French royal family from Clovis downwards, remained a Christian. On the marriage of Bertha with Ethelbert, she stipulated

for the free exercise of her religion, and was accompanied by a chaplain and a number of minor ecclesiastics, who performed their devotions in one of the Roman churches referred to. It will thus be seen, that though the gloom of Norse superstitions still hung over the country, there was one spot in which a steady light still shone—one fold in which a "little flock" kept together by the Queen of Kent still assembled. The entire honour of having converted the whole of the inhabitants of Britain cannot therefore be awarded to Augustine, although all active and effective measures towards this end date from the period of his mission.

The story of the visit of Augustine to Britain, so picturesque and surprising in its incidents that it would read like a romance, did not the sacred character of the expedition itself, and the stupendous results which flowed from it, compel us to regard it in the gravest of lights, is too intimately connected with the history of the See of Canterbury to be passed over here without some notice. Pope Gregory the Great, prompted by his zeal for the propagation of Christianity, and compassionating the state of the Anglo-Saxons, then dwelling in the outer darkness of heathendom, resolved to attempt their conversion, and for this purpose commissioned Augustine and forty other monks to visit Britain, and carry with them the gospel of Christ. The monks landed in the Isle of Thanet, and a messenger having informed King Ethelbert of their arrival and of their purpose, that prince received them favourably—here we may trace the winning influence of the gentle Queen Bertha—and assigned them a residence in Canterbury, "the metropolis of all his dominions." Ethelbert was soon converted to the new faith, and subsequently manifested his piety and zeal by extending the privileges of the monks, securing to them their possessions in perpetuity by a charter, and giving them liberty "freely to preach and build and repair churches in all places." The Pope addressed a letter to the Kentish King, and accompanied it with presents. Augustine was directed to ordain twelve bishops in his own province, and to send one to York. At the same time the church at Canterbury was made metropolitan, and Pope Gregory declared it to be paramount to all others in the kingdom; "for," said he, "where the Christian faith was first received, *there* also should be a primacy of dignity." The ecclesiastical rank of the See is further confirmed by Boniface the Fifth, who, in a communication to Justus, the fifth in succession from Augustine, writes:—"We will and command you that the metropolitanical see of all Britain be ever

hereafter in the city of Canterbury : and we make a perpetual and unchangeable decree, that all provinces of this kingdom of England be for ever subject to the metropolitical church of that place."

Having given to Augustine and his followers the Christian church in which Queen Bertha worshipped, Ethelbert enjoined the clergy to continue in their monastic mode of life ; hence this establishment became what is called a "cathedral monastery," where the bishop was practically abbot, though the duties attached to the office were performed by a subordinate person, presiding more immediately over the monks. This monastery was governed according to the rules of St. Benedict, and was the first settlement of that order in Britain.

On the death of Ethelbert, and the succession of Eadbald, his pagan son, Christianity in England was threatened with almost total ruin. The reigning King of Kent had sunk into heathenism, pagan enemies raged on all sides ; the Bishops of London and Rochester, who had been appointed by Augustine, abandoned their charge and left the country, and Bishop Lawrence, Augustine's successor, was preparing to follow their example and forsake Canterbury. This catastrophe, however, was prevented by the occurrence of a miracle—real or pretended. In the light of legend the story of the miracle runs thus :—On the night before the day of his intended flight from Canterbury, Bishop Lawrence slept in the church. While he slept the Apostle Peter appeared, and after upbraiding him in no measured terms for his intention of deserting his flock, the vigorous vision proceeded to administer a most severe castigation to the prelate. Even this very active form of impressing advice upon an unwilling ear might have been disregarded by Lawrence had he not, on awaking, found that the dream which had been acting in his mind had been also dramatically performed upon his body. His shoulders he discovered to be rigid with weals, and severely lacerated. Much astonished, and not a little pained at what had occurred, the bishop repaired to the apostate king, Eadbald, and, laying bare his lacerated shoulders, he told the story of his vision. The King's doubts of the Christian religion vanished at the sight of the stripes, which could not be accounted for except as having been inflicted by miraculous agency, and he now gave that countenance and support to the infant church which he had formerly withheld from it.

The church of Canterbury had suffered much during the sack of the town by the Danes, on which occasion the Archbishop and

monks were all massacred. In expiation of this ruthless deed the Danish Canute caused the sacred edifice to be repaired, restored to the monks the body of their murdered Archbishop, and hung up his own crown as an offering in the nave. But this edifice was fated to undergo many vicissitudes, and in the troublous times of the Conquest it was completely burned down—its entire collection of the bulls and privileges that had been granted to it by successive Popes and Kings, being destroyed by the flames.

Of this first church, which may be named Augustine's Church, no fragment remains ; but certain memorials of the ancient Saxon building are traceable, as for instance in the *name* Christ's Church, (the old building consecrated by Augustine being named St. Saviour's) in the *crypt*, which occupies the site of the earlier one, and in the southern porch, which was the principal entrance of the former, as it is of the present edifice.

From its antiquity Canterbury Cathedral may be taken as an illustration of all the styles of architecture that have flourished in England, from the Saxon period to our own Victorian age. The diversity of the architectural features is naturally due to the successive restorations of the structure rendered necessary from decay, the accidents of war, fire, &c. Lanfranc (1070-1089) the first archbishop after the Conquest, finding his cathedral church completely in ruins, pulled down the few remains of his monastic building and reconstructed both church and monastery from their foundations. Under Anselm, the next archbishop, the choir was rebuilt in such a style of splendour that, according to William of Malmesbury, "it surpassed every other choir in England," particularly in the transparency of its glass windows, the beauty of its marble pavements, and the curious paintings of the roof. Under the next superior, Prior Conrad, the chancel was finished and decorated with so much magnificence as to warrant the name by which it was thenceforth known as "the glorious Choir of Conrad." With this latter restoration the church was considered finished, and it was dedicated, in 1130, in the presence of "King Henry of England, David King of Scotland, and all the bishops of England," the next famous dedication, says Gervase, "that had ever been heard of on the earth since that of the temple of Solomon."

It was in this church that Becket was murdered (1170); and it was in Conrad's choir that his body was watched by the monks on the night following.

In 1174, the church again suffered by fire, when the whole of the

choir was destroyed. In the restoration both French and English architects were consulted—the plans of William of Sens being eventually approved, and the work put into his hands. A fall from a scaffold, fifty feet high, interrupted the bold and artistic improvements projected, and in part carried out, by this architect, who was succeeded by William Anglus, or English William, under whom the choir and eastern buildings beyond it were completed in 1184.

Later improvements were carried out by Prior Challengden, who took down Lanfranc's nave and erected a new one with transepts (1378-1410), and by Prior Goldstone, who added the great central tower about 1495.

The Canterbury Cathedral of the present day consists either of portions or of the whole of the different structures erected by the architects just named, and the edifice thus exhibits specimens of nearly all the classes—ranging over an era of nearly four centuries—of pointed architecture, the principal being Transition, Norman, and Perpendicular. The continual enlargements and additions made to the main building arose principally from the circumstance that the church was continually acquiring valuable relics, for the display of which sufficient shrine-room had to be provided. But with all the alterations, it is to be remarked that the existing cathedral, although of such various dates, covers, as nearly as can be ascertained, the same ground as the original building of Lanfranc, with the exception of the nave, which projects to a greater length westward.

The southern side of the church presents various and diversified features, forms, and styles. It is of great length and height, and is divided into several dissimilar parts. The north side of the cathedral very nearly resembles the south in general arrangement.

The interior, however, will be found to be much more impressive and interesting 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 level of the nave by a flight of steps, another transept of larger dimensions, with two semicircular recesses on the east side of each, and two square towers to the west. East of the choir is the Trinity Chapel, with Becket's shrine, and the corona, with the monument of Cardinal Pole.

Canterbury stands alone among English and foreign cathedrals from the circumstance that the choir rises to a very unusual height above the crypt, and is reached by a stately and imposing flight of

steps. This magnificent and lofty approach, combined with the tall and massive piers breaking up from the pavement, like some natural forest of stone, has in every age elicited the admiration of visitors.

Among the lists of those who have done much to add interest to the cathedral of Canterbury must not be forgotten the name of the poet Chaucer. The "Canterbury Tales" have sent as many pilgrims to visit the ancient shrines of this edifice as the most sacred of its relics. But Chaucer, whose mind was in an artistic sense so subtle, and at the same time so singularly candid and direct, dealt with the materials which he had to hand with justice and fairness.

The shrine of Thomas à Becket was the chief attraction of pilgrims to Canterbury Cathedral during the middle ages; and but for the accident of the murder of the great archbishop here in 1170, this church would never have acquired its fame or its wealth or its lavish artistic decoration. It never would have become the Mecca of the English pilgrims but for this circumstance, nor probably would it have suggested the series of "Tales" in which so many generations have delighted. The murder of Becket was the most momentous and important event that ever occurred in connexion with the cathedral; and it is a notorious fact that the monks of Christ's Church converted the ghastly incident into a source of vast revenue and extended popularity. It is no wonder that the shrine and chapel were adorned with splendour, pomp, and parade; nor can we wonder much, considering the customs and the superstitions of the age, that "Canterbury Pilgrimages" were frequent and numerous. The paving stones round the shrine of "St. Thomas the Martyr" are said to bear evidences of the frequency of devotional kneeling, by being nearly worn through.

The immense value and ostentatious splendour of Becket's shrine are thus described by Erasmus, who saw it shortly after the dissolution. In a chest or case of wood was "a coffin of gold, together with inestimable riches, gold being the meanest thing to be seen there; it shone all over, and sparkled and glittered with jewels of the most rare and precious kinds and of an extraordinary size, some of them being larger than a goose's egg—most of them being the gifts of monarchs." Stow, in his annals of Henry VIII., describes it more minutely. He states: "It was builded a man's height, all of stone; then, upwards of timber, plain; within the which was a chest of yron, containing the bones of Thomas Becket,

scull and all, with the wound of his death, and the piece cut out of his scull layde in the same wounde. These bones (by the commandment of the Lord Cromwell) were then and there burnt. The timber-work of this shrine on the outside was covered with plates of gold ; damasked with gold weir, which ground of gold was again covered with jewels of golde, as rings ten or twelve cramptd with gold wyre into the sayde ground of gold, many of those ringes having stones in them ; broaches, images, angels, pretious stones, and great orient pearles. The spoil of which shrine in gold and pretious stones filled two great chests, such as six or seaven strong men could doe no more than convey one of them at once out of the church."

Among the illustrious persons who made pilgrimages to Canterbury may be noted Philip, Earl of Flanders, who visited the cathedral with a numerous retinue, and was met by Henry II. of England. Louis the Seventh of France visited the shrine in 1179, in a pilgrim's garb, and was also met by the superstitious English monarch. The French king presented a cup of gold, with the famous jewel called the *Regal of France*, which was seized by Henry VIII., and set in a thumb-ring. Perhaps the most memorable event connected with this place was the silly and disgustingly degrading penance which Henry II. voluntarily subjected himself to at Becket's shrine. The king, on approaching Canterbury, alighted from his horse, and walked barefoot about three miles over rough stones. He prostrated himself before the tomb, and remained some time in prayer, directing the Bishop of London to declare to the people that he was not accessory to the death of Becket. He then commanded all the monks to scourge him ; and he afterwards continued his prayers at the tomb, where he remained all day and night on the bare stones, and without food. He also had himself clad in sackcloth, and after paying his devotions, &c., to all the altars of the church, he bequeathed a revenue of forty pounds a year for wax candles to be always burning about the tomb. He then returned to London exhausted and ill, naturally.

Contrary to the received notion, Becket was not killed in front of the altar of Canterbury Cathedral ; he was slain in the choir confronting his pursuers, when they succeeded in arresting his flight upwards to the sacrosanct chapel of St. Blaise, in the roof of the Cathedral. The assassins had challenged him, on the part of Henry, in the course of the afternoon, and a long-continued angry altercation had passed between them in the presence of the monks, who surrounded their Archbishop, in his private chamber. When the murderers left to get

their arms, the monks hurried Becket by the cloisters into the church, in the vain hope of sanctuary. When Tracy, one of the assassins, attacked Becket, the latter grappled with and flung him on the floor of the choir. Fitzurse then struck at the Archbishop with his sword, but only wounded him slightly in the head; breaking, however, the arm of Grim, a German monk, which was raised to ward off the blow. Another sword-cut prostrated Becket, and then, as he lay, Tracy smote him with such force that he cut off the crown of his head, cleaving through brain and bone, and breaking his sword on the stone pavement. So ended the career of the Archbishop.

The Dean of Chichester (Dr. Hook) gives this picturesque description of the terrific scene, founded on a close study of authorities:—

“ His friends had more fear for Becket than Becket for himself. The gates were closed and barred, but presently sounds were heard of those without, striving to break in. The lawless Robert de Broc was hewing at the door with an axe. All around Becket was the confusion of terror: he only was calm. Again spoke John of Salisbury with his cold prudence—‘Thou wilt never take counsel: they seek thy life.’—‘I am prepared to die.’—‘We who are sinners are not so weary of life.’—‘God’s will be done.’ The sounds without grew wilder. All around him entreated Becket to seek sanctuary in the church. He refused, whether from religious reluctance that the holy place should be stained with his blood, or from the nobler motive of sparing his assassins this deep aggravation of their crime. They urged that the bell was already tolling for vespers. He seemed to give a reluctant consent; but he would not move without the dignity of his crosier carried before him. With gentle compulsion they half drew, half carried him through a private chamber, they in all the hasty agony of terror, he striving to maintain his solemn state, into the church. The din of the armed men was ringing in the cloister. The affrighted monks broke off the service; some hastened to close the doors; Becket commanded them to desist—‘No one should be debarred from entering the house of God.’ John of Salisbury and the rest fled and hid themselves behind the altars and in other dark places. The Archbishop might have escaped into the dark and intricate crypt, or into a chapel in the roof. There remained only the Canon Robert (of Merton), Fitz-Stephen, and the faithful Edward Grim. Becket stood between the altar of St. Benedict and that of the Virgin. It was thought that Becket contemplated taking his seat on his archiepiscopal throne near the high altar.

“Through the open door of the cloister came rushing in the four, fully armed, some with axes in their hands, with two or three wild followers, through the dim and bewildering twilight. The knights shouted aloud, ‘Where is the traitor?’ No answer came back. ‘Where is the Archbishop?’—‘Behold me, no traitor, but a priest of God!’ Another fierce and rapid altercation followed: they demanded the absolution of the bishops, his own surrender to the King’s justice. They strove to seize him and to drag him forth from the church (even they had awe of the holy place), either to kill him without, or carry him in bonds to the King. He clung to the pillar. In the struggle he grappled with De Tracy, and with desperate strength dashed him on the pavement. His passion rose; he called Fitzurse by a foul name—a pander. These were almost his last words. (How unlike those of Stephen and the greater than Stephen!) He taunted Fitzurse with his fealty sworn to himself. ‘I owe no fealty but to my King!’ returned the maddened soldier, and struck the first blow. Edward Grim interposed his arm, which was almost severed off. The sword struck Becket, but slightly, on the head. Becket received it in an attitude of prayer—‘Lord, receive my spirit,’ with an ejaculation to the saints of the church. Blow followed blow (Tracy seems to have dealt the first mortal wound), till all, unless perhaps De Morville, had wreaked their vengeance. The last, that of Richard de Brito, smote off a piece of his skull. Hugh of Horsea, their follower, a renegade priest surnamed Mauclerk, set his heel upon his neck, and crushed out the blood and brains. ‘Away!’ said the brutal ruffian, ‘it is time that we were gone.’ They rushed out to plunder the archiepiscopal palace.

“The mangled body was left on the pavement; and when his affrighted followers ventured to approach to perform the last offices, an incident occurred which, however incongruous, is too characteristic to be suppressed. Amid their adoring awe at his courage and constancy, their profound sorrow for his loss, they broke out into a rapture of wonder and delight on discovering not merely that his whole body was swathed in the coarsest sackcloth, but that his lower garments were swarming with vermin. From that moment miracles began. Even the populace had before been divided; voices had been heard among the crowd denying him to be a martyr; he was but the victim of his own obstinacy. The Archbishop of York even after this dared to preach that it was a judgment of God against Becket—that ‘he perished, like Pharaoh, in his pride.’ But the torrent swept away at once all this resistance. The Government inhibited the miracles, but faith in miracles scorns obedience to human laws. The Passion of the Martyr

Thomas was saddened and glorified every day with new incidents of its atrocity, of his holy firmness, of wonders wrought by his remains.”—*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.*

The well-known legend has it that evil befel the murderers by sea and land, and that no one of them ever after throve or prospered, and such was, indeed, the popular belief for nearly seven centuries. But the facts are totally different. Moreville, who kept back the crowd at the door of the choir, while the associate assassins were doing the King's will on Becket, lived and died Chief Justice in Eyre, north of Trent—that is to say, one of the principal judges of England. Tracy was created Grand Justiciary of Normandy, by Henry, within four years of the assassination. Fitzurse went to Ireland and founded the Celto-Norman sept, known as the Macmahons of the county of Wexford, and Bret, the fourth murderer, died in his bed in due course, after spending a long life in the enjoyment of his estates, in Devonshire, thus negating the historical justice.

The views of the character of Thomas à Becket have changed with the times. From the period of his death to the Reformation, his shrine in Canterbury Cathedral continued to be visited by crowds of pilgrims, whose offerings proved a valuable source of revenue. At the Reformation, the shrine was dismantled and plundered, and the name of the saint himself excluded from the calendar in the reformed liturgy. An entire revulsion of feeling now took place regarding him, and from the rank of a holy man and a martyr he descended, in general estimation, to the level of a presumptuous priest, and audacious rebel. This view of his character prevailed generally up to the present day, when a second revolution in public opinion took place; and à Becket has found several able eulogists, not only as an ecclesiastic, but in reference to principles of a different nature: motives of patriotism and resistance to feudal tyranny. These last mentioned views are advocated by M. Thierry and Mr. Froude, the former of whom regards à Becket in the same aspect that he does Robin Hood, as the vindicator of Saxon rights and liberties against Norman oppression; the latter sees in him a bulwark to the people against monarchical and baronial outrages, such as the power of the church often was in mediæval times. M. Thierry's view seems to be entirely fanciful; and neither in this light, nor in the view taken by Mr. Froude, is it possible to attribute to à Becket the character of a hero or a martyr; though as the former he must ever appear to parties who consider it impossible to exalt too highly the power of the church.

Archbishop Manning has declared that “St. Thomas died in defence of the law of England. As an Englishman he stood up for the law of

the land against the most atrocious, corrupt, and oppressive exercise of royal prerogative by one whom no English historian would venture to defend. The first article of Magna Charta is 'The Church shall enjoy its liberty.' That embodies and expresses the very cause for which St. Thomas laid down his life. That St. Thomas resisted the excess of royal power, interfering with the freedom of religion and conscience. Take one great example: the King claimed that no one should be put out of the church, by spiritual authority, without his leave. Another point was that in the election of bishops the persons should be chosen by his recommendation. The truth is that we have come to a time when the people of England and of Scotland have literally vindicated for themselves the very principle of spiritual liberty for which St. Thomas suffered."

In Canterbury Cathedral, which is considered the most monumental edifice of English history, are these memorials of the assassination of Becket. There is the Transept of the Martyrdom. There is the actual door by which Becket and the knights entered the church; next, the wall in front of which the Archbishop fell; and lastly, there is reason to believe that the pavement immediately in front of the wall is that existing at the time of the murder. It is a hard Caen stone, and from the centre of one of the flags a small square piece has been cut out, possibly as a relic. In front of the wall, and a portion of the pavement, was erected a wooden altar to the Virgin, called "*Altare ad punctum ensis*," where a portion of the brains was shown under a piece of rock crystal, and where were exhibited and kissed by the pilgrims the fragments of Le Bret's sword, which had been broken on the floor. The steps up which the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas climbed on their knees, and the indentations on the stones, yet tell of the long train of worshippers by which they have been mounted age after age.

In 1643, stately Canterbury lost much of the great window of the north transept, the gift of Edward II. and his Queen. In the centre of the window was Becket himself at full length, robed and mitred. This part was demolished in 1692 by Richard Culmer, called "Blue Dick," the great Iconoclast of Canterbury, who "rattled down proud Becket's glassy bones," with a pike; and who, while thus engaged, narrowly escaped martyrdom himself at the hands of a malignant fellow-townsmen, who "threw a stone with so good a will that, if St. Richard Culmer had not ducked, he might have laid his own bones among the rubbish."

There is in existence a beautiful Grace Cup, believed to have once belonged to a Becket, and the legends and initials upon it vouch for the tradition. Round the lid is the motto, "*Sobrii Estote*," with the letters

T. B. supporting a mitre. Upon the body the cup is chased "*Vinum tuum bibe cum gaudio.*" Round the neck of the top is the name "God Ferare," probably the name of the goldsmith. The Ivory Cup itself is very probably a relic of the great Archbishop himself; but the mountings are certainly of not earlier date than the latter part of the fifteenth century, if so early. The cup was presented by the valiant Admiral Sir Edward Howard to Catherine of Aragon. At the Queen's death it reverted to the Earl of Arundel, and can be traced in the family ever since.

SUSSEX.

Pevensey Castle.

The town of Pevensey, once formidable for its Castle and successful for its harbour, has dwindled to a village of some 200 inhabitants. It is situated upon a headland, about half a mile from the sea, in the level called the Marsh of Pevensey, about ten miles to the west of Hastings, and five from Eastbourne. It is surrounded by rich pastures and meadows, and is united to the village of West Ham by the remains of the great Roman *castrum*, the ancient Anderida, which, filled with Britons and Romano-Britons, held out for a long time against the Saxon invaders. It was the last stronghold of the Britons after the Roman legions had been withdrawn. The old chroniclers represent the place as utterly ruined, and its site not to be traced; therefore, some have doubted Pevensey to be Anderida, but it is well known that ancient writers, living some centuries after the events they wrote about, were not always correct in their statements; and the destruction of the inhabitants of a place, and its consequent desolation, were quite enough to qualify the exaggerated terms in which the overthrow of Anderida is spoken of. Antiquaries, from existing remains, and from earlier historical evidence, seem now, with one or two exceptions, to concur in identifying the Roman *castrum* with the station Anderida placed by the itineraries next to the west of the Portus Lemanis. ✓

The Saxon name of this brave old place was Pevensea, and the Norman Peovensale. Its first authentic mention in history is 792, when it was given, together with Hastings, by Berodaldus, one of the generals of King Offa, to the Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. In the reign of King Edward the Confessor it had only twenty-two burgesses, and yet the port was of sufficient importance to be ravaged by Earl Godwin and his son Harold, in 1043, when many ships were taken. In the bay of Pevensey, William the Norman, in 1066, landed with his army, a fleet of 900 ships, with 60,000 men, including cavalry, from Normandy, prior to the decisive battle of Hastings; and it was this port which Swaine, son of Earl Godwin, entered with eight ships on his return to England, after the abduction of the Abbess of Leominster. In the reign of Henry III. the port was still available, but it soon afterwards fell into decay, owing to the withdrawal of the sea.

Of the Castle, the outer work contains many Roman bricks, and much herring-bone work. The fortress was of great strength: it withstood the attacks of William Rufus's army for six days, protecting Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, who ultimately yielded only from want of provisions; and it afterwards successfully resisted the siege of King Stephen, who personally superintended the attack, but met with so gallant an opposition from Gilbert, Earl of Clare, that he was obliged to withdraw his forces, leaving only a small body to block it by sea and land. It once more resisted hostile attacks, when it was fruitlessly assailed, in 1265, by Simon de Montfort, son of the renowned Earl of Leicester. Again, when Sir John Pelham was in Yorkshire, in 1399, assisting Henry, Duke of Lancaster, to gain the crown, Pevensey Castle, left under the command of Lady Jane Pelham, was attacked by large bodies of the yeomen of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, who favoured the deposed King Richard, and was bravely and successfully defended by Lady Jane. The Castle remained as a fortress till the reign of Queen Elizabeth; two ancient culverins, one of which bears her initials, are yet preserved. In the Parliamentary Survey of 1655, the fortress was in ruins, and the ground within the walls was cultivated as a garden.

We have seen that Pevensey was the first scene of the Norman Conquest; the most momentous event in English history, perhaps the most momentous in the Middle Ages. 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.

Although Mr. Hussey prefers the tradition that Cæsar effected both his debarcations, in the two successive years of his invasions in Kent, as the most likely to be the *brevissimus in Britannium trajectus*, mentioned by him, Professor Airy concludes them to have taken place at Pevensey. If we adopt the Astronomer Royal's theory, it will increase our interest, as we stand beneath the herring-boned masonry of that gigantic ruin, to reflect that the two great conquerors of England here first leaped on English shore. Be this as it may, there are few places in England where the antiquary may spend a pleasanter day than Pevensey. The Castle of the "Eagle Honour," as it was called, from its long possession by the great Norman family of De Aquila, rises, a great mediæval fortress, in the midst of the walls of a Romano-

British city: for Anderida, the great city of the Andred's Wood, that covered much of ancient Sussex, was (there can no longer be much doubt) situated here. Courses of Roman tile remain in these ancient walls; upon which the Conqueror must have looked before he gathered his forces together and advanced along the coast to Hastings.*

The exploration of these remains was undertaken in the year 1852 by the two able antiquaries, Mr. Roach Smith and Mr. Mark Antony Lower, the leading result of which is as follows: The *castrum*, which encloses some dozen acres, is by far the most perfect Roman building in this country. Nearly two-thirds of the great wall, twenty-five feet in height, and nine in width, with huge solid towers, remains almost as perfect as ever, in defiance of time, of the ancient invaders, and of modern spoilers. On the side facing the sea there is a bank of considerable elevation, looking over a second of about half the height. It was inferred that these natural advantages were considered by the Romans a sufficient substitute for stone walls, especially if, as it is supposed, the sea flowed up to this side of the fortress. The excavations have, however, shown that the outer bank is, in fact, nothing more than an overturned wall, now buried many feet under the soil and herbage. On this side a small postern-gate was discovered, and one opposite to it in the north wall; the chief entrance is proved to have been the only one for carriages. The *castrum* includes a fine Norman Castle partly formed out of the Roman walls, the adaptation of which has been well developed by these researches.

Hastings Castle.

Hastings, the second in rank of the Cinque Ports, is a town of great antiquity; and, though vouched by tradition to have been built by Hastings, the Danish pirate, was most probably in existence long before his time. Arviragus, the British King, is said to have constructed a fortress at Hastings when he threw off the Roman yoke in the latter part of the first century. In the Saxon times it became a flourishing town, for King Athelstan, between 925 and 942, established here a royal Mint.

Standing on a rocky cliff upwards of 400 feet above the sea-level to the westward of the town, is the Castle; its site commanded the subjacent country, and was admirably situated for defence of Hastings, but it seems extremely probable, from the situation of the spot, it was

A very unpleasant character etc. etc.

a fortress in very early times, long before the coming of the Normans. The mortar used appears precisely similar to what may be seen in the old Roman walls still existing in the county, being composed of small flints and pebbles.

Who was the founder of the Castle has not been satisfactorily ascertained. It must have been a place of very high importance, as we find that, in the reign subsequent to the Conquest, that of William Rufus, 1090, almost all the bishops and nobles of England were assembled, by Royal Authority, at the Castle of Hastings, to pay personal homage to the King before his departure for Normandy. Although little is known of its first origin, its successive owners can be clearly traced, from the time of William the Conqueror, who bestowed it on the Earl of Eu, by one of whose descendants it was forfeited to the Crown, in the reign of Henry III. After several changes it was granted by Henry IV. to the Earl of Westmorland, with a reversion to Sir John Pelham. By Sir John Pelham it was conveyed to Sir Thomas Hoo, of Hoo, in Bedfordshire, afterwards created Baron Hastings by Henry VI.; and his descendants became Earls of Huntingdon. Henry, the last descendant of this family, afterwards sold it in the year 1591 for 25,000*l.* to Thomas Pelham, amongst whose descendants it has ever since remained.

The area included is about one acre and one-fifth. The walls, which are nowhere entire, average about eight feet thick. The gateway, now destroyed, was on the north side. Not far from it, to the westward, are the remains of a small tower, enclosing a circular flight of stairs; and on the same side, further westward, are a sallyport, and ruins of another tower.

As a fortress, the south, or sea-side, judging from its present appearance, would appear not to have had any other defence than what the height of the cliff afforded. As the cliff has been considerably removed, the Castle has doubtless gone with it. On the western side the fortifications consist 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 further south, has openings deeply splayed from within, with the remains of a sallyport. The eastern side, however, appears to have been rendered the most secure, for in addition to the towered gallery, portcullis, and semi-circular tower, there is a ditch sixty feet in depth and one hundred feet in width.

The north has, besides a gate, a sallyport and two towers, one round, with a circular flight of stairs, the other square. This gate had always

been supposed to be the site of the original gate; but on proceeding with the excavations along 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 Keep gate, and there is still remaining the groove for the portcullis, and the hooks on which the hinges of the gates were hung.

The Church of St. Mary, in the Castle, was also founded by Count Robert of Eu, as proved by one of the Records of the Court of Chancery, of the time of Henry I. or Stephen. St. Mary's was removed from its original position to another spot, where only a few ruins now remain to indicate what it once was. Rouse tells us that in 1094, King William held a great council in the Castle of Hastings, which stood below the cliff, upon a site which the sea afterwards overflowed; for the comparatively modern fort or Castle erected by William the Conqueror, was a distinct building from the Saxon Castle upon the cliff, and stood below the barrier, which was then, for the greater part, destroyed by the sea. In the fifth year of this King, therefore, they obtained the well known charter empowering them to indose the Castle and its precincts with walls, (so as to secure the Church from the irruptions of the sea.

The Church appears to have consisted of a chancel, side chapel, nave, and aisle, the total length being one hundred and ten feet. The bases, capitals, and other ornaments found amongst the fragments are of Norman architecture.

On the occasion of the interior of the Castle being excavated in the year 1824, the Chapel, with the chapter house, deanery, and other offices were discovered, also several stone coffins with skeletons.

These ruins are interesting as marking the site of a chapel in which Thomas à 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 of Canterbury.*

Of the details of the great event which has given Hastings a world-wide fame, it may suffice to say that, on Edward's death and Harold's accession to the throne, William assembled a formidable expedition in the vast estuary of the Somme, overlooked by the old town of St. Valeri, that weighed anchor from Noyelles-sur-Mer; he crossed to Pevensey Bay and disembarked at Pulverhythe. The stone on which tradition says he dined is still preserved in the Subscription Gardens of St. Leonard's. Hastings, it may be influenced by Remigius

* Mr. Gant: Proceedings of the British Archaeological Association, 1867.

* for Anselm see Green - p. 73

of Fécamp, opened its gates, though it would appear that there were some isolated attempts at resistance and consequent devastation, as we see in the Bayeux tapestry a burning house close to the Castle hill, which it is natural to suppose was set on fire by the invaders, and not the work of an incendiary. The lines of his camp can still be traced in the field to the north of Lady Jocelyn's villa, immediately adjoining St. Michael's parish. He ordered—to quote the words on the tapestry—that a Castle should be dug at Hastings Chester, and underneath the words is the picture of the Castle on the summit of the hill where it stands. The Castle in the picture may have been, as Mr. Planché suggests, one of the wooden Castles the Conqueror brought with him; but it was, of course, only temporary, and was soon replaced by the massive walls of the present structure, which, as the composition of the mortar and other details show, must have been commenced about this period. As at Pevensey, the Norman Castle was placed within the area of the older works.—*Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, 1867.

Battle Abbey.

Battle derives its name from the memorable fight in 1066 between William, Duke of Normandy and Harold, King of England, and is built upon the actual spot where the battle was fought. In the year succeeding the victory, a Benedictine Abbey was founded here by William the Conqueror in commemoration of his triumph, who endowed it with extraordinary exemptions and privileges, and is said to have offered up at the altar his sword and royal robe which he wore on the day of his coronation. He founded the Abbey with the double view of atoning for the slaughter of the field, and of evincing his gratitude to heaven for his success. Motives of superstition appear to have combined with piety in inducing him to this measure; for a *Sanguelae*, as the Normans termed it, or *bloody fountain*, is affirmed to have sprung up here after every shower, crying to the Lord for vengeance for the immense efflux of Christian blood that had been shed upon the spot. Remigius, one of the monks of Fécamp, actually accompanied William on the battle-field, encouraged him to build Battle Abbey, and was made Bishop of Lincoln as a reward for his great services.

The establishment was designed on a vast scale; the immediate precincts of the Abbey being a mile in circuit, and the buildings themselves of corresponding magnificence. King William intended it for 140 monks, but his death prevented the completion of his design. He

settled here, however, a considerable body from the Benedictine Monastery of Marmontier, in Normandy, and was himself present at the consecration of the Abbey Church, which is reported by some writers to have been built on the very spot where Harold was slain, or, according to others, where his gorgeous standard was taken. This splendid prize, displaying the figure of a fighting warrior, sumptuously wrought with gold and precious stones, the Conqueror sent to Rome, as a present to the Pope. It is related that the Duke, as he reposed after the battle, dreamed that he heard a voice which said to him—“Thou hast conquered; seize upon the crown and transmit it to a long posterity.”

Among the privileges and immunities granted by the Conqueror to the Abbey was the right given to the Abbot of pardoning any condemned thief whom he should casually pass by or meet going to execution. The Conqueror granted the monks all the land within the compass of three miles round the Abbey, together with the manor and royal customs of various places. The Abbots of Battle, holding their lands of the King per baronium, were privileged to sit in Parliament.

The site of the Abbey at the Dissolution was granted to one Gilmer, who, after pulling down many of the buildings for the materials, sold the remainder, with the estate, to Sir Anthony Browne, K.G., whose descendants converted a portion of the edifice into a dwelling house. This was afterwards enlarged by the Websters, who, early in the last century purchased the estate of Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, and made it their chief seat. At the Surrender, the State sword of the Abbey, fabricated for Abbot Lodelow, in the reign of Henry VI., was delivered to Sir John Gage, K.G., one of the Commissioners: it is now in the Meyrick collection of armour.

Some of the remains of the Monastery are preserved in the mansion of the Websters, which is placed on a gentle rise, bounded by woody hills, saving in front a valley winding towards the sea at Hastings. The Abbey was mostly rebuilt in the times of the later Henries, and formed a vast quadrangle. The grand entrance gateway is the most perfect part now remaining: it is square, embattled, with octagonal turrets at each angle, and has in front a series of pointed arches and pilasters; the roof has been destroyed. Some remains of the monastic offices, with square windows and embattled parapets, adjoin the entrance. The Abbey Church has been destroyed. Parts of the cloister arches remain, as do the ruins of the monk's refectory, with a detached hall, now used as a barn, of great extent, in which, it is supposed, the tenants of the Abbey were entertained. The hall has twelve long Pointed windows

on one side, and six on the other. Beneath is a crypt curiously vaulted, with elegant pillars and arches. Several great vaults remain, in which the provision and fuel of this splendid foundation were once stored. Here was formerly preserved the so-called Roll of Battle Abbey, believed to be a list of those eminent persons who accompanied the Conqueror to England, with other lords and men of account, and which list was prepared by the monks, that perpetual prayers might be offered for them, and especially for those who were slain in the battle. Others believed it to be a list of *families* who became settled in England at the Conquest. Holinshed and Stow have both printed copies of the Roll, but very different from each other. Camden says: "Whosoever considers this Roll well shall find it always to be forged, and those names to be inserted, which the time in every age favoured, and were never mentioned in the notable record of Domesday." Camden, however, seems to have entertained a notion that there was *some* primitive list made at Battle, but lost.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., has examined this suspected document very minutely, and he concludes that no bede roll of the army was ever prepared; nor was any list of the Duke's host prepared for purposes less formal and important than to be used in the devout solemnities of the place; and that if such a roll ever did exist it has long ago perished, as well as all copies of it or extracts from it. Still, Mr. Hunter does not deny there are several lists of persons or families who are said to have come in with the Conqueror, descended to us from times long before the Reformation, though not according to him near the time of the Conquest; nor does he affirm that one or more of those may not have been the work of some private monk of the monastery; though there is no possibility of determining which of several lists is the work of a monk of Battle. Mr. Hunter has examined the ten reputed lists, which differ in many respects from each other, are merely conjectural, and come to us without any authority worthy of regard. It has been the good fortune of Battle Abbey to have afforded ever since the Dissolution a place of residence to persons of distinction; and the remains have been valued almost as a sacred possession, and never more than in our time; so that Professor Lappenburg has jeopardized his high historical reputation in writing "All the visible monuments of the battle of Senlac and the Conquest of England are no more; crumbled and fallen are the once lofty halls of Battle Abbey, and by a few foundation stones in the midst of a swamp are we alone able to determine the spot where it once reared its towers and pinnacles." How much there is that is mere rhetoric in this, hundreds of tourists can testify.

There is some traditional account of the Roll which it may be interesting to add. The original Roll compiled by the monks of Battle was hung up in their Monastery beneath some Latin verses, of which the following English version was formerly inscribed on a tablet in the parish church of Battle:—

“ 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. Celict's Day,
The year thereof (1066) this number doth array.”

When the Montague family sold Battle Abbey they went to reside at their other seat, Cowdray near Midhurst, and thither the Roll is thought to have been carried. Cowdray was destroyed by fire in 1793, when the Roll is presumed to have perished, with everything else of value which that lordly edifice contained. It must, however, also be surmised that the purchaser of the Abbey would part with so precious a document as “ the Roll ”—if such ever existed.

Bramber Castle.

Bramber is a decayed village in Sussex, which contains no other mark of its ancient importance than its ruined Castle, the history of which is strangely chequered by fatalities. At the period of the General Survey in William the Norman's time, the Castle was the property of William de Breose, who besides was possessed of forty manors in the county. The family held their estates by the service of ten knights' fees for some generations. But in the year 1208 the loyalty of several of the nobility being suspected, King John sent to require hostages of them, and William de Breose's children were demanded. These were not only refused, but his wife added this remark, that “ she would not trust her children with the King who had so basely murdered Prince Arthur, his own kinsman.” John, irritated at this reply, attempted to have the family seized, but they withdrew themselves to Ireland. They were afterwards taken prisoners there, from whence they were sent over to England and starved to death in Windsor Castle by the tyrant's orders, all but William, who escaped to France, but did not long survive the above catastrophe. The insatiate King, seizing the estates of the fugitive, gave them to his own son, Richard, but restored a portion to William de Breose's son, Reginald. John, his heir, dying by a fall from his horse, in Henry the Third's reign, that prince's brother took charge of the Castle again ; but this was only during the minority of

the son of the deceased, to whom it was surrendered when he became of age. At length it devolved to the family of Mowbray, but was forfeited by John de Mowbray together with his life to Edward II., when he joined the nobles against the Spensers; it was restored by Edward III. to his son, who attended him to France. By the death of John, Duke of Norfolk, who fell fighting for Richard III. in Bosworth Field, the Castle and manor being forfeited again to the Crown, were given to Thomas Lord Delaware and his heirs.

Bodiam Castle.*

* This Castle was founded by Sir John Dalyngrudge, of East Grimstead, a gallant soldier in the wars of Edward III., and of a company of Free Companions; he having married the daughter and heiress of John de Wardiew, who had brought him in dowry the manor of Bodiam. In 1350 he was appointed one of a great commission to inquire into the estates of the realm, and the expenses of the household of the youthful King; and in 1385 he obtained permission from Richard II. to erect the Castle on the estate of his wife; he was also made Governor of the Tower and Custos of London; but, being suspected of being too lenient to the Londoners, he was soon superseded.

b The licence to fortify the Castle bears date 1385, and is the first and almost only instance of leave being given to make a *Castle*. The term, "for resistance against our enemies," was no idle one; for the French had, within the last twenty years, repeatedly ravaged the neighbourhood of Hastings, Fairlight, and Winchelsea; eight years previously had besieged the valiant Abbot of Battle in that town; and in 1380 they burnt Rye, Winchelsea, Hastings, and Portsmouth.

c ✓ The Castle, then, is situated on the north bank of the river Rother, and is surrounded by a perfect moat, which is crossed on the north side by a causeway: on this was formerly placed a barbican, of which some ruins still remain. This was an advanced work strengthened with a portcullis, and was of such size as to contain a sufficient number of men to prevent a surprise. It was also commanded by the entrance towers. Between the barbican and the Castle was the drawbridge.

* Abridged from an able paper, by J. C. Savery, Esq., in the *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, Dec. 31, 1868, Bodiam is interesting as a Castle combining at once the palace of the feudal lord and the fortress of the knight. The founder, who had passed most of his best years in France, had, no doubt, there learned the art of making his house comfortable as well as secure.

The Castle itself, which we now approach, 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 square towers rise to an equal height with the circular.

The gateway is a majestic structure, composed of two flanking towers, defended by numerous oilets for arrows, embattled parapets, and deep machicolations, whence stones and other missiles could be hurled on the heads of an attacking force. Immediately over the gateway are three shields (recently covered by ivy), bearing the arms of Bodiam, Dalyngrudge, and Wardieu. The ancestral arms were often placed over the principal entrance of a Castle, to denote the descent of the owner. Above this was the crest of the Dalyngrudges—a unicorn's head. A huge portcullis still frowns grimly over us as we enter a vaulted chamber, about thirty feet by ten, at the intersections of the groinings of which are openings into chambers above, through which melted lead, pitch, oil, or water could be showered down on assailants below; for, the first door and portcullis being passed, there was another, half way through the passage, and yet a third, to be overcome before entrance could be obtained into the court-yard. Mr. Lower—no mean authority—says, "I do not recollect any other instance of such multiplied defences in the gateway of a Castle of this period." Having passed through the gateway we perceive that the latter half of the passage supported a balcony. The southern side of the quadrangle, opposite, is occupied by the windows of the great hall, with oriel, passage, and the still remaining elegant windows of the buttery and kitchen. The whole courtyard was surrounded by buildings, usually of two stories in height. Turning to the left as we enter the quadrangle we find a fine series of chambers, which were probably the apartments of the officers of the fortress, and one smaller on the corner which communicated with the north-east tower. These towers had each three stories of hexagonal-shaped chambers.

Proceeding southward, we next come to the chapel, which was lighted by a window of three lights over the altar (which still remains in a dilapidated condition), and probably by a larger one, looking on to the courtyard. Next the chapel comes the residence of the owner of the Castle; the first apartments we enter have been termed the bower, and such was probably the application. They were probably the rooms in which Dame Elizabeth Dalyngrudge received her lady guests (*circa* 1390), and in which she spent her spare time, surrounded by her maidens, engaged in embroidery or other household employment, which, with the lute and song, whiled away the hours. The principal sleeping

There were three towers - the 3 towers were the 3 towers

apartments were on the first story, or in the square tower, in one room of which are two curious stone cupboards, which were probably used for depositing deeds, jewels, or other valuables. Yet more south was the presence-chamber, in which the guests assembled previous to entering the banqueting-hall. This was always adorned with the richest tapestry, and embroidered cushions, the work of the ladies of the family; it, as well as the hall, had usually an oriel or bay window. Beyond this was a room, probably the private apartment of the Lord of the Castle, and at the south-east angle we find the principal round tower, with a groined basement. The hall was a noble room, 40 feet by 24 feet, at the upper end of which was a raised platform or dais, on which the lord and his principal guests dined. At one end of the dais was a window, and in a corner behind the bay-window was the buffet, where the plate used at table was kept. Other tables and benches were placed on the floor of the hall, which was covered by rushes, for the retainers and guests of a lower degree. The roof was of oak, or chestnut, and in the centre was a small turret or aperture to carry off the smoke from the fire which was placed in the centre of the floor on a raised hearth. The walls were covered with tapestry, to about five feet from the ground. The principal entrance to the hall was at the lower end, where a space was parted off by a screen, extending the whole width of the hall, and supporting a gallery in which minstrels played during the feast. In the centre of the screen were double doors, communicating with the kitchen, buttery, &c. The buttery-hatch consisted here of three arches, through which the viands passed from the kitchen to the hall. The buttery was so called, because the butts and bottles of wine which were required for the table were kept there, not because butter was made there, as absurdly stated in one Dictionary of Architecture. The minor divisions of the buttery, pantry, and cellar which probably existed here are just traceable. We now pass on to the kitchen, a fine room 18 feet square, with two huge fireplaces, which no doubt blazed merrily on many a festive occasion. Our forefathers enjoyed good living, and though their dishes varied much from those we are in the habit of seeing, their mode of cookery did not differ much. Chaucer says—

“ A Cook they hadden with the nonce,
 To boil the chikenes and the marrie bones;
 And Poudre marchant, tart, and galingale;
 Wel coude he knowe a draught of London Ale,
 He coude roste, and sethe, and broil, and frie,
 Maken mortrewes, and wel bak a pie.”

Such, then, was Bodiam in the day of its power, although now there

is little more presented to our view than the outer walls, covered with ivy. In the first century of its existence it passed into the hands of Sir Thomas Lewknor, who, having opposed the usurpation of Richard III., was attainted of high treason, and the Castle was besieged by the royal forces, under Thomas, Earl of Surrey. The earthworks in the field north of the Castle are probably due to this period. After the overthrow of Richard at Bosworth, Sir Thomas's attainder was of course reversed, but it was not until 1542 that his son obtained full possession. From that time till 1643 the Castle remained in the hands of the Lewknors, who, however, never resided there; and in that year it was destroyed by the Parliamentary forces, under Waller, who, after he had taken Arundel Castle, despatched soldiers to take away and sell all the materials of the castles of the Royalists of Sussex. Since that period Bodiam has gradually crumbled before the power of rain, frost, and storm; still, even now, above two hundred years after its ruin, enough remains to show the substantial manner in which the feudal lords of the time of the Black Prince raised their mansions.

Arundel Castle.

Of the town of Arundel, on the river Arun, a short distance from the sea, the most striking feature is the ancient Castle, which gives to its possessor (now the Duke of Norfolk) the title of Earl of Arundel. This instance of a peerage attached to the tenure of a house is now an anomaly. Mr. Planché, Somerset Herald, in his paper on the Earls of Sussex, says, "in 1067, the Conqueror having established himself on the English throne, passed over to Normandy, whence he returned, after a short stay, with his queen, Matilda; and it was on this occasion that he was accompanied by Roger de Montgomery, whom he is said to have made first Earl of Arundel, and subsequently Earl of Shrewsbury. Here, then, we have one of the most early instances of the title of Earl being derived from, or attached to, a small town, not even the principal city in the county; and what is more remarkable, although we find him occasionally styled Earl of Chichester, the title of Arundel appears to be the one originally conferred upon him; and the name and dignity of Earl of Arundel was solemnly decided, in the reign of Henry VI., to belong to the possession of the Castle of Arundel, the tenure of which was determined to constitute the earldom without any other form, patent, or creation whatsoever."

From Domesday Survey we gather that the Castle of Arundel, in

the time of King Edward the Confessor, yielded forty shillings for a mill, twenty shillings for three entertainments, and twenty shillings for a "pasty," which was suggested to mean a herring-pie, as Yarmouth paid for a thousand herrings for the see of Chichester in the time of Henry II. We see, therefore, that there was a Castle at Arundel in Saxon times; and it is asserted that the gift of this Castle and the honours to Roger de Montgomery constituted him Earl thereof. Of his successors we have only space to notice that Brooke, the York Herald, relates an absurd legend, invented, no doubt, to account for the lion rampant in the arms of William de Albini, Earl of Arundel and Sussex. In a joust held at Paris he behaved himself so valiantly that the Queen Dowager of France fell in love with him, and desired him in marriage, which he refused, saying that he had already given his word and faith unto another lady in England. This denial the Queen took in evil part, and contrived to get him into a cave in her garden where she had caused a lion to be put to devour him, which, when he saw, he furiously set upon him, thrusting his arm into the lion's mouth, pulling out his tongue; which done, he conveyed himself into England and performed his promise to Queen Ælidis. In token of this valiant and noble act, William assumed to have for his arms a lion *gold*, in a field *gules*, which his successors ever since have continued. To this story, Vincent replied, tauntingly, that he had heard of a similar tale of one that, thrusting his arm in at the mouth (of the lion) took him by the tail and turned him the wrong side outwards. Mr. Planché, Somerset Herald, believes the lion to have been assumed in consequence of the marriage of the Earl with the widow of King Henry I., in whose reign we have the earliest authentic evidence of golden lions being adopted as a personal decoration, if not strictly an heraldic bearing.

In 1139, the Empress Maud was hospitably received at Arundel Castle, after her landing at Little Hampton, by Adeliza, relict of Henry I. King Stephen, apprised of her movements, appeared suddenly before the Castle with a well-appointed army. The Queen Dowager sent him this spirited message: "She had received the Empress as her friend, not as his enemy; she had no intention of interfering in their quarrels, and therefore begged the King to allow her royal guest to quit Arundel, and try her fortune in some other part of England. But," added she, "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." Her request was granted, and the Empress retired to Bristol.

In 1397, at Arundel Castle, Richard, Earl of Arundel, with his

brother, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Gloucester, the Earls of Derby and Warwick, the Earl Marshal, his son-in-law, the Abbot of St. Albans, and Prior of Westminster, were accused of plotting to seize the person of Richard II., and to put to death all the Lords of his Council. The Earl of Arundel, on the evidence of the Earl Marshal, was executed.

Arundel Castle stands high, upon a steep circular knoll, partially artificial, and commands a sea-view as far as the Isle of Wight. The entrance gateway, with drawbridge and portcullis, was originally built in the reign of Edward I., and some of the walls and the Keep are of the ancient Castle. In the Civil War between Charles and his Parliament, the fortress was held and garrisoned by the latter. It was, however, taken by Lord Hopton, in 1643, surrendering to him at the first summons; and two months after it was suddenly retaken by Sir William Waller. From that time it continued in ruins until its restoration was completed by Charles Howard, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, in 1815, at the cost of more than half a million of money. The Keep is a circular stone tower, sixty-eight feet in diameter, with a dungeon in the middle, a vault about ten feet high, accessible by a flight of steps. We have described several Keeps in this work, but we believe that of Arundel to be the most perfect in England. Its stately owls must ever command respect, and are better known than the Arundel tenure.

“Barony by tenure implied that the owner had got it by the sword, or in reward for bravery, and that what he had got by the sword he would hold by the sword. Title went with lands; but the last time this fact was recognised was in 1433, when Sir John Fitz-Alan, holding the town and Castle of Arundel, claimed to be Earl of Arundel by such tenure, and the claim was admitted, although only, it seems, through a special Act of Parliament. Sir John was one of our soldiers in France, where the Regent Bedford made him Duke of Touraine; he lost a leg in the wars, and he was first buried at Beauvais, in 1435. One Elton, an Englishman, brought the body home, at an expense of 1400 marks. As the family refused to reimburse that sum, Elton kept the body in pawn for about a score of years till it was at last redeemed and ceremoniously buried in the chapel at Arundel. The tomb was opened in 1859, and then bystanders saw the old warrior, without his leg, the losing of which had helped him to a French dukedom.”—*Finlason's Hereditary Dignities.*

Hurstmonceaux Castle.

Hurstmonceaux, or the Wood of the Monceaux (a Norman family), never since the Conquest changed owners by purchase till 1708. It is about five miles distant from Pevensey, and seven miles south-east of Battle, the site of the Conquest. A higher antiquity is, however, claimed for the site of Hurstmonceaux; for, beneath a print of the Castle, engraved in 1737, we find it described as near the *Caer Pensavel Coit* of the Britons, whence we infer Pevensey. The former place was called Hyrst by the Saxons, from its situation among woods; and Sussex having been, from the earliest times, one of the most luxuriantly wooded districts of England, we find the name of *hurst* given to other places in the county besides Hurstmonceaux; as *Billinghurst*, *Buckhurst*, *Coolhurst*, *Crowhurst*, *Danehurst*, *Hurst* Perpoint, *Lamberhurst*, *Medhurst*, *Nutburst*, *Ticehurst*, and *Wakehurst*; and Hurst is the name of one of the old Sussex families.

Soon after the arrival of the Normans, the present Hurstmonceaux became the seat of a family, who, from the place, took the name of De Hyrst, or Herst. From the posterity of Walleran de Herst, who assumed the name of Monceaux, (which name also has from that time been annexed to the place,) it came by marriage to the Fiennes, by one of whom the Castle was erected.

One of the possessors of Hurstmonceaux came to a mournful end in 1524, in a heedless night fray, in stealing a neighbour's deer. The Castle was built by Sir Roger Fiennes in 1440. He was summoned to Parliament, and declared Baron Dacre in 1458. In 1484 he died, leaving his grandson, Thomas, only twelve years old, his heir. He seems to have been a disreputable character, for he was committed to the Fleet Prison on the charge of harbouring suspected felons, and for negligence in punishment of them. The next Lord Dacre, his grandson, in 1525, succeeded to his grandfather's great wealth at the age of seventeen. His education appears to have been much neglected, and although he was introduced at Court, and married at an early age a lady of noble birth, a Neville, daughter of the Earl of Abergavenny, he was evidently a reckless, if not a profligate young man. Holinshed, the chronicler, describes how "three gentlemen, John Mantell, John Froude, and George Roidon, and others, accompanied by Lord Dacre, passed from his house at Hurstmonceaux to the park of Nicholas Pelham, Esq., at Laughton, in the same county of Sussex, in the night, where they intended to hunt; and at a place called Pikhaie, they found three men quarrelling; & fray

ensued, between Lord Dacre and his three companions, and the three others, one of whom received such hurt that he died thereof in two days (May 2). Whereupon, Lord Dacre, and his three companions, and divers others, were indicted for murder. Lord Dacre was tried by his Peers, and found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. On the eighth of June, 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 2 o'clock in the afternoon, which caused many to think that the King would have granted his pardon. Nevertheless, at 3 o'clock in the same afternoon, he was brought out of the Tower, and delivered to the Sheriffs, who led him on foot betwixt them unto St. Thomas Waterings (near the second milc-stone, or what is now called the Old Kent Road), where he died, as did the other three gentlemen, Mantell, Frowdys, and Roydon. Lord Dacre was not past four and twenty years old, and "being a right towardlie gentleman, and such a one a manie had conceived great hope of better prooffe, no small amount of lamentation was made; the more, indeed, for that it was thought he was induced to attempt such follie which occasioned his death, by some light heads that were then about him."

Archdeacon Hare asserts that it is difficult to make out the extent of Lord Dacre's criminality, and thinks "the law was strained in order to convert him into an accomplice;" but Mr. M. A. Lower, in the *Sussex Archæological Collections*, vol. xix. 170-279, has shown by documents and illustrations that "this young nobleman, of ancient and illustrious ancestry, perished ignobly, the victim of his own follies." That he was put to death at the instance of certain courtiers who gaped after his estate, is a statement utterly destitute of proof, and the record shows no evidence of unfairness or injustice in the proceedings.

Mr. Lower notes how many persons of station in the neighbourhood were unjustly sought to be involved in this foul transaction. Sir Nicholas Pelham, a man of high county reputation, was thus aggrieved. The scene of the tragedy was not at Laughton; for Sir Nicholas kept his herd of deer seven miles distant. There is no evidence whatever (says Mr. Lower) of any personal ill-feeling between the Knight of Laughton and the Lord of Hurstmonceaux. But the young peer, reckless of reputation and the future, ventured upon this expedition without the slightest desire of slaying his neighbour's gamekeeper. The affair must, however, have been premeditated, since ten days intervned between the meeting at which this attack upon Sir Nicholas Pelham's deer was arranged and

the accomplishment of the purpose.* “Mrs. Gore, in her tragedy, *Dacre of the South*, has made him the victim of the tyranny and jealousy of the high-spirited knights whom he had undoubtedly wronged. It must have been a painful position for Sir John Gage, who lived at Firle, within a few miles of Lord Dacre, and who must have known the young nobleman intimately, to be the instrument, among others, in the execution of his office as Constable of the Tower, in bringing him to justice and to death.”

Hurstmonceaux Castle was of brick, with window and door-cases, copings and water-tables, of stone; and as bricks did not come into general use until the fifteenth century, this must have been one of the earliest brick buildings (after the Roman period) in the country, and described by Horace Walpole as having remained to his time in its “native brickhood, without the luxury of whitewash.” Cowdray, towards the north-west corner of the same county, also of brick, was built in the reign of Henry VIII.; but this rather resembles an embattled mansion than a Castle. This employment of bricks is singular, seeing that good stone is found in the county. Hurstmonceaux Castle continued in the Fiennes, till with Margaret, granddaughter of Thomas Lord Dacre, it passed to Sampson Lennard, Esq., whose descendant, Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex, lived much here; but a few years before his death he sold it, and about 1777, all except the principal entrance was taken down, and the best materials used in building a mansion in the neighbourhood.

Two towers, eighty-four feet high, flank the principal doorway, over which was formerly, within a compartment, the alant or wolf-dog sejant, holding the banner of Fiennes. The corbels of the parapet are tolerably perfect; but the machicolations have disappeared, except from the wall of the wing to the left. Judging from this fragment, the entire Castle must have impressed the traveller with the magnificence of feudal state, in which “*safe bind*” seems to have been the leading maxim. The age of the Castle is less than four centuries; but, from its substantial materials, (for brick is much more lasting than is commonly supposed,) it would have remained for ages a characteristic of the wealth of the early lords of Sussex, had it not been dismantled.

Gough, in his additions to Camden, describes the Castle and its three courts: the hall and chapel and kitchen, which reached to the upper story; and its oven in the bakehouse, fourteen feet in diameter. Under the eastern corner was an octagonal room, formerly a prison,

* The *locus in quo* of this murder is well known,—at the bottom of two fields, and near the River Cuckmere, in Hellingly Wood.

having in the middle a stone post with an iron chain. Staircases curiously constructed of bricks, without any wood work, led to the galleries, in each window of which was painted the alant or wolf-dog, the ancient supporter of the Fiennes arms. The grand staircase occupied an area forty feet square.

The style is Perpendicular, or Tudor; and this was probably one of our latest built *Castles*, properly so called; for about this time, or earlier, embattled manor-houses became common, and the fortress gave place to the castellated mansion; which was, in its turn, rendered better adapted to the wants and conveniences of more peaceful times.

Cowdray House.

Very near to Midhurst, in Sussex, which probably received its name from being in the midst of woods (*burst* being a Saxon word for a wood), are the remains of Cowdray House, once the splendid seat of the family of Montague. Reduced to its present state by the accident of fire, and not by the hand of time, it still presents a fair front, and might be mistaken for a habitable mansion, standing in a noble park of 800 acres, abounding in fine old trees, particularly Spanish chestnuts.

There was anciently a manor-house at Cowdray, belonging to the Bohuns; but it afterwards became the property of the Crown, and was granted by Henry VII. to John Lord Montague. On the division of his property it passed to Lucy, his third daughter, whose second husband was Sir Anthony Brown, a person of ancient family and Grand Standard Bearer of England. William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, the son of this lady by a former husband, was the founder of Cowdray; and W.S., the initials of this nobleman, may be seen carved in stone on the ceiling of the entrance porch. On his dying without issue the estate went to his half-brother, Sir Anthony Brown, whose son, the first Viscount Montague, greatly improved and enlarged the house.

This noble residence was twice honoured by a visit from royalty. King Edward VI., in 1547, in a letter to a friend, speaks of Cowdray as "a goodly house of Sir A. Brown's," where he was "marvellously, yea rather excessively, banketted." And there is an old printed description of the "honourable entertainment" given to Queen Elizabeth, at Cowdray, by Lord Montague in 1591, when she was addressed as "The Miracle of Time," "Nature's Glory," "Fortune's Empress," "The World's Wonder!"—and stepping from the sublime to the ridiculous,

it states that on the following day she was "most royally feasted; the proportion of breakfast was three oxen, and one hundred and forty geese." During the week of the Queen's stay, she killed three or four deer with a crossbow in the park, and received addresses from persons disguised as "pilgrims, with their russet coats and scallop shells," and "wild men clad in ivy," and "anglers at goodly fish-ponds." On going through the arbour to take horse for Chichester, Her Majesty knighted six gentlemen, including my lord's second son, Sir George Brown. It may appear remarkable, that, though a determined Papist, he should have received such marks of esteem and confidence from Elizabeth as are implied by his being appointed as her ambassador to Spain, and by her gracious visit at his family mansion.

Lord Montague also brought a troop of two hundred horse to the Queen at Tilbury, commanded by himself, his son and grandson, "when Europe stood by in perfect suspense to behold what the craft of Rome, the power of Philip, and the genius of Farnese could achieve" by the invincible Armada "against the Island Queen, with her Drakes and Cecils."

In wandering over the park at this day, we can scarcely imagine that we look upon the very trees under which sat the lion-hearted Queen. Cowdray was built in the form of a square, in the centre of which was the gate, flanked by two towers. There were throughout the mansion ten bucks, life size, each bearing a shield with the arms of England, and under it the arms of Brown; besides others with small banners of arms supported by their feet. The hall and staircase were pictured with the story of Tancred and Clorinda from Tasso.

The parlour was adorned by Holbein, or his pupils. There were two long galleries, in which were, coloured in stucco, the twelve Apostles, life-size; and many family pictures, and sacred and historical pieces, some brought from Battle Abbey. The paintings on the walls were saved during the Civil Wars in the time of Charles I., by a coat of plaster laid over the stucco; but one of the officers quartered here, exercising his weapon against the wall, broke out of one of the groups the head of Henry VIII., which was afterwards replaced.

This beautiful and massive structure was destroyed by fire, September 24, 1793, through a charcoal fire left by a workman, when no individual member of the building escaped injury except the kitchen. The ruins of the west side of this magnificent mansion contain the most perfect traces of the general architecture, and exhibit proof of its amazing strength. Within the quadrangle, and about the premises, lie several fragments of sculpture and broken columns, presenting to

the reflective mind fit emblems not only of human glory departed, but of the fate which, even at the time of the lamentable loss, yet impended over the family, by a sad coincidence exemplifying that

“ When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions !”

A few weeks after this stately pile was destroyed, the noble owner, the young Viscount Montague, during the life of his mother, and before the intelligence of the fire could reach him, was drowned, together with his fellow-traveller, Mr. Sedley Burdett, brother of Sir Francis Burdett, in rashly venturing to navigate the falls of the Rhine, at Schaffhausen, in October, 1793. The present family residence is at Cowdray Lodge, a small but elegant house in the park, about a mile from the ruins.

Sir Anthony Brown was a gallant soldier of fortune, who experienced more of the favour of Henry VIII. than fell to the lot of any other subject. In the fourteenth year of Henry VIII. (1523), he was knighted for his valour in the assault and taking of the town of Morlaix in Brittany, when, with the Earl of Surrey, Lord High Admiral, he conveyed from Southampton the Emperor Charles to the port of Biscay, and this seems to have been the commencement of the good and great fortune he enjoyed in his lifetime. We also find through Holinshed, that two years after, being one of the esquires of the King's body, he was one of the challengers during the feast of Christmas before the King and his Court assembled at the Palace of Greenwich for jousts and tournaments and other feats of arms; the following year he was made Lieutenant of the Isle of Man and the other islands belonging thereto, during the minority of the Earl of Derby, whose family continued to hold sovereign rights in Mona till the Civil War ended them by the fall of the island into the hands of the Cromwellians, after Lady Derby's heroic defence.

In 1539, King Henry made Sir Anthony Master of the Horse, a post considered of a very high character in those days; this office was not a permanent one, but the King, lavishing great favour on Sir Anthony, made him Master of the Horse for life. We have elsewhere spoken of King Henry's grant to Sir Anthony of “ the house and suite of the late monastery of Battle in com. Sussex, to him and his heirs and assigns for ever,” the greatest evidence yet offered to him of his sovereign's continued regard.

Another instance of the attachment exhibited by Henry towards Sir Anthony Brown may be found in the fact, that in 1540, four years

after his marriage with Jane Seymour, who died in childbirth, he entrusted to Sir Anthony the somewhat delicate task of representing him at the Court of John of Cleves, whose sister Anne, Henry had agreed to marry, as she was a Protestant princess, and it suited Henry's views at that time to consider himself one also. At Cowdray Castle, before the fatal fire which destroyed that palatial residence many years afterwards, there used to be a portrait of Sir Anthony Brown, in the court suit which he had donned for the occasion of personating his master as bridegroom when he was acting as proxy for him after the marriage ceremony had been performed, one leg being arrayed in white satin for the purpose of being thrust into the bed of the princess, in token of the real husband's rights over his wife.

Horace Walpole, who was at Cowdray Castle in 1749, describing the portrait of Anthony Brown in his wedding proxy suit, thus remarks after his quaint and satirical fashion. "He is in blue and white; only the right leg is entirely white, which was robed for the act of putting into bed to her. But when the King came to marry her, he only put his leg into bed to kick her out," using, by the way, expressions of a most unkingly character, which Walpole discreetly omits.

Sir Anthony died on May 6, 1548, at Byfleet House, Surrey, which he had built for himself. He was buried in the ancient family vault at Battle Abbey, where, in the chancel, is the noble tomb of white marble, once ornamented with gold and colour, although little of either now remains. Two recumbent figures are on the top of the tomb, which is of an altar character. Sir Anthony in his mantle, with collar and star, as a Knight of the Garter, is in full armour, his head resting on a helmet, and at his feet a greyhound, chained and gorged with a coronet of gold. His first wife, Alice, daughter of Sir John Gage, is by his side in robes and coif, her head resting on a cushion, beneath a handsome and very rare canopy, which to this day attests the full beauty of its design and execution. At her feet is a small dog with a collar. Underneath, in compartments, are coats of arms of the families of Brown and Gage, ornamented with several cherubs curiously cut in marble and painted; and around and about the upper edge of the tomb is an inscription recording the date of the death of Lady Alice, but oddly enough leaving out the date of his own, which has led many to believe the tomb was ordered in Sir Anthony's life-time.

Lloyd thus sums up the character of this great man, of whose interesting exploits and romantic history a considerable volume might be written. "Three things facilitate all things; 1. knowledge, 2. temper, 3. time. Knowledge our knight had, either of his own or others

whom he commanded; in whatever he went about, laying the ground of matters down in writing, and debating them with his friends before he declared himself in council. A temperance he had that kept him out of the reach of others, and brought others within his. Time he took, always driving, never being driven by his business, which is rather a huddle than a performance when in haste; there was something that all admired, and which was more, something that all were pleased with in this man's actions. The times were dark, his carriage so too; the waves were boisterous, but he the solid rock or the well guided ship that could go with the tide. He mastered his own passions, and others too, and both by time and opportunity; therefore he died with that peace the State wanted, and with that universal repute the statesmen of these troublesome times enjoyed not."

From a *Booke of Order and Rules*, preserved in MS. at Easebourne Priory, and, no doubt, saved from the fire at Cowdray, we gain a curious insight into the mode of life of a nobleman of position and power in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Here is a most amusing scene:—

"Ten o'clock has just struck, and the household is mustering in the magnificent Buck Hall, it being 'covering time,' or the hour for preparing the tables for dinner. The steward, in his gown, is standing at the uppermost part of the hall, over against his appointed table, surrounded by most of the chief officers and some visitors; occasionally also travellers, who had availed themselves of the hospitality of those days. The tables are neatly covered with white cloths, salt-cellars, and trenchers, under the supervision of the usher of the hall. The yeomen of the ewry and pantry, conducted by the yeoman usher, pass through to the great dining chamber. When they arrive at the middle of that room they bow reverentially (although no one else be present), and they do the same upon approaching the table. The usher, kissing his hand, places it on the centre of the dining-table, to indicate to his subordinate of the ewry, who kisses the table, where the cloth is to be laid. The yeoman of the pantry then steps forth, and places the salt, trenchers for my lord and lady, rolls, knives "hafted with silver," and spoons, making a little obeisance, or inclination of the head, as each article is laid down, and a low bow when he has finished. The trio then severally make solemn reverences, and retire in the same order as they arrived. Next in succession comes the yeoman of the cellar, who dresses the sideboard or buffet (cup-borde) with wines, flagons, drinking-cups, and such vessels as are consigned to his charge. The yeoman of the buttery follows him, and brings up beer and

ale, and arranges the pewter pots, jugs, and so forth, on the sideboard or buffet."

The dinner-time has now fully come, and the lord's commands being taken by a gentleman usher, who knocks respectfully at the door of his lord's apartments, the dishes, with great state and careful watching, are carried forward, and placed upon the table in the dining chamber, where, soon after, the viscount leading the viscountess, and followed by their gentlemen and gentlewomen, proceed to their seats at the table, and the banquet begins.

Lewes Castle, and Priory.

Sussex is thickly studded with objects of antiquity, few of which are better known than the remains of the ancient Castle of Lewes. Of the town, the records commence with the Roman sway, when Lewes is thought to have been a station; and large quantities of Roman coins have been found here at different times.

The origin of the Castle is said to have been a considerable time before the Conquest, and has been attributed to Alfred. Athelstan established two Mints at Lewes, considered to be an indication of great consequence at that period. The town and its suburbs had formerly thirteen churches, which are now reduced to six.

The Castle is chiefly remarkable for having had *two keeps* raised on mounds, and enclosed within its walls: one at the western extremity remains tolerably perfect, and hangs, clothed with ivy, over a street of the town. Very little of the original architecture of the fortress is, however, to be seen, the building having been modernized in its repairs. A large square tower at the entrance, probably of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, with machicolations, is probably the most ornamental feature of the structure. The great gateway is still entire.

"Mount Harry" perpetuates the discomfiture of Henry III. by the insurgent barons, under De Montfort, at the battle of Lewes, on the 14th of May, 1264. Mr. Blaauw has given us a minute account of it: how Prince Edward, with his division of the Royal army, was victorious in the early part of the day, but lost it by pursuing too far the Londoners to whom he was opposed, and bore an especial grudge, for having "insulted the Queen his mother on her way by water one day from the Tower to Windsor, and thrown stones and dirt at her;" how the Barons were ordered to wear white crosses on their backs and breasts, to show they fought for justice; how the King was routed and fled to

the Priory, and the Prince remained with the Barons as an hostage for the performance of the treaty they agreed on; how the "Mise" of Lewes was carried out, and how Prince Edward afterwards escaped by the swiftness of his horse, and avenged his father at Evesham.

"Here stood for many ages the wealthy and magnificent Priory of Lewes, founded by William of Warren, to whom the Conqueror had given his daughter Gundreda in marriage. The noble patrons had set out in a spirit of religious fervour on a pilgrimage to Rome, but were diverted from their purpose by the wars then raging between the Emperor and the Pope. So they turned aside to the famed monastery of Cluny, and prevailed on the good Abbot there to send them over a bevy of monks to take charge of their new institution. Straight the stately structure arose, and for five centuries received countless treasures into its coffers, so that it became the wealthiest foundation in the south. Then came the great reverse—the Dissolution; and all its greatness passed away and was forgotten,—all but a slab forming Gundreda's marble tombstone, richly sculptured in bas-relief, which was found about a century ago in the chancel of a neighbouring church. The discovery of its most interesting monument was reserved, as in so many other cases, for humble instruments. The land had passed through the compulsory clauses of a Railway Act into the unromantic clutches of the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Company, and the navvies scraped their pickaxes by chance one day against the veritable leaden coffins of the noble founders. Lewes, ever the head-quarters of Sussex archæology, was in a ferment, and so was the county. A fitting receptacle was soon devised for the bodies. They had been found in the parish of Southover (and certainly may be said to have gained a legal settlement there, if anywhere),—in Southover they should remain. A small Norman chapel was accordingly built—'Gundreda's Chapel'—adjoining the mother-church; and there lie the coffins side by side, open to any one to inspect. The beautiful black tombstone is reclaimed, and laid decently on four encaustic tiles."—*M. A. Lower.*

Twenty years after the recovery of the bones of Gundreda from the Priory remains, the coffin of the youthful daughter of the Danish King Canute was discovered at the Saxon church of Bosham, near Chichester, during some excavations in front of the chancel arch. Beneath a slab of stone was found a small stone coffin. On the lid, 7 in. thick, being raised, the form of the child could be distinctly seen. The figure was 3 ft. 9 in. in height; the bones, although reduced to a white dust, could be traced. No jewellery was found. Tradition had long pointed to this spot as the burial-place of the youthful Princess.

Gundreda
↓
daughter
of Wm

✓ ✕

Canute
✕ daughter

Chichester Cathedral.

"Chichester Cathedral," says Southey, "is a very interesting pile on many accounts, and a much finer building than books or common report had led me to expect." The original edifice was founded about the middle of the eleventh century, and finished before the close of it. It was burnt down in 1114, and after being restored was a second time partially destroyed by fire in 1186. The greater part of the original building, however, remained uninjured, so far at least as the walls and arcades were concerned. Seffrid II., who was bishop in 1199, resolved to engraft a new superstructure on the old walls, and to give to that superstructure the architectural character in style and ornament which prevailed at the time. The result was that in Seffrid's additions there is much more lightness and symmetry than in the original structure. The work was completed about the year 1204, at which time Chichester Cathedral may be described as consisting of the nave with its single aisles; the centre arcade with its low tower and transept; and the choir. To these many additions, including that of a spire, were made during the three succeeding centuries.

Occupying a confined area in the middle of a parish churchyard, and surrounded by buildings, this cathedral is peculiarly unfortunate in site and elevation. The tower with its spire, which exhibited both magnificence and beauty in a more or less distant view of the city, produced but a tame effect when viewed from the immediate precincts. So great also was the demolition of the external architecture of the cathedral by Cromwell's Ironsides during their occupation, and so careless and inartistic the manner in which the restoration was conducted, that the general appearance of the edifice has suffered more than that of most cathedrals with a similar history.

The nave, which in its original simplicity must have had a fine effect, has suffered in modern times by restorations. Its proportions have been dwarfed and its tone deteriorated by the scrolls and flowers in fresco and gaudy colours with which Bishop Sherborne (16th century) caused it to be "adorned." Here are also to be seen a number of escutcheons with legends in the Gothic character, such as—"Manners makyth Man, Quoth William Wykeham." This cathedral is, after York, the broadest in England—its nave being 91 feet broad, while that of York is 103 feet.

It is to be presumed that this cathedral remained in a perfect state, as to repair and embellishment, until the middle of the seventeenth century. But its glory was then destined to depart from it—at least for many generations. On the 29th December, 1642, the Parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller gained possession of the city. Respecting the injury done to the cathedral by the ruthless soldiery on this occasion, an eye-witness, then Dean of Chichester, gives the following statement:—"Sir William Waller entered the church on St. Innocents Day, 1642. The marshall and some other officers having entered the cathedral-church, went into the vestry; there they seized on the vestments and ornaments of the Church, together with the consecrated plate, &c.; they left not so much as a cushion for the pulpit or a chalice for the sacrament. Having in person executed the covetous parts of the sacrilege, they leave the destructive and spoiling part to be finished by the common soldiers. These breaking down the organ and dashing the pipes with their pole-axes, scoffingly said, 'Hark! how the organs goe?' They break down the rails of the altar and the tables of the commandments; and no wonder that they should break the commandments in representation, who had before broken them all over in their substance and sanction. They then stole the surplices and tore the prayer-books; defaced and mangled the kings and bishops as high as they could reach. One of them picked out the eyes of King Edward the Sixth, saying that all this mischief came from him when he established the Book of Common Prayer. After the public Thanksgiving on the Sunday following, the sermon being ended, they ran up and down the church with their swords drawn, defacing the monuments of the dead, hacking and hewing the seats and stalls, and scratching the painted walls: Sir W. Waller and the rest of their commanders standing by as spectators and approvers of these barbarous impieties. Sir W. Waller, wary man as he is, and well known not to be too apt to expose himself to danger, stood all the while with his sword drawn, and being asked by one of his troopers, what he meant by standing in that posture, answered, 'To defend himself!'. . . Sir Arthur Hazlerigge demanded the keys of the Chapter House; and having received intelligence from a treacherous servant of the church, where the remainder of the church plate was, he commanded the soldiers to take down the wainscot, they having crowes for that purpose. Which, when they were doing, Sir Arthur's tongue was not enough to express his joy; it was operative at his very heels

by dancing and skipping ! Marke ! what musicke it is lawful for a Puritan to dance to !”

Between 1677 and 1680, 1680*l.* having been contributed for the purpose, the restoration of Chichester Cathedral was begun.

Among the monumental remains of this edifice are to be noted a number of exquisite tablets by Flaxman. One of these, in memory of Collins, a native of Chichester, represents the poet sitting pensively, in one of those intervals of relief from the malady that darkened his later years, and bending over the pages of the Bible, while his lyre and his manuscripts lie neglected by his side. The design is no less happy and appropriate than the execution is perfect in its broad simplicity and Grecian grace. To the beautiful tablet is appended Hayley’s fine epitaph, concluding with the lines—

“ Who joined pure faith to strong poetic powers,
Who, in reviving reason’s lucid hours
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deemed the Book of God the best.”

The allusion in the last line is to the anecdote related by Doctor Johnson, who, in his biography of Collins, states that the poet, toward the evening of his day, withdrew from study, and retained no other book, as a constant companion, but the English Testament. When Johnson took up the book, out of curiosity to see what “guide, philosopher, and friend” a man of letters adhered to so exclusively, Collins remarked, “I have but one book ; but that is the best.”

The “restorations” of Bishop Sherborne, of which mention has already been made, resulted in something much more serious than the burlesquing of a nave, solemn in tone and massive in proportions, by a series of feeble scrolls and “lively” paintings. The spire of the cathedral, which was added toward the end of the fourteenth century, sprang from the central tower, resting upon the usual piers. But Bishop Sherborne, finding occasion to construct a number of choir stalls, cut away the lower portions of the north-west and south-west piers supporting the central tower, for the purpose of obtaining additional space. The whole superincumbent mass of the tower and spire were now supported partly by piers and partly, where the piers had been tampered with, by mere wooden props. When the recent restoration of the cathedral was commenced in 1859, it was consequently found that the piers of the central tower were very insecure. During the following year the piers were still further weakened by the unavoidable strain of the

works of restoration. Cracks began to appear in them, the arches above were disturbed, and finally, during the gale of the 21st February, 1861, "the rubble which formed the core of the south-west pier began to pour out, a fissure was seen to run like lightning up the spire, and almost in an instant, the whole sunk gently down, like the shutting up of a telescope," the vertical position, however, being maintained to the last. No loss of life attended this untoward accident, which, however, might have happened any time these two hundred years, and when the building was full of people.

It was immediately resolved to have the spire rebuilt. 25,000*l.* was soon subscribed, chiefly by the gentry and clergy of Sussex, and large additional sums subsequently flowed in. The foundations of the new piers were laid at a depth of thirteen feet in a bed of concrete, and consist of blocks of Purbeck stone laid in cement. The cathedral has a rich choir, and portraits of the English sovereigns from the Conquest to George I., and of the bishops down to the Reformation. The present spire, it may be added, is 300 feet high.

HAMPSHIRE.

Winchester Castle and Palace.

Winchester is one of the most ancient towns in England: its origin is lost in the fables of tradition. The Britons are said to have called it *Caer Gwent*, or the White City; the Romans, by whom it was first subdued, named it *Venta Belgarum*; the Saxons, who were the next possessors, named it *Witanceaster*, which has become Winchester; in Latin deeds and by the Latin writers, it is called Wintonia. It flourished under the Romans, who enclosed it with massive walls of flint and mortar.

The Castle of this city has been celebrated for some centuries past, as having been founded by the renowned British King Arthur in the year 523. This, however, is a palpable error, that has arisen from confounding the history of the city with *Caer Gwent*, or *Winchester of Monmouthshire*, an ancient city which has long been destroyed, and which appears to have been actually the residence of Arthur. The former was in 519 conquered by Cerdic the Saxon, who afterwards made it the seat of his government; and it continued to be the capital of the West Saxons till Egbert, the first King of the whole Heptarchy, was crowned here, and then it became the metropolis of England. It was frequently plundered and in the possession of the Danes. In 934, Co-brand, a gigantic Dane, was killed here in single combat by Guy, Earl of Warwick. In 1002, at Winchester, began the general massacre of the Danes, by order of Ethelred the Unready; when every woman throughout the kingdom murdered her Danish bedfellow, by maiming him in the hamstrings, or by cutting his throat; in memory of which event a festival called Hocktyde was annually observed. It nevertheless continued to be the capital of the successive Saxon Kings till 1013, when Sweyn, the Danish King, obtained possession of England, and Winchester became the seat of his government. Three years later, Canute became sole King.

After the Norman Conquest Winchester continued to be the capital. It was surrounded by strong walls; and William the Conqueror built a Castle on the west, though there must have been a Castle previously,

since, in 1066, the degraded Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, was confined here by order of William; another Castle was subsequently erected for the residence of the Bishop, on the east; there were also an extensive palace, and numerous mansions of the nobility; a cathedral, three monasteries of royal foundation, and a very large number of churches. The Castle was enlarged and strengthened by King Stephen, whose army, in 1142, recovered it from the Empress Maud, after a long and severe siege, when, to save herself from being taken prisoner, she caused herself to be carried out as a corpse, in a leaden coffin. In the Civil War, at the end of King John's reign, the Castle was taken by the French Dauphin and the confederate Barons, though it appears to have resisted the fury of the latter, when they afterwards sacked the city, in the reign of John's son and successor, Henry III. It was afterwards made use of as a state prison, and for holding the Assizes of the itinerant judges; though it continued to be also a royal palace, whenever the Sovereign resided in Winchester, as was always occasionally the practice, until within a few late reigns. On one occasion, Henry III. here acted the part of a judge in a despotic manner, by ordering the Castle gates to be suddenly shut upon the principal inhabitants there assembled, impanelling a jury on the spot, in order to discover the numerous and powerful criminals who laid waste the neighbourhood, and cast the jury hard bound into the dungeon beneath the Castle, for prevaricating in their verdict. At Winchester was Henry III. when a most desperate band of robbers and murderers was captured. The King sat in person as judge, and upwards of thirty-three were executed. Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., was born at the Castle; and Henry VIII. entertained here the Emperor Charles V. When James I. ascended the throne, he bestowed the Castle, in fee simple, upon Sir Benjamin Tichborne, of Tichborne, near this city, and his heirs for ever, as a reward for his service in proclaiming him in this county. In the great Civil War it was strongly garrisoned for the King, and commanded by Lord Ogle; but at length, in 1645, it was taken, after a week's siege, by Oliver Cromwell, who dismantled and almost destroyed it. What remained of it was conferred by the Parliament upon Sir William Waller, who was one of their partisans and generals. He was also brother-in-law to Sir Henry Tichborne, the real owner of it, whose other property, as well as this, they had previously confiscated for being a Royalist and a Catholic. Either this Sir William or his son of the same name, sold the chapel to certain feoffees, for the purpose of a public hall for the county of Hants, and the rest of the Castle to the corporation of Winchester. Nothing,

however, can be more clear, than that the whole of these transactions must have been considered as invalid at the Restoration; nevertheless, different causes, the chief of which was his professing the Catholic religion, prevented Sir Henry Tichborne, who by this time had succeeded his father Sir Richard, from recovering this part of his property, though he continued still to keep up his claim to it.

King Charles II. undertook to build a modern palace within the precincts of the ancient Castle; but this resolution contributed more than even the violence of Cromwell to the disappearing of the ancient Castle. Whatever habitable remains existed on that spot or neighbourhood were demolished, to afford materials for the new building, which, however, was never completed, but the structure, of considerable extent, was used as a prison.

⊙ (Was the present "Hall" ever part of the "C")

King Arthur's Round Table, at Winchester.

"And so great Arthur's seat ould Winchester prefers,
Whose ould round table yet she vaunteth to be hers."

DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion*.

✓ Conspicuously upon the interior eastern wall of the County Hall at Winchester hangs the celebrated painted Table of King Arthur, the true history of which has long been a disputed question with antiquaries. Tradition attributes the foundation of the Castle to King Arthur; and the legendary bards affirm that the large oaken table now shown as the chief curiosity of the place is the identical board round which that monarch and his celebrated knights assembled in the fortress he had founded; but the Exchequer Domesday shows that William I. erected the Castle at Winchester, in the situation in which exists it remains, including the County Hall, in which the Table hangs.

? ⊙ Mr. E. Smirke, who has taken great pains to illustrate its history, is not aware of any distinct reference to the Round Table before the reign of King Henry VI. or Edward IV., when Hardyng, the poetic historian, alludes to the Table of Arthur as "hanging yet" at Winchester; but this mention is not to be found in the earliest manuscript copy of Hardyng. The Table was shown to the Emperor Charles V. on his visit to Winchester, in 1522; and in the foreign accounts of Henry VIII. we find "an entry of 66*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.* for the repair of the court of the Castle of Winchester and the round Tabyll." Again, the Table is referred to by a Spanish writer who was present at the

? But this is cate, "painted" work. Is there

marriage of Philip and Mary, as the Round Table constructed by Merlin.

The Table, as we now see it, consists of a circle, divided into twenty-five green and white compartments radiating from the centre, which is a large double (Norman?) rose. In the middle of the upper half of the circle, resting upon the rose, and extending to the double edge, is a canopied niche, in which is painted a royal figure, bearing the orb and sword, and wearing the royal crown. Around the centre rose is a circle inscribed with black letter, except where it is broken by the base of the niche and the sitting King. There are also names inscribed in six of the white compartments, as well as in the circle around the compartments, of which, however, this circle is rather a continuation, in colour and form corresponding to the several divisions, each bearing a name. To what period these names are to be referred, Mr. Smirke leaves those to decide whose critical acquaintanceship with the cycle of the Round Table romance will enable them to state the sources from which those names are borrowed. But there is no doubt that, whatever retouching the Table may have undergone (especially in the royal figure, which Mr. Smirke believes to have been painted within the time of living memory), the form of the letters and general decorations of the Table, even if we had no extrinsic evidence, would indicate a date not later or much earlier than the reign of Henry VIII. The Table is made of very stout oak plank, and is larger than the roof and the floors of the rooms in the Eddystone Lighthouse; and considerably larger than the ground-plot of the parish church of St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Wight.

The Arthurian Romances, as the traditional histories of King Arthur are termed, have been much investigated of late years. The origin of all the Arthur Romances M. Paris sees in the Breton lays sung by harpers in France, put together and arranged by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and seized on eagerly by the French romance-writers of the twelfth century, tired of the fierceness of the earlier *Chansons de Geste* of the Charlemagne cycle, and longing for more courteous, amorous, chivalresque heroes and their dames. To Geoffrey, M. Paris also assigns the "Vita Merlini," and treats him most rightly as the immediate source of all the splendid stream of Arthurian fiction, wherever its hidden springs may lie.

The theory that King Arthur was a Northern ruler, which Mr. Glennie has illustrated so fully, receives further confirmation from some independent investigations of the well known antiquary, Mr. Scott Surtees, of Spretborough. He identifies Blaise (= wolf in Welsh)

and his inseparable Merlin with Lupus and his companion St. Germanus, and shows a most curious parallelism between the prophet and the saint. He puts Arthur on the Gwent, where he finds the remains of very large earthworks; and there also puts the Gwent-ceaster, which has been supposed to be the Hampshire Winchester.

Mr. Surtees further asks, May not the Round Table have been the chief tribunal or superior court of justice? Now, "Pest is the seat of the chief judicial tribunals of Hungary; they are called the Königlische Tafel (Royal table, or Court—*Curia Regia*) and Septemviral Tafel; so termed because originally composed of seven members, but now extended to the Palatine, four prelates, nine magnates, and seven nobles. It is the Supreme Court of Appeal in the kingdom."*

Wolvesey Castle.

At a short distance north-east from Winchester College, are the remains of the episcopal Palace and Castle of Wolvesey—so called from the tribute of wolves' heads imposed upon the Welsh by King Edgar, and ordered to be paid here. Soon after the Conquest, it became a place of great strength and importance in the hands of Bishop De Blois, and successfully withstood a siege by the most able generals of the age, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and David, King of Scotland, who were forced to retire from it in confusion. Henry II. dismantled it on ascending the throne; but it still continued a "castelle or pallace well tourid," until the final destruction of Winchester as a fortified city by Oliver Cromwell, who reduced the Castle to a heap of ruins which it continued ever since. That portion which remains belonged to the keep or principal part of the Castle, forming an imperfect parallelogram, which extended about 250 feet east and west, and 160 feet north and south. The wings of the building were fifty feet deep. It was composed of cut flints and very hard mortar. The walls, as may still be seen, were of an amazing thickness, and extended to the City Bridge on one side, and to the King's Gate on the other, being everywhere fortified with towers at proper distances. The junction of the north and east wings, which is the most entire morsel in the whole mass, exhibits a specimen of as rich and elegant work as can be produced from the twelfth century—the pellet ornament, triangular fret, capitals, and corbel bust, admirably executed, still remain. In the centre of the north wing is a gateway, with a pointed arch, leading into a garden, in which portions of the iron hinges may yet be seen. The only part of the ancient edifice

* Contributions to the *Athenæum*.

which escaped destruction is the episcopal chapel, which is modern, and is destitute of every species of ornament. ✓

When the King's palace and other great buildings were erecting in Winchester, the munificent Bishop Morley began raising a noble edifice under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, upon which he spent 2800*l.* of his own money before he died. Sir Jonathan Trelawney, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, completed the work, and the episcopal palace was the most perfect and elegant modern building in the city; but the greater part of it was taken down.

We have referred to the tribute of wolves' heads, whence Wolvesey was named. It appears that in the year 951, at Winchester, King Edgar ordered 300 wolves' heads to be delivered to him annually at the Castle; and commuted the punishment of offences to the delivery of a certain number of wolves' tongues in proportion to the offence. ✓
By these laws the extirpation of these beasts of prey was effected.

Manor of Merdon, and the Cromwells.

Between three and four miles from Winchester, on the south-west road, leading to Romsey, and in the extensive parish of Hursley, is the ancient Manor of Merdon, which, with the episcopal Castle built on it by Bishop De Blois, belonged to the see of Winchester till the reign of Edward VI., by whom it was given to Sir Philip Hobby, knight, a statesman of considerable eminence. It was strongly fortified, and surrounded by a double entrenchment: parts of it were inhabited so late as in the year 1601. The only existing remains is a portion of the dungeon or keep, on the north side of the inner area. The ancient Castle well, which in depth and dimensions was not less than that in the Castle of Carisbrook (9 feet wide and 300 deep) still remains; but when the site of the Castle and entrenchments was thrown within the boundary of the park by its late possessor, the well was arched over. On the ramparts many fine trees, particularly yews, are now growing. From Sir Philip Hobby, who built the old manor house, the estate passed through different hands, till it descended to Richard Cromwell, son of the Protector Oliver, in virtue of his marriage with Dorothy, eldest daughter of Richard Major, Esq. Here Richard resided during the life of his father, and hither he retired for a short period previous to the Restoration, and to his voluntary exile on the Continent, where he lived in poverty, little known or thought of, nearly twenty years; his son, Oliver, having claimed a right to the Manor,

under the marriage settlement of his mother, in which Richard quietly acquiesced. On his son's death, however, he put in his claim to his former possessions, and obtained them by legal process from his daughters, who considered themselves the heirs of their brother, and refused to deliver them up. During the trial, Mr. Cromwell himself, then in his eightieth year, was obliged to appear in person. On his entering the court, the judge, Lord Chancellor Cowper, struck with his venerable appearance, and probably with the recollection of his former greatness, received him with the utmost respect, ordered a seat for him, and insisted that, on account of his great age, he should sit covered; and for so doing, it is said, he was afterwards much commended by Queen Anne. A memorable anecdote connected with this trial must not be omitted. On leaving the court, Richard rambled into the House of Lords. When the House broke up, a stranger asked him if he had ever heard or seen anything like it before? "Never," he replied, "since I sat in that chair;" pointing at the same time to the throne. On the 12th of July, six years afterwards, he died; and his remains were interred in the chancel of Hursley church, near those of his wife and relations, where an elegant monument preserves their memory. His daughters succeeded to the estate, but kept possession of it only till the year 1718, when they sold it for 36,100*l.* to William Heathcote, Esq., who pulled down the old mansion house, raising in its place Hursley Lodge. His motive for doing this was not that mean and illiberal one which has been commonly assigned—viz., that "because it belonged to the Cromwells, he would not let one stone remain upon another." The dilapidated state of the house, and its general want of accommodation, were the sole causes of its destruction. In one of the walls the die of a seal was found, which, being rusty, was supposed to be a Roman weight, and bought as such from the workmen who discovered it, by Sir William Heathcote. When cleaned, however, it proved to be the Seal of the Commonwealth of England, and was supposed by Vertue, the eminent engraver, who saw it in the year 1760, to be the identical Seal which Oliver took from the Parliament.

The Hospital of St. Cross.

At a short distance from the city of Winchester stands this venerable and curious remnant of ancient piety, which, by some means not hitherto explained, escaped the ruin that fell upon most establishments of this nature at the beginning of the Reformation. The establish-

ment was founded by Bishop de Blois, King Stephen's brother, between the years 1132 and 1136, for the subsistence of thirteen resident poor men, in every necessary of life; and for affording one ample meal in each day to 100 other indigent out-boarders, who were fed in the apartment still called "Hundred Men's Hall;" as likewise for the support of a master, steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers. The thirteen poor men were required to reside in the house, and were allowed each of them daily a loaf of good wheat bread, of 3lb. 4oz. weight, and a gallon and a half of good small beer. They had also a pottage called Monrel, made of milk and Wastel-bread, a dish of flesh or fish, as the day should require, with a pittance for their dinner; likewise one dish for their supper. This charity having been, in process of time, perverted from its original institute, was, with great pains, restored to its primitive purposes by the great Wykeham: inso-much that his successor in the bishopric, Cardinal Beaufort, being desirous, according to the custom of great men in those times, of leaving some permanent institution of piety or charity behind him, chose rather to increase this establishment by a fresh foundation, than to begin another which should be quite a new one. The above-mentioned royal prelate began with rebuilding a great part of the hospital, after which he endowed it for the support of thirty-five additional resident members who, from decent circumstances, had fallen into poverty, of two more priests, and three hospital nuns; calling it *Domus Eleemosynaria Nobilis Paupertatis* (the Alms House of Noble Poverty). The charity, however, is no longer applied to the relief of decayed gentlemen. The business of the nuns was to attend the sick brethren.

The present establishment, however, is but the wreck of the two ancient institutions. Instead of seventy residents, as well clergy as laity, who were here entirely supported, besides 100 out-members, who daily received their meat and drink, the charity consists of a master, chaplain, steward, and thirteen resident poor brethren. Certain doles of bread are distributed to the neighbouring poor at particular times; and (what is perhaps a singular remnant of the charity and hospitality of former times) a piece of bread and a horn of beer are given to every person who knocks at the porter's lodge and calls for this relief.*

In the first court stand the Hundred Men's Hall (now a brewhouse) and the ancient kitchens. The entrance into the court is under a lofty Gothic tower of finished workmanship, with three niches, in one of which Cardinal Beaufort's statue, in a kneeling attitude, is permitted

* The charter of foundation states "a loaf of five measures and drink in sufficient quantity."

to remain as likewise various emblems and devices of his family and dignity. Each resident brother possesses three small cells and a garden for his own use. These habitations are placed in a line on the west side of the court. The south side of the court being out of repair, was pulled down some years ago. The north side consists of the master's apartments, the eating-hall (the roof of which is of Irish oak and open to the tiles) and the tower. The whole of the north side was rebuilt by the second founder, Cardinal Beaufort. The ambulatory, on the east side of the court, is 135 feet in length: above it are the ancient infirmary and the nuns' rooms, appropriated to three hospital sisters who attended the sick. At the east end of these apartments is a window opening to the church, through which the patients, as they lay in their beds, might attend to the divine service going forward.

In the tower of the Hall hangs the curfew bell, which continues to sound the time of extinguishing fires and lights at eight o'clock in the evening, as ordained by the Conqueror, eight centuries ago.

The noble Saxon Church to the south, which is built in the cathedral form, viz., that of a cross, is one hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and twenty broad in the transepts, and is chiefly the work of the first founder, De Blois. The different parts and ornaments of this sacred edifice are said to throw much light on the progress of English architecture. It is a series of architectural essays, displaying, according to Dr. Milner, the rude and ponderous Saxon pillar, and the profuse and richly executed ornaments of the Normans, with the first regular step towards the Gothic style. The intersection of two circular arches he considers the great exemplar "which produced Salisbury steeple." In the choir are sixteen stalls, over which are curious sculptures of the most illustrious Scripture personages. The most curious funeral monuments in this fabric are, an ancient brass, in memory of John de Campden, the friend of Wykeham, and master of the hospital; and the modern mural monument to Wolfren Cornwall, Esq., formerly speaker of the House of Commons. In different parts of the pavement are many glazed tiles, with hatched and other ornaments. Some of them are inscribed with the monosyllables, "*Have Mynde*" (Remember), in the black letter of the fifteenth century.

The Hospital buildings have been restored of late years; Brother King commencing the good work by the removal of the plaster from the walls of the north and south chapels; the restoration fund being munificently aided by a donation of 500*l.* The recent colouring of the choir and lantern is an attempt to reproduce a species of ornament with which the church was formerly enriched throughout: the designs are by Mr. Butterfield

Winchester Cross.—St. Giles's Hill Fair.

The City Cross, at Winchester, a light and elegant design of the fifteenth century, but the detail of which had been almost entirely destroyed by injudicious repairs, has been restored by subscription, Mr. Gilbert Scott being the architect consulted. The Rev. C. Collier, in searches for the origin of this Cross among the muniments in custody of the Town Clerk, has found, in conjunction with Mr. F. Baigent, that in 1440 it was spoken of as *altam crucem*, the High Cross. One record shows that in Bishop Fox's time, a poor Dutchman, who had been brought before the warden for reading his Dutch Bible, was sentenced to be led round the Cross, with the Bible in his hand, three times, by Kingsmill, the city crier, and thence back to the market, where the book was to be cast into a fire. From this it would appear that this was never a market cross, but one of the high crosses where the laws were declared, proclamations made, judgments delivered, corpses rested, sermons preached, and sometimes malefactors executed.

The once famed St. Giles's Hill Fair or Feast has been abolished. This great fair of the south of England had dwindled to one refreshment booth, a score of rough horses, two trucks laden with apples, plums, and nuts, without even a penny peepshow. Yet the fair formerly extended over sixteen days, during which time not only in Winchester were the shops closed and all business suspended, but also at Southampton and all other places within twenty miles of the Hill. The charter for the fair was granted by William the Conqueror to his kinsman, Walklyn, Bishop of Winchester, probably for the support of his newly founded hospital, dedicated to St. Giles, the patron of cripples. William Rufus extended the grant to three, Henry I. to eight, Stephen to fourteen, and Henry II. to sixteen days. Dues were levied by the Bishop on all merchandize brought to the fair, not only from all parts of the kingdom but beyond the seas. It was not an assemblage of canvas booths and stalls, but of streets of shops—probably mud walls, thatched, distinguished as the drapery, the pottery, the spicery, the stannary, &c.—different counties having their different stations. The *tin* trade was the first to fall off, in the reign of Henry VI. Yet within the present century much business was done here in cheese, and it was thought to be the best horse fair in the county. Hops, wool, and leather were in abundance; and it long flourished as a pleasure fair, to which parties came from many miles to eat roast pork for the season, which by the Hampshire folk was thought now to commence.

Southampton Castle, and Ancient Houses.

Southampton was once fortified and defended by double ditches, battlements, and watch-towers. Of the several gates the only one remaining is the Bar Gate, which crosses the principal street. It consists of a massive semi-circular Norman arch, beyond which has lately been erected, on the north side, a high and pointed arch. The ancient battlements by which the whole is crowned, have escaped disfigurement; and their aspect is remarkably majestic and venerable.

Among other decorations on the north front of the Gate are two figures, said by tradition to represent the famous hero of romance, Sir Bevis of Hampton, and the giant Ascapard, whom he slew in single combat. Heylyn claims Bevis as a real Earl of Southampton. The reader may recollect an allusion to Ascapard, or Ascabart, as he is called, in the first canto of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, which the author has illustrated by a quotation from an ancient manuscript copy of the *Romance of Sir Bevis*. The following is the modernized version:—

“ This giant was mighty and strong,
 And full thirty feet was long,
 He was bristled like a sow ;
 A foot he had between each brow ;
 His lips were great and hung aside ;
 His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wide ;
 Lothly he was to look on than,
 And liker a devil than a man :
 His staff was a young oak,—
 Hard and heavy was his stroke.”

Of Sir Bevis there are other memorials at Southampton besides the figure on the Bar Gate, especially an artificial elevation called Bevis Mount, which seems anciently to have been fortified.

The Castle stood on the western side of the town. Of the period of its erection we have no certain information. It has been referred to Saxon times. Others regard it as one of the fortresses erected by the Conqueror, though it is not one of the forty-nine Castles mentioned in Domesday Book. It might have been one of the 1119 fortresses built in the stormy period of King Stephen's reign. It was in existence in this Sovereign's time, as Carte states (A.D. 1153) that, from a compromise between King Stephen and Prince Henry, the Bishop of Winchester was to give security for the delivery of the Castle of Southampton to Prince Henry on the death of Stephen; the Bishops of that city being then Earls of Southampton, and in that capacity pro-

ably governors of the Castle. Its fortifications may accord with the Norman period, though the Keep may have been erected on an anterior Saxon fortification. This may have been one of the many forts which King Alfred built in the southern counties to repress the predatory incursions of the Danes; and highly probable it is that the great ravages by that people to which the ancient town of Southampton, situated near the river, in the low grounds of St. Mary's parish, was exposed, must have early led the inhabitants to regard the higher elevation on which the keep and Castle are located as a more suitable place of defence against such attacks; and to have looked especially to the site of the Keep, as a resort for safety, long before the date of the Conquest. It has been conjectured by Sir H. Englefield that the Castle might have been one of those fortresses dismantled in the general destruction of such buildings at the close of Stephen's reign. Speed states that the first Castle was pulled down in Henry III.'s time. In the year 1246 Southampton was fined two hundred and seventy marks for the withholding of many duties which it owed to the Castle, and for selling timber, lead, and store-materials of the fortress. In Edward III.'s reign, in 1338, the town was fiercely attacked, plundered, and partly reduced to ashes by the French. About the first year of the reign of Richard II. (1377), the Castle was almost entirely *rebuilt*. In 1399 the expense of maintaining the walls falling heavily on the inhabitants, the Crown granted 200*l.* during pleasure, out of the wood-subsidy, towards repairing the fortifications; but in the following year (according to the Southampton Corporation MS. journal), changing the grant, the King released one hundred and forty marks of the fee-farm rents of the town towards repairs.

The Keep, described by Leland as the glory of the Castle, and "both large and fair and very strong," retained its existence as a round tower till the middle of the last century. It then became the property of Lord Stafford, who pulled down the tower of the Keep to construct out of its materials a banquetting-room, which being sold to Lord Wycombe, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, he erected on its site, in 1805, a modern castellated building, demolished in 1822. The hill on which the Castle stood remains, and has a summer-house on it, built with the materials of the old fortress. In the excavations a Saxon penny was found, in good condition; it is exceedingly rare, if not unique, and points to the antiquity of the Keep, no other Saxon coin having been known to be found within the precincts of the other fortifications of the town: on the obverse is "Offa Rex."

There are some interesting ancient houses in Southampton. In Blue

Anchor Lane is the garden belonging to an edifice of the fifteenth century, in which Henry VIII. is traditionally said to have resided for a week with his Queen Anne Boleyn. And lower down in the Lane is the dilapidated marine palace of King John.

The two ancient houses which together constituted King John's Palace, were considered by Mr. Hudson Turner as *the oldest house in England*, dating its erection in the earlier part of the twelfth century. The Palace has on its west front a succession of strong arches, some built over its windows, thought to have been added for the protection of the Palace after the French invasion in the reign of Edward III., by Richard II., when he rebuilt or renovated the Castle. Part of the Palace is now turned into a stable.

When the English monarchs ceased to make a frequent residence of Winchester (which was the birthplace and a favoured city of Henry III.), the above Houses, which were a sort of marine adjunct or resort, lost part of their especial convenience. They had also from their contiguity to the New Forest, furnished facilities for the monarchs' sports, as the adjacent King John's Pond, and the Hounds' Well, for the watering of their horses and the hounds, testify.



King Canute.—Abbey of St. Bennet.

Southampton was the scene of the beautiful little incident of the rebuke which Canute gave to the flattery of his courtiers, when the throne was to be placed on the sand of the sea-shore; and, addressing the ocean; he said, "Thou art my Kingdom, and the dry land is also mine—rise not—obey my commands." Canute, perhaps, called the sea his realm, in allusion to the maritime dominion often ascribed to the Crown of England. But the waves ascended with the swelling tide and rolled on to his feet; and then Canute turned to his warriors and courtiers, and called upon them to confess how weak was the might of an earthly King compared with that Power by whom the elements are ruled. After this declaration he took off his crown; and depositing the symbol of royalty in the Cathedral of Winchester, he never again adorned himself with the diadem. This story, which it would be an unreasonable scepticism to doubt, found as it is in some of our oldest and best chroniclers, makes Canute's name and his virtue more familiar to the English nation than his acts of piety in his journey to Rome, and in the foundation of the two monasteries of St. Bennet of Hulme and St. Edmund's Bury.

The Abbey of Saint Bennet at Hulme, in Norfolk, was built on a site granted by an East Anglian chieftain, about A.D. 800, to a Society of Religious Eremites, who erected a chapel and other structures here. These were destroyed by the Danes, A.D. 870, but were rebuilt about a century after; and King Canute founded and endowed before A.D. 1020, a Benedictine Monastery here. It is the only Abbey in England which can still boast of an Abbot, and a mitred Abbot—the Bishop of Norwich taking his seat in the House of Lords as titular Abbot of Hulme, the only Abbey which was left undissolved at the Reformation. The Abbey had the solidity of a Norman stronghold, and stoutly resisted an attack in the reign of William the Conqueror, when the siege was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the perfidy of a monk, who yielded up the place on condition of succeeding to the Abbacy: he gained his point, but was executed as a traitor. In 1469 the Abbey was visited by King Edward IV. All that now remains of this once magnificent edifice is the gateway, upon the walls of which has been erected a draining-mill.

Netley Abbey.

Netley Abbey, of picturesque celebrity, is a short distance from the bank of Southampton Water, about three miles east of the town of Southampton. The proper name of the place appears to be Letteley, which has been Latinized into *de Læto Loco* (pleasant place), if it be not as most commonly supposed, a corruption of this Latin designation. The founder of Netley Abbey is stated by Leland to have been Peter Roche, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1238. The monks of Netley belonged to the severe order of the Cistercians, and were originally brought from the neighbouring house of Beaulieu. Hardly anything has been collected with regard to the establishment for the first 300 years after its foundation, except the names of a few of the Abbots. At the Dissolution it consisted of an Abbot and twelve monks, and its net revenue was returned at only about 100*l*. It appears, indeed, to have been always a humble and obscure establishment. Nor did the riches of the good monks consist in their library. Leland found them possessed of only one book, which was 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. It has since been successively in the possession of various other families.

Netley Abbey is now a ruin, nothing remaining except part of the

bare walls. It stands on the declivity of a gentle elevation, which rises from the bank of the Southampton Water. The walk to it from Southampton is one of enchanting beauty, the surrounding landscape being rich in all the charms of water and woodland scenery. The Abbey itself is so embosomed among foliage,—partly that of the oaks and other trees which rise in thick clumps around it, and some of which springing up from the midst of the roofless walls, spread their waving branches over them, and partly that of the luxuriant ivy which clothes a great part of the grey stone in green,—that scarcely a fragment of it is visible till the visitor has reached close beside it. The site of the ruin, however, is one of considerable extent. Originally the buildings seem to have formed a quadrangular court or square; but scarcely anything more is now to be seen, except the remains of the church or chapel which occupied one of the sides. It appears to have been about 200 feet in length by sixty in breadth, and to have been crossed at the centre by a transept of 120 feet long. The walls can still be distinctly traced throughout the whole of this extent, except in the northern portion of the transept. The roof, however, as we have said, no longer exists. Its fragments, many of them sculptured with armorial bearings and other devices, lie scattered in heaps over the floor. Many broken columns still remain; and there are also windows in different portions of the wall, the ornamental parts of which are more or less defaced, but which still retain enough of their original character to show that the building must have been one of no common architectural beauty. The east end is the most entire, and the great window here is of elegant proportions and elaborately finished. Besides the church, various other portions of the Abbey, such as the kitchen (the Abbot's Kitchen), the refectory, &c., are conjecturally pointed out to strangers. The whole place was surrounded by a moat, of which traces are still discernible; and two large ponds remain at a short distance from the buildings, which no doubt used to supply fish to the pious inmates. The retired and undisturbed waters now present an aspect of solitude which is extremely beautiful, overhung as they are by trees and underwood. About 200 feet distance from the west end of the church, and nearer the water, is a small building called Netley Castle or Fort, which was erected by Henry VIII.

The chief attraction of Netley Abbey must be understood to consist, not so much in any architectural magnificence of which it has to boast, as in the singular loveliness of the spot, and in the feelings inspired by the overthrown and desolate state of this seat of ancient piety. No mind having any imagination, or feeling for the picturesque and the

poetical, but must deeply feel the effect of its lonely and mournful yet exquisitely beautiful seclusion. It has accordingly been the theme of many verses, among which an elegy, written by Mr. George Keate, the author of the Account of the Pelew Islands and Prince Le Boo, has been much admired. The Rev. Canon Bowles has also invoked the ruin in these lines of considerable tenderness:—

“ Fallen pile ! I ask not what has been thy fate ;
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each lone 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’s sweeping sway.”

There is a strange story told of the roof of Netley Abbey: it remained till 1704, when Sir Bartlet Lucy, who had been for some time in possession, sold the materials of the chapel to a carpenter, of whose death Browne Willis, and others after him, have left us the following account. We read, in the History of Mitred Abbeys, that while the carpenter above mentioned was treating with Sir Bartlet about the Abbey business, he was much terrified in his sleep, and frequently haunted by the phantom of a monk, who foretold some great evil would certainly happen if he proceeded. And besides, one night he dreamed that a large stone, falling from one of the windows, killed him. A friend to whom he related all this, advised him to drop the undertaking ; but others advising him to go on, he struck the bargain, which he believed to be a good one. However, it proved fatal to him, for as he was endeavouring to take some stones out of the bottom of the west wall, not a single stone only, but the whole of the window fell down upon him, and killed him on the spot. This, like most tales of a similar nature, is said to be supported by the attestation of a number of credible witnesses.

Beaulieu Abbey.

At about five miles from the village of Hythe, amidst noble beech-woods, is the Abbey of Beaulieu, of the Cistercian order, founded A.D. 1204, by King John. The stone wall which surrounded the precincts

of the Abbey is, in several places, nearly entire, and is finely mantled with ivy. The Abbot's apartments, converted after the Dissolution into a family seat, having a well-proportioned vaulted hall; a long building (supposed from the extent and height of the apartments to have been the dormitory), the ancient kitchen, and the refectory, are still standing. There are some relics of the cloisters; a gateway leading to the area enclosed by them remains; the church is entirely destroyed. The refectory, a plain stone building, with strong buttresses, and a curiously raftered oak roof, forms the parish church of the village of Beaulieu. This Abbey possessed the privilege of Sanctuary, and afforded shelter to Margaret of Anjou and her son Prince Edward, on their landing in England at the time of the battle of Barnet; and to Perkin Warbeck, after the failure of his attempts in the West of England. Excavations and restorations have been carried on for several years past at Beaulieu Abbey, under the direction of the Duke of Buccleuch, the possessor of the property. All the foundations of the Abbey Church, upwards of 330 feet in length, have been clearly traced; and the position of every buttress and pillar discovered. Many lead coffins have been found on the site of the church; and during excavations made to ascertain whether there had been a crypt under the choir, the remains of a female wrapped in lead were discovered in front of the high altar. The body was no doubt that of Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, and wife of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, better known as King of the Romans, and brother of King Henry III. She was buried at Beaulieu, with great pomp, in 1239; and an incised stone, with the effigy of a female much defaced, has lately been discovered, bearing this inscription:—*JACET: YSABELLA: PRIMA: V. . . (uxor).* On the reverse of the stone may be faintly traced—*RICARDI: ROMANORVM.*

At Beaulieu, also, was an Hospital of Knights Templars, which was founded before the establishment of the Abbey. The ruins of the Hospital, which are now converted into farm buildings, are sometimes mistaken for those of the Abbey.

The Castle of Odiham.

Near Odiham, in Hampshire, are the remains of a Castle which, in the Civil Wars at the close of King John's reign, was bravely but unsuccessfully defended by a garrison of thirteen against the Dauphin, Louis of France.

In this Castle David Bruce, King of Scotland, was confined for seven years, after his capture at Neville's Cross. Henry III. gave the Castle to the Countess Eleanora, wife of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and here she spent much of her time. From the Household Roll of the Countess for the year 1265, we gain much curious information concerning the castle-life of these times. This valuable record was found in an obscure French monastery, where it had lain unnoticed for centuries. It is written on a roll of parchment about twenty feet in length and one foot in width, and is still in excellent preservation. It has been purchased by the trustees of the British Museum, and printed for the Bannatyne Club.

The entries on this roll commence on the 19th February, 1265. At this time the Countess was at Wallingford Castle with her son Richard de Montfort, and a large retinue, for the horses of the party were sixty-six in number. On the 21st she removed to Reading, and on the following day proceeded to the Castle of Odiham. On the 17th of March she was joined by her son Henry, who brought with him his two cousins, Prince Edward and the son of the King of the Romans, not, however, without a strong guard, for the troop consisted altogether of 120 horse. The day but one following, the establishment at Odiham was still further increased by the arrival of Earl Simon, with 161 horsemen in his train. Simon remained but a fortnight with his wife.

During her residence at Odiham, the Countess received several visitors, principally of the ecclesiastical order. Ralph, the Abbot of Waverley Abbey, came twice to see his illustrious patroness. The Prioress of Witney, and some of the nuns of that convent, visited her. These industrious ladies were employed by Eleanora, who herself had little leisure for the exercises of needle-craft, in working a cope for her chaplain, for the approaching feast of Easter. The Prioress of Amesbury, Master Nicolas, a physician, Robert de Brus, accompanied by Sir Thomas Astley, a Warwickshire knight, the Countess of Oxford, the Countess of Albemarle, the Countess of Gloucester, and young Almaric de Montfort, who came attended with thirteen horsemen, were all in turn guests at Odiham Castle.

It is curious to note the provision made by our ancestors centuries past for the supply of their tables. On the day of Earl Simon's departure, the expenditure of the Castle was as follows:—For the Countess and her attendants, the family of Lord A. de Montfort, the whole family of the Earl Simon being present—for the purchase of bread, 10*d.* Item, one quarter that was paid beforehand, and note that to-day, after the Earl had left, six bushels were expended for the dogs of the

Lords Henry and Guy de Montfort, and Henry of Germany. Wine, 7 quarts, besides 33 quarts, which the Earl took with him. Beer, for 140 gallons, 10 of which came from Basingstoke, and 60 were expended the preceding Wednesday, for the Earl before his departure, 8*s.* 9*d.*; and for the 10 gallons, 7½*d.* Kitchen: 1000 herrings from the store, 17*s.*; oysters, 2*s.* 3*d.*; lampreys, 7*s.* 1*d.* This, however, was in Lent, when fish was the chief article of the dinner-table, since flesh was not permitted. The grand staple article was salt herrings, hundreds of which were daily consumed at the table of the Countess. On those days when meat was allowed, as Monday in Easter week, the entry is as follows: "For the Countess and family, the Countess of the Isle retiring after dinner, bread, $\frac{3}{4}$ of ground corn. Bolted flour, 2*s.* 1½*d.* For the expenses of the poor, through all Lent, without the Castle, besides those fed within, 18 quarters; wine, 8 quarts, one sent with the man of the Countess (Albemarle); olives, 1½*d.* Brewery, reckoned before. Kitchen: one ox and a half from the store of the Castle: 4 swine; 4 sheep; calves, 21*d.*; kids, 7*d.* Stable: hay for 35 horses; oats, 1 quarter; 1½ bushel from the store. Smithy, 3*s.* 0½*d.* Lights; for the white candles, 5*d.*; lights from Wallingford, 20*d.* Sum, 9*s.* 1½*d.*"

Tuesday, 7th April:—"For the Countess and her attendants, Reginald Poliot and his wife—bread, 2 quarters 2 bushels; wine, 3 quarts; beer, for 20 gallons, 15*d.* Kitchen: half an ox; 3 swine; 3 sheep from the stores; for sheep bought, 3*s.* 4*d.*; calves, 14*d.*; kids from the manor, 8*d.* Stable: hay for 35 horses; oats, 2 quarters, 1½ bushel ground. For spicery: 3 pounds of pepper, ginger, cinnamon, and galingale; and 1 ounce of cloves, 13 pounds of rice; saffron, 38 pounds; 3 pails of figs, and 1 of raisins for Lent. Sum, 5*s.* 9*d.*"

The term bread (*panis*) is evidently used to denote flour intended for bread, as it is measured by the quarter and bushel from the stores of the Castle. The bread generally used in the family appears to have been made of the grain called *mystelton*, a term in use at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and applied to a mixture of wheat and rye. The quantities of wine drunk are but small, and it was probably only served at the table of the Countess; while the supplies of beer are enormous. On the 18th of April, five quarters of barley and four of oats were brewed. On the 28th, 188 gallons of beer were bought; and on the 29th, they brewed again seven quarters of barley and two of oats. The cost of beer, when purchased, was a halfpenny or three-farthings a gallon; but the Countess generally adopted the more economical plan of brewing at home.

To the poor, the Countess was very bountiful. Besides sundry items mentioned for their food without the Castle, on the 14th of April she fed 800 paupers, who consumed, amongst other things, three quarters of bread and one tun of cider; and again, a few days after, three-fourths of an ox, for the hall and the poor people, are noted; and on the 4th of May, bread and beer for the poor during eight days.

The usual allowance of butcher's-meat in the family was occasionally varied with fowls, geese, capons, &c. Of vegetables, little mention is made, and of fruits still less—apples and pears are the only fruit named, 300 of the latter having been bought at Canterbury at a cost of 10*d.* The quantity of spices used was very considerable, but they were employed to give flavour to the beer, which was brewed without hops.

Comparatively few entries relate to articles of clothing. The woollen cloth, which was the general material of attire, both male and female, seems to have contented the Countess. These cloths were first made with the nap very long, and, when it was somewhat worn, it was sent to be shorn, which process was repeated as often as the cloth would bear it. Accordingly, we find the Countess sending her tailor to London, to get her clothes *re-shorn*, at a cost of 2*s.* A hood of black satin was purchased for her, price 13*s.*, and also a scarlet robe against Whitsuntide. For the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin, the purchases made for her were thirty-four ells of russet for a robe, to be adorned with a trimming of white lamb's-wool. Beneath the upper robe she wore, occasionally at least, garments of leather or sheep's-skin; her washing-bills from January to June amounted to no more than 15*d.*

The only piece of plate mentioned in the roll is a gilded plate, bought at London for 2*s.* 10*d.*, for the use of the Countess's daughter Eleanora. Spoons are alluded to. When this young lady was ill, a horse was despatched to Reading to bring over a barber (surgeon) to bleed her.

The names of the servants which occur in the roll are almost entirely Saxon: Hande and Jacke of the bakehouse; Hicke, the tailor; Jacke, the keeper of Eleanora's harriers; Dobbe, the shepherd; Dignon, Worntherty, and Truebodi, employed as letter-carriers; all affording a strong indication of the degradation to which the Saxon inhabitants of England were at that time reduced.

The Siege of Basing House.

The small village of Old Basing, about a mile east of Basingstoke, has been distinguished from an early period of our history, as the scene

of a severe battle fought in 871 between the Danes and the Saxons, when the latter, under the command of Alfred and his brother, King Ethelred, were defeated; and in later times it has become no less memorable for the gallant defence of Basing House.

There appears to have been a Castle here at a very remote period; for in a grant made to the priory of Monks' Sherbourne, in the reign of Henry II., mention is made of the "old Castle of Basing." This appears to have been rebuilt in a magnificent manner by Paulet, the first Marquis of Winchester, a nobleman in some degree remarkable for his skill in courtiership: he lived during four reigns, those of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, and enjoyed the royal favour in all. We may add, that he himself is said to have explained the secret—the "being a willow and not an oak." Basing House, according to Camden, was rendered *so* magnificent and costly as to be "overpowered by its own weight;" the expenses it entailed upon the owner were so great, that the builder's posterity were forced to pull down some part of it. In this splendid mansion the Marquis had the gratification of receiving Elizabeth in 1560, and of entertaining her in so royal a manner that she playfully lamented his great age, remarking, "By my troth, if my lord treasurer were but a young man, I could find in my heart to love him for a husband before any man in England." The Queen came here again in 1601, and was entertained by the fourth Marquis for "thirteen dayes," and, as we are told and can very well believe, "to the greate charge of the sayde Lorde Marquesse," for during her visit Elizabeth received in State the French ambassador, the Duke of Biron, who was accompanied with about twenty other French noblemen, and a retinue of some four hundred persons. It is recorded that the Queen made this circumstance a matter of gratulation, saying, "She had done that in Hampshire that none of her ancestors ever did, neither that any Prince in Christendom could do; that was, she had, in her progresses, in her subjects' houses, entertained a royal ambassador, and had *royally entertained him.*"

In August, 1643, Basing House, then very strongly fortified by John, fifth Marquis, for the King, was invested by the Parliamentary troops, and for a period of two years, broken however by occasional intermissions, was continuously harassed by the enemy. During this time many assaults were made, particularly by Sir William Waller, who within nine days three times attempted to carry the House, but was repelled with great loss, and ultimately obliged to retreat. On their part, too, the besieged troops kept the besiegers in a constant state of anxiety and alarm by repeated sallies. After Waller's defeat the

Parliamentary forces of Hampshire and Sussex were collected under Colonel Norton, who once more summoned the Marquis to surrender. The answer was, "If the King had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would maintain it to the uttermost." Famine now promised to accomplish for the Parliament what its soldiers could not; the distress of the garrison became so great, that in September, 1644, the Marquis, after having in vain sent messenger after messenger to Charles, who was at Oxford, for relief, was compelled to send a last notice that in ten days he must surrender if no assistance were given. For the time, however, the brave defenders of Basing House were saved by the courage and address of Colonel Gage, who, seeing their desperate condition, volunteered to convey them provisions. He succeeded in accomplishing this object, and in returning to Oxford, with the loss of eleven men killed and forty or fifty wounded. This protracted defence would naturally draw the eyes of the nation upon the struggle, and make it imperative upon the Parliamentarians to succeed. Accordingly, the attack was next confided to the man who knew not defeat: Cromwell appeared before it, and the fate of the place was sealed. His force consisted of three regiments of foot and three regiments of horse; the garrison, according to Sir Robert Peake (its governor, under the Marquis), of three hundred fighting men, but according to his antagonists of about five hundred. The House was also defended by about ten pieces of ordnance. The result is best told in Cromwell's own brief, business-like letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, dated October 14, 1645:—

"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 Hardresse 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. Col. Pickering stormed the new house, passed through and got the gate of the old house, whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not hear. In the mean time Col. Montague's and Sir Hardresse 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,

↓
good

Sir Hardresse 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 other officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance, much ammunition, and our soldiers *a good encouragement,*" &c.

The booty, thus delicately phrased, was indeed considerable, being valued at 200,000*l.* It consisted of money, jewels, provisions, the magnificent furniture, and, in a word, the entire contentd of Basing House. The provisions and furniture were sold to the country people. What the soldiers left a fire destroyed, caused by the neglect of the garrison in quenching a fire-ball thrown by the besiegers. In less than twenty hours, Basing House literally presented nothing but bare walls and chimneys. The prisoners were about two hundred in number, and the slain about one hundred: of these there were counted in the House immediately after the assault seventy-four men and one woman, a young lady, the daughter of Dr. Griffith, whose fate is very pitiable. "She came," says Mr. Peters, Cromwell's messenger to the Parliament, "railing against our soldiers for their rough carriage towards her father," whom he acknowledges they used hardly, on account of his opinions and past conduct. Her two sisters, and six or seven other ladies of rank, appear to have been permitted to escape without any serious injury. The Marquis himself would in all probability have fallen a victim to the rage of the soldiers but for an incident of a nature which it is especially gratifying to meet with in such transactions. The week before, Colonel Hammond, the Parliamentary officer, had been taken prisoner by the Marquis: when the assault of the House was evidently successful, and all hope leaving the besieged, they began to hide themselves where they could from the fury of their enemies; at that moment the Colonel was relieved from his imprisonment, and, in accordance with a promise he had previously given, endeavoured to save the Marquis's life; and although it was at the imminent hazard of his own, he happily succeeded. Many of the garrison probably escaped, and others miserably perished in the vaults of the House. Mr. Peters says, "Riding to the house on Tuesday night, we heard divers crying in vaults for quarter; but our men could neither come to them nor they to us."

In the concluding portion of the letter from which we have before quoted, Cromwell recommends the destruction of Basing House, and

the Parliament concurred in his recommendation. From a survey made of the spot in 1798, it appears that the area of the works, including gardens and entrenchments, occupied about fourteen and a half acres. The form of the fortifications was very irregular, surrounded with deep ditches and strong and high ramparts; the existing remains were peculiarly bold and striking. The citadel was circular, having an oblong square platform on the north, defended by a rampart and covered way. The north gateway was still standing, together with parts of the outward wall, constructed of brick, joined with great care and nicety. The site of the ruins is bold and commanding. The Basingstoke Canal now runs through it. ✓

The Marquis lived long enough to taste the bitterness of ingratitude: the Restoration came, but brought him no recompense for his immense losses: the exertions, the anxieties, the gallantry, and the fortitude which entitle the Marquis to our respect and admiration, produced no acknowledgment, at least no fitting or worthy one, from the son of the man for whom so much was done and suffered.* ✓

The Roman City of Silchester.

On the border of Hampshire, between Strathfieldsaye and the road from Basingstoke to Reading, is Silchester, or rather its site, where Constantine issued his edicts to a subdued but unconquered people; where, in fierce retaliation, the armed chariots of the warlike Britons swept the plains, spreading death and desolation far and wide; and where the barbarous Saxons invaded and despoiled the conquerors, and with fire and sword reduced this Roman city to a heap of ruins.

Silchester, the *Vindomis* of the Romans, and the *Caer Segent* of the Britons, is thought by many to have been the ancient *Calleva*, the site of which has been so much disputed. The Roman title *Vindomis* intimates its having been the first spot in Britain where *vines* were planted. The tribe of Britons who were more immediately concerned in wresting this stronghold from their invaders were the *Segontiaci*, who dwelt in the south of Berkshire, west of the river Loddon, and about the banks of the Kennet, and the adjoining north of Hampshire. They called their new conquest *Caer Segont*, the City of the Segontians. Its present name of Silchester would appear to be derived from the Saxon *Sel*, great, or high, and *Cester*, a city.

* *Journey-book of Hampshire*. "The Plundering of Basing House" is one of Mr. Charles Landseer's most popular pictures. ✓

The walls are about two miles in circumference, and are in the form of an irregular octagon. The space within them is stated by some to be exactly 100 acres. The defence consisted of the wall, a deep fosse, and the usual external vallum, or breastwork of earth. The ruins of the wall are from 20 to 25 feet thick. The top of the wall has become the bed of a continuous grove of trees, of such fine growth and size that we are informed upwards of 2000*l.* worth of timber has been felled here. The city had four gates, placed exactly north, south, east, and west. The area presents a curious appearance in the autumn, the plan being easily traceable by the difference in the quality of the corn which grows on the foundations of buildings to that within streets, squares, &c.

Excavations have been conducted here by the Duke of Wellington, to whom the estate belongs, and were described to the Society of Antiquaries, on May 9, 1867, by the Rev. J. Joyce:—The journal of the excavations, which was handed round at the meeting, enabled one to follow from day to day, and year to year, the advancement of the work in its minutest details. To describe or appropriate buildings would require plans and occupy considerable space. Among the more striking points are a hypocaust, about 20 ft. square, the conducting chambers of which radiate to a centre, while circular flues formed through the solid intervening portions bring all into communication. Mosaic and other pavements have been found, with the tools used by workers in mosaic; also roofing-tiles and hollow flue-tiles; Samian and other pottery, greenish glass, a piece of plaster from the inside walls of rooms decorated with colour, and a piece of glass tubing. In one of the blocks, on accurate investigation, it was found that a series of other and older walls was underlying those first exposed, and ultimately it became obvious that beneath the surface of the same area there lay the lines, not of one, but of four ancient houses, erected from age to age, and one above the other in succession; and Mr. Joyce has been enabled to trace the plans of each. The original dwelling seemed to him of the date of Claudius I., or Domitian; the second structure, built by partly erasing some of the lines of the galleries of the first, is held to date about the reign of Commodus; here were found the hypocaust already mentioned, and a mosaic floor in a wonderfully perfect state, which has been removed to the hall at Strathfieldsaye. The third mansion built over the same site preserved part of the older one, in the new work the ground-plan being altered; this is of the date of Claudius Gothicus, whose coins, and those of his predecessor, were found there. The fourth and last condition of this house shows six large and nearly square rooms; from their size and similarity to such rooms at Pompeii, con-

jectured to have been shops ; and in one is a tilework base of something which appears to have been employed as the furnace of an artisan. The date of this latest structure would be the end of the reign of Diocletian, and perhaps about the time that Constantius Chlorus came to Britain to crush the revolt under Alectus. But the more remarkable excavation is that of the Forum, the exterior walls of which have been traced completely round and laid open ; it formed a great rectangular mass in the very heart of the city. The internal arrangement, so far as Mr. Joyce could ascertain, appeared to have provided a court of justice, public offices, shops, a central exchange or market, and long galleries or covered walks. On the south-west stood the court or basilica ; the semicircular end, or apsis, in which sat the magistrates or their friends, is perfectly defined. In a large apartment westward was discovered the most interesting Roman relic found at Silchester, or perhaps anywhere else in England. In October, 1866, Mr. Joyce found here, in a bed of burnt timber, a bronze Roman eagle 9 in. in length, of beautiful execution, and in a most perfect state. By careful comparison of this curious bronze with the sculptures on Trajan's column, and from its proportion to the size of the human figure as portrayed in the existing sculptures of the standard-bearers of the legions, this is, unquestionably, an authentic legionary eagle wrenched from its staff, probably to save it during some desperate struggle, its vertical wings torn away, and then thrust into the roof-timbers to hide it when its defenders fled for life. As regards the date of this most interesting Forum, the coinage ranges from Vespasian to Arcadius ; several coins of Titus and Domitian were found amongst the lowest lines of the masonry of the basilica. Just outside the walls is a noble amphitheatre, one of the largest found in this country ; the size, inclosed by the mounds once presenting ranges of seats, being 150 ft. by 120 ft. There is no masonry visible. The area is said to have been covered with fine sand, which gave a name to the floor of the amphitheatre, and thenceforth to all places for display. Such are a few of the more prominent results of the excavations at Silchester. In a very appreciative "Walk and Talk," in the *Builder*, about this venerable spot, it is reasonably asked, "Where was the burial-place ? An interesting find awaits the explorer. There must be somewhere near a British burial-place as well as that of the Romans."

The remains of a Roman villa have been unearthed by the Rev. E. Kell and Mr. Charles Lockart, in a field at Andover Down Farm, hitherto known as "Castle-field," and where fragments of Roman pottery had been found. By means of a long iron rod the finders

alighted on the wall of a Roman villa 65 ft. long and 41 ft. broad, with a portico on its western side. The roof had been supported by six or eight massive pillars, vestiges of six of which remained. Numbers of hexagonal roofing-tiles were found; also two fireplaces, but neither hypocaust nor bath; and, instead of a tessellated pavement, a floor of flints embedded in mortar. The walls were 2 ft. thick, regularly built of flint-stones and mortar. The wall of the portico was 3 ft. thick. Roman coins and fragments of Roman glass and pottery were picked up, with some curious relics of metal-workmanship. The archæological inference from this discovery is in support of Sir Richard Colt Hoare's suggestion, that Vindonum lay on this side of the present Andover, near which remains of Roman encampments and beautiful Roman pavements have been found.

Strathfieldsaye.

Strathfieldsaye is about three miles and a half from Silchester, and derives its national interest from being the seat of the Duke of Wellington. The term *Strath*, or *Strat*, as it is usually pronounced, seems to have been an old term, signifying a "stretch" of level ground with elevations running along the sides. The addition of *Say* appears to have been derived from a family of that name, who originally possessed the domain, and from which it passed in marriage to that of the Dabridgecourts, who held it from the time of Richard II. to the year 1636. About that time it was purchased by Sir William Pitt, an ancestor of the Earl of Chatham, to whom it descended, and who, as well as his equally celebrated son, often resided here. It next became a seat of the Earls Rivers; and, after the Battle of Waterloo, the manor of Strathfieldsaye was purchased for the erection of a mansion suitable to the dignity of the rank of the Duke of Wellington. But the old mansion remains, and, though a fine place enough, would scarce attract much of the traveller's notice, were he not informed that it was once the seat of the most illustrious man of his age. It is situated upon one of the edges of the county of Berks, and partly in Hampshire, and eight or ten miles from Reading. It was built in the reign of Queen Anne, and partakes, both in its architecture and general arrangements, of the spirit of the age that produced it. Facing the entrance are the stables, which, with the grooms' apartments, the kennel, tennis-court, and one or two out-buildings besides, make up a sort of village, or rather street, of themselves. All this is completely in the French taste of the day when Marlborough was running a career the glory of which Wellington has

since surpassed. You feel at once that the place ought to be inhabited by the contemporaries of Harley and Dean Swift.

The suite of public rooms which occupy the ground-floor consist of a drawing-room, library, dining-room, and the late Duke's own room, all opening one into the other. They are such as one would expect to see hung round with paintings, being somewhat narrow for their length, and otherwise present the appearance of a continuous gallery. The furniture is as plain as can at all agree with perfect elegance. Not a single work of art adorns the apartments, except, indeed, that the dining-room, besides being traversed by columns, has its walls covered over with very curious engravings. But neither the painter nor the sculptor has been employed to adorn an edifice, on which it is easy to perceive that the owner has never cared to bestow much attention. Everything, therefore, about it is good, and substantial, and comfortable of its kind; but you look in vain for the splendour which greets you at every step in Blenheim; you are still in the dwelling of the Rivers, not in the palace of a Wellington.

The library, which is an excellent room, contains a tolerably extensive collection of books, chiefly modern, and not a few consist of copies of works which the authors, the natives of every country in Europe, felt themselves honoured by being permitted to present to the most illustrious man of his time. To the sleeping apartments the same description applies, by which we have endeavoured to bring into the reader's mind some idea of the living rooms.

The grounds about Strathfieldsaye are neat, and the walk upon the lawn which interposes between the house and the river, is very pleasant. The tennis-court also, though an excellent one, is as little assuming as need be; and of the gardens no more can be said, than that they are well kept and abundantly productive. Within a few minutes' walk of the house, stands the parish church; a neat and simple edifice, which was repaired at the cost of the late Duke, and fitted up, both within and without, with equal taste and modesty. Neither was his Grace unmindful of the wants of the incumbent. Owning all the property, he paid out of his own pocket an ample stipend to the incumbent, and thus left his tenants free to reap the advantages of any improvements in agriculture which they might introduce.

The pleasure-grounds lie northward of the house, and abound with specimens of the rarer evergreens. Among others are several cedars of Lebanon upwards of 108 feet high; a fine variety of the red or penci cedar, and several superb tulip-trees, said to be the finest in England. Among the other notable trees are two or three raised from chestnuts,

which the Duke received from America, gathered from the trees which General Washington planted with his own hand.

At Strathfieldsaye the Duke of Wellington was not able entirely to divest himself of his public character. As Lord-lieutenant of the county he was open to the innumerable claims upon his time of county business; and made a point of being at home to entertain the judges, as often as they passed on the circuit towards his neighbourhood. It was here, too, more than at Walmer Castle, that he received the visits which royalty occasionally paid him. Here he entertained, in other times, George the Fourth. Here King William and Queen Adelaide spent some pleasant days; and here, Queen Victoria and her princely husband in like manner became the Duke's guests. When such matters did not interfere with his purely domestic arrangements, the habits of the Duke at Strathfieldsaye were quiet, unostentatious, and philosophic. He breakfasted with his company at ten; retired to his own room afterwards; devoted several hours to his endless correspondence, except on hunting days, and went out, either to ride or to walk, about two. Seven was his dinner-hour; and often after tea he formed one at a quiet rubber of whist, when the stakes played for never exceeded five-shilling points.

The tennis-court, already mentioned, was formerly a riding-house; it was appropriated to its present use by the Duke, who was an ardent admirer of tennis.

The estate of Strathfieldsaye, which the Duke used to say would have ruined any man but himself, had more done for it in the shape of permanent improvements—of draining, of chalking, of substantial farm premises, and such like, than, perhaps, any other single property in the south of England. It was a wretched investment of the public money; but the Duke, true to his usual maxim, did the best he could with it, and the annual income for a long series of years was regularly laid out upon it. Again, not one shilling of the rental did the Duke ever expend, except upon the improvement of the property. He neither laid by so much a year in the funds, nor did he consider himself entitled to devote the money derived from it to his own uses. "I am a rich man," was his argument, "which the next Duke of Wellington will not be. I am, therefore, determined that he shall receive his patrimony in the very best order; and if he cannot keep it so, the fault will not be mine." A spot had been selected in the park, where it was intended to erect a new palace, the model for which we believe is in one of the rooms of the old house. The present Duke has erected on the estate a stately memorial of his illustrious father.

The estate is deemed holden of the Crown on condition of sending to the Sovereign at Windsor Castle a tenure flag. The visitor to the Castle will doubtless remember, in the guard-chamber, two busts, each with a banner suspended over it, to the right and left of the doors which flank the fire-place of the apartment. The bust on the left is that of the Duke of Marlborough, copied from Rysbrack by Sievier; and the bust on the right is that of the Duke of Wellington, by Chantrey. Above each bust is a small banner; that over the Marlborough bust being the tenure flag, by presenting which, yearly, the estate of Blenheim is held; and that over Wellington is, in like manner, the tenure flag by which Strathfieldsaye is held. The banners are renewed yearly; the former on the 2nd of August, the anniversary of the Battle of Blenheim; and the latter on the 18th of June, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. The Strathfieldsaye flag is a small tricoloured one, with a staff surmounted by an eagle.

Porchester Castle.

At the head of a neck of land jutting out towards the middle of Portsmouth Harbour, are the remains of this very strong and ancient fortress. Its precise origin is unknown; but, as this port, from its situation on the southern coast of Hampshire, and from its great convenience and safety, must have been one of the earliest frequented in the Island, there can be little doubt that there was a fortress on this spot in times equally remote. Stow ascribes its foundation to Gurgunstus, a son of Beline, in the year 375, and states that its British name was *Caer Peris*. By the Romans, its next occupiers, this harbour was called *Portus Magnus*, and it has been affirmed by some historians, that Vespaſian landed here on his first arrival in Britain. It must have been in his possession when he achieved the conquest of the Isle of Wight, commanded all the southern coast, and engaged the Britons in thirty several battles. Vespaſian could neither command the coast, nor make himself master of the Isle of Wight, without being in possession of Porchester, where he must have made his abode during a part of his stay in Britain; where, unquestionably, were planted his *tremendous standards*. Titus, the son of Vespaſian, must have been with his father upon this very spot at Porchester; and it is related of him, that when Vespaſian was, on one occasion, entirely surrounded by barbarian troops, and in extreme danger, Titus broke through the ring they formed, with incredible boldness, rescued him, and putting the

Britons to flight, slew many of them. In later times of the Roman dominion, this *castrum*, like Richborough, in Kent, was one of the important places maintained for the defence of the coast against pirates, under the command of the great officer, styled *Comes Littoris Saxonici*.

The foundation of the outer walls and semicircular towers of this Castle, in their present extent and form, may unquestionably be assigned to the Romans; but it has had great and important additions made to it in succeeding ages, particularly by the Saxons and the Normans, and again by the English in the reign of Edward III. The various modes of building practised by these different nations are yet discoverable in the different parts of this noble remain. The fortress is of quadrangular form, and includes an area of nearly five acres, or 610 by 620 feet. The walls vary from eight to ten feet in thickness; their general height is eighteen feet, and in many parts a rampart and parapet remain. Besides the Keep-tower at the north-western angle, there are eighteen towers connected with the walls still standing,—round, square, and semicircular. The outer walls distinctly show the form of the original *castrum*; but the mass of buildings at the north-west angle of the area, and the two gates or entrances are, collectively, of the Saxon, Norman, and subsequent ages. The first innovation upon the Roman works was that of substituting a Saxon Keep-tower at the north-west corner of the *Castrum*, in place of the ancient Roman round tower, and as a place of residence for the chieftain or prince, instead of the Roman *Prætorium*, and adjoining to that the *Sacellum* for the Roman idolatrous ensigns, on whose foundations was afterwards reared a Christian church.

The Keep, which is essentially early Saxon, is a lofty structure, and contains two vaults, or dungeons, at bottom, with three double apartments above them, in so many several stories: its walls are nearly eight feet thick. All the light which it originally received was from narrow loop-holes, except in the third story, where, on two sides, in what were probably the state apartments, are small windows, in the plainest Saxon style.

The most curious part of the inner court, Norman, is its fortified entrance, a portal with an obtuse-pointed arch, including a strong gate; further on, a portcullis, and beyond that, another great gate; eighteen feet further inward, a second portcullis, beyond that, a third great gate, and a sort of sally-port. The entrance-passage was vaulted, and furnished with machicolations and perforations for pouring molten lead, hot water, &c., on the heads of the assailants; and to these machicolations, and the battlements above, was a passage from the top

of the walls surrounding the inner court. Some part of this entrance is, apparently, of as recent a period as Henry the Sixth's reign. ✓

On the site of the Roman sacellum already mentioned was probably erected a Saxon church; or, certainly, a church of the Norman times, of which there are remains. This is ascribed to King Henry I., who founded on the spot a Priory of Austin (or Black) canons, in 1153; but they were subsequently removed to Southwick, in this county. The Castle church was originally in the form of a cross, with a low tower at the intersection. From about the middle of the last century, the fortress was used as a prison for foreigners; and during the revolutionary war with France, there were, at one time, nearly 9000 French prisoners confined within its walls. ✓

In the reign of Edward I. (1290) a complaint was exhibited against Henry Hare, *Constable* of the King's Castle of Rochester, reciting that John, Bishop of Winchester, being absent in foreign parts in the King's service, and all his possessions being in the King's possession, he, the said Henry, with his armed men, foresters, and others unknown, hunted at their pleasure in the free chase of the said bishop. In 1299 the Castle and Town of Porchester, with the forest, then valued at 16*l.* 13*s.*, were settled on Queen Margaret, as part of her dower. In the reign of Edward II. divers of the commonalty of Southampton were imprisoned in the Castle by order of the King, until they had sworn that they would make no suit against the King's Admiral and other persons of the Cinque Ports, who had burned and plundered their ships under pretence that the inhabitants of Southampton were partisans of the Earl of Lancaster; and for which outrage they prayed redress. It appears also, that in the reign of Edward III., when John Hacket, Lieutenant of the Earl of Arundel, was Constable of this Castle, the Abbey of Glastonbury was bound to find for its defence and for the guard of Portsmouth, three men-at-arms for its lands in Wiltshire, and one man for those in Berkshire. In the reign of Edward IV. the Constablership of Porchester, together with the wages and feof thereof, were granted to John, Earl of Worcester. At what period this Castle was granted out by the Crown does not appear, but it is now private property. ✓

Christchurch Priory.

Christchurch, in the south-west extremity of Hampshire, is supposed from the discovery of ancient remains to have been of Roman origin.

In the neighbourhood appear a Roman camp and entrenchments, with several tumuli and barrows, which have contained human bones. The town derives its name from its church and ancient priory, founded by the West Saxons in the reign of Edward the Confessor, for a dean and twenty Austin canons. The earliest notice of Christchurch is in the Saxon Chronicle, where it is said to have been the military position of Ethelwold during his revolt, when, laying claim to the throne of Alfred, he took Christchurch, but was compelled by Edward the Elder to retreat. By the Saxons it was called Twynehambourne, and Tweon-ca; and in Domesday, where it is mentioned as a burgh royal manor containing thirty messuages, it is called Thuinam.

Ranulph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, rebuilt the Priory in the time of Rufus, and its revenues were greatly augmented by Richard de Redvers, or Rivers, Earl of Devon, to whom the manor was given by Henry I. Fragments of the Priory walls are still standing, and of the Castle Keep, which are more than ten feet in thickness, and in the Norman style.

The Church is a very fine old structure, in the form of a cross, partly of Norman architecture. It exceeds in length some of our English cathedrals, and is but a few feet less than Hereford Cathedral or King's College Chapel, Cambridge. It was founded 1150. The nave is the work of Flambard, afterwards Bishop of Durham, who left a noble monument in his share of such work at Durham Cathedral. The nave is 118 feet by 58 feet. The transept is 101 feet by 24 feet, and has two eastern chantries in place of aisles. In each wing, on the south, is the original Norman apsidal chapel. The choir is 70 feet by 21 feet, of Perpendicular design, and is separated from the aisles by solid empanelled walls. The Lady Chapel is of the same date, and is 36 feet by 21 feet. Above is the St. Michael's loft, the ancient Chapter House. There are thirty-six stalls in the choir, of the latter part of the fifteenth century, bordering on the *cinque-cento*. The north aisle of the nave is one century later than the one on the south. The reredos is very fine, and represents a Jesse tree. The screen is at the entrance to the choir: through the exertions of Lord Malmesbury, backed by the expressed opinions of the British Archæological and other kindred associations, it was rescued from destruction about three years ago.

The beautiful fifteenth century stone screens of this Church have been restored under the able supervision of Mr. Ferrey. There are several other monuments belonging to this famous Priory. The remains of the chapel or chantry erected by the unfortunate Countess of Salisbury, the mother of Cardinal Pole, who, at the age of seventy years (27th

May, 1541), was brought to the block by Henry VIII., now exist in great beauty in the eastern end of the Church. The chantry has been less disturbed by time than by ruthless hands; Britton attributes the defacing of the escutcheons to the order of Henry VIII. No interment has taken place in the chantry. The Countess was interred in St. Peter's Church in the Tower. In the south aisle is the chantry of John Draper, the last Prior.

The Isle of Wight.

"Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace."

Drayton.

The Isle of Wight may be said to contain, within a small compass, all the most pleasing and picturesque features of Great Britain. In beautiful and sublime scenery, much of it of a kind peculiar to itself, this gem of the ocean is surpassed by few spots on the globe.

Its history is chequered with change, such as might be expected from its insular situation rendering it the more liable to attack. The Romans took possession of the Isle (Vectis or Vecta) in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, about A.D. 45, and kept it till 495, when it was reduced by Cerdic the Saxon, who is said to have cut off the few aboriginal Britons that still remained there. During the Saxon Heptarchy, when England was unhappily divided into little kingdoms, almost continually at war with one another, the pleasant hills and quiet valleys of the Isle of Wight were often made "to run with blood." In 678, when the population of the Island still adhered to the old Druidical superstitions, Cædwalla, King of the West Saxons, made war upon Edelwach, King of the South Saxons, in whose possession the Island then was.* Cædwalla prevailed in the struggle, slew his rival, and passing over to the Isle of Wight, put all the people to the sword, except 300 families, who were forcibly converted to Christianity, and received a fourth part of the Island, given by the conqueror, who had made a vow to that effect to Wilfred, Archbishop of York. The Island was mercilessly plundered and desolated by the piratical Danes. In 1052 Earl Godwin, who was then an exile and an outlaw, having

* In the Collection of the late Lord Londesborough was a very fine assemblage of Anglo-Saxon relics, principally personal ornaments, from the Isle of Wight.

obtained a fleet from the Earl of Flanders, stripped the Islanders of all that had escaped the rapacity and barbarity of their former invaders.

At the period of the Norman Conquest, William Fitz Osborne, carrying fire and the sword, subdued the Island, and became the first Lord of Wight. He bestowed a priory and the church he had founded in the Island, on the great Abbey of Lyra, in Normandy. For more than two centuries the Island continued to be governed by its independent lords or petty sovereigns; but in 1293 Edward I. purchased the regalities for a sum of money, after which the Kings of England retained for themselves the title of Lord of the Island, and governed it by wardens. The regalities were sold by Isabella de Fortibus, Lady of Wight, for 4000*l.*; and she is said to have died on the same day that she concluded the bargain, and alienated the rights of sovereignty from her family. But only these rights or regalities were sold to the King, as she disposed of her estates on the Island by will.

The weak and unfortunate Henry VI. conferred the title of *King of the Isle of Wight* upon Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, the King in person assisting at the ceremonial, and placing the crown on his head. But little notice has been taken of this singular event by our historians, and, except for some other collateral evidence, the authenticity of it might be doubted; but the representation of this Duke, with an imperial crown upon his head and a sceptre before him, in an ancient window of the collegiate church at Warwick, leaves no doubt that such an event did take place. It appears, however, that this ceremony conferred no regal power, as it was held that the King had no right to touch the integrity of the British monarchy, or transfer any part of his sovereignty; and there is reason to conclude that, though titular King, he did not even possess the lordship of the Island, no surrender appearing from Duke Humphrey, who was then living and had a grant for the term of his life. Henry Beauchamp died soon after these honours had been conferred on him, June 11, 1445, when the regal title expired with him, and the lordship of the Island at the death of the Duke of Gloucester reverted to the Crown.

Before the time of the Duke-King, the Island had been partially fortified. During the reign of Edward III. twenty-nine beacons and watch-towers were erected at different points, in order to spread the alarm over the whole Island when the enemy was approaching. Two men by day and four by night kept watch and ward at each of these towers; and every landed proprietor was bound to find men and arms, in proportion of one man for every 20*l.* a year his estates rendered

him; and the Warden of Wight could summon home absentees, and make other provisions for the common security. Every landowner was bound, when called upon, to do garrison duty for forty days, and at his own expense, in Carisbrook Castle, which was often attacked by the French, but never taken, the Islanders on every occasion making a gallant defence. In the fifteenth century, while Henry V. was desolating France with his mad wars, a body of Frenchmen suddenly appeared off the Isle of Wight, and effected a landing there; but they were defeated and driven back to their ships. From this time till the reign of Henry VIII. the French made no new effort, but then they succeeded in landing on the Island, and plundered a good part of it.

Shortly after this sad event, the Islanders furnished themselves with parochial artillery; each parish provided one piece of light brass ordnance, which was carefully kept either in the church or in a small house built for the purpose close by the church. Towards the end of the last century some sixteen or eighteen of these guns were still preserved in the Island. The Islanders, by frequent practice, are said to have made themselves excellent artillerymen. The gun-carriages and ammunition were provided by the parishes, and particular farms were charged with the duty of finding horses to draw them.

From the time that the naval superiority of Great Britain was established, these measures of defence on the part of the Islanders became almost unnecessary, and the Isle of Wight had nothing to fear.

On St. Catherine's Hill, the most elevated point of the whole Island, "there is a stern round tower of other days," which was built above those terrible precipices as far back as the year 1323, by Walter, lord of the neighbouring manor of Godington, who assigned certain rents for a chanting priest to sing mass in it, and also to provide light in the tower (which was at once a chapel, a hermitage, and a pharos) for the safety of seamen in dark and stormy weather. At the Reformation the trifling revenues were sequestrated or alienated, the poor monk ceased his mass, and the lights to shine across the deep, where rocks and shoals threatened destruction to the "night-faring skiff."



Carisbrook Castle.

Among the fortresses of the Isle of Wight, Carisbrook Castle claims the pre-eminence, from its great antiquity and impregnable strength.

That it was originally a British camp may be inferred from the shape of the hill upon which it is placed; and there can be little doubt that Vespasian (who, according to Suetonius, in the time of the Emperor Claudius, fought thirty times with the British enemy, and reduced upwards of twenty towns, two powerful nations, and the Isle of Wight, under the Roman power) found on his arrival here a fortress, which he immediately garrisoned. Grose tells us that "a Castle or fort was built here by the Britons, and repaired by the Romans, when the Island was subdued by Vespasian, A.D. 45." History, however, is silent respecting the Roman transactions at Carisbrook; nor do we find any authentic mention of the place until 530, when Cerdic, King of the West Saxons, having destroyed the Islanders, gave this fortress to his nephew, Whitgar, from whom may be derived its present appellation: Whitgara-burgh, or Whitgar, his burgh, being purely Saxon, and but little altered in the lapse of so many ages from its original sound; though some prefer a derivation from the Celtic *Caerbroc*, which signifies the town of yew-trees.

Adjoining to the present church of Carisbrook are the ruins of a priory of Cistercian monks, founded soon after the Norman Conquest by Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford. There is scarcely enough of the priory left to make a picturesque ruin. Not so of the Castle which stands opposite to it, but on a much higher eminence; where towers, keep, and barbican, ramparts and battlements, frown along the steep, and are just sufficiently ruined and ivy-clad to be eminently romantic and picturesque. The Keep, and the artificial mound it stands on, which lies to the north, and is much higher than the ground-plan of the rest of the fortress, are generally supposed to have been raised by the Saxons as early as the sixth century.

In the eleventh century Fitz-Osborne, the Norman, included this portion in his larger Castle, which covered the space of an acre and a half, and was of a square form, with rounded angles; the base of the whole being surrounded by a fosse or ditch. In this Norman Castle lived the lords of that race. All lands were held of it on condition of serving it and defending it at all times from the enemy. Hence it was called "The Honour of Carisbrook."

Fitz-Osborne's Castle was repaired and enlarged during the reign of Richard II., by Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; and it was again enlarged, and some parts wholly rebuilt, by the unfortunate Lord Woodville, who suffered at Pontefract, June 13, 1483, two months after the death of Edward IV. The outer walls of the fortress form an irregular pentagon, and are faced with stone, and defended by five bastions,

having a break in the centre of the north side. These fortifications were the work of Queen Elizabeth, who, at the instigation of Sir George Carey, gave 400*l.* towards the repair of the fortress, when the Spanish Armada was expected. The gentlemen of the Island raised 400*l.*, and the commonalty cheerfully dug the outer ditch gratuitously. Camden tells us (1594), that the Castle had been lately restored in a magnificent manner by the Captain of the Island.

Among the curiosities pointed out by the guides to the stranger's notice are two wells—the one in the centre of the Keep, said to have been three hundred feet deep, but now partially filled up; the other in the Castle yard, two hundred feet deep, where water is drawn by means of a wheel turned by a donkey, working precisely as did the dogs called "turnspits" in our kitchens in former times. The wheel is broad and hollow, and furnished inside with steps, or projecting pieces of wood; the donkey is introduced into the interior of the wheel, and by treading from one of these steps to another turns it round, and makes the wheel act like a windlass. This second well is also famed for having the property of echoing the fall of a pin in a most singular manner.

* Carisbrook Castle was in one instance made memorable by the heroism of a female, whose adventures in some respects resembled those of the celebrated royalist, the Countess of Derby. At an early stage of the Civil War, Jerome, Earl of Portland, who had been Governor for Charles I. during many years, was removed by Parliament as a Catholic, or as one who at least was a favourer of Popery. Shortly after, when he was suddenly imprisoned in London on this ground, and further accused by the Commons of a thoughtless and profligate expenditure of public money in ammunition, entertainments, and the drinking of loyal toasts in Carisbrook, the principal inhabitants of the Island drew up a petition in favour of their "noble and much honoured and beloved captain and governor," in which, dropping all allusion to his wasting of the ammunition, &c., they stuck to the more important question of his religious faith, declaring that not only was he a good Protestant, but that there was not one professed Papist, or favourer of Papacy, in the whole Isle of Wight. This petition being disregarded by Parliament, they drew up a spirited remonstrance, in which they spoke of defending themselves by arms, and admitting no new Governor that was not appointed by the King. The people were very differently inclined; and they were led by Moses Read, the Mayor of Newport, who declared in favour of Parliament, and represented the great danger accruing to the State from the Countess of Portland being allowed to continue in the Castle, and retain Colonel Brett there as her warden. Read soon

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received orders to seize the fortress, and secure Colonel Brett, the Countess, her five children, and other relatives who had taken shelter within the walls; and he marched upon Carisbrook with the militia of Newport, and four hundred sailors drawn from the vessels at anchor in the Island. The garrison of the old fortress did not exceed twenty men, but the Countess resolved not to surrender it except upon honourable conditions. At the approach of the force from Newport, with a lighted match in her hand, she walked deliberately to one of the bastions, declaring she would fire the first cannon at the foe. Moses Read, who expected no resistance, soon came to terms with the bold Countess; the Castle was surrendered on conditions, and her ladyship was removed from the Island.

The next memorable incident in the history of Carisbrook Castle, is its having been that to which the unhappy Charles I. fled from Hampton Court on November 5, 1647, attended by two confidential servants, but without having determined upon any particular place of refuge. They rode all night, and finding themselves at daybreak in the New Forest, in Hampshire, it was resolved to repair to Titchfield, a seat of the Earl of Southampton, in the neighbourhood. This, however, was not a place in which the King could remain in security; and it was then resolved to send a message to Colonel Hammond, the Governor of the Isle of Wight, intimating the King's desire to avail himself of his protection.

Charles thought that he might expect to find a friend in the Colonel, who was a nephew of his chaplain, Dr. Henry Hammond; but he was, in fact, a devoted partisan of Cromwell, through whose interest he had married a daughter of Hampden, and had also obtained his post of Governor at this station. At first, however, on receiving the King into Carisbrook Castle, he treated him as a guest rather than as a prisoner—permitting him to ride wherever he chose, and to receive all who desired to see him. It was not till after some time that his movements were subjected to any restriction. Hammond then informed him that orders had been sent down for the instant dismissal of all his attendants; and they were accordingly compelled to take their leave the day following. As soon as they were gone, it was further intimated to the unhappy King that he must for the future consider himself as a prisoner within the walls of the Castle. He was still, however, allowed as much freedom as was compatible with this species of confinement—being permitted to walk on the ramparts, and to amuse himself in a bowling-green, which Hammond caused to be formed for the purpose in a part of the Castle yard. He usually indulged himself in the former

exercise in the morning, and in the latter in the afternoon. Much of his leisure was also occupied in reading. Many persons, it would appear, also still contrived to gain admission to his presence, under the pretext of desiring to be touched for the king's evil. The condition in which he was kept, however, was now undisguisedly that of a prisoner; and his thoughts, as well as those of his friends, were naturally directed to the means by which he might effect his escape. The several attempts which he made for this purpose may be found detailed in the *Tbrenodia Carolina* of Sir Thomas Herbert, and still more minutely in Sir Richard Worsley's *History of the Isle of Wight*, where many particulars are published for the first time from manuscript documents. The first attempt was made on December 29, and failed through the mismanagement of its conductor, Captain Burley, the Captain of Yarmouth Castle, who was besides so unfortunate as to be himself apprehended and executed for his share in the enterprise.

A faithful follower, of the name of Firebrace, having obtained permission to attend upon the King as one of his pages, next made use of the opportunities this appointment afforded him, in consulting with Charles, and devising schemes by which his escape might be effected. Among other plans, Firebrace proposed his getting out of the chamber-window, and fearing the bars might render the passage too narrow, he proposed cutting them with a saw; but the King, objecting the danger of a discovery, commanded him to prepare all things else for his departure, being confident he could get through the window, having tried with his head, and judging that where the head could pass, the body would easily follow. The design was imparted to some trusty friends, and with them, the following plan of operation was agreed upon. At the time appointed, Firebrace was to throw something up against the window of the King's apartment, as a signal that all was clear, on which the King was to let himself down by a cord provided for that purpose; Firebrace was then, under favour of the darkness, to conduct him across the court to the main wall of the Castle, from which he was again to descend into the ditch, by means of another cord with a stick fastened across it, serving as a seat. Beyond this wall was the counter-scarp, which being low, might easily be ascended; and near this place two other friends, Worsley and Osborn, were to be ready mounted, having a spare horse, with pistol and boots, for the King, while a fourth, Mr. Newland, remained at the sea-side with a large boat, ready to convey his Majesty wherever he should think fit to direct.

At the appointed time, all things being in readiness, and every one instructed in his part, Firebrace gave the expected signal, on which the

King attempted to get out of the window ; but found, when it was too late, that he had been entirely mistaken ; for, although he found an easy passage for his head, he stuck fast between the breast and shoulders, without the power of advancing or returning ; but having the instant before mistrusted something of this nature, he had tied a piece of cord to the bar of the window, by means of which he might force himself back again. Firebrace heard him groan, without being able to afford him the least assistance ; however, the King at length, with much difficulty, having released himself from the window, placed a candle in it, as an intimation that his attempt was frustrated. Had not this unfortunate impediment occurred, there is the greatest reason to believe his escape might have been effected.

It is said that a Major Rolfe, who happened at the time to have charge of the Castle, was ready to have shot the King should he have actually commenced making his descent.

After these fruitless efforts to obtain his liberty, Charles abandoned himself to despair. In this state he remained till September 18, 1648, when he was permitted to remove to Newport to confer with the Parliamentary Commissioners on giving his promise that he would not make another attempt to escape. On the 29th of November he was seized here by a party of soldiers, and conveyed to Hurst Castle, on the coast of Hampshire, which he left only to undergo his trial and execution about six weeks after.

The apartments in which the King was confined are now in ruins ; but a window is still pointed out as that by which he made the attempt to regain his liberty. This part of the Castle is on the left hand upon entering the first court from the gates.

At the south-east angle are the remains of Mountjoy's Tower, the walls of which are immensely thick. This tower is of great antiquity, and probably coeval with the Keep, which stands at the south-east angle. It was probably a fortress of the Saxons, round which Fitz-Osborne erected the outer walls. A lofty mound of earth has been thrown up, on the summit of which is the donjon or Keep. The entrance is by an exceedingly steep flight of eighty-one steps, whereby an assailing force might easily be precipitated. Seventy-two of these steps are external, the remainder leading through a small square portal to the interior of the Keep. This portion is assumed to be Saxon ; for the walls are not only rude in construction, but irregular in their polygonal form, and bear no similitude to that massive and imposing style which the Normans introduced, both in the Castles which they built anew as well as in those fortresses of their vanquished enemies which

they adopted. This hypothesis is strengthened by Grose, who informs us that the building of Whitgar falling into decay, was a second time rebuilt in the reign of Henry I., by Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devonshire, whose son, Baldwin, a partisan of the Empress Maud, endeavoured to defend this Castle against Stephen in 1136, but unsuccessfully, as the King took it in the first assault. It was again besieged in 1377 by the French, who were driven off by Sir Hugh Tyrrel, a Knight of Essex.

It was subsequently to the execution of Charles that his two youngest children, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, became inmates of Carisbrook Castle. They at first lived with the Countess of Leicester at Penshurst, in Kent, where Parliament allowed 3000*l.* a year for their maintenance. When they were removed to Carisbrook the young Duke was attended by his tutor, one Mr. Lovel, "an honest man," as Clarendon calls him, and both he and his sister were humanely treated. One of their greatest hardships, next to their loss of liberty, appears to have been the Parliament's order, "That no person should be permitted to kiss their hands, and that they should not be otherwise treated than as the children of a gentleman." Mildmay, who was then Captain of the Castle, observed this order very exactly, so that the Duke was never called by any other style than Master Harry. Two years after the death of his sister Elizabeth, the young Duke was liberated by the advice and influence of Cromwell, who caused 500*l.* to be paid by the Treasury to defray the expenses of conveying him to the Continent—the only condition imposed being that he should sail directly from the Isle of Wight, and not touch at any part of the English coast.

It will be interesting here to tell the fate of the Princess Elizabeth at Carisbrook. About eighteen months after her father's death, she accidentally got wet on the bowling-green of the Castle; fever and cold ensued, and her weak form sunk to death. Supposing her to have fallen asleep, her attendants left the apartment for a short time: on their return she was dead, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and resting on an open Bible, her father's last and cherished gift. An idle story found its way into Hume's and other histories, to the effect that the Parliament designed to apprentice the poor Princess to a button-maker at Newport; but the idea never went beyond a republican joke in the mouth of Cromwell.

Her remains were embalmed, and buried with much pomp, in the church at Newport, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, whose murder and canonization were recent events at the date of the building of the

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church, in 1172. The letters E. S. on an adjacent wall alone pointed out the grave of the Princess. In time the obscure resting-place of a King's daughter was forgotten; and it came upon people like a discovery, when, in 1793, while a grave was being prepared for a son of Lord de la Warr, a leaden coffin, in excellent preservation, was found, bearing the inscription: "Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of the late King Charles, deceased September 8th, MDCL." Soon after the discovery of the vault a small brass plate with a brief inscription was placed over it, inlaid in the floor of the church, just within the screen.

The Church at Newport becoming ruinous, it was found necessary to rebuild it in 1856; and her Majesty the Queen, with the sympathy of a woman and a princess, took the opportunity of erecting a monument to the unhappy Elizabeth. The design was confided to Baron Marochetti: it represents the Princess lying on a mattress, her cheek resting on an open Bible, bearing 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 reposes, hangs an iron grating, with its bars broken asunder, emblematising the prisoner's release by death. Two side windows with stained glass were added by her Majesty's desire, and the inscription thus gracefully records a graceful act: "To the Memory of the Princess Elizabeth, Daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrook Castle, on Sunday, September 8, 1650, and is interred beneath the Chancel of this Church. This Monument is erected, a token of respect for her Virtues, and of sympathy for her Misfortunes, by Victoria R., 1856."

In another part of the church is a curiously sculptured monument to Sir Edward Horsey, a Captain of the Wight in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Edward was a brave and fortunate commander, by sea and by land. He was much beloved by the favourite, the Earl of Leicester, who entrusted him with the secret of his clandestine marriage with Lady Douglas Sheffield, whom the knight gave away in person. This circumstance, however, did not prevent his denying all knowledge of the nuptials when the worthless Earl fancied another fair one. In reward for services like these the favourite gave him the Captaincy of the Island.

The fate of the next notable inmate of Carisbrook Castle is thus agreeably related in *Knight's Journey Book of Hampshire*:—"After the removal of the Duke of Gloucester, the Commonwealth continued to use the Castle as a state prison. One of the most remarkable of the inmates of Carisbrook, at a somewhat later period of the Commonwealth, was Sir William Davenant, the poet, and god-son (at least) of

Shakespeare. Davenant had adhered to the Court, and fought repeatedly in the field against the Parliamentary forces. On the downfall of his party he fled beyond seas, where he was put to strange shifts, and derived all the help he could from a pretty apparent want of conscience. According to old Aubrey, when at Paris, "He laid an ingenious design to carry a considerable number of artificers, chiefly weavers, from thence to Virginia, and by Mary, the Queen-Mother's means, 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 tisserans*'—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 then 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 *Gondibert*, 4to, 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."

Osborne House.

Osborne, at East Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, was originally the seat of Lady Isabella Blachford, of whom the property was purchased, in 1844, by Her Majesty. The mansion was in the occupation of Eustace Mann, Esq., during the Civil Wars between King Charles I. and his Parliament. Adjoining is a copse called Money Copse, where the proprietor, it is said, during the Wars, buried all his money, plate, &c., but upon searching for it the treasure could not be found; and it was long the general belief from tradition that the property still remained secreted.

Osborne adjoins Norris Castle, a modern edifice, where the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria resided in 1831. From a plain mansion Osborne was extended into an elegant marine villa, understood to have been partly planned by the lamented Prince Consort, and built by Mr. Thomas Cubitt.

Winchester Cathedral.

The actual history of Winchester Cathedral is older than the authentic history of England itself. In the dim eras of tradition and legend we can descry the indistinct outline of a dominating place of worship in this most ancient and regal city, though we can tell nothing of its proportions, of the manner of men who conducted the rites of its worship, nor even of the material of which it was composed. For the light of acknowledged history had not yet begun to shine in this direction, and the edifice which, in the course of a few generations, that light brings clearly before our mind's eye, (touching its arches, columns, and dark doorways, its buttresses and pinnacles with light and shade,) is as yet a formless shape, shrouded in obscurity, and dependent for its very existence, so far as *we* stand related to it at least, on the stories borne down to us on the breath of man.

Of the city of Winchester itself, it has been said that "it may possibly have existed as a village in the woods for a thousand years before the Christian era," and the antiquity of the first temple to the Unseen here may be speculated upon in a fashion almost as vague and limitless. But however interesting the earliest traditions of the first local church may be, we can only deal with them in the briefest manner here.

The foundation of the first Christian church at Winchester is attributed to the British "Lucius, the first Christian *king* in this or in any other country," and who flourished towards the close of the second century. Like a number of the princes who had preceded him in the British kingdom, Lucius clearly obtained his knowledge of the Christian faith from his near relatives both at Rome and in Britain, some of whom were among the brightest ornaments of the religion which he himself professed, and which he desired to establish throughout his dominion. Having applied to S. Eleutherius, then the Bishop of Rome, for prelates to instruct himself and his people, the two priestly teachers Fugatius and Duvianus were sent to him. By these Lucius and his Queen, and, it is said, "the greater part of his subjects," were baptized. He then founded churches in each of the twenty-eight "large towns" said to have been then in existence in Britain, and which before had been the chief seats of the Flamines or Pagan priests. He added to his appoint-

ments the condition that the Christian teachers were to draw the revenues which, under the former condition of things, the heathens whom they had supplanted had been in the habit of drawing, thus showing practically that he meant zeal and discretion to go together.

Lucius, according to the oldest historical writers, built the cathedral of Winchester (not from the walls of any existing edifice, but from its own foundations in the earth), and fashioned his building "upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence which has never since been equalled." In connexion with the cathedral Lucius is stated to have established a monastery. The date of the death of Lucius—with whom ended the dynasty of the British tributary princes—is uncertain; but it could not have been many years after this event, when both the cathedral and the monastery he had established were destroyed by the Romans. The persecution having lasted some time, at length abated under the influence of Constantius Chlorus, who was declared successor to Maximian and Emperor of the West in 305. One of his first acts was to put an end to the trials of the Christians, who, emerging now from their hiding-places, resumed their usual occupations. The rebuilding of Winchester Cathedral, in the same spot and in the same form as at first, is believed to have commenced in 312, and though from want of resources—there being now no British king to head the movement—the second was a mean edifice compared with the first, yet the building, with the religious houses adjoining, were not constructed with less than the labour of five years.

The withdrawal of the Roman legions from the shores of Britain left the natives in the miserable dilemma of being compelled by the Picts, who ravaged their inland provinces on the one hand, and the pirate Saxons, who assailed them from the shore on the other, to choose between the least of two evils. The Britons declared for the Saxons, who were accordingly invited into the country, with what results the world is familiar. The immediate result to the cathedral and its monasteries, however, was that Cerdic, who remains famous in English history as the founder of the West Saxon kingdom, sweeping down upon Hampshire in 495 with a force of Norsemen, succeeded at once in gaining a footing in the country, and in the course of a few years of defeating the British forces and ultimately capturing Winchester with great slaughter, profaning its church, and turning it there and then into a heathen temple.

The name of the city, which was known to the Britons as *Caer*

Gwent, to the Romans as *Venta Belgarum* (various explanations of which names are given), was now supplanted by a Saxon cognomen at the will of its Saxon conquerors. By them it was called Wintanceaster or Winchester.

Though the art and culture, the commerce and manufactures of this city—introduced into it originally by the Romans and maintained by early British princes and nobles—were now wholly gone, Winchester still remained the chief city of the most powerful king in the island. Accordingly, Cedric, having resolved to declare himself monarch of the western kingdom in the most public and solemn manner, assembled his chief subjects together in his capital, and caused himself to be crowned (519) with the usual ceremonies of his nation, in the new *temple of Thor*—late the cathedral church:

Before the middle of the seventh century, nearly the whole of the island, including the kingdom of which Winchester was the capital, had received the Christian faith. The apostle of the West Saxons arrived at Winchester, at King Kinegil's court, in 635. Miracles attended the divine mission of St. Birinus, and in a short time the Saxon king with many of the inhabitants of the city were baptized. Ecclesiastical activity then recommenced throughout the little kingdom and throughout the country generally, for the new mission was now being freely received on every side. Under Kenewalk the successor of Kinegil, who, after a turbulent youth, not only became a Christian, but a model for Christian princes, the old profaned cathedral was levelled with the ground, as rendered unfit by the desecration of the Pagan to be ever again used in Christian worship, and the third Christian church was raised on its site. Suitable houses for the monks and canons engaged in the monastery of the cathedral were also instituted, and the whole establishment endowed with all the lands which Kinegil had left for that purpose, to which he added the manors of Downton, Alresford, and Worthy. The cathedral was dedicated by St. Birinus in 648.

In 871 the city was taken and the cathedral sacked by the Danes; but was soon after restored by the great Alfred, who, probably born in Winchester, the seat of his royal ancestors, was trained as a child within the ancient walls of its cathedral, under the watchful care of no less a personage than St. Swithin himself, then bishop of this see. Alfred also built here the new Minster, as a place of burial and royal chantry for himself and his family.

Under Edward the Confessor, Queen Emma, his mother, was accused of being accessory to the death of her own son, Alfred, as

well as of criminal familiarity with Alwyn, prelate of Winchester (1032). The Queen wrote letters from Whorwell to different prelates insisting upon undergoing the proof, so usual in those days, of the fiery ordeal. This offer, made in the confidence of innocence, and with the view of putting an end for ever to such calumnies, was at length accepted, and Queen Emma walked over nine red-hot ploughshares, which were placed on the pavement in the nave of Winchester Cathedral, without suffering the slightest injury. In memory of this extraordinary deliverance, these ploughshares were buried in the west cloister of the cathedral, and both Emma and Alwyn, whose name had been so maliciously combined with hers, gave each of them nine manors to the church, as a thanksgiving for the miraculous justification of their fair fame. But this story does not conclude with the acquittal of the innocent—it records also the punishment of the guilty. There had for some time been in the mind of Edward the Confessor a suspicion that Earl Godwin, one of his chief nobility, and the person who had in the first instance accused Queen Emma of having brought about the death of her young son, was himself implicated in that foul transaction. This impression afterwards became conviction. The king and a vast concourse of prelates and nobility were observing the festival of Easter at the royal city of Winchester. A great dinner was toward, and it happened that the butler, in bringing in a dish, slipped with it, but recovered himself by making adroit use of his other foot. “Thus does brother assist brother,” exclaimed Earl Godwin, thinking to be sportive at the butler’s expense. “And thus might I have been now assisted by my Alfred, if Earl Godwin had not prevented it,” answered the king, in a tone of great severity; for the earl’s exclamation had recalled to his mind the suspicion he had so long entertained against him with respect to Prince Alfred’s death. Upon this the earl, holding up the morsel which 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 anything to do with that murder. The king then repeated a short prayer, and the earl putting the morsel into his mouth attempted to swallow it; but his efforts are in vain, it sticks fast in his throat, immovable upward or downward: his respiration fails, his eyes become fixed, his countenance and his whole body convulsed, and in a minute more he falls dead under the table. Upon this the king, seeing divine justice manifested, and no doubt remembering with bitterness the days when he gave a willing ear to

the calumnies spread about his innocent mother, was stirred with indignation. "Carry away that dog," cried he to his attendants, "and bury him in the high road." The body, however, was deposited by the earl's cousin in the cathedral.

In the latter part of the eleventh century the English exchanged the Danish for the Norman yoke—much, ultimately, to their own advantage. But the arts, accomplishments, chivalric sentiment and general civilization which the barons who "came over" with the Conqueror introduced, are matters which cannot be noticed here, except as these were brought to bear on the architectural magnificence and on the history and traditions of the cathedral under consideration. Winchester continued after the Conquest to be regarded as a "royal city." Here the king "wore his crown" during the great yearly festivals, and here a number of the early Norman sovereigns went through the ceremony of coronation. Here also many of the severe and oppressive laws and restrictions affecting the nation at large, were first planned and tried by the Normans. It was in this city that William, being desirous of suppressing the midnight drinking-bouts to which the English were at that time so much addicted, and which gave them so many opportunities of bewailing Norman oppression, and regretting the good old days when Saxon men were ruled by Saxon monarchs, enacted that at the hour of eight in the evening, the inhabitants of this city and of the country generally, should extinguish all lights and fires in their houses, and not rekindle them before a certain hour of the following day. The signal for this extinction of fires was to be the ringing of the bell, the *curfew* bell, the chimes of which have given music to English prose and have rung in English verse for many generations.

In 1079 Bishop Walkelin, a relation of and chaplain to the Conqueror, and a man whose genius and heart were equally broad and magnanimous, undertook at his own sole expense to rebuild the cathedral and the adjoining monastery from the ground, in a style of architecture for nobility hitherto unparalleled. Only a hundred years before the cathedral had been newly built; but it had suffered from Danish barbarity; and, besides, the Normans with their much higher ideas of architecture looked upon this as upon all Saxon buildings with contempt, and resolved to supplant them whenever possible with edifices of their own. In the course of this work, Walkelin found himself distressed for timber, and applying to the Conqueror, obtained the liberty of cutting down and

carrying away as much timber from the King's forest of Hampinges, in the neighbourhood of Winchester, as he could take in three days. The bishop finding that his consumption of wood in building the new cathedral was beyond his amplest calculations, collected together all the woodmen he could get in the country, and setting briskly to work cut down every individual tree of which the forest consisted, and brought all away within the prescribed time. The King, passing that way a few days after, turned towards the place where the wood of Hampinges had stood—for it always pleased him to gaze upon a forest—but was struck with astonishment to find that the whole wood had vanished bodily—whisked away as by the waving of a wizard's wand. "Are my eyes fascinated?" cried the King; "or have I lost my senses? For certainly I thought I had a beautiful wood here, adjoining to Winchester." Being informed of the advantage which Walkelin had taken of the permission granted to him, the King was at first mightily incensed and refused to see the bishop. Walkelin, however, contrived to see the King, and, falling at his feet, begged to be forgiven and to be taken back into favour. The King, who knew his merit and sincerity, assented to the request, saying, however, "Most assuredly, Walkelin, I was too liberal in my grant, and you too exacting in the use you made of it."

Meantime the cathedral rose apace, and after the lapse of eight years, service was held in the still incomplete building for the first time. This was in the reign of Rufus. This king was by no means so generous towards the church as his father. He seized all the valuables of the magnificently-appointed cathedral, and, in doing so, broke the heart of Walkelin, who died a few days after, and was buried in the nave of the church he had raised. Two years afterwards Rufus met his own death, and the calamitous event was generally regarded at the time as a mark of the divine wrath against the family of the Conqueror. Hunting in the neighbouring forest he was accidentally shot by his own bow-bearer, and falling, died on the spot. The next day the royal corpse was brought to Winchester, defiled with blood and dirt, and—oh, the pride of kings!—in no more stately vehicle than a charcoal maker's cart! The body was buried in the choir of the cathedral, "many people looking on," says the chronicler, "but few grieving."

With the history of the stirring adventures of Queen Matilda, daughter of Malcolm and Margaret, King and Queen of Scotland, and wife of Henry I. of England, the royal city of Winchester is

closely inwoven. Her escape from the Castle of Winchester when besieged there by King Stephen, the usurper, was an exploit equally creditable to the ingenuity and the romantic spirit of the mother of Henry Plantagenet. Here in 1207 Henry IV., "Henry of Winchester," was born, and many of the years of his minority were spent here. He was the last king that used the city as a place of what might be called permanent residence. The royal residence was changed for good by Edward I., and this, with the calamity that befel Winchester when sacked by De Montfort during the Barons' War, brought upon the city a withering blight from which it never recovered. Up to this time the trade of Winchester had rivalled that of London. Its great annual fair held on the hill of St. Giles, was the rendezvous of all the traders of the country, and, taking place as it did close to the port of Southampton, was visited by merchants from every country in Europe. So famous had this fair become, that for several centuries it was unrivalled, even by the fair of Beaucaire in Languedoc. During its celebration the hill of St. Giles was divided into streets of booths, which were named after the countries and districts to which the merchants who had their stalls there belonged—thus there was the Street of the Flemings, the street of Limoges—of Caen, of Genoa, &c. Winchester was the great seat of the cloth-weaving trade from very early times, and from 1333 to 1363 it was the staple or wool-mart of the kingdom. But at the latter date the prosperity of the city had begun to decline, and Winchester began to be conscious that it was becoming historical—had had its day, so far, at least, as commercial pre-eminence was concerned.

In 1366 a notable personage rose to the primacy of Winchester, and took into his hands the keeping of the great cathedral. William de Wykeham, so called from having been born at the neighbouring town of Wickham, of a father either too humble to claim a surname or too obscure to have it recorded, was indebted for his education to the liberality of Nicholas Uvedale, lord of the manor of Wickham, and constable of Winchester Castle. As a student he was distinguished for diligence and piety. He was especially expert in mathematical science, and having been taken into the service of Uvedale, his patron, he first turned his mathematical and constructive abilities to account by carrying out successfully the alterations and repairs of Winchester Castle. Recommended to the notice of Edward III., he was appointed King's surveyor of works, and carried out buildings or repairs at many great castles,

including those of Dover, Queenborough, and Windsor. He afterwards rose to be successively Secretary of State, Keeper of the Privy Seal, Chancellor—in short the King's chief counsellor in all public affairs. He built and endowed two famous colleges at Winchester and Oxford respectively; rebuilt the grand nave of Winchester—an admirable work; and after a life spent in good works he died in 1404, and was buried in a chantry which he had built for the purpose, and which, for beauty of design and workmanship, is unsurpassed by his finest achievements as an architect. The sides of the tomb are covered with trefoil arches and crocketed spandrels, and emblazoned with mitres and with the armorial shields of the bishop they commemorate. The image that rests above the tomb is specially remarkable for beauty of execution in face as well as figure. At his feet are seated three quaint little figures of monks in a praying attitude. These are said to represent three favourite friars.

With William of Wykeham a certain glow of glory passed away from Winchester. In himself he was too great, and his courtly surroundings were too noteworthy, for his absence not to be felt after he had been laid in the tomb which he had prepared as his last resting-place. Winchester, however, had still its attractions and still received numerous royal visits. In its cathedral was solemnized the marriage of Henry IV. with the Queen of Navarre, Duchess of Brittany, in 1403. Henry V., before his departure for Agincourt, here received the French Ambassadors, and feasted them in the castle in 1415. Here, in 1487 Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, was born; and here, conferring on matters of high import, and viewing together the antiquities of this renowned city, a week was spent in companionship by the Emperor Charles V. and our own Henry VIII.—a name which brings us to a momentous crisis in the history of our famous cathedral.

Upon the death of Bishop Fox, early in the sixteenth century, "it was easy to foresee that this bishopric would fall into no other hands than those of the great and mighty cardinal who then engrossed all the royal favour, and a great part of the royal benefits and richest church livings." Wolsey was accordingly formally installed in the see in the beginning of the year 1529. Before, however, Wolsey could enter on this most remunerative see, he was compelled to resign office as head of the church of Durham, and the recipient of its revenues. These revenues the King thought proper to bestow on another kind of favourite—Anne Boleyn, to

wit, maid of honour to his wife Katherine of Arragon. Henry's intense admiration of Anne awoke his conscience to a suspicion of the legality or validity of his marriage with Katherine. He sought a divorce from Pope Clement VII. Wolsey was employed to negotiate, but matters not being conducted with the activity which the heat of Henry's passion demanded, he turned round upon the slow churchman and determined on revenge. His first victim was the new Bishop of Winchester. His fate is a matter of history unconnected with our cathedral.

A new chapter in the history of England now begins, and incidents and measures come with a rush. An act is passed by avaricious and extravagant Henry, and his obsequious Parliament, discharging the King from the payment of the several sums of money which had been lent to him by his subjects. Directing next his attention to churchmen, Henry, in his usual impetuous way, simply abolished them, there and then. The spiritual supremacy of the Pope was renounced, and the King of England declared head of the Church in England.

These sudden, sweeping, and subversive measures, so potent in influencing the future history of England and of the world, had their real source and spring, not in Henry's religious convictions, or in those of his subjects, but in his own lasciviousness and avarice. The affair of the divorce of Queen Katherine erected the bridge over which the King walked to the religious supremacy of his realm, and the business of the supremacy of the King led naturally to the suppression of the religious houses. "The suppression of the monasteries," says Collier, "was thought the easiest way of furnishing the exchequer." This measure produced the most momentous and lamentable results among the religious houses of Winchester. An Act of Parliament was forthwith passed by which all monasteries whose yearly revenues did not amount to the sum of 200*l.* were to be dissolved and their revenues diverted into the King's exchequer. The greater religious houses were not touched by this first tentative Act, in the preamble of which, indeed, such houses are spoken of with the utmost reverence and respect, as "divers and great solemn monasteries in this realm, wherein, thanks be to God, religion is well kept up and observed." By the passing of the Act referred to five of the minor religious establishments in Winchester were suppressed. But this measure, ostensibly final, was really only preliminary. Cromwell, formerly the servant and now the successor of Wolsey, undertook that all the abbeyes and other great monasteries should at once make a voluntary surrender of their lands and pos

sessions into the King's hands. This measure was forthwith carried out. The fatal effects of this change were nowhere more sensibly felt than at Winchester. Fallen from all its wealth and grandeur as a royal and commercial city, the number and splendour of its conventual establishments still maintained it in considerable consequence, trade, and external appearance. Since the reign of Henry VIII. Winchester has shown no more than the skeleton of its former state.

The progress of Winchester towards decay was accelerated by the accession of Elizabeth in 1558 and her assumption of ecclesiastical supremacy. This progress downwards continued throughout the whole reign of the Virgin Queen, and was only interrupted for a brief space during the reign of Charles I. By this monarch's orders the church was repaired and redecored, furnished with plate, hangings, and with the miscellaneous paraphernalia requisite to the proper performance of religious service; and while these decorations and alterations were being carried on, the ancient cathedral was visited by Charles and his queen, Henrietta Maria. It was on this occasion that the arms of the royal pair, in stained glass, were put up in the hall of the Deanery, where they are still to be seen.

It may have been the kindness shown by Charles that, when the revolution broke out, induced Winchester to take side with the King, and to incur the penalty that has usually overtaken the adherents of the Stuarts—partial if not entire ruin. Sir William Waller, the parliamentary general, made himself master of Winchester in 1642, and in 1644 his soldiers entering the cathedral proceeded to wreak upon it an insatiable vengeance. "The monuments of the dead were defaced, the bones of kings and bishops thrown about the church, the two famous brazen statues of the kings Charles and James, erected at the entrance into the choir, pulled down, the communion-plate, books, hangings, cushions, seized upon and made away with, the church vestments put on by the heathenish soldiers, riding in that posture in derision about the streets, some scornfully singing pieces of the common prayer, whilst others tooted upon broken pieces of the organ. The stories of the Old and New Testaments, curiously beautified with colours and cut out in carved work, were utterly destroyed, and of the brass torn from violated monuments might have been built a house as strong as the brazen towers in old romances."

In 1645 Oliver Cromwell was deputed to reduce the city and castle of Winchester, before the walls of which he punctually ap-

peared on the 28th September. He executed his commission with his wonted rapidity and success. The town capitulated after the siege of a week. Four years later Charles I. passed through Winchester on the way to his trial and his doom.

After the Restoration Winchester recovered its dignity as a bishopric. The cathedral chapter was now restored; the remains of the ancient kings and bishops which had been profaned and scattered about by the enthusiastic if not fanatical Puritans, were carefully gathered together and placed in two mortuary chests. The chests are carved, gilt, and surmounted with crowns, with the names and epitaphs in Latin verse and black letters inscribed upon them. The royal remains thus preserved are those of Kinegils; Ethelwolf, the father of Alfred Kenelph; Egbert; Rufus; Queen Emma; and Edred, the youngest son of Edward the Confessor. There are also the remains of bishops Wina and Alwin. The broken windows and defaced ornaments of the cathedral were repaired; the statues of James and Charles were replaced in their niches; the chancel was again raised and inclosed with a rich, well-carved balustrade, and the altar table was restored to its former position. In the reign of Queen Anne the cathedral was still further embellished. The altar-screen in particular was charged with those numerous Grecian vases, which now incongruously fill the Gothic niches where previously had stood the statues of saints and apostles. An episcopal throne, elegant in itself, but also incongruous in itself, as being of the Corinthian order, and therefore out of artistic harmony with the Gothic style of its surroundings, was raised in the choir.

The history of Winchester Cathedral has now been traced down to the period at which the history of an old monastic house naturally ends—namely, first to the period of the suppression of religious houses strictly so called, and subsequently to their conversion into churches of the established ritual, and of their restoration and alteration to suit the service of the Church as performed in our own times. What remains now to be done is to cast a rapid glance at this antique cathedral as it exists at the present day.

The visitor to Winchester Cathedral should by all means enter the building by the great western door. The length of this cathedral being greater than that of any other in England, the view obtained, looking from the western to the eastern extremity, is unusually grand and impressive. The eye ranges along the long-drawn nave to the eastern window, glowing with all the colours of enamelling, down the magnificent forest of piers and clustered

pillars, or rises to the lofty vault, fretted with tracery infinitely various, intricate, and beautiful, or is lost amid the shrines and chantries and tombs, with their splendidly carved canopies and luxurious ornaments. The nave presents to us one of the most curious instances of transformation from one style of architecture to another that has been preserved to us ; for although at present it is a perfect specimen of the elaborate Gothic of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, yet it is, in its heart and core, the original Norman building of Walkelin, over whose ponderous pillars and arches more recent architects have drawn a Gothic casing. This nave is perhaps the most beautiful in England. The Chantry of William of Wykeham is one of the best remaining specimens of a fourteenth century monument. Among the other chantries those of the successive bishops of the cathedral are especially to be noted as beautiful specimens of monumental architecture. The old font is a heavy square mass of dark marble, supported on one massive central and four corner pillars, and ornamented with carvings of doves and quaint human figures. Turning toward the altar, we behold "a magnificent screen of the most exquisite workmanship, in stone, which this or any other nation can exhibit." The canopies and lacework, so exquisitely delicate are they, fill one with wonder and delight. Its niches were formerly filled with statues, destroyed at the Reformation.

Of the exterior, the western and by far the most imposing part of the edifice was built in the latter part of the fourteenth century, the builders being Bishops Edington and Wykeham. Massiveness and simplicity are the most striking features of this part of the cathedral ; and there is an air of duration in them which is not expressed by those gaudy buildings in which the parts have the appearance of supporting each other.

The general impressions produced by a visit to this cathedral are profound and lasting. How many generations of men have been gathered to the dust since it was a place of Christian worship ! The path to its altar has been, so to speak, the pathway to the other world for thousands of men for a thousand years. And though in this long tale of life and death the building itself has undergone many vicissitudes, there is still in the aspect of the structure an air of endurance not anywhere to be matched in England. Simple, massive, and without even a crumbling stone—peaceful in itself, and producing peace in the heart and soul of its beholder—it stands an emblem of that faith which ought never to fail until it matures in the full fruition of everlasting glory.

DORSET.

Dorchester Castle and Priory.

Dorchester is a town of great antiquity; tessellated pavements, Roman urns, and coins of Antoninus Pius, Vespasian, Constantine, and other Roman Emperors, having been dug up in the neighbourhood. Placed on the Icknield Street, it must have been of some importance in the time of the Saxons, as two Mints were established here by King Athelstan. The town was nearly destroyed by fire in 1613. It was strongly fortified and entirely surrounded by a wall when in possession of the Romans; and the site where an ancient Castle stood is still called Castle Green. The fortress itself was totally demolished, and a Priory for Franciscan monks was constructed near the site of the old Castle out of the materials by one of the Chidlock family, in the reign of Edward III. The church of the Priory was pulled down at the Reformation. In Holy Trinity churchyard was buried Dr. William Cumming, physician and antiquary, 1788. He was placed in the churchyard, rather than in the church, at his own desire, "lest he who studied whilst living to promote the health of his fellow-citizens should prove detrimental to it when dead."

Many severe battles were fought near Dorchester, between the King's and the Parliamentary forces, during the Civil War. At the Assizes held here on the 3rd of September, 1685, by Judge Jeffries and four other judges, out of thirty persons tried on a charge of being implicated in Monmouth's rebellion, twenty were found guilty and sentenced to death. The following day 222 persons pleaded guilty, and eighty were ordered for execution. John Tutchin, who wrote the *Observer*, in Queen Anne's time, was sentenced to be whipped in every town in the county once a year, but on his petition to be hanged as a *mitigation* of his punishment, he was reprieved and subsequently pardoned.

 The Abbey of Cerne.

The Benedictine Abbey of Cerne, in Dorset, was founded in 987, by Ailmer, Earl of Cornwall, or rather refounded; for it is said to

have owed its origin to St. Augustine, the apostle of the Anglo-Saxons. Here was buried St. Edwold, brother of King Edmund the Martyr; here Canute committed one of his many robberies; and here the famous Cardinal Morton once lived as a simple monk.

Only a few loose fragments of this once magnificent Abbey Church remain, from time to time dug up on the site; among which is the small figure, of fifteen century date, executed in Ham Hill stone. From the crown or coronet on the brow, it would seem to represent a royal or noble lady who held the office of Abbess, for she appears *in pontificalibus*, bearing the staff in her right hand, and supporting a book in her left. Over the head is placed a hood, round the neck and chin a wimple or barbe, and she wears a long gown with ample sleeves. We rarely meet with an abbess equipped in official habit; but another and later instance occurs in the brass of Isabel Hervey, at Elstow, Bedfordshire. Quantities of encaustic tiles are met with, mostly of Perpendicular date; among which is one with a stag in a forest, chased by a hound.

In removing the wall of a pond formed on the line of the little stream which flows from St. Augustine's well, five stones were found, which were fragments of a most beautiful tomb of an abbot. The material was Purbeck marble; and the date, the very best period of Decorated architecture. The effigy is sadly ruined, yet enough remains to show an individuality of features; that the right hand held the abbatial staff, and the left a book. The folds of the dress had all the delicacy and grace of Greek art, or "water-drapery." There are also preserved at Cerne Church the fragments of a leaden chalice and paten, found in the grave of an ecclesiastic belonging to the Abbey.

All that remains of the Abbey is a stately, large, square, embattled tower, or gatehouse, now much dilapidated. There is also an ancient bridge, once an appendage of the Abbey. A mansion, called the Abbey House, was chiefly built from the ruins of the Abbey, and contains incorporated in it some remains of the more ancient Abbey House, built by Abbot Vanne, in the fifteenth century. The parish church was built by one of the late Abbots, for the use of the parishioners. Several beautiful overflowing wells still remain, probably the work of the Abbots, drawing their sources through subterranean channels from the spring of St. Augustine.

On the southern slope of Trendle Hill, near the town, is the outline of a remarkable figure of a man bearing a club, cut into the chalk; the height of the figure is about 180 feet; the outlines are about 2 feet broad. There are various traditional and conjectural statements respecting the

origin of this figure. It is repaired by the townspeople once in seven years. One of the traditions is that the giant, after eating some sheep, laid himself down on the hill to enjoy his *siesta*, and was pinioned by the inhabitants, who took his dimensions that way! On the south point of the hill, over the giant's head, has been an ancient fortification, and on the north point a barrow. There are several barrows on the surrounding hills.

Wimborne Minster.

Wimborne Minster, a very ancient town in the eastern part of Dorsetshire, is supposed to have been a Roman station, called *Vindogladia*; by the Saxons, *Vinburnam*. A Nunnery was established here in the beginning of the eighth century, by the sister of Ina, King of the West Saxons, upon the site of which the present Minster, or Collegiate Church was built. The Nunnery was destroyed by the Danes, when the establishment was converted into a college of secular canons, which continued to exist until the Dissolution. Some of the lands were set apart by Queen Elizabeth towards the support of the Grammar School, originally founded by the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., in 1497, though now called after Queen Elizabeth.

A strange accident is recorded to have happened unto this Church in the year 1600, when the choir, being full of people, and the streets, by reason of the market, a sudden mist arose, all the spire, of very great height, was strangely cast down; the stones battered all the lead, and broke much of the timber in the roof of the Church, yet without any hurt to the people; but the whole was repaired about 1610, with the Church revenues, "for sacrilege hath not yet swept away all, being assisted by Sir John Hanham, a neighbour gentleman, who enjoyed the revenues of the Church, and hath done commendable to converte parte of it to its former use."

Parts of the Miuster were built soon after the Conquest. It is a cruciform structure, 108 feet in length. It once contained ten altars of alabaster and other costly materials; the high altar was particularly splendid. There are two quadrangular towers, one at the west end, and the other, once surmounted by a very lofty spire, at the intersection of the cross. The whole edifice is particularly deserving of notice.

In this Minster was buried King Ethelred, the brother of Alfred, who was slain in an engagement with the Danes, in 872. Among the

relics preserved here before the Reformation, were pieces of Our Lord's manger, robe, and cross; some of the hairs of his beard, and a thorn of his crown; the blood of St. Thomas à Becket; and part of St. Agatha's thigh.

The royal burial places are very interesting. Aldhelm, one of the brightest lights of the Middle Ages, was consecrated first Bishop of Sherborne, c. 705; King Beortric was buried at Wareham, c. 784; the elder brothers of King Alfred, Kings Ethelbald and Ethelbert, were buried at Sherborne; and Ethelred, the next brother and successor, at Wimborne—King Cenwalh, who died A.D. 672, is said to have been a benefactor to Sherborne. Cuthburh, sister to King Ina, built the Monastery at Wimborne, A.D. 718. King Alfred founded the Benedictine Nunnery at Shaftesbury, c. 888; King Athelstan, the Benedictine Monastery at Milton about 933; Ethelmar, Earl of Devon, that at Cerne, c. 987; and Orc, the House-carle (or Æconomus) of King Canute, that at Abbotsbury, c. 1026.

In the south aisle, beneath an arch, is a raised coffin of painted marble, which enshrines the ashes of one Ettrick, the first Recorder of Poole, an eccentric old gentleman, who was fully persuaded that he should die in 1691, and accordingly procured his tomb to be made, and had the date cut thereon, as may be plainly seen, the same being altered to 1717, in which year he died and was buried. It is said to have been placed *here* by his heirs, because in his lifetime, being offended with the inhabitants of Wimborne, he had made many solemn protestations that he would never be buried either in the church or churchyard.

There was also a Castle at Wimborne, which, after the death of Alfred, and Edward his son had succeeded to the kingdom, Ethelwald the atheling seized, together with the Castle at Twineham (Christchurch), without leave of the King and of his witan. "Then rode the King with his forces until he encamped at Badbury, near Wimborne; and Ethelwald sat within the vill, with the men who had submitted to him; and he had obstructed all the approaches towards him, and said that he would do one of two things—or there live, or there die. But notwithstanding that, he stole away by night, and sought the army in Northumbria; and they received him for their King, and became obedient to him. And the King commanded that he should be ridden after; but they were unable to overtake him. They then beset the woman whom he had before taken, without the King's leave, and against the Bishop's command; for she had been previously consecrated a nun." (*The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*.) It is implied that she had eloped

with Ethelwald out of her convent. This lady, who followed her husband, was pursued with equal pertinacity by Edward, but she also had the good fortune to escape.

Winbourne St. Giles, and the Shaftesbury Family.

Down in the "garden of England," Dorsetshire, there winds a little stream called the Allen, once called the *Elain*, or Fawn, on the banks of which stream stands St. Giles, in the parish of Winbourne St. Giles, Upwinbourne, Upwinbourne Malmaynes, or Upwinbourne Plecy—Upwinbourne, in contra-distinction to Winbourne itself, which lies lower—Upwinbourne Malmaynes, because, long long ago, when Edward I. was King, the house and estate belonged to the Malmaines, of whom, however, nothing is recorded, save that they came from Hampshire—Upwinbourne Plecy, because still in the days of Edward I. it passed into the hands of Robert de Plecy, a near relative of the Earl of Warwick—Winbourne St. Giles, after the Plecy family had dwindled down to

"One fair daughter, and no more,"

who gave her hand and fortune to a Cornish gentleman of the name of Hamelyn. It was a female descendant again who brought this estate into the family of its present owners, for Egidia Hamelyn, after having married a husband of the name of Thame or Tame, whom she survived, made the second venture with Robert Ashley, a Wiltshire gentleman. By him she had three children, when he too died. This lady appears to have been nothing daunted, however, in her matrimonial career, for she returned again to the old stock, and took as a third husband a second Thame, whose Christian name was Thomas. The children of her second husband increased and multiplied, and their family tree has spread into two branches, one boasting amongst its historic names James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury; and the other Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, in whose family the ancient manor-house and park of Winbourne St. Giles at present remain. This manor-house is interesting more from its age and the great names with which it has been connected, than from any beauty or merit of its own. The walls of this "parallelogram in three parts," as it is described in the *County History*, are ornamented only by cheerless rows of monotonous windows, and a coating of Roman cement. The angles are strengthened by massive quoins of the same material, and a long line of battlemented roofs protects it from any attempted siege on

the part of the cawing rooks in the neighbouring trees. The water, however, whether arranged by nature or art, is excellent, tumbling over little falls, winding through narrow passes into deep-shaded dells, where it looks dark as night, yet clear as crystal, and spreading into a miniature lake in front of the house, where the teal and widgeon and wild-duck flock as unconcerned as though the wild moor still surrounded them, and not the shade even of a Malmaine, a Plecy, or a Shaftesbury had ever wandered on the bank. Girting the park there is a double belt of pine-trees, tall and solemn; and between them a wide walk or drive, carpeted with thick soft turf. This delicious monotony is, they say, ten miles long. Before entering the house there is one more object which remains to be noticed, and that is the "grotto." It is said to be the finest in England, and to have cost 10,000*l.*; to be composed of, goodness knows how many million shells; and to have taken two years to construct, during which time no one saw it save one man, who was employed to assist in the work; and the Countess of Shaftesbury, who conceived the glorious idea. A greater service to Englishmen has been given by Sir Anthony Ashley first bringing to Winbourne St. Giles cabbages from Holland in the year 1628.

There was business and bustle here in the time of the Civil Wars of Charles I., during which the first Earl of Shaftesbury, then Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, played so conspicuous and varied a part; first, when attempting a reconciliation scheme between the King and the people by a system of mutual concession, which was frustrated at the outset by those about him, as indeed it would have been at the conclusion, by the falseness of one of the contracting parties. St. Giles was gay with bright colours and cavalier feathers then. When the Clubmen were associated (a sort of armed neutral body to repress the excesses of either side), soldiers paced its halls, where ladies and carpet knights had stood before; and they, in their turn, shifted with the changing fortunes of its master, and gave place to the lank looks and sober garb of the Puritans. Courted by both parties, and mistrusted by both parties, placed in high commands, and disgraced, by both parties, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper seems yet to have been more consistent than the times in which he lived. He is said to have been inordinately ambitious; but there is generally a system in ambition, and there was but little in the career of this man. Now in the King's confidence and of his party; now passing over to that of the Parliament, but yet refusing to bring the secrets of the other side over with him; now fighting at the head of fifteen hundred men in his own county on the popular side; now assisting the Restoration, and finally taking his place as Lord

Chancellor under the new *régime*; and this not for long—he and a Court so corrupt could not be friends, so that his last public appearance is at his trial on a groundless charge of high treason, and then he retires to Holland to die. His portrait is here in his Chancellor's robes. There are two portraits by Lely of the second Earl and Countess, the lady with that *décolté, dégagé* air, peculiar to that age and painter; two large landscapes by Salvator Rosa, and many smaller pictures of more or less merit. In the library there is a portrait of old Henry Hastings, related to the Earls of Huntingdon, with a sketch of his character, supposed to have been written by the first Earl of Shaftesbury. There is a portrait, too, of a Countess of 1854, more beautiful by far than that Dorothy of 1684, and with a grace and lady-like air which ought to put that bold person to the blush. A chimney-piece, a ceiling, and a doorway by Inigo Jones, complete the artistic embellishments of the place.—*Abridged from a Communication to the Builder.*

Shaftesbury Nunnery, and Prize Byzant.

Shaftesbury is supposed to have existed in the time of the Britons, and to have been called by them *Caer Palladwr*. Drayton speaks of *Mount Pallador* as though it were the name of the hill on which the town stands. Roman coins have been found here. Alfred restored Shaftesbury after it had been destroyed by the Danes. An ancient inscription on a stone removed from the ruins of a religious house, and mentioned by William of Malmesbury, led Camden and others to ascribe to Alfred the foundation of the town: it contains the words, "*Ælfredus Rex fecit hanc urbem.*" The town was called by the Saxons "*Seeftesbyrig*;" the name in *Domesday Book* is "*Scepterberic*;" it was variously written by the historians of the Middle Ages, until it assumed its present form, which is sometimes altered into *Shaston*, or, more correctly, *Shafton*. In the reign of *Athelstan* there were in the place two *Mints*, and an *Abbey of Benedictine Nuns*, of which *Ethelsleda*, daughter of *Alfred the Great*, was the first *Abbess*. This *Nunnery* became the richest in England. To this place was removed from *Wareham* the body or part of the body of *King Edward the Martyr* for burial. The possession of this relic added much to the reputation of the *Abbey*, and among other visitors attracted by it was *Canute the Great*, who was very bountiful, and we are told that he "*scattered gold and silver*" with unparalleled liberality. *Canute* died at *Shaftesbury*, and was buried at *Winchester*, the usual place of inter-

ment of the Saxon Kings. Canute, successful in war, was in peace humane, gentle, and religious. William of Malmesbury says of him, that by his piety, justice, and moderation, he gained the affections of his subjects, and an universal esteem among foreigners.

Shaftesbury is said to have had twelve churches prior to the reign of William I., but there are only three at present. Of the Abbey there are no remains, and scarcely of the conventual buildings. In the Abbey, Elizabeth, wife of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, was detained a prisoner in 1313-14. On the brow of the hill west of the town is a small mound, or earthwork. The ground adjacent is called the Castle-green, or Castle-hill, but there is no account of a Castle having stood there.

Shaftesbury has been from time immemorial ill supplied with water. On the top of the hill on which the town is built, is a well of prodigious depth, from which the inhabitants are partly supplied with water, which is drawn by machinery worked by a horse. The town was formerly supplied from Motcombe, on the backs of horses, for which the corporation of Shaftesbury paid tribute. This scarcity of water seems to have given rise to the observance of a popular celebration of good in everything.

The first written authority for this custom occurs in 1527, to the effect that it hath been the custom in the tithing of Motcombe, Dorset, time out of remembrance, on the Sunday after Holycross Day, in May, for the villagers to assemble at Enmore Green, at one o'clock, and with minstrels, and "mirth of game," to dance till two o'clock; "the Mayor of Shaston shall see the Queen's bailiff have a penny-loaf, a gallon of ale, and a calf's-head, with a pair of gloves, to see the order of the dance that day. And if the dance fail that day, and the Queen's bailiff have not his duty [*i.e.*, the calf's head, &c.], then the bailiff and his men shall stop the water from the wells of Shaston from time to time."

In 1662 the time of observance was altered from the Sunday after Holyrood Day to the Monday before Holy Thursday, on which the feast has since been celebrated. The Mayor of Shaftesbury then dresses up the Besome or Byzant, which somewhat resembles a palm-tree, surmounted by a gilded crown, and the arms of the corporation and town; of which the former are, a cross between two fleurs-de-lys, and as many leopards' faces; those of the town, a lion rampant, pawing a tree with a dove upon the top of it. The branches of the palm-tree are hung with peacocks' feathers, like a May-Day garland; to which are added gold rings, medals, plate, coin, and jewels, often to the value of 1500*l.* or 2000*l.*, principally borrowed from the neighbouring

gentry. This device, preceded by a band of music, is carried in procession by the sergeant-at-mace, followed by a man and woman gaily and fantastically dressed, and who, as lord and lady, dance to a tabor and pipe. The Byzant is then presented to the Steward of the Manor, upon Enmore Green, together with the appurtenances enjoined. The former he immediately restores—usually with a donation of bread and beer for the populace; and the procession then returns to the Town Hall.

Sherborne Abbey.

Sherborne, in the northern division of the county of Dorset, is of remote antiquity. The place was of considerable importance in the time of the Saxons, who called it *Sciraburn*, or *Scireburn*, from *scir*, clear, and *burn*, a spring. Ina, King of the West Saxons, on the division of the diocese of Winchester, then the sole bishopric of the West Saxons, made Sherborne the seat of an episcopal see, A.D. 705. One of its most eminent bishops was the celebrated Asser, who was tutor to Alfred the Great, and who wrote that King's life. The see of Sherborne was, in 1075, finally removed to Old Sarum. A Monastery for secular canons was established here after the conversion of the West Saxons, and many of the Saxon monarchs were principal benefactors. In the reign of Ethelred, Bishop Wulfsin expelled the clerks, and placed monks in the Monastery, which he had rebuilt. By bulls from different Popes, and charters from the Kings and nobility of England, this Abbey (rule of St. Benedict) rose to be of such great consideration, that though the Abbots did not sit in Parliament yearly, they were esteemed spiritual barons, and had particular writs to parliaments and great councils. In the Abbey had sepulture Ethelbald, King of England, 860; his brother and successor, Ethelbert, 866; and Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, 810.

The tenor-bell, said to weigh 60,000lb., and to be the largest tenor-bell in England ever rung in a peal, was given to the Abbey by Cardinal Wolsey: it was imported from Tournay, and recast in 1670, and bears this distich:—

“ By Wolsey's gift I measure time for all;
To mirth, to griefe, to church I serue to call.”

In 1858, the Wolsey bell was unfortunately cracked; but in 1865 it was recast by the Warners, of Cripplegate, and taken back to Sherborne.

At the Dissolution, the church was made parochial, and purchased by the inhabitants and the vicar for 100 marks. It is dedicated to St. Mary, is a magnificent cross edifice, and from its enriched architecture and magnitude, more resembles a cathedral than a parochial church. It is of different dates. The south porch is a curious specimen of Norman. The largest portion is good Perpendicular, and was partly erected in the reign of Henry VI., after a fire, occasioned through a dispute between the monks and the townsmen, and which originated in removing the font. Leland tells us, the latter were so irritated that a *Priest* of Allhallows shot a shaft with fire into the top of the church, that divided the east part which was used by the monks from that frequented by the town. This partition, happening at the time to be *thatched* in the roof, was soon in a blaze, and nearly the whole church was consumed. The east end was quickly rebuilt. The height of the tower is 154 feet. The groining of the interior is rich and good, at the intersection of the tracery-work is dight with shields of arms, with roses and portcullises; and among the devices are the letters H.E., connected with a lover's-knot, said to be the initials of Henry VII. and his *Queen*. Attached to the church are four ancient chapels. In the church was buried Sir Thomas Wyatt, poet, and friend of the accomplished Earl of Surrey, 1541. (See Allington Castle, p. 259 of the present volume.) On the north side were the cloisters and domestic buildings of the Abbey, and a small portion of the refectory or dining-hall remained to our days. Here are also some parts of the Abbot's lodgings; the Abbey gateway, barn, and mill; and the Abbey-house, erected out of the ruins of the house soon after the Dissolution. The Alms-house on the south side was originally an Hospital of St. Augustine, formed *temp.* Henry VI. It has a chapel, where an ancient custom was observed till our time: every Midsummer night a garland was hung up at the door, in honour of St. John, and watched by the almsmen until next morning.

Sherborne Castle, and Sir Walter Raleigh.

* There was an ancient Castle at Sherborne, which was built by Roger, Bishop of Sarum, in the reign of Henry I., and changed hands once or twice in the Civil War of Stephen and the Empress Maud.

There is an old story well known in Dorsetshire respecting this Castle, to the effect that Osmund, one of William the Conqueror's knights, who had been rewarded, among other possessions, with the Castle and Barony of Sherborne, in the decline of life resigned his

temporal honours, and resolved to dedicate himself to religion. In pursuance of this object, he obtained the Bishopric of Sarum, and gave thereto Sherborne with certain lands, annexing to the gift the following conditional curse:—"That whosoever should take those lands from the Bishopric, or diminish them in great or small, should be accursed, not only in this world but in the world to come, unless in his lifetime he made restitution thereof." Upon his death, the Castle and lands were succeeded to by the next Bishop, Roger Niger, who was dispossessed of them by King Stephen. After Stephen they came into the hands of the Montagues, all of whom it is pretended, so long as they held, were subjected to grievous disasters, insomuch that the male line became altogether extinct. About two hundred years from this time, the lands again reverted to the Church; but in the reign of Edward VI., the Castle of Sherborne was conveyed by the then Bishop of Sarum to the Duke of Somerset, who lost his head on Tower-hill. King Edward then gave the lands to Sir John Horsley, but the same Bishop alleging that he had conveyed them to the Duke, they were decreed again to the Bishopric, with which they remained until the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, who not having the fear of the ancient curse before his eyes, obtained them from the Crown. It was to expiate this offence, we are to suppose, that he ultimately lost his life. In allusion to this idle superstition, Sir John Harrington tells gravely how it happened one day that Sir Walter, riding post between Plymouth and the Court, "the Castle being right in the way, he cast such an eye upon it as Ahab did upon Naboth's vineyard; and once above the rest being talking of it (of the commodiousness of the place, and of the great strength of the seat, and how easily it might be got from the Bishopric), suddenly over and over came his horse, that his very face (which was then thought a very good one) ploughed up the earth where he fell. This fall was ominous, and no question he was apt to consider it so."

After Raleigh had married Elizabeth Throgmorton, he retired to his Castle of Sherborne, which had belonged to the see of Salisbury, but a grant of which had been begged and obtained from the Queen. In the first instance, it had been his design to repair the Castle, but, changing his mind, he erected "a most fine house," which he "beautified with orchards, gardens, and groves of much delight, so that, whether we consider the pleasantness of the seat, the goodness of the soil, or the other delicacies belonging to it, it rests unparalleled in these parts." Raleigh had a genius for ornamental gardening. During his retirement at Sherborne, Mr. Tytler, one of his biographers,

suggests that in the gardens and groves he had planted, he composed his beautiful poem "A Description of the Country's Recreations."

Sir Walter, it will be remembered, towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, settled his Sherborne estate upon his son Walter. His enemies, ill at ease until his ruin was complete, caused the deed of conveyance to be scrutinized, and it was then referred to Sir John Popham, the Chief Justice, who gave it as his opinion, that the deed, wanting a single word, could convey nothing; yet he owned that the omission was clearly the fault of the clerk who had engrossed the document. Some time subsequently, Robert Carr, afterwards Earl of Somerset, a young Scotch favourite of James, took an opportunity of calling his Majesty's attention to the flaw in Sir Walter's conveyance, and solicited Sherborne of his royal master—and obtained it! The letter of Raleigh to Carr was, of course, of no avail. Neither was the appeal of Lady Raleigh on her knees, with her children, to James, more effectual. He only answered and reiterated, "I mun have the land; I mun have it for Carr." Elizabeth Raleigh was a woman of high spirit. There, on her knees, before King James, she prayed to God that He would punish those who had thus wrongfully exposed her and her children to ruin. That prayer was not long unanswered. For no length of time did Carr enjoy Sherborne. Committed to the Tower for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, he was at length released and restricted to his house in the country. There, in constant companionship with the wife, for the guilty love of whom he had become the murderer of his friend, he passed the remainder of his life, loathing the partner of his crimes, and by her as cordially detested. King James lost his pearl, Prince Henry, in 1612, while Raleigh was yet in the Tower. That most hopeful Prince, had Heaven permitted, might have averted the doom which fell upon his brother Charles, who had played false in this very matter of Sherborne, with Raleigh's son, Carew. Lady Raleigh, who survived her husband many years, lived long enough to be assured of that misguided King's impending fate.

Raleigh did not repair the Castle, which was an unpicturesque pile, but built in the fine pleasure grounds Sherborne Lodge, in which he resided; and a grove which he planted still bears his name. The Lodge subsequently became the residence of the Earl of Digby, and contains some interesting portraits.

The remains of the Castle are on a rocky eminence at the east end of the town of Sherborne; the whole area comprehends four acres, and is surrounded by a deep ditch, on the inner bank of which the foundations and fragments of the Castle walls (six or seven feet thick)

enclosing the greater ballium, or court, may be traced. The gate-tower and some portion of the buildings, in the centre of the ballium, remain. The whole place,—the Castle, the Lodge, and the Park,—is, however, fraught with reflections upon the fate of one whose “fortunes were alike remarkable for enviable success and pitiable reverses. Raised to eminent station through the favour of the greatest female Sovereign of England, he perished on the scaffold through the dislike and cowardly policy of the meanest of her Kings. To crown all, his fame in letters, particularly as the author of that memorable work with which ‘his prison hours enriched the world,’ placed his name in glorious association with those of Bacon and Hooker, as it otherwise was with those of Essex and Vere, of Hawkins and Drake.”—*Macvey Napier*.

Lullworth Castle.

On an eminence in the south-east corner of an extensive park on the beautiful coast of Dorset, and commanding a fine view of the sea through an opening between the hills, is placed the Castle of Lullworth, not of any great antiquity, but supposed to be on or near the site of a Castle mentioned as far back as the year 1146. The materials for building it were brought principally from the ruins of Bindon Abbey, not far distant. The foundation was laid in the year 1588; but the building was not completed until after 1641, when it was purchased by the Weld family.

Lullworth Castle is an exact cube of eighty feet, with a round tower at each corner thirty feet in diameter, and rising sixteen feet above the walls (six feet thick), which, as well as the towers, are embattled. The principal front is on the east, and faced with Chilmark stone; the landing-place was called the Cloisters, because paved with the stones from the cloisters of Bindon Abbey.

At a short distance from the Castle is a Chapel for Roman Catholic worship, built by Mr. Weld, subsequently raised to the rank of Cardinal. This structure is circular in plan, increased by four sections of a circle, so as to form a cross, and finished with a dome and lantern. The interior is sumptuously decorated. The Castle was sometime tenanted by the late Sir Robert Peel; and when Charles X. of France was deposed in 1830, he took up his abode at Lullworth Castle through the devotion of its sympathizing proprietor. Neither is this a solitary instance of Mr. Weld's philanthropy, since he long accommodated some emigrant monks of the order of La Trappe, in the vicinity of the

site of Bindon Abbey, also his property. A visitor to this colony in 1832, describes silence as the rule of the establishment during the twenty-four hours, the exceptions being very few; one of the brethren it is said, had never been known to speak for about thirty years, in accordance with a vow, and was supposed to have become dumb. When one monk met another, the salutation was limited to "Brother, we must die;" and lest this fact should not be kept in recollection, a grave was constantly open in the cemetery at hand, the digging of which was a source of bodily exercise and recreation to the brethren, a new grave being always made when a tenant was found for that which already gaped to receive him. The order of La Trappe includes no females in its over-zealous ordinances. The only books allowed those who could read were Missals and the Bible, which were constantly in their hands. In case of sickness, the ordinary management of the *materia medica* furnished by the garden rested with such of the fraternity as were gifted in the healing art. These monks removed to the Continent about the year 1833. Lullworth Castle was visited by James I., Charles II., James II. (when Duke of York), George III. and his Queen Charlotte, and George IV. (when Prince of Wales.)

Corfe Castle.

This famous fortress, the strongest in the kingdom, and situate in the Isle, or rather peninsula, of Purbeck, to a town of which it gives name, is a very ancient foundation, esteemed of great strength in the early Saxon ages. It is nearly in the centre of the Isle, at the foot of a range of hills, on a rising ground, declining to the east. Its origin must undoubtedly be attributed to the Castle, which existed previous to the year 980; though the town itself does not appear to have attained any importance till after the Conquest, as it was wholly unnoticed in the Domesday Book. The Manor and Castle seem always to have descended together, and were often granted to princes of the blood and the favourites of our kings, yet as often reverted to the Crown by attainder or forfeiture. In the reign of Richard the Second, they were held by Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, jointly with Alicia, his wife. In the reign of Henry the Fourth, they were granted to the Beauforts, Earls of Somerset; but were taken from that family by Edward the Fourth, who bestowed them on Richard, Duke of York, and next on George, Duke of Clarence; on the attainder of the latter they reverted to the Crown. Henry the Seventh granted them to his mother,

the Countess of Richmond, for life. In the 27th year of Henry the Eighth, an Act of Parliament was passed, by which they were given to Henry, Duke of Richmond, his natural son. After his death they reverted to the Crown, and were, by Edward the Sixth, bestowed on the Duke of Somerset; whose zeal for the Reformation was undoubtedly invigorated by the numerous grants of abbey-lands made to him after the Suppression of the monasteries. On the Duke's attainder the demesne-lands of the Castle were leased for twenty-one years, on a fee-farm rent of 7*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* In the 14th year of Elizabeth, the Castle and Manor, with the whole Isle of Purbeck, were granted to Sir Christopher Hatton, whose heirs continued possessors till the commencement of the seventeenth century, when the Manor and Castle were given by Sir William Hatton, to his lady, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Exeter, and afterwards second wife to Lord Chief Justice Coke, who sold them, in the year 1635, to Sir John Bankes, Attorney-General to Charles the First, and afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in whose family the property remains.

Corfe Castle stands a little north of the town, opposite to the church, on a very steep rocky hill, mingled with hard rubble chalk stone, in the opening of those ranges of hills that inclose the east part of the Isle. Its situation between the ends of those hills deprives it of much of its natural and artificial strength, being so commanded by them that they overlook the tops of the highest towers; yet its structure is so strong, the ascent of the hill on all sides but the south so steep, and the walls so massive and thick, that it must have been one of the most impregnable fortresses in the kingdom before the invention of artillery. It was of great importance in respect to its command over the whole Isle: whence our Saxon ancestors justly styled it Corfe Gate, as being the pass and avenue into the best part of the Isle.

The fortress is separated from the town by a strong bridge of four very high, narrow, semicircular arches, crossing a moat of considerable depth, but now dry. This bridge leads to the gate of the first ward, which remains pretty entire, probably from the thickness of the walls, which, from the outward to the inner facing, is full nine yards. The ruins of the entrance to the second ward, and of the tower near it, are very remarkable. "The latter (which once adjoined to the gate) was separated with a part of the arch at the time of 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 from its original height; the fury of the winds being resisted less by the thickness of the walls than by the strength of the cement. The upper windows have Saxon arches, but are apparently of a later date than any other part of the building west of the Keep, the stones of which being placed *herring-bone fashion* prove it to be of the earliest style. The chapel is of a very late date, as appears from its obtuse Gothic arches; and, writes Dr. Maton, I have really an idea that almost all the changes of architecture, from the reign of Edgar to that of Henry the Seventh, may be traced in this extensive and stupendous ruin.

“We could not view without horror the dungeons which remain in some of the towers: they recalled to our memory the truly diabolical cruelty of King John, by whose order twenty-two prisoners, confined in them, were starved to death. Matthew of Paris, the historian, says, that many of those unfortunate men were among the first of the Poitevin nobility. Another instance of John’s barbarous disposition was his treatment of Peter of Pontefract, a poor hermit, who was imprisoned in Corfe Castle for prophesying the deposition of that prince. Though the prophecy was in some measure fulfilled by the surrender which John made of his crown to the Pope’s Legate, the year following, yet the imprudent prophet was sentenced to be dragged through the streets of Wareham, tied to horses’ tails.”*

The exact period when this fortress was erected is unknown, though some circumstances render it probable that it was built by King Edgar. That it did not exist previously to the year 887, or 888, the time when the Nunnery at Shaftesbury was founded, is certain, from an inquisition taken in the fifty-fourth year of Henry the Third; wherein the jurors returned, “that the Abbess and Nuns at Shaston (Shaftesbury) had, without molestation, *before the foundation of the Castle at Corfe*, all wrecks within their Manor of Kingston, in the Isle of Purbeck.” Aubrey, in his *Monumenta Britannica*, observes, he was informed, that “mention was made of Corfe Castle in the reign of King Alfred; yet it seems very improbable that this should be the fact;

* Dr. Maton’s *Observations*, vol. i. p. 12.

for if it had actually existed in the time of that monarch, it would surely have been more publicly known. The short reigns that succeeded would not allow time for so extensive an undertaking; but Edgar enjoyed more peace than almost any of his predecessors, was superior in wealth and power, and a great builder; he having founded, or repaired, no fewer than forty-seven monasteries." To him, then, the origin of this Castle may with the greatest probability be ascribed, as his second wife, Elfrida, resided here at the commencement of her widowhood. During this residence is said to have been committed the foul murder on King Edward, Edgar's son and successor, of which William of Malmesbury relates the ensuing particulars.

King Edward being hunting in a forest neare the sea, upon the south-east coast of the countie of Dorset, and in the Isle of Purbecke, came neare unto a fair and stronge castell, seated on a little river called Corfe, wherein his mother-in-law, Elfrida, with her sonne, Ethelred, then lived: the King, ever beareing a kinde affection to them, beeing soe neare, would needs make knowne soe much by his personall visitation; which having resolved, and beeing either of purpose or by chance, singled from his followers, hee rode to the Castell gate. The Queene, who long had looked for an opportunitie, that, by making him away, shee might make waye for her own sonne to the Crowne, was glad the occasion nowe offered itselfe; and therefore, with a modest and humble behaviour, she bade him welcome, desiringe to enjoye his presence that night. But hee, having performed what hee purposed, and doubting his companie might find him misseing, told her that he now intended on horseback to drink to her and his brother in a cuppe of wine, and soe leave her; which beeing presented unto him, the cuppe was no sooner at his mouth, but a knife was at his back, which a servant, appointed by this treacherous woman, stroke into him. The Kinge, finding himselfe hurt, sett spurs to his horse, thinking to recover his companie; but the wounde beeing deepe, and fainting through the losse of much blood, he felle from his horse, which dragged him by one foot hanging in the stirrop, untill he was left dead at Corfe Gate, Anno Dom. 979."

Thus far Malmesbury: Hutchins, in his History of Dorset, relates the circumstances of this event in the following words:—"The first mention of this Castle in our histories, is A.D. 978, in the Saxon Annals (though some of our historians say 979 and 981), upon occasion of the barbarous murder of Edward, King of the West Saxons, son of King Edgar, committed here by his mother-in-law, Elfrith, or Elfrida, 15 cal. April, in the middle of Lent: the foulest deed, says the

Saxon annalist, ever committed by the Saxons since they landed in Britain. He was in life an earthly King; he is now, after death, a heavenly saint."

This tragical scene is thus recorded in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*: "A. 979. This year was King Edward slain, at eventide, at Corfe Gate, on the 15th before the Kalends of April, and then was buried at Wareham, without any kind of kingly honours.

There has not been 'mid Angles,
a worse deed done
than this was,
since they first
Britain-land sought.
Men him murdered,
but God him glorified.
He was in life
an earthly king;
he is now after death
a heavenly saint.
Him would not his earthly
kinsmen avenge,
but him hath his heavenly Father
greatly avenged.
The earthly murderers
would his memory

on earth blot out,
but the lofty Avenger
hath his memory
in the heavens
and on earth wide spread.
They who would not erewhile
to his living
body bow down,
they now humbly
on knees bend
to his dead bones.
Now we may understand
That men's wisdom
and their devices,
and their counsels,
are like nought
'gainst God's resolves."

"A. 980. In this year St. Dunstan and Alfer the ealdorman fetched the holy King's body, St. Edward's, from Wareham, and bore it with much solemnity to Shaftesbury."

Amid the conflicting accounts of this event, it has been remarked that the *Chronicle* simply says that Edward was killed at eventide at Corfe Gate—not at Castle Gate, but a cleft or gap in the hills, high above where Corfe Castle now stands. The romantic story is thought to have arisen from misreading the word *geate*. There was, probably, no castle there at the time.

In the reign of King Stephen, the Castle was seized by Baldwin de Rivers, Earl of Devon and though the King afterwards endeavoured to dispossess him, his efforts were ineffectual. King John appears to have made it for some time his place of residence, as several writs, issued by him in the fifteenth and sixteenth years of his reign, are dated at Corfe. On the coronation of Henry the Third, Peter de Mauley, the Governor of the Castle, was summoned to attend the ceremony, and to bring with him the regalia "then in his custody in this Castle, where-with he had been entrusted by John." The following year he delivered up the Castle to the King, with all the military engines, ammunition, and jewels committed to his charge. Edward the Second was

removed hither from Kenilworth Castle, when a prisoner, by order of the Queen, and her favourite Mortimer. Henry the Seventh repaired the Castle for the residence of his mother, the Countess of Richmond, the Parliament having granted 2000*l.* for that purpose ; yet it does not appear that it was ever inhabited by this Princess. It was again repaired by Sir Christopher Hatton, and most probably by Sir John Banks, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Charles I., whose lady became illustrious from the gallant manner in which she defended the fortress from the attacks of the Parliamentary forces in 1643. As Lady Banks's defence of the castle is one of the most brilliant episodes of the Civil War, we are fortunate in having the following contemporaneous narrative of it, as given in the *Mercurius Rusticus* of 1646. It will at once be seen that the writer was a staunch royalist :—

* “After the unhappy differences between the King and the two Houses, or rather between the King and the faction in both Houses, grew high, it being generally feared that swords would decide the controversy, the Lady Banks resolved, with her children and family, to retire to this castle, there to shelter themselves from the storm which she saw coming, which accordingly she did. There they remained in peace all the winter and a great part of the spring, until 1643, about which time the rebels, under the command of Sir Walter Erle, Sir Thomas Trenchard, and others, had possessed themselves of Dorchester, Lyme, Melcombe, Weymouth, Wareham, and Poole (Portland Castle being treacherously delivered to the rebels,) only Corfe Castle remaining in obedience to the King. But the rebels, knowing how much it concerned them to add this castle to their other garrisons, to make all the sea coast wholly for them, and thinking it more feasible to gain it by treachery than open hostility, resolved to lay hold on an opportunity to see if they could become masters of it.

“There is an ancient usage that the major and barons, as they call them, of Corfe Castle, accompanied by the gentry of the island, have permission from the lord of the castle, on May-day, to course a stag, which every year is performed with much solemnity and great concourse of people. On this day some troops of horse from Dorchester, and other places, came into this island, intending to find other game than to hunt the stag, their business being suddenly to surprise the gentlemen in the hunting, and to take the castle. The news of their coming dispersed the hunters, and spoiled the sport for that day, and made the Lady Banks to give order for the

safe custody of the castle gates, and to keep them shut against all comers. The troopers having missed their prey on the hills (the gentlemen having withdrawn themselves), some of them came to the castle under a pretence to see it, but entrance being denied them, the common soldiers used threatening language, casting out words implying some intention to take the castle; but the commanders, who better knew how to conceal their resolutions, utterly disavowed any such thought, denying that they had any such commission; however, the Lady Banks very wisely, and like herself, hence took occasion to call in a guard to assist her, not knowing how soon she might have occasion to make use of them, it being now more than probable that the rebels had a design upon the castle. The taking in this guard, as it secured her at home, so it rendered her suspected abroad; from thenceforward there was a watchful and vigilant eye to survey all her actions; whatsoever she sends out, or sends for in, is suspected; her ordinary provisions for her family are by fame multiplied, and reported to be more than double what indeed they were, as if she had now an intention to victual and man the castle against the forces of the two Houses of Parliament. Presently, letters are sent from the committees of Poole to demand the four small pieces in the castle, and the pretence was because the islanders conceived strange jealousies that the pieces were mounted and put on their carriages.

“Hereupon the Lady Banks dispatched messengers to Dorchester and Poole, to entreat the commissioners that the small pieces might remain in the castle for her own defence; and to take away the ground of the islanders’ jealousies, she caused the pieces to be taken off their carriages again; hereupon a promise made, that they should be left to her possession. But there passed not many days, before forty seamen (they in the castle not suspecting any such thing) came very early in the morning to demand the pieces: the lady in person, early as it was, goes to the gates, and desires to see their warrant; they produced one, under the hands of some of the commissioners; but instead of delivering them, though at that time there were but five men in the castle, yet these five, assisted by the maid-servants, at their lady’s command, mount these pieces on their carriages again, and lading one of them, they gave fire, which small thunder so affrighted the seamen, that they all quitted the place and ran away.

“They being gone, by beat of drum she summons help into the castle, and upon the alarm given, a very considerable guard of

tenants and friends came in to her assistance, there being withal some fifty arms brought into the castle from several parts of the island. This guard was kept in the castle about a week : during this time, many threatening letters were sent unto the lady, telling her what great forces should be sent to fetch them, if she would not by fair means be persuaded to deliver them; and to deprive her of auxiliaries, all or most of them being neighbours thereabouts, they threaten, that if they oppose the delivery of them, they would fire their houses. Presently their wives come to the castle; there they weep and wring their hands, and with clamorous oratory persuade their husbands to come home, and not by saving others to expose their own houses to spoil and ruin; nay, to reduce the castle into a distressed condition, they did not only intercept two hundredweight of powder provided against a siege, but they interdict them the liberty of common markets. Proclamation is made at Wareham (a market-town hard by), that no beer, beef, or other provision should be sold to the Lady Banks, or for her use; strict watches are kept, that no messenger or intelligence shall pass into, or out of, the castle. Being thus distressed, all means of victualling the castle being taken away, and being but slenderly furnished for a siege, either with ammunition or with victual, at last they came to a treaty of composition, of which the result was, that the Lady Banks should deliver up those four small pieces, the biggest not carrying above a three pound bullet, and that the rebels should permit her to enjoy the castle and arms in it, in peace and quietness.

“And though this wise lady knew too well to rest satisfied or secured in these promises, their often breach of faith having sufficiently instructed her what she might expect from them, yet she was glad of this opportunity to strengthen herself by that means, by which many in the world thought she had done herself much prejudice; for the rebels being now possessed of their guns, presumed the castle to be theirs, as sure as if they had actually possessed it. Now it was no more but ask and have. Hereupon they grew remiss in their watches, negligent in their observations, not heeding what was brought in, nor taking care, as before, to intercept supplies, which might enable them to hold out against a siege: and the lady, making good use of this remissness, laid hold on the present opportunity, and, as much as the time would permit, furnished the castle with provisions of all sorts. In this interval, there was brought in an hundred and half of powder, and a quantity of

match proportionable; and understanding that the King's forces, under the conduct of Prince Maurice and the Marquess Hertford, were advancing towards Blandford, she, by her messenger, made her address to them, to signify unto them the present condition in which they were, the great consequence of the place, desiring their assistance, and in particular, that they would be pleased to take into their serious consideration, to send some commanders thither to take the charge of the castle. Hereupon they sent Captain Lawrence, son of Sir Edward Lawrence, a gentleman of that island, to command in chief; but he coming without a commission, could not command monies or provisions to be brought in till it was too late. There was likewise in the castle one Captain Bond, an old soldier, whom I should deprive of his due honour not to mention him, having a share in the honour of this resistance. The first time the rebels faced the castle, they brought a body of between two and three hundred horse and foot, and two pieces of ordnance, and from the hills played on the castle, fired four houses in the town, and then summoned the castle; but receiving a denial for that time, they left it, but on the three-and-twentieth of June, the sagacious knight, Sir Walter Earle, that hath the gift of discerning treasons, and might have made up his nine-and-thirty treasons, forty, by reckoning in his own, accompanied by Captain Sydenham, Captain Henry Jarvis, Captain Skuts, son of arch-traitor Skuts, of Poole, with a body of between five and six hundred, came and possessed themselves of the town, taking the opportunity of a misty morning, that they might find no resistance from the castle. They brought with them to the siege a demi-cannon, a culverin, and two sacres; with these, and their small shot, they played on the castle on all quarters of it, with good observation of advantages, making their battery strongest where they thought the castle weakest; and to bind the soldiers by tie of conscience to an eager prosecution of the siege, they administer them an oath, and mutually bind themselves to most unchristian resolutions, that if they found the defendants hesitate not to yield, they would maintain the siege to victory, and then deny quarter unto all, killing without mercy, men, women, and children. As to bring on their own soldiers, they abused them with falsehoods, telling them, that the castle stood in a level, yet with good advantages of approach; that there were but forty men in the castle, whereof twenty were for them; that there was rich booty, and the like; so, during the siege, they used all base, unworthy means, to corrupt the defendants to betray the castle into

their hands: the better sort they endeavoured to corrupt with bribes; to the rest they offer double pay, and the whole plunder of the castle. When all these arts took no effect, then they fall to stratagem and engines. To make their approaches to the wall with more safety, they make two engines; one they call the sow, the other the boar, being made with boards, lined with wool to dead the shot. The first that moved forward was the sow; but not being musket proof, she cast nine of eleven of her farrows; for the musketeers from the castle were so good marksmen at their legs, the only part of all their bodies left without defence, that nine ran away, as well as their battered and broken legs would give them leave; and of the two which knew neither how to run away, nor well to stay, for fear, one was slain. The boar, of the two (a man would think) the valianter creature, seeing the ill success of the sow to cast her litter before her time, durst not advance. The most advantageous part for their batteries was the church, which they, without fear of profanation, used, not only as their rampart, but their rendezvous: of the surplice they made two shirts for two soldiers; they broke down the organs, and made the pipes serve for cases to hold their powder and shot; and not being furnished with musket bullets, they cut off the lead of the church, and rolled it up, and shot it without ever casting it in a mould. Sir Walter and the commander were earnest to press forward the soldiers; but as prodigal as they were of the blood of their common soldiers, they were sparing enough of their own. It was a general observation, that valiant Sir Walter never willingly exposed himself to any hazard, for being by chance endangered with a bullet, shot through his coat, afterwards he put on a bear's skin; and to the eternal honour of this knight's valour be it recorded, for fear of musket shot (for other they had none), he was seen to creep on all four, on the sides of the hill, to keep himself out of danger. This base cowardice in the assailant added courage and resolution to the defendants; therefore not compelled by want, but rather to brave the rebels, they sallied out, and brought in eight cows and a bull into the castle, without the loss of a man, or a man wounded. At another time, five boys fetched in four cows. They that stood on the hills, called to one in a house in the valley, crying, "Shoot, Anthony;" but Anthony thought it good to sleep in a whole skin, and durst not look out, so that afterwards it grew into a proverbial jeer, from the defendants to the assailants, "Shoot, Anthony." The rebels having spent much time and ammunition, and some men, and yet being as far from

hopes of taking the castle as the first day they came thither ; at last, the Earl of Warwick sends them a supply of an hundred and fifty mariners, with several cart-loads of petars, granadoes, and other warlike provision, with scaling ladders, to assault the castle by scaladoe. They make large offers to him that should first scale the wall ; twenty pounds to the first, and so, by descending sums, a reward to the twentieth ; but all this could not prevail with these silly wretches, who were brought thither, as themselves confessed, like sheep to the slaughter, some of them having but exchanged the manner of their death, the halter for the bullet ; having taken them out of gaols. One of them being taken prisoner, had letters testimonial in his hand whence he came ; the letters, I mean, when he was burnt for a felon, being very visible to the beholders ; but they found that persuasion could not prevail with such abject low-spirited men. The commanders resolve on another course, which was to make them drunk, knowing that drunkenness makes some men fight like lions, that being sober, would run away like hares. To this purpose they fill them with strong waters, even to madness, and ready they are now for any design : and for fear Sir Walter should be valiant against his will, like Cæsar he was the only man almost that came sober to the assault : an imitation of the Turkish practice ; for certainly there can be nothing of Christianity in it, to send poor souls to God's judgment seat, in the very act of two grievous sins, rebellion and drunkenness ; who to stupify their soldiers, and make them insensible of their dangers, give them opium. Being now armed with drink, they resolve to storm the castle on all sides, and apply their scaling-ladders, it being ordered by the leaders (if I may without solecism call them so, that stood behind, and did not so much as follow), that when twenty were entered, they should give a watchword to the rest, and that was Old Wat, a word ill chosen by Sir Watt Earle ; and, considering the business in hand, little better than ominous ; for if I be not deceived, the hunters that beat bushes for the fearful, timorous hare, call him Old Watt. Being now pot-valiant, and possessed with a borrowed courage, which was to evaporate in sleep, they divide forces into two parties, whereof one assaults the middle ward, defended by valiant Captain Lawrence, and the greater part of the soldiers : the other assault the upper ward, which the Lady Banks (to her eternal honour be it spoken), with her daughters, women, and five soldiers, undertook to make good against the rebels, and

did bravely perform what she undertook; for by heaving over stones, and hot embers, they repelled the rebels, and kept them from climbing their ladders, thence to throw in that wild-fire, which every rebel had ready in his hand. Being repelled, and having in this siege and this assault lost and hurt an hundred men, old Sir Watt, hearing that the King's forces were advanced, cried, and ran away crying, leaving Sydenham to command in chief, to bring off the ordnance, ammunition, and the remainder of the army, who, afraid to appear abroad, kept sanctuary in the church till night, meaning to sup, and run away by star-light: but supper being ready, and set on the table, alarm was given that the King's forces were coming. This news took away Sydenham's stomach; all this provision was but messes of meat set before the sepulchres of the dead. He leaves his artillery, ammunition, and (which with these men is something) a good supper, and ran away to take boat for Poole, leaving likewise at the shore about an hundred horse to the next takers, which next day proved good prize to the soldiers of the castle. Thus, after six weeks strict siege, this castle, the desire of the rebels, the tears of old Sir Watt, and the key of those parts, by the loyalty and brave resolution of this honourable lady, the valour of Captain Lawrence, and some eighty soldiers (by the loss only of two men), was delivered from the bloody intentions of these merciless rebels, on the 4th of August, 1643."

The maiden name of Lady Banks, the heroic defender, was Mary Hawtrey, only daughter of Robert Hawtrey, Esq., of Riselip. From her descends the present family of Bankes, of Kingston Hall and Corfe Castle.

In the year 1645 and 1646, the Castle was again besieged, or rather blockaded, by the Parliament forces, who obtained possession through the treachery of Lieutenant-Colonel Pitman, an officer of the garrison. When it was delivered up, the Parliament ordered it to be demolished; and the walls and towers were undermined, and thrown down, or blown up with gunpowder. "Thus this ancient and magnificent fabric was reduced to a heap of ruins, and remains a lasting monument of the dreadful effects of anarchy, and the rage of civil war. The ruins are large, and allowed to be the noblest and grandest in the kingdom, considering the extent of the ground on which they stand. The vast fragments of the King's Tower, the round towers leaning as if ready to fall, the broken walls, and vast pieces of them tumbled down into the vale below, form such a scene

of havoc and desolation, as strikes every curious spectator with horror and concern. The plenty of stone in the neighbourhood, and the excellency of the cement, harder to be broken than the stones themselves, have preserved these prodigious ruins from being embezzled and lessened.”—*Hutchins.*

Smedmore House.

Smedmore House is a somewhat sombre-looking mansion near the coast of Dorsetshire, and about four miles from Corfe Castle in a south-west direction. It occupies an elevated site, is surrounded with clumps of birches, and, at some little distance, with belts of pine, and commands a fine burst of sea-view, where Kimeridge Bay becomes lost in the English Channel. Of the house itself little can be said, except that one portion of it is old—dating from the early part of the seventeenth century. The estate long remained in the possession of the Clavells, a well-known family of Dorset and Devonshire, and is now the property of their descendant, John Clavell Mansell, Esq.

The Clavells or Clavylles—for in these old family names there are always varieties of spelling—can boast an antiquity not to be equalled in this county, if, indeed, in any other county in England. They have resided in Dorset, and held possessions there almost ever since the Conquest. They were illustrious enough to come within the notice of Domesday Book, which august authority states that Walterus de Claville, or Clanville, held “Alveronstune, Cnolle, Holne, Cume, Mordune.” In the Black Book of the Exchequer, Radulfus Clavell held a knight’s fee of Alured de Lincoln. There were several branches of this family settled, in very ancient times, at different places in Wilts, as well as in Devon and Dorset. These branches became extinct long ago, with the exception of those of Alfrington and Ferne, whence the Smedmore branch of the Clavells seems to be descended.

John Clavell, the first of that name of whom we hear in connexion with Smedmore, died in the tenth year of King Edward IV. His wife, the heiress of Wyott, is said to have been cousin and heir to John Extoke, *alias* Middlestreet, in Spettesbury. By her the estates of Barnston, Smedmore, and Baltington came into the Claville family. Sir William Claville, of Smedmore (born 1568, died 1644)

held a command in Ireland during the troubles there at the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. For his services in this campaign he was created a Knight Banneret. This gentleman, so fortunate and so practical on the field of battle—a man who had no fear whatever when a hostile troop came dashing against his line—had the somewhat singular weakness to be given to vast and visionary projects. The indulgence in these intangible speculations having cost him 20,000*l.*—a tremendous sum in those days—he was obliged to sell and mortgage great part of his estate in order to re-establish his credit. This sharp lesson, however, seems to have cured the knight of his projects. His next act was probably the most sensible one he ever performed in his capacity as a civilian. He vested the remainder of his landed possessions in trustees “for their continuance in his name and blood, that they might descend to his kinsman, Roger Clavell of Winfrith, and his heirs.” Sir William died without issue.

From all that can be learned of this ancient family it appears that its successive representatives pursued the even tenor of their way in virtue, loyalty, and general respectability. Indeed the almost monotonous succession of Clavells seems to have been only once broken, and then it was broken with a vengeance.

John Clavell, nephew of Sir William Clavell, the stout Banneret and unlucky projector, made himself much more conspicuously distinguished than the usual run of his humdrum, respectable ancestors. He was at once a gentleman by birth, of ancient family and liberal education; a thorough-paced and intrepid highwayman; and a poet of tender sentiment, elegant expression, and sound reasoning powers. By what freak of fortune a gentleman of feeling and training and a cadet of one of the very oldest and best families in England was converted into a footpad, it is useless now to inquire. The record of his trial seems to have been lost, but it is very questionable whether in his examination he disclosed the particulars of his introduction to the life of “the Road.” The mere fact, however, that after having been found guilty, he was freely pardoned by the king (Charles I.), and was some little time afterwards set at liberty, seems to prove that in his case there must have been “extenuating circumstances,” and that though he was a highwayman he was not quite a brutal ruffian. He relieved men of their purses, but he left them in whole skins. He indited “A Few lines presented untoe his Majestic, after I was apprehended, yet before my tryall, inserted here at the entreaty of a friend.” These lines are as follows:—

" I that have robbed so oft, am now bid stand,
 Death and the Law assault me, and demand
 My life and meanes ; *I never used men so,*
But having ta'en their money, let them goe ;
 Yet must I die ? and is there no relief ?
 The King of kings took mercy on a thief ;
 So may my gracious King, in mercy, save me,
 Although grim Death and Law do thus out-brave me.
 God is his President [precedent ?] and men shall see
 His Mercie is beyond Severity."

The words in italics afford us some key to the man. Clavell did not "steal," he "conveyed." He robbed with the gay nonchalance of a Duval, and after dancing lofty corantos with terrified maidens on the midnight heath, he robbed them of their purses, and sometimes of their hearts as well. There is really no ground, however, for supposing that Clavell was anything else than a robber pure and simple. His volume of poems, "A Recantation of an Ill-Led Life : or, A Discoverie of the High-way Law, &c. Written by John Clavell, Gent. London: Fleet Street, 1634," lies before us, and from the portrait of the "author and the hero of the story," which forms the frontispiece of the work, we should judge that the rôle of a wicked Adonis would be the very last that he could have assumed. The likeness is said to be *vera et viva effigies Johannis Clavel generosi ætatis suæ* 25. Above the picture is the legend, *Ego, non sum ego* ; and appended to it are the following lines by the author :—

" That I may neither beare another's blame
 Through wronge suspicions, nor yet act ye same
 At any time hereafter, but prove true,
Lo! to be known, you have my face at view !"

At twenty-five years of age, then, Clavell was a man of some experience. He had been well educated, and was skilled in the classical tongues as well as in French ; he was well read in the English poets, as the style and culture of his verse proves ; he had become a highwayman, fascinated by what he supposed to be the "romance" of the life in the saddle, as many an ardent, hot-headed young fool has been tempted to do, or has actually done, since his day ; he had engaged in many public robberies on the king's highway ; he had the good luck to be apprehended, the further good luck to be found guilty, and the extreme good luck to be sentenced to death. This awakening treatment raised up the man and the gentleman in Clavell, and gave the final *coup de grace* to

whatever was left in him of the old Adam of the road. False estimates of excellence and eminence, the outgrowths of a poetical temperament totally without restraint, had tempted him to join the gentlemen of the moon; but wiser than Paul Clifford—at least, Lytton's Paul Clifford—he very soon found out that the poetry with which he had invested the occupation of a highwayman existed nowhere save in his own ill-regulated brain. But the occupation he had taken to from choice, he felt, for the time at least, bound to follow from necessity; and there is little doubt that had his career as a robber not been cut short at an early stage, Clavell would—as many a man has done who invests himself voluntarily with immoral and brutal associations—have rapidly declined from his level of moral elevation, and from being a hot-headed but good-hearted, adventurous, daring, yet generous boy, would have become the brutal, violent, morally blind man. Good thoughts would have ceased to visit him; evil thoughts would have dwelt with him perpetually; and in some moment of insane, self-roused rage, when a victim perhaps showed a disinclination to be fleeced, he would have added the crime of murder to that of robbery.

Of the poems which Clavell has left, all were written in prison, with perhaps one or two exceptions. Of his longest work, his "Recantation," in which he confesses his crimes, describes the oaths by which bands of highwaymen are sworn, and "the manner of their assault, and how they behave themselves in the action and after;" he gives instructions to the honest traveller as to the proper precautions to take in order to get over his journey in safety, as well as "instructions to the innkeeper how to know thieves from his honest guests," &c. In a prefatory address, he says of his own work—"I have hereby not only prevented the baser sort of people from committing such rebellious outrages, but also laid open to the baser sort (I mean to such as are of gentle parentage) the foulness and baseness of the act, that whoso hath the least relish of a gentleman will be no more seduced and that way misled."

In an admirably written letter to the Privy Council and Council of War, Clavell, after his pardon, declares that he would have suffered the shameful death "that was due to him, rather than, now that there is faire occasion, I should be debarred from regaining my lost honour and reputation in his Majesty's warres abroad." He then begs of the Council that they may grant him a warrant for discharge, "that I may not spend my youthful days in this miserable and wretched prison, but may enter upon my Prince

and countrie's service, where I am resolved to acquit myself by some brave and notable exploit or a worthy death."

Of the fate of John Clavell nothing is known with certainty. That he did join the service and follow his Majesty's wars abroad is most likely. In the following sentence from the publisher's preface to the third edition of his works he disappears from history:—"He not only lives, but hath also made good all those his promises and strict resolutions, insomuch that it has become very disputable amongst wise men whether they should more admire (wonder at) his former ill ways, or his now most singular reformation."

DEVONSHIRE.

Exeter Castle.

Exeter is supposed to have been a settlement of the Britons before the Roman invasion. It was then called *Caer-Isc*, and *Caer-Rydb*; the former derived from its situation on the Exe or Isc, the latter from the red soil on which the Castle is built. From the number of coins, small bronze statues (Penates), tessellated pavements, and other Roman antiquities discovered near the walls and in the neighbourhood of the city, Exeter must have been a Roman station of some importance. In the reign of Alfred it had acquired the name of *Exan-Cestre* (Castle on the Exe), whence its present name. In the reign of King Stephen, Baldwin Rivers, Earl of Devon, fortified Exeter on behalf of the Empress Maude, and did not yield till reduced by famine, after a long siege. It was besieged in the twelfth year of the reign of Henry VII. by Perkin Warbeck, and again by the rabble of Devonshire and Cornwall in 1549.

The city of Exeter was formerly surrounded by walls and strongly fortified. Leland says of it:—"The toune is a good mile and more in compase, and is right strongly waullid and maintained. There be diverse fare towers in the toune waul betwyxt the south and west gate." Situated on a high eminence, north of the town, are the remains of the Castle, called Rougemont. When this fortress was first erected is unknown; but it was either rebuilt or much repaired by William the Conqueror, who bestowed it on Baldwin de Briono, husband of Albrina, his niece, in the possession of whose descendants it remained till the fourteenth year of the reign of Henry III., who then took it into his own hands. It was completely dismantled during the Civil War, and has never since been rebuilt. To the north of the Castle is a delightful walk, shaded by fine old elm-trees, called Northernay.

In January, 1554-5, Sir Peter and Sir Gawen Carew, Sir Thomas Dennis, and others, being up in arms to oppose King Philip coming to England to wed our Queen Mary, are said to have taken possession of the city and Castle of Exeter.

Tavistock Abbey.

Tavistock, on the Tavy, had its origin from a magnificent Abbey for the order of St. Augustine, in the tenth century. Orgarius, Earl of Devonshire, whose daughter, Elfrida, is so well known to the readers of English history, may be considered as the original founder, though some ascribe it wholly to his son Ordulph. Orgarius, the tradition goes, being admonished in a dream, began at Tavistock, A.D. 961, a splendid Abbey, which he dedicated to St. Mary, but did not live to complete it. It was, however, finished in 981 by Ordulph, his son, and endowed by him and his lady with many manors, that of Tavistock included. Ordulph was nephew to King Etheldred, and is said to have been of such gigantic stature and herculean strength, that he could break the bars of gates, and stride across a river of ten feet wide. Some huge bones, said to be those of Ordulph, are still preserved in Tavistock Church. Amongst other benefactors, King Etheldred was a considerable one to his nephew's establishment, and the institution became very wealthy and flourishing. The Danes, in the year 997, sailing round the Land's End, entered the mouth of the Tamar, and proceeding a considerable distance up that river, marched to Tavistock; where, after having spoiled the Monastery they burnt it to the ground, and carried off the plunder to their ships.

The Abbey was shortly after this devastation rebuilt, and soon became more flourishing than ever, additional grants and immunities having been given by various persons. Leving, or Living, Bishop of Worcester, is mentioned by Speed as "a special benefactor." Henry I. (1100-1135) granted to the Abbot the jurisdiction and whole hundred of Tavistock, together with the privilege of a weekly market, and a fair once a year for three days. Soon after its re-establishment, a school for the study of Saxon, which had grown greatly into disuse, was founded; "and," says Camden, "continued down to the last age, lest (that which hath almost now happened) the knowledge of it should be quite lost." In the succession of the Abbots several were learned men, and soon after the introduction of the art of printing into England, there was established in the Abbey a press, from which many books were issued, and amongst the rest a Saxon grammar. Richard Barham, the thirty-fifth Abbot, obtained from Henry VIII., in 1513, the privilege of sitting in the House of Peers; or, in other words, became a mitred abbot. This he probably gained by purchase, in order to be revenged on Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, with whom

he had great disputes, and finally caused to be excommunicated. In 1539, John Peryn, the thirty-sixth and last Abbot, surrendered his Monastery on being allowed the sum of 100*l.* per annum for life. The lands were granted by Henry VIII. to John Lord Russell, whose descendant, the Duke of Bedford, is now owner of its site and ruins. The revenues of the Abbey were valued at the Suppression at the yearly rent of 902*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.*; but it must be observed that the Abbots and Priors foreseeing the impending storm, set the yearly rents very low, and the fines very high, that they might have a sufficient support if expelled their houses.

The following, extracted from Risdon, relates a circumstance whereby a considerable addition was made to the possessions of the Abbey. "It is lefte us by tradition," says he, "that one Childe, of Plimstocke, a man of faire possessions, havinge noe issue, ordained, that wherever he shoulde happen to be buried, to that church his lands should belong. It so fortun'd that he, ridinge to hunt in the forest of Dartmoor, casually lost his companie, and his waye; likewise the season beinge so colde and he so benumbed therewith, that he was enforced to kill his horse, and havinge so killed him, to creepe into his bellye to gett heat; which not beinge able to preserve him, he was there frozen to deathe; and so founde, was carried by Tavystokemen to be buried in the church of the Abbye; which was not so secretlye done, but the inhabitants got knowledge thereof; which to prevent, they resorted to hinder the carryinge of the corpse on the bridge, where they concluded necessitye compelled them to passe. But they were deceived by a guile. For the Tavystokemen forthwith builded a slyghte bridge, and passed on at another place without resistance, buried the bodye, and enjoyed the lands. In memorye whereof, the bridge beareth the name of Gylebridge to this dayc." Neither this bridge nor the Abbey Church are now in existence, although there are still some remains of the institution; among these are part of the walls, the refectory, the still-house, Ordulph's tomb, and a small gateway. Not far from Tavistock is the Abbots' hunting-seat, which, from its capaciousness and other visible marks of its former grandeur, displays the sumptuous manner in which these dignitaries lived.

It is recorded that a printing-press set up in Tavistock Abbey was the second set up in this country; its productions are now extremely rare.



Berry Pomeroy Castle.

The parish of Berry Pomeroy, near the river Dart, about two miles from Totness, is named as follows:—Barry, or more properly Berry, signifies a walled town, and the addition of Pomeroy is from the family which, for many centuries, held possession of the manor. This family was descended from Ralph de Pomerat, one of the followers of William the Conqueror, who gave him not only the manor of Berry, but many other lordships and estates in the county. This person built a Castle here, and made it the seat of a barony or honour. The family of the Pomeroyes continued to reside here and hold the chief rank in this part of the country until the reign of Edward VI., when the manor of Berry came, by forfeiture, cession, or sale, it is not agreed which, from the hands of Sir Thomas Pomeroy to the Protector Somerset, one of whose descendants, Sir Edward Somerset, second Baronet, in the latter part of his life, lived in retirement at the Castle of Berry Pomeroy, upon which he is said to have expended upwards of 20,000*l.* His eldest son, Sir Edward, sat for Devon in the last two Parliaments of Charles I., by adhering to whom Sir Edward had his Castle plundered and burnt to the ground. A mansion was then built on the brow of a steep hill, and has since remained with Sir Edward's descendants. The Duke of Somerset is impropiator of the great tithes, which formerly belonged to the Priory of Merton, in Surrey. Prince, the author of *The Worthies of Devon*, was Vicar of Berry Pomeroy; in the parish church are some handsome monuments of the Seymour family.

The magnificent ruins of the Castle erected by the Pomeroyes are seated upon a rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from a narrow valley, through which winds a small stream of water. Being overhung by the branches of trees and shrubs, and incrusted with moss and mantled by ivy, the ruins form, in combination with the other features of the scene, one of the most striking and picturesque objects in the county. The great gate, with the walls of the south front, the north wing of the court, or quadrangle, some apartments on the west side, and a few turrets, are all that now remains of this Castle, which suffered most severely in the Civil Wars in the time of Charles I. According to tradition, the town of Berry Pomeroy was destroyed by lightning.



Lydford Castle.

Lydford, situated about seven miles north of Tavistock, though now a village of rude cottages, was once a place of importance. Here Ethelred had a Mint; and at the accession of King William I. it had as many as one hundred and forty burgesses. Some remains of its ancient state may still be seen in a square tower, or Keep, of a Castle, which was formerly used as a court and a prison, where those criminals were tried and confined who offended against the Stannary Laws. The law of Lydford is a proverbial phrase, expressive of too hasty judgment; as where the judge condemns first and hears the cause afterwards. Ray gives it thus:—

“ First hang and draw,
Then hear the cause by Lydford law.”

It is jocularly accounted for by the bad state of the Castle, where imprisonment was worse than death, by William Browne, a poet of some eminence in his day, born at Tavistock in the year 1520; and who, being anxious for the reputation of his county, attempts to show that the above summary method of procedure originated from merciful motives:—

“ I oft have heard of Lydford law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.
At first I wondered at it much;
But since I find the reason such
As it deserves no laughter.

“ They have a Castle on a hill;
I took it for an old wind-mill,
The vane blown off by weather.
To lie therein one night, 'tis guessed
'Twere better to be stoned and pressed,
Or hanged, now choose you whether.

“ Ten men less room within this eave
Than five mice in a lantern have.
The keepers they are sly ones.
If any could devise by art
To get it up into a cart,
'Twere fit to carry lions.

“ When I beheld it, Lord I thought I,
What justice and what clemency
Hath Lydford, when I saw all;
I know none gladly there would stay,
But rather hang out of the way,
Than tarry for a trial.”

Lydford has, too, its romantic waterfall and bridge; the latter in situation resembling the celebrated Devil's Bridge, in Wales. It

consists of one rude arch thrown across a rocky chasm which sinks nearly eighty feet from the level of the road. At the bottom of this channel, the small river Lyd is heard rattling through its contracted course. At a little distance below the bridge, "the fissure gradually spreads its rocky jaws; and instead of the dark precipices which have hitherto overhung and obscured the struggling river, it now emerges into day, and rolls its murmuring current through the winding valley, confined within magnificent banks, darkened with woods, which swell into bold promontories, or fall back into sweeping ranges, till they are lost to the eye in distance. Thickly shaded by trees, which shoot out from the sides of the chasm, the scene at Lydford Bridge is not so terrific as it would have been had a little more light been let in upon the abyss, just sufficient to produce a darkness visible. As it is, however, the chasm cannot be regarded without shuddering; nor will the stoutest heart meditate unappalled upon the terrific anecdotes connected with the spot."

Scenes of this description frequently give rise to marvellous stories; and Lydford Bridge has its tales of terror. It is related, that a London rider was benighted on his road, in a heavy storm, and wishing to get to some place of shelter, spurred his horse forward with more than common speed. The tempest had been tremendous during the night, and next morning the rider was informed that Lydford Bridge had been swept away with the current. He shuddered at his narrow escape, his horse having cleared the chasm by a great sudden leap in the middle of his course, though the occasion of his making it at the time was unknown. Two or three persons have chosen this spot for self-destruction, and in a moment of desperation have dashed themselves from the bridge into the murky chasm.

Compton Castle.

Compton Castle, on the south-east coast of Devon, and about two miles from Torbay, was, in the reign of Henry II., the property and residence of Sir Maurice de Pole. Afterwards the Lady Alice Pole bestowed it on Peter, surnamed *de Compton*, whose descendants continued owners for seven generations, when it was conveyed to the co-heiresses of the Gilbert family. Towards the close of the last century the estate was purchased of the Templers, of Stover Lodge; but on its being sold in parcels, about the year 1808, the old castellated mansion of the Comptons was converted into a farm-house.

Compton Castle is almost unique as a specimen of the early fortified mansion, and dates from the period of Edward III. Though the greater portion of the mansion lies in ruins, and the other portion has been much altered, yet the remains are not deficient in interest. The buildings, constructed of the native limestone, are very massive. The chapel is vaulted; and it is remarkable that the eastern window is the only ancient part of the fortress left unprotected by the extraordinary contrivance of a walled screen-work (or machicolation) erected upon corbels. It was probably considered that, as the chapel formed a distinct and independent mass, the penetration so far would not endanger the security of the fortress. There appeared in the *Graphic and Historical Illustrator* in 1834, the following stanzas on these castellated remains:—

- “ Record of other men and days,
 The Autumn leaf around thee falls;
 The wailing breeze of Autumn strays
 Amid thy ruin'd walls!
 A loftier pile I oft have seen,
 With stately front, and hoary towers;
 But not more pensively, I ween,
 Through spacious hall, and fretted bowers,
 I've slowly paced, than pace I here,
 Taught wisdom by the waning year.
- “ To distant times I backward glance,
 In dreaming reverie, and see
 The warrior, laid aside his lance,
 The palmer, and the maiden free,
 Of guileless heart—and courteous dame,
 Of matron look, and minstrel old,
 With lays of love and martial fame,
 Assembled in thy lordly hold;
 While brightly blaz'd the hearth, and song
 Chas'd nights of wintry gloom along.
- “ Or o'er thy ample park the deer
 Fly swift before the baying hound—
 Or falcon, 'mid the azure clear,
 Strike her fleet quarry to the ground:
 Or vassals, at the trumpet's call,
 In mustering speed—a fearless band,
 March forth, to conquer or to fall,
 Beneath their haughty chief's command;
 While many a gentle heart, in fear,
 Throbb'd the departing clang to hear.
- “ And now dismantled—rostrate all
 Thy former might, there scarce remain
 Enough of what thou wert, to call
 Thy bulwarks and thy wide domains
 Back to the musing mind; and e'en
 Tradition's voice, all hush'd and still,

Restores not to the changeful scene,
 From the sepulchre, dark and chil,
 The names, the exploits of the dead,
 Ere thy brief day of pride had fled.

“ The peasant finds in thee a home,
 The rustic shed beside thee stands;
 Thy ancient dwellers, like the foam
 That sinks beneath the ocean sands,
 Have perish'd, and have left no trace
 Of what they would have been, or were;
 Forgotten in their natal place
 Their virtues, and their lineage fair:
 Forgotten too, perchance, the crime,
 That stain'd the annals of their time!

“ To twilight bat, to midnight owl,
 A dwelling place for many a year,
 As stormy clouds above thee scowl,
 Methinks the doom of all I hear!
 The loves, the joys, the hopes, the fears,
 The pride, the pomp, of living man
 (E'en as thy glory disappears),
 Shall perish with his fleeting span:
 While mute, unhonour'd, and forgot,
 Another race shall know him not.

“ Sad is the lesson: but more wise
 By sadness made, may it be mine
 To seek a mansion in the skies,
 Where changeless suns for ever shine!
 Though low my lot—my path unknown
 To monarch's gaze—no trump of fame
 To sound above my funeral-stone
 The transient honours of a name;
 Mine be the hopes of endless day,
 When worlds themselves have pass'd away!”

Combe Marten Celebrities.

Little Hangman Hill, in this place, derives its name from the Hanging Stone, a boundary-mark, so called “from a thief, who, having stolen a sheep and tied it about his neck, to carry it on his back, rested himself for a time on this stone, until the sheep, struggling, slid over the side and strangled the man.”

Combe Martin is commonly known as the Pack of Cards, and bearing no fanciful resemblance to one of those unstable piles built by children. The long irregular village lies in a valley opening to a rocky picturesque bay, and in the reign of Henry II. belonged to Martyn de Tours, a Norman baron, after whom it was called. It is well known for its silver lead mines, which have been worked at intervals from the

reign of Edward I. Camden informs us that they partly defrayed the expense of the French war in the reign of Edward III., and that Henry V. also made good use of them in his invasion of France. From that period they seem to have been neglected until the reign of Elizabeth, when a new lode was discovered and worked with great profit by Sir Beavis Bulmer, Knight, as appears by the following quaint inscription on a silver cup presented by the Queen to William Bouchier, Earl of Bath, when lord of the manor:—

“ When water workes in broken wharfes
 At first erected were,
 And Beavis Bulmer with his arte
 The waters 'gan to reare,
 Disperced I in the earth did lye,
 Since all beginninge olde,
 In place called Coombe, where Martyn longe
 Had hydd me in his molde.
 I dydd no service on the earth,
 And no man set me free,
 Till Bulmer, by his skille and charge,
 Did frame mee this to bee.”

Another cup, weighing 137 ounces, and, like the former, made of Combe Marten silver, was presented by Elizabeth to Sir R. Martin, Lord Mayor of London. It bore an appropriate inscription, beginning thus:—

“ In Martyn's Coombe long lay I hydd,
 Obscured, deprest with grossest soyle,
 Debased much with mixed lead,
 Till Bulmer came, whose skille and toyle
 Refined me so pure and cleane,
 As rycher no where els is scene.”

Totness Castle.

The ancient town of Totness “from the margin of the river Dart climbs the steep acclivity of a hill, and stretches itself along its brow, commanding a view of the winding stream, and of the country in its vicinity, but sheltered at the same time by higher hills on every side.” It was anciently called “Dodonesse,” *i.e.*, rocky town; its present name being probably derived from the Saxon *tot*, *toten*, to project, as in Tothill, Tottenham. In early times it was situated upon a Roman road which ran from Exeter to the Tamar by Ugbrooke, Newton Abbot, Totness, and Boringdon Park; and its antiquity is shown by the old historic tradition, which here places the landing of Brutus of Troy.

It is one of the oldest boroughs in the county, and there are fragments remaining of the walls with which it was formerly surrounded.

The Castle of Totness stands on the summit of the hill, and is said to have been built by Junel de Totenais, a Norman baron, on whom the manor was bestowed at the Conquest. The Keep is the only part now remaining. It is circular in form, and a ruin of crumbling red stones, thickly mantled with ivy.

Buckfastleigh, and its Abbey.

The tradition common to churches on high ground belongs to that of Buckfastleigh, a large village, encompassed by steep hills. It is added that the Devil obstructed the builders by removing the stones, and a large block bearing the mark of the "enemy's" finger and thumb is pointed out on a farm about a mile distant. The churchyard is darkened by black marble tombstones, and contains the ivied fragment of an old building, within which two grassy mounds mark the burial-place of Admiral Thomas White, R.N., and of his wife, late of Buckfast Abbey.

The ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Buckfastleigh, supposed to have been founded in the reign of Henry II. by one of the Pomeroyes (but on the site of a Benedictine house of Saxon antiquity), are situated north of the village, on the right bank of the Dart. The remains of this Abbey are, however, inconsiderable, consisting of little more than an ivied tower close to the present mansion of Buckfast Abbey, and the tithe barn, a building about 100 feet long, at the Grange. A part of the Abbey site is occupied by a large woollen factory. The woollen trade at this place is probably of great antiquity. The Cistercians were all wooltraders; and a green path over the moors towards Plymouth, known to this day as the "Abbot's Way," is said to have been a "post road" for the conveyance of the wool of the community. On the other side of Buckfastleigh is a wooded hill, called the "Lover's Coomb," commanding the Totness road; and about two miles from the town is Hembury Castle, an oblong encampment of about seven acres, attributed to the Danes.

From Buckfastleigh, on the southern slopes of Dartmoor, is the Vale of Dean-Burn. Polwhele remarks: "It unites the terrible and graceful in so striking a manner, that to enter this recess hath the effect of enchantment." Half way up the glen are some picturesque waterfalls. Dean Prior, once belonging to the Priory of Plympton, was the

native parish of Herrick the poet, who wrote most of his *Hesperides* there; he is buried in the churchyard. — *Abridged from Murray's Handbook for Cornwall and Devon.*

Torrington and Appledore.

The pleasantly situated town of Torrington, near North Molton, is an ancient place, containing fragments of a Castle which is said to have been founded by Richard de Merton in the reign of Edward III. The site is now a bowling-green, and commands a fine view. Editha, the mother of Harold, was endowed with lands of this tything; and during the Rebellion stirring incidents occurred in the town and on the adjacent hills. In 1643 a body of rebels advanced from Bideford to attack Colonel Digby, who had marched upon Torrington to cut off the communication between the North of Devon and Plymouth. No sooner, however, were they met by a few of the Royalist troopers than they "routed themselves," to quote Clarendon's words, and were pursued with much slaughter. The consequences of this action were the immediate surrender of the fort of Appledore, and subsequently, of the towns of Barnstaple and Bideford. "The fugitives," says Clarendon, "spread themselves over the country, bearing frightful marks of the fray, and telling strange stories of the horror and fear which had seized them, although nobody had seen above six of the enemy that charged them." In 1646 the townspeople were witness to a far more fatal engagement, when Fairfax came suddenly by night upon the quarters of Lord Hopton. The action which ensued was furious but decisive, and the Royalists were totally defeated. Upon this occasion the church, together with 200 prisoners and those who guarded them, were blown into the air by the explosion of about 80 barrels of gunpowder. The capture of Torrington was the death-blow of the King's cause in the west. In 1660, the celebrated General Monk was created Earl of Torrington. In 1669, the town gave the title of Earl to Admiral Herbert; and, in 1720, of Viscount to Sir George Byng. The Monks were seated for many generations near Merton, a village between Torrington and Hatherleigh; but their mansion, sumptuously rebuilt about 1670 by General Monk, when Duke of Albemarle (he was born at Merton), was pulled down in the last century.

Appledore, a village near Bideford, is interesting for its antiquity, and for a legend of the renowned Danish warrior Hubba, who is said to have landed near this village, in the reign of Alfred, from a fleet of

thirty-three ships, and to have laid siege to a neighbouring Castle called Kenwith, the site of which is now only surmised to be a hill called Henny Castle (near Kenwith Lodge, Dr. Heywood's), north-west of Bideford. The strength of this place, however, proved too great for its assailants. Hubba was slain under its walls, and his followers driven with slaughter to the shore. At one spot, it is said, they rallied, and so checked their pursuers as to be enabled to regain their ships; and a field by the roadside, near the village of Northam, is to this day pointed out as the place where they turned, and has been known from time immemorial as the "Bloody Corner." In this fight the so-called Raven banner was taken by the Saxons. It was a black bird, probably a stuffed specimen of the raven, which hung quiet when defeat was at hand, but clapped its wings before victory. Hubba, we are told, was buried on the shore, and the name of "Hubblestone" would seem to mark the locality.—*Abridged from Murray's Handbook for Cornwall and Devon.*

Dartmouth Castle.

Dartmouth by its present name first occurs in a charter granted by Henry III. to Edward de Gloucester in 1226. The town was first incorporated under the title of Clifton-Dartmouth-Hardness in the reign of Edward III., 1342, at which time it was evidently a port of great consequence, as it furnished no less than thirty-one ships to the fleet intended for the siege of Calais, a larger quota than was supplied by any other town in the kingdom, excepting Fowey and Yarmouth. Chaucer has taken his "shipman" from Dartmouth, and contemporary with the poet, there were merchants at this place so wealthy, and possessed of so many ships, that it was said of one Hawley—

" Blow the wind high, or blow it low,
It bloweth fair to Hawley's hoe."

It is said that a fleet of crusaders, under Cœur de Lion, assembled in Dartmouth harbour in 1190. In 1347, the town contributed a large quota to the armament of King Edward. In 1377 it was destroyed by the French, who in that year swept our shores from the Isle of Wight to Plymouth. In 1403 it returned the visit of the Frenchmen, when, Du Chastel having a second time destroyed Plymouth, Dartmouth combined with that town in ravaging the coast of France, burning and sinking forty of the enemy's ships. In 1404, the French in their turn sought revenge. Du Chastel again descended on Dartmouth, but

the expedition this time was so roughly received as to be compelled to draw off with the loss of 400 killed and 200 prisoners, including Du Chastel himself. In the wars of the Roses, the Lancastrian party used Dartmouth as their port. In the Great Rebellion the town declared for the Parliament; and in 1643 was taken by Prince Maurice, after a siege of a month. The Royalists, however, after an interval of three years, were attacked by Fairfax, who carried the place by storm in Jan. 1646. Upon this occasion upwards of 100 pieces of ordnance were captured; and the many old towers and forts, now in ruins, on the shore or the heights of Dartmouth, show the formidable number of the works with which the general had to contend.

Dartmouth Castle, a picturesque building situated at the extreme point of the wooded promontory which bounds the entrance of the harbour, consists of a square and a round tower, the latter of which is the elder, and supposed to date from the reign of Henry VII. Adjoining this building are three platforms of guns, the little church of St. Petrox (containing an armorial gallery and a brass), and the ruins of a more ancient castle, the whole being enclosed by a wall and ditch. The hill, which rises behind to the height of 300 ft., is crowned by the remains of another fort, which is mentioned by Fairfax in his despatch to the Parliament under the name of "Gallant's Bower." The round tower of the Castle is now a magazine, but formerly no doubt received the iron chain which was stretched as a defence across the mouth of the harbour, and was there drawn tight by a capstan.



The Adventures of Sir Gawen.

The union of the King Arthur romance and the local fairy traditions, is strikingly illustrated in a very beautiful and curious fragment republished by Mr. Halliwell,—*The Adventures of Sir Gawen*. Though the language has been modernized, the form of the legend which can be traced back at least as far as the fifteenth century, has undergone little alteration. Arriving towards the close of a summer evening, at the entrance to a forest, Sir Gawen, one of the heroes of the Round Table, alights, and tying his horse to a tree, threads his way through the dense vegetation to an old and ruinous castle. Here he incautiously enters, and the ghostly adventures which then ensue are narrated with great dramatic effect. As he groped his way through the dark vaults underneath, a sudden and agonizing shriek burst forth above him, and "something rudely brushing down grasped him with

tremendous strength; in a moment he became motionless, cold as ice, and felt himself hurried back by some irresistible being; but just as he reached the vault, a spectre of so dreadful a shape stalked by within it, that, straining every muscle, he sprang from the deadly grasp." Seeing a faint blue light in an upper chamber, he went towards it, and beheld, from a distance, the form of a human corse simmering above the fire. He looked on with a horrible fascination, until, "as the last pale portion of the light died away, the scarce distinguished form of some terrific being floated slowly by, and again another dreadful groan ran deepening through the gloom." Whilst he was thus agitated with horror and apprehension, "a dim light streaming from behind, accompanied with a soft, swift, and hollow tread, convinced Sir Gawen that something was pursuing him, and, struck with bewildering fear, he rushed unconscious down the steps, and fell forward on the ground." When he returned to consciousness, the images of death and the rites of witchcraft had vanished, and he awoke among the soft, sweet, and tranquil scenery of a summer moonlight night. He had been guided to Fairyland during his trance, and the vision of the Fairy camp, pitched in the centre of a circular lawn, "whose tint and softness were beyond compare, and which seemed to have been lightly brushed by fairy feet," is charming. Not many minutes elapsed "ere he discovered, on the border of the lawn, just rising above the wood, and floating on the bosom of the air, a being of the most delicate form; from his shoulders streamed a tunic of the tenderest blue, his wings and feet were clothed in downy silver, and in his grasp he had a wand white as the mountain snow. He rose swiftly in the air, his brilliance became excessive from the lunar rays, his song echoed through the vault of night, but having quickly diminished to the size and appearance of the evening star, it died away, and the next moment he was lost in ether. Sir Gawen still fixed his eye on that part of the heavens where the vision had disappeared, and, shortly, had the pleasure of again seeing the star-like radiance, which in an instant unfolded itself into the full and fine dimensions of the beauteous being, who, having collected dew from the cold vales of Saturn, now descended rapidly towards the earth, and waving his wand as he passed athwart the woods, a number of like form and garb flew round him, and then, shaking their wings, which spread a perfume through the air, burst into one general song." Then from the wood emerged fairy damsels clad in white, and warlike knights in mail of tempered steel, and in the centre arose a throne of ivory inlaid with sapphires, whereon sat a form of exquisite beauty; "a plain coronet of gold obliquely crossed her flowing hair, and her robe of

white satin hung negligent in ample folds." The gold-crowned Queen of Faery courteously addresses Sir Gawen, but, just as the knight is about to reply, she fades into the moonlight, the spirits disappear, and in the white light of the summer dawn, he finds himself beside his charger, who is cropping the grass by the side of a public thoroughfare. The story, of which I have selected a few prominent points, is striking, and admirably told, and deserves to be more generally known, as one of the most graphic and pictorial of our legendary superstitions.—Halliwell's *Illustrations of Fairy Mythology*, p. 77.

The Piskies of Devon and Cornwall.

The eminence of Sheepstor is the favourite haunt of the Devonshire fairies, the Piskies, where a cavity in a granite rock is called the Piskies' House. Mrs. Bray, who is a very charming authority upon pixies' lore, tells us that the peasantry who venture to visit this mystic place, still drop a pin as an offering to the pixies; and to this day it is considered a critical place for children to enter after sunset. The pixies are described as a race "invisibly small;" yet in the vulgar belief they may be heard on dark nights riding the horses of the neighbouring farmers, and "pounding their cider within his cavern." Polwhele states that the Piskies' house was selected as a hiding-place by one of the Elford family, who here successfully concealed himself from Cromwell's troopers, and employed his leisure time in painting on the walls.

Mr. Couch records that in Cornwall the belief in the little folks is far from dead.

'The elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves'

are all now confounded under the generic name of *pisky*. They are little beings standing midway between the purely spiritual and the material, suffering a few at least of the ills incident to humanity. They have the power of making themselves seen, heard, and felt. They interest themselves in man's affairs—now doing him a good turn, and anon taking offence at a trifle, and leading him into all manner of mischief. The rude gratification of the husbandman is construed into an insult, and the capricious sprites mislead him on the first opportunity, and laugh heartily at his misadventures. They are great enemies of sluttery, and great encouragers of good husbandry. When not singing and dancing, their chief nightly amusement is in riding the colts and plaiting their manes, or tangling them with the seed-vessels of the

burdock of a particular field in the neighbourhood ; it is reported that the farmer never puts his horses in it but he finds them in the morning in a great deal of terror, panting and covered with foam. Their form of government is monarchical, as frequent mention is made of the king of the piskies. We have stories of pisky changelings, the only proof of whose parentage was that "they didn't goodey" (thrive). It would seem that fairy children of some growth are occasionally trusted to human care for a time, and recalled ; and that mortals are now and then kidnapped, and carried off to fairyland ; such, according to the nursery rhyme, was the end of Margery Daw :—

" See-saw, Margery Daw
Sold her bed, and lay upon straw ;
She sold her straw, and lay upon hay,
Piskies came and carri'd her away."

"A disposition to laughter is a striking trait in their character. I have been able to gather little about the personalities of these creatures. My old friend before-mentioned, used to describe them as about the height of a span, clad in green, and having straw hats or little red caps on their heads. Two only are known by name, and I have heard them addressed in the following rhyme :—

" Jack o' the lantern ! Joan the wad !
Who tickled the maid, and made her mad,
Light me home, the weather's bad."

"I leave the stories of the *piskies-led*, of which this neighbourhood can furnish several *authentic* instances, for the following ancient legends, all careful copies of oral traditions :—

"*Colman Grey*.—A farmer, who formerly lived on an estate in our vicinity, was returning one evening from a distant part of the farm, when in crossing a field he saw to his surprise, sitting on a stone in the middle of a pit, a miserable-looking little creature, human in appearance though diminutive in size, and apparently starving with cold and hunger. Pitying its condition, and perhaps aware that it was of elfish origin, and that good luck would amply repay him for his kind treatment of it, he took it home, placed it by the warm hearth on a stool, and fed it with nice milk. The poor bantling soon recovered from the lumpish and only half sensible state in which it was found, and though it never spoke became very lively and playful. From the amusement which its strange tricks excited, it became a general favourite in the family, and the good folk really felt very sorry when the strange guest quitted them, which he did in a very unceremonious manner. After the lapse of three or four days, as the little fellow was gambolling about the little farm kitchen,

a shrill voice from the *town-place*, or farm-yard, was heard to call three times 'Colman Grey!' at which he sprang up, and, gaining voice, cried, 'Ho! ho! ho! my daddy is come!' flew through the key-hole, and was never afterwards heard of."

"*A Voyage with the Piskies.*—About a mile to the eastward of us is a pretty bay, on the shores of which may be seen the picturesque church of Talland, the hamlet of Portallow, with its scattered farmhouses, and the green on which the children assemble at their sports. In old time, a farm lad was sent to our village to procure some household goods from the shop. Dark night had set in by the time he had reached Sand-hill; on his way home, when halfway down the steep road, the boy heard some one say, 'I'm for Portallow-green.' As you are going my way, thought he, I may as well have your company; and he waited for a repetition of the voice, intending to hail it. 'I'm for Portallow-green,' was repeated after a short interval. 'I'm for Portallow-green,' shouted the boy. Quick as thought he found himself on the Green, surrounded by a throng of little laughing piskies. They were, however, scarcely settled before the cry was heard from several tiny voices, 'I'm for Seaton-beach,'—a fine expanse of sand on the coast between this place and Plymouth, at the distance of seven miles. Whether he was charmed by this brief taste of pisky society, or taken with their pleasant mode of travelling, is not stated; but, instead of turning his pockets inside out, as many would have done, he immediately rejoined, 'I'm for Seaton-beach.' Off he whisked, and in a moment found himself on Seaton-beach. After they had for awhile 'danced their ringlets to the whistling winds,' the cry was changed to 'I'm for the King of France's cellar,' and strange to say, he offered no objection to so long a journey. 'I'm for the King of France's cellar!' shouted the adventurous youth, as he dropped his parcel on the beach, not far from the edge of the tide. Immediately he found himself in a spacious cellar, engaged with his mysterious companions in tasting the richest of wines. They then passed through grand rooms, fitted up with such splendour as dazzled the lad. In one apartment the tables were covered with fine plate and rich viands, as if in expectation of a feast. Though in the main an honest lad, he could not resist the temptation to take with him some memorial of his travels, and he pocketed one of the rich silver goblets which stood on the table. After a very short stay, the cry was raised, 'I'm for Seaton-beach,' which being repeated by the boy, he was taken back as quickly as he went, and luckily reached the beach in time to save his parcel from the flowing tide.

“The next destination was Portallow-green, where the piskies left our wandering traveller, who reached home, delivered his parcel of groceries, and received a compliment from the good wife for his dispatch. ‘You’d say so, if you only know’d where I’ve been,’ said he; ‘I’ve been wi’ the piskies to Seaton-beach; and I’ve been to the King of France’s house; and all in five minutes!’ The farmer stared, and expressed an opinion that the boy was *mazed*. ‘I thought you’d say I was mazed, so I breart (brought) away the mug to show vor et,’ he replied, producing the goblet. The farmer and his family examined it, wondered at it, and finished by giving a full belief to the boy’s strange story. ‘The goblet is unfortunately not now to be produced for the satisfaction of those who may still doubt; but we are assured that it remained the property of the lad’s family for generations after.’—*Notes and Queries*, No. 291.

Mrs. Bray (who writes the word “pixy”) relates that near a Pixy field at Tavistock, there lived an old woman who possessed a cottage and a very pretty garden, wherein she cultivated a most beautiful bed of tulips. The pixies, it is traditionally averred, so delighted in this spot, that they used to carry their elfin babies thither, and sing them to rest. Often, at the dead hour of the night, a sweet lullaby was heard, and strains of melodious music floated in the air, and seemed to owe their origin to no other musicians than the beautiful tulips themselves; and whilst these delicate flowers waved their heads to the evening breeze, it seemed as if they were marking time to their own singing. As soon as the elfin babies were lulled asleep by such melodies, the pixies returned to the neighbouring field, and there commenced dancing, making those rings on the green which showed, even to mortal eyes, what sort of gambols had occupied them during the night.

At the first dawn of light, the watchful pixies once more sought the tulips, and, though still invisible, they could be heard kissing and caressing their babies. The tulips, thus favoured by a race of genii, retained their beauty much longer than any other flowers in the garden, which, though contrary to their nature, as the pixies breathed over them, they became as fragrant as roses; and so delighted at all this was the old woman who possessed the garden, that she never suffered a single tulip to be plucked from its stem.

At length she died; and the heir who succeeded her destroyed the enchanted flowers, and converted the spot into a parsley-bed,—a circumstance that so disappointed and offended the pixies, that they caused it to wither away: indeed, for many years nothing would grow in the beds of the whole garden. But these sprites, though eager in resenting

an injury, were, like most warm spirits, equally capable of returning a benefit; and if they destroyed the product of the good old woman's garden when it had fallen into unworthy hands, they tended the bed that wrapped her clay with affectionate solicitude, for they were heard lamenting and singing sweet dirges around her grave; nor did they neglect to pay this mournful tribute to her memory every night before the moon was at the full; for then their high solemnity of dancing, singing, and rejoicing took place, to hail the queen of the night on completing her silver circle in the skies. No human hand ever tended the grave of the poor old woman who had nurtured the tulip-bed for the delight of these elfin creatures; but no rank weed was ever seen to grow upon it; the turf was ever green, and the prettiest flowers would spring up without sowing or planting, and so they continued to do till it was supposed the mortal body was reduced to dust.



Buckland Abbey.

Buckland Abbey, a noble ecclesiastical foundation of the thirteenth century, became after the dissolution of the religious houses one of the most notable of the ancient halls of England, and is perennially interesting as having been the favourite residence of one of the greatest of England's naval heroes, in the possession of whose descendants it remains to the present day.

The abbey, charmingly situated on the eastern bank of the Tavy, about four miles south of Tavistock, was built by the Lady Amicia, wife of Baldwin de Redvors, Earl of Devon, in 1278, dedicated to the Virgin Mary and to St. Benedict, and endowed with the manor of Buckland. Of the fortunes of the abbey, as such, there are very few facts to relate. The Countess of Devon obtained a colony of Cistercian monks from Quarr Abbey in the Isle of Wight, for the new foundation, and these monks having presumed to celebrate mass and exercise their functions generally, without having previously obtained the license and approbation of Walter Bronescombe, bishop of Exeter, were subjected to excommunication and suspension. From this condition of disgrace the abbey was relieved at the solicitation of Queen Eleanor. The Cistercians stood firm in the possession of their endowments for 270 years; but after the dissolution the site and demesne were granted (33rd Henry VIII.) to Richard Greynfeld or Grenville. This gentleman built

here a "faire newe house, and afterward sold it to Sir Francis Drake, the famous traveller, which made it his dwelling-place."

The simple fact that Buckland Abbey passed into the hands of Drake, the romantic adventurer, the buccanier whose exploits, daring and gallant in themselves, took an additional hue of glory from the fact that they were performed in a new hemisphere, on unknown oceans, and in the presence of people of the existence of whom even the learned and the polite of that day were unaware, has done more to preserve this ancient pile than all the restorations of Sir Richard Grenville and his successors. The precise date at which Drake became the owner of Buckland Abbey has not been recorded; but we are certain that after the purchase was effected, this seat became his favourite residence in those intervals of his career which were passed in England. Here, as we might naturally expect, were to be seen a number of the most interesting relics of the great admiral, including a fine portrait by Jansen, together with Drake's sword, his ship-drum, and the Bible which he carried with him round the world.

Of the original structure of the abbey the remains are somewhat scanty. The old building suffered at the hands of Sir Richard Grenville in its conversion from an abbey to a private residence. In the garret of the existing house, built by Sir Francis Drake, the four large arches of the original central tower of the church are still to be seen close under the roof. Among the perfect remains of the old foundation are the ancient belfry and a noble barn, 180 feet long. As is usually the case with respect to old abbeys—the monks had a singularly happy faculty of fixing upon beautiful sites, which, owing to their command of horticultural knowledge, they could enhance by artistic taste—the abbey is surrounded by delightful gardens, including an orchard, which, according to tradition, was the first planted in Devonshire. The orchards of the county are famous, and its cyder above compare, and for these excellences we are mainly indebted to the care and skill of the early monks in procuring the best grafts from Normandy.

The connexion of the great Drake with the old Abbey of Buckland and with its neighbourhood is by no means limited to his ownership of the manor. Here the earliest and a number of the latter years of his life were spent; and on the waters that wash the shores of this county were achieved many of those triumphs which make his life read more like a romance than a sober chronicle of facts.

Francis Drake was born in a cottage near the banks of the small river Tavy, in Devonshire, about the year 1539. Of his parentage absolutely nothing has been ascertained beyond doubt. Johnson states that his father was a clergyman, and in this is borne out by Prince's "Worthies of Devon," while the *Biographia Britannica*, upon which subsequent biographers of Drake have largely drawn, seems to leave it to be inferred that the future admiral's father was "one Edmund Drake, an honest sailor," and that his illustrious son was brought up under the care and at the expense of his kinsman, Sir John Hawkins. His godfather was Sir Francis Russell, afterwards Earl of Bedford. According to a curious work, "The English Hero; or, Sir Francis Drake Revived," a work which every writer on this subject quotes with respect, young Drake "was brought up in Kent—his father being a minister, who for fear of the six articles in the reign of Henry VIII., was forced to secure himself in the hull of a ship, where he had divers of his younger sons, having twelve in all, who being most of them born on the water, for the greatest part died at sea." After the death of Henry VIII., the father of Drake obtained an appointment to read prayers in the Royal Navy. He was afterwards ordained deacon and made vicar of the church of Upnor, on the river Medway. Continuing poor, however, he bound his eldest son, Francis, to a mariner belonging to the neighbourhood, who traded with his small bark to France and Holland. This mariner taught Drake the rudiments of the sailor's craft, and finding the youth ingenious and active, took such a liking to him, that (being a bachelor) he at his death bequeathed his small vessel to his pupil.

For some time Drake continued the business of his master; but there was too little excitement in the employment, too little variety in the drudgery of continually beating for small profit between England, Holland, and France, for a mind so aspiring as his. He accordingly sold his bark, and got his savings together—the whole amounting to a considerable sum. This estate he invested with Captain John Hawkins, and joined his expedition to Guinea.

Drake, at this time about twenty-two years of age, was appointed Captain of the *Judith*. In the fight with the Spaniards in the harbour of St. Juan d'Ulloa, the young captain "made a great accession to his reputation, but none to his property," for the whole English expedition, being circumvented by Spanish treachery, was compelled to withdraw, leaving their goods and possessions behind them.

Such a misfortune befalling a youth at the commencement of his career might in many cases have proved sufficiently crushing to divert his energies into another channel from that day forth. Not so with Drake. He was told that he would be perfectly justified in recovering his lost wealth by making reprisals on the Spanish nation generally. "To make him satisfaction, Mr. Drake was persuaded by the minister of his ship that he might lawfully recover the value from the King of Spain by reprisal, and repair his losses upon him anywhere else. The case was clear in sea-divinity; and few are such infidels as not to believe in doctrines which make for their profit; whereupon Drake, though then a poor private man, undertook to revenge himself upon so mighty a monarch." With renewed hope and with resolution nerved and braced anew, he gathered around him a number of wild and reckless spirits, and fitted out an expedition on a small scale, from which as well as from several subsequent cruises, he returned in safety, but not much enriched. His first bold and daring attempt at reprisal was made in 1572. His squadron consisted of two vessels of light burthen—the *Pacha*, 70 tons, commanded by himself, and the *Swan*, 25 tons, commanded by his brother, Mr. John Drake. When it is recollected that these diminutive craft were intended to cope with immense Spanish galleons, the floating castles of the sea, of from 800 to 1000 tons burthen, Drake's project seems on the face of it wild and visionary. But the thoughtful commander had also taken with him a number of pinnaces in frame, ready to be fitted together without delay when required for action; and it was in these vessels, and not in the *Pacha* and *Swan*, that his anticipated operations were to be conducted. The expedition set sail in May, 1572, from the Sound of Plymouth, bound for Nombre de Dios, then the granary of the West Indies, the city wherein were stored the golden harvests brought from Peru and Mexico to Panama, and hoarded up till they could be conveyed into Spain.

Arrived at Port Pheasant, near Santa Martha, Drake here fitted his pinnaces together, and prepared for his descent on the treasure-town. This was effected successfully at night, and with the loss of only one man. The plunder obtained at the assault of Nombre de Dios consisted of silver in considerable quantity and an ample store of wines. A day or two of rest for Drake (who was severely wounded at Nombre de Dios) and his men, and then up anchor and away on other enterprises and conquests. Prizes fell into the hands of the English adventurers. Between Cartagena and Toulon

they "took six frigates laden with hogs, hams, and maize;" and, being assisted in all his projects by the friendly Indians of the coast, a bark bound from St. Domingo to Cartagena, and richly laden, was the next prize, and a day or two afterwards a Spanish ship of 90 tons, laden with preserved meats, was also taken. Assisted by the Indians, or Symerons as they are termed, Drake took the town of Venta Cruz with only eighteen Englishmen. Ascending a famous tree in this neighbourhood, from which both the North Atlantic Ocean and the "South Sea" might be plainly seen, the English captain, gazing upon that sea of which he had heard such golden reports, solemnly besought God "to give him life and leave once to sail an English ship in those seas!" A "recoe," or caravan, of fifty mules, each carrying three hundred pounds weight of silver, and some bars and wedges of gold, was a glorious capture which the handful of fortune-seekers made on the route between Rio Francisco and Nombre de Dios. Being now resolved to return to England, Drake set sail with such a favourable wind that in twenty-three days they passed from Florida Cape to the Scilly Isles, and arrived at Plymouth on Sunday, 9th August, 1573, "during sermon time." The news of Drake's arrival being carried into the church, the people rose in a body and forsook the preacher to gaze in wonder and admiration upon the captain and his weather-beaten men, who had been to the other side of the world and back in less than fifteen months.

The gallantry of Drake's bearing in this expedition, his generosity towards his men, his fertility of resource, his bravery and success, won him a very high rank in popular esteem. After his return he showed little impatience to enter upon another similar voyage; but Ireland being then in a state of rebellion, he fitted out three frigates at his own expense, joined the English under the Earl of Essex—father of the famous and unfortunate earl who suffered some years afterwards—and there performed many brilliant acts, especially in capturing forts. This visit to Ireland led directly to the establishment of Drake's future reputation, in bringing him acquainted with Sir Christopher Hatton, then Vice-Chamberlain, by whom he was afterwards introduced to Queen Elizabeth. This august lady having been informed of Drake's success against Spain, her bitterest enemy, gave him the most flattering reception and encouraged him in the career he had chosen. The approval of her Majesty having been won, there was no insuperable obstacle now in his way, and he was free to undertake that grand expedition that has rendered his name

immortal. He recalled the incident of his ascending the lofty tree in Panama, and beholding from its branches the vast Pacific Ocean, or, as it was then named, the South Sea, and he remembered also the fervid prayer he had breathed for life and leave to sail across the mysterious waste of waters with Englishmen in an English ship. He also revised his account with the Spaniards, and coming to the conclusion that they were still somewhat in his debt for the goods he had lost and the sufferings he had undergone at St. Juan d'Ulloa, he resolved to be quits with the Dons, should he by any chance meet any of their treasure-ships on these seas. Unfolding his project at Court, it was received with approval; and the favouring breath of Queen Elizabeth herself gave impulse to his bent sails when in 1577 he set out upon his great expedition.

The Queen's permission had furnished him with means, and his own fame had drawn around him more than a hundred and sixty adventurous spirits—gentlemen and sailors. His fleet consisted of five vessels, the largest being 100 and the smallest 15 tons burthen. He set sail on the 15th November, and entered port St. Julian, near the Straits of Magellan, on the 29th of May in the following year. Before the close of September he had passed through the Straits of Magellan in safety—he being the third navigator that had performed the dangerous passage. Two of his ships had meantime been stripped of their provisions and turned adrift as incumbrances; Captain Winter had worked another of the vessels through the Straits, but had returned again to England in despair, probably owing to the violent tempests he had encountered; and Drake now alone with his own ship, which he had named the *Hind*, cruised northward along the west coast of South America, finding a glut of booty in the numerous Spanish vessels which he met and captured, and in the rich treasures of stored gold and silver which he seized on various descents which he made upon the coasts.

Thinking to find a passage back to Europe by the Atlantic he sailed north-west, until, arriving in lat. 48° N. his crew, now diminished in numbers and suffering from sickness, became discouraged and he put back and took shelter in port San Francisco. He established friendly relations with the natives here, and formally took possession of the country in the name of the Queen of England.

After resting here for five weeks he took the bold resolution to follow the example of Magellan to strike straight across the Pacific and reach the eastern shores of Asia by the Moluccas. He arrived at Java in March, and proceeding thence on his way homeward,

with a crew of only 57 men, and with no more than ten casks of water on board, he doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and on the 3rd November he entered the port of Plymouth, having completely circumnavigated the globe in the space of two years ten months and twenty days. He remains distinguished as the first commander who had performed this great achievement. Columbus had dreamed of this wonderful feat of sailing round the world, Magellan had attempted it, but was killed on his homeward voyage, and after its successful accomplishment by Drake it was attempted, but in vain, by several navigators, favoured by every possible advantage. It was no wonder then that Drake's exploit created the utmost admiration and enthusiasm. How difficult it is to estimate the moral and the practical benefit to England of this great voyage! It was one of those acts which did much to foster if not to create the naval spirit in the English race—that love of the sea and of sea-adventure which has produced our Nelsons, Collingwoods, Dundonalds, Napiers, and Franklins. And the substantial and material good effected by Drake's famous expedition at once showed itself in the circumstance that now Elizabeth asserted more firmly than ever her right of navigating the ocean in all its parts, and denied the exclusive right which the Spaniards claimed over the seas and lands of the New World. Drake's gallant deed had presented England with the freedom of the ocean, and from this date onward Britain assumed the rank of the first naval power of the world.

After a most gracious reception at Court, Drake had the honour of entertaining Queen Elizabeth at a banquet on board his now renowned vessel, which her Majesty had ordered to be drawn up in a creek at Deptford, there to be preserved as a monument of the most memorable voyage that an English crew had ever performed. It was on the occasion of this banquet that the Queen knighted the famous captain on his own deck.


From the course of events during the few years prior to the date of Drake's return, it was clear that the hatred and jealousy existing between Spain and England would result in open war. The declaration of hostilities at length came, and Drake was appointed commander of a fleet of twenty sail, and commissioned to strike at the Spaniards in the region where he had so often spread panic amongst them—the West Indies. Success followed his flag wherever he sailed, and any circumstantial account of this and his subsequent services would simply be a repetition of successes similar to those we have noted as distinguishing his earlier ventures.

The preparations of the King of Spain for the invasion of England having become known, Elizabeth placed a fleet of thirty sail under Drake's command, the instructions being to intercept King Philip, pillage his coasts, and destroy his shipping in harbour. The capture of a Spanish ship at Cadiz, richly laden; the burning of 10,000 tons of shipping in Cadiz harbour, laden with ammunition and naval stores; the destruction of the principal ship of the Spanish Admiral, the *Marquis of Santa Croce*; the capture of the castle of Cape St. Vincent and its three fortresses; and the capture of a carrack, or treasure-ship from the East Indies, were the main incidents of this short expedition, in which Drake taught the English to despise the unwieldy ships of the Spaniards, inspired them with self-reliance and a knowledge of their own resources, and retarded the preparations for the famous Armada. This expedition illustrates specially, as the whole career of Drake illustrates generally, the fact that this commander was really the father, so to speak, of English commerce as far as the East and West Indies are concerned. Alluding to the capture of the "carrack" just mentioned, a contemporary writer says—"The taking of this ship was of a greater advantage to the English merchants than the value of the cargo to the captors; for by the papers found on board they so fully understood the rich value of the Indian merchandise, and the manner of trading into the Eastern world, that they afterwards set up a gainful traffic, and established a company of East India Merchants." From the establishment of this company of merchants what vast results have accrued!

In the year 1588 Drake distinguished himself as Vice-admiral, under Lord Howard of Effingham, in defence of his country against the invasion of the "Invincible" Spanish Armada. The incidents of the total and disastrous discomfiture of the Armada are matter of history known to all, and we need only refer to the good fortune which Drake met with in this as in most other of the expeditions in which he was engaged. A large galleon, carrying 55,000 ducats, fell behind the rear of the Spanish fleet and was taken by this commander. The money he generously divided among his seamen and soldiers. Another "great ship of Biscay" also carrying much Spanish treasure fell into his hands.

After some little time spent at home in the parliamentary representation of Tavistock, Drake, joining with Hawkins, represented to Queen Elizabeth that the place for striking a blow at the gigantic power of Spain most advantageously was the West Indies; and an

expedition was set on foot, the sea forces to be commanded by Drake and Hawkins, and the land forces by Sir Thomas Baskerville and Sir Nicholas Clifford. There were too many heads to this expedition, counsels clashed, time and effort were wasted, and the enterprise failed. Hawkins died at Puerto Rico, it is said of a broken heart. But the undertaking had been an inauspicious one all through. By the capture by the Spaniards of one of Drake's smallest vessels, the plans of the English commander were made known to his enemies and all his schemes consequently defeated more or less completely. Drake was unaccustomed to failure—he could break but not bend, and when the disease that had broken out among his men seized him he succumbed after twenty days' illness to his malady and to the grief caused by his reverses, and died on the 27th of December, 1595. His body received a sailor's funeral off the shores of Puerto Bello, which he himself had years before taken and plundered.





ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, PENZANCE.

CORNWALL.

Mount St. Michael.

“Mountain, the curious Muse might love to gaze
On the dim record of thy early days ;
Oft fancying that she heard, like the low blast,
The sound of mighty generations past.
Here the Phœnician, as remote he sailed
Along the unknown coast, exulting hailed ;
And when he saw thy rocky point aspire,
Thought on his native shores, of Aradus or Tyre.
Thou only, aged mountain, dost remain !
Stern monument, amidst the deluged plain,
And fruitless the big waves thy bulwarks beat,
The big waves slow retire, and murmur at thy feet.”

Bowles.

This beautiful and romantic spot is situated on the southern coast of Cornwall, immediately opposite the little market town of Marazion, and about three miles and a half from Penzance. The Mount itself is about 231 feet above the level of the sea, exclusive of the buildings with which it is crowned. Its magnitude is seen in the most impressive point of view from its base, for when observed from a distance, its form appears trifling, amidst the vast expanse of waters with which it is surrounded.

A narrow neck of land, little more than a quarter of a mile in length, connects it with the main land: this natural causeway is passable at low water to foot passengers and carriages, but at high tide is completely covered by the sea. The Mount is supposed by some writers to have been originally surrounded by a dense forest, which idea is strengthened by the remains of trees having been discovered in its neighbourhood, at the time of an extraordinary high tide, as Borlase, the historian of Cornwall, relates, and also from its Cornish name, *Carakb-ludgh en luz* (The Grey Rock in the wood).

It is supposed to be the island called *Ictis* by Diodorus Siculus, and other ancient authors, from which the Gauls and other nations of the Continent fetched the tin, which Cornwall was known to produce, even in those early ages. As far back as 1070, we find it the site of a priory of Benedictine monks. After the Norman Conquest, it was

bestowed upon Robert, Earl of Mortaigne, who made it a cell (chapel) to the Abbey of St. Michael, in Normandy.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the alien priories were suppressed, an exception was made in favour of St. Michael, on condition of the same tribute being paid to the English Crown as was formerly remitted to its parent abbey.

The Mount is said to have been regarded with religious reverence as early as the fifth century. In the dark ages it was much resorted to as a place of pilgrimage. It was regarded, also, as a stronghold, and a Castle was built upon it.

It was occasionally occupied, at early periods of our history, as a military station. During the captivity of Richard Cœur de Lion in Austria, it was seized by Hugh de la Pomeroy, who expelled the monks, and fortified the place, for the purpose of favouring the meditated usurpation of the throne by Prince John. On the return of the King, Pomeroy, dreading his vengeance, fled hither from the Castle of Berry Pomeroy, and, after bequeathing a large portion of his lands to the monks, caused himself to be bled to death, after which the Priory was surrendered to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

During the Wars of the Roses, a short time after the discomfiture of Henry VI. at Barnet, John, Earl of Oxford, arrived here by sea, and having disguised himself and some of his adherents in pilgrims' habits, obtained entrance, overpowered the garrison, and held the place against the forces of King Edward, until he obtained honourable terms of capitulation. The Yorkists besieged the place for several months. Perkin Warbeck had possession of the Castle for awhile, and left his wife here as in a place of security. Upon the suppression of the Monastery, the Mount was given to Humphrey Arundell, of Lanherne; and when he placed himself at the head of the Cornish insurgents in 1549, the possession of this stronghold was obstinately contested. In the Civil War, in the time of Charles I., the Mount was held for the Royalists by Sir Francis Bassett, but was taken by the Parliamentarians in 1646.

In Leland's time there were houses at the foot of the Mount, with shops for fishermen; but, before 1700, the place was reduced to one cottage, inhabited by a widow. In 1726-27, Sir John St. Aubyn rebuilt the pier, from which the place increased. The ascent of the Mount is steep, and is defended by two small batteries: on the summit are the remains of the monastic buildings, which have been converted into a dwelling-house. Formerly the inhabitants had no other water than rain-water, collected in drains; but on sinking a well, a fine spring

was found, at the depth of 37 feet. Specimens of tin ore are said to be plentiful all over the Mount, which is principally composed of granite. Human bones are frequently dug up wherever the soil was deep enough to allow of interment.

At the present time the monastic remains are occupied as a country seat; and, although the rooms are very small, yet its delightful situation renders it a desirable residence during the summer months. The dining-room was formerly the refectory of the Convent, and contains a curiously-carved frieze, representing hunting subjects. It was formerly famous for a fine peal of bells, which have now entirely disappeared.

At one of the angles of the tower at the Mount is to be seen the carcass of a stone lantern, in which, during the fishing season, and in dark, tempestuous nights, it may reasonably be supposed that the monks, to whom the tithe of such fishery belonged, kept a light as a guide to sailors, and a safeguard to their own property. This lantern is now vulgarly denominated St. Michael's Chair, since it will just admit one person to sit down in it: the attempt is not without danger; for the chair, elevated above the battlements, projects so far over the precipice, that the climber must actually turn the whole body at that altitude in order to take a seat in it; notwithstanding the danger, however, it is often attempted; indeed, one of the first questions generally put to a stranger, if married, after he has visited the Mount, is—Did you sit in the chair?—for there is a conceit, that if a married woman has sufficient resolution to place herself in it, it will at once invest her with all the regalia of petticoat government; and that if a married man sit in it, he will thereby receive ample powers for the management of his wife. This is probably a remnant of monkish fable, a supposed virtue conferred by some saint, perhaps a legacy of St. Keyne, for the same virtue is attributed to her well:

“The person of that man or wife
Whose chance or choice attains,
First of this sacred stream to drink,
Thereby the mastery gains.”

Tintagel Castle.

Bossiney is situated on a wild bleak part of the northern coast of Cornwall, and appears formerly to have been a place of some importance. Leland speaks of it as having “beene a bygge thing of a

fishar-towne, and having great advanttages graunted unto it. A man may see there the ruines of a greate number of houses."

Near this place is the Castle of Tintagel, supposed to have been the birthplace of the famous King Arthur. Built on a high rock that juts out into the sea, by which it is nearly surrounded, this fortress must have been a place of considerable strength. Both Norden and Carew speak of it as almost inaccessible; and Leland calls it "a marvellous strong and notable fortress, and almost *situ loci inexpugnabile*." In his time a chapel seems to have occupied part of the site of the Keep, which he calls the dungeon of St. Ulette, *alias* Ulianne.

The Church of Tintagel is supposed by the author of the *Magna Britannia* to have been appropriated to the Abbey and Convent of Fontevrault, in Normandy, and that having passed in the same manner as Leighton Buzzard, in Bedfordshire, it was given by Edward IV. to the collegiate church of Windsor; the dean and chapter are the patrons.

King Arthur's Castle and King Arthur's Cliffs have of late years been much frequented by painters and *littérateurs*, and the artistic tastes of the vicar of the parish have led to much kindly intercourse between him and the visitors to the place. An effort on his part to restore his ancient church has called forth contributions from several artists, who have specially charged themselves with the care of the north, or, as it will be henceforth named, the Painters' Transept.



Memorials of King Arthur in Cornwall.

Our island abounds with sites associated with the fame of this celebrated British chief; two of which are in Cornwall, where Arthur closed his chivalric career.

First is Slaughter Bridge, so called from its having been the scene of two desperate battles—one between King Arthur and his nephew Mordred, in 542; and the other between the Britons and Saxons, in 823. It lies about one mile north of Cameiford, on the river Camel, and three miles east of King Arthur's Castle, and St. Knighton's Kieve, at Tintagel. Here, tradition says, Arthur was mortally wounded by Mordred; and a little further on, where a bridge of flat stones is placed upon uprights across the stream, the bloodiest scene of the battle is said to have occurred. From this circumstance it has come down to us as "Slaughter Bridge."

At about 150 yards north-east, on the same river (Camel), tradition points to a spot as King Arthur's grave, where temporarily his remains

were deposited, and removed hence to Glastonbury for interment. Mr. Davies Gilbert, in his *History of Cornwall*, says of this locality:—"At the head of this river, Alan or Camel (from Cabmalan, the crooked river), is a little village, formerly Kambton, in the opinion of Leland, who tells us that Arthur, the British Hector, was slain here; for, as he adds, pieces of armour, rings, and brass furniture for horses are sometimes digged up here by the countrymen; and after so many ages, the tradition of a bloody victory in this place is still preserved. There are also extant some verses of a Middle-Age poet about the Camel running with blood after the battle of Arthur against Mordred. The following are the lines alluded to:—

"The river Camel wonders that
His fountaines nature showes
So strange a change the bloody streame
Of swelling ouerflowes.
His both side banks, and to the sea
The slaughtered bodies beares;
Full many swimme, and sue for ayde
While wave their life outweires.

"In the meantime, not to deny the truth of this story concerning Arthur, I have read in 'Marianus,' mentioned also in the *Saxon Chronicle*, of a bloody battle here between the Britons and Saxons, in the year 820, so that the place may seem to be sacred to Mars; and if it be true that Arthur was killed here, the same shore both gave him his first breath and deprived him of his last. Harrison also saith 'that to this day men that do eare (till) the ground there do oft plough up bones of a large size, and great store of armour; or else it may be (as I rather conjecture) that the Romans had some field or *centra* thereabout, for not long since (and in the remembrance of men) a brass pot full of Roman coins was found there, as I have often heard.' Carew, another historian of Cornwall, writes: 'Upon the river Camel, neare to Camel-ford, was the last dismal battel strooken between the noble King Arthur and his treacherous nephew Mordred, where the one took his death and the other his death's wound. For testimony whereof the olde folke thereabout will show you a stone, bearing Arthur's name, though now depraved to Atry.'"

Bodmin, and its Monasteries.

Bodmin, or Bodman, in Cornish Bosuennar, or Bosuenna, "The Houses on the Hill," and in some of the ancient charters called Bosnana and Bodminian, "the Abode of the Monks," owes its origin to the circumstance of St. Petroc having taken up his abode in the valley

occupied by the present town, about the year 520. That saint, to whom St. Guron, a solitary recluse, had resigned his hermitage, greatly enlarged it for the residence of himself and three other devout men, who accompanied him with the intention of leading a monastic life, according to the rules of St. Benedict. St. Petroc, who died about the middle of the sixth century, was buried here; and, according to William of Worcester and Leland, his shrine was preserved in a small chapel to the east of Bodmin Church. The hermitage was inhabited by Benedictine monks till 936, when King Athelstane founded a Priory near the site of the old hermitage. This Monastery soon fell into disuse, and its large possessions were seized by Robert, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall; and after the death of his son William, they became the property of the Crown. Having passed through various hands, and been alternately inhabited by Benedictine and St. Augustine monks, nuns, and secular priests, the Monastery was granted to one Algar, who, with the licence of William Warlowast, Bishop of Exeter, refounded the Monastery in 1125, and filled it with Austin canons, who continued in it till the Dissolution. The last Prior was Thomas Vivian, *alias* Wannynworth: an award in his time shows that the Convent received considerable benefit from the tin works in the neighbourhood. Among other privileges, the Prior held a market and a fair, and possessed a pillory, gallows, &c.; from the latter of which it may be inferred that he had the power of inflicting capital punishment.

The site of the Monastery, with its large demesnes, was granted to Thomas Sternhold, one of the first translators into English metre of the Psalms of David, and was subsequently purchased by some of the Rashleigh family. Some antiquaries have supposed that Bodmin was the primary seat of the Bishop of Cornwall, who resided here from 905 till 981, when the town and church having been burned and sacked by the Danes, they removed to St. Germans. But Whitaker has shown that the see was founded as early as 614, and that St. Germans was made the original seat of it; though he asserts, on the authority of a grant from King Ethelred, that the Monastery of Bodmin was annexed to St. Germans, and that both these places continued to give a title to future prelates until the annexation of the bishopric of Cornwall to that of Crediton, in Devon, in 1031, about twenty years after which time Exeter was made the head of the diocese. The same writer also states that it was another religious house, dedicated to St. Petroc, at Padstow, that was burnt by the Danes. An imperfect impression of the Abbey seal is attached to the surrender in the Augmentation Office. In its area the Virgin and Infant Jesus and St. Petroc

are represented under canopies of Gothic tracery, with the words, "S. Maria et S. Petroc," below them. The word Bodmya is all that is left of the legend which went round.

Some centuries ago, Bodmin must have been a place of considerable extent, for we find that in 1351 no less than 1500 persons died of the pestilence. William of Worcester, who visited Cornwall in the reign of Edward IV., speaks of this as recorded in the registry of the friars; and he adds that during the same year there died in various parts of the world 13,883 persons of the order of friars.

In the vicinity of Bodmin is Halagaver Moor, where a low kind of festival called Bodmin Riding, was formerly held. A mayor was elected, before whom was brought some person, "charged with wearing one spur, or wanting a girdle, and some such like felony, and after he hath been arraygned and tried with all requisite circumstances, judgment is given in formal terms, and executed in some ungracious prank, more to the skorne than hurt of the party condemned. Hence is sprung the proverb, when we see a man slovenly dressed, 'He shall be presented in Halagaver Court.'" It is said that Charles I. once rode to Halagaver Court. Out of this arose the custom of a large body of the populace assembling on some particular day in July, and marching to Halagaver, some on horseback and some on foot, carrying garlands of flowers.

Near Bodmin is the celebrated Scarlet's Well, which was supposed to have the miraculous power of curing all diseases. "Its fame," says Carew, "grew so farre and so fast, that folke runne flocking thither in large numbers, from all quarters; but the neighbouring justices finding the abuse, and looking into the consequences, forbad the resort, sequestered the spring, and suppressed the miracle." It is certain that the water of this well is uncommonly pure, and its specific gravity is higher than that of any other spring water. It will continue the best of the year without any alteration of scent or taste, only then you see it represent many colours, like the rainbow, "which, in my conceite," saith Carew, "argueth a running thorow some minerall vein, and therewithal a possessing of some virtue."

Launceston Castle.

Upon the area of a hill, whereon stands the town of Launceston, anciently, Dunheved, or the Swelling Hill, are the remains of the Castle, to which is ascribed the most remote antiquity, on account of its dissimilarity from castles built by the Romans, Saxons, Danes, or

Normans. Launceston, in mixed British, signifies the Church of the Castle, which latter structure probably gave rise to the town. The remains cover a considerable extent of ground. The walls are from 10 to 12 feet thick; the covered-way betwixt the walls is pierced with narrow windows, yet covers the communication between the base court and the Keep or dungeon, which is built on a lofty taper hill, partly natural and partly artificial, 320 feet diameter, and very high; the Keep itself is 93 feet diameter.

The building of the Castle has been generally attributed to William, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall, the son and heir of Robert, Earl of Moreton, to whom 288 manors in this county were given by William the Norman. The workmanship is, however, of a much earlier date: the Keep, in particular, is inferred to be in foundation as remote as the time of the Britons, who would, undoubtedly, endeavour to defend their territory both from Romans and Saxons by fortifying the more advanced and important situations. Leland says: "The hill on which the Keep stands is large and of a terrible height, and the *ark*, *i.e.*, Keep, of it, having three several wards, is the strongest, but not the biggest, that I ever saw in any ancient work in England." About 1540, were found certain *leather coins* in the Castle walls, which, had they been preserved, or their impressions copied, might have thrown some light on the age of the building, as money of similar *substance* was employed by Edward I. in erecting Carnarvon Castle, in Wales, "to spare better bullion." Some Roman coins have been found at Launceston, so that it is not all unlikely that the Romans had possession of this fortress, which (from its situation near the ford of the river Tamar) was a fort of great importance. The earliest history known of the Castle mentions the displacing of Othomarus de Knivet, its hereditary constable, for being in arms against the Conqueror. It was then, as before mentioned, given to Robert, Earl of Moreton, whose son William kept his court here. From him it reverted to the Crown, but continued attached to the Earldom of Cornwall, till 11th Edward III., when it constituted part of the inheritance of the Duchy, which it still continues. In Leland's time, several gentlemen of the county held their lands by *Castle-guard*, being bound to repair and defend the fortifications of this Castle. During the Civil Wars, the fortress was garrisoned for King Charles; and it was one of the last supports of the royal cause in this part of the country. There is still enough left to enable us to trace the stratagems of war in the mounds and lines of Dunheved or Launceston Castle.

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The Priory of St. Germans.

St. Germans was at a remote period the seat of a bishopric, which was afterwards united with that of Crediton, and from this union arose the see of Exeter. Athelstane, King of England, had established there a college of priests, who were afterwards made canons of the Order of St. Augustine; and the manor of St. Germans was divided between the Priory thus formed and the Bishop of Exeter. The conventual church, now used as a parish church, was formerly much more extensive. The seat of the Earl of St. Germans, called Port Eliot, occupies the site of the ancient Priory.

The site and other lands were at the Dissolution leased to John Champernowne and others, and afterwards granted in fee, in consideration of a sum of money, to Catherine, widow of John, and to two other persons. Champernowne is said to have obtained his share in the monastic plunder by a trick creditable to his ingenuity rather than to his fairness. Two gentlemen making suit to the King for these lands, Champernowne, then in attendance at court, kneeled behind them when they kneeled to his Majesty, as though he, Champernowne, had been a party to the petition, joined with them in returning thanks, and afterwards claimed his share, which, on an appeal to the King, was allowed him. From the Champernownes the estate passed to the Eliot family, of which the present Earl of St. Germans is the representative.

Carn-brea Castle.

Of Castles in Cornwall, intended for residence as well as defence, is Karn-bre, or Carn-brea Castle, near the Land's End. This is very small, scarcely 60 feet long by 10 wide, built upon a ledge of rock, whose uneven surface has caused great difficulty in the level of the rooms upon the ground-floor. The building had three stories in some parts, in others but one. Part of the Castle is very ancient and of rude architecture; and the less ancient portion is thought to have been built on older foundations. Carn-brea Hill abounds with antiquities: there are an ancient camp of irregular form, some cairns, and other antiquities of rough stone.

The country people tell some marvellous tales of Carn-brea: among others that a giant of mighty bone lies buried beneath it; and a block of granite, indented into five nearly equal parts, is pointed out as the

hand of the Goliath, which, protruding through the surface, has been converted into stone. This hill is also the fabled scene of a combat between his satanic majesty and a troop of saints, in which Lucifer was tumbled from the heights; the rocky boulders having been on this occasion "the seated hills," which were loosened from their foundation and used as missiles.

Land's End is a vast aggregate of Moorstone, which a Cornish poet has thus depicted:—

" On the sea
The sunbeams tremble, and the purple light
Illumes the dark Bolerium; seat of storms.
High are his granite rocks; his frowning brow
Hangs o'er the smiling ocean. In his caves
There sleep the haggard spirits of the storm.
Wild, dreary are the schistine rocks around
Encircled by the wave, where to the breeze
The haggard cormorant shrieks; and far beyond,
Where the great ocean mingles with the sky,
Are seen the cloud-like islands, grey in mists."

Sir Humphry Davy.

Subterranean Chambers and Bee-hive Houses in Cornwall.

It is impossible to visit the western part of the Duchy of Cornwall without being struck with the number and variety of pre-historic remains which surround you on every side. There is scarcely a headland which is not traversed by its lines of fortification; there is scarcely a hill which is not crowned by its "caer;" there is scarcely a down which is not strewn with circlets, and cromlechs, and ruined villages, of which not only the owners, but the very names themselves, have long passed away, or are known only to the peasants at this day by some such vague appellation as "old men's workings."

These dwellings are generally to be found in clusters, and are, in many cases, surrounded by a low wall or bank of earth, apparently for purposes of defence. Some of the huts are oblong, some round. The roofs were, probably, in most cases, once composed of turf or wattles; although in some of the circular ones, where strength or durability was aimed at, the builder completed his dome with granite, and formed the structure known as the "bee-hive" hut.

Beneath three of these villages, namely, those at Chysoster, Bodinnar, and Chapel Euny, subterranean chambers also have long been known to exist, and doubtless many others, if not destroyed, have yet to be discovered. Some years since, the careful scrutiny of Mr. Edmond

author of "The Land's End District," discovered in a hollow of the ground, at Chapel Euny, traces of the 'bee-hive construction.' This fact at once connects such caves as these with habitable dwellings, and clearly shows that they were not merely secret passages to and from the villages, as was the prevailing opinion, nor storehouses for plunder or grain, as the "skulking-holes of the Danes" are said to have been in Ireland, but actual dwelling-houses of the Britons; probably the winter quarters of the inhabitants, built with a view to greater strength, warmth, and security, and bearing a striking resemblance to the "Picts' houses" of Scotland and the north of Britain. "Following up the discovery of Mr. Edmonds," says Mr. Borlase, "I have thoroughly explored one of these caves, and the discoveries I have made since, fully confirm me in the opinion which the bee-hive construction at once suggested.

"Many other caves are to be found, within the distance of a few miles, which, although judging from the similarity of their construction we cannot assign to the same people, yet are found in localities where there is no trace of a village ever having existed. Such caves, inasmuch as they are, almost invariably, found under hedges or large banks of earth, I shall venture to place in a separate class, and term 'hedge caves.' Two of the most remarkable of these may be noticed in passing—one, at Pendeen, in the parish of St. Just, which legend connects with an Irish lady, who, dressed in white, and bearing a red rose in her mouth, is to be met with on a Christmas morning at the cave's mouth, where she confides to you tidings brought from her native land through the submarine recesses of that mysterious cavern; and another at Bolleit, in the parish of Buryan, which was so large and perfect in the time of the Great Rebellion, that Cavaliers were for some time concealed there; where, like the prophets of old, they were fed by Mr. Levellis, of Treewoof, until opportunity offered for them to return to the King's army.

"These caves consist of one or more passage-chambers, averaging from 4 to 7 feet in height, faced in most cases, though not invariably so, with granite, and spanned with roofing stones of the same material. The entrances to the chambers, at Pendeen especially, are very low. What the design of the inhabitants really was in building structures of this kind we have no evidence to show. Whether they were intended for dwellings (as those under villages certainly were), or whether they were simply retreats for the inhabitants in case of invasion, or for marauders from fear of justice, is a question which, hitherto, investigation has failed to explain.

“ Scarcely a mile to the west of the parish church of Sancreed, and situated on a slope commanding a most extensive view of the western district of Cornwall, stand the few isolated cottages which form the hamlet of Chapel Euny. In the valley beneath, a crystal spring, with a few pieces of broken arch by the side, is all that remains of the ancient baptistry from which it derived its name. The spot itself is surrounded on every side by objects of interest to the antiquary. On the north-east lie the ruinous mounds which once were *Caer Bran* (*Anglicè*, Castle Royal), while more to the north is the hill of *Bartinnè* (Hill of Lights), surmounted by a vallum enclosing three circles of stones. In the west, again, is the heap on which once stood *Chapel Carn Brea*, one of those lonely hermitages of the early Irish saints; and in the valley below is a most curious cone-shaped barrow, which has been long rifled of its contents.

“ Mr. Borlase then describes the cave as a small enclosure levelled artificially out of the side of a rocky slope, and overgrown by fern and furze, in which may be seen traces of four circular huts or pens, while several mounds of upright stones in the vicinity mark the site of a village of some considerable extent. In one instance the circular walling was distinctly visible, and in the other what appeared to be the entrance to a chamber leading towards the circular chamber, the walls of which were formed of rough granite blocks, rudely but solidly fitted together without mortar; and the roofing-stones, four in number, were occasionally supported by an upright stone inserted in the wall. The floor was composed of the hard subsoil of the country, called by the Cornish “rabman,” through the centre of which runs a small trench or drain, covered over with paving-stones. The circular chamber must have been at least 12 feet in height, constructed of large granite blocks, each overlapping the one below it, and so gradually approaching each other as they reached the top; the diameter of the chamber was about 15 feet.

“ Branching from the passage chamber was another long chamber, the floor consisted of several strata, the uppermost being composed of what appeared to be decomposed vegetable matter, and the lowest of a black slimy deposit, while the intermediate strata contained ashes, burnt stones, and small pieces of baked clay. From the latter strata the following objects were taken:—

“ One small piece of beautiful red pottery, possibly Samian.

“ An iron crook resembling a pot-hook, much corroded.

“ An iron spear-head $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, containing a fragment of wood in the socket, and ornamented at the side with a semi-circular device.

“ A circular perforated stone, an annulet, or spindle-whorl, 1 inch in diameter.

“ Several flat pieces of a corroded substance.

“ Numerous pieces of a white metallic concrete, very heavy; these from the lowest stratum.

“ Numerous whetstones, mullers, ashes, teeth of animals, red pottery very coarse, and black pottery of three kinds, all very rude, and apparently all portions of vessels of domestic use.”

Mr. Borlase adds a few deductions:—

“ 1. That the purpose of the builders was to construct a habitable dwelling is clearly indicated by the commodiousness of the two large chambers, and especially by the presence of the bee-hive one, which is a recognised type of a British dwelling, and also by the presence of the drains, which can only have been formed with a view to the comfort of the inmates.

“ 2. That these chambers *were* inhabited is as clearly pointed out by the presence of ashes and charred substances on the floor, as well as of fragments of pottery in the drains.

“ 3. That, the objects discovered being those invariably found in Romano-British settlements, and attributed to the Celtic people at that time, this cave was, therefore, *occupied* at that period, although the absence of any trace of the use of any implement upon the walls or roof of the building implies that the use of iron had not become general among the inhabitants of the country at the time when the chambers were built. I dwell on these points in order to show my reasons for differing with those who would make the Cornish caves either sepulchres, such as those described by Worsaae, or secret entrances to fortifications, as many in Ireland undoubtedly are.

“ That the earth with which the chambers were filled was placed there at a very early date is evident from the discovery amongst it of the various objects above mentioned, and that the persons who placed it there did so with the intention of effectually blocking it up is equally clear from the fact of the large stone being wedged into the entrance of the small chamber. The destruction of the bee-hive hut was possibly the work of the same hands. But what could be the object of these people in taking so much pains to make their dwellings uninhabitable is inexplicable.”—*Abridged from the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, 1868.*

Cornish Hill Castles.

The Land's End district, of small extent, is bounded on the east by an imaginary line drawn from Lelant Church southwards to Cuddan Point, on the eastern confines of Mount's Bay, and in other directions by the sea. Within the peninsula thus defined, of about twelve miles in breadth from east to west, there are no less than seven hills crowned with British fortifications, which are well described in a communication to the *Builder*.

The fortress of Chûn, on the summit of a hill overlooking the Atlantic and the mining operations at Botallack, is in better preservation than the other hill-castles in the neighbourhood, if not in the entire county.

The plan of the Castle may be thus described. First a ditch, 20 feet in width, extends round the fortress. Then two concentric walls—the space between them forming another ditch, 30 feet wide—enclose a central area approximately circular, although in reality a slight ellipse. These walls are formed of dry-stone masonry, *i.e.*, a collection of loose granite stones heaped together with some attempt at order, but without the aid of cement. This class of work is found in many of the hill-castles and other primitive Celtic dwellings.

The entrance to the interior of Chun Castle affords a remarkable instance of the military ingenuity of the old Britons. The opening through the outer wall on both sides is bounded by immense slabs of unwrought granite. Thence, turning to the left, a passage nearly 40 feet in length conducts us to the opening through the inner wall, where two jambs, each about 5 feet high, still remain on the innermost side. This second entrance has a due west aspect, and measures in its widest part 16 feet, and in its narrowest 6 feet, splaying outwardly. For further protection, another wall was built from the right-hand side of the outer entrance to within 3 feet of the inner wall, where it turned at right angles towards the inner entrance. Besides this, one of the three transverse walls before mentioned was so adjusted as to extend from the left-hand side of the inner entrance to the outer wall. The whole of this work, the neatness and regularity of the walls, providing such security for their entrance, flanking and dividing their fosse, shows a military knowledge superior to that of any other works of this kind seen in Cornwall.

Castle-an-dinas, on the summit of a hill in the parish of Ludgvan, is 735 feet above the sea-level, and, with the exception of Carminnis Hill, north-west of Towednack, the highest spot of elevated ground in the

district. The hill on which Castle-an-dinas stands is easily recognised from others by a modern building on its summit, in the Gothic style, generally known as Rogers's Tower. This watch-tower, or "folly," was erected apparently of stones taken from the encampment.

Castle-an-dinas consisted of two circular stone walls, built one within the other, of great height and thickness. There was also a third and outmost wall. Within the walls are many little enclosures of a circular form, about 7 yards diameter, with little walls round them, of 2 feet or 3 feet high. They appeared to have been so many huts erected for the shelter of the garrison.

The Castles of Caer Bran and Bartinney are on adjacent hill-tops west of Sancreed Church-town. The former consists of an outer vallum of earth, and an inner wall of stone. The outer vallum sometimes attains the height of 15 feet, and is protected on each side by a ditch, so that there is an interval of 20 yards between the inner wall and the outer ditch. This wall formerly had a general thickness of about 12 feet.

Bartinney Castle consists of a single vallum, but what now remains of it is almost entirely overgrown with furze. The circular enclosures in the interior, however, can still be traced; one has a diameter of nine yards, the other two only seven. This fort is 689 feet above the sea, and is remarkable as being the only spot in England where the sun can be seen to rise and set in the sea on the same day, December 21.

Trecobben Hill, between Castle-an-dinas and Leland Church, and Castles Horneck and Lescudjack, in the immediate vicinity of Penzance, were also the sites of British encampments. That on Trecobben Hill is in a fair state of preservation, of an irregular plan, and occupies the entire summit.

It seems probable that these and similar hill-castles in Cornwall are the work of the aboriginal inhabitants, who thus sought to defend themselves from the attacks of their foreign foes. Although this is now the general belief, yet some of the antiquaries of the last century ascribed these works on the hills to foreign invaders rather than to the native Celts. Thus, *Castellan Denis* or *Danis* was thought to have been the work of the Danes; whereas, *denis* or *dinas*, in Cornish, signifies a bulwark or fortress.

The following interesting exploration of ancient British fortifications and villages has been made by the Royal Institution of Cornwall and the Penzance Natural History Society in the neighbourhood of Gurnard's Head, on the north coast of the county, and Gulval Downs:—

Gurnard's Head is a rocky promontory, jutting some distance into the sea, and bearing very distinct traces of having been fortified by the ancient Britons against an enemy attacking from the sea, this being the only specimen of an ancient British fortification where traces of sea defences have been found. In all other cases they seem to have been erected as a protection from attack from the land side, and were evidently the last retreat of the natives. Bosphreinis Bee-hive Hut, which was first brought to light by the Cambrian Archæological Society, was visited and further investigated by the aid of the magnesium light. On crossing the moor the party were fortunate enough to discover an unexplored barrow, but, not being provided with the necessary tools, they were unable to open it, and its exploration is accordingly postponed. The party next discovered near the village of Trereen a Kistvean, in a very good state of preservation; the walls of this sepulchral tenement are formed of blocks of granite, with a massive slab on the top. The chamber was 3 feet by 8 feet, and 3 feet high; it was perfectly dry, and some good specimens of Cornish ferns were growing on the walls. On an eminence near the village of Porthmeor was found a large enclosed circle, now hidden by briars and ferns, and which, on examination, showed the remains of several circular huts, leaving no doubt that here a considerable ancient British village had once existed.



The Great Tolmaen of Cornwall.

This great natural and historical curiosity—one of the most celebrated wonders of its class—to the great regret of all lovers of antiquarian lore, was in the year 1869 ruthlessly destroyed. The Tolmen, more properly written Tol-Maen, or Hole of Stone, in the ancient Celtic language of West Britain, but usually called the Main Rock, or Men Rock, by modern Cornishmen, stood in the parish of Constantine, half way between Penrhyn and Helston, and four miles from Falmouth. It is thus described by Borlase, in his work on the antiquities of Cornwall:—

“The most astonishing monument of this kind is in the tenement of ‘Men,’ in the parish of Constantine, Cornwall. It is one vast oval pebble, placed on the points of two natural rocks, so that a man may creep under the great one and between its supporters through a passage about 3 ft. wide and as much high. The longest diameter of this stone is 33 ft., pointing due north and south, 14 ft. 6 in. deep, and the breadth in the middle of the surface (where widest) is 18 ft. 6 in. from east to

west. I measured one half of the circumference, and found it, according to my computation, $48\frac{1}{2}$ ft.; so that this stone is 97 ft. in circumference, about 60 ft. across the middle, and, by the best information I can get, contains at least 750 tons of stone. Getting up by a ladder to view the top of it, we found the surface worked like an imperfect or mutilated honey-comb in basins; one much larger than the rest was at the south end, about 7 ft. long, another at the north end about 5 ft., the rest smaller; seldom more than 1 ft., oftentimes not so much; the sides and shape irregular. Most of these basins discharge into the two principal ones (which lie in the middle of the surface), those only excepted which are near the brim of the stone, and they have little lips or channels which discharge the water they collect over the sides of the Tolmen; and the flat rocks which lie underneath receive the droppings into basins which they have cut into their surfaces. The stone is no less wonderful for its position than for its size; for, although the under part is nearly semicircular, yet it rests on the two large rocks, and so light and detached does it stand that it touches the two under stones but, as it were, on their points; all the sky appears between them and beneath the Tolmen. The two Tolmens at Scilly are monuments, evidently of the same kind with this, and of the same name, and may with great probability be asserted to be the works of art, the under stone appearing to have been fitted to receive and support the upper one. It is remarkable that these Tolmens rest on supporters, and do not touch the earth, agreeably to an established principle of the Druids, who thought everything that was sacred would be profaned by touching the ground, and therefore ordered so as that these deities should rest upon the pure rock, and not be defiled by touching the common earth. Another thing is worthy of our notice in this kind of monuments, which is, that underneath these vast stones there is a hole or passage between the rocks. What use the ancients made of these passages we can only guess at; but we have reason to think that when stones were once ritually consecrated they attributed great and miraculous virtues to every part of them, and imagined that whatever touched, lay down upon, was surrounded by, or passed through these stones, acquired thereby a kind of holiness, and became more acceptable to the gods. This passage might also be a sanctuary for the offender to fly to and shelter himself from the pursuer; but I imagine it chiefly to have been intended and used for introducing proselytes or novices, people under vows or going to sacrifice, into the more sublime mysteries; and for the same reason I am apt to think the vast architraves, or cross stones, resting upon the uprights at Stonehenge, were erected—namely,

with an intent to consecrate and prepare the worshippers, by passing through those holy rocks, for the entering upon the offices which were to be performed in their penetralia, the most sacred part of the temple.

Immediately beneath "The Tolmaen" was a valuable granite quarry, which has been worked to the depth of forty feet, close up to the bed where the Tol-Maen rested. This was rented by some one, who, unknown to the proprietor, had a hole bored underneath the rock and charged, and this, when fired, threw the Tol-Maen off its bed, and caused it to roll into the quarry, forty feet below.

It is said that an ancient popular tradition of Cornwall denounces a terrible superhuman vengeance against the destroyer of the Tol-Maen.

Pendennis Castle.

On the western side of the harbour of Falmouth are the grey walls of Pendennis Castle, at 198 feet above the sea level. A circular tower, erected in the reign of Henry VIII., and now the residence of the lieutenant-governor, is the most ancient part of this fortress, which was strengthened and enlarged in the reign of Elizabeth. The Castle is fortified on the N.E. and N.W. by bastions and connecting curtains. The defences on the other sides have been constructed in conformity with the shape of the ground. Pendennis Castle in 1644 was the residence of Queen Henrietta Maria, who here embarked for France. It is celebrated for its gallant resistance to the Parliamentary troops in 1646, when, with the exception of Ragland in Monmouthshire, it was the last fort which held out for King Charles. For six months it endured a siege by sea and land, which its gallant commander, John Arundel of Trerice, in his 87th year, resisted until the garrison were forced by hunger to capitulate. The ramparts command a view of extreme beauty.

On the opposite side of the harbour is St. Mawc's Castle, of much inferior defence to Pendennis, erected about the same time, being commanded by a neighbouring height.

Mount Edgcombe, and Cothele House.

Mount Edgcombe is a richly-wooded hill, varied in tint and outline, and occupying a peninsula forming the western boundary of Plymouth. North of it are the populous towns (now united) of Stonehouse and Devonport; east of it is Plymouth Sound, with its almost numberless arms; south of it the Sound spreads out into a magnificent sheet of water until it loses itself in the English Channel, with the stone breakwater breasting the long rollers from the Atlantic, and breaking their force with its heavy granite arms.

The beauty of this famous spot was lisped in praise long before the English language had assumed its modern form. Carew, who flourished about the year 1590, says, respecting this Cornish peninsula—"Upon this shore, somewhat within the Iland, standeth Mount Edgcombe, a house builded and named by Sir Ric. Edgcomb, father to the now possessor: and if comparisons were as lawful in the making as they prouue odious in the matching, I would presume to rank it for health, pleasure and commodities, with any subject's house of his degree in England. It is seated against the north, on the declining of a hill in the midst of a deere park, neere a narrow entrance thorow which the salt water breaketh up into the country, to shape the greatest part of the hauen.

"The house is builded square, with a round turret at eche end, garrettes at the top, and the hall rising in the mids about the rest, which yeldeth a stately sound as you enter the same. In summer the opened casements admit a refreshing coolness: in winter the two closed doores exclude all offensive coldness: the parlour and dining chamber giue you a large and diversified prospect of land and sea, to which underly St. Nicholas Iland, Plymouth Fort, and the townes of Plymouth, Stonehouse, Milbrook, and Saltash. It is supplied with a never-failing spring of water.

"Certaine old ruines yet remaining confirme the neighbours' report that neere the water's side here stood once a town called *West Stonehouse*, vntill the French by fire and sword overthrow it."

Baretti, an Italian, describes Mount Edgcombe (about 1760) as "being a promontory which juts out into the sea on the right side of Plymouth harbour. The proprietor of it is an English lord, who has a house upon it. In the world there is perhaps not another so

well situated. A bold expression, you will say ; but were you to see it you would be astonished at the position it commands. They speak of the Chartreuse at Naples, and they say it is the finest situation in the world. I believe it. But Mount Edgcumbe is also the finest ; and so you have two finest, one at Naples and the other in Devonshire."

It was observed by the Countess of Ossory that "Mount Edgcumbe has the beauties of all other places added to peculiar beauties of its own ;" and Fuller, with his usual force and quaint humour, narrates the following anecdote in connexion with this ancient mansion : "I have been credibly informed that the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, admiral of the Spanish fleet in the year eighty-eight (the year of the Armada), was so affected at the sight of this house—though but beholding it at a distance from the sea—that he resolved it for his own possession, in the partage of this kingdom (blame him not if choosing best for himself), which they pre-conquered in their hopes and expectation. But he had caught a great cold had he had no other clothes to wear than those which were to be made of a skin of a bear not yet killed."

About a locality so beautiful as to evoke enthusiasm from all classes of writers, it is almost needless to add much in the way of description here. But the nature of the scenery cannot be understood without a few lines respecting, at least, the conformation. The underlying secret of the fascination of Mount Edgcumbe is its variety—a variety that time cannot wither nor custom stale. The surface alternates in harmonious succession with hill and dell, sylvan pasture-slopes, and bold and rugged heights. In the hollows the sweetest nooks of the Mount itself are discovered, while from the heights ever-changing views of the ever-changing sea, of the neighbouring shores, now dark under passing cloud-shadows, now agleam with sunshine, of the slow-moving craft seen everywhere around, and including all sailing things from the white-winged yacht instinct with life and motion—taking the coming wave like a petrel—to that grisly floating fortification, the iron-clad.

The drive through the park of Mount Edgcumbe, along a road that everywhere skirts the harbour or the sea, is considered to be the great charm of the locality. The most famous points of the grounds are "Lady Emma's Cottage," "the Ruined Chapel," "Thomson's Leap," "the Temple of Milton," the "Amphitheatre," the "White Seat," the "Arch," and the "Zigzag Walks." These various places, which form the special haunts of visitors, are either

notable for the beautiful views to be obtained from them or for their historical or other associations.

The mansion itself of Mount Edgcumbe is a castellated building, parts of which date from the reign of King Henry VIII. But age has either dealt kindly with the old family seat, or the traces of time and decay have been gently removed as they appeared. The hall is grand in its proportions, and boasts a musicians' gallery, which is still often used for the purpose for which it was at first intended; but as a rule the rooms are neither large nor stately—homely comfort and domestic convenience having been the aim in their construction, rather than imposing effect. There are numerous interesting family portraits in the best styles of Lely, Reynolds, and Vanderveld.

The character and dignity of the family who own this charming residence are in perfect accord with the beautiful structure itself. The Edgescumbes, one of the most ancient families in the county of Devon, derive their name from Eggescomb, Egecomb, or Edgcombe (now called Lower Edgcumbe) in the parish of Milton Abbots, and the present Earls of Edgcumbe are lineally descended as a younger branch.

Richard Edgcumbe, Lord of Edgcomb in Milton Abbots, in 1292, "was direct ancestor of the present representative of the main line" (who is the twentieth in lineal descent). It was by marriage that the family rose to affluence and distinction first. William de Edgcombe married Hilaria, daughter and heiress of William de Cothele of Cothele, in the reign of Edward III. Cothele is in Cornwall, and thither Edgcombe removed in due season. He and his descendants lived here for several generations. Richard Edgcomb, grandson by the marriage above-mentioned, was a staunch adherent of Henry, Earl of Richmond, (afterwards Henry VII.), and in this relation a number of curious legends are extant respecting him. "He was," says Fuller, "in the time of Richard III., so hotly pursued and narrowly searched for, that he was forced to hide himself in his thick woods at Cuttail (Cothele) in Cornwall. Here extremity taught him a sudden policy to put a stone in his cap, and tumble the same into the water, whilst those rangers were fast at his heels; who looking down after the noise, and seeing his cap swinging hereon, supposed that he had desperately drowned himself; and, deluded by this honest fraud, gave over their farther pursuit, leaving him at liberty to shift over into Britain (Brittany)."

Having thus achieved his escape by means of his ingenuity, Richard Edgcombe passed over into Brittany, joined the standard of Earl Richmond once more, and returning with that prince fought side by side with him on the decisive field of Bosworth, where the usurper Richard III. was killed. Edgcombe's bravery on this occasion did not pass unrecognised. He was knighted on the field, and on the accession of King Henry VII. to the throne he was appointed one of the Privy Council. He also received from Henry the castle and lordship of Totnes, in Devonshire, as an additional reward. After holding many high offices of trust Sir Richard Edgcombe died at Morlaix, in 1489, while holding the appointment of ambassador to France.

Piers Edgcombe, son of the preceding, maintained the respectability, loyalty, wealth and talent for which this family was distinguished from the earliest times. He occupied the position of Sheriff of Devonshire in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., displayed great gallantry in the expedition of Henry VIII. into France, especially at the sieges of Tournay and Therouene, and was created knight-banneret at the battle of the Spurs—"so called from the speed with which the French ran away."

Sir Piers was succeeded by his eldest son, Richard Edgcombe, who was knighted in 1536, and built the present family mansion. His son, Sir Richard, married Mary, the daughter and heiress of Sir Richard Coteele or Cottle, of London, acquiring an ancient and beautiful estate by the alliance. This Richard was again succeeded by another Piers, who besides inheriting the virtue of loyalty which is so conspicuous in the Edgcombes, "was a master of languages and sciences, a lover of the king and church, which he endeavoured to support in the time of the civil wars to the utmost of his power and fortune."

During the early part of the eighteenth century the Edgcombes continued, as they had formerly done, to draw upon themselves an unusual share of royal favour, by the loyalty which in them was both a natural and hereditary quality, and by their general merit. In Richard, second Baron Edgcombe, we have a gentleman differing in some respects from the almost monotonous type of his family, and interesting from the circumstance that his portrait has been drawn with care, at least, if not with candour, by Walpole. This Baron Edgcombe was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and was afterwards appointed Comptroller of his Majesty's Household. "His lordship's skill as a draughtsman," says Horace

Walpole, "is said to have been such as might entitle him to a place in the Anecdotes of English Painting, while the ease and harmony of his poetic productions give him an authorized introduction here."

. . . . "A man of fine parts, great knowledge, and original wit, who possessed a light and easy vein of poetry; who was calculated by nature to serve the public and to charm society; but who unhappily was a man of pleasure, and left his gay associates a most affecting example how health, fame, ambition, and everything that may be laudable in principle or practice, are drawn into and absorbed by that most destructive of all whirlpools—gaming."

On the death of the second baron, who never married, the titles and property passed to his brother George, who was created Viscount Mount Edgcumbe and Valletort in 1781, and Earl of Mount Edgcumbe in 1789. The present representative of the family is William Henry, fourth Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

"An astonishing instance of revivescence, or recovery from death-trance," says Polwhele, "has occurred in the Edgcumbe family."

The family were at the time residing at Cothele. Lady Edgcumbe, believed to be the mother of Sir Richard Edgcumbe, knight, who was created Baron of Mount Edgcumbe in 1748, "had expired; but," continues Polwhele, "in consequence of what disorder I am not informed. Her body was deposited in the family vault, not, I suppose, in less than a week after her supposed death. The interment, however, had not long taken place before the sexton, from a motive sufficiently obvious, went down into the vault, and observing a gold ring on the lady's finger attempted to draw it off. Not succeeding, he pressed and pinched the finger, when the body very sensibly moved in the coffin. The man ran off in terror, leaving his lanthorn behind him. Her ladyship arose and taking the lanthorn proceeded to the mansion house. It was about five years after, that of her Sir Richard was born. Of the authenticity of this account there can be no reasonable doubt. A few years ago a gentleman of my acquaintance heard all the particulars of the transaction from the late Lord Graves, at Thanckes, which is in the neighbourhood of Cothele. But I need not appeal to Lord Graves's authority, as I recollect the narrative as coming from the lips of my grandmother, Polwhele."

We now come to say a very few words respecting the manor of Cothele, belonging to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, and now the residence of the Dowager Countess of Mount Edgcumbe. It is among the most antique and beautiful of the historic halls of

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England, is the pride of the river Tamar, and one of the "gems" of Cornwall. The derivation of the word is said to be "Coetheyle"—the woods on the river—a name which is accurately descriptive. The antiquity and the general interest of this charming manor will at once be understood, when it is mentioned that for nearly three centuries it has been the residence of one unbroken line of Edgumbes, and that since its completion it has undergone scarcely any alteration. It was begun by Sir Richard Edgumbe in the reign of Henry VII., was carried on slowly through the reign of Henry VIII., and was not completed till after the accession of Elizabeth. Its present lord is the lineal descendant of the knight who built it, and the present condition of the old hall is in almost every detail the same as it has been through so many generations.

Reduction |
 Cothele is an embattled structure, built round a quadrangle, and situated above an ancient wood of oak, elm, and chestnut, on a slope rising from the banks of the Tamar. As a specimen of domestic mediæval architecture in England, it is one of the best existing, and takes rank with Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, and the other best examples of the period to which it belongs. The size and the style of the decorations of the banqueting hall are in harmony with the *genius loci* of Cothele. It is 42 feet long by 22 wide, has a remarkably fine timber roof of the time of Henry VIII., with intersecting arches in its compartments, and the walls are hung with trophies of war and of the chase, with old armour, gauntlets, petronels, matchlocks, battle-axes, pistols, spears, and "swords and bucklers that had stood against old foes." In this collection are also several horns, such as were used by the warders in the old time to sound the approach of a stranger. The windows of this hall, so sumptuous in all its arrangements, are enriched by many of the names of the most distinguished families of the south, but especially of the south-west of England. Here, besides the royal arms, are the impalements of Edgumbe, Cothere, and of Raleigh, Holland, Tremain, Trevanion, Trenchard, Durford, Carew, Courtenay, &c. with many of which families the Edgumbes formed alliances by marriage.

The other apartments of Cothele are extremely interesting—every nook and corner has a story to tell. The armour of the founder, who fought at Bosworth, still hangs in the hall; the table at which he feasted and the bed on which he slept are still to be seen. All the rooms are hung with fine old tapestry which requires to be lifted on entering them. The hearths, all built ages before coal was dreamed of, are ornamented with grotesque andirons for the support of the logs.

Fengerswick Castle.

The ruins of this ancient stronghold—which now consist of a single tower with embattled turrets and machicolated gateway—are situated in a lonely sort of hollow running down to Pengerswick Cove, in Mount's Bay, which lies midway between Lizard Point and the Land's End, Cornwall. They are chiefly interesting on account of the many strange traditions which still exist amongst the peasantry regarding some of their ancient lords. The following, which we select from a somewhat interesting collection, edited by Robert Hunt, F.R.S., are a few of the most popular :—

HOW PENGERSWICK BECAME A SORCERER.

The first Pengerswick, by whom the castle, which still bears his name, was built, was a proud man, and desired to ally himself with some of the best families of Cornwall. He wished his son to wed a lady who was very much older than himself, who is said to have been connected with the Godolphin family. This elderly maiden, had a violent desire either for the young man or the castle—it is not very clear which. The young Pengerswick gave her no return for the manifestations of love which she lavished upon him. Eventually, finding all her attempts to win the young man's love were abortive, and that all the love potions brewed for her by the Witch of Fraddam were of no avail, she married the old lord—mainly, it is said, to be revenged on the son.

The witch had a niece who, though poor, possessed considerable beauty; she was called Bitha. This young girl was frequently employed by her aunt and the lady of Godolphin to aid them in their spells on the young Pengerswick, and, as a natural consequence she fell desperately in love with him herself. Bitha ingratiated herself with the lady of Pengerswick, now the stepmother of the young man, and was selected as her maid. This gave her many opportunities of seeing and speaking to young Pengerswick, and her passion increased. The old stepdame was still passionately fond of the young man, and never let a chance escape her which she thought likely to lead to the excitement of passion in his heart towards her. In all her attempts she failed. Her love was turned to hate; and having seen her stepson in company with Bitha, this hate was quickened by the more violent jealousy. Every means which her wicked mind could devise were employed to destroy the

young man. Bitha had learned from her aunt, the Witch of Frad-dam, much of her art, and she devoted herself to counteract the spells of her mistress.

The stepmother, failing to accomplish her ends, resolved to ruin young Pengerswick with his father. She persuaded the old man that his son really entertained a violent passion for her, and that she was compelled to confine herself to her tower in fear. The aged woman prevailed on Lord Pengerswick to hire a gang of outlandish sailors to carry his son away and sell him for a slave, giving him to believe that she should herself in a short time present him with an heir.

The young Pengerswick escaped all their plots, and at his own good time he disappeared from the castle, and for a long period was never heard of.

The mistress and maid plotted and counter-plotted to secure the old Pengerswick's wealth; and when he was on his deathbed, Bitha informed him of the vile practices of his wife, and consoled him with the information that he was dying from the effects of poison given him by her.

The young lord, after long years, returned from some Eastern lands with a princess for his wife, learned in all the magic sciences of those enchanted lands. He found his stepmother shut up in her chamber, with her skin covered with scales like a serpent, from the effects of the poisons which she had so often been distilling for the old lord and his son. She refused to be seen, and eventually cast herself into the sea, to the relief of all parties.

Bitha fared not much better. She lived on the Downs in St. Hilary; and from the poisonous fumes she had inhaled and from her dealings with the devil, her skin became of the colour of that of a toad.

THE LORD OF PENGERSWICK AN ENCHANTER.

The Lord of Pengerswick came from some Eastern clime, bringing with him a foreign lady of great beauty. She was considered by all an "outlandish" woman; and by many declared to be a "Saracen." No one, beyond the selected servants, was ever allowed within the walls of Pengerswick Castle; and they, it was said, were bound by magic spells. No one dared tell of anything transacted within the walls; consequently all was conjecture amongst the neighbouring peasantry, miners, and fishermen. Certain it was, they said, that Pengerswick would shut himself up for

days together in his chamber, burning strange things, which sent their strong odours,—not only to every part of the castle,—but for miles around the country. Often at night, and especially in stormy weather, Pengerswick was heard for hours together calling up the spirits, by reading from his books in some unknown tongue. On those occasions his voice would roll through the halls louder than the surging waves which beat against the neighbouring rocks, the spirits replying like the roar of thunder. Then would all the servants rush in fright from the building, and remain crowded together, even in the most tempestuous night, in one of the open courts. Fearful, indeed, would be the strife between the man and the demons; and it sometimes happened that the spirits were too powerful for the enchanter. He was, however, constantly and carefully watched by his wife; and whenever the strife became too serious, her harp was heard making the softest, the sweetest music. At this the spirits fled; and they were heard passing through the air towards the Land's End, moaning like the sighing of a departing storm. The lights would then be extinguished in the enchanter's tower, and all would be peace; the servants would return to their apartments with a feeling of perfect confidence. They feared their master, but their mistress inspired them with love. Lady Pengerswick was never seen beyond the grounds surrounding the castle. She sat all day in lonely state and pride in her tower, the lattice-window of her apartment being high on the seaward side. Her voice accompanying the music of her harp was rarely heard but when she warbled the soft love strains of her Eastern land. Often at the early dawn the very fishes of the neighbouring bay would raise their heads above the surface of the waters, enchanted by the music and the voice; and it is said that the mermaids from the Lizard, and many of the strange spirits of the waters, would come near to Pengerswick cove, drawn by the same influence. On moonlight nights the air has often seemed to be full of sound, and yet the lady's voice was seldom louder than that of a warbling bird. On these occasions, men have seen thousands of spirits gliding up and down the moonbeams, and floating idly on the silvered waves, listening to, and sometimes softly echoing, the words which Lady Pengerswick sang. Long did this strange pair inhabit this lonely castle; and although the Lord of Pengerswick frequently rode abroad on a most magnificent horse—which had the reputation of being of Satanic origin, it was at once so docile to his master and so wild to any other person,—

yet he made no acquaintance with any of the neighbouring gentry. He was feared by all, and yet they respected him for many of the good deeds performed by him. He completely enthralled the Giants of the Mount; and before he had disappeared from Cornwall, they died, owing, it was said, to grief and want of food.

Where Lord Pengerswick came from, no one knew; he, with his lady, with two attendants, who never spoke in any but an Eastern tongue, which was understood by none around them, made their appearance one winter's day, mounted on beautiful horses, evidently from Arabia or some distant land.

They soon—having gold in abundance—got possession of a cottage; and in a marvellously short time the castle, which yet bears his name, was rebuilt by this lord. Many affirm that the lord by the force of his enchantments, and the lady by the spell of her voice, compelled the spirits of the earth and air to work for them; and that three nights were sufficient to rear an enormous pile, of which but one tower now remains.

Their coming was sudden and mysterious; their going was still more so. Years had rolled on, and the people around were familiarized with those strange neighbours, from whom also they derived large profits, since they paid whatsoever price was demanded for any article which they required. One day a stranger was seen in Market-Jew, whose face was bronzed by long exposure to an Eastern sun. No one knew him; and he eluded the anxious inquiries of the numerous gossips, who were especially anxious to learn something of this man, who, it was surmised by every one, must have some connexion with Pengerswick or his lady; yet no one could assign any reason for such a supposition. Week after week passed away, and the stranger remained in the town, giving no sign. Wonder was on every old woman's lips, and expressed in every old man's eyes; but they had to wonder on. One thing, it was said, had been noticed; and this seemed to confirm the suspicions of the people. The stranger wandered out on dark nights—spent them, it was thought, on the sea-shore; and some fishermen said they had seen him seated on the rock at the entrance of the valley of Pengerswick. It was thought that the lord kept more at home than usual, and of late no one had heard his incantation songs and sounds; neither had they heard the harp of the lady. A very tempestuous night, singular for its gloom—when even the ordinary light, which, on the darkest night, is evident to the traveller in the open country, did not exist—appears to have

brought things to their climax. There was a sudden alarm in Market-Jew, a red glare in the eastern sky, and presently a burst of flames above the hill, and St. Michael's Mount was illuminated in a remarkable manner. Pengerswick Castle was on fire; the servants fled in terror; but neither the lord nor his lady could be found. From that day to the present they were lost to all.

The interior of the castle was entirely destroyed; not a vestige of furniture, books, or anything belonging to the "Enchanter" could be found. He and everything belonging to him had vanished; and, strange to tell, from that night the bronzed stranger was never again seen. The inhabitants of Market-Jew naturally crowded to the fire; and when all was over they returned to their homes, speculating on the strange occurrences of the night. Two of the oldest people always declared that, when the flames were at the highest, they saw two men and a lady floating in the midst of the fire, and that they ascended from amidst the falling walls, passed through the air like lightning, and disappeared.

THE WITCH OF FRADDAM AND THE ENCHANTER OF
PENGERSWICK.

Again and again had the Lord of Pengerswick reversed the spells of the Witch of Fraddam, who was reported to be the most powerful weird woman in the west country. She had been thwarted so many times by this "white witch," that she resolved to destroy him by some magic more potent than anything yet heard of. It is said that she betook herself to Kynance Cove, and that there she raised the devil by her incantations, and that she pledged her soul to him in return for the aid he promised. The enchanter's famous mare was to be seduced to drink from a tub of poisoned water placed by the road-side, the effect of which was to render it in the highest degree restive, and cause it to fling his rider. The wounded Lord of Pengerswick was, in his agony, to be drenched, by the old witch, with some hell-broth, brewed in the blackest night, under the most evil aspects of the stars; by this he would be in her power for ever, and she might torment him as she pleased. The devil felt certain of securing the soul of the Witch of Fraddam, but he was less certain of securing that of the enchanter. They say, indeed, that the sorcery which Pengerswick learned in the East was so potent, that the devil feared him. However, as the proverb is, he held with the hounds and ran with the hare. The witch collected with the utmost care all the deadly things she could obtain,

with which to brew her famous drink. In the darkest night, in the midst of the wildest storms, amidst the flashings of lightnings and the bellowings of the thunder, the witch was seen riding on her black ram-cat over the moors and mountains in search of her poisons. At length all was complete—the horse drink was boiled, the hell-broth was brewed. It was in March, about the time of the equinox; the night was dark, and the King of Storms was abroad. The witch planted her tub of drink in a dark lane, through which she knew the Lord of Pengerswick must pass, and near to it she sat, crooning over her crock of broth. The witch-woman had not long to wait; amidst the hurrying winds was heard the heavy tramp of the enchanter's mare, and soon she perceived the outline of man and horse defined sharply against the line of lurid light which stretched along the western horizon. On they came; the witch was scarcely able to contain herself—her joy and her fears, struggling one with the other, almost overpowered her. On came the horse and his rider: they neared the tub of drink; the mare snorted loudly, and her eyes flashed fire as she looked at the black tub by the road-side. Pengerswick bent him over the horse's neck and whispered into her ear; she turns round, and, flinging out her heels, with one kick she scattered all to the wild winds. The tub flew before the blow; it rushed against the crock, which it overturned, and striking against the legs of the old Witch of Fraddam, she fell along with the tub, which assumed the shape of a coffin. Her terror was extreme: she who thought to have unhorsed the conjuror, found herself in a carriage for which she did not bargain. The enchanter raised his voice and gave utterance to some wild words in an unknown tongue, at which even his terrible mare trembled. A whirlwind arose, and the devil was in the midst of it. He took the coffin in which lay the terrified witch high into the air, and the crock followed them. The derisive laughter of Pengerswick, and the savage neighing of the horse, were heard above the roar of the winds. At length, with a satisfied tone, he exclaimed, "She is settled till the day of doom!" gave the mare the spurs, and rode rapidly home.

The Witch of Fraddam still floats up and down, over the seas, around the coast, in her coffin, followed by the crock, which seems like a punt in attendance on a jolly-boat. She still works mischief, stirring up the sea with her ladle and broom till the waves swell into mountains, which heave off from their crests, so much mist and foam, that these wild wanderers of the winds can scarcely

be seen through the mist. Woe to the mariner who sees the witch!

The Lord of Pengerswick alone had power over her. He had but to stand on his tower, and blow three blasts on his trumpet, to summon her to the shore, and compel her to peace.

Cornish Family Traditions.

THE DEATH-TOKEN OF THE VINGOES.

When you cross the brook which divides St. Leven from Sennen, you are on the estate of Treville.

Tradition tells us that this estate was given to an old family who came with the Conqueror to this country. This ancestor is said to have been the Duke of Normandy's wine-taster, and that he belonged to the ancient Counts of Treville, hence the name of the estate. Certain it is the property has ever been held without poll deeds. For many generations the family has been declining, and the race is now nearly, if not quite, extinct.

Through all time a peculiar token has marked the coming death of a Vingoe. Above the deep caverns in the Treville cliff rises a cairn. On this, chains of fire were seen ascending and descending, and often accompanied by loud and frightful noises.

It is said that these tokens have not been seen since the last male of the family came to a violent end.

THE DEATH FETCH OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

Robert, Earl of Moreton, in Normandy—who always carried the standard of St. Michael before him in battle—was made Earl of Cornwall by William the Conqueror. He was remarkable for his valour and for his virtue, for the exercise of his power, and his benevolence to the priests. This was the Earl of Cornwall who gave the Mount in Cornwall to the monks of Mont St. Michael in Normandy. He seized upon the priory of St. Petroc at Bodmin, and converted all the lands to his own use.

This Earl of Cornwall was an especial friend of William Rufus. It happened that Robert, the earl, was hunting in the extensive woods around Bodmin—of which some remains are still to be found in the Glyn Valley. The chase 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 advanced beyond the shades of the woods on to the moors above them, and 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 through 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 revenger of his malice which he bore to the Church of God. It was I that did cause this slaughter; the protomartyr 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 Tirell.

SIR JOHN ARUNDELL.

In the first year of the reign of Edward IV., the brave Sir John Arundell dwelt on the north coast of Cornwall, at a place called Efford, on the coast near Stratton. He was a magistrate, and greatly esteemed amongst men for his honourable conduct. He had, however, in his official capacity, given offence to a wild shepherd, who had by some means acquired considerable influence over the minds of the people, under the impression of his possessing some supernatural powers. This man had been imprisoned by Arundell, and on his return home he constantly waylaid the knight, and, always looking threateningly at him, slowly muttered,—

"When upon the yellow sand,
Thou shalt die by human hand."

Notwithstanding the bravery of Sir John Arundell, he was not free from the superstitions of the period. He might, indeed, have been impressed with the idea that this man intended to murder him. It is, however, certain that he removed from Efford on the sands, to the wood-clad hills of Trevice, and here he lived for some years without the annoyance of meeting his old enemy. In the tenth year of Edward IV., Richard de Vere, Earl of Oxford, seized St. Michael's Mount. Sir John Arundell, then sheriff of Cornwall

gathered together his own retainers and a large host of volunteers, and led them to the attack on St. Michael's Mount. The retainers of the Earl of Oxford, on one occasion, left the castle, and made a sudden rush upon Arundell's followers, who were encamped on the sands near Marazion. Arundell then received his death-wound. Although he left Efford "to counteract the will of fate," the prophecy was fulfilled; and in his dying moments, it is said his old enemy appeared, singing joyously,—

"When upon the yellow sand,
Thou shalt die by human hand."

—*The Drolls, Traditions, &c., of Old Cornwall*, by R. Hunt, F.R.S.

The Last of the Killigrews.

Lady Jane, the widow of Sir John Killigrew, sate in one of the windows of Arwenick House, looking out upon the troubled waters of Falmouth Harbour. A severe storm had prevailed for some days, and the Cornish coast was strewn with wrecks. The tempest had abated; the waves were subsiding, though they still beat heavily against the rocks. A light scud was driving over the sky, and a wild and gloomy aspect suffused all things. There was a sudden outcry amongst a group of men, retainers of the Killigrew family, which excited the attention of Lady Jane Killigrew. She was not left long in suspense as to the cause. In a few minutes two Dutch ships were seen coming into the harbour. They had evidently endured the beat of the storm, for they were both considerably disabled; and with the fragments of sail which they carried, they laboured heavily. At length, however, these vessels were brought round within the shelter of Pendennis; their anchors were cast in good anchoring-ground; and they were safe, or at least the crews thought so, in comparatively smooth water.

As was the custom in those days, the boat belonging to the Killigrew family, manned by the group of whom we have already spoken, went off as soon as the ships were anchored and boarded them. They then learnt that they were of the Hanse Towns, laden with valuable merchandise for Spain, and that this was in the charge of two Spanish factors. On the return of the boat's crew, this was reported to Lady Killigrew; and she being a very wicked

and most resolute woman, at once proposed that they should return to the ships, and either rob them of their treasure, or exact from the merchants a large sum of money in compensation. The rude men, to whom wrecking and plundering was but too familiar, were delighted with the prospect of a rare prize; and above all, when Lady Killigrew declared that she would herself accompany them, they were wild with joy.

With great shouting, they gathered together as many men as the largest boat in the harbour would carry, and armed themselves with pikes, swords, and daggers. Lady Jane Killigrew, also armed, placed herself in the stern of the boat after the men had crowded into their places, and with a wild huzza they left the shore, and were soon alongside of the vessel nearest the shore. A number of the men immediately crowded up the side and on to the deck of this vessel, and at once seized upon the captain and the factor, threatening them with instant death if they dared to make any outcry. Lady Jane Killigrew was now lifted on to the deck of the vessel, and the boat immediately pushed off, and the remainder of the crew boarded the other ship.

The Dutch crew were overpowered by the numbers of Cornishmen, who were armed far more perfectly than they. Taken unawares as they were, at a moment when they thought their troubles were for a season at an end, the Dutchmen were almost powerless.

The Spaniards were brave men, and resisted the demands made to deliver up their treasure. This resistance was, however, fatal to them. At a signal, it is said by some, given by their leader, Lady Jane Killigrew,—although this was denied afterwards,—they were both murdered by the ruffians into whose hands they had fallen, and their bodies cast overboard into the sea.

These wretches ransacked the ships, and appropriated whatsoever they pleased, while Lady Jane took from them "two hog-heads of Spanish pieces of eight, and converted them to her own use."

As one of the Spanish factors was dying, he lifted his hands to Heaven, prayed to the Lord to receive his soul, and turning to the vile woman to whose villany he owed his death, he said, "My blood will linger with you until my death is avenged upon your own sons."

This dreadful deed was not allowed to pass without notice even in those lawless times. The Spaniards were then friendly with

England, and upon the representation made by the Spanish minister to the existing government, the sheriff of Cornwall was ordered to seize and bring to trial Lady Jane Killigrew and her crew of murderers. A considerable number were arrested with her; and that lady and several of her men were tried at Launceston.

Since the Spaniards were proved to be at the time of the murder "foreigners under the Queen's protection," they were all found guilty, and condemned to death.

All the men were executed on the walls of Launceston Castle; but by the interest of Sir John Arundell and Sir Nicholas Hals, Queen Elizabeth was induced to grant a pardon for Lady Jane.

How Lady Jane Killigrew lived, and when she died, are matters on which even tradition, by which the story is preserved, is silent. We know, however, that her immediate descendant, John Killigrew, who married one of the Monks, and his son William Killigrew, who was made a baronet in 1660 by Charles II., were only known for the dissoluteness of character, and the utter regardlessness of every feeling of an exalted character, which they displayed. Sir William Killigrew, by his ill conduct and his extravagant habits, wasted all the basely-gotten treasure, and sold the manor and barton of Arwenick to his younger brother, Sir Peter Killigrew. With the son of this Peter the baronetcy became extinct. The last Sir Peter Killigrew, however, improved his fortune by marrying one of the co-heirs of Judge Twisden. Sir Peter and his wife, of whom we know nothing, died, leaving one son, George Killigrew, who connected himself with the St. Aubyn family by marriage. This man appears to have inherited many of the vices of his family. He was given to low company, and towards the close of his life was remarkable only for his drunken habits.

He was one evening in a tavern in Penryn, surrounded by his usual companions, and with them was one Walter Vincent, a barrister-at-law. The wine flowed freely; songs and loose conversation were the order of the night. At length all were in a state of great excitement through the extravagance of their libations, and something was said by George Killigrew very insulting to Walter Vincent.

Walter Vincent does not appear to have been naturally a depraved man, but of violent passions. Irritated by Killigrew, he made some remarks on the great-grandmother being sentenced to be hanged. Swords were instantly drawn by the drunken men. They lunged at each other. Vincent's sword passed directly through Killigrew's

body, and he fell dead in the midst of his revelries, at the very moment when he was defending the character of her who had brought dishonour upon them.

This Walter Vincent was tried for the murder of George Killigrew, but acquitted. We are told by the Cornish historian, "Yet this Mr. Vincent, through anguish and horror at this accident (as it was said) within two years after, wasted of an extreme atrophy of his flesh and spirits; that, at length, at the table whereby he was sitting, in the Bishop of Exeter's palace, in the presence of divers gentlemen, he instantly fell back against the wall and died."

George Killigrew left one daughter; but of her progress in life we know nothing. Thus the Cornish Killigrews ceased to be a name in the land.—*Traditions, &c., of Old Cornwall*, by R. Hunt, F.R.S.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Castle Cornet, Guernsey.

Little is known of the early history of Guernsey. It appears to have been desolate and uninhabited when first visited by the Romans, about seventeen years before the Christian era. The religion of the Druids must have subsequently flourished here, as is evident from the discovery of five Druidical temples. The Christian religion was first introduced about the year 520. As Christianity advanced, chapels were built in different parts of the island, near the sea-shore; the priests who officiated were allowed the tithe of all the fish that were caught, a custom which has been continued to our time.

About the middle of the tenth century an Abbey was founded, dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel. The inhabitants of the island, who, shortly after this period, from the persuasion of the monks, had taken in hand the plough as well as the oar, suffered greatly from the piratical incursions of the Danes, to repel whom a stronghold, or Castle, was commenced: this was subsequently completed in a style of great magnificence, by the order of Robert, Duke of Normandy, who, in the year 1030, had been preserved from shipwreck here, by the exertions of the Guernsey fishermen. Little more than the shell of this structure, consisting of the outer walls and the flanking towers of the old portal, now exists. The Normans afterwards erected two other very strong fortresses, one of which has now wholly disappeared; the shattered ruins of the other, from its walls being mantled with ivy, are known by the name of Ivy Castle.

The French, in the reign of Edward III., twice held possession of Guernsey. The island remained loyal to the Crown during the Civil War, at which period it was twice besieged by the forces of the Parliament; but the inhabitants, after a protracted defence, were ultimately obliged to surrender on honourable terms. During the Revolution, in 1688, the inland fortification, called Castle Cornet, which had been garrisoned with Roman Catholic soldiers by James II., was taken by a well-concerted stratagem, on the part of the officers of the Protestant soldiery and the magistrates of St. Peter's. Fort George, a regular

fortification on the heights, was begun in 1775, and named after George III.: it is considered to be of great strength.

Castle Cornet, a venerable pile of very high antiquity, is about a mile and a half to seaward, and situated on a rocky islet of St. Peter's Port. It is an important defence to the harbour, and has sustained several sieges. Some parts of the structure are considered of Roman origin.

Christopher Viscount Hatton was Governor of Guernsey in 1672, and, with his family, in Castle Cornet, was blown up, in consequence of the powder-magazine being struck with lightning, at midnight. He was in bed, was blown out of the window, and lay some time on the walls of the Castle, unhurt. His mother and wife, with several attendants, perished; but an infant daughter was found the next day, alive and sleeping in its cradle, under a beam of the ruins, uninjured by the explosion. This was Anne, afterwards married to Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, by whom she had issue five sons and eight daughters; besides ten other children, who died young, and seven who were still-born—in all, thirty.

Jersey.—Castles Elizabeth and Mont Orgueil. 910

Of the Channel Islands,* Jersey is most remarkable for its Castles and warlike defences, of great importance at various periods of its history. In the reign of Edward III., the island was attacked by Du Guesclin, Constable of France, but the arrival of succour from England prevented him succeeding. In the War of the Roses, it was attacked by a Norman Baron, Pierre de Brezé, avowedly for the Lancastrian party, but really for the French King. After holding part of the island for a time, he was forced to surrender. Henry VII., while Earl of Richmond, and an exile, and Charles II. while an exile, both before and after his father's death, found refuge in Jersey, which was held for the King by the valour and constancy of Sir George Carteret, until taken by the Parliamentarians, under Admiral Blake and General Haines.

During the first American War, Jersey was thrice attacked: first, May, 1779, by an armament, with a land force of 5000 or 6000 men, under the Prince of Nassau, but the attempts to land were repulsed.

* In the French journal *Cosmos*, in 1870, it is asserted that it has been demonstrated by reference to authentic documents that Guernsey and Jersey have sunk more than fifteen yards during the last five centuries.

Secondly, the French fleet was attacked and destroyed by Sir James Wallace. Thirdly, December, 1780, the Baron Rullecourt landed with 700 men, took possession of the town of St. Helier, made the Lieutenant-General Major Corbet prisoner, and induced him to sign a capitulation. The British troops and island militia, under Major Pierson, next in command, refused to recognise the capitulation, and attacking the French, killed Rullecourt, with the greater part of his men, and obliged the rest to surrender. Major Pierson fell in the beginning of the attack.

On approaching the island, the fantastic outline of the Corbière promontory, on the western side, is very striking. When first seen through the haze of morning, it resembles a huge elephant supporting an embattled tower; a little after it assumes the similitude of a gigantic warrior in a recumbent posture, armed *cap-à-pie*; this apparition vanishes, and in its stead rises a fortalice in miniature, with pigmy sentinels stationed on its ramparts.

The bay of St. Aubin is embraced by a crescent of smiling eminences thickly sprinkled with villas and orchards. St. Helier crouches at the base of a lofty rock that forms the eastern cape: the village of St. Aubin is similarly placed near Noirmont Point, the westward promontory; and between the two stretches a sandy shelving beach, studded with martello towers. The centre of the bay is occupied by Elizabeth Castle—a fortress erected on a lofty insulated rock, the jagged pinnacles of which shoot up in grotesque array round the battlements. The harbour is artificial, but capacious and safe, and so completely commanded by the Castle, as to be nearly inaccessible to an enemy. The jetties and quays are of great extent and superior masonry.

The rock on which Elizabeth Castle is perched is nearly a mile in circuit, and accessible on foot at low water by means of a mole, formed of loose stones and rubbish, absurdly termed "the Bridge," which connects it with the mainland. In times of war with France, this fortress was a post of great importance, and strongly garrisoned; but in these piping days of peace, will be found only one sentinel pacing his lonely round on the ramparts. The barracks are desolate—the cannon dismounted—and grass sufficient to have grazed a whole herd, has sprung up in the courts, and among the pyramids of shot and shells piled up at the embrasures.

The hermitage of St. Elericus, the patron saint of Jersey, a holy man who suffered martyrdom at the time the pagan Normans invaded the island, is said to have occupied an isolated peak, quite detached from the fortifications, which commands a noble seaward view of the

bay. A small arched building of rude masonry, having the semblance of a watch-tower, covers a sort of crypt excavated in the rock, into which, by dint of perseverance, a man might introduce himself; and this, if we are to credit tradition, is the cave and bed of the ascetic. Here, like the inspired seer of Patmos, he could congratulate himself on having shaken off communion with mankind. Cliffs shattered by the warfare of the elements—a restless and irresistible sea, intersected by perilous reefs—and the blue firmament—were the only visible objects to distract the solemn contemplations of his soul.

An Abbey, dedicated to St. Elericus, once occupied the site of Elizabeth Castle. The fortress was founded on the ruins of this edifice in 1551, in the reign of Edward VI., and according to tradition, all the bells in the island, with the reservation of one to each church, were seized by authority, and ordered to be sold, to defray in part the expense of its erection. The confiscated metal was shipped for St. Malo, where it was expected to bring a high price; but the vessel foundered in leaving the harbour, to the triumph of all good Catholics, who regarded the disaster as a special manifestation of divine wrath at the sacrilegious spoliation.

The works of Fort Regent occupy the precipitous hill that overhangs the harbour, and completely command Elizabeth Castle, and indeed the whole bay. They are of great strength, and immense masses of rock have been blown away from the cliff in order to render it impregnable. The barracks are bomb-proof, and scooped in the ramparts; and the parade ground, which in shape exactly resembles a coffin, forms the nucleus of the fortifications. This fortress has been completed since the Peace; but little of the pomp and circumstance of warlike preparation is visible on its ramparts. The prospect seaward is magnificent, and includes a vast labyrinth of rocks called the Violet Bank, which fringes the south-eastern corner of the island. One glimpse of this submarine garden is sufficient to satisfy the most apprehensive patriot, that Jersey is in a great measure independent of "towers along the steep."

About three miles inland from St. Helier, is a singular structure named Prince's Tower, erected on an artificial mound or tumulus, and embowered in a grove of fine trees.

But it is the traditional history of Prince's Tower that renders it interesting in the eyes of the islanders. In former times it was known by the name of La Hogue-Bye, and the following legend, quoted from *Le Livre noir de Coutances*, gives the origin of its celebrity:—In remote times, a moor or fen in this part of Jersey, was the retreat of a

monstrous serpent or dragon, which spread terror and devastation throughout the island. At length a valorous Norman, the Seigneur de Hambye, undertook to attempt its destruction, which, after a terrible conflict, he accomplished. He was accompanied in this adventure by a vassal of whose fidelity he had no suspicion, but who, seeing his lord overcome by fatigue, after having vanquished the reptile, suddenly be-thought himself of monopolizing the glory of the action. Instigated by this foul ambition, he assassinated his lord, and, returning to Normandy, promulgated a fictitious narrative of the encounter; and, to further his iniquitous views, presented a forged letter, which he said had been written by De Hambye to his widow just before his death, enjoining her to reward his faithful servant, by accepting him as her second husband. Reverence for the last injunction of her deceased lord induced the lady to obey, and she was united to his murderer. But the exultation of the homicidal slave was of short duration. His sleep was disturbed by horrid dreams; and at length, in one of his nightly paroxysms, he disclosed the extent of his villany. On being arrested and questioned, he made a full confession, and was tried, found guilty, and publicly executed. De Hambye's widow, in memory of her lord, caused a tumulus of earth to be raised on the spot where he was buried; and on the summit she built a chapel, with a tower so lofty as to be visible from her own mansion at Coutances.

So much for the fable. As to the word *Hogue*, there are several places in Jersey called *Hougues*, which are always situated on a rising ground. The word has evidently originated from the German *hoch*, from which is derived our English *high*. A *bougue*, therefore, means a mound or hillock, and in the present instance, the addition of *bye* is obviously a contraction of Hambye; and, in accordance with the foregoing tradition, means literally the *barrow* or tomb of the Seigneur de Hambye.

The Chapel at la Hogue is said to have been rebuilt in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, by one of the Popish deans of Jersey, in the reign of Henry VIII. La Hogue-bye remained for many years in a dilapidated state, till about 1790, when the late Admiral d'Auvergne, a native of Jersey, better known under his French title of Duke of Bouillon, became its owner by purchase, and hence it obtained its present name. At his death, in 1816, it was purchased by the late lieutenant-governor, Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Mackay Gordon, whose heirs afterwards sold it to Francis le Breton, Esq.

The most prominent object in the noble panoramic view from the top of Prince's Tower, is a huge fortress on the eastern side of the

island, called the Castle of Mont Orgueil. It crests a lofty conical rock, that forms the northern headland of Grouville Bay, and looks down, like a grim giant, on the subjacent strait. The fortifications encircle the cone in picturesque tiers, and the apex of the mountain shoots up in the centre of them, as high as the flagstaff, which is in fact planted upon it. During war a strong garrison constantly occupied Mont Orgueil, but now a corporal and two privates of artillery compose the whole military force. A small circular apartment, forming one of the suite appropriated to officers, was the habitation of Charles II. when a wanderer. This Prince, when his unfortunate father fell into the hands of the regicidal party, found a loyal welcome in Jersey. Here he was recognised as King, when in England they sought his blood: here he remained in security, when his fatherland afforded him no asylum. During his lonely sojourn in this remote portion of his hereditary dominions, he is said to have employed himself in making a survey and delineating a map of the island. The natives, flattered by the confidence he reposed in them, and justly proud of eight centuries of unblemished loyalty to the throne of Great Britain, still refer to his residence as a memorable event; and in no other part of the British dominions is the memory of the "merry monarch" more respected. When Cromwell, after the disastrous issue of the battle of Worcester, sent an expedition, under Admiral Blake, to reduce the island, it made a most gallant and protracted defence; and had not circumstances conspired to favour the invaders, their victory would have been dearly purchased.

Mont Orgueil, in point of historical association, is by far the most interesting spot in Jersey. A part of the fortifications, according to tradition, is coeval with Cæsar's incursions into Gaul; and the islanders hold it famous in their oldest story, and of antiquity beyond record. In 1374, the celebrated Constable du Guesclin passed over from Bretagne at the head of a large army, including some of the bravest knights of France, and encamped before this fortress, then called Gouray Castle, into which the principal inhabitants had retired for safety; but after a siege of several months, he was obliged to draw off his forces in despair, and quit the island. Henry V. added much to the strength and beauty of Gouray—made it a dépôt of arms, and conferred on it the proud name of Mont Orgueil. About 1461, Nanfant, the governor, a dependent of Henry VI., was prevailed upon, by an order of Queen Margaret, to surrender it to Surdeval, a Frenchman, agent of Peter de Brezé, Count of Maulevrier; but though de Brezé kept possession of it for several years, the natives, under the command of Philip de

Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen, a family long illustrious in Jersey annals, prevented him from completely subjugating the island. Sir Richard Harliston, vice-admiral of England, afterwards recaptured Mont Orgueil, and put an end to Maulevrier's usurpation.

The Romans, the pioneers of discovery and civilization in Europe, conferred on Jersey the name of Cæsarea, in honour of their leader; and Cæsar and Tacitus concur in describing it as a stronghold of Druidism, of which worship many monuments still exist. The aborigines were doubtless sprung from the Celtic tribes spread over the adjacent continent; but the present inhabitants are universally recognised as the lineal descendants of the warlike Normans, who, under the auspices of the famous Rollo, conquered and established themselves in the north of France in the ninth century. It was first attached to the British crown at the Conquest; and though repeated descents have been made on it by France during the many wars waged between the countries since that remote era, none of them were attended with such success as to lead to a permanent occupation of the island.

The introduction of Christianity, and final extirpation of idolatry, is said to have occurred in the sixth century. In the latter days of the reign of Popery, Jersey formed part of the diocese of Coutances in Normandy, where the ancient records of the island were deposited; but at the Reformation, in the reign of Elizabeth, it was attached to the see of Winchester—an annexation, however, merely nominal, for the island is in reality exempt from the dominion of the Church of England.

The Isle of Alderney.

Alderney, a dependency of Guernsey, and the nearest of the group of islands to the French coast, is about seven miles from Cape La Hogue, in Normandy. Upon its rocks Prince William, only son of Henry I., perished by shipwreck, in the year 1120, and in 1744, the *Victory*, of 110 guns, was lost with 1100 men. The island has now an extensive harbour of refuge. An ancient monastery at Longy Bay serves as a military depôt and hospital. On the heights above the Bay of Longy are the ruins of a Castle, which bears the name of Essex Farm, from having been for a time the residence of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. The Normans settled here at a very early period, and the island remained under the English monarchs, who were also Dukes of Normandy, when their continental dominions were lost.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The Isle of Athelney and King Alfred's Monastery.

The Isle of Athelney, though it has ceased to be applicable, is retained by a rising ground in the county of Somerset; bounded on the south-east by the river Tune (a tributary of the Parret), over which is a wooden bridge, still called Athelney bridge. The whole "island" contains about 100 acres, and in 1791, formed a compact farm.

This spot was anciently surrounded by almost impassable marshes, and acquired celebrity as the place in which the great Alfred found temporary shelter while the Danes overran Wessex; and in his seclusion here, the sacred book which Alfred read—a selection from the Psalms, with the daily prayers, according to the ancient usage of the Church, and which he always treasured in his bosom—afforded him constant comfort and support.

Athelney is thus described by William of Malmesbury: "Athelney is not an island of the sea, but is so inaccessible on account of bogs and the inundations of the lakes, that it cannot be got to but in a boat. It has a very large wood of alders, which harbours stags, wild goats, and many beasts of that kind. The firm land, which is only two acres in breadth, contains a little monastery, and dwellings for monks. Its founder was King Alfred."

Sir John Spelman's account of it is nearly similar, except that he states, in the height of summer it could be reached by a man on foot. Here, he adds, the King made himself a secure hold or receptacle, from whence, issuing secretly, he often made sallies out upon the Danes. The Abbey appears to have been founded in 878 or 888. The buildings, judging from parts of them discovered at different times, are supposed to have been very magnificent. The conventual church was partly rebuilt in 1321; but not a vestige of the whole now remains, and the field on which the Abbey stood has been converted into tillage.

On the island is a stone pillar, inclosed by an iron railing, designed to point the traveller's eye to the spot so closely associated with Alfred's earliest historical studies—with the burnt cakes, the angry housewife, and the castigated King. The pillar bears the following inscription:—

“King Alfred the Great, in the year of our Lord 879, having been defeated by the Danes, fled for refuge to the forest of Athelney, where he lay concealed from his enemies for the space of a whole year. He soon after regained possession of his throne, and in grateful remembrance of the protection he had received, under the favour of Heaven, he erected a monastery on this spot, and endowed it with all the lands contained in the Isle of Athelney. To perpetuate the memorial of so remarkable an incident in the life of that illustrious prince, this edifice was founded by John Slade, Esq., of Marnsell, the proprietor of Athelney, and Lord of the Manor of North Petherton, A.D. 1801.”

The Tradition of Stanton Drew.

At the little village of Stanton Drew, in the county of Somerset, about seven miles east of the road between Bristol and Wells, stands a well-known Druidical monument, which, in the opinion of Dr. Stukeley, is more ancient than that at Abury. It consists of four groups of stones, forming (or rather having formed when complete) two circles, and two other figures, one an ellipse. Although the largest stones are much inferior in their dimensions to those at Stonehenge and Abury, they are by no means contemptible, some of them being nine feet in height, and twenty-two feet in girth. There is a curious tradition, very prevalent among the country-people, respecting the origin of these remains, which they designate the “Evil Wedding,” for the following good and substantial reasons:—Many hundred years ago (on a Saturday evening), a newly-married couple, with their relatives and friends, met on the spot now covered by these ruins, to celebrate their nuptials. Here they feasted and danced right merrily until the clock tolled the hour of midnight, when the piper (a pious man) refused to play any longer. This was much against the wish of the guests, and so exasperated the bride (who was fond of dancing) that she swore with an oath she would not be balked of her enjoyment by a beggarly piper, but would find a substitute, if she went to the infernal regions to fetch one. She had scarcely uttered these words, when a venerable old man, with a long beard, made his appearance, and having listened to their request, proffered his services, which were right gladly accepted. The old gentleman (who was no other than the Arch-fiend himself) having taken the seat vacated by the godly piper, commenced playing a slow and solemn air, which, on the guests remonstrating, he changed into one more lively and rapid. The company now began to dance, but soon found themselves

impelled round the performer so rapidly and mysteriously, that they would all fain have rested. But when they essayed to retire, they found, to their consternation, that they were moving faster and faster round their diabolical musician, who had now resumed his original shape.

Their cries for mercy were unheeded, until the first glimmering of day warned the fiend that he must depart. With such rapidity had they moved, that the gay and sportive assembly were now reduced to a ghastly troop of skeletons. "I leave you," said the fiend, "a monument of my power and your wickedness, to the end of time;" which saying, he vanished. The villagers, on rising in the morning, found the meadow strewn with large pieces of stone, and the pious piper lying under a hedge half dead with fright, he having been a witness of the whole transaction.—(*Notes and Queries*, vol. iv. p. 3.)

On the object and purpose of these stone circles and avenues other explanations have been offered. At the meeting of the Sussex Archæological Society, in 1869, Mr. W. Long, the president, submitted whether we may not reasonably assign their origin to Phœnician influence reaching these shores through that energetic maritime people, the Veneti, who inhabited a portion of the coasts of Armorican Gaul; who were still carrying on a brisk trade with Britain in the time of Cæsar; and in whose district were the remarkable stone structures of Karnac and its neighbourhood. The traces of the Belgic occupation of this district are to be seen in the camps, barrows, circles, hut circles, trackways, and cattle enclosures which abound on the Mendip and neighbouring hills. It is probable that, although the use of bronze, both in the East and on the Continent of Europe, had prevailed for a considerable previous period, the Belgic race was the first which introduced the bronze age into Britain. Even in the time of Cæsar, bronze was an imported article; and it is not likely that the Phœnicians, if they found it to their advantage to have settlements on these coasts, would allow the native population to possess any weapons of a more formidable character than their sling stones and arrow-heads of flint.



Bath Abbey.

Bath, the chief city of Somersetshire, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, in its name implies the circumstance to which, from the earliest ages, it owes its importance, which has been exaggerated by fable. Bladud, a legendary King of England, is storied to have discovered the waters 800 years B.C., and to have built the city, and de-

dedicated its medicinal springs to Minerva; and "Bladud's Well" has passed into a proverb of sparkling inexhaustibility. Leaving fiction,—the Romans, passionately attached to the luxury which the hot springs of Bath afforded them, made it one of their principal stations, and in the country round Bath, and in the city, foundations of extensive buildings have been traced, with the remains of the baths, altars with inscriptions, tessellated pavements, ornamented bricks, urns, vases, lachrymatories, coins, &c. No city in England can produce such a collection of local Roman remains. During the time of the Romans, A.D. 444, the city extended 12,000 feet in length, 1150 in breadth, and was surrounded by a wall 9 feet thick, and 20 feet high.

A community of Religious existed here from the earliest ages of Christianity in Britain, who had their house near to the springs and baths. The Abbey of Bath was built by King Offa, about 775, and re-founded in 970, by King Edgar. The constitution of the Society underwent several changes, and at last the house and all its possessions, which were extensive and valuable, were surrendered to the Crown by William Holloway, the last Prior, June 29th, 1539. What is now called the Abbey Church was the church of this community, and was connected on the south side with the conventual dwellings. An older church having fallen into decay, the building of the present edifice was begun by Bishop Oliver King, in the reign of Henry VII., at the time of whose death it was unfinished, and continued to be so when the Priory was dissolved.

The monks of the Abbey of Bath, even to the time of the Reformation, were accustomed to show to visitors certain manuscripts which they affirmed to be the gift of King Athelstan. Two very ancient manuscripts, which there is the strongest reason to believe once belonged to him, are preserved among the Cottonian Manuscripts in the British Museum; one of them is supposed to be the very copy of the Gospels on which the Saxon kings took the oath at their coronation.

Bristol: its Monastery and Castle.

Bristol has been traced to upwards of forty etymological origins; but the only modes of writing the name that are material are Bristuit, and Bristow. The Rev. Dr. Shaw derives Bristol from the Celtic words, "bras," quick, rapid, or "braos," a gap, chasm, or rent, and "tiule," a stream; a derivation entitled to some credit. Chatterton derives Bristow from Brictric, the last King of Wessex, who died by

poison, A.D. 800, supposing it to have been originally called Brictricestow. Bristow, or a very similar name, prevailed from 1064 to 1204; and a Brictric was Lord of Bristol at the earlier of these two dates. Still, there is a more probable origin: the Saxon word "bric" signifies a break, a breach; and bric would thus be a literal translation of Odor; dropping then the British prefix "caer," and substituting the Saxon suffix "stow," we arrive at once at Bristow, retaining the name which is most descriptive of the locality, and obtaining pure Saxon in exchange for pure British. (*Penny Cyclopædia*.) The Romans obtained early possession of Bristol, and invested it with a wall and gates, which enclosed the area now the most central portion of the town. When Cerdic, A.D. 495, first carried the Saxon arms into Western England, Bristol formed part of the dominions of the princes of Cornwall. It is recorded that "a vast army of Sarazens (pagans), from Denmark, made an attack on Bristol with 30,000 men, in which they were so completely defeated that not five of them escaped." Upon the ruins of the ancient government was founded the Saxon kingdom of Mercia, of which Bristol is presumed to have been the frontier city, bordering upon the neighbouring Saxon state of Wessex, and divided from it by the Avon. Caer Odor had now become Bric-stow; and in 596, Jordan, the companion of Augustine, in his mission for the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, preached on the spot now called College Green, which subsequently became the site of the monastery, of great magnificence, built 1140-1148, according to the inscription on the tomb of the founder, Robert Fitzharding, the first Lord of Berkeley. It is also mentioned by Leland as the monastery of the Black Canons of St. Augustine, within the city walls. Fitzharding is by some represented as an opulent citizen of Bristol; but generally as a younger son or grandson of the King of Denmark, and as the youthful companion of Henry II., and who betaking himself from the sunshine of royal friendship, became a canon of the monastery he himself had founded. In this congenial solitude he died in 1170, aged 75. The Cathedral church is of the time of Edward I.; but the great gateway is round-arched, with rich mouldings in the Saxon taste; this gateway and the chapter-house are all that remains of the ancient monastery. It suffered at the Dissolution; but in the Civil Wars, the ruthless soldiery violated the tombs of the dead by every indignity and profanation.

To the early part of the Norman period, the addition of the second wall around the town is ascribed: probably it was built, together with the Castle, by Godfrey, Bishop of Coutances, in Normandy, and of Exeter, in England, who followed the Conqueror to this country. The

fortress is not mentioned by name in Domesday Book, compiled 1086; and the first historical notice of it occurs on the death of William I., when it was fortified and held by Godfrey on behalf of Robert, the Conqueror's eldest son. On the final success of Rufus, Godfrey retired into Normandy. The town was charged with the maintenance of the Castle, and in Domesday Book there is recorded 28*l.* as the precise salary annually paid by the town to the Constable of the Castle for several subsequent reigns. To Robert the first (Norman) Earl of Gloucester, after the capture of Robert Duke of Normandy, Henry confided his unfortunate brother, whom the Earl sometime confined in the fortress at Bristol. On the death of Henry, Earl Robert maintained Bristol and its Castle on behalf of his sister, Maud, against the usurpation of Stephen. The edifice he is said to have built; but as a castle was certainly in existence, he probably enlarged its site and added to its defences only; and this he appears to have done most effectually, for under him it became one of the largest and strongest fortresses in the kingdom. It occupied about six acres of ground, and William Botoner, surnamed Wycestre, states that the walls were 25 feet thick at the base, and $9\frac{1}{2}$ at the top. Stephen was brought to this fortress after his capture at the battle of Lincoln, 1140, and kept prisoner until the following year, when he was exchanged for Earl Robert. He was succeeded by his son, Earl William. Henry II., on his accession (1154), took the towns, castles, &c., which belonged to the Crown, into his own hands; but twenty years elapsed before he obtained possession of the Castle of Bristol, when (1175) the Earl surrendered it into the King's hands, constituting the King's son his heir, Henry at the same time contracting for the marriage of his son John with Isabel, the Earl's daughter.

In 1241, in Bristol Castle, died the Princess Eleanor, commonly called "the damsell of Britain," after a confinement of forty years. In 1326 the Castle was besieged by the forces of Queen Isabella, and Spenser was compelled to an unconditional surrender. In 1461 Edward IV., at Bristol, in September, saw Sir Baldwin Fulford pass to execution; the subject of "The Bristowe Tragedy," by Chatterton, in "Rowley's Poems."

During the Civil War the sufferings of Bristol between the Royalists and Parliament were severe: under the latter, the sum of 3000*l.* per month was raised for the defence of the city and Castle. In the year 1646 the Castle was demolished by order of Parliament, their last and best act with regard to Bristol under the Commonwealth.

Dunster Castle and Priory.

At Dunster, a town twenty-one miles west-north-west of Taunton, the West Saxon Kings had a fortress during the period of the Heptarchy. It was called Torre (tower), by which name it appears in Domesday, where the manor is said to belong to William de Mohun, who had a Castle here. This fortress afterwards obtained the name of Dunne's Torre (tower on the downs), now Dunster. The Mohuns, Earls of Somerset, supported the Empress Maud against Stephen. In the reign of Edward III. the Castle passed by sale, on the failure of the male line of the Mohuns, to the Luttrell family. It was a military post of the Royalists in the Civil War of Charles I., and was taken by the Marquis of Hertford in 1643. In 1644-5, March 20, the Parliamentarians from Taunton went to Sir Hugh Windham's house at Saundle, and pillaged it, without even respecting the women, whose clothes they tore off their backs. Sir Hugh escaped at the back door, and sent word to Colonel Windham, Governor of Dunster Castle, who, with only thirty horse, instantly marched after them. He overtook them in a field near Nettlecombe, full 250 horse strong, and defeated them, taking five prisoners and fourteen horses, besides ammunition.

In 1644-5 the siege of Dunster Castle was raised. The Parliamentarians sent this message to the Governor: "If you will deliver up the Castle, you shall have fair quarter: if not, expect no mercy, your Mother shall be in front to receive the first fury of your cannon. We expect your answer." The Governor returned the following brave refusal: "If you doe what you threaten, you doe the most barbarous and villanous act [that] was ever done. My Mother I honour, but the cause I fight for, and the masters I serve, are God and the King. Mother doe you forgive me, and give me your blessing, and lett the rebels answer for spilling that blood of yours, which I would save with the loss of mine own, if I had enough for both my master and your selfe." His mother replied: "Sonne, I forgive thee, and pray God to bless thee for this brave resolution. If I live, I shall love thee the better for it: God's will be done." Lord Wentworth, Sir Richard Grenvill, and Colonel Webbe, however, came to their relief, rescued the mother, relieved the fortress, took 1000 prisoners, and put the whole army to the rout. The Castle is a building of the Elizabethan period and style, having behind a richly-wooded park.—(Tymms's *Family Topographer*.) It appears, however, that the Royalists were compelled to surrender. The celebrated William Prynne was imprisoned for seven months in Dunster Castle in 1650, for writing against Cromwell and his party.

There was formerly a Benedictine Priory here, founded by the Mohuns, a cell of the Abbey of St. Peter at Bath. Before the suppression of the Priory (which was adjacent to the church, and of which some remains still exist), in consequence of a dispute between the parishioners and the monks, the eastern part of the church was separated for the use of the latter, since whose time it has been neglected. The church, a fine spacious building of Perpendicular architecture, was built by Henry VII. in gratitude for the aid of the inhabitants at Bosworth Field. Collinson says that "most of the churches in this county exhibit fine specimens of the Florid Gothic, so prevalent in the reign of Henry VII.; which makes it probable that they were rebuilt by order of that Prince, in gratitude for their attachment to his house."

"Hobby-horsing" prevails in this county. On the 1st of May, a number of persons, carrying grotesque figures of men and horses, sufficiently large to hide them, perambulate the town, and then go to Dunster Castle, where they are hospitably regaled and receive a present in money.



Taunton Castle.

Taunton, an ancient town in the south-western part of Somersetshire, is inferred to have been of Roman origin, from coins and other antiquities found on the site. It was certainly a place of considerable importance in the Anglo-Saxon period; and in the eighth century a Castle was built here by Ina, King of the West Saxons, in which he held his first great council. The building was destroyed by his Queen in expelling one of the Kings of the South Saxons. Another Castle was built by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, *temp.* Henry I.; an embattled gateway, erected by Bishop Langton, about 1487, remains. In 1417 Thomas Chaucer, a distinguished statesman, and son of the poet, was Constable of the Castle. Perkin Warbeck held possession of the Castle and town for a short time; but hearing that King Henry VII. was approaching, he quitted his partisans near Taunton, and took sanctuary at Beaulieu; the monastery was surrounded; Warbeck surrendered on a promise of life; he was brought to Henry at Taunton, and then sent prisoner to London: he does not seem to have been treated as an impostor; on the contrary, he was manifestly used as a prisoner of rank; but he was at length tried and executed for high treason, although no record of the trial is known to exist.

In the Civil Wars, Taunton sustained a long siege under Colonel (afterwards Admiral) Blake, against 10,000 Royalist troops, until re-

lieved by Fairfax. Within the Castle gate is the Free Grammar School, large and ancient; and the county courts and offices are within an irregular quadrangle, consisting of the remains of the Castle.

The Famous Abbey of Glastonbury.

“Ye sacred piles and venerable towers,
That once adorn'd fair Avalonia's Isle,
Where moral virtues and religious powers
Inspir'd the Fathers e'en on death to smile.
But though destroyed by devastation's hand,
By fury guided, or outrageous zeal;
Your ruins now, majestically grand,
Bid solemn contemplation there to dwell.”

The remains of the once magnificent Abbey of Glastonbury are invested with a high degree of interest from various circumstances. As ruins they are very picturesque; and it should be remembered that these fragments are the last reminiscences of an Abbey, which, according to tradition, was the earliest of its kind in England,—which in different ages of the Church afforded to some of the most learned and pious of the day a retreat and asylum while living, and a resting-place for their mortal remains when they were no more,—and which enjoying, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, the most patronage and revenue of any similar establishments in Europe, for centuries held a distinguished place in the ecclesiastical annals of Britain. But the paramount attraction of the place is the probability that on this very spot stood the first Christian church erected in this country.

The glory of first evangelising England has been confidently ascribed to various individuals, and amongst others to Joseph or Arimathæa, of whom the following legends are narrated. When St. Philip the Apostle, after the death of our blessed Saviour, was in Gaul, promulgating the doctrine of the Christian Religion, he was informed of certain refugees, that all those horrid superstitions which he has observed in the inhabitants of the country, and which he found so much labour and difficulty in overcoming, originated from a little island, at no great distance from the Continent, named Britain. Thither he immediately resolved to extend the influence of his precepts, and in the place of barbarous and bloody rites, long exercised by bigoted and besotted Druids, to introduce the meek and gentle system of Christianity. Accordingly he dispatched twelve of his companions and followers, and appointed Joseph of Arimathæa, who had not long before

taken his Saviour from the Cross, to superintend the sacred embassy. Britain was wild and uncultivated, its inhabitants were rude and inimical to strangers; yet withal its King Arviragus could foster a few itinerants, whom he knew not how to hate, nor wished to love. In consideration of their hard and laborious journey, he disposed their habitation in a small island, then waste and untilled, and surrounded by bogs and morasses; assigning to each of the twelve a certain portion of land called a *hide*, sufficient for one family to live upon, and comprising in all a territory denominated to this day, "The Twelve Hides of Glaston."

This spot was at that early period called by the natives Yniswytryn, or the Glassy Island, either because its surface represented a *glasten*, or blue-green colour; or because it abounded with the herb called *glast*, or woad, with which they were used to colour their bodies. Here, according to the monastic annals, St. Joseph erected to *the honour of the blessed Virgin Mary*, of wattles and wreathed twigs, the first Christian oratory in England. In after-times the site received the fanciful name of Avalon, or the Isle of Apples, or the land where Avallon, a British chief, first pitched his residence. The Saxons finally called it Glastonbury.

These statements are, however, regarded as the fabrication of after-times. What connexion there could possibly have been between Joseph of Arimathæa and our island, and what could have given rise to the idea of his having been the first to preach the Gospel amongst us, it is difficult to conjecture. Nor, indeed, would it have been worthy of serious notice, if it had not been more than once made use of as a fact of some weight in the history of the English church. But it is curious that the English bishops, at the Council of Basil, in the year 1434, claimed precedence before those of Castile in Spain, on the ground of "Britaines conversion by Joseph of Arimathæa." And what is infinitely more extraordinary, even our Protestant Queen Elizabeth, and Archbishop Parker, ventured to claim Joseph as the first preacher of Christianity in England. The tradition that the first Christian church was erected at Glastonbury seems the more deserving of credit, because it was not contradicted in those ages when other churches would have found it *profitable* to advance a similar pretension, and especially to assume such titles as those conferred on Glastonbury—"the first ground of God," "the first ground of the saints in England," and "the rise and foundation of all religion in England." It may also be observed, by the way, that the description here given of the character of the sacred edifice, being formed of wattles and wreathed twigs, agrees

well with the general nature of the buildings in this country at that rude period.

Next, a more substantial structure was erected in the place of this humble and primitive chapel, then fallen into decay. This is described as having taken place under the auspices of two Christian missionaries, whom Eleutherius, the twelfth Bishop of Rome, is represented as having sent over to this country, at the request of King Lucius, to reillumine the expiring embers of Christianity in the land. Lucius seems to have reigned, if, indeed, there were such a British King, about the year 180. These missionaries are said to have built another oratory on the summit of the hill now called the Tor, and dedicated it to St. Michael the Archangel.

In the year 439, we are told that St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, visited the holy spot, and that he repaired the two chapels before erected. It is added also, that he disciplined the body of the clergy into something of a monastic society, and became himself the first Abbot. About the year 530, St. David, Archbishop of Menevia, accompanied by seven of his suffragan bishops, took a journey to Avalon, and expended large sums of money in adding to the buildings of the church. St. David was uncle of the renowned King Arthur, who in his time (A.D. 543) having been mortally wounded in the rebellion of his cousin Muredred, at the battle of Camlan, was carried to this Abbey, that he might prepare himself for his departure out of this life in the society of the Religious, and be interred amongst such a number of saints as had reposed there from the beginning of Christianity; accordingly, on his death, his body here found a peaceful grave.*

* The following account of the grave of Arthur, in the reign of Henry II., 640 years after he was buried, is taken from Camden's *Britannia*, as he gives it on the authority of Giraldus Cambrensis, "an eye-witness." "When Henry II., King of England, had learned from the songs of the British bards, that Arthur, the most noble hero of the Britains, whose courage had so often shatter'd the Saxons, was buried at Glassenbury between two pyramids, he order'd search to be made for the body; and they had scarce digg'd seven foot deep, but they light upon a cross'd stone (*cippus*), or a stone in the back part whereof was fastened a rude leaden *cross*, something broad. This being pulled out, appeared to have an inscription upon it, and under it, almost nine foot deep, they found a coffin made of hollow'd oak, wherein were deposited the bones of the famous Arthur. The letters have a sort of barbarous and Gothic appearance, and are a plain evidence of the barbarity of the age, which was so involved in a fatal sort of mist, that no one was found to celebrate the name of King Arthur. That strong bulwark of the British government may justly reckon this amongst his greatest misfortunes, that the age did not afford a panegyric equal to his virtues."

In the year 605, this establishment was formed into a still more regular society, by the famous St. Augustine, who was sent into England by Pope Gregory the Great, to convert the heathen Anglo-Saxons of Britain. Twenty-five years after this, St. Paulinus, Bishop of Rochester, resided in the monastery; and was a great benefactor to the edifice, which he considerably enlarged. He also built the old church with timber, and we are told, covered it without, from the top to the bottom, with lead.

Cebric, Ceolwulph, Kenwalch, Kentwine, Cedwalla, and other Kings, in their day enriched the establishment with valuable lands and possessions. But when King Ina ascended the throne of the West Saxons, he excelled all his predecessors in his munificence. He, in the year 708, pulled down the old ruinous buildings of the monastery, rebuilt it in the most sumptuous and magnificent manner, and dedicated it to the honour of Christ and of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, "adorning the edifice with a costly chapel, garnished and plated over with two thousand six hundred and forty pounds' weight of silver, and sixty-four pounds' weight of gold," besides many rich and valuable ornaments. He also bestowed on the Abbey a royal charter, dated 725, exempting it from all regal exactions and services, such as military expeditions, and the building of bridges and citadels. Large grants of land accompanied these extraordinary privileges. The Bishop of Wells was to go once a year with his clergy to the mother church at Glastonbury, and sing the Litany there. King Ina, moreover, strictly forbids his subjects of every degree from entering the precincts of the Abbey for the purpose of "pleading, searching, plundering, commanding, or interdicting;" and it was further ordered that "whatever causes shall arise concerning murder, sacrilege, witchcraft, robbery, &c.; concerning ecclesiastical discipline, the ordination of clerks, or synodal conventions; let them without prejudice to any man be defined by the judgment of the Abbot and Monks; and whoever shall presume to violate this grant, let him know that, being eternally damned, he will punish in the infinite torment of devouring flames."

Succeeding monarchs withheld not their benefactions, but were zealous in ratifying, confirming, and adding to, the grants before made. In short, "Kings and Queens, not only of the West Saxons, but of other kingdoms of the Heptarchy, several archbishops and bishops, many dukes, and the nobility of both sexes, thought themselves happy in increasing the revenues of this venerable house, to obtain them a place of sepulture therein."

During the incursions of the Danes, the Abbey of Glastonbury did not escape the violence of these rapacious plunderers, but was deprived by them of much of its splendour, and was soon doomed to exhibit a most melancholy picture of ruin and distress. Happily, they were checked by the bravery of King Alfred; and on the elevation of Edmund to the throne, he restored this religious house to its ancient dignity. He appointed over it an Abbot, and permitted him to make free use of the royal treasury to rebuild the Abbey.

At the period of the Norman Conquest, however, the Abbey suffered a reverse of fortune: its Abbot, Egelnoth, one of the principal men of the nation, was for this reason deposed from his office, and carried over into Normandy by King William, who was jealous of his newly acquired subjects. The Abbey was deprived by the Conqueror of a very considerable portion of its endowments; but even after this spoliation its possessions were magnificent.

Soon after the Conquest, about the year 1101, an entirely new fabric was raised by Abbot Herlewin, who spent 480*l.* solely on the foundation. Henry de Blois, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, erected a belfry, chapter-house, and cloister. But, in the reign of Henry II., nearly the whole of the Abbey being consumed by fire, it was rebuilt with great expedition; and this appears to be the very building the remains of which now exist.

We gather from Leland that the church contained the monuments of King Arthur and Guinevera, his Queen; King Edmund the Elder, Edward de la Zouch, and others. It was the burial-place of several other Kings and great personages; as King Edgar, Edinund Ironside, Coel King of Great Britain, the father of Helen, mother to Constantine the Great; also of saints and holy men not a few, as St. Joseph of Arimathæa; St. Patrick, with two of his disciples; St. Idractus, with his seven companions, martyrs; St. David, St. Dunstan, Gildas the British historian, and several of the early Bishops.

Glastonbury surpassed in revenues all the Abbeys in England, except Westminster, and exceeded in size all the cathedrals except Old Saint Paul's. Richard Whytyng was the last Abbot of Glastonbury. Upon the dissolution of the monastic establishments in 1540, this venerable person, refusing to surrender the Monastery, was condemned for high treason at Wells, drawn from that city to Glastonbury on a hurdle, and, despite his white hairs, hanged, with two of his monks, on the Tor Hill. His head was set upon the Abbey-gate, and the four quarters of his body sent to Wells, Bath, Ilchester, and Bridgewater. His apartment was a kind of well-disciplined court, where the sons of

noblemen and gentlemen were educated. In this manner he bred up nearly 300 pupils, besides others of a lower rank. His table, attendants, and officers were an honour to the nation. He is said to have entertained 500 persons of consideration at one time; and on Wednesdays and Fridays, weekly, all the poor of the country around were relieved by his peculiar charity.

From this date the noble monastery fell to decay. The foundation plot upon which this vast fabric and its immense range of offices were erected, included a space of not less than sixty acres, and was surrounded by a lofty stone wall. Of the great church and its five chapels there yet remain standing some walls, windows, pillars, and other fragments; besides the three large crypts, in which lay entombed the remains of many of the illustrious personages. Of the workmanship, sufficient remains in the arches of the windows to show that the edifice was in the best style of the later Norman. A little westward from the church stands the Chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathæa, which has a large and handsome crypt, and is pretty entire; the arches of the windows are semicircular, and adorned with the lozenge, zigzag, and embattled mouldings; underneath are interlaced semicircular arches, springing from slender shafts, and ornamented with zigzag mouldings, and roses, crescents, and stars in the spandrils; the doors, north and south, elaborately enriched. Of the monastery there is left a fair edifice of stone, thought to be the Abbot's house. At some distance, amidst a heap of ruins, the Abbot's kitchen stands undemolished. Dr. Stukeley describes it as formed from an octagon, included in a square; four fireplaces fill the four angles, having chimneys over them in the flat part of the roof. Between these rises the arched octagonal pyramid, crowned with a double lantern, for the egress of the smoke. There are eight carved ribs within, which support the vaults; and eight funnels for letting out the steam through windows, within which, in a smaller pyramid, hung the bell to call the poor people to the adjacent almonry.

The origin of the kitchen, according to tradition, was this: King Henry VIII., having a dispute with one of the Abbots, threatened to burn his kitchen; when the latter said, he would build such an one that all the wood in the royal forests should not be sufficient to effect the purpose; indeed, he built a strong one. This story is more likely to be true of some other king; for, though this kitchen might be built since the Abbey, yet it appears of earlier date than the reign of Henry VIII.

Not far from hence stood the refectory, dormitory, and the great hall.

North-eastward of Glastonbury, on a very high hill (that on which Abbot Whytyng suffered), stands the Tor or Tower of St. Michael, probably erected in the fourteenth century, on the spot previously occupied by a more ancient building. It serves as a landmark to sailors in the Bristol Channel, and is seen in very clear weather to a very great distance in all directions.

On the south-west side of Glastonbury may be seen Weary-all Hill, which is supposed to have taken its name from a belief instilled into the minds of the ignorant in former days, that here St. Joseph and his companions sat down, *all weary* with their journey. From the stick also which stuck in the ground on that occasion, though then only a dry hawthorn staff, they say sprang the famous *Glastonbury Thorn*, which blossoms every year at Christmas. The tree, which was considered the original stock, had in the time of Queen Elizabeth, two trunks or bodies, when a Puritan exterminated one of them. The other, which was the size of a common man, was still an object of wonder and attraction; and the blossoms were esteemed such curiosities by the people of all nations, that the Bristol merchants made a traffic of them, in exporting them to foreign parts. In the Great Rebellion, during the time of Charles I., the remaining trunk of this tree was also cut down, but others derived from it then existed. Absurd as is the account of the origin of this Thorn, it is a fact that the shrub here flowers two or three months before the ordinary time, and sometimes as early as Christmas-day, o.s., whence it is conjectured to be at least a *variety* of the species which may have been originally introduced by some pilgrim from the East. A Correspondent of the *Gardener's Magazine* writes from Glastonbury, "The Popish legend about the staff of Joseph of Arimathæa I may be permitted to pass over in silence, and, therefore, come at once to the Thorn-tree now standing within the precincts of the ancient Abbey of Glastonbury; for there can be no doubt that from this tree and its forefathers (the present one being of great age) all others had been propagated by budding or grafting. The most remarkable peculiarity of this tree, and in those descended from the same stock, is the time of flowering: it is now (December 31, 1832) in blossom; it will again blossom in the month of May, and from these latter flowers fruit will be produced."

Aubrey, the Wiltshire antiquary, gives the following record of the flowering of the Glastonbury Thorn at Christmas: "Mr. Anthony Hinton, one of the officers of the Earl of Pembroke, did inoculate, not long before the late Civill Warres (ten yeares or more), a bud of Glastonbury Thorne, on a thorne at his farm-house, at Wilton, which blos-

soms at Christmas as the other did. My mother has had branches of them for a flower-pott several Christmasses, which I have seen. Elias Ashmole, Esq., in his notes upon *Theatrum Chymicum*, saies that in the churchyard of Glastonbury grew a wallnut tree that did putt out young leaves at Christmas, as doth the King's Oake in the New Forest. In Parham Park, in Suffolk (Mr. Boutele's) is a pretty ancient thorne that blossomes like that at Glastonbury; the people flock hither to see it on Christmas-day. But in the rode that leades from Worcester to Droitwiche is a blackthorne hedge at Clayes, half a mile long or more, that blossoms about Christmas-day for a week or more together. The ground is called Longland. Dr. Ezerel Tong sayd that about Rumly-marsh, in Kent [Romney-marsh?] are thornes naturally like that at Glastonbury. The soldiers did cutt downe that near Glastonbury; the stump remains."

There is yet another marvel to be noied of this interesting locality. At the foot of the lofty Tor, on the north side, rises the Blood or Chalice Well; and somewhat higher on the Hill, south-westward, rises another spring, both springs possessing mineral properties,—“strongly impregnated with iron and fixed air.” Holinshed says that, “King Arthur being wounded in battle, was brought to Glastonbury to be healed of his wounds by the healing waters of Glastonbury.” In a small tract, printed in 1805, we find several testimonials of cures by drinking these waters: they date from the year 1751: asthma and dropsy, scrofula and leprosy, are the diseases from which the patients were relieved or cured.

A few years since there was brought from Glastonbury a portion of an Easter Sepulchre, which, though barely half the base, is of considerable interest, not merely as a relic of the glorious old Abbey, but as a faithful delineation of the military habits of the early part of the fifteenth century; for to this period the sculpture must undoubtedly be referred. One of the two figures here remaining is seated on a bank, the other sleeps in a reclining posture on the ground, and supports his head on his right hand. Both wear high-pointed basinets, with large camails covering the chest and shoulders; the nether limbs are incased in cuissarts, and greaves or jamba, with long-toed sollarrets, the genouilleres, or knee-plates, having very strongly-marked rims. Over the body-armour is belted a short plaited jupon, with the wide hanging sleeve so characteristic of the knightly costume of the era of our fifth Henry. The second soldier holds a spear and shield of oval form, once probably blazoned with some heraldic insignia. By the side of the sleeping figure is laid an axe, a novelty in such a situation. On the left arm,

and partly on the side of the reclining guard, is placed a right naked foot, and if it be that of the resuscitated Saviour, the effigy must have differed materially from others, and may perhaps have appeared as if descending from the ledge of the tomb. Slight traces of colour are seen on the imagery, and the ground is painted green, and powdered with little white flowers with red eyes, calling to mind one of the Good Friday ceremonies described by Naogeorgus :

“ With tapers all the people come, and at the barriers stay,
There downe upon their knees they fall, and night and day they pray,
And violets and every kinde of floweres about the grave
They strow, and bring in all their giftes and presents that they have.”*

In King's Weston Church is a chair which formerly belonged to Glastonbury Abbey. It is of oak, with the back divided into two compartments : on one side is a shield bearing a crozier, and the initials R. W. [Richard Whiting, the last Abbot], and on the other a coat of arms. Horace Walpole possessed one at Strawberry Hill, which had the reputation of being a genuine relic of Glastonbury.

Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury, constructed the very curious clock of Wells Cathedral : it has an astronomical dial, surmounted by small figures on horseback, representing knights at tilts and tournaments, who, by a movement of the machinery, are ludicrously hurried round in rapid circumvolutions.

The following Legend of Glastonbury is written in the Somerset dialect of the present time : it is not made up from books, but from the oral traditions once very prevalent, and possibly still so, in and near Glastonbury :

A LEGEND OF GLASTONBURY.

“ Who hath not hir'd of Avalon?
'Twas talk'd of much and long agon :—
The wonders of the *Holy thorn*,
The which, zoon âter Christ was born,
Here a planted war by Arimathé,
Thie *Joseph* that com'd over sea,
And planted Christianity.
Thà zà that whun a landed vust,
(Zich plazen war in God's own trust)
A stuck his staff into the groun,
And over his shoulder lookin roun,
Whatever mid his lot beváll,
He cried aloud now, 'weary all !'
The staff het budded and het grew,
And at Christmas bloom'd the whol dà droo.
And still het blooms at Christmas bright,
But best thà zà at dork midnight.

* Mr. Syer Cumling, F.S.A. : *Proc. British Archaeological Association.*

A pruf o' this, if pruf you will,
Is voun in the name o' *Weary-all Hill!*
Let tell *Pumparles* or *lazy Brue*
That what is told is vor sertain true !'

This story of the *Holy Thorn* was a long time credited by the vulgar, and even yet survives among the credulous. That there is a species of the white thorn which blossoms about Christmas, is now so well known to naturalists as to excite very little, if any, surprise. The stories of Joseph of Arimathæa, of his staff, and his landing at Weary-all Hill, are equally absurd. There is, however, as already stated, a hill between Street and Glastonbury, called *Weary-all*. *Pumparles* is supposed to be a corruption of *Pons perilous*, that is, dangerous bridge, a bridge over the river *Brue*, near Weary-all Hill.

It may be added in defence of Glastonbury being called the *Island of Avalon*, with its *Tor Hill*, &c., that before the moors were drained and "tined in" (that is, divided into separate allotments) to the extent or completeness they now are, much of the low land about Glastonbury was, to a considerable extent, covered with water in the winter season, so as very probably to constitute it an island; indeed, within memory, many square miles of low land between Glastonbury and the sea were covered during the winter, for a time more or less long, with water.

In the latter half of the twelfth century, (writers disagree as to the year,) in digging a grave for an obscure monk in the Abbey of Glastonbury, the diggers came upon that of a stalwart man, in whose grave a yellow-haired woman lay sleeping her last sleep. Some words on the coffin of the male showed that it contained all that could die of King Arthur. Ten marks of wounds on his body were as good warrant of identity as the words. The mute companion was taken to be *Guinevera*. *Malmesbury*, before the remains were discovered, speaks of the King's burial at Glastonbury, and later writers allude to the discovery as a well-known fact. The find is suspected by some to have been a pious fraud for the greater glory of the monastery. Others think that the monks could not have forged a story that could be easily put to the proof at the very time.

Bridgewater Castle and the Battle of Sedgemoor.

Bridgewater Castle, at one time one of the strongest and most extensive in the kingdom, was built by William de Briwere in 1202. On the decease of this knight his estates were divided, and the castle, manor, and borough of Bridgewater, with the manors of Haygrove and Odcombe, fell to the eldest of his sisters, Græcia, who was married to William de Braose, lord of the manors of Brecknock, Radnor, and Abergavenny, and a great baron of his time. William, the son of this baron, was massacred by Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, leaving issue four daughters, the eldest of whom, Maud, wife of Roger Mortimer, inherited the castle and a third part of the manor of Bridgewater for her share, and bequeathed the same to William Mortimer her third son. He dying without issue, left the estate to his elder brother Edmund, Lord Mortimer, from whom it passed by inheritance to Roger, Earl of March, and through him to his successive descendants, until at last it passed by an heir female of the last Earl of March to Richard, Duke of York, and thus to the Crown. Charles I., in the second year of his reign, granted the castle and manor, with all the appurtenances attached, to Sir William Whitmore, Knight, and George Whitmore, Esq., and to their heirs. The Whitmores soon after sold the manor, castle, &c., of Bridgewater, to Henry Harvey, whose eldest son, Henry, inherited, but dying without issue bequeathed it to John Harvey, his uncle. In 1643, two years before the siege of Bridgewater by the parliamentary forces under Fairfax, the castle was held in lease of the Harveys by Edmund Wyndham, the King's governor.

At the time of the siege Bridgewater was a very large and noble structure, and the government of it in the King's name, was vested only in persons of the highest eminence and distinction. Its walls, which in most parts were fifteen feet thick, were mounted by forty guns, and all its fortifications were regular and strong. The moat was thirty feet wide and of great depth, and the castle, being situated on the banks of the Parret, at the distance of only six miles from the sea, this moat was filled with water at every tide. But neither the natural strength of its situation, the massive character of its fortifications, the completeness of its muniments, nor the gallantry with which it was defended by Col. Edmund Wyndham, who was then governor, could maintain it unscathed against the furious assault of Fairfax and his Ironsides. The town and castle were defended for a considerable time with the utmost

bravery ; but great part of the former having been fired by grenades and hot balls shot by the besiegers and much blood having been shed among the inhabitants, Colonel Wyndham deemed it judicious to surrender to Fairfax, July 22nd, 1645. In the town were taken valuable stores of ammunition, arms, cannon, jewels, plate, and goods of immense value, which had been sent thither from all the adjacent parts of the country for security ; the governor having rashly declared that the castle was impregnable against all the force that could be brought against it. The greater part of the valuables were conveyed to London and there sold. The money thus raised was sufficient for the bestowal of five shillings on each man engaged in the storming of the place. In the assault and subsequently, the castle was practically destroyed. Only the water-gate and some other fragments forming the wall of a stable remain to the present day.

The Castle connects itself with the fate of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. This rash, impolitic, and pusillanimous man has a most singular and interesting history. He was one of the natural sons (the *first*, it is supposed) of Charles II. His mother, Lucy Waters, was a Welsh girl of great beauty, but of weak understanding and dissolute manners, whom Charles had met at the Hague while wandering on the Continent. As a result of the intrigue a son was born. Upon this infant Charles lavished an overflowing fondness, which in his other relations of life did not seem to be characteristic of his cool and careless nature. The young favourite, born of a mother whom Evelyn describes as a "brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature," was taught in France the exercises considered necessary to a fine gentleman of the time, and was committed to the care of Lord Crofts, who gave him his own name. After the Restoration "Mr. James Crofts," as the youth was called, came to England and was handsomely lodged at Hampton Court and Whitehall. While still little more than a boy he was married to Anne Scott, heiress of the noble house of Buccleuch. He took her name and at the same time entered into possession of her ample domain. The fortune that is said to drive men mad before killing them now began to turn his head. Titles and substantial favours were heaped upon him. He was created Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Buccleuch, Knight of the Garter, &c., &c., as well as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Nor did he appear an object unworthy of such favour. Eminently handsome in person, gentle in temper, affable and polite in manners, he gathered gra-

dually around him a party of considerable strength. Though himself a libertine he had the Puritans on his side. His exploits in Holland, where, as commander of the English auxiliaries sent to the Continent, he performed many gallant actions, raised him to a high place in the opinion of the English people, and on his return he found himself the most popular man in the kingdom. In 1670 he was put forward as the head of the popular party, and as the rival of the Duke of York (afterwards James II.). In 1678 the rumour that the "Protestant Duke," as he was called, was indeed the King's legitimate son, and therefore the rightful heir to the throne, became universal and was generally accepted. In 1679 he was sent into Scotland to quell the rebellion there. He defeated the Scots at Bothwell Bridge; but his humanity to the wounded and to the hunted fugitives was so conspicuous, his requests for mercy to the prisoners so urgent, that they drew upon him at once the censures of the King and Lauderdale, and justified the Nonconformist party in making him their idol. He now began to dabble in treacherous schemes, participated in the Rye-house plot, and was obliged to fly to the Continent, where he remained till the death of the King. He then embarked for England, and was received with acclamations at Taunton, where he was proclaimed king under the title of James II. He marched to Bridgewater, was welcomed by the mayor and aldermen, who received him in their robes, and proclaimed him King at the high cross of the town. He took up his residence in Bridgewater Castle, while his army lay encamped on Castle Field. His force, amounting to six thousand men, was poorly armed, and he attempted to increase his army and obtain weapons by marching from place to place. Meanwhile the forces of the government were assembling fast.

Monmouth re-entered Bridgewater on the 2nd July, 1685. His forces now consisted of 2500 foot and 600 horse. The King's forces, under Lord Faversham, consisting of 2500 regular troops and of 1500 of the Wiltshire militia, now came in sight and pitched their tents, on Sunday the 5th July, on the plain of Sedgemoor. Monmouth resolved to attack them by night.

The following graphic account of "the last fight deserving the name of battle that has been fought on English ground" is from the pages of England's latest and most brilliant historian:—

Monmouth, having observed the disposition of the royal forces,

and having been apprised of the state in which they were, conceived that a night attack might be attended with success. He resolved to run the hazard, and preparations were instantly made.

It was Sunday; and his followers, who had for the most part been brought up after the Puritan fashion, passed a great part of the day in religious exercises. The Castle Field in which the enemy was encamped presented a spectacle such as, since the disbanding of Cromwell's soldiers, England had never seen. The dissenting preachers who had taken arms against Popery, and some of whom had probably fought in the great Civil War, prayed and preached in red coats and huge jack-boots, with swords by their sides. Ferguson was one of those who harangued. He took for his text the awful imprecation by which the Israelites who dwelt beyond Jordan cleared themselves from the charge ignorantly brought against them by their brethren on the other side of the river. "The Lord God of Gods, the Lord God of Gods, he knoweth; and Israel he shall know. If it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day."

That an attack was to be made under cover of the night was no secret in Bridgewater. The town was full of women who had repaired thither by hundreds from the surrounding region to see their husbands, sons, lovers, and brothers once more. There were many sad partings that day, and many parted never to meet again. The report of the intended attack came to the ears of a young girl who was zealous for the King. Though of modest character, she had the courage to resolve that she would herself bear the intelligence to Feversham. She stole out of Bridgewater and made her way to the royal camp. But that camp was not a place where female innocence could be safe. Even the officers, despising alike the irregular forces to which they were opposed, and the negligent general who commanded them, had indulged largely in wine, and were ready for any excess of licentiousness and cruelty. One of them seized the unhappy maiden, refused to listen to her errand, and brutally outraged her. She fled in agonies of rage and shame, leaving the wicked army to its doom.

The clock struck eleven, and the Duke with his body-guard rode out of the castle. He was in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass, observed, and long remembered, that his look was sad and full of evil augury. His army marched by a cir-

cutious path near six miles in length, towards the royal encampment on Sedgemoor. Part of the route is to this day called War Lane. The foot were led by Monmouth himself. The horse were confided to Grey, in spite of the remonstrances of some who remembered the mishap at Bridport. Orders were given that strict silence should be preserved, that no drum should be beaten and no shot fired. The word by which the insurgents were to recognise one another in the darkness was Soho. It had doubtless been selected in allusion to Soho Fields in London, where their leader's palace stood.

At about one on the morning of Monday, the 6th of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines (ditches or trenches), filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass. But, strange to say, the existence of a trench called the Bussex Rhine, which immediately covered the royal encampment, had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a long narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine; but the guide in the fog missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before his error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected, but in the confusion a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm. Some hastened to Weston Zoyland, where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred to the encampment of the infantry, and cried out vehemently that the enemy was at hand. The drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms, and the men got fast into their ranks. It was time, for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on till his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the King's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

"For whom are you?" called out an officer of the Foot Guards. "For the king!" replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. "For which king?" was then demanded. The answer was a shout

of "King Monmouth!" mingled with the war-cry, which forty years before had been inscribed on the colours of the Parliamentary regiments, "God with us." The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agreed to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity. Yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

A few minutes after the Duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor his infantry came up running fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine, and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three-quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues were pricking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear who had charge of the ammunition. The waggons drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition waggons. The King's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should

have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands, whom affection for him had hurried to destruction, were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left; but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt-ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them, and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards attained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of "Ammunition! for God's sake, ammunition!" But no ammunition was at hand. And now the King's artillery came up. It had been posted half a mile off, on the high road from Weston Zoyland to Bridgewater. So defective were then the appointments of an English army that there would have been much difficulty in dragging the great guns to the place where the battle was raging, had not the Bishop of Winchester offered his coach horses and traces for the purpose. This interference of a Christian prelate in a matter of blood has, with strange inconsistency, been condemned by some Whig writers, who can see nothing criminal in the conduct of the numerous Puritan ministers then in arms against the Government. Even when the guns had arrived there was such a want of gunners that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment was forced to take on himself the management of several pieces. The cannon, however, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake: the ranks broke; the King's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them; the King's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor.

Meanwhile Monmouth, accompanied by Grey and the German, Buyer, fled from the field, directing their course to the New Forest, in Hampshire, in which they hoped to lurk till conveyance to the

Continent could be procured. At Cranbourne Castle the strength of their horses failed them, and the fugitives having obtained the clothes of common rustics, proceeded thus disguised towards the New Forest on foot. But a cordon of pursuers was now around them, and was closing upon them every hour. On the morning of the seventh Grey was taken, and on the morning of the following day Buyer was taken. The German owned that he had parted from the Duke only a few hours before. "The corn and copse-wood," continues Macaulay, "were now beaten with more care than ever. At length a gaunt figure was discovered hidden in a ditch. The pursuers sprang on their prey. . . . The prisoner's dress was that of a shepherd; his beard, prematurely grey, was of several days' growth. He trembled greatly, and was unable to speak. Even those who had often seen him were at first in doubt whether this were truly the brilliant and graceful Monmouth. . . . Nothing remained but that he should prepare to meet death as became one who had thought himself not unworthy to wear the crown of William the Conqueror and of Richard the Lion-hearted, of the hero of Cressy, and of the hero of Agincourt. . . . But the fortitude of Monmouth was not that of the highest sort of fortitude which is derived from reflection and from self-respect. . . . His heart sunk within him. Life seemed worth purchasing by any humiliation; nor could his mind, always feeble, and now distracted by terror, perceive that humiliation must degrade, but could not save him."

As soon as he reached Ringwood he wrote to the King. The letter was that of a man whom a craven fear had made insensible to shame. He professed in vehement terms his remorse for his treason. He affirmed that when he promised his cousins at the Hague not to raise troubles in England, he had fully meant to keep his word. Unhappily he had afterwards been seduced from his allegiance by some horrid people who had heated his mind by calumnies, and misled him by sophistry. He begged in piteous terms that he might be admitted to the royal presence. The King resolved to see Monmouth, but resolved also to show him no mercy. "To see him and not to spare him was an outrage on humanity and decency. This outrage the King resolved to commit. The arms of the prisoner were bound behind him with a silken cord, and thus secured he was ushered into the presence of the implacable kinsman whom he had wronged."

"Then Monmouth threw himself on the ground, and crawled to

the King's feet. He wept. He tried to embrace his uncle's knees with his pinioned arms. He begged for life, only life, life at any price. He owned that he had been guilty of a great crime, but tried to throw the blame on others, particularly on Argyle, who would rather have put his legs into the boots than have saved himself by such baseness. By the ties of kindred, by the memory of the late King, who had been the best and truest of brothers, the unhappy man adjured James to show some mercy. . . . One depth of infamy alone remained; and even to that the prisoner descended. He was pre-eminently the champion of the Protestant religion. The interest of that religion had been his plea for conspiracy against the government of his father, and for bringing on his country the miseries of civil war, yet he was not ashamed to hint that he was inclined to be reconciled to the Church of Rome. The King eagerly offered him spiritual assistance, but said nothing of pardon or respite. 'Is there then no hope?' asked Monmouth. James turned away in silence. Then Monmouth strove to rally his courage, rose from his knees, and retired with a firmness which he had not shown since his overthrow."

When, on Monday night, the date appointed for his execution—the Wednesday morning following—was announced to him, he was greatly agitated. "The blood left his cheeks, and it was some time before he could speak." During the interval between this time and the fatal morning Monmouth sank into a condition of abject despair. On the scaffold he presented the executioner, John Ketch, whose name has been used generically since this period, with a sum of money. "Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russel," said he. "I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some more gold if you do the work well." He then undressed, felt the edge of the axe, expressed some fear that it was not sharp enough, and laid his head on the block.

The hangman addressed himself to his office. But he had been disconcerted by what the Duke had said. The first blow inflicted only a slight wound. The Duke struggled, rose from the block, and looked reproachfully at the executioner. The head sank down once more. The stroke was repeated again and again, but still the neck was not severed, and the body continued to move. Yells of rage and horror rose from the crowd. Ketch slung down the axe with a curse. "I cannot do it," said he, "my heart fails me." "Take up the axe, man," cried the sheriff. "Fling him over the rails," roared the mob. At length the axe was taken up. Two

more blows extinguished the last remains of life, but a knife was used to separate the head from the shoulders."

And so the revolting scene—the last scene of a frivolous and wicked drama—comes to an end.

Canyngton Priory and Fair Rosamond.

A little more than three miles from Bridgewater, on the road from that town through Nether Stowey and Williton to Dunster and Porlock, stands the pleasant village of Canyngton. One first gets a glimpse of the tall and stately tower of its parish church on surmounting the rising ground at Wembdon, from whence the eye embraces a spacious expanse of cultivated valley, backed by the lofty mass of mountain limestone known by the name of Canyngton Park, and bounded on the right by the flat banks of the Parret and on the left by the green glades of Brymore. As he approaches the village, the traveller finds that the description of Leland, who journeyed over the same road three centuries ago, is still applicable in the main to the scene before him. Canyngton is yet "a praty uplandisch towne," and our modern wayfarer, as he enters it, "passes," as did his predecessor, "over a bygge brooke that risith not far of by west yn the hilles, and passing by Canyngtun renneith into the haven of Bridgwater, a 2. miles and more by estimation lower than Bridgwater." The place, although now nothing more than a village, has an air of having once been of far greater importance. On approaching the church the eye is immediately attracted by some venerable enclosures, which surround an area of several acres, and unmistakeably suggest the ancient tenure of the spot by some religious community. The church itself is a restored specimen of Somersetshire Perpendicular, despoiled of its most interesting features. Adjacent to the north side of the chancel, which is on that side without windows, was a Priory of Benedictine Nuns. Their church, according to Leland, was "hard adnexid to the est of the Paroche Church." Very little is now to be seen of this structure. The fragments which remain of the nuns' abode consist of a part of the basement, and including two or three small internal doorways.

In the history of this ancient house both legend and reliable fact enter. As the residence of a conventual body, Canyngton Priory was neither large nor wealthy.

In the beginning of the reign of King Stephen, or about the year 1138, Robert de Curci, or Curcy, called William, but erroneously, by Collison, founded the Priory of Canyngton for a community of Benedictine Nuns. The good founder was sewer, or chief butler, to the Empress Maud ; and his name, together with those of Milo, Earl of Hereford, Robert de Oilli, and others, may be noticed among the witnesses to a charter of hers, dated at Oxford, in confirmation, to the monks of St. Martin, at Paris, of a donation by Baldwin, Earl of Devon, to that monastery, of the chapel of St. James's, Exeter. His father, Richard de Curcy, held, at the time of the Domesday survey, Neuham, Secendene, and Foxcote, in the county of Oxford. The credit of the foundation has also been given incorrectly to William de Romare, Earl of Lincoln. The heads of the family of Curcy, were, however, the constant and ordinary patrons. The House was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, but of the circumstances of the foundation or of the extent of the original endowment no record has been preserved.

Within thirty-five years after the first establishment, a personage is traditionally associated with the community, around whom a romantic interest has ever since revolved. The connexion of this personage with the place is purely legendary ; but the personage is no less celebrated than the lady usually designated "Fair Rosamond."

These particulars have been gleaned from a paper read to the Somerset Archæological Society, by the Rev. Thomas Hugo.

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