

Rambles  
in  
Shakespeare's  
Land

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George Morley



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RAMBLES IN SHAKESPEARE'S LAND. By George Morley.  
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RAMBLES IN SHAKESPEARE'S  
LAND.



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# RAMBLES IN SHAKESPEARE'S LAND.



BY  
GEORGE MORLEY,

*Author of "The History of Leamington," "Shakespeare  
Commemorations," "The Gossiping Guide to Leafy  
Leamington," etc., etc.*

277.96  
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8. 32  
31.

LONDON  
THE RECORD PRESS, LIMITED,  
376, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



PRINTED BY  
A. M. ROBINSON AND SON,  
30, LIME STREET, E.C.  
WORKS: BRIGHTON.

PR  
2916  
M6

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## PREFACE.

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THE dearth of complete and portable books descriptive of the scenes in the shire made for ever famous by the birth and genius of Shakespeare, has induced the writer to prepare this little volume. To gather between the covers of a small book some account of the chief places of historical and antiquarian interest in Warwickshire, has been the aim of the author. Being a native of Shakespeare's land, and intimately acquainted with the scenes described in these pages, he has felt himself, in some measure, qualified for such a task. How he has acquitted himself of the task his readers must judge. It is enough to say that such lengthy descriptions of scenes appearing in this book have no place in the ordinary guide or handbook to this historic shire. These will open up to the reader a wider horizon, and make him acquainted with scenes which probably, as yet, he has left unexplored—much to his own loss. By this means the outside world will be more fully able to appreciate the charms and beauties of this glorious country, to which

people of all nations make pilgrimages,  
for the purpose of paying homage at the  
shrine of him who, in the words of Dr.  
Samuel Johnson,

“Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.’

GEORGE MORLEY.

Leamington.

# Rambles in Shakespeare's Land.

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## STONELEIGH ABBEY.

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FEW mansions in historic Warwickshire repay a visit better than Stoneleigh Abbey, the country seat of Lord Leigh. It is five miles' distance from Leamington, and can be reached by coach, carriage, horseback, or on foot. For robust people it is a charming walk, leading from the wide and well-kept Kenilworth Road, up a narrow lane of the typical Warwickshire kind, thickly fringed with foliage on each side.

In the summer you walk under a veritable canopy of leaves, with the sunlight flitting through in various places. In the winter, when weather will permit, you pass beneath a fretwork of forked twigs pointing to the sky, through which, in the distance, the well-defined outline of the Abbey, with, perhaps, a gay flag floating upon the roof, comes direct upon the vision—a picture to delight any lover of picturesque English scenery.

Stoneleigh Abbey, the ancestral home of the Leighs, stands in one of the many beautyspots of Warwickshire, which Michael Drayton, in his "Polybion," aptly calls "The heart of England." It overlooks the foliage-fringed, beautiful, placid Avon—"the classic Avon"—which has been made immortal by the transcendent genius of Shakespeare. The Avon takes its rise on the battle-field at Naseby, in Northamptonshire, where, in 1645, the Parliamentarians routed the forces of Charles I. It flows gracefully on, through Stoneleigh Park, past Blacklow Hill, where "the Black Dog of Arden" caused the head of Piers Gaveston to be struck from his shoulders; thence to the romantic Guy's Cliffe, and on to the Rock Mills, at Emscote, where it commingles with "the silver Leam" that comes drowsily up from the fashionable town at Leamington.

There are three ways of reaching the Abbey—by carriage or on foot from the Lillington or Stoneleigh village road; by carriage or on foot through Thickthorn Wood—this is a romantic drive in summer or winter—or on foot through the little out-of-the-world village of Ashow.

In all "Leafy Warwickshire" there is no more pleasant summer walk than that over the Ashow fields to Stoneleigh Abbey. It is one of those walks which always brings joy to the heart of the rambler after picturesque scenes and old associations. Leaving the dusty Kenilworth Road behind on the east side of Blackdown Mill, you pass over a few fields until you reach the quaint old church of Ashow, perched upon a mound, with the sparkling, gurgling

Avon, most classic river, running at its base.

Following the pathway through the churchyard, and on a short distance up a lane, where pretty glimpses of a Warwickshire "sweet Auburn" flash upon the eye, the rambler is brought to a clap-gate leading to Lord Leigh's private rhododendron grove, through which, by the kindness of his lordship, the rambler is allowed to stray. When this grove is in bloom, which it is in early summer, the scent is delicious, and the aspect of the scene charming. At the end of this well-kept winding pathway, which bears downward towards the river, there is a rustic wooden bridge, which, having been crossed, brings the Abbey in full relief only a few yards from the visitor, a romantic and pleasing sight.

The original mansion was built in the reign of Henry II. by the Order of Cistercian Monks, which was then settled at Cannock Chase, in Staffordshire. These pious ascetic brethren were much worried in their original hospice by inroads of the outlaws of the Robin Hood type, and they petitioned the King to let them remove to the secluded shades of Stoneleigh. There they built their famous monastery, and lived in comparative ease and tranquillity until the succeeding reign, when the fire fiend attacked their house and burnt it to the ground.

It was rebuilt in 1245. Some of the older portions of the old Abbey can still be seen, notably in the underground cloisters, where the Norman arches flash

upon the vision—an old-world panorama of picturesque England.

The stone gateway on the north side is the only piece left of the old Abbey when under the dominion of the Monks. This, with a hospitum attached, was built by Robert de Hockele, a monastic, the sixteenth Abbot of the Abbey, who, in his life time, freed the house from debts, and did other charitable works which redound to his credit. A stone escutcheon to the memory of Henry II., the founder of the Abbey, is fixed over the gatehouse.

Resting under the gateway are some old-fashioned stocks, which are stated to have been used by the Monks for inflicting punishment upon wrongdoers.

At the dissolution of monasteries the Abbey was granted by Henry VIII. to his brother, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. It came into the possession of the Leigh family in the days of Elizabeth.

The Leighs trace their descent from Hamon de Leigh, Lord of the moiety of High-Leigh in Gloucestershire. The first Leigh of note was Sir Thomas Leigh, a merchant of London. He was made Lord Mayor of the City in 1558, and was particularly honoured by Queen Elizabeth, who came to the throne soon after his appointment. This Sir Thomas Leigh was an ancestor of the famous Duke of Marlborough, of Chatham, Pitt, Lady Palmerston, Lords Melbourne, Shaftesbury, and Chichester. He was a member of the Mercers' Company, London, to which he gave large benefactions, and was buried in their chapel in 1571. He endowed the almshouses at Stoneleigh—which are

maintained by the present Lord Leigh—and did other excellent works of charity, which entitle him to a place in the remembrance. In the terrible fire of London, which occurred in 1666, the Mercers' Chapel was destroyed, and with it the monument to Sir Thomas Leigh.

It was the son of this Sir Thomas Leigh who received and entertained Charles I. at Stoneleigh Abbey, in 1642, when the gates of Coventry were shut against him. For this act of loyalty he was ennobled in 1645, and from that year dates the Barony of Leigh, Lords of Stoneleigh.

No antiquity is claimed for the Abbey as it at present stands; hoary associations cling round it, but not in connection with the existing fabric. This is said to have been built during the lifetime of Edward, fifth Lord Leigh, who died without issue in 1786, from designs by Francis Smith, an architect of Warwick. The cost of the superb west front was borne by Thomas, second Lord Leigh, in 1710. It is a structure of classic design, with fluted pilasters, and other accessories of the Ionic style. The beautiful Italian garden in front of the Abbey was laid out by Baron Chandos Leigh and his wife; and the extension of the other gardens and pleasure grounds is due to the present Lord.

The inside of the Abbey is in strict keeping with the exterior. About each apartment there is a superior and lordly air, redolent of old times, and the silence of the corridors and rooms even now suggests the hooded Monk with slow stride and holy look. The hall is a fine building, supported by eight Corinthian pillars, four

on each side, and ornamented with alto-relievos of the labours of Hercules.

Valuable paintings of great interest adorn the interior of the Abbey. Among them are portraits of Lord and Lady Leigh, by Hayter ; Henry VIII., a valuable picture, by Holbein ; Lord Byron, by Phillips ; Charles I., by Vandyke ; the King and Queen of Bohemia, by Gerard Horst ; two portraits of Monks, probably inmates of the old monastery ; and specimens of such painters as Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Wouvermans, and Teniers. The inside of the house, indeed, should always be seen. It is full of attractions of various kinds, and owing to the courtesy of its noble owner can nearly always be inspected upon production of the visitor's card.

Stoneleigh Abbey is so romantic and historical a mansion that no visitor to "Leafy Warwickshire" should ever miss seeing it. The drive through the park is a most charming one, as it is pleasantly wooded and very spacious. In the quiet nooks of this wide domain, among the fallow deer and big-horned cattle, the contemplative mind can conjure up the days when Queen Elizabeth was there ; when Charles I. made Stoneleigh Abbey his house of refuge ; and when Queen Victoria, in June, 1858, was the Royal guest at a house where loyalty has never been absent or generosity lacking. In the words on the tombstone of quaint old Humphrey Howe, the ancient steward or door-porter of the abbey :—

"If markets rise, rail not against the rates,  
The price is still the same at Stoneleigh Gates."



## GUY'S CLIFFE,

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THE admirer of romantic mansions and picturesque landscapes, not to mention fine walks, heathful breezes, and historical associations, can find them all concentrated in a visit to Guy's Cliffe House, the seat of Lord Algernon Percy. Indeed, there are few domains in Warwickshire at once so picturesque to the eye, and so shrouded with romance as the bold, well-wooded Cliffe, which Leland speaks of as "sacred to the Muses." It is really sacred to the Muses, and to all the softer inspirations of a meditative mind as well.

There are two ways of rambling to Guy's Cliffe, and they are both extremely pleasant in spring, summer, or autumn—especially in summer. The carriage-way is by Warwick, branching off into the Coventry Road; when a drive of about one mile brings the Rambler to the almost unique Fir Avenue, at the end of which the windows of the mansion are visible, looking like the back-ground to a charming panorama.

There can scarcely be another scene in Shakespeare's Land quite so picturesque as this. The stone wall, the postern gate, and the venerable fir trees, lend an old-

world aspect to the scene which is quite impressive ; and the twinkling of the lights of the windows beyond, when the sun is upon them, adds a new spell, which holds the visitor to the spot, absorbed in its beauty.

Over the fields to Guy's Cliffe, however, is the prettiest and most delightful way. Turning out of the Warwick Road at Leamington into the Guy's Cliffe Road, the pleasure-seeker soon finds himself in "fresh woods and pastures new." For those who like a walk up a typical Warwickshire lane, where the scent of the woodbine is sweet, they can take the old road to Old Milverton ; through the tiny grave-yard of St. James's Church, and on into a large undulating field—in the days of the redoubtable Giant Guy, and to the beginning of the present century, a large park—where the towers and tops of Guy's Cliffe come upon the vision, peeping from a veritable nest of foliage.

The advantage to be derived from a visit by way of the fields is that the rambler has to pass by the old mill. It is a delightful old structure, much more ancient than the present mansion, and is shaded by huge trees, round the bases of which seats are placed for the comfort of weary travellers. The view of Guy's Cliffe from this point is very fine. Painters and photographers, indeed, are of one mind regarding the beauty of this position, as it not only gives a good glimpse of the mansion, but takes in a streak of the blue Avon, washing the base of the Cliffe.

Guy's Cliffe dates a long way back in the centuries. It has that interesting

old romance associated with it, of Guy and Felicia; and though the learned antiquaries of these later ages have spoken and written of Guy as a myth, the legend is woven into the hearts of the people, and will not be exorcised. Guy's cave is shown to this day on the northern side of the Cliffe; there is also his gigantic statue in the Chapel; in fact the mansion is redolent of the brave giant and his doings, whether fable or human.

In a beautifully-spirited sketch of Guy's Cliffe, written in 1540, John Leland says: "It is the abode of Pleasure; a place delightful to the Muses. There are natural cavities in the rock, small but shady groves, clear and crystal streams, flowery meadows, mossy caves, a gently murmuring river running through the rocks; and, to crown all, solitude and quiet, friendly in so high a degree to the Muses." This charming panegyric will be endorsed by every rambler to Guy's Cliffe to-day.

The mansion came into the hands of the Greatheeds in 1750, and through them to the Percy family, a member of which now lives under its roof-tree. In 1822 the edifice was entirely rebuilt, during the occupancy of Mr. Bertie Greatheed, who was his own architect; so that with the exception of the foundations and the Chapel, which are as old as the hills, Guy's Cliffe may be considered a modern edifice, with all the charm and glory of ancient surroundings.

It may be mentioned that the celebrated actress, Mrs. Siddons, when Miss Sarah Kemble, was a lady's maid at Guy's Cliffe for a year before she left to become the

wife of Henry Siddons. In after years she contracted a permanent friendship with the Greatheeds, and was a frequent guest at the house. She many times led off the fashionable dances at Leamington with her former master, Mr. Bertie Greatheed.

No visitor to Guy's Cliffe should omit going to see Gaveston's Monument on Blacklow Hill. It is but a short distance northward from the house. The pedestal is seen from the roadway, peering out from a garment of foliage on the tangle and tree-crowned hill. It is said that Shakespeare halted upon this hill when proceeding on his memorable journey to Babylon. Whether this be so or not, the rambler to historic Guy's Cliffe will certainly fail to see all the objects of interest if he misses a visit to Blacklow Hill and Gaveston's Monument.

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## LEAFY LEAMINGTON.

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IN choosing a place of sojourn and residence, and wishing to be an actor or figure in a scene of more than usual attraction, the stranger will, if he studies his own interests, decide to settle at Leamington. It has been called "Leafy Leamington," and the charming appearance of the streets, avenues, squares, crescents, and terraces amply justifies the title. The numerous views to be met with afford the stranger some idea of the picturesque aspect of this delightful town ; once a village, on the banks of "the silver Leam," called by Michael Drayton :

"The high-complexioned Leam."

Few towns can boast so rapid a rise to fame and fortune as Leamington. At the beginning of the present century it was yet a village, snug farmhouses then occupying the site of the present Royal Parade. In an incredibly short space of time it arose to be one of the most fashionable resorts in the United Kingdom, being visited by many crowned heads and not a few celebrities. Its Royal title was conferred upon it by Royal Charter in 1838 in honour of Queen, then Princess, Victoria, having visited the

town with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, in 1836.

“Leafy Leamington,” though one of the prettiest, cleanest, and most healthy towns in England, really won its passport to fame and fortune by reason of its Spa Waters. These began to receive much notice at the end of last century, chiefly through the untiring efforts of Benjamin Satchwell, the village cobbler, postmaster, and poet. Two of the first aristocratic families who took up their abode at Leamington, were the ducal houses of Bedford and Gordon.

It is on record, and may be mentioned here as an amusing illustration of life in Leamington in its village days, that the Duchess of Bedford has frequently led off the country dance on the bowling green, then at the south end of Church Street, with Dr. Samuel Parr, the celebrated Latin scholar, who at that time was curate-in-charge of the interesting little church at Hatton, two miles from Warwick.

In its early days Leamington belonged to the Priors of Kenilworth, and legally retains the name of “Leamington Priors” to the present time. But with its ancient appearance and usages we have very little to do in this sketch. Leamington has now no monks or friars with cowled heads walking in its streets, as the monks and friars of old used to walk in its fields and lanes. Less than a hundred years has made a complete metamorphose in its appearance and people; and if the venerable fathers who once held possession of the now lively town were to visit the scenes of their former abode, they would

feel like strangers in a strange place, and would go sighing back to their graves.

The happy situation of Leamington is doubtless one of the causes of its popularity. Though it has no long, elaborate history of its own, it is surrounded with history of the most attractive type. It is this which undoubtedly draws visitors from all quarters of the globe to its hospitable shades. It has the merit of being the bull's-eye at which all people aim when on a tour to the various show-houses and pleasant spots of Warwickshire.

On every hand it is hemmed in with sights and scenes which have an enthralling attraction for pleasure-seekers. From "Leafy Leamington" every old and historic spot in the whole of Shakespeare's classic land can be visited and inspected with comfort in a day's ride in carriages or on coach. Many charming places, indeed, can be visited on foot—one being the rustic village and Church of Lillington, where Nathaniel Hawthorne, the famous American writer, so loved to wander.

But there are sights to see at Leamington, there are magic waters to drink, and pure air to breathe. These are attractions quite sufficient to endue Leamington with more than a fading popularity. The town itself is laid out as a garden. In scarcely another popular resort in England can be found such wide, clean streets, such luxuriant foliage—right in the town's heart—such gay up-to-date shops, such roomy well-built houses, and such a general air of health, comfort, and prosperity. Leamington, in fact, has the

appearance of being a perfectly well-managed town, and, on the whole, it does not belie its appearance.

And this pleasant little town, with its fine sweeping Parade, its aristocratic mansions, its comfortable hotels, its Pump Rooms and Jephson Gardens, is about two and a half hour's ride from London by either railway. Here, from the smoke and noise of the City, can the inhabitants thereof immerse themselves in peace and contentment. It was here that the jaded John Ruskin came, at the bidding of his medical adviser, to sip the magic Spa waters, and breathe the pure air wafted over the town from the freshening landscapes in the neighbourhood.

This charming, leafy, and healthy town is divided midway by the river Leam, portions of which afford most delightful views to lovers of picturesque scenery. When the town first sprang into popularity through the virtues of its saline waters, the south end was the fashionable quarter. Indeed the south side of "the Silver Leam" was the only town there then was; and thither flocked the Dukes and Duchesses of past generations; for there also were the Pump Rooms, Baths, and Wells to the number of ten.

Now a change has taken place. The fine sweeping Parade, which has been extolled for its beauty by all who have seen it, leads the way to the northward, where row after row of palatial mansions speak of the well-to-do-ism which Nathaniel Hawthorne noted during his residence at Leamington in "the sixties."

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## HAWTHORNE'S HOUSE AT LEAMINGTON.

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WRITING of Hawthorne reminds us that probably some of his kinsmen from America—and in the summer and early autumn they sojourn at Leamington in large numbers—may like to know the locality in which the author of “Our Old Home,” and that fine work of fiction, “The House with the Seven Gables,” resided when staying here. We write of this with the more pleasure, because in the numerous guide-books and sketches of Leamington there is no mention of it; and we think that the many admirers of this prose poet of the Land of the Star Spangled Banner, will find some delight in walking in his footsteps.

The way to Hawthorne's house is up the shady Holly Walk, which leads immediately out of the Royal Parade in an easterly direction. This ancient walk was called “Holly” Walk because of the fine holly trees which used to grow there. There are none there now; but there are some well-grown oaks, elms, limes, and larches, in the topmost branches of which the rooks build their annual

rookery. This walk was no less loved by Hawthorne than Dickens; both often frequented it and wrote of it in their books.

The Holly Walk is divided by road into three sections. On reaching the third section near the Campion Hills, the enquirer for Hawthorne's house will ask for Lansdowne Circus, and finding himself in that secluded arena of delightful tenements, so prettily described in our "Our Old Home," will go to No. 10, and will then be in front of the veritable house which domiciled the celebrated author of "The Scarlet Letter." The place will be immediately recognised from Hawthorne's description of it, for the Circus has not in the least changed since the novelist's sojourn there.

Before leaving for good the centre of the town, meaning the Parade and Holly Walk, there are the Jephson Gardens to be seen. They bear their title from the celebrated Dr. Jephson, who for many years was a resident of Leamington, and made it his home. Here is the very receptacle of Nature in the middle of a town. It is but few places that can boast of so perfect a beauty spot. The town is indebted to the Willes family, of Newbold Comyn, and especially to the late Edward Willes, for the possession of gardens so well ordered and happily placed.

The natural beauties of the Jephson Gardens, excellent as they are, are not the only attractions to be found there. In the words of Byron,

"Shakespeare says 'tis silly  
To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

but if the world's poet could only see this exquisite nook of greenery when illuminated with a thousand lamps and lanterns, as it is during the summer evening concerts held there, he would say that the change was a delightful variation on Nature's handiwork.

After all the sights of the town have been examined, and the magic waters quaffed at the Camden Well or the Royal Pump Room, there are the sylvan suburbs of Milverton and Lillington to be visited. These are now merged with Leamington by special Act of Parliament. Milverton is the West End of Leamington; but Lillington in the North-east, though so much a part of a fashionable town, has all the charm of a secluded village.

In Lillington parish stands the well-known and ancient "Round Tree," which marks the centre of England. Here again the passenger walks in the footsteps of Hawthorne. Of all the walks which the novelist went during his sojourn in Leamington, this was the one he loved the most. In "Our Old Home" he makes special allusion to Lillington, its houses, its quaint church, and the quaint stone of its graveyard:—

" I poorly lived and poorly died,  
Poorly was buried, and no one cried."

If "Leafy Leamington" had no other claim upon the attention than its extreme prettiness, it would be entitled to permanent popularity. But it has other claims. It is clean, healthful, well-conducted, within close range of all the admired shrines in Shakespeare's Land; and above all, it

possesses in the teeming earth a medicine for poor humanity, which eminent doctors say is superior to that in numerous other Spas.

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## WARWICK CASTLE.

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GORGEOUS landmarks, such as the magnificent Castle at Warwick, leave their imprint upon the mind, and if any visitor from over the seas were asked to name one of the greatest attractions of Shakespeare's shire, he would immediately mention Warwick Castle. And he would be right. You could scarcely find a more princely, imposing, or historic monument reared by the hands of man than the wall-girt pile at Warwick—the residence of the Right Hon. George Guy Greville, fourth Earl of Warwick.

The Castle, as everybody knows who has been to the Elizabethan town of Warwick, stands on an eminence at the top of Smith Street, near to the East Gate. When the town was walled in it was just inside the eastern boundary. A charming exterior view can be gained from the Castle Bridge, at the junction of Myton Road. Here the wide and clear Avon comes upon the vision, fringed each side with luxuriant and many coloured foliage, and seems, as it were, the waterway to the Castle ; for the noble building shuts in the picture—appearing as a magnificent natural background to it.

Antiquarians are not quite decided or unanimous as to the date of the Castle. Dugdale says there was a castle or fortress here in A.D. 1. The foundation of the present edifice is attributed to Princess Ethelfreda, daughter of Alfred the Great, who in 915 erected a castle there for purposes of defence. At the Conquest it was possessed by Turchill, together with the Manor of Leamington. Its first Norman owner was Henry de Newburgh, who was made the first Norman Earl of Warwick, by William the Conqueror. To Sir Fulke Greville, first Lord Brooke, however, must be accorded the work of building, or rather rebuilding, the Castle, as much of it now appears.

The estate was granted to him by James I. At that time the Castle, having endured the shocks of war with the Barons in the reign of Henry III., and at other periods, was in a ruinous and sorry condition; and this Sir Fulke Greville set about remedying.

He is said to have expended £20,000 in repairing and embellishing the Castle. According to Dugdale, the celebrated Warwickshire historian and antiquary, he made it "not only a place of great strength, but extraordinary delight; with most pleasant gardens, walls, and thickets, such as this part of England can hardly parallel, so that now it is the most princely seat that is within the midland part of this realm." The present building, therefore, may be called the Castle of Sir Fulke Greville, for although it withstood an attack made upon it in the Parliamentary War of 1642, and also an attack of fire in 1871, no material

difference has been made in its aspect since the reign of King James.

The towers of course are of a more ancient date. Cæsar's Tower is generally thought to be the oldest portion of the entire building. It has been supposed by some historians to have been erected by Julius Cæsar, but this is mere conjecture. It is, however, a monument of strength, and reaches to an altitude of 147 feet. Guy's Tower looks even more imposing than Cæsar's Tower, but this may be accounted for by the fact that it is built upon a rocky elevation. This tower may be ascended by those who delight in such enterprises, and indeed the fine view from the summit is worth the trouble of reaching it.

Those who ramble to Warwick Castle will experience a thrill of pleasure as they enter the principal gateway ; for the approach is by way of a winding road carved out of the solid rock. Passing along this majestic cutting, which recalls the old days of monks, barons, and chivalry, the Castle in all its grandeur floods itself upon the vision—one of the most attractive scenes of feudal times that can be seen in England at the present day.

None will be wise to miss an examination of the Great Hall. There are to be seen the many wondrous relics of that extraordinary being (whether real or imaginary, antiquarians must decide), Guy, Earl of Warwick. The gorgeousness of the interior of the Castle can scarcely have more attraction for the sight-seer than the enormous porridge-pot of the giant Guy, and his pieces of armour—his sword,

shield, breast-plate, helmet, and walking staff. It is said that this gigantic pot was used as a "punch bowl," and the delightful attendant who shows the relics will tell you that it was thrice filled and emptied at the coming of age of the present Earl of Warwick.

Not a tithe part of the wonders to be seen in the Castle can be enumerated in the compass of a short article. The Great Baronial Hall is a splendid apartment, 62 feet long, and 35 feet high ; from the windows of which fine views of the surrounding country may be obtained. In the Banqueting Hall is to be seen the celebrated "Kenilworth Buffet," made entirely out of a colossal oak, grown in the grounds of Kenilworth Castle. This princely edifice, indeed, contains a collection of priceless treasures not to be found under any other roof in Europe. Warwick Castle is open to visitors from 10 o'clock in the morning till 4.30 in the afternoon.

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## WARWICK HIGH CHURCH.

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AND now we ramble, not to open fields, down leafy lanes, and by silver brooks, but to an ecclesiastical pile, which is clothed with a thick garment of history, and is not utterly devoid of romance. Such rambles in their way must do as much good to the mind as saunterings amid the beautiful landscapes of Warwickshire ; and surely no person could stand under the lofty roof of St. Mary's Church, Warwick, without refined and pure thoughts entering the mind ; and it is an advantage to think such thoughts as these in an age so conducive to profane thinkings as the present.

Let us, therefore, ramble to St. Mary's, or, as it is known in the provincial tongue, "Warwick High Church." It is two miles from Leamington, and, by the new or old roads is, in the summer, a charming two mile walk under an avenue of leafy trees.

As you stand at the foot of Church Street, having passed the house in which Landor was born, gone under the East Gate, and skirted the princely Castle, an impressive sight floods itself upon the eye. The beholder is, as it were, a lay figure in

a picture of Elizabethan days. Church Street is very crooked, and the fine tower of St. Mary's is built right over the roadway ; so that you look down a quaint old street of bygone days, at the end of which is a magnificent cathedral-like church tower, aspiring into the sky, high above everything else.

The crust of centuries hangs round the spot, for tradition says that long before the Conquest a church existed upon the site now covered by St. Mary's. The present edifice, however, is quite glorious enough and hoary enough to absorb the attention. Its outside, indeed, is so truly imposing, that the passenger may well pause awhile on the threshold to admire its beauties ere he enters the long-drawn aisle flooded with "the dim religious light" from many painted windows.

In a few words may the history of the old edifice be traced. The present foundation was established in the reign of Stephen of Blois by the De Newburghs. These were the first Norman possessors of the stately Castle. To Thomas Beauchamp, however, first Earl of Warwick, is due the work of remodelling the fabric of the De Newburghs. This warlike noble had just returned from a victorious career at Cressy and Poitiers, and with the spoils of the battle commenced to beautify the then existing building. This he did with excellent address, but did not live to complete his design. His second son, Thomas, second Earl of Warwick, took up the work where his father left off, and finished the glorious ecclesiastical pile in 1394.

This noble building passed through a kind of dramatic romance in exactly 300 years from that date. The tower, nave, and transept, were destroyed by fire on September 5th, 1694. On the lofty tower, which reaches to a height of 130 feet, there is an inscription in Latin which sets forth that the building was first repaired by Roger de Newburgh in the reign of Stephen; that it was rebuilt by Thomas Beauchamp; and that 300 years after it was destroyed by fire, and the present edifice erected by public money in the reign of Queen Anne.

Immediately after the burning the work of restoration was mooted. The original intentions were to rebuild under the superintendence and designs of Sir Christopher Wren, who at that time was living at Wroxall Abbey. These intentions were never realised, although Sir Christopher drew plans for the new edifice; and the fabric as it at present exists was restored by Sir William Wilson, of Leicester. This is the history of St. Mary's—certainly one of the finest churches in the ecclesiastical Midlands.

Its full grandeur, however, is seen within. Here are the long-drawn aisle, the high-backed pews, the carved angels, the white cherubims, the risen altars—around which kings have stood—the brazen earls, the high pitched windows—filled with pictured saints in all colours; and many other ornaments which impress the passenger as he enters. Indeed the beauty of St. Mary's Church is married to an enthralling solemnity. Silence adds a sense of holiness. Whichever way your eye turns are the signs and symbols of a sanctuary rich

in all that impresses the mind and soothes the soul.

The church consists of nave, aisles, transepts, chancel, Lady Chapel, with chantry and oratory ; and as has been said, a magnificent tower at the west end. At the termination of the nave is the Choir, entered through wrought-iron gates, and with a beautiful ribbed roof. The style of architecture employed is the Decorated. In the centre of the Choir a fine monument attracts the eye. It is a superb tomb surmounted by figures of Thomas, Earl of Warwick, the founder of the sanctuary, and his Countess, Catherine Mortimer.

From the Choir the visitor will pass to the Lady Chapel, or as it is more commonly called, the Beauchamp Chapel. No one should ever miss seeing this ineffably beautiful example of pure Gothic. The ceiling of the Chapel is of richly carved stone ; the floor is of black and white marble, laid in the shape of lozenges. Here you may look upon the altar-tomb of Richard Beauchamp, the founder of the Chapel. Indeed, look where you will in this grandly impressive fane, you will see sights to refine the heart and bewitch the eye ; for St. Mary's Church at Warwick is a veritable ecclesiastical palace.

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## LEYCESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK.

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LOVERS of the quaintly picturesque, the historic, and the deeply interesting, could scarcely find an object more to their taste than the half-timbered Elizabethan building adjoining the West Gate at Warwick, and known as "Leycester's Hospital." It speaks of the coloured age of fanciful costumes, of imposing architecture ; and is in appearance a strong link uniting to-day with the day of Shakespeare and the time of chivalrous deeds.

The Rambler through the old-world town of Warwick, after seeing the glories of the Castle, finds, in Leycester's Hospital, a continuation, in more subdued colours, of the Elizabethan picture. Standing upon a terrace fringed with green and shady limes, the building overlooks the declining street, and bursts upon the gaze of the sightseer with all the attractions of an out-of-date creation.

In its present form and purpose, it is the one charitable act and dedication in the life of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, from whom the Hospital derives its name. The building was not erected by the

founder of the charity which provides for the maintenance of "twelve impotent men." It was originally the property of the Guilds of the Holy Trinity and St. George the Martyr, and is thought to have been built in 1380, in the reign of Richard the Second. After the Dissolution it was purchased or bestowed upon Robert Dudley, who in 1571 endowed it as a Collegiate Hospital for indigent and aged men.

One or more of these the rambler is sure to see on a bright summer day resting on the rustic bench just outside the Gateway. Over the Gateway is the brilliant cognisance of the Dudleys—the bear and ragged staff—with the motto, "Droit et Loyal." This badge is between the initials, "R.L."—Robert Leicester.

When under the Gateway and inside the Quadrangle, the scene afforded is exquisitely quaint and interesting. Ancient gables with white bears and poles in plenty are there to attract the eye. On the front of the Master's Lodge, which is on the north side of the square, are coloured carvings of the bear and ragged staff. The old Banqueting Hall—once the scene of a Royal feast with King James the First as chief guest—has fallen upon evil days, for it is now used as a laundry. In that fine old apartment the laundry-maids look upward to roof timbers, which, it can be seen, were elaborately carved in Spanish chestnut wood.

Over the hoary and crumbling West Gate is the Chapel of St. James's. It is there that the venerable recipients of Lord Leicester's bounty meet together for daily prayers. There are 22 oak stalls for them,

11 on each side. The Chapel is a fit appendage to the Hospital. Both are redolent of ages ago, and the rambler to "Leafy Warwickshire," with a leaning towards bygone history, will do well not to miss seeing either of them.

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## SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

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To the shrine of the world's poet many people wander. It may at once be said that no journey in Warwickshire—full as it is of popular resorts—has greater charms and attractions than a trip to Stratford-on-Avon. Those who have never been to the classic shire which gave birth to Shakespeare, in going thither experience a pleasure which they cannot define ; and those who have been hasten with avidity to known delights—delights which are the more enjoyable the oftener they are seen.

The pilgrim is on enchanted ground. Everywhere in Warwickshire he can tread in History's footsteps, but in the journey to Shakespeare's town he is walking in Poesy's wake ; and those who are of contemplative nature cannot but be smitten with the beauties of the scene through which they are passing, especially if the time is summer, and the land is clothed in its summer glory.

In one of his most beautiful poems Sir Walter Scott says :—

“ If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight.”



To view Shakespeare's town aright, I should say, go, visit it on foot and when the sun is shining. It can be most comfortably visited in this way by those who are in robust health ; for it is only 10 miles from Leamington, and the journey is over delightful and historic ground. For those who are too delicate to walk, there are coaches, carriages, dog-carts, pony-traps, and other vehicles always at hand ready to carry pilgrims to the desired haven.

The way is through the Elizabethan town of Warwick, where quaint half-timbered houses mingle with modern erections in all the glories of incongruity and ill design. Nevertheless, the run through the town will be found to be very interesting, because on all sides are to be seen glimpses of its bygone history. From Warwick the rambler will pass on to Hatton, for many years the residence of the famous Latin scholar, Dr. Samuel Parr ; then turning southward, will, through many delightful landscapes, reach Claverdon and Bearley, skirting Snitterfield Bushes—a well-known hunting covert ; thence amid scenes of perfect rural beauty will come to the village of Wilmcote—the home of Mary Arden, the mother of Shakespeare—from which it is but a short step to the classic town, where the poet of all time was born.

Once in Stratford-on-Avon the desire is to make all due haste to the birth-place in Henley Street. That is the spot to which all people gravitate. They may cast a cursory glance on things by the way, but the chief wish is to see and be in the dwelling house in which William Shake-

speare, prince of poets and magician of heart-readers, first saw the light.

Who does not know the counterfeit presentment of Shakespeare's birthplace ! In many books, on many pieces of delf and china, impressed on the brains and shining in the mind's eye of all sorts and conditions of men and women, is that pretty half-timbered habitation in Henley Street, around which genius has woven a garment of glory. Looking at the outside of the house it appears to me to share the immortality of the immortal one who was born under its roof. It is not so much changed during the past three centuries as might have been expected. Shakespeare, were he walking the earth now, could not fail to recognise it as the home of his boyhood. Inside the restorer has been more busy, as doubtless he was bound to be, to keep the house upright. But still there is an old-world Elizabethan air about it which suggests the days of chivalry, the days of poetic speechmaking, the days of the lover,

“Lisping a woeful ballad to his mistress's eyebrow.”

That is how the entrance to Shakespeare's birthplace should strike the visitor. In many cases, no doubt, it does so. You pass by one step from a nineteenth century street to the interior of a sixteenth century house ; and that house the one most honoured by all men, for it is consecrated to perhaps the greatest genius that ever lived. Everything has an air of the ancient and hoary about it. The apartment on the ground floor with its old-

fashioned comfortable ingle, though chill and somewhat dreary now to modern notions of cheerfulness, conjures up visions of delight and happiness in the remote past, when Shakespeare, as a boy, sat there among the company. Everything is in union with the age, the hour, and the man.

It is not in the lower room, however, where the chief attraction is to be found. It is in the little room above, reached by a winding wooden staircase. This is the chamber in which Shakespeare was born, or rather in which tradition—and O ! how fondly we cling to tradition—says he was born. It is a quaint little room, quaint enough to have given a genius to the world. The roof is low, the furniture is old, and the Shakespeare relics shown appear to be enough to still all doubts.

Whether doubting or not, here in this room have stood the workers in that gentle craft of which Shakespeare was the master. Byron, Scott, Tennyson—three great poetic luminaries—have been there, in the room in which their master was cradled, and paid homage at the shrine of his commanding genius. They have left their names on ceiling, wall, and window as a sign of their presence there. Other names, too, are seen, recording in a questionable and ill-advised way the fact, that of all men the world has ever seen, the most honoured and worshipped is William Shakespeare ; and of all houses in the world the best known to mankind, and the one most visited, is the birthplace in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon.

Two ladies are the custodians of

this consecrated shrine. With much grace and care they conduct visitors through the rooms and explain, with true feminine prettiness, all necessary bits of Shakespeare lore. Then there is the garden to see. Surely to the poet's true lover this is not the least attraction of the birthplace. There are the flowers that Shakespeare loved and wrote about, planted with admiring hands in a careful and ingenious design.

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## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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THAT the most commanding genius the world has ever seen, or is likely to see, should have been a Warwickshire man ought to be a delightful reflection to all past, present, and future natives of that historic and beautiful county. Perhaps Warwickshire men and women do not think sufficiently of this. To be able to claim countryship with Shakespeare is to be affiliated with the most astounding literature that ever came from the brain and hand of a mortal. Every Warwickshire man, therefore, should proudly appreciate the privilege, or rather the good fortune, which has conferred upon him the inestimable boon of kinship with Shakespeare.

The son of the Stratford-on-Avon glover looms large upon the page of universal literature. So much has been written of him that the mere writing is but a repetition of words, ideas, and dreams that have frequently gone before; yet such is the magic of the great name of Shakespeare, that the pen cannot be laid down, the tongue cannot be stopped from speaking,

or the brain from thinking when "sweet Willie" is concerned.

On St. George's Day, or April 23rd, 1564, was born the extraordinary child who was destined to figure so largely in the world after his own death. This is a curious thought.

The young man known as William Shakespeare, the son of John Shakespeare, glover, of Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, doubtless appeared to be an ordinary boy, like the youths of his day; he also seemed to be an ordinary man; and in his lifetime it did not appear that he was created in a different mould to his fellows. He had all the faults, follies, impulses, negligences and shortcomings of the ordinary mortal. It is even averred that as a youth and as a man he was so intensely human as to love the cup of intoxication. Yet *how* different was he from his comrades in life while appearing to be so much like them! It was after his death that the great difference was observable. Shakespeare living, was mortal; Shakespeare dead, is immortal.

But what a mortal he was after all! His six or seven years of education at the Free Grammar School, where he acquired that

"Small Latin and less Greek,"

which has been spoken of so disparagingly in certain quarters, were sufficient to equip him, with his natural talents, for the post of Superior in all branches of learning. Still, he was perfectly human. Knowledge with him was power; it was also weakness. The knowledge that he, a stripling of eighteen, was in love with a woman

eight years older than himself, was enough to prove to him that he was doing a foolish and fatal thing.

In that love episode is revealed the fact that Shakespeare bore about with him the natural passions of mankind. He was a human creature, full of the follies of his race. In his own words

“ He loved not wisely, but too well.”

Probably it is owing to that very fact that Shakespeare has become an immortal. Domestic inquietude more than the deer stealing took him to London. There he sowed the seeds of a fame which centuries cannot dim.

And yet he did not knowingly write for fame. He wrote, even as most men and women of to-day write, with the intention of bettering his state. He, as Pope so well puts it,

“ For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight  
And grew immortal in his own despite.”

In this he did well. In this he brought to bear upon his condition the knowledge he had gained of the world through living in it, and the knowledge he had gained of books through his seven years' learning at the Grammar School. Shakespeare was therefore imprudent and prudent in such degrees as Nature appoints to her children.

To we who are Warwickshire born, the name of our countryman is of a dear quality. We gloss over his faults and failings ; we are almost cross with Anne Hathaway for leading him even one hour of unquietness ; and we love his poetic brethren who spoke of him and wrote of

him as "Sweet Will." That is what he is to us—we who have breathed the same air that he breathed. Nay, he is more. To us he is "Grand Will"—"Immortal Will."



## SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH.

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HAVING arrived at Stratford-on-Avon, that little old-world classic town with a universal reputation, the visitor will naturally wend his way, first to the birth-place of the bard of all-time and then to the place where rest in undisturbed peace his mortal remains. Probably no church in the globe has been so much frequented as the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford-on-Avon ; and this not because of its fine aspect or classic architecture, but because it is Shakespeare's Church ; and the love of Shakespeare in the hearts of English - speaking people amounts almost to adoration.

The rambler in search of ecclesiastical joys will find them in Shakespeare's Church. In the first place the edifice is situated in a pleasant spot on the banks of the Avon, in that part of the town known as "Old Stratford." Its spire looks out upon the river, and, seen at a distance, from the bosom of the clear water, it presents one of the finest sights for mortal eyes. Indeed, the exterior view

acts as a sort of prelude to the absorbing beauties of the interior.

Holy Trinity Church is crusted with antiquity. It stands on the site of an ancient building which belonged to the monastery of Ethelard, three hundred years before the Conquest. The oldest part of the present edifice dates from the 13th century. This consists of the chancel, built by John de Strafford, Bishop of Winchester, and the tower. The nave and other portions of the Church are of a later date. So finely are the different periods of architecture blended together that an unpractised eye, gazing upon the exterior, would conceive the fabric to be all of one date ; whereas there is at least a century between the ground-story and the clere-story.

But though the outside of Shakespeare's Church has many charms for the archæologist, it has few beyond its picturesque appearance for the general sightseer ; and for the Shakespearean the inside is the loadstone of attraction. Here are to be seen many subjects of ecclesiastical interest ; but these, it may be safely said, are passed over in numerous cases, for the greater inducements of Shakespeare's tomb. This is the meeting-place of all sections of society and all nationalities. Over the poet's bones all differences are suppressed ; all national prejudices healed. The one sole desire of all who meet there is to pay due tribute to the astounding genius of William Shakespeare.

The poet's grave is in the Church, near to the monument. It is covered by a flat stone on which appear the fearsome lines,

sometimes attributed to the poet himself:—

“ Good friend for Jesu’s sake forbear,  
 To digg the dust enclosed heare ;  
 Blest be ye man that spares these stones,  
 And curst be he that moves my bones.”

Here the visitor will reverentially stand, awed into silence, in the presence of the deathless spirit of so vast a genius.

An object of scarcely less attraction to all who enter under the carved roof of the chancel is Shakespeare’s monument. It adorns the doorway on the left that formerly led the way to the chanel house which had such horrors for the poet in his boyhood. As the bust was erected shortly after Shakespeare’s death, it is thought to be as correct a likeness of the poet as can be obtained. It was originally coloured to resemble life ; but “the wretched Malone,” as Charles Lamb called the Shakespearean commentator, having in some way defaced the monument, had the presumption to whitewash it over ! This led an admirer of the poet to write the following epigram :—

“ Stranger to whom this monument is shown,  
 Invoke the poet’s curses on Malone :  
 Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste  
 displays,  
 And daubs his tombstone as he marred his  
 plays.”

Though Shakespeare’s bust and grave are the chief objects of interest in the Church to thousands who go there, they, of course, are not the only attractions there. Between the poet’s grave and the north wall are the remains of his widow, the erstwhile Anne Hathaway. Near at

hand, too, is buried his eldest daughter, Susannah, wife of Dr. Hall, upon whose tomb appears this beautiful epitaph:—

“ Witty above her sex, but that’s not all,  
 Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall ;  
 Something of Shakespeare was in that, but  
 this,  
 Wholly of him, with whom she’s now in  
 bliss.”

There are several interesting windows and objects in the edifice that will well repay the attention of visitors. In the chancel there is a coloured one, somewhat boldly placed, to the memory of the late Halliwell Phillipps, the well-known Shakespeare scholar. You can, indeed, look nowhere in Shakespeare’s Church without interest and without feeling the influence of a great personality.

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## ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

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NEXT to Shakespeare's birthplace the shrine which most attracts the attention is Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery. Though there is some doubt as to whether this is the real cottage of Shakespeare's lover and wife, and experts have decided that it is not, that does not diminish the interest with which the house is sought by thousands and thousands of rambles in Shakespeare's land ; and especially by the enthusiastic swarms from America that visit Warwickshire every year.

Traditions die hard in England, and particularly so in Warwickshire. Here we have several famous ones which our antiquarians tell us are nothing but myths ; but to them the people cling with permanent and undying fidelity. Nothing can shake the popular belief ; so they hold to their faith, the majority of them, in Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery.

Perhaps the walk to it is one of the most fascinating in all Warwickshire to the Shakespeare student. Whether this identical cot be Anne Hathaway's or not,

is not of so much account as the fact that Shakespeare himself must often have crossed the fields from Stratford to Shottery. This way the rambler is sure to go, so as to walk in Shakespeare's footsteps; for although the roadways afford delightful drives, more robust natures will infinitely prefer the fields. There are two footpaths to Shottery—one starting from the Station, and the other from Chestnut Walk—about two minutes' distance from the Church in which Shakespeare is buried.

One of the many pretty and sequestered villages in the heart of Warwickshire, Shottery, where Anne Hathaway undoubtedly lived, and where Shakespeare undoubtedly visited and wooed her, is about a mile from Stratford-on-Avon. No visitor to Henley Street should return home without a pilgrimage to this lowly little hamlet. The footpaths speak of Shakespeare all the way. There are his flowers, his green sloping meadows, and his melodious Shottery brook, meandering through an avenue of shady trees.

Shottery has quite an old-fashioned air about it. It has probably changed but little since the days of the poet's courtship. The cottages are grouped in irregular blocks, and are mostly in black and white, highly reminiscent of Elizabethan days. There is a picturesque old forge, and the Bell Inn—the latter as clean and agreeable as most hostelries in the villages of Warwickshire.

The residence of Anne Hathaway is of timber and brick in two stories with thatched roof, and appears like two houses joined together, the lowest division being

the longest. It is built upon a foundation of squared slabs of lias shale, and is now subdivided into three tenements. Raised above the surrounding level, and having in the front a rudely-paved terrace, to which there is an ascent by steps, it must originally have been a good farmhouse, fit for the residence of a substantial yeoman of the olden time.

On the central chimney the letters "J.H.," and date, 1697, record the reparation of the house and chimney by John Hathaway. Within the house, divided as it is, the old kitchen yet shows traces of "the good old times," in its rude stone floor, low ceiling, heavy beams, and portions of the old wainscot with which its rough plastering was formerly covered. Initials of the Hathaways, who long continued to reside there, appear on the bacon cupboard, on the left of the fireplace, and on an old table; but they are of a later period than Shakespeare's time.

In the room above the parlour, said to be the veritable room in which Anne Hathaway was born, and reached by a steep staircase out of the living room of the cottage, there is much that will interest the curious. Perhaps the chief item is the Elizabethan bedstead, made of carved oak. This piece of antiquity is an heirloom of the Hathaway family, in whose possession it has been from the 16th century. There is also an oak chest with some homespun linen, marked "E.H.," preserved in it.

The present occupier of Anne Hathaway's Cottage is Mrs. Baker, who claims to be a descendant of Susannah Hathaway. She is an octogenarian, remarkable for

vigour of body and mind. She plays the part of cicerone very cleverly indeed, showing and expatiating upon the treasures collected there with tact and ability. In fact, Mrs. Baker completes the antiquity of the picture in connection with the cottage.

At the close of the last century, and the beginning of this, it was the custom to buy relics of the Hathaways. David Garrick, the actor, is said to have secured some of these during his visits to the cottage. Shakespeare's "Courting Chair" was carried off by Samuel Ireland, author of "Views on the Avon," and other works.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage is now the property of the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace. It was purchased by them from Alderman Thompson, the former owner, in the summer of 1892, for £3,000. The cottage, therefore, has cost the trustees as much as the birthplace in Henley Street.

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## CHARLECOTE ; THE HOME OF THE LUCYS.

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THE Home of the Lucys ! To the ordinary observer with no special or absorbing taste for literature, the above title would have no extraordinary significance. How different to a Shakespeare lover ! To the latter visions rise up of Justice Shallow—of that Robert Shallow, Esquire, “who writes himself, *Armigero* ; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero*” ; of Sir John Falstaff, of Master Slender, and of sweet Anne Page.

That scene also comes before the eye—of William Shakespeare, poetaster, lampooner, and ne'er-do-well, standing crest-fallen before the stern Sir Thomas Lucy, on a charge of killing the justice's deer. It is these things and others besides, that make Charlecote a place to be visited with enthusiasm ; because, being there, you are on the very ground and amid the scenes of Shakespeare's traditional youthful exploits.

Charlecote is eight miles from the fashionable town of Leamington and four from Stratford-on-Avon, and the journey to it, in gig, carriage, by coach, or on foot,

affords to the Rambler a pleasant opportunity of gaining a passing acquaintance with some very interesting glimpses of Warwickshire scenery. The way is through the old-world town of Warwick ; past the house in which Walter Savage Landor was born ; under the East and West Gates, and on into the leafy country. This is one of the charms of life in Shakespeare's Land. You emerge from a quaint old town, in which Elizabethan dwellings here and there carry you back into the past for hundreds of years, out into romantic-looking lanes and wide open fields, through which can be seen running at intervals the classic Avon, looking like a silver line in a landscape of green.

By leafy lanes you pass on to Sherbourne, and here the foot Rambler will surely pause to examine the handsome Church there dedicated to All Saints'. It was built in 1864, from designs by and under the superintendence of Sir Gilbert Scott, at a cost of £20,000. Passing on, the wayfarer reaches Barford, and from there goes to Hampton Lucy, a little village adjoining Charlecote—where once more is a pretty church, full of attractions for the stranger—and from there you are rapidly brought to the Home of the Lucys.

There is one great regret uppermost in the mind during a visit to Charlecote—the Hall is not a show house. To the Shakespeare lover this is the more to be regretted inasmuch as the Elizabethan red-gabled house of to-day is virtually the same as that of 300 years ago. Until recently even the Park was not open to visitors, because in the past there has been wanton damage

done to the trees and fences, and therefore the owner of so classical a domain does well to regard it with a jealous care. But a public concession has now been granted, and sightseers are permitted for a small fee to drive through the fine park in which there are still some graceful Scotch and red deer—the probable descendants of that identical buck killed by the poetical son of the Stratford woolstapler.

However stern and severe Sir Thomas Lucy, the head of the house of Lucy—it was from the luce, a full-grown pike, that the Lucys derived their name, and the family still wear three luces as their coat of arms—may have been in his character of Justice of the Peace, as a subject of the Queen he was perfectly loyal and highly complimentary. He was the builder of Charlecote Hall as it now appears, and out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who visited Charlecote in 1572, it was built in the form of the letter E. As a whole, what with its stone-casemated windows in gables, and its vane-crowned octagon towers, it has an exceedingly picturesque appearance from the outside.

The old hall of the house (the veritable hall in which tradition says that Shakespeare was brought before the frosted Sir Thomas) is a fine and old-fashioned apartment. There is a modern air about it, it is true, but this is overshadowed by the venerable aspect of the place; by the ribbed ceiling, the deep bay windows, and the painted glass. The heavy walls are adorned with portraits of dead Lucys from the hands of Lely, Kneller, and Gainsborough. There is also to be seen a large

monumental bust of Queen Elizabeth, between others of Sir Thomas Lucy and his lady.

In the library there are a couch and six chairs of ebony inlaid with pearl, and these, it is said, were presented by Queen Elizabeth to her favourite, Robert Dudley. On the walls of the library are many valuable paintings—one by Titian, a portrait of Henry VIII. by Holbein, and a lovely picture of a boy (one of the handsomest ever painted by mortal hand) by Velasquez. From the library window you look out over the greensward to the classic Avon, which rolls silently past the mansion, on to Stratford, and then to the Severn.

It is the beauty and associations of Charlecote that prove so highly attractive. Though the inside of the house is not free to the foot of every sightseer, there is something peculiarly attractive in the outside, for nothing could well be more entrancing to the contemplative mind than to ramble amid these glorious Warwickshire scenes on a midsummer day, and know for certain that you are walking in the footsteps of Shakespeare.

MEMORANDA.

- Read. May 10<sup>th</sup> 1904. J.H.P.

- do June 27<sup>th</sup> 1906. J.H.P.

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- " " Kenilworth  $5\frac{1}{2}$
- " " Evesham  $22\frac{1}{2}$
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- " " Claverdon Station }  
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- " " Stratford via Charleate

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