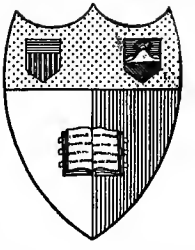

THE MARKET PLACE, AYLESBURY.

MEMORIALS

OF

OLD BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

EDITED BY

P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.,

Editor of the "Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Archæological Journal":
Hon. Secretary of the Berks Archæological Society;
Author of "English Villages," "The Story
of our Towns," "Old English Customs,"
&c.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD ROTHSCHILD,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF BUCKS,

THIS BOOK IS

DEDICATED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S KIND PERMISSION.

PREFACE.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE has many charms for the Antiquary and the Historian. Few other counties contain more historic seats, or can boast of a longer list of distinguished sons who have left their mark on the pages of our country's annals. Statesmen, poets, patriots, heroes of the sword and of the pen, have made their home amid the hills and dales of this delightful county; and many great events in the history of England have taken place upon its soil. It has been the aim of the authors of these "Memorials" to record the chief objects of interest connected with the county, although they are conscious that they have by no means exhausted the rich stores of historical treasure which Buckinghamshire affords. The Editor desires to express his gratitude to the writers who have so kindly co-operated with him in the preparation of this volume. One gentleman, the representative of one of the oldest families in Buckinghamshire, the Rev. Randolph Pigott, has been called away from earth since his brief chapters on the history of the county which he loved were written. His last composition will have a pathetic interest for his many friends. To the other authors who have contributed to this volume the Editor begs to offer his most grateful thanks, and he trusts that their labours will meet with the approbation of all who reverence antiquity and love the traditions and historical associations of Old Buckinghamshire.

P. H. D.

Barkham Rectory,
November, 1901.

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HISTORIC BUCKS.

By THE EDITOR.

DERIVATIONS are often deceptive, and Camden's theory that the name of the county is derived from the Saxon *Boc*, *Bucken*, *Boccen*, or *Buccen*, signifying beech-trees, is certainly doubtful. Spelman's conjecture that *Buccen* has reference to the bucks, or deer, is equally open to objection; and Lyson's idea that the name is derived from *Boc* or *Bock*, signifying book or charter, and that "Bucking" means Charter-meadow, and "ham" a home or mansion, is quite untenable. The syllable *ing* is certainly a patronymic; *Bock*, or *Buck*, was evidently the name of some Saxon chieftain, who, with his children, freedmen and neighbours, formed a clan and settled at Buckingham, which thus became "the homestead of the family of Bock," and from which ultimately the shire took its name.*

But many things had happened in this part of England before Bock came with his Saxon followers. In British times it was occupied by the powerful tribe of the Catyeuchlani, or Cattuellani, whose neighbours, the Dobuni, in Oxfordshire, they had brought under subjection. Their territory included, besides Buckinghamshire, the shires of Bedford, Hertford, and Huntingdon. One of their chief towns was Urolanium, or Verulam, near St. Albans, and Cassivallaunus, who so bravely withstood the Roman

* A tribe called the Bucinobantes, or Bucci, dwelt on the Rhine. They probably landed near Yarmouth, where there is a place called Buckenham. Thence they travelled inland, and eventually found their resting-place in the county which now bears their name.

legions, was probably their chieftain. Roman writers themselves bear witness to the skill and daring of this great leader, who formed plans of operations, contrived stratagems and surprises which would have done honour to the greatest captains of Greece and Rome. At length, deserted by his neighbouring chiefs, defeated at his stronghold of Urolanium, he was forced to make terms with the conqueror Cæsar, who not very reluctantly withdrew with his army to Gaul. Legendary history relates that the great battle between the Britons, led by the two sons of Kymbeline, and the Romans under Claudius, was fought on the Chilterns at Great Kimble, when Guiderius, the elder of the brothers, was slain. Geoffrey of Monmouth has much to say concerning this battle, but as his account is mythical, we need not stay to consider it. The British camp, called Kimble, or Kunobeline's Castle, remains near Ellesborough, and Fancy may people it with kings and courtiers surrounded with the splendour of "barbaric pearl and gold," and associate it with the joys and sorrows of the fair Imogen. There is also a British camp at Cholesbury, and also at West Wycombe, Hawridge, Burnham, and other places. Hundreds of coins of Cunobeline or Cymbeline were found at Whaddon Chase.

The most important of the British remains in the county is Grim's Dike, which consists of a rampart of earth and a ditch, and extends from Verulam (St. Albans), in Hertfordshire, crossing part of the Chiltern Hills, entering Bucks near Aston Clinton, crossing the Iknield-way, near Wendover, until it enters Berks near Cookham. This vast earthwork was probably made by the Celts as a great tribal boundary, possibly as a defence against the Belgæ. It is mentioned in the records of Ashridge monastery (*temp.* Henry III.), in the description of a road which is said to pass *ad quoddam fossatum quod dicitur Grimes-dich.* The name was given to it by the Saxons, who, on beholding this stupendous earthwork, attributed its construction to the agency of the Devil or Grim. The Port-way, near

Stone, and proceeding to Aylesbury and Thame, is an old British road, and also the famous Iknield Street, or road of the Iceni, which extends from the Norfolk coast to Cornwall, passing through Bucks, through Edlesborough, Tring, Drayton-Beauchamp, Wendover, Great Kimble, Culverton, and enters Oxfordshire near Chinnor. Along this road doubtless travelled the brave Queen of the Iceni, Boadicea, and her warriors, to attack the Romans, and avenge her nation's wrongs. Akeman Street also went through the county, passing through Stony Stratford and Buckingham, and thence to Newport and Bedford. Watling Street is still preserved in the road from Brickhill to Stony Stratford.

Roman remains are very plentiful in the county, and mark well the footsteps of the conquerors. They included the county in the province of Flavia Cæsariensis. There was a Roman camp at Stony Stratford, on the Watling Street, and an urn filled with the coins of Carausius and Alectus was dug up at Steeple Claydon. At High Wycombe a beautifully tesselated pavement was found, which was about four feet square, having the figure of a wild beast in the centre, with borders curiously ornamented. Coins of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius have also been discovered there, and also at Turville, with pottery and many other relics. Fenny Stratford, the ancient Magiovintum, was the only Roman station, and lies on the road which extended from Verulam (St. Albans) to Lactodorum (Towcester). Here many coins, buildings, and other Roman relics, have been discovered. There was also a Roman camp at Brill, and along the course of the Roman road spear heads and other traces of the conquerors have been found. In fact, evidences of the Roman occupation are to be found everywhere—Mentmore, Kimble, Ashendon, Snelshall, Ellesborough, Aston Clinton, Monks Risborough, Princes Risborough, Whaddon, Wing, and numerous other places—evidently showing that the Romans appreciated the beauties of the Vale of Aylesbury,

and loved to plant their villas replete with the treasures of art and luxury.

Of the coming of the Saxons we have many evidences. The West Saxons, under Cerdic and Cynric, landed on the coast of Hampshire in 495, and marched inland, pillaging and ravaging as they went. Their progress was checked at Mount Badon by the Britons. For thirty years the tide of conquest was stayed; then Cynric advanced his warriors and carried all before him. The vales of Berkshire and Surrey were overrun. Perhaps it was at Chearsley that Cynric fought against the Britons of Bucks and overcame them, slaying both small and great, leaving not a single soul alive, as Ethelwerd wrote in his chronicle. However, it was not till 571 that the West Saxons, under King Cuthwulf, made themselves masters of the districts which now form Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire, crushing the League of the Four Towns, Eynsham, Bensington, Aylesbury, and Lenborough, and including them in the kingdom of Wessex. They established themselves in the conquered country, planting their settlements, cultivating their fields, calling their lands after their own names. Nearly all the names of the towns and villages are Saxon.

But the West Saxons had other enemies besides the Britons. There was the great Mercian kingdom, which bounded Wessex on the north, and Oxfordshire and Bucks often changed possessors. Penda, King of Mercia, often fought with Kynegil, King of Wessex, until at length they grew weary of fighting and made peace. Then came St. Berinus bringing the message of peace to the savage Saxons, baptized Kynegil at Dorchester, where he fixed his episcopal See, and extended his pastoral care to the region of Bucks and Mercia. Buckinghamshire has its saints. There was St. Rumbald, son of the King of Northumbria by a daughter of Penda, born at King's Sutton, Oxfordshire, who lived only three days, yet preached to the people at Brackley, and was finally buried at Buckingham, where a shrine was erected, to which great

resort was made by pilgrims. There was also St. Osyth, who, according to Wynkyn de Worde, was born at Quarrendon, being the daughter of Frithwald, the first Christian king of the East Angles, and of Wilburga, his wife, who was the daughter of the Pagan Penda, King of Mercia. She was entrusted to the care of St. Modwen, at Polesworth. One day she was sent by her aunt St. Eaditha with a book to St. Modwen, and fell into the river, and was drowned. After being in the water three days, the legend states that she was restored to life by the prayers of St. Modwen. St. Osyth was betrothed to Sighere, King of Wessex, and on the day of her marriage took the veil, lived a life of sanctity, and became Abbess of Chich, in Essex. Two Danish pirates, Inguar and Hubba, cut off her head, and she was buried at Aylesbury. Prayers for deliverance from danger were often addressed to her, and she was commonly known as St. Sythe. Quarrendon also gave birth to two other saints—the aunts of St. Osyth, St. Eaditha, Abbess of Polesworth, and St. Edburg, who gave her name to Adderbury and Ellesborough. They were both buried at Aylesbury, the Ægilsbury of the Saxons, which derives its name from "Eglwys"—signifying a church.

King Offa of Mercia had a palace at Winslow, and held his court there. Moved by devotion to Almighty God, he determined to found a monastery, and directed by heavenly guidance, he gave his royal manor of Winslow to his newly founded abbey of St. Albans.

It is unnecessary to record how the strife went on between the kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex, and how often the district changed hands, until at length Egbert, the West Saxon king, established his rule over the whole country. But peace did not last long. The Danes began to harass the district with many invasions. The great Whiteleaf cross and the cross at Bledlow bear witness to the fights when Edward the Elder defeated the ravaging Danes at the battle of the bloody hill, and cut out the

crosses on the chalk hill to commemorate his victories. He built also two forts in the year 918, at Buckingham, on each side of the river, to repel the Danish incursions, and, moreover, dictated his own terms of peace to the Danish chieftain, Turketil. But they soon returned to the attack, and ravaged Buckingham, plundered the villages, drove away the cattle, and killed many inhabitants between Aylesbury and Bernwood forest. Again, in 941, they came, and in 1010, when, having plundered the adjacent country, they retreated thither to secure their stores of treasure. Three years later, Sweyn marched along Watling Street, and allowed his soldiers to plunder the country, burn the villages, deface the churches, and ill-use and slay the people. Peace was at length concluded at Oxford between the two nations, and the land had rest, Bucks being included in the Danelagh, or Danish district. The county has several evidences of their residence in the Danish camps which abound.

Edward the Confessor built a noted palace for himself at Brill, where he used frequently to retire to enjoy the pleasure of hunting in Bernwood Forest. The fame of the "miracle-worker" was greatly increased by his restoring the sight of one Wulwyn, surnamed Spillicorn, who had been blind seventeen years, and whose eyes were opened by the royal touch. He became keeper of the king's houses. The forest wherein he used to hunt was infested by a wild boar, which was at last slain by a huntsman named Nigel, whom the king rewarded for his service with a grant of some lands to be held by horn-tenure. On this land Nigel built a large manor-house, called Bore-stall, in memory of the event through which he obtained possession. The horn is still in existence, and is of a dark brown colour, the ends being tipped with silver, and fitted with wreaths of leather to hang round the neck.

Edith, the queen of Edward the Confessor, held the manor of High Wycombe, which was famous for two miracles wrought by St. Wulstan, and recorded by William

of Malmesbury. By virtue of his sanctity a ruinous house refused to fall until the saint, with his horses and baggage, had removed from the perilous building. Six years later, he healed, by means of a piece of gold pierced with the head of the Holy Lance, a poor maidservant who was afflicted with a horrible disease, which caused her head to swell and her tongue to be enlarged to the size of that of an ox. Ulfric, the holy Anchorite, lived at Aylesbury in a cell near the church, and was renowned for his piety, devotion, and extreme abstinence. He was buried in his oratory at Aylesbury, "in which place, to the praise of God and glory of the saint, innumerable miracles are performed to this day," as Matthew Paris declared in 1250.

The coming of the Normans was sorely felt by the Saxon thanes of Bucks, and very few retained their ancestral homes. Wigod, the lord of Wallingford, whose daughter was married to Robert d'Oily, was one of them, but Odo Bishop of Bayeux, Geoffrey Bishop of Constance, Milo Crispin, Walter Giffard, William FitzAnsculf, Geoffrey de Mandeville, and many others, received grants of the fair lands of the conquered, who were reduced to the position of tenants or banished from their homes. Aylesbury was a royal manor, and the king gave certain grants of land on the condition that the owners should provide litter for the king's bed whenever he should come thither. The Palace of Edward the Confessor at Brill was used by his Norman successors. Henry II. kept his court here in 1160, when Thomas à Becket attended him as Chancellor, and witnessed the granting of a charter of free warren to Robert Bishop of Lincoln, of lands in Banbury. King John kept Christmas here in 1205. He spent a less pleasant time in the county on the little island opposite Runnymede, called Magna Charta Island, where he was forced to sign the charter of English freedom. The spot, so famous in history, is in the parish of Wraysbury, and is now connected with the Bucks bank of the Thames.

During the Norman period many fine churches and

monasteries were founded. The noble churches of Stewkley, Upton, Wing, Dinton, Hughenden, and Water Stratford, all contain Norman work. Of the monasteries, Notley was the most important. It was founded about the year 1162, by Walter Giffard, second Earl of Buckingham, for monks of a reformed branch of the Augustine order established at Arras. The abbey was richly endowed by many benefactors, and Osbert was the first abbot. The last was Richard Ridge, who, in 1537, subscribed to the king's supremacy, and surrendered his abbey to Henry VIII., receiving a pension of £100 per annum. Medmenham Abbey was a Cistercian monastery, founded in 1200; John Talbot was the last abbot, in 1536, when it was annexed to Bisham. It was subordinate to the greater abbey of Woburn. In 1265, Richard, King of the Romans, founded an abbey of Benedictine nuns at Burnham. Alice Baldwin, the last abbess, yielded her house to the king, and, together with the nuns, was recommended to the king's favour on account of her readiness to yield to his measures. Bradwell Priory was founded by Manfelin, lord of Wolverton, in 1155, as a Benedictine Priory. It was dissolved by Papal Bull in 1526, and bestowed upon Cardinal Wolsey, and assigned by him for the endowment of his new college at Oxford. Another Augustinian Priory was founded at Missenden by the D'Oyleys, and richly endowed by the Missenden family in consequence of a vow made upon escaping shipwreck. It shared the fate of the other houses, and the abbot was conformable and received a pension. At Chetwode there was a small house, which was subsequently united with Notley; at Ankerwycke, a small Benedictine nunnery founded in the time of Henry II.; and at Bitlesden a Cistercian abbey founded in 1147.

The college of Bonhommes at Ashridge was founded in the reign of Henry III., by his brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and king of the Romans, who brought back from Germany a portion of the supposed blood of our Blessed

Saviour, and thus caused his foundation to be held in great reverence. There was great resort of pilgrims to Ashridge, to the great advantage of the brethren. Luffield Priory has entirely disappeared. It was founded by charter of Henry I., and suppressed by Pope Alexander VI. in 1491, being annexed to Westminster. A nunnery existed at Ivanhoe, founded by Bishop Giffard in 1129, and also at Little Marlow. A Priory of the Order of Canons Regular of St. Augustine existed at Ravenstone, founded by Henry III., which was given up to Cardinal Wolsey. Lavendon possessed an Abbey of Premonstratensian monks, founded by John de Bidun in the reign of Henry II., and Tickford, near Newport Pagnell, had a Priory of Cluniac monks, or Black Canons, founded by Fulk Paganell in the reign of William Rufus. This house had a varied history, but shared the fate of the lesser monasteries in 1525. Snelshall had a Benedictine Priory; Newton Longueville a Cluniac House. The Grey Friars were established at Aylesbury, and the Knight Hospitallers at Hogshaw. The monastic houses at North Crawley and Gore were destroyed at an early date. There were hospitals established at Ludgershall, Buckingham, Aylesbury, High Wycombe, Stony Stratford, and Newport Pagnell. This is believed to be a complete list of all the monastic institutions in the county.

The castles built by the Norman lords to overawe their English subjects do not seem to have been very numerous, and have almost entirely disappeared. There was a castle at Buckingham built by Walter Giffard, the first Norman Earl of Buckingham, who also held the castle of Long Crendon. "Castle-mead," at Newport Pagnell, is the only relic of the old castle built in the time of Henry I., of which the remains were destroyed in the time of the Civil War. It was the residence of John de Somerie, who married the last of the Paganells. At Whitchurch formerly stood Bolebec Castle, the ancient house of the family of that name, which has also entirely vanished. Hanslope

Castle, at Castlethorpe, was a strong fortress belonging to the Maudiuts, which was held for some time against King John. Fawkes de Breauté, the king's favourite general, at length captured the castle and demolished it. There was also a castle at Lavendon, which existed in 1232, for there is a record in the Registry of the Bishop of Lincoln of the obligation of the Abbot of Lavendon to supply a chaplain to officiate in the Chapel of St. Mary, in Lavendon Castle.

During the period of the miserable misrule of Henry III., and the ascendancy of the royal foreign favourites, there was much confusion and many contentions. Court retainers and foreign soldiers pillaged our English lands, and Bucks was not spared. One Richard Sward and other foreigners laid waste the lands of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, at Brill, and burnt the houses.

An early Parliament was held by Edward I. in the county in the year 1291, being assembled at the college of Bonhommes, at Ashridge, in which were great debates respecting the origin and use of fines and their necessity. The same king kept Christmas here in 1290, and remained five weeks, grieving greatly the good people of Dunstable, who were compelled to provide provisions for the monarch and his court. The mournful procession which accompanied the body of his beloved queen, Eleanor, to Westminster rested at Stony Stratford, and there was erected one of the beautiful Eleanor crosses, which fell a victim to Puritan iconoclasm in 1646. Tradition associates the name of Princes Risborough with that of Edward, the Black Prince, who is said to have had a palace there, but of this I can find no trustworthy evidence. He had, however, a neighbour at Hampden, whose descendant, John, in the days of Charles I., was evidently cast in the same mould, and revered not kings nor princes. Of him it was said:—

> "Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,
> Three churches all in a row,
> These manors Hampden did forego,
> For striking the Black Prince a blow,
> And glad he did escape so."

Chenies was also a Royal Palace in the reign of Edward I.

We have noticed that Buckinghamshire formed part of the large diocese of Lincoln, extending from the Thames to the Humber, and the bishops of that See had numerous palaces in the vast area over which they ruled. One of these episcopal palaces was at Fingest, where a noted bishop, Henry de Burghersh, Chancellor of England, who lived in the middle of the fourteenth century, used to come; and seeking to enlarge his park encroached upon the village common. After his death this deed sorely troubled the bishop's rest, and caused his ghost to walk, until at length the cause of his trouble was explained to the canons of Lincoln, who restored the common to the Fingest villagers. There was another episcopal palace at Wooburn, which contained an uncomfortable chamber called Little-Ease, for the imprisonment of heretics. Foxe, in his "Book of Martyrs," states that in this room Thomas Chase, of Amersham, was barbarously butchered by strangling, in 1506, and was afterwards buried in Norland Wood, between Wooburn and Little Marlow.

Lollardism found a congenial soil in the county, and was doubtless strengthened at its commencement by the presence of John Wycliffe, the great Pre-Reformation reformer, who was Vicar of Ludgershall. Several Lollards suffered death at Amersham, the Smithfield of Bucks, in the year 1413.

The great educational movement and desire for learning which became manifest in the fifteenth century influenced Buckinghamshire, and caused the foundation of Eton. Fuller wrote:—"It was high time some school should be founded, considering how low grammar-learning then ran in the land." Its royal founder was Henry VI., but William of Waynflete, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, was the true originator of the great college, of which he was the first headmaster. He based the statutes on those of Winchester, which formerly he ruled. The old buildings

were begun in 1441, and finished in 1523, the tower and gateway being built by Provost Lupton, who lies buried in the chapel in a small chantry. His rebus, "Lup," over a tun, appears over the door. Much of English history is connected with Eton, where many of our most illustrious men laid the foundations of their great career, but of these and of the many distinguished provosts, not unknown to history, we cannot now speak particularly.

When the royal founder of Eton was being conducted to the tower, his youthful successor, Edward IV., was smitten with the charms of Dame Elizabeth Woodville, or Grey, the widow of a slain Lancastrian. Tradition states that the lovers first met near Stony Stratford, where the "Queen's Oak" still stands. There also the avowed enemy of the Woodvilles, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, seized the young King Edward V. and his brother, with several of his supporters, and conveyed them to the Tower.

During the troublous times of the Reformation there were several martyrdoms in Bucks, and Amersham was the great centre of the reformers. One William Tylesworth was burnt there in 1506, and a few years later John Scrivener suffered a like fate. A peculiar barbarity was added to these proceedings by the compulsion of the children of the sufferers to light the fire. Perhaps the cruelty of these proceedings was the cause of that deep-seated Puritanism which characterised the Bucks people, and made the county the stronghold of the anti-royalist party in the great struggle of the following century.

As we have seen, all the monastic houses were plundered and destroyed during the time of the Great Pillage, and the monks and nuns turned adrift. We find Dr. London, the iniquitous agent of the king, very busy in these parts, suppressing monasteries, turning out the poor dwellers, and collecting a vast store of relics, silver and gold vessels and ornaments and other valuables. He writes from Reading, in 1538:—"I have occasion for my colledg

besynes to go by Aylisbery and Bedford thys next week, and as I suppose by Northampton. In all thees places be howsys of ffryers. If it be my lordes pleasur I will dispache them quyckly, ffor seying they wold fayne be abrode yt were pytie to stay them. And in dyvers of thees howsys moche ydolytrie have been usyd, and the people sore abuysd." It must have been a "sight gude for sore eyne" for the dispossessed and persecuted monks to have seen Dr. London, in the hour of his disgrace, riding on an ass, facing its tail, with his feet tied beneath the animal, the object of derision and ill-usage all the way from Oxford to Reading.

We find John Knox preaching in the Amersham pulpit on the eve of the return of the Papal power, "warning the faithful in England against the approaching retribution for the giddy ways of the past years." At this time the Princess Elizabeth was residing at Ashridge, in the deserted college of the Bonhommes, and here she was seized and conveyed to the Tower, on account of her supposed connection with the conspiracy of Sir Thomas Wyatt. She pleaded illness, and declared that she could not leave her bed; but the soldiers were relentless, and carried her off in a litter. When she came to the throne she frequently came to Bucks during her royal progress, and stayed at Whaddon, Wooburn and Quarrendon.

Quarrendon was the scene of many knightly tournaments. Sir Henry Lee, the lord of that place, during the queen's first visit, held a tournament on the anniversary of her accession, and on appearing in the lists made a vow of chivalry that he would maintain the honour, beauty, and worth of his royal mistress against all comers every year. Following his example, a society of Knights-Tilters was formed, and held a tournament every year, with much pomp and rejoicing. When Sir Henry Lee could no longer fill with dignity the office of queen's champion, on account of the infirmities of age, he resigned his post with much courtly ceremonial to the Earl of Cumberland, in the tilt-yard at Quarrendon, while choirs sang verses, and vestal

virgins handed gifts to the queen, and the old days of chivalry seemed to have returned.

One of the victims of Elizabeth's jealousy was her cousin, Lady Mary Grey, who was imprisoned for a long period at Chequers Court for venturing to marry Thomas Keys.

The Gunpowder Plot is connected with the county by the person of Sir Everard Digby, who owned the manor of Gayhurst. He would certainly have forfeited his property to the Crown, had he not, with great precaution, settled his estates on his infant son, afterwards Sir Kenelm Digby, who was famous for his fight against the Venetians, and his philosophical writings. At Gayhurst Sir Everard frequently entertained Guy Fawkes and the leaders of the conspiracy, who used to assemble in the attic, where was an oratory, and devise their plots. Sir Everard, though not an actual actor in the conspiracy, contributed largely to the expenses, and was taken in open rebellion, and hung, drawn, and quartered in 1606.

Buckinghamshire played a distinguished part in the Parliamentary wars, and was consistent in its opposition to the Royalists. The first notes of the coming strife were sounded by a Bucks squire, John Hampden, who resisted so stoutly the payment of ship-money. So popular was he amongst the farmers and gentry, that when it was proposed to arrest him they organised a demonstration before the king at Hampton Court, and vowed to protect him. When hostilities commenced he was the first to organise the militia. But a bullet at Chalgrove Field ended his career, and deprived the Parliamentarians of one of their ablest supporters.

The history of the Civil War in Bucks tells us of a few great fights. It was one of the first counties to form an association for mutual defence on the side of the Parliament. The king had a garrison at Brill, which Hampden attacked in vain in 1642. Aylesbury was the chief garrison of the Parliament, and Oxford the headquarters of the king; early in 1643 the Royalists agreed not to come

nearer to Aylesbury than Brill, while the Parliamentarians promised not to approach Oxford nearer than Aylesbury. Newport Pagnell was garrisoned for the king, but when threatened by Essex, Sir Lewis Dyve abandoned the town. Brill was also deserted by the King's troops. Prince Rupert endeavoured to stem the tide of reverses by attacking High Wycombe, but without avail, and Aylesbury continued to be the rendezvous of the army of the Parliament, where Essex took up his quarters for some time, and was engaged in watching the king at Oxford. In 1644, the tide of battle flowed in favour of the king's foes, and Marston Moor was the death-blow of the Royalists in the north. In Bucks, however, the king enjoyed a series of brilliant and unexpected successes. He defeated Waller at Cropredy Bridge, fixed his quarters at Buckingham, and Boarstall House was garrisoned for the king, and though evacuated and taken by the Parliamentary army, was gallantly re-captured by Colonel Gage. Greenland House also endured a severe siege, and ultimately surrendered to General Browne. The bravery of some of the Royalists was remarkable; and the gallant defence of Boarstall House, like that of Donnington Castle, in Berks, and of Basing House, is one of the brightest incidents in the Civil War. For two years the faithful garrison held on, besieged by Skippon and Fairfax and all the forces of the Parliament; though fighting for a falling cause, dispirited by the news of Naseby and other reverses, they defended their shot-ridden walls, and only when their king had yielded himself to his foes did they surrender, having earned the respect of friends and foes alike. The fall of Boarstall was the end of the struggle in Buckinghamshire.

The county continued to follow the fortunes of the Parliament, and was wonderfully "kept in awe" (as a Royalist rector observed) by the presence of Roundhead leaders and their relations, and "became exceedingly zealous and very fanatical." One gallant Bucks Royalist, Sir Edmund

Verney of Claydon, standard-bearer of Charles I., had laid down his life for his sovereign at Edgehill, "and almost in sight of his home and all he cared for, this good, brave man passed away, while his body was buried among the host of unnamed dead who had spilt their blood fruitlessly in that dismal quarrel."

Before his flight to the continent Charles II. found a refuge at Latimer House, where he was entertained by the Countess of Devonshire. Most of the gentry of Buckinghamshire, being of Parliamentary tendencies, securely kept their seats during the Commonwealth period, and very few were dispossessed at the Restoration. Some of the regicides retired here to end their days, amongst whom may be mentioned Thomas Scott, at one time member for Aylesbury; Simon Mayne, of Dinton; and a curious creature named Bigg, whom popular tradition declared to have been the actual executioner of Charles I. Buckinghamshire must have contained a very large number of regicides, as at least thirty of the men who were concerned with the king's trial and death were connected with families belonging to the county.

John Hampden, the grandson of the patriot, was one of the conspirators connected with the Rye House Plot, and narrowly escaped the fate of Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney. He was tried by Judge Jeffreys, found guilty, kept a long time in prison, and fined £40,000. After his liberation he joined the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, was tried for treason, but on pleading guilty was pardoned. He promoted the accession of William III. to the English throne, but ultimately became melancholy mad, and committed suicide in 1696.

In more recent times Hartwell became famous as the residence of the exiled Louis XVIII., who, with his queen and court, there found a refuge from his turbulent subjects. There his queen died. Many of the beech trees in the grounds still bear traces of French mottoes carved in their bark by the royal exiles, and the house contains many mementos of their sojourn.

The stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds is associated with many events in the history of our Parliamentary annals, in connection with the retirement of members. The duties of the office originally were to protect travellers and inhabitants of the district from the lawless bands of robbers who roamed the wild hills. Though the thieves have gone the office remains, and is bestowed upon members of Parliament who wish to resign their seats, which they can only do by the occupation of some Crown office. The Chilterns are, therefore, associated with the closing scenes of many an honourable career.

No other events of historical interest have taken place on Bucks soil; but the county has been remarkable on account of the very large number of literary men, distinguished statesmen, poets, and men of letters, who have made it their home, sojourned in its beautiful country seats, and made them famous by their writings. In another chapter on "Literary Bucks," many of these illustrious names will be noted, and we will not repeat them now. Few counties can rival Buckinghamshire in literary pre-eminence. Statesmen like Edmund Burke and Lord Beaconsfield have loved to live in its secluded vales, and make their homes in this delightful county. Bucks can boast of no great towns, no thriving centres of industry and enterprise. But it has been connected, as we have seen, with many of the chief events in English history; it can boast of many noble and illustrious families, some few of whom have retained their seats since the Norman Conquest, through all the vicissitudes which time has caused; and in the spheres of literature and statesmanship Buckinghamshire may ever be proud of its many great and distinguished sons.

MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

By Mrs. Emily J. Climenson.

ON the Buckinghamshire bank of the river Thames, some four and a half miles from Henley-on-Thames, stands the remains of the Cistercian Abbey called Medmenham, alike famous for its reminiscences of a pious foundation, dated from a very early period, and infamous from the more recent pranks of the sham monks of St. Francis, *alias* the "Hell Fire Club," who travestied the life and habit of their pious predecessors.

The first information we gain of Medmenham is this: Hugh de Bolebec, son of Osberne de Bolebec, and near relation of William the Conqueror, accompanied that monarch on his invasion of England; amongst the many manors bestowed on him by the Conqueror was Medmenham; here, on a height commanding magnificent views of the river and surrounding country, De Bolebec built a castle, which, judging from the remaining earthworks and their large circumference, must have been a mighty stronghold. The remains of the earthworks can be traced in the wood that hangs over the present high road to Marlow, on the left-hand side, between the high road and States Farm, and must not be confounded with the ancient camp and horse-shoe fosses of the Danes in Danesfield hard by.

MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

The account of Medmenham in Domesday translated is as follows:—"Hugh de Bolebec holds Medmenham, and is taxed for ten hides. There is ten carrucates; in demesne four hides; and there are two plough lands, and ten villeins, with eight copyholders having eight ploughs. There are four servants, a fishery of 1,000 eels, pasture for all the plough teams, wood for 50 hogs. For all dues it is worth a hundred shillings; in the reign of the Confessor eight pounds. Westan, a thane of that monarch, held this manor, and could sell it to whom he pleased. The same Hugh holds Broch for one hide. There is one plough land, for which there is a plough with a villein, and two copyholders. It was always worth 10 shillings. Odo, a tenant of Brietric's, held this land, and could sell it." Altogether Hugh de Bolebec owned thirteen lordships. He had two sons, Hugh and Walter. Hugh de Bolebec the second founded the Abbey of Woburn, in Bedfordshire, for Cistercian monks, A.D. 1145. He gave Medmenham to be a cell to that abbey, but as Medmenham Abbey was not finally built till January the 3rd, 1200, in the second year of King John, and after Hugh's death, it has probably given rise to the erroneous opinion that Walter, his brother and successor, had been the original donor. In a MS. in the Ashmolean collection, Hugh de Bolebec is mentioned as being present at and attesting the endowment of Notley Abbey, Oxon, the gift of his relations, Walter Giffard and his wife, Ermingard, Earl and Countess of Buckingham, in A.D. 1164, and he probably died soon after. He was much beloved and venerated, we are told, by the religious orders. His brother Walter appears to have been an equal benefactor to the Church, and piously carried out his brother's wishes in building the abbey at Medmenham; he also founded an abbey for the Premonstratensian order at Blanch Landa (*alias* Blanchlands), Northumberland, dedicated to Saint Mary. He had no son, but a daughter, who married Robert de Vere, afterwards Earl of Oxford.

The Abbey of Medmenham was dedicated to St. Mary. The Cistercian order took their name from Citeaux, a village in the Diocese of Chalons, founded by Robert, abbot of Molesme, in Burgundy, where he endeavoured to revive the decaying discipline of the rule of Saint Benedict. St. Bernard, visiting Citeaux with some thirty companions, enrolled themselves as monks of the order, and supported the strict discipline enjoined by Robert; the order grew and flourished, and by the end of the twelfth century it was propagated throughout Europe. In France and Germany they were frequently called Bernardines, from the fact of Saint Bernard being considered their second founder. Their rule, described by Steevens in his "History of the Monasteries," was very strict; "they neither wear skins nor shirts, nor ever eat fish nor eggs, nor milk, nor cheese, but only upon extraordinary occasions, and when given to them in charity. Their lay brothers, who live in the country round about the abbey, drink no wine. All the brothers, both lay and ecclesiastical, lie only on straw beds, in their tunics and cowls; they rise at midnight, and spend the rest of the night, till break of day, in singing God's praises; and having sung Prime and Mass, and confessed their faults to the chapter, they spend the rest of the day in labour, reading, or prayer, without ever giving way to sloth or idleness, and in all those exercises they maintain strict and continual silence, excepting during the hour which is allowed them for spiritual conference. Their fasts are continual, from the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross till Easter; and they exercise hospitality towards 'the poor with extraordinary charity.'" The rule of eating no fish must in time have been relaxed, as at Bindon Abbey (Dorset), a Cistercian foundation, are a number of well-preserved fish ponds and stews in the precincts; and at Medmenham there exists a chain of ponds, now much filled with watercress, adjoining the high road, which doubtless were originally the monks' reservoirs for fish; but

as, before inns were established, it was the custom for the nobles and their retinue to stay at the monasteries when travelling, perhaps the fish was applied to the relief of *their* appetites, instead of that of the poor monks! The habit of the Cistercians was a white or grey frock or cassock, and when beyond the walls of the monastery a black cloak was worn over it. Very picturesque must the white habits of the monks have appeared amongst the green trees and by the blue river water. As the abbey was a cell attached to Woburn and subordinate to its government, the list of abbots is very imperfect; these, however, are known:—

Roger, in 1256;
Peter, September 11th, 1295;
John de Medmenham, 1308;
After a long gap,
Richard, 1521; John Talbot, last abbot, 1536;

when the abbey, being much reduced in funds, besought to be annexed to Bisham Abbey, on the other side of the river, in Berkshire, an Augustine foundation. There was then only one monk, named Guy Strenshill, besides the abbot, in the monastery; and the Commissioners (*temp.* Henry VIII.) sent to enquire into its revenues stated, "its clere value is £20 6s. 2d., monks there two, and both desyren to go to houses of religion; servants none, bells, etc., worth £2 6s. 8d., the house wholly in ruin. the value of the moveable goods, £1 3s. 8d.; wood none, debts none." The latter item speaks well for the monks, who must have been in abject poverty. The advowson of the parish church was in the gift of the abbots of Medmenham. The abbot was also Epistolar of the Order of the Garter at Windsor before the Reformation; his office was to read the Epistle in the Communion Service at the Feast of Saint George.

After the suppression of Bisham Abbey, June the 30th, 1539, the lands of the monastery were granted to a certain Richard Mone and others. After this it came to

the family of Duffield, and James Duffield presented to the living in 1563. The estate remained in the Duffield family till 1779, was then purchased by John Morton, Esq., Chief Justice of Chester, and was sold by his widow to Robert Scott, Esq., in 1786, together with Danesfield.

The description of the ruins of the abbey, in 1718, by Browne Willis, is as follows:—"The abbey house seems, in most part of it, to have been built since the dissolution, as doth the chapel at the end of the wings. There is no painted glass or arms remaining in it. In the chapel, which is a low tiled building paved with ordinary brick, lie some marble carvings, being representations of our Saviour. These arms are in the chapel: Argent, a cross gules, being the arms of St. George at Windsor. They can give very little or no account of the abbey, and no more is remembered to be standing than what now remains, which is part of the north aisle. The church probably consisted of a body and two side aisles and a chancel, and had a tower at the west end. It seems to have been a neat, stately building, well wrought with ashlar work, for the four pillars remaining are very handsomely wrought, and the windows are high and spacious. The length of the part of the north aisle standing is sixteen yards, the breadth four yards. The seal of the abbey was the effigies of the blessed Virgin crowned, sitting on a splendid throne; in her bosom the venerable infant. The only impression remaining is that of John, 1308, which is a neat oval seal, with this inscription at the edge, 'S'Fris Johis' Mendham.' "*

Since this description, by 1797, the chapel had disappeared, only one pillar of the north aisle remains, this, together with some parts at the back of the main building, are all that can claim to be original; the present tower and cloisters have all been added on to the building. Within the cloisters is a large room fitted up with coloured glass,

* This John was made Abbot of Chertsey in 1261. The seal is in the British Museum.

arms, etc., which probably was built by the sham monks, of whose doings I must now give a *mitigated* account.

About the middle of the last century Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despencer, formed a club or fraternity of his own familiar associates, calling themselves the Franciscan Order, from the Christian name of their leader, taking for their motto, "Fay ce que voudras," or "do as you like," still to be seen inscribed over a square ancient doorway behind the sham tower of the abbey, facing towards the east. The names of the principal members of this reckless community were—The Principal, Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despencer; the Earl of Sandwich, Hon. Bubb Doddington; Charles Churchill, Paul Whitehead (poets), the latter secretary to the club; Selwyn, John Wilkes, Robert Lloyd (also a poet), Lord Melcombe Regis, Henry Lovibond Collins, Dr. Benjamin Bates, Sir William Stanhope, Sir John Dashwood King, Sir John Aubrey, attendant a few times, but too young to be admitted fully to the order of St. Francis.

This new confraternity, calling themselves monks of St. Francis, but latterly known as the "Hell Fire Club," commenced preparing the remains of the old abbey to suit their purposes. The workmen, brought from London, who adorned and furnished the abbey, were kept strictly within the doors, and when their work was finished were hurried back to London; what servants there were were prohibited all intercourse with the villagers and neighbourhood. In fact, they seem to have only had one female servant, who was living when Thomas Langley, M.A., wrote the "History and Antiquities of the Hundred of Desborough," in 1797, and he says, "after many enquiries, I believe all their transactions may as well be buried in oblivion."

The mock Franciscans slept usually in cradles, and that of John Wilkes was exhibited within the last few years. Their rites have been described as "Bacchic festivals, Devil worship, and a mockery of all the rites of religion";

but may, we will hope, be perhaps painted in too vivid colours in "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," where, in vol. iii., page 149, the description of "the monastery" is supposed to be that of Medmenham. This has been of late frequently denied, but I have, as I write, an old brown MS. book of Mrs. Lybbe Powys, who lived near Medmenham, lying before me, and written in 1763, in which she gives a list of some of the real characters in "Chrysal," and mentions "the monastery" as a description of Medmenham. This being almost contemporary with the date of the break-up of the Franciscan Brethren is valuable evidence of the truth of the narrative. Some few details from "Chrysal" I proceed to give. From this their meetings seem never to have lasted more than a week at a time, nor more than twice in the year; in fact, possibly nature could not endure more violation of her laws. Anyhow, the servants were always the same, but dismissed when the meeting broke up, and an old man and woman left to take care of the place, the old woman probably being the same that Langley mentions. The Superior built the edifice, but else his expenses were the same as the rest, these being defrayed jointly. Their number was twelve, and they assumed the names of the Apostles; to these a similar number of an inferior order, or probationers, was added, who performed most of the menial offices, and were there to supply, it is stated, vacancies by death or "reflection"! Their habits were white linen, like the original Cistercians. The walls and ceilings were painted with gross emblems and portraits. Although despising oaths, yet, strange anomaly! they were bound by them! The story of the break-up in "Chrysal" is this: Two new members sought admission to a vacancy in the upper twelve. The bell of the so-called chapel tolled, and the members, dressed in white habits, assembled within the chapel rails. The novices knocked three times at the door, claiming admittance; on entering, sweet music was played, they approached the table at the end of the

chapel where they made professions of principles, and implored admittance to the order; suffrages were taken from the members, but the Superior was appealed to to give the casting vote; he chose one, who was elected with a shameful imitation of prayers and hymns. After this, supper was served in the chapel, the inferior members sitting below the salt. During the absence after supper of the other members, the rejected novice, who was a probationer, and had the office of chapel-keeper, introduced a big baboon, dressed like the Devil, which he had previously concealed in his cell; this beast he placed in a large chest, which contained ornaments and dresses. A cord connected with the lock of this chest he had previously secreted under the carpet to his chair, and at the return of the members, when the accepted candidate was repeating a fresh declaration of faith, he pulled the cord, and the animal, released, leaped out and jumped on to the table. The rest of the members not seeing whence it came, believed it to be the Devil himself, tumbled over each other with fright; the newly admitted novice fell on his face and lay sprawling on the floor, the baboon flew on his shoulders, clasped his neck, and gibbered in his ears; he, struggling to release himself from the creature and recanting all he had said before, lay in abject terror! The perpetrator of the joke then opened a window, and the creature escaped from it. One of the boldest of the members looked up and perceived it was a baboon; he then declared the fact, and the courage of the novice and other members revived. However, the next day the trick was found out, and great rage was shown to the perpetrator, who, however, was forgiven by all but one member, who had been his special butt. He argued, and eventually the *farçeur* was expelled. Meanwhile, before the baboon was caught, some of the villagers saw it, and scandal at once gave out the story of Devil worship. The society was obliged to dissolve the club, the abbey was turned into a public pleasure resort, and the Superior, to

allay suspicion, re-built the church of West Wycombe. The Superior is described as full of vivacity, wit, and humour, and it is to be hoped that some of the details of "Chrysal," which cannot be entirely quoted in these pages, are exaggerated.

The ordinary story of the final breaking-up is that an ape they kept descended the chimney of the room they were holding a carouse in, and his unexpected appearance alarmed them so much that they renounced their belief; but the story as related in "Chrysal" is much more likely to be true.

There are other details of the society best buried in oblivion. At least two of the members drank themselves to death, and Wilkes' last words are said to be, "What a fool I have been." Sir Walter Scott, in his notice of Johnstone, the author of "Chrysal," says, "but when all exaggeration has been deducted, enough of truth will still remain to incline the reader to congratulate himself that these scenes have passed more than half a century before his time."

The Church, built by Lord Le Despencer, at West Wycombe, is situated on a high hill. It is dedicated to Saint Lawrence, and had a picture, outside, of the saint's martyrdom. The tower was completed on October 25th, 1761; the church entirely in 1763. It was built on the site of an old church pulled down. A large ball on the spire contains a room capable of seating twelve persons, but as it is entered from outside by a ladder is only seldom visited. The main body of the church is a room 60 ft. by 40 ft., ceiling flat, painted in mosaics; under each plain sashed window is a window-seat forming a cupboard. The reading desk and pulpit are mahogany armchairs, standing on chests of drawers, which pull out for steps, with a kind of book-stand in front; the clerk's desk is similar; the font stands very high in the centre of the church, the size of a washing basin, in bronze, with four doves seated on it, and a serpent climbing the stem. The chancel, which

is narrow, contains a painted window of the Last Supper. At the east end of the church, but separate, is a hexagonal mausoleum, roofless, containing inside recesses and niches for monuments and urns. It is dedicated to George Doddington, Baron of Melcombe Regis. In an urn in this mausoleum the heart of Paul Whitehead, secretary of the Medmenham Mysteries, was deposited in 1757, being bequeathed by him to his friend Lord Le Despencer. He died December 30th, 1774. A grand funeral procession, with the Bucks Militia, and choristers singing, playing flutes, French horns, bassoons, etc., was formed, the heart enclosed in a marble urn, covered with crape. Three volleys were discharged when the urn was placed in its recess, and a merry time spent afterwards. On the urn was described :—

> "Unhallow'd hands this gem forbear,
> No gems or Orient spoil
> Lie here concealed, but—what's more rare—
> A heart that knew no guile."

The heart, enclosed in lead, was so frequently taken out of the urn to show to visitors, that in 1839 it disappeared, supposed to have been stolen and pocketed by one of them. Near the church are some curious chalk caves, excavated by Lord Le Despencer, with chalk columns, and a stream, called by him the Styx, flowing through; in these caves it is said some of the Medmenham mysteries and meetings were held, after the dissolution of the club at the abbey. For many years Medmenham Abbey remained open to the public, and many a joyous band met to picnic on the green lawn sloping to the river. When first the writer of these pages knew it some cottagers lived in a portion of the building, but when the Medmenham Hotel was built, Mr. Johnson, the lessee, restored several of the rooms to make a dependence for his hotel. Recently Mr. Robert W. Hudson, having bought the property of Danesfield and Medmenham, has closed it to the general public. In October, 1896, a lead coffin was found on the

site of the chapel, embedded in chalk, containing a skeleton, the sex of which it was not possible to decide. The one pillar mentioned before still exists, and some parts of the building are undoubtedly ancient. The front is decidedly modern, though even over this nature has flung her ivy wreath, which gives an appearance of antiquity. Many of the old cottages in the village are partially built of stone, doubtless once forming a portion of the abbey.

BURNHAM ABBEY.

BURNHAM ABBEY

By J. E. FIELD, M.A.

ON the 18th day of April, 1266, there was a notable gathering at the royal manor-house of Cippenham, in the southern extremity of Buckinghamshire, opposite the King's Castle of Windsor. Cippenham, sometimes written in the parish registers Sippenham and Shippenham, is now an obscure hamlet in the parish of Burnham; but in the reign of Henry III. it was held as a hunting-seat by his brother, the famous Richard, Earl of Cornwall. On this occasion Richard himself came there from his Castle of Wallingford, with his two sons, Henry and Edmund. The King of England himself was there also, and his son, Prince Edward; and Bishop Giffard, of Bath, the Lord Chancellor of England. The bishop of the diocese was there from Lincoln, and the Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, and certain gentlemen of the neighbourhood. The occasion of the gathering was the endowment of the abbey which Richard had newly founded on the lands of his manor.

There was none at this period whose influence in the kingdom exceeded or even equalled that of Earl Richard. His ability and strength of character was in marked contrast with his brother's weak disposition; and, in addition to his princely rank, his vast wealth gave him a prominence far beyond any of the nobles. As Earl of Cornwall and Count of Poitou he possessed large estates both in England and in France; and for a time, before the birth of Prince Edward, he had held also the Duchy of Guienne. He refused the crown of Sicily, which was offered to him by

Pope Innocent IV.; and shortly afterwards, in 1257, he was elected by the princes of the German Diet to the headship of the Holy Roman Empire in succession to Frederic II., and was crowned King of the Romans at Aix-la-Chapelle; but he never proceeded to Rome for the subsequent coronation, by the hands of the Pope, which would have bestowed upon him the title and dignity of Emperor. His munificence was not less remarkable than his wealth, and he was a liberal benefactor of the Church. In 1246, he founded the important Abbey of Hales, in Gloucestershire, for Cistercian monks, endowing it with large revenues; and when, twenty-five years later, it was destroyed by fire, he renovated it at an expense not far less than that which the original foundation had cost him. When he died at his castle of Berkhamstead, in 1272, Hales Abbey became his burial-place. In the meantime, after frequent efforts to mediate between the king and the barons, he fought on his brother's side, and was taken prisoner when the royal forces were defeated at the battle of Lewes in 1264. For nine months he was a captive, but was able to use his influence in favour of peace; and after he regained his liberty the foundation of the house of Augustinian nuns at Burnham is said to have been his thankoffering.

At his manor of Cippenham, on the date above-named, "Richard, by the grace of God King of the Romans, ever Augustus," set his seal to the foundation-charter, of which King Henry and the assembled princes, prelates, and gentlemen were witnesses. By it he granted "to God and blessed Mary, and to the monastery of Burnham which he had caused to be founded, and the nuns there serving God and their successors, in free and perpetual alms, for the health of his soul and the souls of his predecessors, the Kings of England," the manor of Burnham, with all its appurtenances and rights and the advowson of the church, and also certain portions of the rights and possessions that pertained to his manor of Cippenham, "to be held by the

said nuns freely and entirely without any reservation to himself and his heirs." The gift was expressly freed "from all classes of courts, from royal service, and from other secular demands all and singular, saving due and customary ward of the Castle of Wyndelsore."

The donor reserved to himself a remainder of the manorial rights of Cippenham, mentioning expressly some land which had been John de Boveneye's "in Stoukes"—doubtless Stoke Poges. The first great benefactor of the abbey in subsequent times was Sir John de Molins, treasurer to King Edward III., who had obtained the manor of Stokes by his marriage with the heiress, Egidia Poges, and bestowed it upon the abbey in 1338, providing for a priest to serve there "for the good estate of himself and Egidia his wife" at the altar of St. Catharine. He gave also the neighbouring manors of Bulstrode and Beaconsfield, and that of Silverton in Northamptonshire. The next year Roger le Strange endowed the abbey still further with the manors of Holmer and Little Missenden.

In 1534, the last abbess but one accepted the king's supremacy. No fault could be found with the house, and favourable terms were allowed. Five years later it was dissolved, the last abbess and nine sisters receiving pensions. Its dependents were two priests, twenty-one hinds, and fourteen serving women.

The site was granted to William Tyldsley, and his widow conveyed it by marriage to Paul Wentworth, who converted the buildings into a dwelling-house and came to reside here in 1574. Through the seventeenth century a building known as "the abbey barn" seems to have been used as a workhouse for vagrants; for the parish registers record the burials of poor persons who died in it and the baptisms of children who were born there. The dwelling-house had ceased to be occupied in the early part of the eighteenth century, the buildings being used only for farming purposes; and eventually a modern farmhouse was built near them.

The plan was apparently a quadrangle, entered from the west; though only the north and east sides remain. The church was on the south side, where its place has been occupied by a wooden barn, suggesting the idea that the Abbey-barn already mentioned may have been itself the dismantled church. All that now remains of it is to be seen on the south wall of the building which it adjoined. This wall was extended eastward as well as westward; and its eastward extremity shows the moulded jamb of a lofty window looking northward. Next there is a fine canopied niche, like a sedile, with its mouldings and tracery defaced; possibly designed as a seat for the abbess. Part of a trefoil-headed stoup remains, where the wall is broken off and formed into a rude buttress at the western angle; probably just within the entrance from the cloister. There is also a blocked doorway, with circular head, and with the decorated string-course carried across it; proving that the church had been added to the buildings at a later date and on a scale of greater magnificence. It was probably of the date of Sir John de Molins' benefaction, when it could boast of at least a second altar. Traces of a cloister can be detected along the west front of the principal line of buildings, and at the central point of that line is a good Early English doorway opening into the Chapter-house. This, which has acquired the name of the "Long Chamber," and measures thirty-three feet by twenty feet, projects beyond the adjoining rooms eastward, where it is lighted by three narrow lancets with another looking southward. Between it and the church, with another pointed doorway from the cloister, is a small room which may have been the Sacristy. On the other side a third doorway of the same character opens into a more important room, carried northward to a length of forty-nine feet, called by tradition the Refectory, now much ruined, but showing large windows east and north, a little lancet into the cloister, and a fireplace in the south-east angle. A doorway leads on northward into a room with two narrow lancets on the west,

BURNHAM ABBEY.

and with remains of a passage, or perhaps a large drain, beneath it; thought to be a larder, or otherwise connected with the kitchen; but traditionally it is "the Dungeon," and iron fetters are said to have been found in it; so that possibly it was the village lock-up when the church became the casual ward. The domestic buildings forming the northern side of the quadrangle are the portion which bears the largest marks of Wentworth's alterations. It is now a mere ruin, occupied by cattle-sheds. It had a doorway into the refectory, and near this is a large fireplace, chiefly of Tudor work, but retaining the jamb-shafts of Early English date; whence it is supposed to be the nuns' kitchen. The ground north of it is known as the still-garden. There remains one other ruinous building, detached from the group at the north-east angle, and called the "Lady Chapel." It has two lancet windows at the west, and a Tudor fireplace at the east, where an altar may have stood, and a Tudor upper-storey added. Possibly the traditional name means that it was a private oratory of the abbess. A doorway apparently opened from it on the still-garden, and another on a plot known as "the nuns' burial-ground," which lies between the outer wall and an inner moat protecting the eastern side of the precincts. One other fragmentary ruin called "the Tower," in the neighbouring orchard, was perhaps a detached belfry; for the survey taken at the surrender mentions bells, which together with the lead were valued at £40 16s. 8d.

The locality and the changes that have passed over it demand notice. The present high road passes between Cippenham and Burnham, missing both, and missing every other ancient village along the nine miles of its course through Buckinghamshire; for it evidently had no existence before Maidenhead Bridge was built at the close of the thirteenth century. The older way can still be traced, diverging near Langley Maries, through the Saxon Upton, whence it followed along the foot of the rising ground and the edge of the marsh, passing through Cippenham

to the ancient ford at Bray, the Roman Bibracte. The charter mentions "the wood of La Strete," implying the existence of a Roman highway. From Upton to Cippenham this is a good road still, but it only continues westward as a footpath and a field-way; and on this, less than half a mile from Cippenham, stands the abbey.

Again, a primitive track-way can plainly be made out, leading northward in a direct course from the ancient wharf at Boveney, through Cippenham, and along the eastern outskirt of Burnham, towards Beaconsfield, the ancient "felling of the beeches." Thus Cippenham is at the crossing of these tracks, and its original importance is at once explained. It was the "chipping-ham," or marketing village, before Burnham superseded it. The road from south to north was long ago diverted westward by the abbey and through Burnham; for the market-tolls of Burnham on the one side and the mill and fishery of Boveney on the other side had become the property of the abbess and her sisters. The royal manor-house at Cippenham had ceased to exist, and its importance as a centre of life and influence in the district had passed over to the abbey.

THE SO-CALLED UNCORRUPT HAND OF SAINT JAMES, THE APOSTLE.

By Mrs. Emily J. Climenson.

SOME eight years ago, accompanied by some relations and friends, I spent a day at Medmenham, Buckinghamshire. After a picnic at the abbey, we walked up to Danesfield, at that time the beautiful seat of Mr. Scott Murray. We asked to see the chapel, one of Pugin's last efforts, and said to be one of his *chef d'œuvres*. Our request was acceded to, and passing through a long corridor leading from the house, adorned with many interesting religious objects and pictures, we entered a most ornate and beautifully proportioned building. The roof and walls were elaborately painted in various colours, and a very fine coloured east window surmounted a most splendidly carved reredos, adorned with several figures. The altar, which was approached by four steps, consisted of various kinds of precious marbles and inlaid stones, and was supported by four pillars; under this was an ark-shaped shrine containing, as far as I recollect, the bones of Saint Constantine. Seeing this reminded me that I had read of a relic possessed by the Scott Murray family called the Hand of Saint James the Apostle, said to have been dug up in Reading Abbey, and believed to be the same relic for which Henry I. specially founded and endowed that once magnificent monastic establishment. I expressed to the attendant a great desire to see this, and after a little hesitation she said she would ask the priest, who was in the house, if we might see it. Permission was given, and unlocking a cupboard she lifted out a crystal.

casket, standing on a velvet stand, wherein we saw the relic, a perfectly shaped, small, plump left hand, with taper fingers, and almond-shaped nails; the flesh was a clear brown colour, the veins showing distinctly on the back of the hand; the fingers were curved as if holding an object, but none was shown with it. The extremely pointed fingers were suggestive of the theory of palmists, that pointed fingers always indicate an extremely religious or highly artistic nature. The hand was so small that it might well have belonged to a woman; nevertheless, I have seen Asiatic men with equally small hands and as pointed fingers, and if the relic is what it is professed to be the *Eastern type* would naturally be prominent. I held the case in my hand and took a minute survey. Some seven years ago (1894), when Danesfield was to be sold, I re-visited the chapel, then not being used for Mass, but the relics and fittings were still there; and again I saw the hand. It struck me it had slightly shrunk since I had first seen it. Danesfield has been sold to Mr. R. W. Hudson since this. Mr. Scott Murray presented the relic on April 15th, 1896, to Canon Bernard Smith, of the Mission Roman Catholic Church (Saint Peter's), at Great Marlow, Bucks, founded by Mr. Scott Murray's father some fifty-one years ago.* The Rev. Bernard Smith succeeded the late Father, John Morris, S.J., at Marlow, in 1853, whose history of the relic I shall presently quote from. To begin with the history of the hand as a possession of Reading Abbey. The foundations of the abbey were begun to be laid by Henry I. in 1121; the date of the first charter is 1125. In this no mention of the hand is made, but the abbey is dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary and Saint John. The monastic buildings and mill were first built, then the church; this latter was not fully finished and consecrated till 1163-4, in the reign of Henry II. Dugdale gives, from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, the letter of King Henry I. that accompanied the gift of the

* The relic was conveyed to Marlow by Father Joseph Tonks.

hand to the abbey, extracted from the Reading registers, which translated is as follows:—"Henry, King of England and Duke of Normandy, to the abbot and convent of Reading greeting. Know that the glorious hand of blessed James the Apostle, which the Empress Matilda, my daughter, gave me on her return from Germany (de Allemannia), I, at her request, do send to you, and give for ever to the church of Reading; wherefore I command you to receive it with all veneration, and that you and they who come after you take care to show it in the church of Reading all the honour and reverence that you can, as is due to so great a relic of so great an Apostle." Father Morris was of opinion that the gift was made in the year 1133, seven years after the return of the Empress Matilda to England, she having brought it, together with the Crown jewels, to England. I quote how the Empress became possessed of the hand from the paper in "The Month," February, 1882, vol. xxv. of the third series, page 272, written by Father Morris:—"From the chronicles of the Bishops of Hamburg, Paul, Bishop of Altino, a city situated between Padua and Concordia, abandoned his See about A.D. 640, and accompanied by the Catholic population, sought safety from the Barbarian invasion in the Island of Torcello. They carried their church treasure and the bodies of Saints Theomistus, Traba, Rabata, Liberalis, and the *Hand* of Saint James. Severinus, the Pope, confirmed the transfer of the See of Altino to Torcello in the person of Maurice, successor to Paul, who died a month after his arrival in Torcello. Four hundred years after, in 1040, Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen and Bishop of Hamburg, after the election of Pope Clement II., returned from Italy bringing with him the hand of Saint James, which had been given to him by Vitale Ursiolo, Bishop of Torcello. At Adalbert's death nothing was found in his treasury but his books, his relics, and his sacred vestments. These were assigned to the Emperor Henry IV., and the hand of Saint James was

thenceforth kept with the Imperial Regalia till the death of the Emperor Henry V., in 1123, when his widow, the Empress Matilda, daughter of our Henry I., brought it to England." Hoveden, who lived at the beginning of the thirteenth century, called it the "incorrupt hand." He states:—"Rex vero anglicorum, Henricus præ graudio manus beati Jacobi Apostoli, allata adeum per Matildum Emperatricum, filiam suam, fundavit nobilem abbatium de Redinges et eam muitis dilavit, et in ea Manum beati Jacobi, Apostoli posuit." Though given in 1133 to Reading, it is possible that it was not formally placed therein till the completion and consecration of the abbey, 1163-4, which may have caused Matthew Paris to affirm that Henry II. restored it to the abbey. Though there is no notice of the Crown jewels being reclaimed by the Emperor Frederick I. of Germany, yet he was anxious to obtain the restitution of the sacred hand, as is proved by this letter of King Henry II. to him:—"Of the hand of Saint James, of which you have written to us, we have put our answer into the mouth of Master Herbert, and of William, our clerk. Witness, Thomas, the Chancellor, at Northampton." This was, of course, Thomas à Becket, of Canterbury, he being made Chancellor in 1155. Man's "History of Reading," written in 1815, states that the Bishop of Winchester took the hand of Saint James away, after Henry I.'s death, but as the Reading monks were so dissatisfied he had to restore it. However this may be, we may feel sure when in summer, 1163-4, Thomas à Becket, then Archbishop of Canterbury, consecrated the abbey church in Reading the hand would be in the church. Though in the first charter the dedication of the abbey was to the Virgin and Saint John, the abbey arms were these: on one side the seal the Virgin seated between Saint James and Saint John; on the other the founder, Henry I., was represented crowned and holding his sceptre, the abbey on his left, between Saint Peter and Saint Paul. At the consecration of the abbey church Henry II. gave a fair to

be held annually on Saint James' Day, and for three days after. The abbey was endowed by both Henry I. and Henry II. with the most extensive privileges and immunities, and the abbot sat in Parliament as a Mitred Abbot. The first abbot of Reading, Hugh, of Lewes, attended Henry I. in his last illness, and administered the holy offices of the church to him when dying. The hand was enshrined in gold, but Richard I. removed the gold case to assist his expenses when preparing for the Crusades; on John's accession he restored yearly one mark of gold sufficient to cover the hand of Saint James. This was changed by Henry III. to ten marks of silver annually instead of one mark in gold. He also gave the scroll of Saint Philip to Reading.

No more do we learn specially about the hand till Dr. John London was sent as visitor by Cromwell, Henry the Eighth's Vicar-General, in 1538. He wrote to Cromwell, September 18th of that year, speaking of the relics "that he had required them of the abbot, taken an inventorie of them, and lokked them upp behynde the high aulter, and have the key in my keeping." Father Morris says:—"Hugh Farringdon (the abbot) died a martyr's death the year after he unwillingly showed the relics to the spoiler, and we may well suppose had some other key to the Aumbry behind the altar besides that given to Dr. London, and that the good abbot succeeded in saving from sacrilege the hand of his patron saint, and placed it in his church wall, there to rest till the storm should be overpast." It is quite possible during the year another hand was substituted for the real one, as London describes with glee he took the relics away, and amongst them the hand of Saint James, and "a multitude of large bonys, etc., which wolde occupie 111 schets of paper to make patticularly an inventorye of any part thereof." Thenceforth nothing is heard of the hand till the following accounts. Man, in 1816, writes in his history: "Some few years since some persons employed among the ruins of the abbey

found a human hand, rather small; the fleshy parts were dry and withered, but in perfect preservation. The persons who found it disposed of it to the late Mr. Savage, an eminent surgeon of this town, on whose decease it came into the possession of Mr. Osborn, his successor." Another account of the finding of the hand states: "In the Philosophical Institution of 1831 was the embalmed hand, supposed to be that of Queen Adeliza, second wife of Henry I.; the following account, written by Dr. *Bailey*, is attached to it: 'An embalmed hand, found about fifty years ago in the ruins of Reading Abbey, at its *Eastern* extremity, and holding a slender rod surmounted probably with a crucifix or other emblematical device. The occasion that gave rise to the discovery was the digging for a foundation for the present gaol, part of which now stands on the site of the said abbey church. This relic, which still retains the fragrance of the embalming gum, first came into the possession of Dr. Blenkinsop, of Reading, who handed it over to Dr. Hooper, and by that doctor it was presented to the museum.'" Here are other doctors' names; but most probably it was bequeathed or sold one to the other, being of especial interest to the medical profession. As to its being the hand of Queen Adeliza it is not likely, for though people were buried in a most *piece-meal* way in early days, I believe, except hearts, no instance is known of limbs being severed to be buried. Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, bequeathed his *heart* and *flesh* to Ashridge, his bowels being buried at the same place the preceding day, and his *bones* to the abbey of Hales; such a proceeding is repugnant to our modern ideas. The only other remark I have to make is that the hand may possibly have been that reputed to be the hand of Saint Anastasius, which was also a relic belonging to the abbey. We will now resume Father Morris' account: "When I first saw the hand of Saint James it was under a glass on a mantel-shelf in a little museum at Reading, between two specimens of dried fish. It was labelled 'the hand of

Saint James,' and over it was placed an extract from Roger de Hoveden, or one of the chroniclers, giving in a few lines the history of its coming to Reading. The party of visitors to the museum consisted of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Scott Murray, of Danesfield, Mr. Lewis Mackenzie, and myself, and the object of the visit was to see whether it might be possible to get the relic into Catholic hands. This was in *September*, 1852. After the sight of the incorrupt hand of the apostle we were more eager than before, and Mr. Lewis Mackenzie opened a correspondence with the managers of the Reading Athenæum. They were asked whether a sum of money to spend in scientific instruments would not be more to their purpose than the possession of the relic; they were told that a *bonâ-fide* collector was prepared to offer a price for it. The proposal was well received, and the sum of fifty guineas was named on their side as an offer that would be entertained. This was in *April*, 1853. Thus far Mr. Lewis Mackenzie had written in behalf of Mr. Scott Murray, but two years later (1855) his negotiations were renewed under different circumstances, and he ultimately became the possessor of the relic. The museum was broken up, and its contents restored to their original donors. The hand was sent back to the family of the gentleman who had given it to the museum, the late *Dr. Hooper*, and his executors parted with it to Mrs. Blount, of Mapledurham, for Mr. Lewis Mackenzie for the sum of £30. The relic passed thus into Catholic hands in the month of *March*, 1855. Mr. Lewis Mackenzie took his newly acquired treasure with him to Scotland. He showed it on the way to the Fathers of the Oratory at Birmingham, and expressed his intention to Mr. John Hardman of having a reliquary made for it; but nothing could have been sadder than the event which frustrated his intentions." Father Morris then continues to describe his death. He (Mr. Mackenzie) had recently come into possession of a place called Findon, in Rosshire, N.B., of which Lairdship he was called. In January, 1856,

his two great friends, the Rev. Angus McKenzie, of Eskadale, and Rev. C. Gordon, of Beauly, accompanied him to view his property. On their return they were to dine with the Provost of Dingwall. They arrived tired and hungry, and ate heartily of some meat, the taste of which the Provost and another guest complained of, and the latter sent their plates away. One by one fell ill; Father Gordon first, who went upstairs and lay on a bed. The other friends came up and stood joking him around his bed, when Mr. Mackenzie complained of feeling cold; he went downstairs to warm, when Father McKenzie began to feel ill too. The doctor was sent for, but had unfortunately just been called to a patient twenty miles off. In less than two hours the three unfortunate victims were dead; the Provost and the other guest suffered too, but poison being now suspected, remedies were taken, and having eaten less they recovered. The cook had mistaken aconite root for horse radish, and had made sauce from it. Mr. Mackenzie had had a curious warning of death some two months before; but the account is too long to put in these pages. To return to Father Morris' narrative: "Mr. Lewis Mackenzie was succeeded by his brother, who was not a Catholic, and he, finding the relic and the correspondence with Mr. Scott Murray, allowed the hand of Saint James to pass to Mr. Scott Murray on the same terms on which Mr. Lewis Mackenzie had acquired it. It is now carefully preserved in the sacristy of the charming domestic chapel of Mr. Scott Murray at Danesfield, between Medmenham and Marlow. Dr. Hooper's executor, the Rev. J. Torriano, when parting with the hand informed Mrs. Blount that Dr. Hooper had had it in his possession at least *forty* years before his death in 1841, and that he always said it was found in the ruins of Reading Abbey. The curators of the museum, though Protestants, called it Saint James' hand. A statement was sent with the hand to Mrs. Blount. 'This hand was formerly in the possession of the late John Hooper, M.D., of Reading, in the co. of

Berks. It was found in the ruins of Reading Abbey, it is believed, in one of the walls, but whether by himself or not his family cannot now certainly say. At the time of his decease, in 1841, he had been possessed of it about forty years, during which time he preserved it with great care as a relic of peculiar interest. Signed on behalf of the family, J. TORRIANO, Exor. of the late John Hooper, Esq., M.D. March, 31st, 1855.'"

Father Morris' own description of the hand is this: "It is the left hand, quite dry, the fingers curling forward; all the bones of the hand are gone." As the palm was perfect Father Morris concluded they had been removed for relics, but he consulted two eminent surgeons, who said the bones had been removed at death, and when asked why they knew this, they asserted because the skin had dried into the knuckle-holes. There is a little wound on the middle finger that must have been made at death or soon after. "If the arm was held up to protect the head from the blows of a sword, and the edge of the blade had struck the upraised knuckles, and passed through the joints, had then separated the bones at the back of the hand from the palm, and after this had severed the wrist by passing through the joint, wrenching the sinews of the inner arm, the amputated hand would be in exactly the condition of our relic." See Acts of the Apostles xii. 2, "and he (Herod), killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." Father Morris wrote to the Archbishop of Sant Iago de Compostella, where the body of Saint James is supposed to rest, in 1852, and asked if it was possible to see the body of the saint. His answer (October 1st, 1852) was that the tomb of Saint James was under the high altar in the Cathedral. Tradition says that there was a way to it by subterranean passages now closed. Some people had tried to see the body of the apostle, and penetrating privately had suffered the penalty of their temerity. Now, though an unanatomically learned person like myself did not perceive the want of bones in the

shape of the hand, yet the removal of them, together with the lapse of centuries, would naturally greatly reduce the size of the hand. Anyhow, sacred relic or otherwise, it is a curious and interesting object. I regret I did not make a note of the old paper in which I once read an account of it; it was stated that in whatever hands the relic had fallen it had brought bad luck to its owners. This, it is to be hoped, is not true; but a natural feeling arises, if it is what it professes to be, would it not be better to consign it eventually to earth in the chapel, now built over what was once the magnificent Abbey Church of Reading?

Claydon House.

CLAYDON HOUSE AND THE VERNEYS.

By MARGARET M. LADY VERNEY.

TWO sources of information are open to us for the early history of the Claydons—the deeds and family letters preserved at Claydon House, and the notes collected by a diligent antiquary of the eighteenth century (Brown Willis) for an exhaustive history of the county of Bucks. He died before publishing, or even writing, more than a fragment of his projected work; his MSS. fill several drawers in the Bodleian Library, and amongst them are many notes about the Claydons, referring to an older parish register and to monumental tablets and painted windows now no longer existing. Brown Willis drew up a careful set of questions relating to various topics of interest, as to the buildings, the local industries, the historical events, traditions, and associations of each parish, a copy of which he sent to every incumbent of a Bucks living, but he notes with regret that very few responded. Intelligent interest in the past was on a level with the Georgian Gothic of the unfortunate churches built during that period, but such answers as he obtained from Claydon and elsewhere are of some interest. The Verney letters at Claydon House contain much information about the county history, but in the scattered notices and allusions inseparable from materials of the kind, it is difficult and laborious to trace out any special subject, amongst letters of very unequal value from all sorts and conditions of men. They contain, however, very copious material for the history of the Verneys of Claydon House, and for fuller details than it is

possible to give here the reader is referred to the "Memoirs of the Verney family from the Civil War to the Revolution," compiled from the letters and illustrated from the portraits at Claydon House, published by Longman.

The first Rector of Middle Claydon dates from the reign of Edward III., and to the thirteenth century church a chancel was added by the Giffards, who intermarried with the Verneys, in 1509. Claydon House was built in the reign of Edward IV., and though sadly modernized by successive owners, the house has never been either burnt down or pulled down, and its domestic history has been unusually well observed and well chronicled during some three hundred years.

The earliest historical picture in the house is of an infant child of Henry VII., with a wreath of red and white flowers in her baby hand, a relic of the time when the Sir Ralph Verney of that day married Eleanor Pole, the king's cousin, and he and his wife were in constant attendance upon Elizabeth of York and her daughters. The well-preserved brasses in the church belong to the early years of Henry VIII., and the last of the Chauntry priests, in his vestments, still asks the prayers of the faithful for his soul, in pathetic unconsciousness that the ritual he loved has been long ago swept away. Catherine of Arragon drew her dowry from Steeple Claydon; there is a picturesque likeness of Henry VIII. on a seal, and an autograph of Katherine Parr in the muniment room. A great seal of Philip and Mary, each with a hand on the globe, jointly owned, it seems, by Spain and England, is affixed to a pardon granted to an old Sir Edmund Verney for his share in Wyatt's conspiracy. There are many memorials of the reign of James I., a stiff old portrait of the notorious Mrs. Turner, and a reference in the letters of the Verney ladies to her famous recipe for yellow starch, said to be unbecoming when one had "a disordered spleen," or, as we should say, a bilious attack; a full-length picture of Sir Francis Verney, painted in Spain, a man

of infinite and misdirected energy, whose fine clothes and staff, sent back from Sicily after his miserable death, are still at Claydon; a portrait of Henry Prince of Wales, given by him to Sir Edmund Verney; and a young portrait of Sir Edmund himself, painted at Madrid when in attendance on "Baby Charles and Steenie."

Still more numerous are the pictures of the reign of Charles I.; there is the King himself, with all the grace Vandyck could give him, above the saloon chimney-piece; and over against him a Vandyck of Sir Edmund Verney, his knight-marshal and standard-bearer, who knew his master's faults so well, yet lived for his service and died for him so gallantly. There are portraits of Ormond; Sir George Lisle, the Royalist; Sir Roger Burgoyne, the stout Puritan member of the Long Parliament; Sir Harry Lee of Ditchley; Lady Carnarvon, whose husband died for the king at Newbury; Nan Uvedale, a Royalist by birth and by marriage, whose young cousin dared to snatch the Majesty scutcheon off Cromwell's bier; and by her side Nan Hobart, wife of one of Cromwell's Masters in Chancery; most of Sir Edmund Verney's children, Sir Ralph, an undergraduate fresh from Magdalen, aged 19, yet already a married man, and the same Sir Ralph in a wig and a Roman toga, in middle life, as conventional as Lely could make him; his charming wife, Mary Verney, in blue and white satin, and their boys, Mun and Jack.

Before the outbreak of the Civil War, Claydon had been one of the happiest homes in England. Sir Edmund and Dame Margaret Verney saw their twelve children growing up around them; their eldest, Ralph, was a son to lean upon, and his sweet young wife, Mary, or Mischief, as they loved to call her, was the sunshine of the house; while the grandchildren toddled about the old walled gardens with a baby Aunt Betty—the youngest of Dame Margaret's large family.

Sir Edmund and Sir Ralph (knighted in his father's lifetime) were elected together to the Long Parliament, and

entered it with hopes as high as their aims were pure and lofty. A few short years sufficed to change the face of everything. The mother of the family died in the crisis of Strafford's trial, and her husband and son scarcely dared leave their stern duties in the House while they hurried down to Claydon to bury her; then the Civil War had torn father from son, and brother from brother—Sir Edmund's corpse lay undistinguished among the slain at Edgehill; his darling son, the younger Sir Edmund, perished at Drogheda; his daughter Cary, the child-bride, lost her gallant young husband, Sir Thomas Gardiner, in a skirmish; and the other daughters, whose portions went in the general crash, were orphaned and penniless; Sir Ralph himself was driven into exile, for, devoted as he was to the Church of England, he refused to sign the Covenant—his estate was sequestrated, and the house lay bare and desolate. The protection granted by the king to Sir Edmund, and by Essex to Sir Ralph, had saved the house from being sacked or burnt, but soldiers of both armies were often quartered there for a few days at a time, and the brutal jests of the Royalist troopers under Prince Maurice and Lord Byron were long and bitterly remembered.

In May, 1650, Mary's death at Blois was the culminating point of Sir Ralph's sorrows. On a dreary November day the solitude of the house was broken by the assembling of a melancholy family party gathered together to meet the coffin which had arrived from France, after a long and difficult journey, and to lay it in the family vault. Sir Ralph spent some three years more on the Continent, visiting "the politer parts of Europe" with his eldest boy, Edmund, and a party of English exiles. At Rome he designed the beautiful monument to his dead, now in Middle Claydon church, with busts of his father and mother, his wife and himself. In the spring of 1653, he ventured back to England, after an absence of nearly ten years, leaving his son in Holland to complete his education.

Sir Ralph then set himself in earnest to pay off his father's debts and to repair and beautify Claydon House; his taste in building and furnishing, in planting and landscape gardening, were generally recognized; and in spite of the painful economy he had practised abroad, he could not resist bringing home some great mirrors from Venice, some ebony and tortoise-shell cabinets from Holland, a store of rich embroidered hangings and fringes for beds and couches, the latest French books on architecture, and a portrait, still hanging on the walls, of Pope Alexander VII. Every kind of activity started once more into life at Claydon; there was much brewing of ale, salting down of beef, and baking of loaves and pastys in the great brass baking-pans; there was a smell of the burning of bricks, and a pleasant sound of sawing and chopping in the long silent wood-yard, where Sir Edmund's great trunk is still to be seen, which went up and down to London on the waggon. Roofs and casements were repaired, doors were set up on their hinges, unsparing war was declared against the rats and moths, the bats and owls which had set up a commonwealth of their own in the deserted rooms, in the absence of the lawful monarch.

The housekeeper noted with satisfaction and surprise "that it did not raine in at all the last time of rain," but her careful soul was troubled that not only "Pursell, the carpenter," but all the workmen, "doe soe worry me for drinke that tho' I many times anger them, and hourly vex myselfe, yet we spend a great deale of beer—3 barells the last weeke." Sir Ralph sends down a new cook before his own arrival from town, and advises him to use his leisure in learning to read and write—for this he has no taste at all, but "hee is wilde to get a gunn" to shoot hares. Sir Ralph, though he loves hare pies, will not have his game disturbed in May. He was as much set against smoking as King James—"I do not hire any servant that takes tobacco, for it not only stinks upp my house, but is an ill example to the rest of my family"; he was specially anxious his son Mun should be "no swearer and no tobacconist."

Elm-trees and walnuts, abeles and mulberries, vines and fruit trees, were being planted in large numbers; crimson roses, goodly "July flowers," jessamine, honeysuckle, dittander, double violets, white and blue sweet marjoram, and many fragrant pot-herbs were being set in the gardens; when in the midst of all this happy and fruitful activity, on a June day of 1655, a body of my Lord Protector's soldiers suddenly arrived at Claydon, seized all arms, swords, and fowling-pieces, and without giving him any information of the charge against him carried off Sir Ralph as their prisoner. The peace of the country had been broken up by Royalist plots, and though such things were absolutely abhorrent to Sir Ralph's honourable and upright nature, "the name was malignant," we are told, and that sufficed. He was obliged to ride to Northampton, where he joined a large company of the gentry "clapped up in other counties"; it rained heavily the next day, and through foul ways with anxious hearts the prisoners rode wearily to London, where Sir Ralph was confined in "St. James' his house." Month after month passed by, and the gentlemen thus torn from their homes could neither learn of what they were accused nor when they would be released. Accustomed to taking much exercise in the open air, one after another failed in health; Sir Ralph, though he wrote bravely and cheerfully to his anxious correspondents, drooped like a bird in a cage, and was troubled by an eruption on his thigh which would not heal. Good advice poured in from his lady friends; his cousin, Doll Leeke, advised him to sit for two hours twice a day in a bath of asses' milk, drinking asses' milk the while.

At last, by the end of October, 1655, Sir Ralph was liberated, having consented, much against his will, to enter into an "ugly conditioned" bond for his good behaviour, "to avoid singularity," and because "those now in power will not allow the least of their commands to be disputed by any."

His satisfaction in getting home was soon overclouded;

the year 1656 saw the establishment of the Major-Generals, and the lists preserved at Claydon show how the gentlemen who had sat together on the Bench, had together ridden to covert, and had shared in all social gatherings of the county, were set against each other as judges and delinquents; Sir Ralph, to his speechless indignation, was writ down among the latter. All that spring he was petitioning the Protector, haunting the Council in town, and riding over to the "George" at Aylesbury, his pockets stuffed with virtuous documents to show his former zeal on the right side, his votes in the House, the horses he had sent in to the Parliamentary army, the losses he had sustained from the Royalists, etc. In proof of which, Will Roades, the Claydon Steward, related how, when he had tried to save the horses and cattle of Sir Ralph's tenants from confiscation, "they told me if they had my master they would slaughter him, for he was worse then those slaine beasts, for he holp to slay his own father"; and another time they said, "if my master were boyled as the Beefe, it were noe matter!"

While his fate still hung in the balance, Will Roades wrote word from Claydon that a serpent lurked among Sir Ralph's apple-trees. Sir Ralph had some years before brought "a little, a very little foot-boy" back with him from abroad, who spoke only French and drank only water —both qualities viewed with great disfavour by the Claydon natives of the period. Michaud learnt to speak English, and his accomplishments in baking and cooking rendered him very valuable to his master, but he excited the jealousy of a new gardener, who, knowing him to be a foreigner, erroneously concluded that he must also be a Papist.

There is a confused account of the gardener and one of the maidservants breaking late into the hen-house, Michaud's special domain, Jane, the rectory-maid, being also mixed up in it. Michaud, hearing a disturbance, came out with his gun and asked what they wanted. The

gardener, who never drank water when he could get at a more genial beverage, fell upon him, pommelled him, and tore out his hair. A great screaming and general scuffle ensued, in which the maids and the hens doubtless bore their part. After this the village ale-house rang with the gardener's blood-curdling stories; he told how Sir Ralph harboured foreign Papists, how the Papists bore fire-arms contrary to the Lord Protector's orders, imperilling the lives of honest Englishmen; how Sir Ralph had shovel-board and ninepins in his house, with which games he doubtless profaned the Sabbath day; how he kept his son abroad that he might by this means send money to Charles Stuart, with "divers other vain and idle words"; and he waxed louder still when the good wife of the house refused to supply him with any more liquor, and he threatened to have her ejected, and all such traitors and malignants as her landlord. His stories were already the talk of the village, and might easily be carried to Aylesbury. "He is a very dangerous fellow," wrote the steward, "and cares not to tell a lie, neither doth he fear an oath . . he scornes to receive his wages from any hand but yours. Alas, poore man, I pray God give him grace with humility." The gardener was, however, at length bribed to depart, the parish clerk undertook to water the garden and turf the court, but it was long before Sir Ralph's fears were allayed as to the results of his malicious gossip.

Sir Ralph applied to the clerk of the former Sequestration Committee, and received a certificate "that it doth not appeare (neither is there) any charge of Delinquency, Sequestration or otherwise against the said Sir Ralph Verney."

Sir Roger Burgoyne wonders "how any can possibly wind themselves into an estate that hath so much innocency to protect it, but my hopes are that your feares are more than your dainger. . trouble not yourself, for an appeale to my Lord Protector, so noble & upright a person, I question not but will free you from such high inconveniences."

Sir Ralph pleaded his own cause before the Committee at Aylesbury; personally the gentlemen who must have known perfectly the rights of the case were inclined to treat him with consideration; four times he was asked to withdraw, that the pleas he had brought forward might be considered; and they were willing to allow him time to appeal to the Protector. The key of the situation lay in Cromwell's pressing need of money; he had failed to work with any Parliament, and though Sir Ralph's plea was never denied that the sequestration put on his estate had been acknowledged by Parliament to be wrongful, and had been taken off, yet Cromwell would only refer his petition back to the Bucks Committee, and they told him that their duty was to levy a tenth upon every estate once sequestrated, without going into the question as to whether that sequestration had been legal or illegal. So, after long protests and heavy expenses, Sir Ralph was decimated and forbidden to come to London for six months, as if he had been the most disaffected of Cavaliers.

From this moment Sir Ralph's faith in Cromwell's justice was severely shaken; he kept more aloof than ever from politics, but he and many another Puritan squire in Bucks were being gradually prepared to acquiesce in, if not to further, the restoration of the monarchy. Cousin Thomas Stafford, whose estate lay between Claydon and Bletchley, gave expression to the general discontent when he made it "his dayly petition to our Heavenly Father that He would grant us a speedy deliverance out of the power of the Major-Generals and restore us to the protection of the common law." The next spring saw these military tribunals swept away by Parliament; and William Gape, the apothecary, and Moll, his kind-hearted, loud-voiced wife, are delighted to welcome Sir Ralph again to town, "all of him, his whole ten parts re-united, not a collop left behind to feed the Dawes."

During Ralph's enforced absences from home, the Steward, Will Roades, and the Rector, the Rev. John Aris,

played the chief parts in the domestic drama of Claydon affairs. Unhappily they were in a chronic state of antagonism. Outsiders attributed a good deal of the friction to the Rector's wife, whose shrill voice and biting tongue had in former days filled Mary Verney with dismay; but much shortness of temper must be forgiven to a clergyman of the old opinions, in the difficult days of the Commonwealth, even when he retained his office on sufferance. Ralph Roades, the steward's brother, was Parish Clerk, which, of course, added to the difficulties of the situation, and owing to a broken fence in "Roger Deelie's Lane," the clerk's hogs committed ravages in the Rector's corn. Sir Ralph had written peremptory orders to Will Roades to set eight carpenters to work to make posts and rails "to divide betwixt me and the parson"; but Mr. Aris still complained that "the Lane was not needed, as if he had rather it should make quarrels still, then he would be at the least trouble to prevent them." The Rector's dog had pursued the clerk's hogs, and the clerk had pursued the dog, threatening to shoot him or knock him on the head, "because he lugg'd his hogs." Sir Ralph was much annoyed that the hurdles had been neglected, and abused his steward, who in turn abused the parson.

When Sir Ralph was at home he acted as buffer between the belligerents, for each of whom he had a great regard; but even then controversies about the tithes would arise, and questions of boundaries and of exchanges between the glebe and the estate, which it passed the wit of man to disentangle. Mrs. Aris came unexpectedly to the rescue with a valuable suggestion that the Rev. Edward Butterfield, Rector of a neighbouring parish, should be asked to come over, as if by accident, and to mediate between her husband and Sir Ralph. Mr. Butterfield promised to come betimes, and he was sanguine enough to hope that he might "prove instrumental to settle an everlasting peace" between squire and parson. He found

the negotiation infinitely more thorny than he had expected, but something was settled, and the mediator at least was fortunate enough to leave an agreeable impression behind him, both at the house and at the rectory.

The years 1657 and 1658 were marked in many English counties by an outbreak of fever and ague, already known during the Civil War as the new disease. It attacked whole households like the influenza, and Claydon suffered severely. "There is not a servant in my house," writes Sir Ralph, "that hath not been very ill, and they are yet soe weake that I am forced to hire others to assist and tend them." In his aunt's—Mrs. Sherard's—house, "seven or eight went out one day sick, that came well in." "On my well dayes," she says, "I macke a shift to creepe downe to diner and have a good stomach to my meaght, but I am faine to eaght but A litill."

Mr. Aris fell seriously ill, and his doughty opponent, Will Roades, was attacked soon after. The anxiety and distress at Claydon were much increased by the absence of Dr. Denton. He was at Thame attending a critical case of smallpox, and my Lord and my Lady Wenman were "in physicke," and could not be left. He wrote full directions how the unhappy patients were to be purged, vomited, and blooded, and if that sufficed not, then how they were to be blooded, vomited, and purged all over again; "3 full spoonfulls of the vomitinge liquor in possett drinke" he ordered for Will Roades, "and he may abide 4 the same night when he goes to rest." Thanks either to the disease or to the remedies, both parson and steward were soon laid to rest, side by side, in the little peaceful churchyard of Middle Claydon, with their virtues and their animosities, their rights and their wrongs.

Sir Ralph, who truly mourned them, was now harassed by the fear lest the Government should put some "Pragmatical fellow into the living and put me to a suite to get him out again," so he at once offered the living to the peacemaker, Edward Butterfield. Mr. Butterfield, a

widower with children, accepted with alacrity, and then had to run the gauntlet of Cromwell's Triers. His sorrows and provocations in his attempts to enter upon the living would have furnished Miss Austen with an admirable subject. He exhausted himself in running about the town collecting evidences as to his virtues and learning that would satisfy the Triers; but these wise men had a wholesome distrust of testimonials, and either they did not know Mr. Butterfield's friends, or they thought the evidence given was not founded on sufficiently recent and intimate knowledge.

Having at last surmounted these obstacles he returned to Claydon to find Widow Aris at daggers drawn with her husband's brother about his money matters, which both appealed to him to settle; he was almost driven wild "by such contradictions and improbabilities, held with so much heat on both sides"; and he was confronted with a more formidable obstacle, Mrs. Aris owed him a considerable sum for dilapidations, and how to enforce his claims, and to turn the widow out of her house, passed Mr. Butterfield's imagination to compass. She took to her bed, which effectually delayed the negotiations, and the poor harassed Rector took a step which could only have occurred to a shy man in a moment of desperate resolution; he proposed to share with Mrs. Aris the house she declined to vacate. She promptly accepted, but there were rumours that she refused to leave her bed till the wedding ceremony had been actually performed—which was probably gossip; at any rate, after this everything went merry as a marriage bell, and they set to work together at the repair and refurnishing of the rectory with great zeal.

"The woman hath parts, she undoubtedly hath parts," the Rector observed to Sir Ralph, after some experience of married life, but he never got over the awe and wonder inspired by the copiousness of her conversational powers.

And here the old records are diversified by a more pathetic and less prosperous love-story.

Mun Verney had returned from Holland a young man

in his twentieth year, tall, dark, and handsome, but shy and ungainly, and very careless and slovenly in his dress. There was a chorus of good advice in the family: first, that he should marry an heiress; secondly, that he ought to be better dressed. He "is in most pitiful equipage, no trappings at all." Lady Hobart benevolently undertook "to dress his legs"; she looks upon him "as the top of my kindred," and "is confident that she could make him a spark!" Lessons in dancing and deportment are recommended, that Mun may learn how to approach and how to take leave of the person he speaks to. The kind-hearted, awkward boy submits to "courting clothes," but is unable to put on the decent semblance of a lover. The courtly and agreeable Dr. Denton takes him to call upon the daughter of Sir William Luckin, "a pure virgin, 18 years old, tall, slender, handsome, with as much sweetness in her aspect as I know not more anywhere"; the doctor's only regret is that her hood prevents his seeing the exact colour of her hair, but he guesses it "to be towards flaxen." But Mun can think of nothing to say, and the possible match falls through. Sir Ralph next enters into treaty with his old friend Lady Sussex, now Countess of Warwick, a great lady at the Protector's Court as step mother-in-law to Cromwell's daughter. She has a very young granddaughter to recommend, Alianora Tryon, mercifully called Nell in private life, who is staying with her cousin, Sir Harry Lee, at the beautiful old house of Ditchley, now so worthily owned by Viscount Dillon, the descendant of the Lees and Dillons, Sir Ralph's friends. At Ditchley Sir Ralph is as enthusiastic about the young lady as Dr. Denton was about the flaxen beauty in a hood. Mun can be stirred to no enthusiasm, but he behaves with a decorum and a propriety that is much praised by the young lady's mother. Through the winter of 1657-8, the marriage settlements are being discussed on both sides, when Mun, as much to his own surprise as to the discomfort of the family, falls suddenly and hopelessly in love

with a cousin, Mary Eure, whom he had known and little regarded as a child at Blois, where she came with her sister to be educated, but whom he now meets again as a most accomplished and charming maiden.

Sir Ralph, left in the lurch, makes his peace as best he can with Ditchley; and Alianora, who was quite as heart-whole as Mun, bestowed herself and her dowry on a more ardent suitor. Meanwhile Mary Eure, who had treated Mun with kind and sisterly frankness as a friend and cousin, feels nothing but aversion to him as a lover. She refuses to see him, and will scarcely read his impassioned letters, though he assures her that her perfections have made her slave the most miserable creature in the world, and that "as often as I make any addresses to my God, my saint, even your sweete selfe, interposes between my Maker and mee . a deniall from you and a dagger at my heart are the same thing."

Mary never wavers in her resolution, and appeals to her own mother and to Sir Ralph "to take her cousin off from troubling her"; Sir Ralph assures her that "few or none have that absolute mastery over theire owne passions as to love or unlove, either whome or when they list, nor can that love be real that is at such command." Edmund tried everything that a man could honourably do to bend a woman to his will; and the relations on both sides did their best to further his suit, but they were driven to confess they could as soon empty the sea as persuade Mary to marriage; and though the poor lad thought he "heard a bird sing that I shall have her at length"—"the only love my youth hath had, or shall ever know"—yet, after "three yeares' tricks and attendance," he is forced to confess that the lady has not been "with soe much adoe obteyned."

While Mun has been playing out his tragic-comedy of "Love's Labour Lost," and "bemoaning the prodigious method of his fate," England has been tossed about by what Tom Verney calls "the grand mutations." Oliver

Cromwell is dead, and Mr. Richard has scarcely appeared on the boards before he is hurriedly bowed out again. The memorable year 1660 has dawned, and Sir Ralph loses an opportunity of adding to the historical associations of Claydon House by declining to invite General Monk to sleep there on his march to St. Albans and London, though urged to do so. Then, in bright May sunshine, Charles II. lands in England, and the bells are rung at Claydon, there is feasting and shouting, and "we have our bonfires and rejoicings," writes the Rector, "but not of sufficient moment to be noticed in the Diurnals"; Sir Ralph and Mun go up to town and share in all the bravery of the Coronation.

Two years later, Edmund Verney married Mary Abell, the heiress of East Claydon, which adjoined his father's property, but she had intermittent fits of madness, and eventually became hopelessly insane, her three children and a grandchild died prematurely, and her property reverted again to the Abells, to be sold by them to the Verneys of Claydon in a later generation.

Sir Ralph Verney's second son, John, who had served the Levant Company for some years at Aleppo, succeeded his father. He was a shrewd and capable man of business, with antiquarian tastes, and he collected genealogies and docketed and arranged the family papers. He became Viscount Fermanagh, and his son Ralph was raised to the rank of Earl Verney, in the peerage of Ireland. To his grandson Ralph, the second and last Earl Verney, Claydon House owes the three beautiful rooms decorated by Adam, and the inlaid wooden staircase, with its graceful iron balustrade, which remain as evidences at once of his extravagance and of his good taste. He played the expensive part of a Whig county magnate, and put Edmund Burke into Parliament, who writes of him as "an indulgent, humane, and moderate landlord, a great protector of the poor within his reach," and a disinterested politician in a corrupt age. The magnificence of his operations in electioneering and in building brought him

at length to bankruptcy, and when he died, a widower and broken-hearted, his house dismantled and the treasures he had accumulated scattered to the winds, his niece and successor pulled down a great part of his new building and abandoned Claydon for a suburban villa. With this determined lady, created by Pitt, Baroness Fermanagh, the owners of Claydon of the old Verney blood ended; she left the estate by will to her half-sister, who again bequeathed it to her cousin, the younger Sir Harry Calvert, who took the name of Verney. During Sir Harry Verney's long and honourable life, extending to more than ninety years, he rendered good service to the county of Bucks both locally and in Parliament, and added much to the interesting associations of Claydon House. The portrait of his father, Sir Harry Calvert, is amongst the memorials of the reign of good King George. He was taken prisoner at seventeen in the war with America, and afterwards served under the Duke of York, whose fat Georgian features are preserved in a bust in the saloon. The furniture and the porcelain of the Chinese room and the portrait of Lord Amherst, taken after his mission to Pekin, are associated with the first opening up of China to British commerce, as the picture of the King of the Belgians given by him to Sir Harry Verney after a conference of geographers, in 1876, recalls the first opening out of the Congo.

The colours carried by the old 14th, the Bucks Regiment, at Waterloo, the trophies taken by Sir Edmund Verney from the King of Oude's Palace at the relief of Lucknow; Florence Nightingale's portrait, the cypresses grown from cones which she brought from Scutari, and the many precious memorials of her visits to Claydon, bring down the historical associations of the house to the present day.

In looking back to the story of an English country house, as given us in the Verney MSS., the impression left on one's mind is less of the changes that have come to pass than of the remarkable continuity of English country life, and the enduring types of English character. The essential

joys and sorrows of life remain the same, there are only the old motives for striving to perform its duties, the old consolations under its sorrows, the qualities that endeared Ralph and Mary Verney to their own generation, are those still cultivated and cherished in happy English homes of to-day; and we rise from the perusal of the faded old brown letters with the feeling put for us into beautiful words a long while ago—

> "How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which kings or laws can cause or cure."

STOWE AND ITS GARDENS.

By ALBERT J. FOSTER, M.A.

THE earliest authentic history of Stowe, the *station* or settlement of Saxon days, is to be found in the transactions of the twelfth century, for in 1129 Robert D'Ayley, a member of a then well-known Buckinghamshire family, gave his estates at Stowe to the canons of St. Friedswide, Oxford. When Oxford became a Bishopric in the time of Henry VIII., these estates formed a part of the endowment, but Elizabeth alienated them during the vacancy of the See, and they passed to the Temple family about 1600, in the person of Sir Thomas Temple, who was knighted by James I. in 1603, and created a baronet in 1611. His grandfather, Sir Peter Temple, who was descended from Leofric, Earl of Leicester, is said by some to have possessed the manor of Stowe half a century earlier. It is more probable that he was only a tenant of the Bishop. Sir Thomas Temple married Hester, the daughter of Myles Sandays, of Latimers—which is situated on the Chess, on the other side of the county—and she bore him a large family, thirteen in number. She lived to see four generations, consisting of seven hundred of her descendants.

Sir Thomas was succeeded by his son Sir Peter, who was knighted by Charles I. in 1641, sat for Buckingham, and served in the army with two of his brothers. Sir Peter's son and successor was Sir Richard Temple, who was a leader among the Whigs, but is more especially remembered as the builder of Stowe House as we see it now. He was a Commissioner of Customs, and died in 1697.

After Sir Richard the first came Sir Richard the second, his son, better known first as Baron and then as Viscount Cobham. He received the first title in 1714, and the second in 1718. With his name most of the glories of Stowe as a residence are connected, and he died there in 1749. Sir Richard had to do with military matters in early life. In 1702, he was with the Duke of Marlborough in the Low Countries, and was present at the sieges of Venloo and Rutemonde. In 1706, he commanded a brigade, was present at the siege of Lisle, and was sent by the Duke to Queen Anne with the account of its capture. In 1708, he became Major-General, and in 1709 Lieutenant-General. In the year of his barony he was sent as Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Emperor, and in the year 1715 he was made Constable of Windsor Castle. In default of male heirs his titles passed, by special patent, to his sister Hester, who brought a new family to Stowe. For Hester Temple had married Richard Grenville, one of a distinguished family at Wootton, in the centre of the county, and the Grenvilles, her descendants, leaving the home of their ancestors, made Stowe their chief residence. Viscountess Cobham's grandson, George Grenville, was created Marquis of Buckingham in 1784, and the son of the latter, Richard, was created Duke of Buckingham in 1822. The family had now taken many additional names, those of the families into which its members had respectively married, and the complete name ran Temple-Nugent-Brydges-Chandos-Grenville. The family has, however, died out in male line in the person of the third and last Duke. It was in August, 1848, in the time of the second Duke, that the famous Stowe sale took place. It lasted thirty-four days, and Messrs. Christie and Manson were the auctioneers. Much has been said and written of the way in which the art treasures of Stowe were scattered throughout the country, but it is not generally known that the Duke re-purchased many of them and replaced them in their positions, and that others were in reality never moved away from the house.

The last page in the history of Stowe has been the residence there of the Comte de Paris, who took it on a seven years' lease in 1889, and died in the house in 1895.

In 1847, the Queen and the Prince Consort paid a visit to the Duke here.

But to go back a little into the history of Stowe House. The first Lord Cobham, Marlborough's General, gathered the wits of the day around him, in the gardens which he laid out so magnificently in the early part of the eighteenth century, and these friends celebrated their charms in verse. Pope, in his "Moral Essays," thus describes these gardens in his fourth epistle, "The Use of Riches"—

"To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let nature never be forgot.
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over dress, nor leave her wholly bare.
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly compounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the plan in all:
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps the ambitious will the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale:
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades:
Now breaks, or now directs, the intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and as you work, designs.
Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start even from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you: Time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a STOWE!
Without it, proud VERSAILLES! thy glory falls:
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake."

STOWE HOUSE.

Thompson also speaks of these far-famed gardens:—

"O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
And fair majestic paradise of Stowe!
Not Persian Cyrus or Ionia's shores
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius turned
By cool, judicious art; that in the strife
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone."

For rather later records of Stowe we turn to the delightful gossiping letters of Horace Walpole, who was an occasional visitor here. More especially does he describe the *fête* given in honour of a visit paid by the Princess Amelia, the daughter of George II. On June 29th, 1770, he wrote to George Montagu, his constant correspondent:—"The case is, Princess Amelia has insisted on my going with her to, that is, meeting her at, Stowe, on Monday, for a week." Three days later he repeats what he has to say on the matter of the invitation:—"I have been at Park Place with Princess Amelia, and she insisted on my meeting her at Stowe to-morrow. She had mentioned it before, and as I have no delight in a royal progress, and as little in the Seigneur Temple, I waived the honour and pleasure, and thought I should hear no more of it. However, the proposal was turned into a command, and everybody told me I could not refuse."

Six days later he gives Montagu an account of the visit and the festivities:—"The party passed off much better than I expected. A Princess at the head of a small set for five days together did not promise well. However, she was very good-humoured and easy, and dispensed with a large quantity of etiquette. Lady Temple is good nature itself, my Lord was very civil, Lord Besborough is made to suit all sorts of people, Lady Mary Coke respects royalty too much not to be very condescending, Lady Ann Howard and Mrs. Middleton filled up the drawing-room, or rather made it out, and I was so determined to carry it off as well as I could, and happened to be in such good

spirits, and took such care to avoid politics, that we laughed a good deal, and had not one cloud the whole time.

"We breakfasted at half an hour after nine, but the Princess did not appear till it was finished; then we walked in the garden, or drove about in cabriolets till it was time to dress; dined at three, which, though properly proportioned to the smallness of company to avoid ostentation, lasted a vast while, as the Princess eats and talks a great deal; then again into the garden till past seven, when we came in, drank tea and coffee and played at Pharaoh till ten, when the Princess retired and we went to supper, and before twelve to bed. You see there was great sameness and little vivacity in all this. It was a little broken by fishing, going round the park one of the mornings; but, in reality, the number of buildings and variety of scenes in the garden make each day different from the rest, and my meditations on so historic a spot prevented my being tired. Every acre brings to one's mind some instance of the parts or pedantry, of the taste or want of taste, of the ambition, or love of fame, or greatness, or miscarriages of those that have inhabited, decorated, planned, or visited the place. Pope, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Kent, Gibbs, Lord Cobham, Lord Chesterfield, the mob of nephews, the Lytteltons, Grenvilles, Wests, Leonidas Glover, and Wilkes, the late Prince of Wales, the King of Denmark, Princess Amelia, and the proud monuments of Lord Chatham's services, now enshrined there, then anathematized there, and now again commanding there with the Temple of Friendship, like the Temple of Janus, sometimes open to war, and sometimes shut up in factious cabals—all these images crowd upon one's memory, and add visionary personages to the charming scenes, that are so enriched with fanes and temples, that the real prospects are little less than visions themselves.

"On Wednesday night a small Vauxhall was acted for us at the grotto in the Elysian Fields, which was illuminated with lamps, as were the thicket and two little barques on the lake. With a little exaggeration I could make you

believe that nothing was so delightful. The idea was really pretty, but as my feelings have lost something of their romantic sensibility, I did not quite enjoy such an entertainment *al fresco* so much as I should have done twenty years ago. The evening was more than cool, and the destined spot anything but dry. There were not half lamps enough, and no music but an ancient militia-man, who played cruelly on a squeaking tabor and pipe. As our procession descended the vast flight of steps into the garden, in which was assembled a crowd of people from Buckingham and the neighbouring villages to see the Princess and the show, the moon shining very bright, I could not help laughing as I surveyed our troop, which, instead of tripping lightly to such an Arcadian entertainment, were hobbling down by the balustrades, wrapped up in cloaks and great coats for fear of catching cold. The Earl, you know, is bent double, the Countess very lame; I am a miserable walker, and the Princess, though as strong as a Brunswick lion, makes no figure in going down fifty steps. Except Lady Anne, and by courtesy Lady Mary, we were none of us young enough for a pastoral."

Truly a delightful account this of a stay in a country house a century and a quarter ago.

The entrance to Stowe is immediately outside the town of Buckingham, and a straight avenue leads from this outer entrance to the gate of the park itself, a distance of a mile and a half. The park entrance is beneath a Corinthian arch, and from this point there is a splendid view of the south-east front of the house, seen across the lake which lies in front, and distant rather more than half a mile. The approach to the house originally ran through the gardens on the east side, crossing the lake by a covered-in Palladian bridge. The present road makes a long detour to the west, and the approach to the house is now on the north-west front.

The road, soon after it has crossed the lake, which is really a branch of the Ouse dammed up—

"So Cobham comes and floats them with a flood"—

passes between two classical structures known as Boycot Pavilions, designed by Sir John Vanbrugh. They take their name from the little manor of Boycot, which occupied this portion of the park, but is now merged in that of Stowe. One of these is fitted as a small dwelling-house, the windows and entrance being on the side away from the road. A little further the road enters another at right angles. This latter road, which comes into the park at the Boycot Lodge, is the old Roman way which comes from Bicester, and crosses the Ouse at Stratford, the *street ford*, a couple of miles to the south-west. It runs in a perfectly straight line across the park, in front of the house, but its direction is lost when it leaves the enclosure.

The north-west front of Stowe House is not very interesting. There is a centre with a portico, and a colonnade sweeps round on each side. There is nothing to break the monotony of the great expanse of gravel in front except an equestrian statue of George I. On the left-hand side are the entrances to the offices and to the kitchen gardens, where Lancelot Brown—"Capability Brown"—worked as a gardener from 1737 to 1750, and also learnt something of that landscape gardening which he afterwards carried out so successfully at Kew, Blenheim, Newnham Courtenay, and elsewhere. On the right-hand side are the stables.

We must go round to the other side to see the magnificent front built by Sir Richard Temple, a grand elevation 916 feet in length. The centre is a lofty portico with a pediment, approached by forty steps, at the foot of which are lions copied from those in the Villa Medici in Rome. In the loggia beneath the portico were six antique figures from the Braschi collection. Two are, however, gone. In the intercolumniations were once groups by Schumaker, Delorme, and others. Two only are left, and they are antique examples, and very good ones too. They were bought at the sale by a purchaser who never divulged his name, and were left standing in their original positions that it might be said that at least two of the works of art had never been moved.

A curious feature about this front is that no upper storey is visible. Of course there is an upper storey, but it is concealed by the following device:—The upper rooms are built in blocks, the windows of which face one another, with an open space between them, while only the blank gable-ends are exposed to the front. The arrangement adds to the grandeur of the whole it is true, but it deprives the upstairs rooms of their rightful view across the park. They are built as though they stood in the street of a town. One other criticism we must make. By way of adding dignity to the two extreme ends of the *façade*, the windows at each extremity are larger than those in the blocks on each side of the central portico. The consequence is that the principal state rooms, which are those nearest to the centre, have smaller windows than the less important apartments at the ends.

It will be well understood that the extreme length of the *façade* does away with any possibility of building round a quadrangle, so common an arrangement elsewhere. Stowe House is a long line of magnificent apartments which face the gardens. Behind these are merely passages and little suites of visitors' rooms. The upper portion we have already described.

From the loggia beneath the portico we pass into the marble saloon, which is built with a marvellous dome, copied, it might be, from that of the Pantheon. It has a similar central opening. The frieze above the cornice has a wonderful group of figures, by Valdrè, running round it, and representing a Roman triumph.

On the north-west side of the marble saloon is the entrance hall, from which another portico opens on to the carriage-drive. The ceiling of this hall was painted by Kent, who was an artist of many parts, and possibly represents Victory presenting a sword to Lord Cobham. There are two pieces of ancient sculpture let into panels, and there is a copy of the Venus de Medici; but the chief ornament of this hall is a magnificent vase brought from Hercu-

laneum. It had been shattered, but has been very craftily joined together again. Beneath is a small dark chamber, commonly called the Egyptian Hall, as it has round it some transparencies copied from Baron Denon's drawings of Egyptian bas-reliefs.

From the marble saloon all the principal apartments open right and left. They have doors leading from one to another, and when all these doors are open there is an apparently interminable vista, for large mirrors close each end.

The first room to the north-west is the state drawing-room. In this apartment are several pictures brought back after the sale, and restored to their places. Amongst them is a Correggio—Mars, Venus, and Cupid—said to be a replica, if not the original, of the well-known one in the National Gallery. Over the mantelpiece is a piece of ancient sculpture, a sacrifice to Bacchus. Out of the drawing-room opens the large tapestry dining-room. The tapestry here never left the house. Here, too, over the mantelpiece, are some carvings by Grinling Gibbons, representing mythological scenes, and differing from his usual work.

The small tapestry dining-room comes next, and the tapestry here appears to represent some of the battles in which Lord Cobham was engaged. At any rate, the costumes are of his day. Over the mantelpiece is a Vandyck of one of the Temple family. The Duchess's drawing-room comes next, and is the last apartment at this end of the house. The two further corners have been divided off into square Japanese cabinets, fitted with china shelves.

The music-room opens out from the other end of the marble saloon. Beyond this is the library, which is also a grand room, seventy-four feet by twenty-five feet. Three rooms beyond, which close this north-east end of the house, are not so important. One of them was fitted up as the Queen's bedroom for the royal visit.

The basement is well worth a visit. Some of the large corridors have been fitted up as armouries, and here are stacked the muskets used by the Regiment commanded by the Marquis of Buckingham in the Peninsula. An inner armoury is approached by a small well staircase, and is lighted by a central lantern of stained glass. Out of this armoury opens the MS. library, in the lockers of which are stored away countless bundles of Grenville papers. This room was fitted up in a sort of Gothic style by Sir John Soane, and in the centre of the vaulted ceiling are the seven hundred and nineteen quarterings of the families of Temple, Grenville, Nugent, and Chandos. Over the doorway connecting the two rooms is a curious bas-relief, representing the battle of Bosworth.

The chapel, which smells sweetly of its cedar-wood panelling, is partly on the basement and partly on the ground floor, for the gallery, which is approached from the state apartments, and forms the family pew, looks down upon the floor and the altar. Here was preserved until the sale the organ of James II.'s travelling chapel, that chapel which he erected in the camp on Hounslow Heath, and in which he heard Mass as the soldiers shouted in triumph at the acquittal of the seven bishops. The colours of the Marquis of Buckingham's regiment hang from the walls.

The basement is a huge rambling network of stone passages and corridors. In one place we come to a plunge bath, and standing out by itself is the huge kitchen, not unlike that of Trinity College, Cambridge, with a large open fire-place, before which any amount of long spits may turn, and which requires a ton of coal to set its fire going in the morning.

The rooms are desolate and lonely now, though in some places the tapestry carpets, with the family arms worked on them, still cover the floor. No one has resided here since the death of the Comte de Paris in 1895. But we may go back beyond the days of exiled royalty, and imagine the

place as it was in the days of Walpole. We may people it with fair ghosts in high-heeled shoes and monstrous head-dresses, and with male shades in deep skirted coats of many colours, and with flowing wigs on their heads, and we shall imagine the gossiping Horace moving about in the old-fashioned company, delighting all with his wit and talk as he now delights us with his letters.

But we have yet to visit the gardens. These extend chiefly to the front and east of the house, and are four hundred acres in extent. In front they are laid out with some idea of symmetry. There are stiff borders in front of the portico, and there are pavilions away in the park across the lake, one on each side of the vista which is finished by the Corinthian entrance arch, similar in design. These pavilions were the work of Kent, but altered by Boora. The Temple of Venus, once adorned with scenes from the "Faerie Queene," which have now been destroyed, and the Queen's Buildings, erected in honour of Charlotte Sophia, wife of George III., and designed by Kent, also correspond with one another on this side of the water.

Away on the north-west side we have the Temple of Bacchus, which possessed some sculpture by Nollekins, representing the revels of Bacchus, and the monument of Queen Caroline on four Ionic columns, erected "Divæ Carolinæ."

The hermitage and the cascades, as they are called, which are formed by the elevation of one portion of the lake above another, are not much; and the beauty of the true landscape garden is to be found towards the north-east, where a branch lakelet runs up into a dell with moderately steep sides. Here William Kent gave full play to his creative powers; here we have a delightful succession of hill and dale, lofty trees, and close thicket, dotted here and there with the temples and monuments which were so many of them designed by the same artist. Here is that portion of the grounds called the "Elysian Fields," and this is what Walpole has to say of them just after that visit which has already been described in his own words:—

"Twice a day we made a pilgrimage to almost every heathen temple in that province that they call a garden; as there is no sallying out of the house without descending a flight of steps as high as St. Paul's. My Lord Besborough would have dragged me up to the top of the column, to see all the kingdoms of the earth; but I would not, if he could have given them to me. To crown all, because we live under the line, and that we were all of us giddy young creatures, of near threescore, we supped in a grotto in the Elysian Fields, and were refreshed with rivers of dew and gentle showers that dripped from all the trees; and put us in mind of the heroic ages, when kings and queens were shepherds and shepherdesses, and lived in caves, and were wet to the skin two or three times a day. Well! thank heaven, I am emerged from that Elysium, and once more in a Christian country!—not but, to say the truth, our Pagan landlord and landlady were very obliging, and the party went off much better than I expected."

Here or hereabouts are gathered all the various temples and other buildings. Here is the Temple of Ancient Virtue, with statues by Schumaker of Lycurgus, Socrates, Homer, and Epaminondas. "The Grecian Temple is glorious," writes Walpole. "This I openly worship." Close by is the monument to Captain Thomas Grenville, a column studded with ships' prows in classical fashion. He was killed in a naval action, when serving under Lord Anson, in 1747, and his last words (he was quite a young man) are recorded on the pillar, "Better to die thus than to be arraigned before a court-martial."

The Temple of British Worthies, also the work of Kent, is near the lake. It is built in the form of a segment of a circle, with the figures of the "worthies" in niches. They are Pope, Sir Thomas Gresham, Ignatius Jones, Milton, Shakespeare, Locke, Newton, Bacon, King Alfred, Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, John Hampden, Frederic Prince of Wales, and Sir John Barnard. The busts are the work of Rysburgh and Schumaker.

There is a Temple of Concord and Victory, erected in 1763, to celebrate the close of the seven years' war by the Treaty of Paris.

A former famous building, now unroofed and almost a ruin, is the Temple of Friendship. It was erected by Lord Cobham to commemorate the Prince of Wales, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Westmoreland, Lord Marchmount, Gower, Lord Bathurst, Temple, the elder Pitt, Lyttelton, and Cobham himself. Walpole described this erection, or rather the busts to be found therein, during a former visit in 1753:—"The Temple of Friendship, in which among twenty memorandums of quarrels, is the bust of Mr. Pitt. Mr. James Grenville is now in the House, whom his uncle disinherited for his attachment to that very Pylades, Mr. Pitt. He broke with Mr. Pope, who is deified in the Elysian Fields, before the inscription for his head was finished. That of Sir J. Barnard, which was bespoke by the name of a bust of my Lord Mayor, was by a mistake of the sculptor done for Alderman Perry. But I have no patience at building and planting a satire." His metaphoric words, "Such is the Temple of Modern Virtue in ruins!" have become an actual fact.

On an island in the lake is a monument to Congreve, by Kent, with a monkey on a pillar to represent comedy.

There is an urn which commemorates William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and was brought from Burton Pynsent, in Somerset, from which Pitt took his second title. It was first erected there by Hester, his wife, who was herself a Grenville. A pillar was also erected to Lord Cobham himself.

A church-like building, with a tower rising up among the trees, is the Gothic Temple. It is a sort of Moorish Gothic, but pleased Walpole:—"In the heretical corner of my heart," he says, "I adore the Gothic building which by some unusual inspiration Gibbs has made pure and beautiful and venerable. The style has a propensity to the Venetian or Mosque Gothic, and the great column near it makes the whole put one in mind of the Place of St. Mark."

An entrance from the park into the gardens on the south-east side is in the form of a Doric archway. Walpole thus describes its origin. He is still referring to the visit of the Princess:—"But the chief entertainment of the week, at least what was so to the Princess, was an arch, which Lord Temple has erected to her honour in the most enchanting of all picturesque scenes. It is inscribed on one side Amelia Sophia Aug., and has a medallion of her on the other. It is placed on an eminence at the top of the Elysian Fields in a grove of orange trees. You come to it on a sudden, and are startled with delight on looking through it: you at once see through a glade, the river winding at bottom, from which a thicket arises arched over with trees, but opened, and discovering a hillock full of hay-cocks, beyond which in front is the Palladian bridge, and again over that a larger hill crowned with the castle. It is a tall landscape framed by the arch and the embowering trees, and comprehending more beauties of light, shade, and buildings than any picture of Albano I ever saw.

"Between the flattery and the prospect the Princess was really in Elysium! She visited her arch four or five times every day, and could not satiate herself with it. The statues of Apollo and the Muses stand on each side of the arch. One day she found in Apollo's hand the following lines, which I had written for her, and communicated to Lord Temple:—

"T'other day, with a beautiful frown on her brow,
To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stowe:
'What a fuss is here made with that arch just erected!
How *our* temples are slighted, our altars neglected!
Since yon nymph has appeared, *we* are noticed no more,
All resort to *her* shrine, all *her* presence adore:
And, what's more provoking, before all our faces
Temple hither has drawn both the Muses and Graces.'
'Keep your temper, dear child,' Phœbus cried, with a smile,
'Nor this happy, this amiable festival spoil.
'Can your shrine any longer with garlands be dress'd?
'When a true goddess reigns, all the false are suppress'd.'"

"If you will keep my counsel, I will own to you, that originally the two last lines were much better, but I was forced to alter them out of decorum, not to be too Pagan on the occasion; in short, here they are as in the first sketch:—

> "Recollect, once before, that our oracle ceased
> When a real divinity rose in the East."

"So many heathen temples around made me talk as a Roman poet would have done: but I corrected my verses, and have made them insipid enough to offend nobody. Good-night. I am rejoiced to be once more in the gay solitude of my own little temple."

Away to the north-east of the Elysian Fields is the Bourbon Tower, which was erected to commemorate the Restoration of Louis XVIII. When residing at Hartwell, near Aylesbury, during his exile, he occasionally came over to Stowe, and on this spot he planted a tree, being driven to it in a low carriage, as he was far too fat to be able to walk through the grounds.

There is one building in the gardens which is older than the temples and monuments, and even the gardens themselves. It is the parish church of St. Mary, a modest little ecclesiastical building of no particular interest except that it reminds us that Stowe is a parish in itself, with the history of an English parish, and that our Saxon ancestors had their station on the *street* of their Roman predecessors, hundreds of years before William Kent laid out these gardens, built these temples, and formed these lakes.

FAWLEY COURT.

By Mrs. Emily J. Climenson.

WITH an air of dignity, and conscious security of past fame and present interest, does this stately mansion stand, with its four fronts placed to the cardinal points, embosomed in its ancient trees. Facing on the east is the silvery Thames; on the north and south are its terraced gardens and park, and westward the hanging slopes of its deer park. Fawley Court is situated a little over a mile from the town of Henley-on-Thames, on the Buckinghamshire side of the river; opposite to it lies, midstream, an island, crowned by a white Grecian-architectured building called the "Temple," belonging to Fawley estate, well known as the starting point of that now international annual meeting called Henley Regatta, at once the "Mecca" of oarsmen and the great annual water picnic to which all classes crowd, and endorse, after long years of attendance, Shakespeare's words, "custom cannot stale thine infinite variety." To turn to ancient history, Fawley, Falelie, Falley, or Falle (as it is variously spelt in old deeds), stands in the county of Bucks in the Hundred of Desborough. The county demarcation line, irregularly drawn, runs through its grounds, dividing Oxfordshire from Buckinghamshire. The parish is about three miles long by two broad; the church is perched up on the hill almost opposite the Court, approached by a long and romantically beautiful drive through beech woods. From the Vicarage hard by a most extensive view is embraced, in which Windsor Castle forms an object of interest. In Domesday the account of

Fawley runs thus:—"Herbrand holds Falelie of Walter, for which he is taxed ten hides; there are fourteen carucates of land. In demesne there are two, and thirteen villeins, with one copyholder, having twelve plough lands. There are five *servi*, and two carucates of pasture. The wood affords pannage for one hundred hogs. Altogether it is worth six pounds; when he received it an hundred shillings; in the reign of the Confessor six pounds, when Earl Tosti held this manor." Tosti was the son of Earl Godwin, created Earl of Northumberland, deprived of the manor for his cruelty. The Walter mentioned as supreme lord was Walter de Bolebec, surnamed "Giffard," the son of Osberne de Bolebec and Aveline his wife, near relations of the Conqueror. The tenant, Herbrand de Saultcheveril, or de Salchevilla, had accompanied the Conqueror from Normandy as a commander of the Norman force; "according to Collins, he is placed at the head of the Sacheveril or Sackville pedigree, and was seventh in the roll in an ancient MS. in the hands of Edward Guyn, Custos Brevium in the reign of James I." Herbrand himself returned to Normandy, and was living there 1079. He had three sons, Jordan, William, and Robert. William remained in England, having a knight's fee at Fawley, and married Albreada; by her he had a son and three daughters. The son died, so in fault of male issue Sir Robert, the third son, succeeded to his brother William's estate, and his descendant, Bartholomew de Sackville, held the property in A.D. 1250, as part of the Lordship of Crendon, in the Honour of Wallingford. When Walter Giffard, the third Earl of Buckingham, died, in 1164, S.P., his lands were divided between his sisters. The fee belonged to the estate, but Fawley remained in the hands of the De Sackvilles till Margery, daughter of Thomas Sackville, carried it by marriage to one Thomas Rokes, or Rookes, his arms being *a fess inter three rooks proper.* Margery had a son, Thomas, who was knighted, was M.P. for Bucks in 12 Edward IV., and Sheriff for that

county 2 Henry III. He married a daughter of Sir William Stonor. He was succeeded in turn by his son, another Thomas, who married Elizabeth Chambers, of Staffordshire. Their son Robert, married twice; first to Mary Godsalve, by whom he had one daughter, Phyllis, who married Thomas Lovelace. By Robert's second marriage with Elizabeth Oglethorpe, of Newington, Oxon, he had a son and two daughters. One daughter, the surviving child, carried Fawley in marriage to Sir Henry Alford, of Hall Place, Berks. The Alford arms are—*Azure a chief, in base* 6 *pears or, impaling argent semée de fleurs de lis or, a lion rampant argent.* I mention these arms because they are amongst the family quarterings of arms on Sir James Whitelock's monument in Fawley church; hence they appear to denote that there was a relationship between the Whitelock and Alford families. Langley states, in his "Hundred of Desborough," that he did not know whether Sir James Whitelock bought or inherited Fawley, but that in an inquisition taken at the death of Sir James it was alleged that he held from the heirs of Francis, Lord Talbot. We have, however, Sir James' own words, in his "Liber Famelicus"; he bought Fawley, in 1616, for about £9,000 from Sir William Alford, and he and his wife spent the following summer there, "mending and repairing the house, orchards, and gardens."

The same year, January, 1616, Sir William Alford sold Henley Park to Sir John Mellor, and he in turn sold this estate to Sir James Whitelock, in 1620; henceforth the two adjoining properties remained in the same hands. Sir James Whitelock was of a good family, settled at Wokingham, Berks. He was born November 28th, 1570, educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and was afterwards scholar of St. John's, Oxford, in 1594, Bachelor of Civil Law, then Summer Reader in the Middle Temple, Chief Justice of Chester, and afterwards Judge of Common Pleas. He was a most eminent lawyer, and a very learned man. He married, in 1602, Elizabeth Bulstrode, of Hedgeley

Bulstrode, Bucks ; by her he had one son and two daughters. Sir James wrote a book called "Liber Famelicus," which gives very interesting details of his life. He was a favourite amongst his Henley neighbours, for frequent mention is made in the Corporation records of presents to him—fish, "swannys," sugar loaves, and haunches of venison, etc. In 1625, the plague raged in London to such an extent that the Law Courts had to be adjourned at Michaelmas term. This compelled Sir James to visit London for the purpose of dismissing the courts. To avoid infection he left his whole retinue, with the exception of two men, outside London. Having completed his errand he returned to what is now Hyde Park corner, and sat in his coach eating cold meat which he had brought from home. After this he speedily returned to Fawley Court. The plague was very bad at Henley, and simply raged at Medmenham, the village opposite Fawley Court, across the river, nearly all its inhabitants dying. Sir James kept his people much retired at Fawley : the doors shut, and when money was to be paid at harvest-time a tub of water was placed at the door, and the money first put into it, and taken out by the person who was to receive it. Sir James must have been a kind-hearted master, for an old servant of his named Bull, who had lived with him forty years, presuming on his position of long service, his master gave him warning, which he would not take! saying, "if you do not know when you have a good servant, I know when I have a good master," and Bull lived to survive Sir James and be servant to his son and successor, Sir Bulstrode.

In 1622, Sir James bought the adjoining estate, Phyllis Court, from Sir John Mellor. He lost his wife May 28th, 1631. In December that same year, a chapel he had built was consecrated at Fawley by the then Bishop of Lincoln, John Williams. Sir James did not long survive ; he died June 21st, 1632. King Charles I. said of him, that he was "a stout, wise, and learned judge, and one who knew

what belongs to uphold magistrates and magistracy in their dignity." Whitelock was a friend of Archbishop Laud, but uttered these prophetic words, "Laud is too full of fire, though a just and good man; his want of experience in State matters, his too great zeal for the Church, this heat, if he proceeds in the way he is now in, will set this nation on fire." How true these words were was only too soon to be proved. Sir Bulstrode Whitelock gave this noble character of his father: "In his death the king lost a good subject, the country as good a patriot, the people as just a judge as ever lived. All honest men lamented the loss of him. No man in his age left behind him a more honoured memory. His reason was clear and strong, and his learning deep and general. He was perfect master of the Latin, and understood Greek and Hebrew; was versed in the Jewish histories, and exactly knowing in the history of his own country; he was very conversant in the studies of antiquity and heraldry, and in the pedigree of most persons of honour and quality in the kingdom; he was not by any excelled in the knowledge of the common laws of England, wherein his knowledge of the Civil law (whereof he was a graduate in Oxford), was a help to him; his learned arguments both at the Bar and Bench will confirm this truth." Sir Bulstrode built a transept to Fawley church, and erected in it a noble tomb to his parents' memories. Their life-sized figures lie side by side, he in his judge's robes under a canopy supported by black marble pillars. Two female figures behind wear the joint arms of Whitelock and Bulstrode, viz., a tower embattled *frette argent* and *gules*, on which are a goshawk *or*, and a bull's head. The altar part of the monument bears many interesting quarterings of arms, too numerous to insert here. The Whitelock motto was "Nec Beneficio, nec metu." Sir Bulstrode Whitelock was born in London in 1605. As the fashion then was, he was put out to nurse for the first year or so. He was sent to Woburn, Bucks, and for a while was a sickly child, and the nurse writes,

"is testy, and will not eat his shaffling broth, though she made it as good as a gold noble." "Shaffling broth," which was then given to children to make them strong, "was composed of a potage stewed from young eels, and rendered unctuous by rusty bacon, which served to give the mass consistency, and the much prized golden colour!" One is not surprised at young Bulstrode being "testy." This extraordinary mixture was known, it is said, to the Saxons as "Lamb's broth!" Lady Whitelock went to see the little boy, and brought him home, where he seems soon to have regained his health. He was sent when old enough to Merchant Taylors' School, and thence to St. John's College, Oxford, as his father had been. He was a pupil of Laud, then President of Saint John's, and the friend of Juxon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury and Laud's special *protégé*. That Bulstrode Whitelock had quite recovered his strength since "shaffling broth" days is proved by the statement that he was so swift as to run down hares on foot. His knowledge of music was great, and he was chosen to preside over and choose the pieces to be performed at a grand masque given by the Inns of Court at Whitehall before Charles I. and his Queen, and for which selection he was much commended. Whitelock was very fond of falconry and driving. He kept tame cormorants in a ditch opening to the river at Fawley, in which he used to place fish and watch them caught. He made a pond, and had an arch built over upon piles, and kept his wine in summer in its cool recesses, and a boat. There is a record of his being upset with his coach-and-four driving to Reading. In 1633, he drove no less than ten times to London. The same year he met Archbishop Laud at the Bell Inn, Henley, now the Grammar School, and besought Laud to lie at Fawley Court as usual; but there existed already a "little rift within the lute," and Laud and he had begun to drift apart in political and church matters; so the Archbishop refused to accept his hospitality.

Sir Bulstrode built a banqueting house at Fawley, doubtless in the field called to this day the "Banqueting Field." Dissatisfied with it, he resolved to pull it down and re-build on higher ground. This new structure was only twelve feet square, but cost fully £600. It was built in 1634. The steps, pavement, etc., were formed of blue and white Bletchington marble, selected from the quarry of his friend and kinsman, Sir Thomas Coghill; no remains are traceable now. This same year, in May, Whitelock's first wife, Rebecca, daughter of Alderman Bennet, died. By her he had one son, James. He was not long in consoling himself for her loss, for in the Fawley registers he married, on November 10th, 1634, Frances Willoughby, daughter of Lord Willoughby and Parham, descended from Edward III.; by this lady he had nine children. At the commencement of the Long Parliament Whitelock was made Burgess of Marlow; he was also chairman on the trial of the unfortunate Lord Strafford. The Civil War troubles beginning when he was Deputy-Lieutenant for Bucks, he was sent by the Commons to prevent the meeting convened at Watlington by the Earl of Berkshire of the various mayors and corporations of neighbouring towns, Henley included, to raise money for the Royal cause; and to support him he was accompanied by Colonel Goodwyn with a troop of Horse, and Colonel Hampden, with a company of Foot. The earl was taken prisoner; the Commissioners dispersed. Whitelock received a slight wound in the mouth. He was thoroughly anxious to adjust the differences between the king and the Parliament, and in 1643 was one of the Commissioners sent to treat for peace with the king at Oxford. Though eventually deciding with the Parliament, he deprecated all violent proceedings against the king. After the battle of Edgehill Prince Rupert's Brigade were quartered at Henley, and a troop of about 1,000 horse were placed at Fawley Court. The following is Sir Bulstrode Whitelock's description of their conduct:—"Sir John Byrons and his brothers commanded

those horse, and gave orders that they should commit no insolence at my house, nor plunder my goods; but soldiers are not easily governed against their plunder nor persuaded to restrain it; for there being about 1,000 of the King's Horse quartered in and about the house, and none but servants there, there was no insolence or outrage usually committed by common soldiers on a reputed enemy which was omitted by these brutish fellows at my house. They had their women with them; they spent and consumed two loads of corn and hay, littered their horses with sheaves of good wheat, and gave them all kinds of corn in the straw. Divers writings of consequence and books which were left in my study, some of them they tore in pieces, others they burnt to light their tobacco, and some they carried away with them, to my extreme loss and great prejudice in wanting the writings of my estate, and losing very many excellent manuscripts of my father's and others, and some of my own labours. They broke down my park pales, killed most of my deer through rascal and carrion, and let out the rest, only a tame young stag they carried away and presented to Prince Rupert, and my hounds, which were extraordinary good. They ate and drank up all that the house could afford, broke up all trunks, chests, and places, and where they found linen or any household stuff they took it away with them, and cutting the beds let out the feathers, and took away the tick; they likewise carried away my coach, and four good horses, and all my saddle-horses, and did all the mischief and spite that malice and enmity could provoke barbarous mercenaries to commit, and so they parted." Whitelock might well have said, "If these are my friends, save me from my enemies!" In fact, Fawley Court was rendered quite uninhabitable; henceforth, when in the neighbourhood, Whitelock inhabited Phyllis Court, his adjacent property. This house was, in March, 1643, fortified for the Parliament, and a troop of horse and three hundred foot placed in it. Greenlands, lying the other side of Fawley Court, was fortified by

its owner, Sir John D'Oyley, in the king's cause, and Fawley Court, lying between Phyllis Court and Greenlands, was "miserably torn and plundered by both garrisons." To give all the details of the skirmishes near Fawley would take too much room in these pages. It was not till August, 1646, that Whitelock, then Governor of Henley, obtained permission to "slight," or dismantle, the fortifications of his property, Phyllis Court. He had refused to be on the trial of the king, and retired into the country at that period. By his exertions the king's library and collection of medals were preserved; he was made keeper of them, and in 1649 was a Commissioner of the Seal, and in the Council of State. In 1651, he purchased the estate of Greenlands from Sir John D'Oyley. His second wife had died in 1648; he must have soon remarried, this time to a rich widow, Mrs. Wilson, *née* Carlton, for on being made Ambassador to Sweden, in 1653, his second child by her and sixth son, Carlton, was born on the day of his sailing, and two watermen rowed with all speed to the *Phœnix*, the ship he was in, to tell him of the fact. His third wife, we read, had amply provided him with all sorts of food, drink, and household stuff for his voyage, and he took a set of fine black coach horses as a present to Queen Christina, and a faithful mastiff as companion to himself. The details of his stay in Sweden, written by himself, are interesting; he was nearly shipwrecked on returning home. In 1659, he applied to Cromwell for the Provostship of Eton, but was refused, and he observed Cromwell having sufficiently availed himself of his services no longer thought of obliging him. Under Richard Cromwell's Protectorship, Whitelock was President of the Council of State, and Keeper of the Great Seal. In 1660, at the restoration, his wife destroyed many of his papers, fearing that they might incriminate him. Charles II., however, sent for him, treated him kindly, giving him his coronation Bible and Prayer Book, but bade him go back to his wife and his sixteen children! At the time of

his third marriage he had ten children. His last wife must have been a good-hearted woman, for she insisted on his not settling any of his money on her children by him, as she had enough of her own.

Whitelock was heavily fined—£90,000 was the sum fixed—but he could not manage to pay more than £50,000, and then sacrificed several estates. He retired to Chilton, in Wiltshire, making over Fawley Court to James, his son by his first marriage; to William, his eldest surviving son by his second marriage, he made over Henley Park and Phyllis Court. Dr. Lilly, the celebrated astrologer, left his fortune to Carlton, Whitelock's son by his third marriage. Sir Bulstrode Whitelock died in 1675, and was brought to Fawley for burial.

About 1680, some five years after the death of his father, Sir James Whitelock sold Fawley Court to Colonel William Freeman. A new residence was designed by Sir Christopher Wren for Colonel Freeman, and was completed in 1684. It was built on the original site. Some groined arches and a subterranean passage still exist of an older building, the date of which is unknown. The present terraces and courtyards are also on the original foundations. Colonel Freeman died without issue in 1707, and left Fawley Court to his nephew, John Cook, son of his sister, who assumed the name of Freeman; he married Susanna, daughter of Sir Jeremy Sambrook. They had one son, Sambrook; he married Sarah Winford, but failing issue, Fawley Court passed, at his death, to Strickland Freeman, his nephew, Mrs. Sambrook Freeman retiring to live at Henley Park. Strickland Freeman married his cousin, Elizabeth Strickland. He was a great character, loved hawking, and wrote a book on breaking and training horses. With the bad taste of that time, he had Fawley Court, which was built of red brick, picked out with Portland stone, whitened in July, 1787. He had no children, and the estate passed, at his death, to his relation, Admiral William Peere Williams, who changed his name to Freeman.

He was an old friend of and had been shipmate of William IV., who evinced a great regard for him, at his accession made him Admiral of the Fleet, and presented him with a splendid *bâton*. The king stayed at Fawley Court during the admiral's life. George III. and George IV. had both visited it during Sambrook and Strickland Freeman's lifetimes. Admiral Freeman's son predeceasing him, the estate went to his grandson, William Peere Williams Freeman, who sold it, in 1853, to Edward Mackenzie, Esq., the father of the present proprietor, William Dalziel Mackenzie, Esq. Fawley Court has been the scene of many a splendid entertainment, specially during the Freeman possession. Large tenant dinners used to be given at Christmas and other times, and the toasts at one, *circa* 1784, are so original, I give them:—

1. May the rich be charitable and the poor happy.
2. Short shoes and long corns to all the enemies of Great Britain.
3. May all great men be honest, and all honest men great.
4. Peace and plenty.

The present owner of Fawley Court has restored the house to its original red colour, the bricks being scraped and re-faced; its whole appearance is most handsome, and infinitely more so than when whitened. Fawley presents four ornamental fronts to the various points of the compass, the offices being underground. A new side wing was built in 1883, containing billiard-room, study, smoking-room, etc., etc.

The house is entered by a colonnade of the Ionic order, and the hall is of splendid proportions, 40 ft. by 20 ft., and very lofty, the floor paved with black and white marble. Here, in 1777, at a great ball, the guests sat down ninety-two at a time, another entrance being used. The saloon, opening from the hall, is of similar proportions, and contains a fine plaster ceiling, with the date of 1690, ascribed to

Grinling Gibbons. The marble chimney-piece is remarkably handsome; on one side of it are the Whitelock arms. The inlaid work of the doors of the drawing-room, and in the bookcases of the library, are the work of the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the sculptress of the heads of "Thamesis" and "Isis" on Henley Bridge. "Isis" was a portrait of Miss Freeman, Mrs. Damer being an intimate friend of the family.

The house contains three principal staircases, all shut away from the centre hall; on one of these hang all the studies for portraits in the grand picture of the Waterloo Banquet, which is hung in the dining-room. This picture was the work of Mr. W. Salter, M.A., President of the British Artists' Society, and was painted at the suggestion of Lady Burghersh, afterwards Countess of Westmoreland, a niece of the great Duke, who took great interest in it. It was to have been presented to the Duke, but his death prevented this, and the late Edward Mackenzie, Esq., then purchased it. It contains eighty-seven portraits; amongst them are introduced, as attendants, the artist and the publisher of the print taken from it. King William IV. is represented seated at the right hand of the Duke. The plate and candelabra on the table are pictures of presentation pieces given to the Duke by the Emperor of Russia, Government of Portugal, merchants and citizens of London. The house is full of pictures and statuary. Amongst the most noticeable are a fine copy of a celebrated Titian, by Francesca Mola; a Murillo, and other pictures, by Canaletto, P. Breughl, Cuyp, Mignart, Greuze, Honder Koeten, Sir J. Reynolds, Scholeberg, Vankesset, Morland, H. Vernet, Rosa Bonheur, Calderon, etc., etc. Geeps' statue of "Le reveil d'amour" stands in the hall; Minerva, Eve and the Serpent, by Berzoni, etc., etc. Two magnificent agate Florentine vases stand on each side of the saloon door. The long corridor in the new wing, besides other pictures, has a complete and valuable series of Hogarth's prints framed and hung along it. The state

bedroom contains a dais, and a curious old brown and gold four-post bedstead, hung in beautifully worked tapestry. The second state bedroom is decorated in the Chinese style. In the grounds is a very fine specimen of a Norman doorway, which stood once in Hart Street, Henley, near the church. It opened into a small stone chamber with a groined roof, and may possibly have been a religious cell, prison, or original Guild Hall. It now forms the entrance to the dairy. The stone work of the arch is very fine. Near the river side is a sham ruin, but ornamented with Grecian busts and urns, once forming part of the Arundel collection. A fine statue of Time, supporting a sun-dial, is in the grounds, besides other statuary. The gardens are tastefully laid out, and magnificent specimens of trees exist in the park, numbers bearing veritable bushes of mistletoe growing on them. The deer park is across the public road, on the slopes of Henley Park, and contains two hundred and fifty acres, a herd of seventy red deer, a rather larger amount of fallow, and a small herd of Japanese deer. In another portion of the park a troop of long-horned, shaggy Highland cattle form picturesque objects. Fawley Church contains some fine wood carving by Grinling Gibbons, bought by Mr. John Freeman, in 1748, from the sale at Canons, near Edgeworth, the seat of the Duke of Chandos.

AMERSHAM AND ITS BURNINGS.

By W. H. SUMMERS.

ON the side of the hill lying to the north-east of the quiet, old-world town of Amersham, a close observer, when the green corn is mantling the hill-side, may detect a depression on which the corn is much scantier than in the field around. Here, says local tradition, a martyr was burned, and so the corn will never grow. Some years ago, a local Nonconformist minister employed a labouring man to dig upon the spot, when it was found that an old chalk-pit had been filled up with flints. The man died soon after, and there were not wanting those who looked on his death as a "judgment." In 1842, a more careful examination of the site was made, and a quantity of flints were removed, and since that time the barrenness has been less marked. The old chalk-pit, visible as it is from the greater part of the little town, might very naturally be selected as a place of execution.

Turning now to Foxe's "Acts and Monuments," we find it stated (iv., 123, ed. Pratt) that in 1506, under William Smith, Bishop of Lincoln, "William Tylsworth was burned at Amersham, in a close called Stanley." His only daughter, Joan Clerk, was compelled, Foxe adds, to set fire to the faggots with her own hands, and her husband and sixty others were obliged to carry faggots by way of penance, some of them being also branded on the cheek with a hot iron. In another passage (iv., 214), Foxe tells us that at this time there were at Amersham a large number of persons known as the "Justfast Men," or the "Known

Men," who had "continued in that doctrine and teaching twenty-three years" before 1518, which brings us to about 1495. He goes on to say that they had "four principal readers or instructors." Tylsworth was one of these. Another was Robert Cosin, known as "Father Robert," a miller, of Missenden, who, he says, was burned at the county town of Buckingham, the day after Tylsworth's martyrdom at Amersham. A third, Thomas Man, was burned at Smithfield, in 1518. The fourth, Thomas Chase, an Amersham man, was kept a prisoner in the "Little Ease" attached to the Bishop of Lincoln's prison at Wooburn, where, Foxe says, his persecutors strangled him, then gave out that he had committed suicide, and buried him at the cross-roads between Wooburn and Little Marlow. It would serve little to dwell on the heated comments on this case which have been made by partisan writers, though it is amusing to note how a statement has been copied by one after another implying that Foxe is refuted by Fuller, when a moment's reference to the latter's "Church History" would have shown that he endorses Foxe's statements. But it must be admitted that Foxe contradicts himself egregiously as to the next two martyrs on his Amersham list. He tells us (iv., 124) that Thomas Barnard, a husbandman, and James Morden, a labourer, were burned at one fire at Amersham about two or three years after Tylsworth's death (*i.e.*, 1508 or 1509). But later on (iv., 245) the same names occur as those of persons condemned in 1521, along with four others to be named presently. This is not all. He states (v., 545) that the same two men were burned at Amersham during the persecution which followed the Act of the Six Articles (1539-1542), and in the Kalendar prefixed to his works he gives 1542 as the date. A blunder like this, which refutes itself, must obviously be due to careless editorship, not to any wilful perversion of facts. But which of the three is the correct date? Bernard and Morden cannot have suffered as early as 1509, for they were both alive in 1521,

when Foxe speaks of their being examined by the Bishop's Commission. Nor, if it is correct that one suffered for teaching the Lord's Prayer in English, and the other for having an English copy of the Epistle of James, could 1542 be the date; for by that time both of these acts were perfectly lawful. It must have been 1521.

In that year, according to Foxe, John Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, the King's confessor, instituted an inquiry into the prevalence of heresy in Amersham and the surrounding district. The result is given in a very lengthy series of extracts, purporting to be from the registers of Lincoln (iv., 219-240). Nothing like them is to be found in the existing diocesan registers, and the whole have been denounced as a forgery. But no one who has followed up the local and family allusions and seen how, in scores of cases, they may be verified from independent sources, can acquiesce in this conclusion for a moment. However untrustworthy Foxe may be, and undoubtedly is, when repeating floating gossip, he has never, as Froude reminds us, been convicted of falsifying documents. The family names which occur in this list are the very same which occur in the sixteenth century registers of Amersham; the very same, in many instances, which are "familiar as household words" in Amersham and its neighbourhood to the present day.

The result of this inquiry showed that the "Known Men" were as numerous at Amersham as ever. Now this name, as we learn from Pecock's "Repressor," had been a watchword among the Lollards seventy years before, being used by them in the sense of "known of God" ("The Lord knoweth them that are His"). Lutheranism had not had time to affect the religious life of England yet. In these Amersham "heretics" we see the surviving influence of the native Lollardy, and the precursors of the Baptists and Quakers, afterwards so numerous in the district. They married only among themselves, we are told, had their own religious teachers, and regarded

THE MARKET HALL, AMERSHAM.

themselves as being the true Church. They read and passed to one another Lollard treatises and fragments of Wycliffe's version of the Bible. They spoke to one another in secret against image-worship, pilgrimages, transubstantiation, and the invocation of saints. Scattered all up and down the Chiltern country, they had their headquarters in Amersham, "the rendezvous of God's children in those days," says Fuller. Similar centres were at Newbury and Colchester.

A large number of persons were subjected, we are told, to a rigorous examination as to the views held by themselves and friends. Many were sentenced to imprisonment, branding, or severe penance, and six were condemned to death by fire.

The first name is that of Thomas Bernard, who was condemned, sad to say, on the evidence of his own son and daughter. In like manner, a principal witness against James Morden was his sister Marian. Robert Rave, or Reive, is the third on the list. He had been branded on the cheek some years before, when, says Fuller, "the brand did but take livery and seizin in his cheek, in token that his whole body should afterwards be in the free and full possession of the fire." Rave was an old man (he is spoken of as "Father Rave"), and seems to have lived at Dorney.

Of John Scrivener, the next on Foxe's list, we have more interesting particulars (given us by Fuller) with regard to his martyrdom. As in the case of Tylsworth, his own children had to set fire to the faggots, and this gave rise to an indignant protest. The priestly party defended it by the Mosaic law (Deut. xiii. 6-9). To this it was answered that even by the laws of Pagan Rome, the evidence of the child was not to be received against the parent.

With regard to the remaining two, Thomas Holmes and Joan Norman, Foxe does not seem certain whether the sentence was actually carried out. Holmes, in particular, had given so much evidence against his co-religionists as

to awaken the suspicion that he was "a fee'd man of the bishop," and his life may have been spared on that account.

Nothing is said as to the exact site of these later martyrdoms. The field already referred to, where the traces of the old chalk-pit are visible, is known as "Ruckles," or sometimes as "Martyr Field." It is distinct from "Stanley Close," the field mentioned by Foxe as the scene of Tylsworth's burning, but it has been suggested that Stanley Close may formerly have been of greater extent, so as to include Ruckles, which now lies to the east of it. To the west of Stanleys again, lies a field called "Tenter Field," and west of that again, below the present rectory, is "Stony Prat." Now, it is a curious fact that in one of the numerous "Books of Martyrs," mainly compiled from Foxe, is one published early in the last century, and written by a Dr. Henry More, who, among other deviations from Foxe's account, says that Tylsworth, or, as he calls him, Tilfery, suffered in Stony Prat. I give this statement for what it is worth. My own impression is that Tylsworth suffered at the traditional site of the bare ground (1506); that Bernard and Morden suffered "at one fire" some time in or about 1521; and Scrivener, perhaps along with Holmes and Joan Norman, at another time. Whether Amersham was the place of Rave's martyrdom there is no evidence. It is just possible that some of the burnings may have taken place at Stony Prat. But all this is conjecture.

One more martyr was to endure the trial of fire and faggot in the district. In 1532, the aged Thomas Harding, who had done penance at Tylsworth's burning twenty-six years before, was condemned as a relapsed heretic, and was burned at Chesham on Corpus Christi Day. The site of his execution is still pointed out at Chesham, as well as the house in which he lived at Dungrove Farm, the spot at which he was found in the act of reading the English Bible, and the site of the house in which he spent the night before his martyrdom. Foxe gives an account of

Harding's death in his most racy and vigorous style (iv., 580). It has been shown that this account is inaccurate in certain respects as to the details of Harding's trial, but it must be borne in mind that it is professedly based, not on the registers, but on the testimony of "certain inhabitants of Amersham."

Thomas Harding, I think, was the last of the English Lollard martyrs; the last, that is, of purely Lollard training and sympathies; and it is a curious coincidence that he suffered on the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the famous sermon of Philip Repyngdon, preached at Oxford on Corpus Christi Day, 1382, which first aroused Courtenay to take repressive measures against the Lollards.

How came Lollardy to be so strong in the beautiful Misbourne Valley? We have seen that Foxe could only trace its presence there back to about 1495. But it was in reality of far earlier date.

In 1414, King Henry V. rode forth one Sunday evening in January into St. Giles's Fields to suppress, as was given out, an armed rebellion, the object of which was to dethrone and murder him, and to make the condemned Lollard, Sir John Oldcastle, regent of the kingdom. A number of arrests were made, and about forty persons, after trial, were hanged in St. Giles's Fields cut down while still alive, and cast into the fire, so as to suffer the combined penalties of treason and heresy. There is much about this affair that is very mysterious. It is not likely that the gathering, as some Protestant writers have maintained, was a simple religious assembly. On the other hand, it by no means appears certain that the movement had the mere anarchical or socialistic aims which some have ascribed to it. It may have been a Legitimist movement in support of the House of Mortimer. Anyhow, it was a protest against the persecuting policy of the House of Lancaster, and as such could not fail to have the sympathy of the Lollards.

If the King suppressed the rebellion in the first place

with merciless severity, it cannot be denied that his policy after it had been suppressed was marked by clemency. A document is extant in the Patent Rolls in which it is set forth that William Turnour, Walter Yonge, and John Hazelwode, of Amondesham, and John Fynche, of Missenden, having been condemned to death for treason, their goods and chattels had been forfeited to the Crown. But the King, compassionating their widows, Isabel Turnour, Alice Yonge, Isabel Hazelwode, and Matilda Fynche, had granted the said goods and chattels to them for the support of themselves and their children.

On March 28th, the King offered a general pardon to the insurgents, with certain exceptions. Among these are the names of Thomas Drayton, rector of Drayton Beauchamp, and Thomas Cheyne, the son of Roger Cheyne, of the same place. The Cheynes had estates near Amersham, as well as at Drayton. Their descendants were staunch Protestants, and a descendant of this very Thomas Cheyne presented the illustrious Hooker to the living of Drayton Beauchamp. On May 20th, at Leicester, the King granted a special pardon to twenty-seven persons. Three of these were of South Bucks—John Angret, or Angier, parson, of Isenhamstead Latimer; John, or Thomas, Sebely, or Sedely, a fletcher, of Little Missenden, who appears to have resided on the border of the parish at Wycombe Heath; and Richard Norton, *alias* Spycer, cooper, late of Wycombe, and now of London. Then we have a still later pardon issued in December, which sets forth that John Langacre, of Wycombe, mercer, formerly of London, had been tried for his share in the rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged in St. Giles's Fields. The King now pardons him, and includes in the pardon twelve other persons, among whom occurs the name of Richard Sprotford, of Amondesham, carpenter. In all, eleven names out of forty whose abodes can be traced came from Buckinghamshire, and all from within a few miles of Amersham. Fifteen of the remainder were from the adjoining counties.

It has always been a moot point whether Oldcastle himself was present in St. Giles's Fields, or took any active part in the insurrection. He had fled into Wales on his escape from the Tower the year before, and it was in Wales that he was arrested in 1418; but Redmayne, a chronicler of Henry VIII.'s time, says that in the meanwhile he had returned and found a place of refuge at a farmhouse near St. Albans (from which Amersham is only about fifteen miles distant). He adds that some of the abbot's servants got to know of his return, and attempted to seize him. A fray ensued, in which some of his attendants were roughly handled, but Oldcastle himself managed to escape.

In 1428, ten years after Oldcastle's fiery martyrdom, Richard Monk, Vicar of Chesham, was accused of heresy and recanted at St. Paul's; and about the same time the parish priest of the neighbouring village of Hedgerley seems to have abjured in like manner. Richard Wiche, who was burned for heresy in 1439, appears to have been vicar of Harmondsworth, in Middlesex, not very far distant. In 1462, accusations of heresy were brought against John Barton, Geoffrey Symeon, John Crane, and Robert Body, of Amersham. Their depositions, which are in the Lincoln register of Bishop Chadworth, contain much interesting matter; and the vicar of Chesham Bois is referred to in them as tainted with heresy.

It is evident, therefore, that Amersham and its neighbourhood was a stronghold of Lollardy long before the martyrdom of Tylsworth and his fellows. The little town has, indeed, a peculiar place in English religious history. It was in its church that the great Scottish Reformer, John Knox, denounced in fiery language the succession of Mary to the throne, and spoke of the Emperor Charles V. in the terms which were afterwards remembered against him at his expulsion from the Imperial city of Frankfort. In the same church the zealous Presbyterian, Richard Baxter, held a public disputation with Anabaptist soldiers in the

Parliamentary army. Each, no doubt, found traces of Lollard influence. The history of English Lollardy has yet to be written, in order to prepare the way for a true estimate of its place in our national life and thought. Dislike of the political and social aims ascribed to Oldcastle and his followers need not blind us to the spiritual value of the work of their later successors, which, to quote Archbishop Trench, in his "Lectures on Mediæval Church History," "did much to contribute to the Reformation that element of sincerity, truth, and uprightness, without which it could never have succeeded," and which, as he goes on to acknowledge, was often "miserably lacking" in the actions of more prominent Reformers.

HAMPDEN HOUSE AND JOHN HAMPDEN.

By H. H. HARCOURT-SMITH.

THOSE who only know Buckinghamshire from the railway little realise that within a very few miles of them, as they are whirled through the flat country between Slough and Maidenhead, lies one of the lovely little corners which nature has scattered throughout England.

In the southern portion of the Chiltern Range, which runs through the south of the county, the lover of nature finds, at every season of the year, a feast of enjoyment.

In the spring, the young green of the cornfields competes with the tender leaf of the stately beech-trees, with which many of the slopes are covered. In summer, the wayfarer passes from slopes covered with golden grain to the leafy shade of the woods, where the sun's rays trickle through, like golden rain, on to the smooth, straight trunks of the beeches and the soft, brown bed of leaves beneath; while in autumn the wooded hills are a mass of colour, the bright scarlet of the wild cherry and maple, the green and yellow of the oak, and the rich old-gold of the beech, lit up by the clear, bright sunshine, blend into as brilliant and harmonious a picture as may be found in our islands.

Perhaps, however, the most beautiful season of the year is winter; then, the pasture-covered hills, dotted with dark juniper shrubs and darker box and yew trees, alternate with the brown arable land, which fully displays the soft and graceful curves caused by the action of the weather for

centuries on the chalk formation of the soil; the beech-woods have changed their green coverings for the rich purple of next year's buds, and each tree stands clear against the sky, its delicate tracery suggesting the lace work for which the county was once famous.

At such a time, on a still, sunny day, when all speaks of rest and sleep, there is a suggestion, impalpable but irresistible, that all is not dead, but that there is a time coming when all around will again burst into life. It is nature's rendering of the sentiment expressed so clearly by Handel in his "Dead March" in *Saul*, of the "sure and certain hope" of the Resurrection.

Small wonder is it, then, that such natural surroundings have combined with the soil to produce a race of men from whom have sprung leaders of thought, strong in character, and of deep, if narrow, piety; such men as Pym and Hampden and Waller.

In the Hundred of Aylesbury—one of those "Chiltern Hundreds," the stewardship of which, though now a sinecure, is by a pleasing fiction considered "an Office of Profit under the Crown," and is conferred on members of the House of Commons who wish to retire from the House, for retirement from which no provision has been made—not far from where the hills above Wendover slope down to the fertile plain of Aylesbury; about three miles north-west from the old and once important Abbey of Missenden; within but a few miles of Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, and the old Friends' Meeting House at Jordans, stands, at the top of a broad, long glade sloping upwards through the beech-woods, the historic house which was the home of the "patriot" Hampden.

Hampden House, one of the oldest residences extant in Buckinghamshire, is now owned and occupied by the Earl of Buckinghamshire, the present representative of the family of Hampden, in whose possession the manor and estate have remained since the earliest periods of authentic records.

HAMPDEN HOUSE.

Portions of the present house are believed to have been in existence in the time of King John. Tradition says it was visited by that king, as might well be the case, for he had a residence at Prince's Risborough, within a very few miles; an apartment in the south-west front still retains the name of "King John's Room."

King Edward III. and the Black Prince are also reputed to have paid Hampden a visit, and the King is said to have rested under a tree, called the "King's Beech," situate about a mile from the house, which was still standing until its accidental destruction by fire caused by a gipsy encampment so recently as 1897. It was on the occasion of this visit that whilst the Black Prince and his host were exercising themselves in feats of chivalry (some say at the game of tennis) a quarrel arose, in which the Prince received a blow on the face, which occasioned him and his royal father to quit the place in great wrath, and afterwards to seize on some valuable manors belonging to their host as a punishment for his rashness. This story is supposed to have given rise to the following rhyme (referred to in Sir Walter Scott's romance of "Ivanhoe"):—

> "Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
> For striking of a blow,
> Hampden did forego,
> And glad he did escape so."

Queen Elizabeth, during one of her pilgrimages, was entertained at Hampden by Griffith Hampden, and on this occasion it is said that, in consequence of a suggestion of the Queen, her host caused the Avenue, now known as "The Glade," to be cut through the wood in a single night, and a cutting through a turf-covered ridge, a portion of the ancient Grymsdyke—an earthwork, probably of Danish origin, running for many miles, at intervals, through Buckinghamshire and the adjoining counties—to be excavated on the occasion of the same visit, in order to afford her Majesty a more extended view from the house.

Lipscombe speaks, too, of a visit from James I. during the infancy of its then owner, John Hampden.

In the grounds, and within but a few yards from the house, stands the ancient parish church of Great Hampden, containing memorials of many members of the Hampden family.

A few miles off, in the hamlet of Monks Risborough, on property still forming part of the estate, is one of the white crosses cut in the hillside, which, like the White Horse in Berkshire, are to be found in different parts of the country. The Risborough Cross is about one hundred feet in height, cut on a slope of the Chilterns, and is visible across the plain from the hills around Oxford. It is said to have been constructed by Alfred as a memorial of a victory gained over the Danes at Bledlow. It is maintained, as a condition of tenure, by the occupant of the Hampden estates.

The earliest history of the connection of the Hampden family with the estate is buried in oblivion, but the following extracts from an ancient vellum roll containing the pedigree and alliances of the Hampdens furnishes interesting information as to their antiquity and history:—

"The first mention wh: is found to be made of any of the Hampdens is to be sene in an auncient antiquitie written in parchment and remeyning at Hampden, whereof there be sondery coppies in sondery parts of the same sheire, and thereby it appeareth that before the conquest there was a comission directed to the Lord of Hampden then being, that he should be assistant with his ayde towards the Xpulsion of the Danes out of this land wch by reasonable conjecture should be at the generall avoideance of that nation by Edw. the Confesso, Kinge of England in the year of our Lord 1043 and before the Conquest 23 yeares."

After a reference to the Conquest, and the subsequent division of the lands and possessions by the Conqueror amongst his Norman followers, it continues:—

"Amongst others the manno of Hampden fell to the lott of William Fitz-Asculf, whereof at that time Osbert of Hampden was Lord, who whether it were by monny or some other meane of friendshipp so purchased the Goodwill of the said William that he suffered the said Osbert to contynewe in quiet possession of his said Lordeshipp of Hampden."

He did more, for he gave Osbert Hampden his daughter in marriage, and granted the manor of Hampden to the said Osbert and his heirs for ever, "on condition that it should be held of the said Wm. Fitz-Asculf and his heirs."

It appears from Domesday Book that in the time of Edward the Confessor one Baldwynne was Lord of Hampden, and "after him, in the Conqueror's tyme, one Osberte was Lord of the same."

The possessions and importance of the family were much increased in subsequent generations by marriages with families of distinction.

Robert Hampden, *circa* 1200, married Lora Giffard, "one of the house and kindred of the Giffard, Earl of Buckingham," of which family the present Lord Chancellor, Earl Halsbury, is a member.

The Ffynles, or Fiennes, of Missenden; the Burtons, of Hulcott; the Dayrells, of Lillingstone Dayrell; the Uptons, of Kimble, all furnished wives to various generations of Hampdens, and their several dowers added largely to the possessions of the family, which became one of the most wealthy and powerful in the county, possessing great influence and authority.

There is a charter extant granting them the right, possessed in olden times by many families of importance, of "Gale (Gaol) and Gallows," the privilege of imprisonment and execution of malefactors on their own property.

In the time, however, of Richard Hampden, who was by Letters Patent, dated 20th March, 4 George I., constituted Treasurer of His Majesty's Navy, and held that office till 20th October, 1720. owing to a deficiency in his accounts

(said to have been due to the "South Sea Bubble"), a large portion of the estates was sequestrated, and only the manor of Great Hampden, "with its Mansion House and appurtenances and certain lands contiguous thereto," were reserved in the possession of Mr. Richard Hampden.

In 1754 died John Hampden, the last descendant in the male line, and the estates passed to the Honourable Robert Trevor (afterwards Baron Trevor and Viscount Hampden), descended from Ruth, eldest of the surviving daughters and co-heirs of John Hampden, "the Patriot." On the death of the third Viscount Hampden (seventh Lord Trevor, of Bromham), in 1824, the manor and estate, with other lands, passed to the grandfather of their present owner, the Right Hon. George Robert Hobart, Earl of Buckinghamshire, descended from Mary, youngest daughter of "the Patriot."

In the long line of Hampdens, from the time of Baldwyn de Hampden to 1754, there is one personalty stands out more prominently than all his fellows, that of John Hampden, sometimes called "the Patriot." Born about 1594, his father was William, eldest son of Griffith Hampden, and his mother, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, Knight, of Hinchinbrooke, in Huntingdonshire, and aunt to the Protector.

John Hampden, who was in his infancy when he succeeded, on the death of his father (1597), to the estates, was educated at Thame Grammar School, whence he proceeded, at fifteen, to Magdalen College, Oxford.

He was subsequently admitted a student of the Inner Temple, where he made himself master of the principles of English law. He was twice married, in 1619 to Elizabeth, only daughter of Edward Symeon, of Pyrton, in Oxfordshire, who died on August 20th, 1634; and secondly, in 1640, to Letitia, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys and widow of Sir Thomas Vachell, Knight, of Cowley, or Coley, Court, near Reading.

His early years were devoted mainly to the pursuits

and enjoyments of a country life, but in the year after his marriage he was returned to the House of Commons as member for Grampound, in Cornwall. The first years of his Parliamentary life were spent in acquiring an accurate knowledge of the forms of the House, and in service on committees, but he appears to have early made his mark, for he was associated with Selden and Pym, St. John and Wentworth, Coke (Sir Edward) and Cotton and Elliott, and many more, whose association may be looked upon as one of the earliest forerunners of our present system of Parliamentary parties.

In March, 1625, the death of King James caused a dissolution, and at the assembly of King Charles' first Parliament, on 18th June, 1625, Hampden took his seat as member for the borough of Wendover. Throughout this Parliament and the next, Hampden took a prominent part in the endeavours of the popular party to limit the power of the Crown, and to cope with the encroachments of Buckingham, and when, in 1627, the King levied a general loan, equal to the last assessment of a subsidy, John Hampden was imprisoned for refusal to pay his share. On being asked why he would not contribute to the King's necessities, he replied, "That he could be content to lend, as well as others, but feared to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta which should be read twice a year against those who infringe it." He was, however, released in time to take his seat in the new Parliament of 1628, but before its dissolution in 1629, he, whilst retaining his seat, retired into private life at Great Hampden.

During the period of his retirement the controversy between the Low and the High Church parties, which was the cause of such intense bitterness in the conflict so soon to follow, assumed formidable proportions.

The King, too, ill-advised by his friends, and continually thwarted by Parliament, resorted, in 1634, to the expedient of issuing a writ to the Sheriffs of London for the levying of "ship-money."

Against this method of raising money Hampden resolved to make a decided stand, and when the levy was extended to the inland counties he resolutely declined to pay his share.

Action was brought against him in the courts in respect of an assessment of twenty shillings charged upon him in virtue of his lands in the parish of Great Kimble.

Hampden, who appeared on his own behalf, conducted himself with much moderation at the trial, in which the decision of the majority of the judges was unfavourable to him.

In 1637, many of the Puritan party made up their minds to quit the country and emigrate to New England, and in the course of that year eight ships were lying in the Thames making ready to sail; on them were embarked, amongst others, Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, John Hampden, and his cousins, John Pym and Oliver Cromwell. Unfortunately, the Council issued an order forbidding their departure from the country, a course which the King and Council had afterwards bitter cause to regret.

Thenceforward Hampden served on every committee of importance of the House of Commons, and was frequently chosen to convey communications of Resolutions of the House to the House of Lords and to the King.

In 1640, he was one of the four Commissioners appointed by the Commons to accompany the King on his visit to Scotland.

He was one of the five members who were, with Lord Kimbolton, impeached for high treason by the King in 1641, but of whom the House successfully refused to sanction or permit the arrest.

On the raising of the Parliamentary army we find John Hampden levying a regiment, the "Green-coats," in his native county of Buckingham, in support of the Parliament.

It is affirmed that "he did good service for the cause in which he was engaged at the battle of Edge Hill," but it is more than doubtful whether he was present on that

occasion. He was attached to the army of the Earl of Essex, whom he strongly urged to attack the King at Oxford instead of besieging Reading; indeed, his position as one of the leaders of the Parliamentarians seems to have made his post as subordinate in the field to Essex a very difficult one. He took part with his commander, however, in the siege of Reading, and a letter sent by him and Sir Philip Stapleton to the Speaker, giving "an exact relation of the delivering up of Reading," has been preserved.

On the 18th of the following June (1643) was fought the battle, or rather skirmish, of Chalgrove Field, when Prince Rupert, returning after a successful raid upon High Wycombe, routed the Parliamentary forces who endeavoured to cut off his retreat.

In this skirmish Hampden received his death wound, whether from the bullet of an enemy or from the bursting of his own pistol has never been satisfactorily decided.

He was taken thence towards Pirton, the home of his first wife, but the enemy's cavalry were covering the plain between, so he turned off through Hazeley to Thame, where Essex had his headquarters, and there, after lingering for six days, he died.

He was buried in the church at Hampden, and was followed to his last resting-place by all the troops which could be spared from the quarters round, "their arms reversed, their drums and ensigns muffled, and their heads uncovered."

Thus ended the life of one of the most remarkable characters of the troublous age in which he lived.

His opponents agreed with his friends in testifying to the unexceptionable virtues and integrity of his private life. In his public career he displayed, according to Hume, "affability in conversation; temper, art, and eloquence in debate; penetration and discernment in counsel; industry, vigilance, and enterprise in action."

Had his lot been cast in happier times he might have

risen to high honours and dignity in the State, but circumstances were too strong for him.

From a legitimate and dignified position of protest against what, even after making allowance for the very different status of the Crown at that period, was an undoubtedly illegal act on the part of the Crown, and an infringement on the rights of private citizens, he was led away—partly by the strong religious partizanship which was one of the most influential factors in the Great Rebellion; partly by the influence of his fellows; partly, no doubt, from a conscientious belief that no other means than an appeal to arms would permanently free the subject from the oppression of the Crown—to become one of the leaders of the rebellion which cost him his life, and the kingdom years of bloodshed and suffering.

His death thus early in the struggle deprived the Parliamentary party of a capable, valiant, and determined leader, but saved him from the terrible responsibility of taking part in the events which led to the great catastrophe, which cast a blot on the history of the country which can never be erased.

His influence with his party, owing to his own capacity, and the aptitude he displayed in arms, in addition to his near relationship to Oliver Cromwell, was very great.

What would have been the result of this influence had he lived?

Would his name have been handed down to posterity as John Hampden, "the Regicide," instead of John Hampden, "the Patriot"; or would he have earned the eternal gratitude of his country, and inextinguishable renown for himself, by being the means of saving his country from the crime of the murder of its king?

The answer can never be given.

The crime of rebellion once embarked on, men are carried far beyond the bounds within which they originally intend to limit their actions; still, all the knowledge we possess of the character and disposition of Hampden

permits us to believe that, had his life been spared, his counsels would have exercised a restraining influence on the fiery and bigoted temperaments of his colleagues.

> "To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
> And you that do abet him in this kind
> Cherish rebellion and are rebels all."
>
> SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*

THE CIVIL WAR IN BUCKS.

By P. H. DITCHFIELD.

IN an earlier chapter will be found some account of the Great Rebellion in Bucks, but the county was so much overrun by the contending armies during that disastrous period, that some further notes are necessary in order to enable our readers to follow more closely the course of the war.

Opposition to the arbitrary acts of Charles I. had long been brewing, and the first man who ventured to dispute the right of the Crown to impose a tax towards the equipment of the navy was John Hampden, a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, one so quiet, so courteous, so submissive, that he seemed the last individual in the kingdom to take so determined a course. He had, however, a very correct judgment, an invincible spirit, and the most consummate address. In 1626, he suffered imprisonment for refusing to pay a forced loan, and ten years later he appealed to the law courts against the King in the matter of ship-money. The amount of the tax was only thirty-one shillings and sixpence, levied upon land in the parish of Great Kimble, which lies on the south side of the avenue leading to Hampden House. The decision of the judges in favour of the royal prerogative only tended to arouse popular feeling against the sovereign, and to sow the seeds of the coming strife.

In 1642, Hampden, with six other members of Parliament, was impeached for high treason, and charged with alienating from the King the affections of his people, and other misdemeanours. Their arrest was demanded in person by the Sovereign. This aroused the spirit of the

Buckinghamshire people. They mustered four thousand horsemen, who rode to London, joined the triumphal procession which conducted the accused members to the Parliament, and presented strongly worded petitions to both Houses, praying that "the Achans of the Commonwealth might be given up to the hands of Justice, without which they had not the least hope of Israel's peace." Moreover, they followed the King to Hampden Court, and strongly expressed their determination to defend Hampden. This action of the Buckinghamshire folk was certainly the spark which set England in a blaze; as Clarendon says, "from this day we may reasonably date the levying of war in England; whatsoever hath been since done being but the superstructures upon those foundations which were then laid."

When the King unfurled the royal standard at Nottingham, the Parliament were not behind-hand in raising levies for the support of their cause, and John Hampden and his neighbours in Bucks were among the first to organise an association for mutual defence on the side of the Parliament. Upon Chalgrove Field, where he met with his death-wound a year later, Hampden first summoned the militia of the county, and arranged his Buckinghamshire forces against his sovereign. Clarendon remarks that fate compelled him to pay the penalty in the place where he had committed the transgression.

Soon after the commencement of the fighting, there were sad doings in Buckinghamshire, which revealed very plainly the horrors of war. The mansions of the gentry were converted into fortresses, besieged by hostile troops, and plundered, defaced, burnt, and demolished. Boreton House, the residence of Sir Richard Minshul, was the first to suffer. The gallant knight, with his troopers, had hastened to join the army of the King, and Lady Minshul and the servants were left in charge of the house. Immediately after his departure Lord Brook arrived with his Roundhead soldiers and several pieces of ordnance. The "Mercurius

Rusticus" tells us that the whole house was ransacked and plundered, everything of value taken away, the furniture, windows, and doors demolished, the floors broken up, and great indignities inflicted on the Lady Minshul and her domestics. The Earl of Carnarvon's house at Wing was also ransacked and despoiled at the same time. By order of the Parliamentary Committee of Safety the mansion was searched, many valuable documents destroyed, and the inmates severely handled.

Fawley Court, the residence of Sir Bulstrode Whitelock, suffered terribly from the misconduct of the Royalist soldiers under the command of Sir John Byron. The unfortunate owner wrote that in spite of the orders of their officers the soldiers were guilty of every kind of outrage, broke down the park pales, killed the deer, broke open trunks and chests, tore books and papers to light their tobacco, and "did all that malice and enmity could provoke barbarous mercenaries to commit, and so they parted."

The King's garrison at Brill was attacked by John Hampden and his Bucks followers, but without effect, and with some considerable loss of his own soldiers. During the same month, November, 1642, the rich Vale of Aylesbury suffered severely from an inroad of Prince Rupert with a strong force of horse and foot. The Parliamentary militia was engaged elsewhere, and the Prince despoiled the vale, laying waste and destroying all the produce that he did not carry off for the King's service, and possessed himself of the town. The Puritan townsfolk fared ill at the hands of the malignants, until a brigade of the Parliamentary army approached. The Royalist forces sallied out to meet their foes, and a fierce fight ensued by the banks of a brook, half a mile north of the town. Rupert charged across the ford, and plunged into the centre of the enemy, led by Balfore. Deadly was the strife, the musketry of the foot, the carbines and petronels of the cavalry, swords and poleaxes, all doing the work of death, and the soldiers of all arms mixed and fighting in

one close and furious throng. The Royalists were beaten back, and the townsmen of Aylesbury, armed with hastily gathered weapons, attacked them in the rear, forcing Rupert to make his retreat towards Thame. Aylesbury thus became the great centre of the Parliamentary army. It was very strongly fortified, and had six pieces of ordnance and a large garrison. Wendover, Missenden, Wycombe, and other towns in Bucks were also full of Roundheads, who, according to their own accounts, "carried themselves very orderly, did no harm when they came, and paid very justly for the things they had." The same witnesses testify severely to the misdoings of the Royalists. A letter from Aylesbury states that "the King hath sent into these parts about twelve or fourteen hundred of his forces, commanded by the Earl of Cleaveland, who pillage and plunder all the towns when they come, murder our neighbours that make but any defence to save their goods, cut in pieces what household goods they cannot carry away, they clean sweep divers of our pastures, leaving no cattle behind them; and that no cruelty might be left unexercised by them, they have this day fired a country village called Swanbourne in seven places, for no other reason but because they were not willing to be plundered of all they had, and guarded the fire so carefully with all their forces divided into several parts, that no neighbours durst adventure to come and quench it. All the while it burned, our forces in this garrison, consisting only of Foot, saving one troop of Horse, we were not able to encounter the enemy, nor relieve our neighbours; but yet to interrupt that, which to them is sport, we drew out some forces in their sight as far as with safety we could, whereby they have not acted this day all the mischief they intended to execute before night; but what they have undone to-day, we expect they will, ere they leave us, make up; for they are now so strong that they quarter at Buckingham, and where they please, in those parts without resistance."

The misdoings of the soldiers of the opposite party are

recorded in the parish register of Maids Moreton, wherein we find that "the churches were everywhere robbed and ruined by the rebels. In this church of Moreton, the windows were broken, a costly desk in the form of a spread eagle, gilt, on which we used to lay Bishop Jewell's works, doomed to perish an abominable idol; the cross (which with its fall had like to have broke out the brains of him who did it) cut off the steeple by the soldiers at the command of one called Colonel Purefoy. We conveyed away what we could, and among other things the register was hid, and for this cause is not absolutely perfect for divers years, though I have used my best diligence to record as many particulars as I could come by."

The next event of importance in Bucks was the plundering of Wycombe by the King's troops, but the approach of Essex with his army turned the fortune of war. He stayed at Wycombe, and then marched to Aylesbury. Newport Pagnell, a royal garrison, was abandoned at his approach by Sir Lewis Dyve, and garrisoned by the Parliament, its fortifications being subsequently strengthened. Essex remained for some time at Aylesbury, and was engaged in watching the King at Oxford.

The year 1644 brought disasters to the Royalists in the north, but in Bucks they enjoyed a brief but brilliant triumph. Waller was defeated at Cropredy Bridge, and the King established his quarters at Buckingham. Boarstall Hall was garrisoned for the King, and although abandoned subsequently, was gallantly retaken by Colonel Gage. Greenland House endured a severe siege, and ultimately surrendered to General Browne. For two years Boarstall House and its brave defenders resisted all the forces of the Parliament, and only when the cause of the King was hopelessly lost did the gallant Royalists surrender their fortress, and bow to the inevitable.

Hillesdon House, the home of the Dentons, was besieged by Cromwell in 1644, and carried by assault, Sir Alexander Denton, several officers, and two hundred soldiers being

made prisoners. One of the last efforts for a dying cause was the fight at Goldington, where Colonel Corken, with a troop of Parliamentary cavalry, attacked some of the King's soldiers, killing the officer and making many prisoners. This was in August, 1645.

After the battle of Worcester, Cromwell marched through Aylesbury and was received with a mighty ovation. A deputation from the Parliament met the victorious leader, and all the soldiers were assembled to greet him. The thanks of the Parliament were conveyed to him, and received with all kindness and respect. Then the general rode a little out of the way a-hawking, with Mr. Winwood, the member of Windsor. Whitelock, who records this, adds, "To me, and to each of the others, he gave a horse and two Scotch prisoners. The horse I kept for carrying me; the two Scots, unlucky gentlemen of that country, I handsomely sent home again without any ransom whatever, and also gave them free passes to Scotland." On the following day, Cromwell left Aylesbury for London, driving before him some four or five thousand prisoners like a flock of sheep.

The war was over; the royal cause was lost; one King had been slain by his rebellious subjects; his son was now a fugitive in a foreign land, awaiting the time "when the King should enjoy his own again," and the land have rest. It will be seen that Buckinghamshire played no small part in the troubles of the Civil War period. Ruin and desolation marked the course of the relentless fury. Noble houses were destroyed, churches desecrated and ruined, towns pillaged and plundered, farms laid waste and devastated, and some of the best blood in England spilt in that fearful contest, and the Vale of Aylesbury groaned for many a long year over the troubles of that disturbed time.

LITERARY BUCKS.

By P. H. DITCHFIELD.

THE literary history of Buckinghamshire is full of the records of great names, and few counties can rival it in respect of the many illustrious authors who have been connected with the county either by birth or residence. The names of Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, Hooker, Edmund Burke, Gray, would alone justify the claims to pre-eminence which this county can effectually assert.

In a subsequent chapter we shall refer to the scene of an episode in Shakespeare's life at Grendon Underwood, when, as a strolling player, he incurred the suspicions of the village constables, who were afterwards immortalised as the Dogberry and Verges of "Much Ado about Nothing." The connection of Milton with the county will also be shown in a later chapter. At Horton, "Comus," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas," first saw the light, ere he embarked for his foreign tour, and at Chalfont St. Giles, in "Milton's House," which is still standing, the blind bard dictated a great portion of his "Paradise Regained," and finished "Paradise Lost." The prevalence of the great Plague in London caused the poet to fly to this sweet rural retreat, which was hired for him by his Quaker friend and secretary, Thomas Ellwood, who also was a Buckingham author.* He suggested to Milton the composition of his later work, and wrote many

* Ellwood lived at Coleshill. He wrote his autobiography, in which he tells of his sufferings on account of his religious opinions, his incarcerations in Aylesbury Gaol, and of the deplorable state of the prisons in his time. He wrote also several works in defence of Quakerism, also a history of the Old and New Testament, and edited George Fox's "Journal."

Cowper's House, Olney.

theological books, a poetical version of the "Life of David," and a very entertaining autobiography. He repeatedly saw the interior of Aylesbury gaol on account of his religious opinions.

At Ludgershall John Wycliffe lived and wrote, being Rector of that parish six years (1368-74). During his sojourn here he wrote his great work, "*De Dominio Civili*," and then removed to Lutterworth. Olney is famous as the abode of Cowper, who describes it as a town "populous and inhabited chiefly by the half-starved and ragged of the earth, brutal in manners and heathenish in morals." To improve their social condition was the poet's eager task. He lived for twenty years in a large house at one corner of the Market Place, subsequently divided into cottages, and now a museum, and spent his time in devotion and literature, cheered by the society of Mrs. Unwin, Lady Austin, Lady Hesketh, and Mrs. Throckmorton. His friend, the Rev. John Newton, curate of Olney, persuaded him to contribute some hymns to the collection which he was making; and sixty-eight of these compositions were written by Cowper, and the rest by Newton, whose early wild, seafaring life on board an African slave ship was a strange contrast to his subsequent ministerial career. He wrote a "Review of Ecclesiastical Christianity," and many other works. His friendship with Cowper was a great comfort to the poor poet during the terrible attacks of depression and religious melancholy which clouded the later years of Cowper's life.

Cowper's garden and summer parlour may still be seen, where the poet used to wander, and where he kept his tame hares, so often immortalised by him in his writings, in Latin and English, in verse and prose. Wandering in his garden he found that "the sound of the wind in the trees and the singing of the birds were much more agreeable to his ears than the incessant barking of dogs and screaming of children." The pretty village of Weston Underwood knew him too, where he lived fifteen

years, "in a neat and comfortable abode," and on his departure wrote the pitiful lines—

> "Farewell dear scenes for ever closed to me;
> Oh! for what sorrows must I now exchange ye?"

At Olney and Weston he published two poems, a translation of Homer's "Iliad and Odyssey," "The Sofa," and other works; but mental dejection and religious melancholy clouded his life, and caused acute depression of spirits, which robbed the poet of all comfort and happiness.

Connected with Cowper and Newton was the Rev. Thomas Scott, called "the commentator," who lived at Weston and Olney for several years, and wrote, in addition to his commentary on the Old and New Testament, "The Force of Truth," revised by Cowper, and a vast number of other theological works. The failure of his publisher at one time sorely embarrassed him, and caused him much anxiety—one of the woes to which the race of authors is heir to.

Another poet, of whom the county may be justly proud, is Edward Waller, who was born at Coleshill, and lived at Hall Barns, Beaconsfield. His father was Robert Waller, of Amersham, a gentleman of good birth and fortune, and his mother Ann Hampden, aunt of the patriot. Of his political career and his connection with the plot that bore his name, and of his subsequent career at Court, we need not now write. His character was not above censure; we see him, now composing panegyrics in honour of Cromwell, and then being equally lavish in his praises of Charles II. But English poetry owes much to his genius; his fancy, diction, and purity of taste were admirable, though his fame has been somewhat eclipsed during recent years by the more just appreciation of our older poetical literature. An obelisk in the churchyard of Beaconsfield marks his grave, and there is a tree called Waller's Oak at Coleshill, his birthplace, where towards the end of his life he bought a small house, saying "he should be glad to die, like the stag, where he was roused."

COWPER'S SUMMER PARLOUR.

Near the tomb of Waller in Beaconsfield churchyard is that of Edmund Burke, to whose memory a monument has recently been erected. His home was a house called "Gregories," which fire has since destroyed. A philosophical enquiry into the origin of "Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful" was his first work, which attracted the attention of the learned, and introduced him to the society of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and other eminent men. Of his mighty eloquence, of his career as a statesman, of his marvellous oration at the trial of Warren Hastings, the world is not ignorant. He was a poet and a philosopher, as well as an orator and politician; and in the beautiful home at Beaconsfield, of which scarcely a trace is left, he loved to welcome the learned men of the day, and to show sympathy and give hospitality to those poor authors whom fickle fortune had not favoured. Poor forlorn poet Crabbe, rescued from poverty, here found a home; and Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and other literary men used frequently to meet around Burke's hospitable board. Dr. Johnson, after wandering about the grounds in admiration, exclaimed, "non equidem invideo miror magis." The sad death of his son cast a gloom over his later years, and he could never bear to see the church wherein the body of his son rested. He died at Beaconsfield in 1797, and so fearful was he of the deeds of revolutionists that he left orders that his body should not be buried in a leaden coffin.

Another Bucks poet was Thomas Gray, who immortalised the church at Stoke Poges by his world-renowned "Elegy." Few poets have achieved fame by one such supreme effort of genius. Gray lived with his aunt, Mrs. Rogers, in a house then called West End Cottage, now Stoke Court, which he described as "a compact box of red brick with sash windows." Here, too, came to live his mother, whose tomb in the church is engraven with the sad epitaph, "Dorothy Gray, the careful, tender mother of many children, of whom one alone had the misfortune

to survive her." His earliest poem was his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College"; then followed "The Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," and subsequently his odes on "The Progress of Poetry," and "The Bard." In his "Long Story" he describes the old manor house at Stoke, where lived the great lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, whose "Commentary on Littleton" is so invaluable, but whose married life was a terrible experience of matrimonial martyrdom. Monuments to the great lawyer and to the poet were erected by John Penn, grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania.

With Stoke Poges is also connected Sir Christopher Hatton, Chancellor under Queen Elizabeth, who wrote the fourth act of the tragedy of "Tancred and Sigismunda," and a treatise concerning Statutes or Acts of Parliament.

One other author of renown is associated with Stoke Poges, Lord Chesterfield, who lived at Baylis House, and whose "Letters to his Son" display such studied relaxation of all principle, although marked by scholarship and style. Happily the son did not live long enough to carry out the instructions of his unworthy sire, and his death embittered the few remaining years of Lord Chesterfield's life with an ever-enduring despondency.

Near here, in a red-brick house, on the road between Windsor and Slough, lived and worked the great astronomer, Sir William Herschel, his sister, Caroline Lucretia Herschel, and for some years his son, Sir John Frederick William Herschel, Bart., who were all famous for their astronomical knowledge and invaluable services to science. The lady published two noted works, "A Catalogue of 561 Stars observed by Flamsteed," and a "General Index of Reference to every observation on every star inserted in the British Catalogue." Sir J. F. W. Herschel's works are too numerous to mention here; his "Treatise on Astronomy" is his best-known book.

Datchet has a famous literary reputation. Shakespeare alludes to it in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and causes

Falstaff to be thrown into "the muddy ditch at Datchet Mead, close by the Thames side," wherein he had been drowned but that "the shore was shelving and shallow." Here Izaak Walton, the prince of anglers, used to fish for "a little samlet or skegger trout, and catch twenty or forty of them at a standing," while he devised that most delightful of books, "Ye Compleat Angler."

Near here, at Ditton Park, lived the statesman and ambassador, Sir Ralph Winwood, who wrote the "Memorials of State under Elizabeth and James I.," in three volumes. Sir Walter Scott used to stay here as the guest of the Duke of Buccleuch. At Datchet also lived and died Christopher Barker, the famous printer, who flourished in the reign of good Queen Bess, and, together with his brother Robert, produced goodly volumes, at the sign of the "Tyger's Head," in Paternoster Row. The Barkers were greatly renowned in the annals of printing, and indeed were credited with the production of the earliest newspaper, *The English Mercurie*, in 1558; but, unfortunately, this was a forgery.

The "judicious" Hooker, author of "Ecclesiastical Polity," was rector of Drayton Beauchamp, and there earned the pity of two of his former pupils, George Cranmer and Edwin Sandys, on account of his sorry condition and the relentless tongue of his scolding wife, Mistress Joan. The poor scholar had to mind the sheep, rock the cradle, and listen to the tirades of his tiresome spouse. Sandys related to the authorities an account of his visit and the sad condition of the distinguished scholar, who in consequence was raised to the Mastership of the Temple, and fought the battle of the Church against the Puritanical Travers.

Sir Kenelm Digby, the son of Sir Everard of Gunpowder Plot fame, lived at Gayhurst, and wrote many philosophical works—"A Treatise on the Nature of Bodies," "On the Operations and Nature of Man's Soul," "Peripatetic Institutions," and many other learned works. Many of his MSS. are in the Bodleian Library.

Amersham can boast of its authors; of John Amersham, who flourished in 1450, was a monk of St. Albans, and wrote a life of the abbot, John Wheathamstead, defending his memory from the attacks of his enemies; of Thomas Dorman, a pervert to Roman Catholicism in the Reformation period, who wrote a book entitled "Against Alexander Noel, the English Calvinist"; and John Gregory, a great scholar and linguist, who published many tracts and sermons, "Notes on Ridley's Civil Law," and other learned works. Of Edmund Waller and his connection with Amersham we have already spoken.

At the beginning of the century, Lord Nugent was member for Aylesbury. He was a great admirer of John Hampden, and wrote "Memorials of John Hampden: his Party and his Times," a poem on the Peninsular War, "Legends of the Library at Lilies," "Lands Classic and Sacred," and many political tracts. Another member for Aylesbury was a remarkable man, John Wilkes, who suffered on account of his authorship, being imprisoned in the Tower for certain rash statements in his paper, the "North Briton," and again on account of "An Essay on Women, with Notes."

With Buckingham is associated the name of its great historian, Dr. Browne Willis, who represented the town in Parliament in 1705. He had a passionate regard for the place, and bestowed many benefactions on it, and also on the churches of Bletchley and Fenny Stratford, where he was buried in 1760. He compiled nearly a hundred volumes of MSS., now reposing in the Bodleian Library, and he published, besides his "History of Buckingham," a large number of works, including a "History of Hyde Abbey," "Notitia Parliamentaria," "Survey of the Cathedrals of St. David's, Llandaff, St. Asaph, Bangor," "The Gold Coins of England," and many other books. Like that of many other authors, his work was not greatly valued by the men of his own time, and he wrote sorrowfully, "I have worked for nothing; nay, except in one

book, have I been out of pocket, and at great expense in what I have printed."

Dr. George Lipscomb, the historian of the county, lived at Quainton and Grendon Underwood, and his fate was another instance of "the calamities of authors." With much enthusiasm he embarked upon his great work some years previous to 1847, and expended a vast amount of labour and money, which reduced him to severe poverty, from which he never extricated himself. His work is extremely valuable, though, like that of Browne Willis, it abounds in inaccuracies. Allowances must certainly be made for these pioneers of historical investigations who laboured so persistently in an unexplored field, when few people were interested in the result of their toil or encouraged them by their support. Lipscomb was forced to take refuge in "the Liberties of the Fleet," and died in abject poverty and distress.

Buckinghamshire had several bountiful patrons of literary men, who loved to surround themselves with a coterie of the writers of their time, and gather together under their roofs men of light and learning. Cliefden, once the residence of the notorious George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whither he fled with the Countess of Shrewsbury after killing the Earl in a duel, the Countess disguised as a page holding his horse, became the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III. Here he assembled the wits and poets of his day, and Thomson's masque of "Alfred" was performed before him for the first time, and "Rule Britannia," composed by Dr. Arne, first stirred the martial breasts of Englishmen in 1740.

Lord Bathurst played the part of patron of arts and letters at Ritchings Park, and loved to entertain the literary celebrities of his time. Here Addison, Steele, Pope, Prior, and Swift constantly gathered around his hospitable table. An old bench in the grounds was covered with the autographs of these literary giants. Congreve, the actor, wrote his name, together with that of some society queen; and

Sterne also became the guest of my Lord Bathurst. The literary traditions of the place were ably carried on by Lady Hertford, the Eusebia of Dr. Watts, and the Cleova of Mrs. Rowe, to whom the author of the "Seasons" dedicated his poem of "Spring." Thomson mightily offended her ladyship by preferring a carouse with Lord Hertford to listening to her poems.

Denham Court, once the hiding-place of the fugitive King, Charles II., was the seat of the Bowyers, and Dryden, a friend of Sir William Bowyer, wrote there his translation of the first book of Virgil's Georgics and the last part of the Æneid. Bulstrode Park was in the time of Margaret, Duchess of Portland, a great resort of literary men, as the letters of Mrs. Montagu, of "blue-stocking" fame, bear witness.

At Great Marlow resided many authors. Thomas Langley, a cleric, the author of the "History of the Hundred of Desborough and Deanery of Wycombe," lived and died there. The poet Shelley, after his wild and heartless career, settled there and passed his days like a hermit, writing "The Revolt of Islam." George Payne James, the novelist, lived there, and wrote some of his famous novels; and Frank Smedley, the author of "Frank Fairlegh" and "Lewis Arundel," made his home on the Thames' fair bank at that town. Another novelist who delighted us in the days of our boyhood was Captain Mayne Reid, who lived at the Ranches, Gerrard's Cross, and wrote "The Rifle Rangers," "Headless Horseman," and other exciting stories which thrilled our hearts in days of yore.

Nathaniel Hooke lived, during the first half of the eighteenth century, and died at Hedsor. He was a historian, and wrote a work on "Rome from the foundation of the city to the end of the Republic." The South Sea Bubble crippled his resources, which were for a time restored by the patronage of the Duchess of Marlborough. Jacob Briant, a scholar of great repute, the author of the

STOKE POGES, THE CHURCH OF GRAY'S "ELEGY."

"Analysis of Ancient Mythology," lived and died, in 1804, at Farnham Royal, where a tablet records his memory. The Rev. Samuel Clarke, Rector of Grendon Underwood during the last few years of the Commonwealth period, was one of the ministers ejected in 1662. He was a Nonconformist of considerable learning, and wrote "Annotations on the Bible," "A Concordance," and other works of a like character.

At Great Missenden lived Sir William Fleetwood, when he retired from his office of Recorder of London in 1591. An eminent historian and antiquary, as well as learned in the law, he wrote the histories of Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII., an oration at the Guildhall before the Lord Mayor, and some legal works.

The distinguished author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was Lord of the Manor of Lenborough, Buckingham, which he inherited from his father, and for some time occupied the Manor House

Thomas Edwards (1699-1757), a learned student, critic, and poet, lived at Terrick, Ellesborough. He severely handled Warburton's edition of Shakespeare, and replied to an attack upon him by a humorous book entitled "Canons of Criticism." He also wrote some sonnets.

Shirley Brooks, the genial editor of *Punch*, was born at Brill in 1816, and was the last survivor of the old staff of that journal. Thackeray, Lemon, Jerrold, Mayhew, Hood, were his contemporaries, all of whom he survived. He wrote several novels, "The Silver Cord," "Sooner or Later," and continued to the end of his life to be esteemed and beloved by a large circle of friends. He died in 1874.

Buckinghamshire is rich in statesmen, and has produced seven Prime Ministers—James Stanhope (1717-18), George Grenville (1763-65), William Petty, Earl Shelburne (1782-83), William Henry Cavendish Bentinck, Duke of Portland (1783, 1807-1809), William Wyndham Grenville, Baron Grenville (1806, 1807), John, Earl Russell (1865-66), and Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (1868, 1874-80),

is the list of these honoured names. Of these the two last were famous for their writings as well as their political careers. Earl Russell wrote a tragedy, "Don Carlos," "The Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht," Memoirs of Fox and Moore, the poet, and a "History of the English Government and Constitution from the reign of Henry VII. to the present time." Lord Beaconsfield's brilliant novels are too well known to be recorded here. His father, Isaac Disraeli, lived and wrote at Bradenham, in Bucks, where he achieved vast literary fame. His "Curiosities of Literature," "Calamities of Authors," "Quarrels of Authors," "Amenities of Literature," and other works will live while the race of book-lovers survive. His great historical work was his "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.," and in his early years he published several works of fiction.

High Wycombe has produced Charles Butler, who died in 1647, the author of the "Principles of Music." Weedon Butler, rector of Great Woolston in 1806, contributed many papers to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and wrote "Zimas, the African," some poems and translations.

Fawley Court once belonged to Sir Bulstrode Whitelock, the author of "Memorials of English Affairs, or Accounts of what passed during the Reign of Charles I. till the Restoration," published in 1682, and several other works. He played an important part in the troublous times of the Civil War, and was a confidential friend of Cromwell. His ancestral home at Fawley was plundered in 1642 by the Royalist troops, as we have already recorded. Especially did he lament the destruction of "divers writings of consequence, and books which were left in my study, some of which they tore in pieces, others they burnt to light their tobacco, and some they carried away with them, to my extreme great loss and prejudice in wanting the writings of my estate, and losing very many excellent manuscripts of my father's and others, and some of my own labours."

With this worthy knight's lament over the destruction of his books we will take our leave of Buckinghamshire authors. They are a goodly company, and amongst the crowd of lesser lights we have seen many of the "immortals," whose works will live while England and English literature remains. Of Eton and its worthies we have made no mention, except of those who were otherwise connected with the county either by birth or residence. A volume would be needed to record all the illustrious authors who have received their education at Eton College, and the result would be a fairly complete history of English literature. But without this record of great names the literary history of Buckinghamshire reflects the highest honour on the county, which has contributed so much of the best and most enduring literature to the library of the nation.

SHAKESPEARE IN BUCKS.

By RANDOLPH PIGOTT.

AS travellers leave Calvert Station, the last station on the Great Central line before it enters on to the Metropolitan line, they will find themselves passing through a tract of woodlands, the remains of the old forest and forming the Bernwood Forest, where the early kings used to come to hunt the wild boars which abounded in the district. They resided for the time of hunting at Brill, where there was a royal palace, which can be seen rising above Grendon Wood, now one of the most favourite coverts for foxes in the Bicester hunt.

Grendon Wood is said to be the spot represented in the woodland scenes in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The traveller in the train will notice even now how some of the fields are full of ant-hills, some of them rising two feet above the ground—on these mounds still grows the wild thyme, and they are probably the banks alluded to in the well known lines in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," commencing, "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."

In the village of Grendon, about two miles from Calvert station, stands the old house, still called the "Shakespeare Farm," where tradition asserts he stayed several times and wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Much Ada about Nothing." In Shakespeare's time this house was the old Ship Inn.

Aubrey, the antiquary, who lived within twenty-six years of Shakespeare's death, was employed to write a book containing the lives of eminent men of the University of Oxford. His lives have been comparatively recently

published. Among his biographies is one of "Mr. William Shakespear."

It is curious to note how little even at that time he could find to write about the great poet. The whole life is contained in fifty-seven lines. In this short history the following account is given:—"He was a handsome and well-shaped man, very good company, and of a ready and pleasant smooth wit. The humours of . the constable in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' he happened to take at Grendon, in Bucks. I think it was a midsummer night that he happened to lye there, which was on the road from Stratford to London. And there was living that constable, about 1642, when I first came to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Howe is of that parish, and knew him."

Besides this statement, made by a man living almost contemporaneously with the poet, there is the local tradition that has always connected Shakespeare with the old house near the church. This house, in Shakespeare's time, was the property of the Piggotts, and continues still in the same family. All this helps to prove the identity of the house. The tradition asserts that Dogberry and Verges were the Grendon constables who arrested Shakespeare for sleeping in the parish church. He was charged with robbing the church, but on being arrested he asked that the chest should be opened, and finding nothing gone he said, "Much ado about nothing."

One of the constables must be the Dogberry in "Much Ado about Nothing," whom old Aubrey in error mentions as being connected with "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The house still contains the Elizabethan fireplaces, where we can picture Shakespeare sitting, and the narrow window in the gable where he slept, overlooking the forest land, which his imagination peopled with Puck, Oberon, and Titania.

Local tradition asserts that Shakespeare slept in the porch of Grendon Church, which contains some fine Pigott monuments. The most remarkable of these is that of

Christobella, Viscountess of Saye and Sele, who is buried here with two of her three husbands, John Pigott and Viscount Say and Sele. The inscription on the monument is very quaint, and records that "in her youth her beauty was the admiration of all who beheld her, and that her justice was so correct that when she paid her last debt to nature she had no other debt to pay."

An interesting account of this lady is given in Chambers's "Book of Days," where, among other things, it is related that when she was over eighty she used to say that she had married three times; the first time for love, the second time for money, and the third time for rank, and that now she thought of beginning again in the same order.

She lived and died in the old Pigott house at Doddershal, beyond Grendon Wood, which is perhaps the oldest house in the county, where the family have lived since 1505, when they parted with Whaddon Chase and some five or six manors, which they became possessed of by a marriage with a Giffard, the heiress of the Conqueror's friend and connection, the first Earl of Buckinghamshire.

At Doddershal, besides the old family portraits, there is much of interest to the antiquary. Among other things might be mentioned the pardon of Sir Richard Pigott, who, with his neighbour Hampden and most of the Bucks gentlemen, took a leading part on Cromwell's side. There is also a magnificent pedigree made out by Sir P. Phipps, Speaker of the House of Commons, Master of the Rolls in the time of James I., who married the sister of Sir Christopher Pigott, who was member for the county till he was committed to the Tower for what the King considered disrespectful language in speaking against the Scots, his countrymen. This pedigree is about fifteen feet long, and contains many portraits, and traces the family to Sir Randolph Pigott, who was one of William the Conqueror's knights. Doddershal is the residence of Captain Pigott, R.N.

BULSTRODE.

By RANDOLPH PIGOTT, M.A.

THE name of Bulstrode is said to have its origin in a very remarkable circumstance, of which the history is given by Sir Richard Burke in his "Vicissitudes of Families."

The original name of the Bulstrode family was Shobbington, and this, their chief seat, was in the family for several ages before the arrival of the Normans. The Norman Conqueror, however, granted the estate to one of his nobles, and the head of the Shobbingtons resolved rather to die upon the spot than part with his possessions.

In this resolution he armed his servants and tenants, whose number was very considerable; upon which the Norman lord obtained of the King one thousand of his regular troops to enable him to take possession of the estate by force. Whereupon Shobbington applied to his relations and friends to assist him, and the two ancient families of Penn and Hampden, illustrious not only in the history of Bucks, but of England and America, took arms together, with their servants and tenants, and came to his relief. All the Shobbington party having assembled, they cast up entrenchments, and the Norman, with his force, encamped before them.

Now, whether it was that the Saxons wanted horses or not is uncertain, but the story goes that having a quantity of bulls they mounted them, and sallying out in the night, surprised the Normans in their camp, killed many of them, and put the rest to flight. The King having intelligence of this, and thinking it not safe for him, whilst his power

was yet new and unsettled, to drive a daring and obstinate people to despair, sent a herald to them to know what they would have, and promised Shobbington a safe conduct if he would come to court, which Shobbington accordingly did riding on a bull, accompanied by his seven sons. Being in the royal presence, he was asked by the King why he dared to resist when the rest of the kingdom had submitted to his government. Shobbington answered that he and his ancestors had long enjoyed that estate, and that if the King would allow him to keep it he would become his subject and be faithful to him. The King therefore granted him the full enjoyment of his estate, upon which the family was from that time called Shobbington, *alias* Bulstrode. But in process of time the first name was discontinued, and that of Bulstrode has remained to them.

Sir B. Burke adds, the earthworks in the park are said to be the remains of the entrenchments thrown up by Shobbington.*

* See "Record of Bucks," Vol. V., No. 6.

Boarstall Tower.

BOARSTALL TOWER.

By RANDOLPH PIGOTT, M.A.

ON the borders of Bucks, some twelve miles from Oxford, and beneath Brill Hill, where some of the early kings had a palace, stands Boarstall Tower.

This tower formerly formed the gateway of Boarstall House, which Browne Willis called a "noble seat," and Hearn, the antiquary, described as "an old house moated round, and in every way fit for a strong garrison, with a tower at the north, and much like a small castle."

What now remains consists of a strong square building, with an embattled tower at each corner. The entrance is by means of a bridge over the moat, which still holds water.

Boarstall, according to an ancient tradition, got its name from an interesting incident.

It is said that Edward the Confessor was born at Islip, not far from Boarstall, and had a palace close by; probably at Brill. Round this royal residence spread the great forest of Bernwood, remains of which are still to be found in the park at Wootton, and the King's Wood at the end of the parish at Grendon.

This wood was infested by a wild boar, which was the terror of the King and the neighbourhood round. At length a huntsman, of the name of Nigel, observing the place the boar usually frequented, dug a pit. In this pit Nigel placed a sow, and then covered the pit with brushwood. The boar came to seek the sow and fell into the pit, where it was killed by Nigel.

The King was then at Brill, and Nigel, having cut off the boar's head, presented it to his Majesty. For this the King knighted him, and gave him and his heirs for ever a hide of arable land, called "Derehide," a wood called "Hulewood," with the custody of Bernwood Forest to hold from the King, "per unum cornu quod est chartæ predictæ Forestiæ," and by the service of paying ten shillings yearly for the said land and forty shillings yearly for all profits of the forest, excepting the indictment of herbage and hunting, which was reserved to the King.

During the Civil War Boarstall played a prominent part as it was a place of considerable importance, from the fact that for some time Charles made Oxford his head-quarters, whilst the Parliamentary army occupied Aylesbury and the district.

Boarstall lay mid-way between the two places. Prince Rupert occupied the high land immediately behind, at Brill and Muswell.

At an early period of the Civil War Boarstall, then the property of Lady Bynham, was taken possession of by the Royalist army. After a time they relinquished it, thinking it well to concentrate their troops in larger garrisons. No sooner had they relinquished Boarstall than they felt they had made a great mistake. It was taken possession of by the Parliamentary army, which were thus able to harass the King's troops at Oxford. After much difficulty it was retaken by the King, and strongly garrisoned by Sir William Compton.

Clarendon, in his "History of the Rebellion," tells us that it was surrendered after a brief resistance, and that the garrison was allowed to depart with horses and arms.

After a time the Parliamentary forces determined to re-take Boarstall, but for a long time the brave little garrison resisted all attacks. At last it was re-taken by General Fairfax himself.

A. Wood, the antiquary, says:—"On Wednesday, June 10, the garrison of Boarstall was surrendered for the use

of Parliament. The schoolboys at Thame were allowed by their masters a free holiday on that day, and many of them went thither at 8 or 9 in the morning to see the form of surrender, the strength of the garrison, and the soldiers of each party. They had instructions given them that not any of them should taste any liquor or eat any provision in the garrison; and the reason was for fear the Royalist party, who were to march out thence, should mix poison among the liquor or provision that they should leave there."

Towards the end of the seventeenth century Sir John Aubrey became possessed of Boarstall. Sir John had one son, who at five years old was poisoned. Some gruel was made of oatmeal which had been mixed with arsenic for the sake of destroying the rats. This gruel the child was made to take, and died. Sir John after this left Boarstall and pulled down the house, leaving only the old gateway.

The writer of this paper remembers staying as a child with Sir Thomas Aubrey, who succeeded his brother, and being shown the horn which was said to have been presented by Edward the Confessor to Nigel.

THE HOMES OF MILTON.

By W. H. SUMMERS.

SEVERAL of our English poets have become associated with various spots in Buckinghamshire—Shakespeare with Grendon Underwood, Waller with Beaconsfield, Gray with Stoke Poges, Cowper with Olney, Shelley with Marlow. But the great poet of Puritanism has a twofold connection with the county. At Horton he spent six years of his high-toned youth, the years which produced the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," the "Comus," "Arcades," and "Lycidas." At Chalfont St. Giles, when "fallen on evil days," in blindness and disgrace, he conceived the idea of "Paradise Regained."

Milton came to Horton in 1632. His father was the son of a Catholic yeoman in Oxfordshire. Having been disinherited for his Protestantism, he had made a fortune as a scrivener in London, and had now come to settle down amid the flat meadows by the Thames and the Colne. The house in which he took up his abode was pulled down in 1798, and its exact site is scarcely known. So says Masson, the great authority on Milton's life; but Jesse, in his "Favourite Haunts," speaks of having seen it about 1847; and local tradition points out an orchard, where, till a few years ago, an old dove-cot and a withered apple or pear tree were associated with the memory of Milton.

Horton is now a scattered little village, approached by winding, elm-fringed lanes, and situated in "a land of slow, silent, brimming streams bordered by innumerable pollards," to borrow the words of a writer in "Macmillan" for May, 1886. He speaks also of the "great, broad, high-shouldered, irregular church, built of grey stone and mottled

flints, with a chantry all out of proportion both in style and size to the rest of the building, giving it a peculiar and yet indefinable charm"; and of the old brick walls of the churchyard, so old as to be "more yellow than red," "dotted all over with crinkled rosettes of lichen, and tufted at the top with snapdragon and wallflower."

Here we may picture the young scholar (he had just taken his M.A. degree at Cambridge), handsome, fair-haired, thoughtful, wending his way on Sundays to the quaint old church, with its two great neighbouring yew-trees and its ivy-covered tower. The rector, Edward Goodall, and the squire, Henry Bulstrode, were both staunch Puritans, so that Milton would find himself among congenial spirits.

Or, with the writer just now quoted, we may fancy him wandering among the elm-shaded lanes, with here and there a timber-framed cottage, in "the tormenting beauty of the summer twilight," "watching the stars come out above the orchards, and the bats flit noiselessly about the warm dusk, while the pleasant country sounds fall fainter and fainter over the running water, till at last there is nothing to be heard but the gurgle of the running stream in its pools and under its long grasses," or "the sigh of the elms in the fragrant air."

Such an evening, it may be added, may have suggested the sonnet, "To the Nightingale" (still plentiful near Horton):—

> "O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray,
> Warblest at eve, while all the woods are still,"

But in "L'Allegro," as has often been pointed out, we are specially reminded of Horton scenes and scenery. It may surely be regarded as the record of many a happy day in those six peaceful years, perhaps the happiest period of the poet's life. Awakened by the skylark's song, "when the dappled dawn doth rise," he opens the diamond-paned casement, and looks out

> "Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine,"

to bid a cheery "good-morrow" to the passer-by. He listens to the "lively din" of the cock, strutting "to the stack or the barn-door." If King Charles, as Tennyson records of Queen Bess, "rose to chase the deer at five," it may have been the royal "hounds and horn" from Windsor which "cheerily roused the slumbering morn" at Horton. The poet strolls on through the dewy grass, past the "hedgerow elms," so characteristic of the district. He watches the rising sun "robed in flames and amber light," and listens with kindly pleasure to the ploughman's whistle, the milkmaid's song, and the whetting of the mower's scythe.

The lines which follow are exactly descriptive of Horton scenery:—

> "Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
> Whilst the landscape round it measures:
> Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
> Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
> Mountains on whose barren breast
> The labouring clouds do often rest;
> Meadows trim with daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks and rivers wide."

It has been remarked that no "mountains" can be seen from Horton. But there is the distant view of the Surrey Downs, with the morning mists rising from their summits; and the word "mountain" was used with greater latitude then than now (*e.g.*, Ray speaks of the "mountainous meadows" at Chalfont St Giles). The mention of "rivers wide" carries the poet's eye across the Thames, where

> "Towers and battlements it sees,
> Bosom'd high in tufted trees"

—the towers of Windsor.

Mid-day has come, when passing the cottage, "betwixt two aged oaks," he sees the peasants seated at their "savoury dinner" of "herbs and other country messes," or watches the labourers at the "tanned haycock," or binding the sheaves.

At another time he rides to one of the "upland hamlets," Fulmer, perhaps, or Hedgerley, or perhaps further afield,

to visit his friends, the Fleetwoods, at Chalfont, or Lady Derby at Harefield. He arrives on the scene of a village festival. "The merry bells" are ringing, and "many a youth and many a maid" are "dancing in the chequered shade," to the sound of "jocund rebecks," "till the livelong daylight fail."

Nor does the Cambridge scholar disdain to share the hospitality of some lowly home where, over "the spicy nut-brown ale," he listens to fairy tales about "Mab" and "friar's lanthorn," and the "drudging goblin" who helped to thresh the corn.

If there is less of local colour about the companion poem of "Il Penseroso," still the allusions to the nightingale's song, to the "trim gardens," the "dry, smooth-shaven lawn," the "arched walk of twilight groves," and the "close covert" by the murmuring waters of the brook remind us of Horton again. And as we read the exquisite lines which speak of "the studious cloisters," the "high embowed roof," the "dim religious light" streaming through "storied windows," the "pealing organ," and the "full-voiced choir," we naturally think of Eton and St. George's.

So the quiet years passed on, while King Charles was governing without a Parliament, and Laud and Strafford were carrying out the policy of "Thorough," and Hampden was making his stand against the ship-money. Preparing himself for his work in life, "as ever in his great Task-master's eye," Milton spent his time in study, reading, we are told, all the Greek and Latin classics during his residence at Horton.

In April, 1637, he lost his mother, who lies interred beneath a blue stone in Horton church. A few days after her death the plague, which had raged the year before in London (called the "Great Plague" till its memory was effaced by that of 1665), broke out at secluded Horton, and several deaths occurred. It was believed to be due to infected rags used in paper mills which had been started in the neighbourhood. An agitation was set on

foot against the mills, and they were closed for a time. Whether Milton remained at Horton during the plague does not appear. His latest poem of the Horton days, "Lycidas," ends with the significant words:—

> "At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue;
> To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

Early in 1638 he started for Italy with letters of recommendation from Sir Henry Wootton, the Provost of Eton. Soon after his return his father left Horton for Reading, and Milton was not again to live in Buckinghamshire till after a stormy public life, another "great plague" drove him to take refuge at Chalfont St. Giles.

When the plague of 1665 broke out, Milton was living at Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, close to the great charnel-pit, towards which the death-carts were constantly carrying their ghastly load, to be cast in in an indiscriminate burial. It was no wonder that he should desire to seek a place of shelter. He bethought himself of an old pupil, Thomas Ellwood, the son of an Oxfordshire squire, who had turned him out of doors for becoming a Quaker. Ellwood was acting as tutor in the family of Isaac Penington, a prominent man among the Friends, who resided at the Grange, Chalfont St. Peter, about ten miles north of Milton's old home at Horton. Milton sent word to him to look him out a house in that neighbourhood, and Ellwood selected what he calls "a pretty box" at Chalfont St. Giles, two or three miles further on. The house is still standing, and is the only one of Milton's many homes which has remained to the present day. It is the last house on the left-hand of the village street from the London road—a typical Buckinghamshire cottage, gabled, oak-timbered, and vine-clad. It was the property of some of the Fleetwood family, whose neighbouring estate of the Grange had just been confiscated for the share of its owner in the trial of Charles I. The Fleetwood arms are still on its front gable, along with a tablet bearing the single word, "Milton." Old engravings show a porch, with a small room over it. This was

MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALFONT ST. GILES.

taken down about 1844, when other structural alterations were made. One is sorry that the old porch has disappeared, because it is so natural to think of the blind poet as sitting there, to enjoy the evening air. But the existing rooms are probably little changed since Milton's time, though the house has passed through strange vicissitudes since then. In the last century it seems to have been a public-house, known as the "Three Compasses." When Mr. Jesse saw it about 1847, it was the abode of the village tailor, and at a later date of the village policeman. In 1887, it was purchased as a Jubilee Memorial, and vested in trustees for the purposes of a parish library and museum. This put an end to a scheme which had been entertained for pulling it down, with a view to re-erecting it in America.

When Milton, accompanied by his third wife, Elizabeth, and probably by his daughter Deborah, arrived at Chalfont, their young friend, Ellwood, was not there to receive them. He had been committed to Aylesbury gaol along with Isaac Penington and several more by two local justices, who had chosen to regard a Quaker funeral as an illegal assembly. It was not long, however, before he was released, when he took an early opportunity of calling on Milton. The latter had reached Chalfont in July, and it was now the end of August or beginning of September.

"After some common discourses had passed between us, he called" (says Ellwood) "for a manuscript of his, which being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my leisure; and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereon. When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled 'Paradise Lost.'"

Ellwood goes on to tell us how, on visiting Milton again, and being asked his opinion of the book, he "pleasantly" answered, "Thou hast said much here of 'Paradise Lost,' but what hast thou to say of 'Paradise Found?'"; how Milton "made him no answer, but sat some time in a muse"; and how, on his visiting Milton again in London

later on, the poet showed him the MS. of "Paradise Regained," with the words, "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

Opinions differ as to the significance of Milton's silence upon Ellwood's remark. Professor Henry Morley thinks that he was too kindly to tell the young Quaker that the whole purpose of the poem in pointing to the "Paradise within thee, happier far" had escaped him. Another modern critic, however, suggests that the poet felt an uneasy consciousness that "he had, after all, made Satan the hero of 'Paradise Lost.'"

Milton remained at Chalfont during the winter of 1665-6. Early in the latter year, the plague broke out in Buckinghamshire, and several deaths occurred in Chalfont itself. London, where it had declined, was now quite as safe as a place of abode, and the poet returned there early in the spring. But short as was his stay at "Giles' Chalfont," his memory will always be associated with this lovely valley among the Chiltern Hills, whose beauties he was no longer able to behold. "We can pleasantly picture him to ourselves," says the Rev. P. W. Phipps, in his interesting little book, "Chalfont St. Giles, Past and Present," "seated in the little parlour within, or on a bench without the cottage, listening to the birds, and smelling the sweet country flowers, with which the little garden abounded, reminding him of happier days, and those quiet enjoyments which he so keenly appreciated." Mr. Jesse, on what authority does not appear, states that Milton was sitting in the garden when the conversation took place between him and Ellwood.

No doubt Milton's stay at Chalfont was marked by caution and seclusion. It was only five years since his *Defensio* had been burned by the common hangman, and he was sure to be a marked man with the High Church zealots of the neighbourhood. It is true that the village was largely Puritan in its sympathies. The old rector,

Thomas Valentine, who had been silenced by Laud for refusing to read the Book of Sports, and had afterwards sat in the Westminster Assembly, had been ejected three years before. When Sunday came, while some of the parishioners gathered in the fine old parish church, others met in the house of a lady of the Fleetwood family, to hear discourses from ejected Puritan ministers from a distance. The Quakers made their way across the hill to William Russell's farm at Jordans, close to the site of the present meeting house. There were even gatherings of "Fifth Monarchy Men," and of some strange fanatical sect known to their neighbours, with more or less justice, as "Atheists." But none of these "conventicles" is likely to have had Milton as an attendant. Sick, perhaps, of the contentions of warring sects, he had ceased to attend public worship at all. Perhaps he felt most sympathy with the Quakers. Ellwood he certainly liked, and there is a tradition that Isaac Penington's step-daughter "Guli" Springett, used to come and play to him on her lute.

One hopes there is no truth in the familiar tales about brutal taunts aimed at the blind poet by his Buckinghamshire neighbours, Judge Jefferies and the Duke of Buckingham, and met by him with stinging retorts. Nor is it easy to regard as authentic the curious lines said to have been written with a diamond, at Milton's dictation, upon a window at Chalfont, in which the Great Plague is described as "Heaven's vengeance" on the immorality of the King. It is not of the fierce polemics of those bygone days one would most willingly think in the quiet garden of "Milton's Cottage," but of the lofty and serene character of England's greatest sacred poet.

THE PENN FAMILY IN BUCKS.

By W. H. SUMMERS.

THE beautifully situated village of Penn is often referred to as if it had been in some way associated with the great founder of Pennsylvania. But neither the Quaker statesman, nor his father, the tough old admiral who won Jamaica for England, had anything to do with this picturesque spot perched on its commanding height among the spurs of the Chilterns. Whether the name Penn is the familiar Celtic word for a hill-top, or simply the Saxon "pen," an enclosure, is uncertain. The latter derivation is championed by so good a local authority as Mr. E. J. Payne. But there can be little doubt, in accordance with the usual analogy in such cases, that the family derived its name from the village, not the village from the family; and this would seem to dispose of the theory, said to have been held by the great Quaker himself, that the family originated at Penmynnydd, in Anglesea, and were akin to the House of Tudor. Yet the Welsh origin of the Penns still finds advocates, one of whom points to the occurrence of the Welsh names of Griffith and David among the Penns of Penn. Anyhow, the family name, in various forms, is associated with Buckinghamshire from an early date. In 1319, for instance, a John de la Penne was attainted of high treason, and forfeited some lands at Brill.

We find the Penns of Penn well established and flourishing early in the sixteenth century. The manor had come into their possession from that of the Bray family. In 1553, David Penn, who had been barber-surgeon to Henry VIII., had a grant of the vicarages of

Penn and Little Missenden from King Edward VI., for the benefit of himself and his wife, Sibell. This lady, by birth a Hampden of Hampden, had been selected as nurse or "foster-mother" to Prince Edward, on the death of Queen Jane Seymour; and the grant was made in consideration of her "good and faithful services in the nursing and education of the King that now is." On Edward's death, she received apartments in Hampton Court Palace, where she died of small-pox in 1562. The stories of Mistress Penn's posthumous performances would delight the hearts of Mr. W. T. Stead and the members of the Psychical Research Society. Not only is her troubled spirit said to haunt the old palace, but a most circumstantial narrative affirms that when old Hampton Church was demolished in 1829, some visitors to the building at the dead of night found that her life-sized effigy, "suffused with a strange unearthly glow," "had left the position it had occupied for 268 years, and was sitting up, with hands over its eyes, sobbing bitterly"! In spite of this, a coffin was removed, and the effigy has peacefully rested ever since under a canopy supported by four Corinthian pillars, with a long rhyming inscription setting forth her manifold virtues. Yet, if the coffin in Hampton Church contains the bones of Mistress Sibell, her husband's executors did not carry out the provisions of his will, which ordered that they should be removed, and interred by his side, "in Penn Chancell among myne ancestors." The old man was sorely troubled by long protracted sickness and by the misconduct of his younger son, Thomas, and his legacy to him was quaintly conditioned—"If he doe order hymselfe from henceforth honestlie, and be ruled by my executors in the choseing of his wife, and reforming of his oder lewde manners." David Penn died in 1570, and was succeeded in his estates by his eldest son, John, who died in 1596, and was buried in Penn Church, where there is a monumental brass bearing his effigy, with that of Ursula, his wife, and their six sons in long cloaks. Another brass

bears the armoured figure of William, the eldest of these sons (died 1638), and that of his wife, Martha. Then the estate seems to have gone for three years to his brother John (died 1641), and there is another brass with figures of him, his wife Sarah, daughter of Sir Henry Drury, and their ten children. The eldest son, William, on his death in 1693 was buried at his own wish in the churchyard. His son Roger, the last of the Penns of Penn, died unmarried in 1731, and the estate then passed to the Curzons, one of whom married Roger's sister; and in accordance with the family motto "Curzon holds what Curzon held" to this day.

The few indications we have of the religious leanings of these Penns indicate that they were thoroughly Protestant and Puritan. So early as 1521, a man-servant of the family was charged with Lollardy before Bishop Longland, at Amersham. The favour of Edward VI. for David Penn is significant, and two of the executors whom David entrusted with the task of "reforming the lewde manners" of his wayward son belonged to the old Lollard and Protestant family of the Cheynes of Amersham and Chesham Bois. In 1631, William Penn, in common with other leading Puritans of the district, was reported to the Privy Council as refusing to pay an impost which he regarded as illegal. Later on, we come upon indications of Quaker leanings. In the great William Penn's "No Cross, No Crown," mention is made of "a young woman of the family of Penn, of Penn, in Buckinghamshire," who upon her death-bed desired that the lace and other ornaments might be removed from her clothes, saying that she had had a vision of the Lord Jesus, "in the likeness of a plain countryman, without any trimming or ornament whatever, and that his servants ought to be like Him."

This incident affords presumption of the famous Quaker's having had some acquaintance with his Buckinghamshire namesakes. But was there any tie of kindred between him and them? It has been recently asserted

that there is no proof of this, but this is far too sweeping a statement. We trace his pedigree back to William Penn, of Penn Lodge, Wilts, who died in 1591, and lies buried before the altar in the neighbouring church of Minety, in Gloucestershire. This worthy's son, William, who died before his father, had a son named Giles, who became a captain in the Navy, and from him sprang the famous Admiral Penn. On his son's monument in the glorious Church of St. Mary Redcliff, at Bristol, Giles Penn is described as being "of the Penns, of Penn Lodge, in the county of Wilts, *and those Penns of Penn in the county of Bucks.*" This seems pretty decisive, especially when it is borne in mind that the arms of the two families are identical. But further than this we can scarcely go at present. The "Founder's" grandson, William Penn, of Shangarry, the Irish estate of the family, writing to one of his English cousins, says that he had endeavoured in vain to recover the link. There is, it is true, a vague tradition that William Penn, of Minety, the Founder's great grandfather, was the son of another William, who had been a monk of Glastonbury, and who is *said* to have been a younger son of David and Sibell Penn; but no clear proof of this exists.

The story is well known how Admiral Penn found his ambitious projects for his son thwarted by the latter's pertinacious adhesion to the unpopular doctrines of the Society of Friends. The bluff sailor, in his indignation, turned his son out of doors. On the same day, as we are told, William first met a young lady who was destined to connect this branch of the family with Buckinghamshire once more. This was Gulielma Maria Springett, the posthumous daughter of Sir William Springett, a captain in the Parliamentary army, who died at the siege of Arundel. After his death his widow married Isaac Penington, the son of one of Charles I.'s judges. Penington, who was a Quaker, had no sympathy with his father's political actions; but

in 1665, on account of his relation to him, he was dispossessed of his paternal estate at the Grange, Chalfont St. Peter. It was not till 1668 that Penn met his future bride, and therefore he could not have visited her at Chalfont, as has frequently been asserted. His courting visits must have been paid to Bury Farm and Woodside, Amersham, where Gulielma and her mother found a refuge during Isaac Penington's frequent imprisonments for conscience sake. When the marriage at last took place, on April 4th, 1672, the bride was registered as residing at Tyler's Green, Penn. According to Quaker custom in those days, the wedding was in a private house. This still stands; it is an old building named King's Farm, not very far from Chalfont. But it is in Hertfordshire, though only a few yards from the Bucks border. Penn never lived in Buckinghamshire. He was a man of many homes, residing first at Rickmansworth, then at Worminghurst, in Sussex, then at Philadelphia, then at Kensington, then at Worminghurst again, then at Pennsbury Manor, on the Delaware, and finally at Ruscombe, near Twyford, where he died in 1718. But he was a frequent visitor to our county. Not only was he often here in the days of his early love, but in after years, when he buried his Guli and six of his children, one by one, beneath the lime-trees which surround the quaint old meeting-house at Jordans. There he often took part in meetings prior to his last illness, finding a welcome rest from his anxieties in the hospitable Quaker dwelling of Stone Dean close by; and there, at last, his body was brought from Ruscombe and interred, in the presence of a great concourse of people. It was currently believed at the time that he had been the main contributor to the erection of the meeting-house, and such may very probably have been the case.

After Penn's death, his son Dennis (1722), his second wife Hannah (1726), his daughter Letitia Aubrey (1746), his son John, in the same year, and another daughter, Margaret Freame, in 1751, besides several grandchildren

Quaker Meeting-House, Jordans.

and connections by marriage, were interred at Jordans. John, the first son by the second wife, died at Hitcham unmarried. Thomas, his next brother, in 1760, purchased the estate of Stoke Poges of the executors of Ann, Lady Cobham. It would seem that there had been a branch of the Penn family resident at Stoke Poges before, if Lipscomb is correct in saying that Edward Penn of that parish was High Sheriff of Bucks in 1623. But they could not have occupied the Manor House, which was then in the hands of the great lawyer, Sir Edward Coke. At a later period Charles I. came there as a prisoner. In this historic mansion Thomas Penn, possessor of his own and his brother John's share of the great estates in Pennsylvania, took up his abode with his wife, Lady Juliana, daughter of the Earl of Pomfret, and, strange to say, a descendant of Judge Jefferies. Several children of Thomas Penn (who conformed to the Established Church) and of his brother Richard are buried in a family vault at Penn Church. As this is several miles from Stoke, and the old line of the Penns of Penn was now extinct, we have here a pretty strong indication of the belief of the family as to the place of their origin.

Thomas Penn and Lady Juliana had eight children, several of whom died in infancy. John, the eldest surviving son, was only fifteen at the time of his father's death in 1775. Lady Penn showed great energy and ability in managing the family affairs, which were complicated by the changed position of affairs ,due to the American Revolution. £130,000 was paid by the State of Pennsylvania to the Penns. After attaining his majority, John Penn effected great alterations in the Stoke estate. He pulled down and rebuilt the mansion and the ancient "Hospital," and also erected the monument to Sir Edward Coke in the grounds, as well as the cenotaph to the poet Gray just outside the churchyard. Besides the Stoke estate, he had property in the Isle of Portland, of which he was Governor. Hence the name of Pennsylvania

Castle in that island. Dying unmarried, in 1834, the estates passed to his brother Granville, a Biblical scholar of some repute in his day, and on the latter's death, in 1844, they descended to Granville John, his son, who visited Pennsylvania in 1851, and was received with great enthusiasm as the heir of the famous Quaker founder of the Keystone State, on whose enlightened constitution that of the United States is largely based. On his death, in 1867, the estate became the property of his brother, the Rev. Thomas Gordon Penn, M.A., but he died on September 9th, 1869. Though Granville Penn had nine children, of whom this Thomas was the last survivor, they all died without having issue. The Stoke estate was sold, and the long connection of the Penn family with Bucks came at last to an end. The American estates, which were entailed on the children of the Founder's second wife, passed to the children of his son Thomas Penn's daughter Sophia, who married Dr. Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh. Until quite recently there existed in America some of the descendants of the Founder's son Richard. But the actual hereditary representatives of the great Admiral and the great Founder, the man of war and the man of peace, are the Penn-Gaskell family, who trace their descent to William Penn's beloved first wife, "Guli."

It may be added that the Rev. Thomas Gordon Penn sold to Mr. Catlin the original painting, by Benjamin West, of "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," which is now in the City Hall at Philadelphia. A few years ago, an offer was made by the State of Pennsylvania to remove Penn's remains (which were interred in a leaden coffin) from Jordans to a mausoleum to be erected at Philadelphia. The trustees refused to entertain the proposal, but many a pilgrim from across the Atlantic comes to visit that lonely woodland sanctuary, "the most sacred spot in all England to a Pennsylvanian."

HARTWELL HOUSE.

HARTWELL HOUSE AND LOUIS XVIII.

By P. H. DITCHFIELD.

FULLER remarks of our Berkshire estates that "they are very skittish and have oft cast their riders." This cannot be said of the Bucks Manor of Hartwell, which for nearly seven hundred years has remained in the possession of the same family. Sometimes it has passed, on the failure of the issue male by marriage of the heiress, to one who bore a different name; but the family of the Lees, the owners of Hartwell in the present day, can trace their descent to Baldwine de Hampden, who lived in the time of Edward the Confessor, and to the De Hartwells who held the manor of the King at the close of the twelfth century. They have proved themselves worthy of their ancient lineage, and in the history of the county few families have acquired a higher reputation than the Lees of Hartwell and the Hampdens of Hampden. It would be an interesting task to record their descent, to mention the names of their most illustrious sons, and the public events in which they played so distinguished a part. But the object of this chapter is to describe the advent of certain royal visitors to Hartwell, whom hard fate had driven to our shores, and who found a refuge in England from the mad fury and ruthless rage of their own countrymen. The sojourn of Louis XVIII., the then uncrowned King of France, and his household, will ever make Hartwell famous.

The house was almost entirely re-built by Sir Thomas Lee in the seventeenth century on the site of an ancient building, of which a small drawing exists, showing the

mansion, the village, and the old church. The oriel window over the door is very unusual in its elaborate style of decoration. Many alterations and additions have been made since the present building was reared, and not the least interesting features are the fine entrance-hall, the curious carved oaken figures adorning the staircase, representing Hercules, the Furies, and various knights in armour, and the ancient ball-room or tapestry gallery. Family portraits, painted by such distinguished artists as Vandyck, Lely, Hudson, Reynolds, and Kent, still smile or gravely look down upon their descendants; and there is a painting of Louis XVIII., King of France and Navarre, and of St. Louis and the Garter, by Le Febre, presented by the King when his exile was over and France welcomed him as her Sovereign. Those carved figures which still stand sentry on either side of the staircase—what could they not tell us of the revels that used to be held in "the good old days" in the banqueting hall, now the museum, of the many French folk who eyed them curiously, until the Queen took offence at the weird shadows which they cast, and condemned them to exile in the cellar!

This was the abode of the brother of Louis XVI., who fled for safety to England when that monarch had fallen a victim to the revolutionary violence of the French people in 1793. Under the title of Comte de Lisle he came to reside here in 1809, and remained until the collapse of Napoleon's power in 1814. His beloved queen lived and died here, and his court consisted of one hundred and eighty persons, including many of the chief men of France, the Dukes de Berri and Angouleme, the Dukes de Duras, de Harve, de Gramonte, and de Servant, the Archbishop of Rheims, Counts de Chatres, La Chapelle, and de Blacas, and occasionally the Dukes of Bourbon and Fitz-James, the Prince de Condé, and Monsieur, afterwards King Charles X. Here also came his royal brother in misfortune, the exiled King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus. How anxiously must these distinguished exiles have watched the course of

events that were occurring in their beloved France, and how severe the expressions of their hatred of Napoleon! The King calmly watched the progress of his extraordinary career, and earned for himself the title of "the sage of Hartwell."

Dr. Doran gives us a description of the house as it was when it was occupied by the French King:—"There was an agreeable variety in its several aspects. Of its four faces, directed towards the cardinal points of the compass, one had an ancient melancholy aspect; the second had a grave Elizabethan cheerfulness; the third was light, airy, and smiling; and the fourth had a trimmed polished air of modernly invented comfort. It had, and has, its porticoes, its porches, and its quaint seats. The drawing-room was of royal dimensions and beauty; staircases quaintly noble, with oaken rails and statues; carved ceilings; marble mantelpieces, perplexing those who gazed on them by their abundant allegorical difficulties; and panelled walls, whereon the representatives of old valour and ancient loveliness kept their silent state, added to the general effect: altogether Hartwell was a house wherein misery might be tolerably comfortable upon £24,000 a year. In this and in the outbuildings one hundred and forty persons were quartered; the number, including visitors, often exceeding two hundred. So numerous a party required such extensive accommodation, that the halls, gallery, and the larger apartments were often divided and sub-divided into suites of rooms and closets, in some instances to the great disorder and confusion of the mansion. Every out-house, and each of the ornamental buildings in the park, that could be rendered capable of decent shelter, were densely occupied; and it was curious to see how the second and third class stowed themselves away in the attics of the house, converting one room into several by the adaptation of light partitions. On the ledges, and in the bows of the roof, they formed gardens, which were stocked with plants, shrubs, and flowers."

The most quaint and interesting room in the house is the old muniment room, which is decorated with an elaborately carved oak chimney-piece, a frieze and dado panelled and carved, and has a curious old mullion window with leaded panes. Round its walls are shelves containing old records of great variety, ancient leases, marriage settlements, and other scrip of the dead and dusty past, together with the accounts of the household of Princess Amelia, daughter of George II., to whom, for many years, one of the Lees was secretary.

During his sojourn at Hartwell a great sorrow befel the French monarch. His beloved queen, the Princess Maria Josephine Louise de Savoy, died of dropsy. After lying in state at Hartwell her remains were conveyed to London; a solemn service, attended by many illustrious noblemen of France, was performed at the French Roman Catholic Chapel, in Little King Street, Portman Square, and the body was carried with great pomp to Westminster Abbey, and then conveyed to its last resting-place in Sardinia. Several others of the illustrious exiles never saw their native land again, and their bodies rest in the quiet grave-yard of the little church of Hartwell. Amongst these were the Chevalier Collignon, first physician of the Queen of France, who died two years after his royal mistress, and was much esteemed by the French Royal Family. The register books contain the following entry:—

"1812. July 16. Jacques Guillaume Collignon, natif D. Amiens en Picardie, agi de 69 arns ou environ; Chevalier le l'ordre de S. Michael; Premier Medicin de seue Madame la Countesse de Lisle."

Another entry tells of the death of Alexander Francis Marie Le-filluel, Count de la Chapelle, aged 73; Field Marshal of the army of the French King; an emigrant, a Catholic." And the names of less distinguished men occur, such as Peter Vice, a French emigrant; Jean Baptiste Derisbourg, and John Gross, which contrast strangely with those of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" by whose side they sleep.

STAIRCASE AT HARTWELL HOUSE.

At length the period of exile was over. One of the ladies of the court observed from one of the windows the arrival of carriages, driven post-haste, which conveyed the news of the overthrow of Napoleon's power, and the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne of his sires. This was on March 23rd, 1814. The King returned to France, and was received with the acclamations of his fickle subjects. But Waterloo had yet to be fought, the strange experiences of "the hundred days" to be undergone, before he was firmly seated on his throne, whence he was again driven by another of the many revolutions for which France is famous.

With the subsequent career of the ill-fated monarch we have now no concern. Hartwell was ever remembered by him with affection. In reply to the address of the people of Aylesbury, he said that "in the recollection of his long wanderings that of his stay amongst them would be one of the most soothing."

Several evidences of the visit of Louis still remain at Hartwell. Many of the beech trees in the grounds still bear traces of French mottoes carved in their bark by *les emigrés*. The bells retain their old names; the King's Room, the Queen's, Archbishop's, Duc de Berri's, etc. Portraits of the King, his Prie-Dieu, the lectern and missal of the Archbishop, and other relics, remind us of the time when these illustrious visitors found in England a sure resting-place and quiet haven when the fiercest storm that ever burst over France laid low many a noble head, and all the world wondered and shuddered at the shameless deeds of mad fanaticism and revolutionary violence.

THE ETON COLLEGE LIBRARY.

By F. St. John Thackeray, M.A., F.S.A.

SO much has been written of late years on Eton of the past, that it seems worth while to devote some space to a subject of one particular branch of the history of the College, namely, its Library.

Though this cannot, of course, compare with the great University or College Libraries, yet it contains treasures of extreme value, and is very interesting as storing the accumulations of three centuries of learning, taste and industry. It is a very good specimen of an eighteenth-century library, *i.e.*, of what was then regarded as the most suitable collection of books for a place devoted to learning. Since the close of that century it has received, comparatively speaking, but few accessions.

Six years after the foundation of the college, William of Waynflete, 1486, then Provost, together with the Fellows of Eton, combined with the Provost and Fellows of King's College, Cambridge, in a petition to the King, begging that he would commission his chaplain, Richard Chester, in common with the King's Stationer, "to inquere and diligently inserche and gete knowledge where bokes onourments and other necessaries for the said colleges may be founden to selle."

The next epoch of importance is that of the Provostship of Sir H. Savile, 1596-1622. Since the reign of Edward VI. little had been done, but Savile, profiting by the lately founded library of Sir Thomas Bodley, despatched a carpenter to Oxford, and introduced improvements from thence into the Eton Library. The growth of the library

at this time is attested by the entries in the Audit Books, which are tolerably numerous, under the head of "Librarie," for the years 1603-22. The sums spent include payments to Joyce the waterman, and sums for wharfage and custom, the books being conveyed from London by river. There is frequent record, too, of payments for "ryvitinge of chaines, and one for byndinge Chrysostom, given by Mr. ye Provost." This was Savile's own magnificent edition of Chrysostom, in eight folio volumes, the labour of three years—the first work of learning on a great scale published in England—issued from the Eton press established by Sir Henry in the house at present occupied by the Head Master. The particulars have often been told: how he spared no expense (the whole cost amounting to £8,000); and how he procured from Holland his fount of type called the "silver letter."

The library would naturally be an object of interest to Sir H. Savile's next successor but one in the Provostship —Sir Henry Wotton. We may feel tolerably sure that some of the Italian MSS., and several rare Italian books, were contributed by him. For the curious in heraldry there is a MS. entitled *Venetorum nobilium insignia*, with numerous coloured coats of arms, probably bought by him from Venice. The original copies of his letters written from thence during his embassy are preserved. They extend from 1617 to 1620, many of them addressed to James I., whose favour he first won by apprising him of the plot against his life.

The College Library received much attention at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is from 1728 that the present building dates. The next stage in its existence, and the last important accession which it has received, was in 1799, when it was enriched by the very valuable legacy of Anthony Morris Storer, of Purley, a contemporary at Eton of C. J. Fox, and the ancestor of the present owner of Purley Park, who bears the same name. The total number of books is about 23,000. The chief interest

centres round: (i.) the MSS.; (ii.) Bibles, Theology, and Theological Tracts; (iii.) the Caxtons; (iv.) early printed and other editions of the Classics; (v.) rare books of History, Political Tracts, and Travels; (vi.) Early English and Foreign publications. In the last four branches the Storer Collection is specially rich, and in some respects forms the most valuable portion of the library.

I.—The *MSS.**—Of these there are upwards of one hundred, but many are of quite a late date. The majority belong to the thirteenth century. Several of them are beautifully illuminated, and written in bold characters; most of them are in good preservation. There are six MSS. of the Vulgate. To the finest of them, given by Matthias de St. Alban, a solemn anathema is attached on any one who should remove it. The sources of the Eton MSS. would seem to be North Italy, North France, the Levant, and some English monasteries. The oldest is an Ovid, known as the *Codex Langobardicus*, assigned to the eleventh century. The others that are most noticeable are (i.) a very beautiful French Bible on vellum, folio, commencing with the Proverbs, the first volume being absent. This came from Dr. Meyrick's Library. Its date is probably the last quarter of the fourteenth century. (ii.) A MS. of the *Flores Historiarum* of Matthew of Westminster. This, in the opinion of the late Sir F. Madden, was the identical copy from which Archbishop Parker printed his first edition in 1567. It has marginal notes in his handwriting throughout, in one of which is the date 1562. (iii.) A very fine folio MS. of Dante (fifteenth century) with some peculiar readings. (iv.) A curious MS. record in Latin of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Cambridge in 1564. (v.) Tirolli's *Antiquitates*, a piece of German work of Henry VIII.'s time, being a series of historical scenes and figures finely illuminated. (vi.) There is also at Eton one-half of a valuable collection of Oriental MSS., extending over

* These have been very fully described in an admirable monograph by Dr. James, Cambridge, 1893.

ETON COLLEGE LIBRARY.

many volumes. The remaining portion is at King's College, Cambridge.

II.—Of printed Bibles those most worthy of mention are (i.) the *Cethubhîm* or *Hagiographa*, Naples (1487), printed on vellum one year earlier than the first complete Hebrew Bible; (ii.) a grand copy of the well-known Mazarine or Mentz Bible; (iii.) a large collection of versions of the Scriptures in many modern languages; and (iv.) three of Barker's, known as the "Breeches" Bible (1578, 1597, 1599).

In theology the library is naturally well represented, much in this branch having been given by Waddington, a Fellow, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester. The Benedictine editions of the Fathers are very fine, and a probably unique copy of Archbishop Parker's *De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ*, London, 1572, 4to, claims a word. It contains, among other peculiarities, a print of Archbishop Parker. And to become master of a copy with this original engraving was the despair of Dibdin.

III.—There are *three* genuine Caxtons. They were part of Storer's bequest, and were exhibited at the Caxton celebration in 1877. They are (i.) *Les Fais du Jason*, (ii.) *The History of Reynard*; (iii.) Tully: *Of Old Age, of Friendship*, and the *Declamation of Noblesse*. The first of these is the only copy in England. There are two in Paris.

IV.—Of other *incunabula*—which are numerous and valuable—one must speak but briefly. Eton is fortunate in possessing *two* copies of the Florentine *editio princeps* of Homer; also two celebrated quartos, Apollonius Rhodius, and the *Anthology*, printed in Greek capitals, as well as many beautiful Aldines and representative issues of the early presses of Milan, Basle, and Paris. Rare grammatical and antiquarian works abound, among them several catalogues and descriptions of old continental libraries, *e.g.*, at Padua, Venice, Vienna, Augsburg, and Leyden.

The erudition of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is well reflected in this library.

V.—There is an extensive collection of political tracts, ranging over nearly a century (1642-1731); a complete series of Hearne's volumes, and an almost complete set of Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill publications.

VI.—There is also a considerable collection of Shakespeare's quartos, besides the three first folios; a copy of the first edition of *Paradise Lost;* and the unique copy of Udall's *Ralph Royster Doyster*, discovered in 1818.

Eton College Library abounds, it should be added, in illustrated historical works and valuable engravings, and also in numerous and exquisite specimens of the binder's art, including the designs of Grolier, and much work of Le Gascon, De Rome, and Roger Payne.

The sources of the library have been already in part indicated. It is the result less of constant purchase (indeed very little has been laid out on it for many generations), than of the particular collections formed at different periods by former members and lovers of the college, and of the gifts of a few munificent donors, such as Anthony Storer and Bishop Waddington. One further point of interest attaching to this in common with many old libraries is, that in several of its volumes may be seen the autographs and autograph notes of eminent men—scholars, or lovers of literature—*e.g.*, De Thou, Isaac Voss, and Casaubon.

ETON MONTEM.

OLD Etonians who love to visit their old school on the fourth of June may wish to know how the ancient Montem was observed, of which the modern observances are a survival. An old sporting magazine, published at the close of the last century, fully describes the proceedings, which took place on Whit-Tuesday every third year. They commenced by a number of the senior boys taking up their stations upon the bridges or other leading places of all the avenues around Windsor and Eton soon after day-break. These youths are the best figures and the most active of the students, who are attired in fancy dresses of silks, satins, etc., and some richly embroidered, principally in the habits or fashions of running-footmen, with poles in their hands. They are called Salt-bearers, and demand "Salt," *i.e.*, a contribution from every passenger, and will take no denial. When a contribution is given a printed paper is delivered with their motto, and the date of the year, which passes the bearer free through all the salt-bearers for that day, and is as follows:—

"Pro more et monte
1799
Vivant Rex et Regina."

These youths continue thus collecting their salt at all the entrances for near seven miles round Windsor and Eton from the dawn of the day until about the close of the procession, which is generally three o'clock in the afternoon.

The procession commences about twelve o'clock at noon,

and consists of the Queen's and other bands of music, several standards borne by different students, all the Etonian boys, two and two, dressed in officers' uniform, those of the King's foundation wearing blue, and the others scarlet uniforms, swords, etc. Then follow the grand Standard-bearer, the Captain or Head-boy of the School, the Lieutenant or Second Boy, His Majesty, attended by the Prince of Wales and other male branches of the royal family, on horseback, with their suites. The Queen and Princesses follow in coaches, attended by their suite, and a band of music, with a great concourse of the nobility and gentry in their carriages and on horseback complete the procession. The procession is formed in the great square at Eton, and proceeds through Eton to Slough, and round to Salt Hill, where the boys all pass the King and Queen in review and ascend the Montem. Here an oration is delivered, and the grand Standard is displayed with much grace and activity by the Standard-bearer. There are two extraordinary salt-bearers appointed to attend the King and Queen, who are always attired in fanciful habits, superbly embroidered. They each carry an embroidered bag, which receives the royal salt, and also whatever is collected by the out-stationed salt-bearers. The donation of the King and Queen is always fifty guineas each; the Prince of Wales thirty guineas; all the other Princes and Princesses twenty guineas each.

As soon as this ceremony is performed, the royal family return to Windsor. The boys are all sumptuously entertained at the tavern at Salt Hill, and the beautiful gardens are laid out for such ladies and gentlemen as choose to take any refreshment, the different bands of music performing all the time in the gardens.

About six o'clock all the boys return in the same order of procession as in the morning, and marching round the great square in Eton College are dismissed. The captain then pays his respects to the Royal Family at the Queen's Lodge, Windsor, previous to his departure to King's

College, Cambridge; to defray which expense the produce of the Montem is presented to him; and upon Whit-Tuesday in the year 1796 it amounted to more than one thousand guineas.

The day concludes by a brilliant display of beauty, rank, and fashion, a promenade on Windsor Terrace, bands of music performing, etc.; and the scene highly enlivened and enriched by the affable condescension of the Royal Family, who indiscriminately mix with the company, and parade the Terrace till nearly dark.

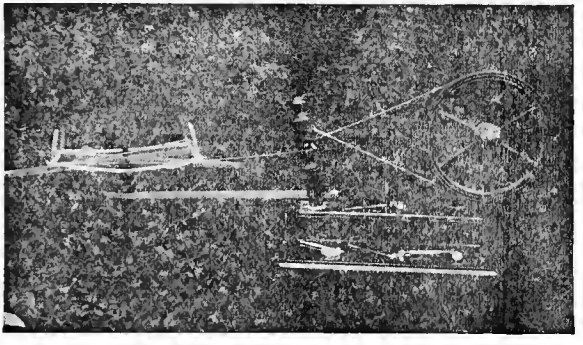
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LACE.

By M. E. B. BURROWES.

THE origin and early history of the Pillow Point Lace Industry in England has at various times been the cause of much controversy and speculation; but though so obscure, it seems to be an agreed point that this art existed in a rudimentary stage as early as the fourteenth century. It was in the reign of Elizabeth that the finer laces began to be made in England, and pillow lace was probably more fully introduced into Buckinghamshire about 1570, during the insurrection of the Flemish lace-makers and weavers against their feudal oppressors: at the time of the strife in the Church, and in the general uprising to obtain grants of freedom and political privileges, the restrictions and universal distress of the people all tended to prevent the spread of art and literature in their own country. Many of these having fled thus from the persecutions of Alva and other tyrannies, came to England, and seem to have, according to local tradition, settled at Olney, Newport Pagnell, and other neighbouring villages; and about this time there appears to have been quite a colony of Flemish weavers, spinners, and lacemakers in these parts. Olney, one historian tells us, was built by a colony of Flemings, but "Oulney," as it was called in the olden days, can trace its origin to a much earlier date than this, as old records show. But it was not until about the beginning of the seventeenth century that the Buckinghamshire lace industry arrived at a comparatively flourishing state, and from this time onwards we find Bucks and Devonshire classed together as the

two great lacemaking centres of England; and it is interesting to note that the three strongest lace centres of Bucks at this period were all contained in the Newport Hundred, viz., Olney, Stony Stratford, and Hanslope, and the lace industry gradually spread, north, south, east, and west, from this division, until we find makers of Bucks lace in Bedfordshire, Northants, Bucks, and Oxon.

Buckinghamshire pillow point lace (or half-stitch lace, being the local term commonly applied) is made of carefully prepared flax thread, the same as that so much used in Belgium. In its fabrication a quantity of threads are



interwoven together, thus forming various stitches; the fine pillow net meshes and elaborate fantastic openings are formed by the use of lace pins, being pinned on to the parchment and into the designs, and twisting the threads in and out and about them in divers ways. It is curious to note how the same patterns used by lacemakers in different localities vary, and how entirely different effects are produced. The pillow in appearance is like a small, round, hard and dumpy bolster, being firmly stuffed with straw and covered with cloth. The design, which has been skilfully pricked on to a horn parchment or stiff card, is then laid flat on the pillow and partly passing round it; the lacemaker then places the pillow on her stand, or rests it on her knees,

and thus works in this way. The bobbins are tiny cylinders of wood, many of curious device and design, and at each end is attached a wire circle of beads or charms called jingles; these are used to weight the bobbins. Each bobbin having been wound with thread, the ends of which are each attached to pins that have been securely stuck into the pillow, the lacemaker is then ready to start her work. She commences by interlacing bobbins, which are

used in pairs, fixing the lace pins into all the pricked holes of the parchment, and crossing the bobbins after the insertion of each pin. Larger pins, with sealing wax heads, hold back the bobbins not in use on each side of the designs, as if this were not done in the making of broad laces sad entanglements would follow. Buckinghamshire lace is characterized by a raised coarse thread called the gimp, which is worked in at the same time with the finer threads of the lace. This gimp emphasizes more strongly

the marked details of the pattern, increases the beauty, and gives strength to the lace.

The meshes of which the groundwork or net consists are generally hexagonal in shape. Quite in the olden days the bones of both birds and fish, cut and pared into the shape of thorns, were used as a substitute for pins, which were an expensive item, costing no less than 6s. 8d. per thousand in 1543; and sheep's trotters were employed as bobbins; hence the origin of the name bone-lace, a name which figures so conspicuously among the dress accounts of Queen Elizabeth. William III., in spite of his grim, phlegmatic character, had a genuine Dutch taste for lace. His bills for that article in 1695 reached the large sum of £2,459 19s., and among the most astounding items we have—117 yards of scissæ teniæ cutwork for trimming twelve pocket handkerchiefs, £485 14s. 3d.; and 78 yards for four cravats, at £8 10s. Lace expended for six new razor cloths amounted to £270; and £499 10s. worth of lace was bestowed on twenty-four new nightshirts. Queen Mary approached, but did not reach, the King in lace expenditure; her lace bill for 1694 amounted to £1,918, and it was under William III., in 1698, the Acts for preventing the importation of laces from abroad were made even more stringent. In the sixteenth century lace was sold by weight, not by measurement.

In Buckinghamshire it is commonly reported that lace was made and introduced into the neighbourhood by Katharine of Arragon, who was an expert in lace work and embroidery; and round Towcester a lace is still made, and being much revived, called Katharine of Arragon's lace, the same as was taught so long ago to the villagers by her ladies-in-waiting, but it is a coarser and more Spanish type of lace than the Bucks pillow point. Beautiful reproductions of this lace may be seen in Paulerspury Church, Northants.

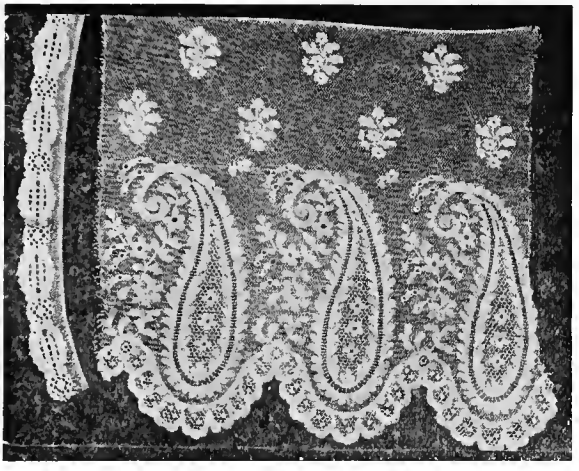
Great harm of late years has been done to the trade by the introduction of inferior Maltese and Torchon

laces, the workers gladly forsaking the closer laces for those of coarser and more careless make. Newport Pagnell seems to have been the great market, as well as the technical centre, of the lace trade, whence manufacturing districts, and more especially those of Olney and Hanslope, received their patterns, and where they sent their goods to be sold to the lace buyers. In Lyson's "Magna Britannica" we find that "lacemaking is in no part of the country so general as at Hanslope and in its immediate vicinity; it prevails for fifteen or twenty miles round in every direction. At Hanslope no fewer than 800, out of a population of 1,275, were employed in it in the year 1801. Children are there put to the lace schools, at, or soon after, five years of age. At eleven or twelve years of age they are able to maintain themselves without assistance. Both boys and girls are taught to make it, and some, when they are grown up, follow no other employment; others when out of work find it a good resource, and can earn as much as the generality of day labourers. The lace made at Hanslope is from sixpence to two guineas a yard in value. It is calculated that from £8,000 to £10,000 net profit is annually brought into this parish by the lace manufacturers."

It is quite common to find a good lacemaker with a large quantity of bobbins, probably, at least, twelve dozen, and among them it will be hard to find two alike, so various are the patterns and devices; many possibly are very old having been handed down for several generations; others were love tokens or small presents, to celebrate some homely anniversary. One old lady in a village near Buckingham possessed a quaint old bone bobbin on which was cut and the letters coloured, "Forsake me not, my Love." This bobbin was an old one, some fifty years ago (from the present time of writing), when being used by her on her pillow as quite a young girl, her betrothed seeing this and the motto, took a fancy to it, cut it off, and took it with him to the Crimea. It never left him through the sieges

of both Sevastopol and Inkerman, and on his return to England he restored it to its rightful owner; and, to conclude this little romance, he married the young lacemaker shortly afterwards, and both are living at the present time.

The lace trade being greatly dependent on the caprice of fashion is liable to extreme fluctuations, and the lacemakers of Bucks, like many others, have had their ups and downs, flourishing times and periods very much the reverse, and almost up to the present time the lace-

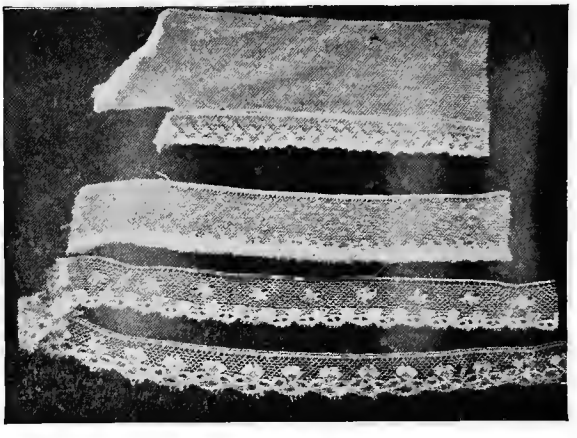


makers' earnings have always been less than they should have been, owing to the lace-buyer and middleman reaping the benefit, and only too frequently a very large profit also. But lace-making has dragged on its precarious existence through centuries, still solving the great social problem, how to find, especially in our country villages, a remunerative employment for women and children.

As an adjunct of dress, lace has always been in great favour, and at different times great impetus has been given to the trade. But fashion is capricious, and for some years the trade has suffered much from depression; but just at

present we are revelling in lace. This is one of its periods of supremacy, and among all the beautiful kinds of lace none will compare more favourably than a piece of really beautiful Bucks pillow point. In 1897 a branch of the Northants Lace Association, calling itself the North Bucks Lace Association, was formed, and is already doing much good work, and employing some six hundred poor workers, who thankfully and joyfully return to the trade of their younger days.

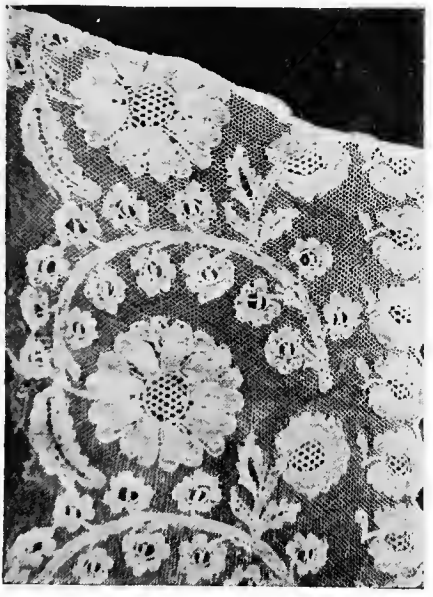
The great impulse has been given by the North Bucks



Lace Association to our local Buckinghamshire lace industry; and the object of collecting funds for the same is to be able by co-operation and combination to advance ready money for the purpose of facilitating production; and many a poverty-stricken village may yet, by the help of the lace industry and other home industries, be transformed into a happier and more prosperous one.

It is a matter of sad regret to find foreign lacemakers steadily working their way into the English market, and always finding a ready sale for their laces. Why will not the English people bestir themselves and show that

they also possess an industrious, steady, and plodding nature? Lace-making may teach a great deal, and do much to form a character. First, the work must be *real*, genuine, and accurate; a single fault will tell its own tale. Concentration on what they have in hand, mingled with determination and patience, are most essential and necessary for the manipulation of a perfect lace. On look-



ing at the result of persevering labour and its satisfactoriness, the worker will be encouraged to renew and work well at the industry thus taken up. Perseverance, diligence, neatness, especially cleanliness and order, combined with dexterity and deftness, must be mottoes for the really good and true lacemaker, and encouragement in our villages of home and cottage industries will help, and be advantageous to agricultural interests. Unless the strenuous efforts now being made are not more

effective, foreign trade will completely step in, as yearly our own home industries are declining. The want of industrial instruction is not altogether the cause; for often it is given, and of the best, but so few take the trouble to avail themselves of it, or thoroughly master what they have undertaken, and say they wish to learn.

Lace-making is one of those industries that require little capital to start with. The expenses of the lacemakers being small, in their spare time, with patience, skill, and accuracy, a little can always be earned.

In the year 1780, Cowper, the poet, signed a petition to Lord Dartmouth on behalf of 1,200 lacemakers at Olney, and in the same year the little Bucks lacemaker was immortalised by the following lines, taken from Cowper's "Truth":—

"Yon Cottager, who weaves at her own door
Pillow and bobbins, all her little store;
Content, though mean, and cheerful, if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance: and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much;
Just knows and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies."

The Patron Saint of the craft is St. Andrew, whose anniversary, on November 30th, was until the last five and twenty years kept as a holiday, the little lacemakers being regaled with a feast, games, and general merriment; but of late years this good old custom has died out. It was then commonly called "Tandering Feast," and the lacemakers would say, they "reckoned much of Tandering Day." Also, in some localities, the festival was called "Catterns Day," in memory of Queen Catharine.

In the reign of George III. Buckinghamshire lace also

had its day, and it was at this period that at Aylesbury a very fine bone lace, equal to the rarest Flemish, was made, which was so well esteemed a fabric that the French sold much lace of their own making in Paris by calling it "dentille d'Angleterre." In the reign of Charles I. Henrietta Maria, his wife, sent as a present to the then Queen of France some bone lace made in this country.

Buckinghamshire lace has had more difficulties to contend with than that of Honiton, which has more or less been kept alive by the constant patronage of our late Queen, though in the old days much lace was made for the court in Bucks, and at the present day the Duchess of York has been a kind supporter and encourager of this ancient art.

It was the machine-made lace of Nottingham that destroyed the Bucks lace trade, but we hope that now the day is not far distant when we shall again see cottagers "a sitting at their pillows, the bobbins plying merrily," as in more prosperous times in days of yore.

CHEQUERS AND OLIVER CROMWELL.

By ALBERT J. FOSTER, M.A.

RIGHT boldly above the rich vale of Aylesbury, and bounding it on its southern side, rises the northern face of the Chiltern Hills; and here we find, cutting their way through the chalk, many of those lovely beech and box-clothed ravines which run up steeply from the flat plain and form the most romantic portions of Mid-Buckinghamshire.

About two miles due west of the quaint old-fashioned little town of Wendover, a lane winds up one of these verdure-clad ravines twisting and turning through the chalk and gravel. We climb the steep ascent until we reach

> "—th' breezy hill that skirts the down,
> Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
> With here and there a violet bestrewn,
> Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave."

When we have reached the "green, grassy turf," we find that it is a park of considerable size, a portion of flat table-land to the east, but rising to some height towards the west. For in that direction we see Beacon Hill, which commands all the ground on which we are now standing, and from which it is said even the Malvern Hills may be seen on a clear day. Further westward still the high ground is occupied by Kimble Castle, the once stronghold of

> "The lofty Cedar, royal Cymbeline,"

now a mere earthwork, but overlooking the fairest glens to be found anywhere on the Chiltern Hills, so fortunate in their names—"Velvet Lawn" to the north, "Silver Spring" in the centre, and "Happy Valley" to the south.

CHEQUERS COURT.

But we are not concerned just now with the natural beauties of this charming spot; we have not come here to gaze down on the rich fields of Aylesbury plain, all dotted with villages and farms, nor shall we attempt to descry the distant hills of Gloucestershire; we are going to visit the grand square mass of buildings which rise in so stately a fashion in the very centre of the park, just where the well-grown timber trees form an attractive background to the rich-coloured brickwork.

Park and house have borne for many hundred years the name of Chequers, which was that of its possessors in the time of Henry II., the family of the Exchequer or, in Latin form, De Scuccariis. The exact date of the original house on this particular site, which first possessed the name, we cannot exactly certify. Some would say that it stood here at the time of the Conquest, and indeed there is no reason why some Saxon thane should not have selected this position for his habitation—half a dwelling and half a fortification, perchance.

More precise tradition tells us that a house was built here in the year 1326, but nothing of it is now to be found, for when the Chequers family died out, their successor entirely rebuilt the mansion. This successor was Sir William Hawtrey, whose family had been previously known by a Latin name, De Altâ Ripâ, and his work, as we learn by a date in the battlements over the bow-windows of the library and drawing-room on the north front, was completed in 1566. Here also we may see the arms of Chequers, Hawtrey, and Croke, together with a *Haw Tree*, and the initials of the builder and his wife, W. H. and A. H.

Sir William Hawtrey's new house became the prison of an unfortunate lady who was committed to his charge. This prisoner was Lady Mary Grey, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, and sister of the still more unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. Lady Mary's offence had been that she had ventured to marry, without the permission of her

gracious Sovereign Elizabeth, Thomas Keys, the Sergeant Porter of the royal court. Poor lady, both she and he suffered in consequence, for the husband was sent to the Fleet prison, while the wife underwent at Chequers a long imprisonment of two years "without going abroad." Piteous were the appeals which she addressed to Mr. Secretary Cecil. One of these is still preserved in the British Museum, and is here reproduced. At length the lady was sent off to be under the charge of a less rigorous gaoler, her uncle's wife, the Duchess of Suffolk.

But to return to the possessor of Chequers. The Hawtreys died out in the person of Bridget, their heiress, who married Sir Henry Croke at the end of the sixteenth century. If we walk down the park to the little church of Ellesborough, in which parish Chequers is situated, we shall find in the south aisle a fine marble monument with an effigy of the lady. The church itself well deserves a visit, and it stands on a lofty detached mound just beneath the hills. Such church-crowned mounds are to be found elsewhere in the neighbourhood, as at Eddlesborough, away to the north-east. The Lady "Brigetta" Croke died in 1638, and the inscription on her monument describes her as "Foeminæ nihil habens nisi sexum."

It is a peculiarity of Chequers that it has in so many instances descended through females. Mary, the last of the Crokes, married, as his third wife, John Thurbarne, Sergeant-at-Law, and dying without issue in 1711, left Chequers to Joanna, the daughter of her husband by his second wife, Mary Cutts, sister to John, Lord Cutts, thus making a break in the blood succession.

This lady, Joanna Thurbarne, married as her second husband John Russell, the third son of Sir John Russell and Frances, daughter of Oliver Cromwell. The lady's daughter by her first husband, Colonel John Rivett, who bore the name of Mary Joanna Cutts Rivett, moreover married John Russell's son by a former marriage, Colonel Charles Russell.

Chequers remained in the Russell family until the time of Mary Russell, who died at the beginning of the last century without issue, and left the estates to her cousin, Dr. John Russell Greenhill, whose son, Sir Robert Greenhill, assumed the name of Russell, and was created a baronet in 1831. At his death, in 1836, Chequers passed by will to his cousin and heir-at-law, Sir Robert Frankland, who assumed the name of Russell. Sir Robert's fifth daughter, Rosalind Alicia, married, in 1854, Francis L'Estrange Astley, afterwards Lord Astley of Reading, a descendant of Sir Jacob Astley of fame in the Royalist army in the Civil Wars, and commander of the King's infantry at Naseby.

Thus from its earliest existence in the days of Henry II. to the time of its present owners, the Astley family, Chequers has never passed by anything but *will* from possessor to possessor, though there was a break of actual blood descent at the succession of Joanna Thurbarne.

The estate never belonged to Sir John Russell, Oliver Cromwell's son-in-law, but to his son John, who, as we have said, married the heiress, Joanna Thurbarne, and who eventually succeeded to his family baronetcy. Consequently it is quite incorrect to imagine that Cromwell ever lived here, though he might have visited the place during his life; for the home of his cousin John Hampden, Great Hampden House, is barely two miles away. His grandson, John Russell, may conceivably have become acquainted with Joanna Cutts through his cousinly intimacy with these neighbours of hers. It was through his mother, Frances, the daughter of Cromwell, that Sir John Russell acquired the magnificent collection of Cromwell portraits and relics which form so interesting a feature of Chequers at the present day.

The Russells had much to do with adding to, altering, and it must be said, disfiguring, the house. They covered the brickwork with stucco. They raised battlements on the gables. They rebuilt the south front and inserted

therein rows of Georgian sash-windows. They even altered the mullions of the older windows. They erected an ugly porch on the east side, and a still more ugly clock turret at the south-west angle.

The house is, as we have said, a large square mass facing the four points of the compass. In the centre was an open courtyard. On the east side is the entrance, and to the west are the offices. Now, perhaps, it will not be altogether inconsistent with these "Memorials of old Buckinghamshire" to describe shortly what has been done of late years with regard to alterations carried on since 1896, and not yet altogether completed.

To begin with, the central court has been covered in, and now forms a large and handsome hall, lighted by stained-glass windows, the coats of arms in which have been designed, coloured, and burnt in by members of the family which now represents the Russells. On the exterior, the whole, or nearly the whole, of the stucco has been cleaned off, and the original brickwork has been exposed to view again. Some of this ancient work is of a curious character, for the bricks, instead of being bonded into one another, have been laid in alternate courses end-on-end lengthwise, not, one would imagine, a very firm method of building. On the south side all the sash-windows have been removed, and new mullioned windows have been inserted. On the north side the curved transoms have also been taken away and the straight dividing members have been replaced. It is true that some of the historical changes in the house have disappeared under this treatment, but, on the other hand, the mansion now appears as one homogeneous whole.

The wretched battlements have also been taken away, and the gables have been restored to their original condition, in some instances a little further adornment being added to them.

In the interior the rooms have been altered from time to time, but the magnificent library, lighted by lofty bay

No. 68.

Good master Secretary, I have receued your message you
sente me by master Hawtry, wherin I do parceue you ar in
dout whether I do contenew in my foly stil or no, where
I assure you I do as muche repent as ever did any,
not only for that I have therby geuen occasion to my
enimies to reioyce at my Lord parte, but also for that I
have therby incurred the quenes maiesties dyspleasure, which
is the greatest greffe to me; for that the princes favor is not
so sone gotten agayn, and I assure you to be without it is
suche a greif to any true subiectes harte as no torment
can be greatter, as I most wofull wreche have to my gref
tryed: desiringe rather deathe then to be any longer without
so greatt a iuell, as her maiesties favor shulde be to me.
wherfor for god like as you have begun for to be a meane
to her maiestie in gettinge me thes greatt and longe desired
tresure so contenew untell you have made me so happy as to obtain
it for me. and this I leve to trubell you any farther at
this time prainge to god to send you prosperus sucses.
from chekers the vij daye of februari 1567.

Yours to commaunde duringe
my lyfe Mary Graye

Fac-simile of Letter of Lady Mary Grey to Mr. Secretary Cecil, asking to be Restored to the Queen's Favour.

windows, and eighty-one feet in length, still forms two-thirds of the upper floor of the west front.

The small room in which Lady Mary Grey is supposed to have been imprisoned is at the north-east angle, and now forms an inner drawing-room. The little china closet which opens out of this room is really the staircase up which ran the spiral stairs forming the only approach to her prison. In this room there hang appropriately over the fireplace the portraits of her gaoler, Sir William Hawtrey, and his wife, Winifred Dormer. The lady and gentleman stand, it should be noticed, at the side of a table, the cover of which has been marked out into chequers.

To describe all the portraits of interest which fill the house would be a serious matter. Most of those of Cromwell himself, of members of his family, and of his friends and servants are in the library. Here we see the Protector on horseback, and also in a three-quarter portrait by Walker. Over the fireplace we have him in armour, and by his side a page, probably his son Richard, stands tying on the sash of the great man. Close by are the portraits of his sons, Richard, the second Lord Protector—also by Walker,—and Henry, the Lord Deputy of Ireland. Not far off are the portraits of their four sisters, Bridget, the wife first of Henry Ireton, and afterwards of Charles Fleetwood, of the family at Vache, near Chalfont St. Giles; Mary Lady Falconberg; Frances, Lady Russell, who first married Robert Rich; and Elizabeth, Mrs. Claypole, who has around her, for some symbolic reasons, a sun-flower, a celestial globe, and a scroll beneath her hands, on which is the legend "altiora sequor." The portraits of Mrs. Fleetwood and Mrs. Claypole are both by Jansen. There are also portraits of Cromwell's sons-in-law, John Claypole and Ireton. His more immediate followers are represented by Thurloe, his Secretary of State; Jeremy White, his chaplain; Lambert, the President of his Council; Colonel Sandys; and Cornet Joyce. An impression of the great seal of the Commonwealth,

great in size as well as in meaning, also hangs on the walls of the library.

A portrait of Oliver at two years of age, in a tight white dress and with a close-fitting lace cap, hangs in another room. By the side of it is the portrait of his mother, in a heavy black widow's hood.

There are also two miniatures of Oliver Cromwell, one set in a ring, and another presented by him to the Queen of Sweden.

Modern historians, notably Mr. John Morley and Professor Gardiner, have reproduced many of these portraits in the lives of Cromwell which they have written. The latter has also given as one of his illustrations the cast taken from Cromwell's face, it is supposed during life.

There are also many documents of the Cromwell family carefully preserved at Chequers. There we can see the Deed of Richard Cromwell dissolving Parliament on 22nd April, 1659, and numerous letters from Lord and Lady Falconberg, Sir John Russell, and Lord Warwick, whose grandson, Robert Rich, was the first husband of Frances, Lady Russell, who brought all these portraits and relics to Chequers. Among the latter are the Lord Protector's watch and sword, and his baby caps and other articles of clothing.

But the portraits at Chequers are not those of Oliver Cromwell and the Cromwell family only. There is one of Charles II., with Colonel Lindsay meeting Lord Wilmot and Colonel Gunter after the battle of Worcester. There is also one of James, seventh Earl of Derby, beheaded during the rebellion, who was an ancestor of the family which now owns Chequers. There is an unknown portrait, the *fac-simile* of one at Denton, with the legend—

> "Awaye I passe from what I was,
> What I give I have, that I kep I lose."

Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., an ancestor of the present possessor of Chequers, has her portrait on the wall. In the dining-room is that of Prince

Rupert, which may be the work of Vandyck, and also one, and a very fine one, of Mary Queen of Scots, by a French artist. In the same room is a fine example of the game pieces of Fuyt, probably one of the best pictures in the house. Over the fireplace in the drawing-room is a charming portrait of Mrs. Ellis, by Sir Peter Lely.

But we might wander for hours through these lovely rooms, only too fortunate if we have in our hands the excellent catalogue recently drawn up by one of the family, and study the "counterfeit presentments" of many of the most famous men and women of the seventeenth century; many of whom have, moreover, been closely connected with the county, and therefore have a right to be noticed in the chronicles of old Buckinghamshire.

APPENDIX.

THE HAWTREY FAMILY.

A PEDIGREE of the Hawtrey family, dated 1623, commences as follows:—

"The familie of Hawtrey, written in Latine de Altâripâ, and in some records called D'Autry, was of noble estimation in Normandy before the Norman Conquest as it appeareth in ye history of Normandy, written by Ordericus Vitalis, a monk of Rome, and it is to be noted that those of Lincolnshire written in the Latine deeds De Altâripâ took the name of Hawtrey and came into Buckinghamshire by reason of the inheritance that came by the match with ye Daughter and Heire of the antient familie of Checkers, whose seat they possessed till by female heires it went away to other families as is here described."

"William de Altaripa, of Algerkirk in Com. Lincoln, Knight, m. Catharine da: and one of ye hs of Sir Chekers of Chekers in co Buck. Knt."

Then follows the pedigree down to Sir William Hawtrey, who was eventually succeeded in the Chequers estate by his daughter Bridget, who married Sir Henry Croke, Knight.

SUCCESSION TO CHEQUERS AFTER THE TIME OF THE CROKES.

Joanna Thurbarne m. 1. Colonel John Rivett,
2. John Russell, third son of Sir John Russell, by Frances, daughter of Oliver Cromwell.

Mary Joanna Cutts Rivett m. Colonel Charles Russell, son of John Russell by a former marriage.

Sir John Russell, Bart., d. 1783, succeeded by
His son, Sir John Russell, Bart., d. 1802, succeeded by
His brother, Sir George Russell, Bart., d. 1804, succeeded by
His aunt, Mary Russell, who died without issue, and left Chequers to her cousin, the Rev. John Russell Greenhill, LL.D., who was succeeded by
His son, Sir Robert Greenhill Russell, Bart., who assumed the name of Russell in 1815, and was created a Baronet in 1831.

On this Baronet's death, in 1836, the Chequers estate passed by will to his cousin and heir-at-law, Sir Robert Frankland, seventh Baronet, of Thirkleby Park and Aldwark, Yorks, who assumed the name and arms of Russell, in addition to and after those of Frankland. He left the estate on his death, in 1849, to his widow, Louisa Ann, Lady Frankland Russell, daughter of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. David's, and second son of John, Duke of Athole. In 1871 the estate passed to her fifth daughter, Rosalind Alicia Frankland-Russell-Astley, who married, in 1854, Francis L'Estrange Astley, third son of Sir Jacob Astley, seventh Baronet, of Melton Constable, Norfolk, and of Seaton Delaval, Northumberland, and brother of Sir Jacob Astley, in whose favour the abeyance of the ancient barony of Hastings, which had been created in 1295, was terminated.

At the death of Mrs. Frankland Russell-Astley, 27th August, 1900, the estate passed to the present possessor, Bertram Frankland Frankland-Russell-Astley, eighth in descent from the Protector.

The family of Astley is descended in unbroken male descent from Philip de Estlega, who possessed Hilmorton, in the county of Warwick, in the time of King Henry I., and whose grandson, Thomas de Astley, Baron Astley, built Astley Castle in Warwickshire, and was slain at the battle of Evesham, in the time of Henry III.

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