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LETTERS

ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL

RELATING TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT

BY THE LATE

REV. E. BOUCHER JAMES, M.A.

SOMETIME FELLOW OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD; VICAR OF CARISBROOKE, 1858-1892

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P. 15, l. 14 from bottom, *for* Barbage *read* Burbage.

P. 267, l. 13, *for* General Peronnet Thompson *read* General Perronet Thompson.

P. 407, l. 4, *for* Beechy Head *read* Beachy Head. And p. 412, l. 8.

P. 493, l. 13, *for* course *read* coarse.

l. 19, *for* Henry Worsley *read* Robert Worsley.

James' Letters.

Christendom.' We see in the pages of Scott's novel the big head, rickety legs, goggle eyes, and slobbering tongue of the ungainly son of the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, dressed up in his quilted clothes. With all an artist's skill Sir Walter sets before us the King's gabble and rhodomontade; want of personal dignity, vulgar buffoonery, coarseness, pedantry, and contemptible cowardice. At the same time he does not let us forget that under this ridiculous exterior lay a man of much natural ability, a fair scholar, a learned theologian, with considerable shrewdness, mother wit, and ready repartee. (See Green's *History of the English People*, p. 464.)

Such is the picture of James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland which will be handed down to future ages in the gallery of English sovereigns. Mr. Isaac D'Israeli, the father of Lord Beaconsfield, made a gallant attempt to rescue the memory of James from the opprobrium which had been cast upon it in the *Secret Memoirs* of his Court by the King's contemporaries, Osborne, Weldon, and others, but he failed to reverse the general judgement. A man's amusements afford a very fair test of his character. James's amusements, as recorded by Stow in his Chronicle, were of a coarse and cruel kind; cock-fighting, baiting bulls, bears, and other wild beasts in the Tower, along with the more ordinary field sports, occupied his time to the utter neglect of public affairs, which his Ministers managed almost at their own pleasure. Yet he was by principle averse to bloodshed, and habitually merciful to offenders. He was a patron of learning, and promoted that version of the Holy Scriptures which in point of style and diction still remains unrivalled.

The pedant king, as Mr. Maurice has observed (*Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, vol. iv. pp. 205-212), helps us to understand the age in which he lived—the first half of the seventeenth century. Little as James was, he was not an insignificant man. His mind was as a mirror, in which we might see much of what was passing in the most thoughtful men of other countries as well as our own. He began with Calvinism and ended with Arminianism, or if not an Arminian fully prepared to separate the Calvinistic discipline from the Calvinistic doctrine; for if the first seemed most inconveniently to incontestably curtail the rights of sovereigns, the second appeared to assert a Sovereign Will as the ground of the universe, and might therefore appear to James the best justification and pattern of an arbitrary earthly monarchy. In the same way, though from quite different motives, some of the leading Christian thinkers of that age rejected the more repulsive tenets of Calvin, which had so powerfully influenced the early Protestant Reformers in England. In the memorable General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, James was a zealous Presbyterian, and pronounced a eulogy on the Church of Scotland, which was anything but complimentary to the sister churches. He 'praised God that he was born in such a place, as to be born king in such a kirk, the sincerest kirk in the world. The kirk of Geneva keepeth Pasch and Yule. What had they for them? They had no institution. As for our neighbour kirk in England, their service is an evil said mass in English, wanting nothing but the liftings. I charge you my good people, ministers, doctors, elders, noblemen, gentlemen, and barons, to stand to your purity, and to exhort the people to do the same; and I forsooth as long as I brook my life and Crown shall maintain the same against all deadly?' (Calderwood's *History*, vol. v. p. 100). When however at the Hampton Court Conference the proposition was made to revive the 'prophesyings' as approved by Archbishop Grindal, and to refer matters of debate to the episcopal synod, or the bishop with his 'presbytery,' His Majesty was somewhat stirred at this word. He exclaimed with anger 'That presbytery agreeth as well with monarchy as God and the devil. Then Jack and Tom and Dick and Will shall meet, and at their pleasure censure me and my Council and all our proceedings. Then Will will stand up and say, "It must be this"; then Dick shall reply, and say, "Nay marry, but we will have it thus." And therefore here I must reiterate my former speech and say "Le roi s'avisera." Stay, I pray, for seven years before you demand that of me; then if you find me pursy and fat and my windpipes stuffed, I will perhaps hearken to you, for let that government be once up, I am sure I shall be kept in breath: then shall we all of us have work enough—both our hands full. But, Doctor Reynolds, till you find that I grow lazy, let that alone.'

Dean Swift, in his *Tale of a Tub*, could not be more contemptuous towards Jack than was this royal convert to episcopacy. No doubt his conversion was in a great measure the result of the King's fancied political interests. Still it represented a change that was going on in many minds. Thoughtful men were disinclined to the prying, inquisitorial, and despotic proceedings of the Presbyterian clergy. There was a tendency, not only among the Anglican clergy, but also the laity, to a more dignified ceremonial and ritual than what had satisfied the Elizabethan divines.

It was the melancholy fortune of two sets of men that

James made himself their patron, and that they became his allies and servile worshippers. The first were the bishops and dignified clergy of the English Church. They had trembled at his Presbyterian education and oath, and at his Roman Catholic mother. To find him renouncing the first with a sincere and passionate loathing; and also to find him proving the Pope to be Antichrist in his books, and at last, after the Gunpowder Plot, prepared heartily to persecute the Pope's adherents—this was a surprise and a triumph, which might easily turn the heads of well-disposed men, convinced that they were maintaining the true line of peace and moderation against enemies on both sides. They paid dearly for their partisanship, and left a fatal legacy for ages to come, by inducing the English people to believe that the cause of the Church and the cause of freedom were hostile causes.

The second class which was to undergo a perilous influence and a grievous transformation through the patronage of the Stuart King were the men of letters. Our gratitude to the translators of the Bible is somewhat diminished when we read their fulsome preface to the King James. The shadow of the King falls over that noble translation in his hatred of witchcraft, and in other notions of his ingenious, coarse mind, which serve to profane the most sacred images. Bacon too represents the submission of scholars and men of science to the royal pedant. The terms of Bacon's submission are to be found blended with the grand conclusions and high anticipations of the *Advancement of Learning*. 'The court of James,' says Hallam (*Constitutional History*, vol. i. p. 331), 'was incomparably the most disgraceful scene of profligacy which this country has ever witnessed; equal to that of Charles II in the laxity of female virtue, and without any sort of parallel in some other respects.' This courtly immorality had an effect upon our literature, which it is all the more painful to remember, when we consider the immense ability which was at work in every direction during James's reign, in verse and in prose, on the stage as well as in the pulpit. The playwrights of that period display marked dramatic ability in the construction of ingenious and impossible plots, but not in throwing light upon history or common life; in exquisite conceits, often most musical songs, seldom in poetry that springs from the heart or goes to it. Hallam has remarked in his *History of Literature* (vol. iii. p. 302) that 'the reigns of James and Charles were the glory of our theatre,' but there is a great step downwards from Shakespeare to Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Shirley, Heywood, and Webster. It was the duty of an officer of James's Court, called the Master of the Revels, to revise all dramatic works before they were represented, to exclude profane and unbecoming language, and especially to take care that there should be no interference with matters of State. The former of these corrective functions must have been rather laxly exercised.

It has been said of James that he had acquired more of theology than would have sufficed for a divine, with scarcely enough of religion for a Christian. The acknowledged master of the royal taste in divinity was Lancelot Andrewes, successively bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester. A sermon of the most approved patron was a mixture of Latin and logic, with endless subdivisions and trifling with texts. These characteristics are to be found in the discourses of both Puritan and Churchman alike, and from the trammels of them only master spirits like Chillingworth and Jackson could escape. Had it not been for this perverse style, Bishop Andrewes possessed piety and ability enough to entitle him to enduring admiration among the students of pulpit eloquence. Of Dr. Thomas Jackson, who came up from Durham as a scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, the poet Southey has expressed the following opinion: 'That he was the most valuable of all English divines.' Yet who in these days but a few book-worms ever read Jackson, Andrewes, Donne, Chillingworth, or the 'ever memorable' Hales—theologically one of the most isolated men of his generation, personally the most popular. The clue to this influence of James I over such different kinds of minds rests upon the fact that he was a representative man. Those who frequented the court might see most of the King's weaknesses and might ridicule him the most, but they were not the people whom his acts and speech scandalized most. Men who never came near the person of the sovereign had often a much profounder loyalty than those who could criticize his manner and ridicule his cowardice. The consequence was that the influence of James was felt in every corner of his realm—in the Isle of Wight more perhaps than in London. We discover this in the opinion which so high spirited a man as Sir John Oglander had formed of James I.

March 1, 1890.

II.

The men of letters of the first half of the seventeenth century, especially Lord Clarendon, show a remarkable skill and ability in the delineation of character. Sir John Oglander had none of that sober majesty of style which marks the *History of the Great Rebellion*, but he has some of John Bunyan's life-like power in literary portraiture. One of the most elaborate pictures in his portrait gallery is that of his contemporary, King James the First. He had personal opportunities of meeting his sovereign, and was acquainted with those who were constantly about the King's person; he was a shrewd observer of life, and the outward glare of wealth, rank, and political power did not blind his eyes in his discernment of the real inner man and the secret springs of human action.

'Kinge James,' he says (*Memoirs*, Long's edition, pp. 122-126), 'absolutely wase ye beste scholler and wisest Prince for general knowledge that ever England had; he was betweene parties wonderous juste, and had a verie tendor consciense, witnes ye difficulties to drawe him to pardon murther or any notorious cryme; he wase exceedinglie mercifull, especiolly in offenses agaynste himselve, witnes his pardonynge of Rawley, Cobham, and Gray; and woold saye that he coold bothe safely pardon treason committed agaynste him. But withal, he wase woonderous pasionate; a greate swearor, a lover of his favourytes beyond ye love of men to women, very liberall. Witnes his extraordinarie gwyftes, not only to his favourytes, but to almost all abowght him. . . . A virtuous, modest woman he woold bothe hyghly grace and commend. He loved to be accounted goode; for a poor woman seeing him come from his howse in Skotland downe a way that led from ye same, espiinge ye Kinge, told her neybors, soe that ye Kinge heerd her, "Here cometh ye good man of Balinger," beinge ye name of that place he soe often came through. Ye Kinge much rejoyced at that name, and held itt to be more honourable than to bee stiled Emperour of ye Wordle. He was not popular nor plawsible to his subjectes that desired to see him, infinitelie given to hunting, although in his latter tyme by reason that he coold not ryde faste, he had littel pleasure in ye chase; his delyght wase to come up at ye death of ye deare, and to hear ye comendationes of his howndes. An infinite lover of fruit, as grapes, melones, and the lyke, and free a drynker of sweet wynes and Schotch ale; a louer of peace, and noe man of warre. For the present delyverie of his mind he was ye beste of that adge, hateing all men that spoke ill of others, sayinge no man need fear dammation, if Sir Richard Weston went to heauen, as haveing a tonnge that spoke ill of all men. He had manie wittie jestes, and also in his passion many prophane. He woold have a reason giuen him for all things, witness John Gib and his white and black horses that eate up one another's tayle. This John Gib was he that when ye Kinge wase angry because noe man coold give him a reason for somewhat that noe good reason coold be given, told ye Kinge that if he woold give him a reason whie his blacke horse in ye stable (hauing sufficient haye and provendor) shoold ye laste nyght eate up ye whyte horse's tayle, he would give him a reason for ye other. As he woold sweare mutch, soe his ordinarie oathe was God's woundes. Being crossed in his huntinge by rayne, he swore itt was not rayne, but ye windoes of heaven weare opened, and he coold not be drawen out of itt, but woold sit in itt to see wheathor God woold keep his promise in not drowninge of ye wordle a second tyme. It manie tymes he wase put foorth out of humor by some that woold desparately outdoe him. He spoke much and as any man or rather bettor; but for bodylie action, put rydinge asyde, he did nor coold use littel, his body, for want of use, growing that way defective. If he had had but ye poor spirit and resolution butt to have acted that which he spoke or doon as well, as he knewe how to do well, Saloman had been shorte of him. A great politisian and sownd in ye reformed religion. Witnes his confession on his dethe bed. . . . His last sickness wase, at Theobaldes, of an ordinary ague; by reason of his impatience to endure payne, and his wilfulnes in hauing of those thinges that weare oposite to his disease. As in his heate puting his handes in colde water, and by a moderate drynkinge of smale beare and other disorders it grewe to a fever, and so he dyed. He would knowe of his phisitions where on his well daye his ague was.'

'*Sir Henry Neville on Kinge James.*

Never man wrought moore and did les;
Never man spoke bettor and did woorse.'

This long description agrees very well, as the *Saturday Reviewer* has observed, with what other contemporary writers have handed down respecting the strange character of James. D'Ewes and Weldon were bitter men determined to paint the first Stuart King in his blackest colours. Sir John Oglander, a more kindly man and better disposed towards his sovereign, confirms their accounts of his profane swearing and other gross habits. Much decried as James I has been, England did not fare amiss under his reign. Then were laid the foundations of our vast colonial Empire, or what Sir Charles Dilke and the newspapers call 'Greater Britain.' And to come home nearer to ourselves, the condition of the Isle of Wight became greatly improved when James was on the throne of England. The commission appointed at the accession of Queen Elizabeth under Sir Francis Knollys to investigate the cause of distress in the Isle of Wight, in its report which still exists in the State Paper Office, reveals a very melancholy state of affairs, which was attributed to the depressing circumstances in which the inhabitants lived from the constant alarm of a hostile descent and the removal of the wool staple from Dover to Calais. In the concluding years of Queen Elizabeth's reign, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and after the accession of James I a great improvement in the condition of the inhabitants took place.

The custom which had prevailed among the Island gentry of sending their families to the mainland on occasions of warlike alarms fell into disuse, and the result of this confidence in the power of the home government was the building of such manor houses as Northcourt (the only one retaining its former dignity), Westcourt, Woolverton, Kingston, Mottistone, Arreton, Yaverland, Sheat, and others, which still remain. These old Jacobean houses differ from those that were erected in Yorkshire at the same period in architectural details, but they alike, both in the North and South of England, attest the growing importance and wealth of the squirearchy and higher yeomanry in the first half of the seventeenth century. It is much to be desired that some artist should take sketches of these interesting monuments of a period rich in picturesque domestic architecture, before they are swept away in the advance of villadom and other specimens of the handiwork of the speculative builder. At this time the population of the Isle of Wight is estimated by Mr. Long, in his 'Introduction' to the Oglander *Memoirs*, as about 15,000 or 16,000. The houses were generally built of the native stone, and, except those of the gentry, mostly thatched. Each cottage had a garden, in which vegetables were grown, though potatoes were not in common use till a hundred years later. Bread made of wheat flour was commonly eaten, and barley bread only used in times of scarcity. Orchards were common, from which cider was made for home consumption. Most of the farms, except those on the estates of the knights and gentry, were small and owned by the farmers themselves, who cultivated wheat, barley, oats, pease, and vetches. The arable land was not generally enclosed by hedges, and much of the so-called forest was woodland and unenclosed heath. Pigs fed on acorns in the parks of Appuldurcombe, Watchingwell, and Avington or Parkhurst Forest. Sheep roamed on the downs and commons belonging to the manors; they who had rights of pasturage being called 'commoners.' The Island was noted for the excellence of its sheep. Corn and wool, celebrated for its fineness, were the chief exports, the manufactures being next to none; but some alum and copperas works were carried on with success. The clergy farmed their glebes, and their unmarried farm servants usually lived in the parsonage with the household. Most of them probably were better judges of a bullock than spiritual pastors, being, if Sir John Dingley is to be believed, 'loose and idle livers, who neglect their charge.' It was not till the first year of James that the statute of Mary forbidding the marriage of the clergy was repealed; and from the coarse demeanour of Queen Elizabeth towards the wife of Archbishop Parker, when receiving the hospitalities of that prelate, it may be imagined that the wives of the clergy would meet with scant courtesy from the stately dames who belonged to the Island squirearchy. A long time had to elapse before the Reformed clergy were treated like gentlemen by the rural aristocracy and their dependants. Oglander almost entirely ignores their existence; they seem never to have been present at the ordinaries and festive gatherings of the knights and gentry, or at my Lord Southampton's bowling green at Standen, though a game of bowls was at that period an especially correct clerical amusement. The social influence of the clergy in the Isle of Wight in the first half of the seventeenth century was little, if any. The functions of the justices of the peace were various and their authority very extensive. They regulated the prices of labour and provisions, licensed and suppressed ale-houses, and combined the duties of guardians of the poor with those which are now assigned to the County Council. Each parish maintained its own poor and kept its roads in repair with the stones gathered from the fields, but this was so imperfectly done that the roads were full of deep ruts and holes, and in winter generally impassable by wheel-carriages. The highways were few, none between Newport and Niton, and between Newport and Newtown the road was barely a wheel track, which lay through the fields, and was crossed by gates at every few hundred yards. Nearly everybody travelled on horseback, the mistress on a pillion behind the master, coaches being almost unknown. Sir John Oglander says that his coach was the second ever seen in the Island. Until 1615 there was no regular post to and from London, and fifty or sixty years earlier all letters to the mainland were conveyed across the Solent by a 'coney catcher,' who visited the Island at short intervals to supply the London market with rabbits. Hares were comparatively scarce till Sir

Edward Horsey's scheme of exchanging a lamb for a hare took effect, but partridges and pheasants abounded. The Undercliff and creeks in the Island swarmed with water-fowl. Sir John Oglander says that his father, Sir William, with his man, often bagged forty couple of wild fowl among the shallows and sedges of Brading Harbour. Deer were not plentiful, except some that ran wild in Parkhurst Forest, which then extended from the west bank of the Medina to the long winding arms of the Newtown estuary. The forest belonged to the Captain of the Island, but the 'commoners' could turn their cattle and horses to pasture in its glades. Hawking and coursing, with a game of bowls, served for the ordinary amusements of the gentry, who on wet days amused themselves with the rough sport of flinging cushions at one another, by which sport Sir Richard Worsley nearly lost his only remaining eye. On holidays bull-baiting was the recreation of the commonalty. On the feast day of the Mayor of Newport (Newport having exchanged its former bailiffs for a Mayor in James I's reign), the Governor of the Island always gave £5 to purchase a bull, which, after being baited, was killed and his flesh given to the poor. The Mayor and Corporation with mace-bearer and constables attended the baiting, and the first dog let loose at the bull was decorated with ribbons and called the Mayor's dog. Cowes and St. Helens were the resort of seafaring men from all countries, and contributed to the prosperity of the Island by the purchase of native commodities and the sale of their own goods. 'Money,' says Oglander, in perhaps a somewhat highly-coloured picture describing his youthful reminiscences, 'was so plentiful in yeomen's purses as now in the best of the gentry, and all the gentry full of money and out of debt, the market full of commodities vending themselves at most high rate of prices, and men-of-war at the Cows, which gave great rates for our commodities and exchanged other good ones with us. If you had anything to sell you needed not to have looked for a chapman, for you would not always ask, but have. All things were exported or imported at our heart's desire, your tenants rich, and a bargain would not stand at any rate. The State was well ordered. We had in good manner wars with Spain and peace with France, and the Low Countries were our servants, not our masters. Then it was *insula fortunata*, now *infortunata*.'

March 8, 1890.

THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, AND CAPTAIN OF CARISBROOKE, A.D. 1603–1625.

Lord Southampton is best known to students of the literary history of England as the friend and patron of Shakespeare. The biographers of the poet who holds the greatest name in English literature have by skilfully combining facts and theories so filled up the meagre details of the career of the man Shakespeare, as to give us a tolerably complete picture of his childhood, schooling, youth and manhood. Some of these biographers have added fancies as to the places visited by Shakespeare and the acquaintances whom he made. The strongest flight of their imagination has never suggested a visit from the great dramatist to his generous patron, Lord Southampton, while Governor of this Island. It would indeed add much to the interest of Carisbrooke Castle if we could imagine to ourselves that the eye of the chief of all English poets had gazed upon the fair prospect of Bowcombe and its well-watered valley, which arrests the attention of the visitor as he makes his way over the steep green slopes to the Castle gate. Any such notion must, however, be dismissed, and the Isle of Wight must be content to link any associations which it can claim with Shakespeare to the simple fact that one of the most popular Governors it ever had was closely connected with the fortunes of the poet in his earlier days of honest struggle.

In 1587 Shakespeare, being then twenty-three years old, came up from his native town of Stratford-on-Avon and settled in London. For some years afterwards he cannot be distinctly traced. In 1593, when London was severely visited by the plague, and the theatres were in consequence closed, Shakespeare dedicated to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield, his *Venus and Adonis*. Lord Southampton, who was then scarcely twenty years of age, is supposed to have become intimate with Shakespeare from the circumstance that his mother had married Sir Thomas Heneage, who filled the office of Treasurer of the Chamber, and in the discharge of his official duties would be brought into frequent intercourse with the Lord Chamberlain's players. The dedication is almost a solitary example of Shakespeare mentioning himself or any of his works, and is the more valuable because no letter of his writing or record of his conversation has been produced. In the following year we have his dedication to Lord Southampton of *The Rape of Lucrece*. Between the dedication of the first and second poem Shakespeare had become more intimate with his noble patron. The language of the first dedication is that of distant respect, the second is that of closer friendship. Rowe, who wrote the earliest connected narrative of Shakespeare's life, has a story how in 1589 'My Lord Southampton did give him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase, which he heard he had a mind to.' In 1589 Lord Southampton was a lad at college, and Rowe, writing more than a hundred and twenty years after this supposed incident, is not a very trustworthy witness, as is shown by Mr. Charles Knight, who has effectually disposed of this tradition of Southampton's extraordinary munificence.

In 1598 Southampton married Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of the ill-fated Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who on the death of the Earl of Leicester had succeeded to the dangerous office of prime favourite with Queen Elizabeth. The marriage was without the consent of the Queen, and therefore Southampton was under the ban of the Court, having been peremptorily dismissed by Elizabeth from the office to which Essex had appointed him in the expedition to Ireland. In 1601, on the occasion of the memorable trial of that unhappy young Earl of Essex, which has cast such a dark shadow over the fame of the illustrious Bacon, Southampton was arraigned with Essex before twenty-five peers with Lord Buckhurst as Lord Steward, and was found guilty, but his life was spared, and he was sent as a prisoner to the Tower of London.

On March 24, 1603, occurred that death-bed scene of the last Tudor sovereign in the palace of Richmond, when the dying Queen sturdily protested that she would have no 'rascal' to succeed her. When Sir Robert Cecil caused three heralds and a trumpeter to proclaim the tidings of the accession of the sovereign of Scotland, James, to 'the seat of kings,' the heart of many a state-prisoner leaped for joy. Among these was Lord Southampton, who had been a favourite of the new king. King James I of England left his good city of Edinburgh on April 5, 1603. He was nearly five weeks on the road in his royal progress to London on his padded saddle. On May 7 he was safely lodged at the Charter House. One of his first acts of authority was to see that Southampton, who had been attainted, should be restored in blood by Act of Parliament, and that he should obtain a new patent for the title of Earl of Southampton. He was also made a Knight of the Garter, Governor and Captain of the Isle of Wight, Captain of Carisbrooke Castle and all other castles and fortresses in the said Isle; also Constable of the Castle of Carisbrooke, Warden of the Forest of Parkhurst, likewise steward, receiver, surveyor, and bailiff of all the lands, woods, revenues, &c., of the Crown within the Island

Through the influence of Lord Southampton King James hastened to grant a patent to the proprietors of the Blackfriars and Globe theatres. In this patent the name of Shakespeare stands the second. The friendship of the noble and accomplished Southampton did not only procure these pecuniary advantages for the humble actor; the sympathy of one far his superior in rank raised Shakespeare to that just valuation of himself which would prevent his nature being 'subdued,' as the poet himself says with true pathos in one of his sonnets, 'to what it worked in.'

In a letter from Lord Southampton to Lord Ellesmere, the Lord Chancellor, which will be found in Mr. Collier's *New Facts*, p. 33, and which is undoubtedly the most interesting paper relating to Shakespeare, Southampton speaks of the dramatist as his 'especial friend.' This letter was written in consequence of Shakespeare having become, in part, proprietor of the Blackfriars theatre. A line of streets, or rather lanes, well known to Londoners, leads from the platform of the hill upon which St. Paul's Cathedral is built, to the thoroughfare of Blackfriars Bridge. Between Apothecaries' Hall and Printing House Square is a shabby, open space, or square, called Play-house Yard. In the heart of this precinct is the spot upon which was built, in 1575, Blackfriars theatre. In 1608, the question of the jurisdiction of the City in the Blackfriars district, and especially with reference to the theatre, was brought before Lord Ellesmere, the Chancellor. Out of this attempt a negotiation appears to have arisen about the purchase of the property by the City. Southampton, with his kinsman, Lord Rutland, as appears from a letter of Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sydney, in the 'Sydney papers,' had been in the habit when he came up to London of passing away his time in going to plays every day at this theatre. Mr. Carlyle says, with stinting praise of Southampton, that 'he cast kind glances on Shakespeare.' He did far more, for he showed himself a friend in need, by writing a long letter to the Chancellor, of which only the conclusion can be given here. He presses upon his correspondent the request that Shakespeare, his own 'special friend,' and Richard Barbage, may be allowed to continue their way of life, 'whereby,' as Southampton adds, 'they maintain themselves and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputation), as well as the widows and orphans of some of their dead fellows.' This confirms evidence from other sources, proving that Shakespeare was no literary Bohemian, to use a modern phrase, but a well-conducted family man. Everything we know of him shows that perseverance and industry were as much the characteristics of the man as the greatness of his genius. From this letter of Southampton, we learn that the mighty poet held with constancy to the way of life which he had early adopted, which, besides affording him competence and even wealth, enabled him to help on those who had been less fortunate than himself.

With this letter ends the recorded connexion of Shakespeare and Lord Southampton.

Sir John Oglander says of Lord Southampton that as Governor of the Isle of Wight, 'not willing to lose any of his predecessor's greatness at his first coming, he lived at Carisbrooke Castle.' He appears also to have resided at East Standen, where the Princess Cecily, third daughter of Edward IV, and sister to the Queen of Henry VII, 'a lady not so fortunate as fair,' retired after her marriage with her second husband, Thomas Kymbe or Keyme, a man of obscure parentage in the county of Lincoln. Sharing in the great personal beauty of her family, this Princess, who had been twice betrothed to the heir of the crown of Scotland, condescended to take a subject for her first husband, Thomas, Lord Welles, a maternal cousin of Henry VII. After his death she married her second husband, 'with whom she lived not in great wealth,' and died herself at Standen, and was buried at Quarr Abbey.

While Southampton resided at East Standen, the gentlemen of the Island, so we are told by Sir John Oglander, railed in a bowling-green on St. George's Down, and also built a house there, where they held an ordinary on each Tuesday and Thursday in the week, 'my Lord Southampton giving way for to have timber out of Whitefield.' Here, adds the worthy Knight of Nunwell, he had seen some thirty or forty knights and gentlemen at bowls with the Governor of the Island. Bowls was a favourite game with the English people. 'O, what a wonderful change is this,' cries Gosson, a moralist of Queen Elizabeth's days, 'our bows are turned into bowls.' Foreigners were wont to expatiate upon the smoothness of our bowling-greens. An ordinary was the usual accompaniment of these places of amusement, thus in Spring Gardens, London, a servant of the Court was allowed to keep a bowling-green and an ordinary. A letter of Mr. Garrard to the Earl of Stratford in 1634 gives a clear notion of such places; the price of the meal was regulated at such ordinaries, so it appears, by royal proclamation at two shillings. At St. George's Down we can picture to ourselves, from Garrard's description of what took place at Spring Gardens, the gentry of the Island, some of them busy and determined 'to bowl time away'—as Lady M. W. Montague said,—while others sat under the trees looking on. After the ordinary a few courtiers of chance would betake themselves to the 'card tables' of which Oglander speaks. The presence of the Governor, not to speak of the better habits of the Isle of Wight gentry, would prevent 'the bibbing, gambling, and consequent quarrels,' which, according to Garrard, made the bowling-green of Spring Gardens a scandal.

Lord Macaulay has drawn a brilliant but repulsive picture of the ignorance and boorishness of the squires at the close of the seventeenth century; if at the beginning of that century the grandfathers and fathers of these country gentlemen were in manners and language like their descendants, the conversation at the table of the East Standen ordinary must have been neither agreeable nor improving. Macaulay's well-known third chapter of his *History of England* presents, in the opinion of most competent judges, a somewhat overdrawn representation of social life and habits in the England of two centuries ago. The fine old English gentleman was not altogether such an exception to his class as they suppose who take literally the assertions of the epigrammatic historian respecting the manners and morals of the seventeenth century. Very possibly some of the company who met on the bowling-green of St. George's Down might remind Lord Southampton of his dramatic friend's portraits of Justice Shallow and his cousin Slender. The outspoken Knight of Nunwell describes one or more of his associates as being little better than clowns and sots, while of others he says that they were complete gentlemen, and of good parts. The gentry, so Oglander says, 'seldom or ever went out of the Island, insomuch, as when they went to London (thinking it an East India voyage), they almost always made their wills, supposing no trouble like to travel.' The conversation of these stay-at-home country gentlemen was no doubt insular rather than cosmopolitan; they talked as unartificial men generally talk, without much wisdom, but with good temper and sincerity. Lord Southampton, who had lived in the best society, had the good sense and right feeling to make himself at home with these worthy stout-hearted gentlemen of the olden time. Theirs was not 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' which made Lord Falkland's hospitality at Great Tew so genial and full of charm to scholars and divines. The after-dinner chat of the Bowling Club wanted the wild hilarity of the 'merry meetings' and 'wit combats' which marked the social intercourse of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Drayton, and their comrades. It was the Isle of Wight 'honest talk' of those bygone days, when men could meet their fellows without ostentatious display, and a dozen or more neighbours would 'drink down all unkindness' over 'a hot venison pasty.' They had leisure to tattle, laugh, and be laughed at. Their language did not conceal thoughts; they talked as they felt.

Shakespeare's generous patron 'cast a kind glance' on John Baker, Vicar of Carisbrooke. An entry in the *Carisbrooke Registers* shows that Baker was appointed by Southampton chaplain to the Governor of the Island, and Vicar of St. Nicholas in the Castle. The Grammar School of Newport also experienced the Earl's fostering care, when the Corporation of Newport with praiseworthy zeal in the cause of education determined on endowing that school, recently founded by Sir Thomas Fleming, with an estate on Hunnyhill which had been bequeathed to the town in the reign of Henry V, and which was used as a common for their cattle by the inhabitants; Lord Southampton, having taken the advice of counsel, 'agreed and was very well pleased' with this appropriation. The entry of this transaction with the signature of Thomas Fleming appears in the Corporation's minute book for 1619, and proves that the Governor of the Island at that period had considerable power in the disposal of the property of the borough of Newport.

James I, pacific and timorous, whose conduct towards foreign states was weak and discreditable, at the close of his reign drifted into a foreign war for the purpose of recovering the inheritance of his daughter's husband, the Elector Palatine, Frederick V. Count Mansfeldt was permitted to raise four regiments of foot (an innovation on the military system in England) for service in Holland. Southampton was made colonel of one of these regiments. The result of the campaign, so far as the English were engaged, was shame and disgrace. The Earl of Southampton and other English officers returned home to England. Southampton went back after this to the scene of war, as is proved by a little work of excessive rarity, the title of which is given in Canon Venable's *Guide, I. W.* p. 183, and runs as follows: 'The teares of the Isle of Wight shed on the tombe of their most noble, valorous, and louing Captaine and Governour, the Right Honourable Earle of Southampton, who dyed in the Netherlands, Novemb. 10, at Bergen-op-Zone. Also the true image of his person and virtues, James the Lord Wriothesley, Knight of the Bath, and Baron of Titchfield, who dyed Novemb. 5, at Rosendaal, and were both buried in the sepulcher of their fathers at Titchfield on Innocents' Day, 1624.'

Greatly is it to the honour of Southampton that his sudden rise from being a prisoner in the Tower of London to the important post of Governor of the Isle of Wight did not turn his head. Lord Macaulay has well said that 'one of the most severe trials to which the head and heart of man can be put is great and rapid elevation.' Southampton's prosperity did not run over in insolent self-confidence.

'His just, affable, obliging deportment gained him the esteem of all ranks of people, and raised the Island to a most flourishing state, many gentlemen residing there in great affluence and hospitality' (Worsley, *Hist. I. W.* p. 108). His intimacy with Shakespeare had taught Southampton one great lesson of life; 'to fling away ambition . . . and in his right hand carry gentle peace to silence envious tongues.'

January 16, 1886.

CHRISTMAS IN CARISBROOKE CASTLE,

A.D. 1606.

Let me try to bring before the eyes of my readers Christmas as it was kept in Carisbrooke Castle two hundred and eighty years since, when the accomplished Lord Southampton, the friend and patron of Shakespeare, was Governor of the Isle of Wight.

The scene of these Christmas festivities was the pile of buildings opposite the archway entrance into Carisbrooke Castle, which, under its modern form, covers the site of the 'Great Hall,' built by Baldwin de Redvers (1135–1156). This twelfth-century hall was extensively altered by Sir George Carey in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the floor being lowered by three steps, and the walls raised and re-roofed, so as to admit of the formation of an upper story, containing a suite of bedrooms. In the days of Lord Southampton the great hall of the old fortress, which most of us remember in its fallen condition as a clothing store of the Militia, recently re-modelled by Sir George Carey, Queen Elizabeth's cousin, must have presented a stately appearance on the Christmas festival. At the further end of the hall was the 'dais'—a platform carried across the room and raised a step above the floor. Here the master and mistress of the house sat with their chief guests, as Chaucer tells in his *January and May*:

> 'And at the feste sitteth he and she
> With other worthy folk upon the dise.'

The high table, as it was called, at which Lord and Lady Southampton sat when entertaining those whom they invited to their hospitalities, occupied its proper place along the dais. The other tables were ranged along the other sides of the hall. Across the lower end is an oak or sweet chestnut carved wooden screen, supporting the minstrels' gallery. On the left-hand side, as advance is made to the dais, is the hearth, with an 'andiron' or iron bar sustained horizontally upon a pillar, with two ornamental ends, called 'fire-dogs,' to support the burning wood.

We will look into this hall as it appeared, A.D. 1606, on Christmas eve, for the festivities begin on the vigil of the holy day. The hall has its ordinary decorations; hangings of arras, placed at such a distance from the walls as to allow of persons being concealed in the space between; arms and armour, with the spreading antlers of deer, captured after some memorable hunting in Parkhurst Forest, are suspended around; square or quadrangular flags, of varying sizes, displaying the arms and badges of Lord Southampton and other persons of distinction, are floating overhead; in addition to these every part from floor to roof is decked with bays, rosemary, laurel, and other evergreens, especially holly.

There is little company as yet in the great hall. Lord Southampton, not now accompanied by her ladyship, who is elsewhere, is on the dais, surrounded by a few of the gentlemen of the Island, an Oglander, a Worsley, a Hobson, and others, who in the seventh year of King James's reign, as Oglander says, 'lived well,' and were members of the ordinary, which Lord Southampton established at the Bowling Green on St. George's Down. Here too along with this goodly and select company was John Baker, Vicar of Carisbrooke and chaplain to the Governor of the Isle of Wight, as he has himself recorded in the pages of the *Carisbrooke Register*. The vicar was no doubt clad in that 'decency of apparel enjoyned to Ministers' by the seventy-fourth canon. He had a cloak with sleeves, 'without gards, welts, long buttons or cuts, a comely and scholar-like apparel, not cut or pinkt.' Under his cloak he wore a doublet, and hose, and 'stockings, not light-coloured.' On his head he wore a 'nightcap of black silk, satin, or velvet.' The worthy vicar, faithful to his clerical obligations, did not 'attribute any holiness or special worthiness to the said garments,' but wore the prescribed uniform for 'decency, gravity, and order.' The Governor and his companions at the high table are not the rulers of this night's merriment. A Lord of Misrule has been appointed, 'as is the custom at the house of every nobleman or person of distinction,' whose office it is to see that all goes merrily at Christmastide, and he is now master of the situation. The ladies who would be entitled to a seat at the high table along with the noble hostess, a cousin of the ill-fated Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, are in the music loft, where they can most conveniently be spectators of the evening's revelry. The hall fire is not lighted yet, but a vast heap of faggot-wood and stout logs lie ready on the hearth. A loud noise is heard outside the cross-barred wooden gates of the castle, and presently the sound of music blends with the boisterous shouting, followed by a bustle in the hall. The hangings are held aside from the doors under the music gallery, and the Lord of Misrule himself, clad in a quaint, showy habit, enters accompanied by his officials, dressed in my Lord Southampton's livery, and further bedizened 'with such scarfs, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold rings, precious stones, and other jewells,' as their own stores can furnish, or they can beg or borrow of their neighbours. Thus gallantly attended, 'the master of the merry disport' advances with affected pomp into the middle of the room, where turning round he waves his staff with much ceremony, and recites the formulary, which a poet of later date rendered into flowing verse:

'Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good lord, he
Bids you all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring.'

The trumpets sound, and the yule-log, the trunk of a large tree felled in Parkhurst Forest, is dragged in, a score or more sturdy Isle of Wight countrymen lending their arms to the ropes that are fastened around the huge tree, and as many more pushing at the sides and behind, all striving with might and main to speed its progress. Following it is a motley crowd of both sexes from Carisbrooke and Newport, but only such as are admitted within the swinging gates enter the castle, for all improper characters are shut out by the porter. With so many willing assistants the log is soon poised on the 'andiron,' and the lighter wood heaped around it. Then at Misrule's bidding the brand that was quenched last Candlemas, and then carefully and with a little mystery stored away, is produced and lighted by the steward, who applies it to the heap. The hall is now full, the ladies come down from the gallery, knights, squires, farmers, tenants, servants, all mix together, gentle and simple, without restraint and without envy. It is no time to think of sad things, for at the cry 'the yule-log is lighted,' a wassail bowl is brought forth and passed briskly round, amidst shouts of 'was-hael' and 'drink-hael.' 'Be merry,' says my Lord Southampton, and 'drink success to the firing.' The old hall re-echoes with the shouts, and the rafters ring again. Merry Christmas is begun. There is a lull, while Misrule delivers a short but pithy speech, as a prelude to the toast his herald proclaims of 'health and prosperity to the Captain of Carisbrooke Castle.' The toast is responded to with a hearty good will, which shows how the good folk of Carisbrooke and Newport value the goodly presence of the Governor of the Isle of Wight, and what Worsley calls Lord Southampton's 'just, affable, and obliging deportment.' A fresh supply of the spicy, nut-brown ale, the strongest October, with sugar, and spices, and roasted apples in it, 'Christmas lamb's wool,' is brought in. It is wholesome stuff, and my lord will not allow any drunkenness. This part of the entertainment is soon cut short by a cry 'Here be the mummers.'

All eyes are directed to the door where appears to be some little scuffling, but after gruff repetitions of stand back, 'stand back, I say!' the intruder makes good his entrance. He is a burly figure with a long white beard and hair of the same colour hanging down his shoulders. His dress is made of sheep-skins, in his hand he carries a long staff, on his head is a coronet of holly. This portly personage advances towards the fire, when he turns to the company and tells them the purpose of his visit. Ben Jonson has preserved the speech made on these occasions, which, with some omissions, I will take leave to quote. This is his oration: 'Why, gentlemen, do you know what you do, eh? Would you keep me out, Christmas, old Christmas? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Misrule, I'll not be answered else; 'Tis merry in the hall when beards wag all; I ha' seen the time when you'd ha' wished for me for a merry Christmas; and now you ha' me they would not let me in. I must come another time, a good jest, as if I could come more than once a year. Why, I'm no dangerous person, and so I told my friends o' the gate. I'm old Christmas still, and though I am come from the Pope's Head, am as good a Protestant as any in the parish.' This said, old Christmas calls the mummers in. It is growing late, and it is time for all decent people to be in bed. So at a signal from my Lady Southampton, three or four treble voices are heard from behind the screen, singing one or more of those Christmas carols that are so impressive and even solemn in their primitive simplicity. It is intended to recall the listeners to the sacredness of the season, for our forefathers had an unsuspecting habit of mingling religious thoughts with their mirth, which seems strange to us. The old English carols, once dear to all classes, are chanted, all present from the oldest to the youngest joining with at least a passing feeling of love, faith and brotherly kindness in the favourite refrain—

'O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day.'

The Castle gates are opened to let out the visitors, and the company breaks up. John Baker went home to his quiet vicarage, thankful that his parishioners had not misconducted themselves, and had not altogether, even in their wildest merriment, forgotten the associations of that holy season,

'Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace on earth began.'

Very different was the appearance of the hall on the Christmas morning. The dinner hour is an early one; the sun is yet high in the heavens, and its rays penetrate through the windows, causing the yule-log, which is yet consuming on the hearth, to burn dim. The company, which includes almost all those who were present last night, are ranged round the tables, which are placed lengthwise on both sides of the hall. Lord Southampton and his friends enter, taking places at the high table, which stands on the dais across the hall; my lord has the chief seat, which is the centre of the table, the arras-hanging being drawn over it so as to form a kind of canopy; the others, both ladies and gentlemen, are seated according to their rank. John Baker, the Governor's chaplain, says the grace before the meal. All being thus ordered, the first course is brought in, the principal dish, the boar's head, being carried in by the steward, while the other servants of the household follow, each bearing a dish. The music is playing all the time, while there is chanted the song which, still lingering in Queen's College, Oxford, was with some variations sung in every hall in England when the first dish was brought to table on Christmas day:

> 'Caput apri defero
> Reddens laudes Domino.
> The boar's head in hand bring I,
> With garlands gay and rosemary,
> I pray you all sing merrily,
> Quot estis in convivio'

—with the verses which follow. There is abundance of every kind of flesh and fowl, but fish is not there, 'that being no meat for feast days.' The more dainty dishes are brought to the high table, and from thence a regular sliding scale may be traced down the lower tables. The distinction is a usual one, and no offence is given by what is considered as much a mere matter of etiquette as the arrangement of places. After dinner, wine, hippocras, and confects are served at the high table, a bowl of less costly wine at the upper tables, and good wholesome English ale at the lower end. The guests at each end of the hall entertain one another in their own fashion. At the high table something of state is maintained, but Sir John Oglander, if he is present, and is, in modern phrase, 'in good form,' can tell a good story, and so too can the governor himself, who has been at more than one of the 'wit combats' which marked the social intercourse of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Drayton, and their comrades.

After they have eaten and drunk enough a movement is made to clear the hall. Lord Southampton is a great patron of the stage, and a company of players who have been invited to show their skill at Carisbrooke Castle make their appearance 'with their packs on their backs.' The dais is yielded to them, and they make their preparations behind a curtain which is drawn in front of the platform. The subject is appropriate to the season, one of those Bible mysteries or plays which the Reformation allowed to survive. It is the Birth of Christ and the Song of the Shepherds. A short melody of concealed music hushes the whispers of the audience. Then first the shepherds sing the old familiar words—

'As I rode out this ender night (i.e. last night),
Of three jolly shepherds I saw a sight,
And all about their fold a star shone bright;
They sang terli, terlow;
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.'

Then the women sang a song, which the shepherds took up again. The simple melody of these songs has come down to us; they were part songs, each having the treble, the tenor, and the bass.

When the players have gone through their devisings the forms are removed, the tables drawn close to the wall, and then dancing, 'the damsel's delight,' commences in earnest. Lord Southampton leads off the brawls with a fair guest, Mistress Oglander, Mistress Worsley, or Mistress Meux. Lady Southampton has for her partner Sir Richard Worsley, or some other gentleman of distinction. The first dances are of a stately kind, and they grow more lightsome as the evening advances. As grave John Selden has expressed it—in a sentence which paints the scene to the life—'First, you have the grave measures, then the carrantoes and the galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony; and then all the company dances—lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. . . . Omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoity come toity.' We may be pretty sure that when the signal for the dancing was given the worthy vicar and chaplain to the governor had gone up to the lady of the Castle and asked her ladyship's permission to take his leave, and this permission being graciously granted he would take the opportunity of quietly stealing away from the joyous throng. As good John Baker slowly walked down the Castle hill into the village he would say to himself 'there is a little too much of this jaunting and junketting; I should have liked to see my parishioners depart a little earlier, but it is of no use for me to say anything.' The vicar had found out, as many a one has since his time, that it is of small avail for older folk, as they stand on the banks of the river, to call out to the joyous crew, whose boat is hurrying down the current—'Stop the pace; hold hard a little; back water,' when

'In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.'

Late hours were not kept in Carisbrooke Castle, and if the young men and maidens did warm their blood with dancing on the snowy Christmas evening; if they also slept all the sounder and woke up all the fresher next morning, above all not forgetting to say their prayers as they went to their rest and rose from it, good John Baker would comfort himself with the conviction that not much mischief was done. The young people were under the eye of my lord, and of my lady especially, who would not permit of any indecorum. Christmas comes but once a year—and after all it was perhaps just as well that the tables should be pushed aside, and that the exuberant spirits of the merry makers should have a safety-valve by dancing in the old hall with the bright berries of the holly and the pale-white misletoe about them, for when the music strikes up young folk's feet seem made to dance as the birds to sing. 'The play is done—the curtain drops.' The great hall is silent once more, the flaring lights and hot, close atmosphere of the room, tainted with the smell of expiring candles, and reeking with the fumes of past festivity, have time to be cooled in the fresh wholesome air of the clear bright glorious morning when the sun's rays come out upon the Castle walls. Lord Southampton is not sorry that Christmas comes but once a year, yet feels no compunction for having exerted himself to give his humble neighbours at Carisbrooke and Newport a holiday. We too in these days, when there has been such an improvement in keeping our Christmas in the quiet of our own homes and domestic gatherings, need not refuse our sympathy to the less refined enjoyments by which our forefathers, with their far more contracted opportunities for relaxation and amusement, whiled away the few hours which Christmas supplied them for their social pleasures and friendly intercourse.

'England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.'—SCOTT.

December 18, 1886.

THE NEWPORT GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND THE OGLANDER MSS., A.D. 1615.

IN the *Island Quarterly* (1877, 1878, pp. 153-161) will be found an article on 'The Grammar School at Newport.' The writer of this interesting paper, though he refers to the Oglander MSS., does not seem to be aware of the following entry in those documents. I have transcribed it as it is quoted in the *Vectis Magazine* (1822, p. 45).

'MEMORANDA FROM AN OLD MS. OF SIR JOHN OGLANDER, A.D. 1615.

'The Schoolmaster of Newport is to be chosen by and with the consent of the Mayor and Justices of the town of Newport, and by and with the consent of the chiefest of the knights and gentlemen of the island, who have as free choice in this election as the Mayor. This was concluded before me at the Town Hall, when Mr. Elgor, the first schoolmaster, was there in the like manner chosen. After the election the Mayor confirms it under his town seal, because the school could not be made over to any another but by way of mortmain to the town.—JOHN OGLANDER.'

'Honey Hill, being formerly part of the forest, was, by my Lord of Southampton's approbation, enclosed for a maintenance to the school: it is now stated for £8 per annum, and when it is out of lease will be worth £20.'

'The knights and gentlemen of the island' must have allowed their power of joint appointment of the schoolmaster to lapse, since Worsley, in his *History of the Isle of Wight*, says, 'The schoolmaster is appointed by the Corporation under the common seal,' thus confirming the statement in the *Island Quarterly* 'that the appointment of masters was vested in the Mayor and Corporation of Newport, who were virtually the Trustees of the Grammar School.' The well-informed writer of this article in the *Island Quarterly* proceeds to state that the management of the Grammar School was transferred to the Charity Trustees, and enumerates a list of the then Trustees (1877, 1878), all of whom were residents. Here certain questions arise,—Was this change in the Trust effected by the Court of Chancery? If so, was the Court aware of this provision, mentioned by Oglander, respecting the appointment of the schoolmaster by the knights and gentlemen of the island conjointly with the Mayor of Newport? It is the practice of the Court of Chancery in dealing with charitable trusts to act upon the well-known principle of *cy-près*, that is, in some method conformable to the general object and adhering as closely as possible to the specific design of the donor. And on grounds of public policy, it is, I believe, the custom of the Court to enlarge, rather than restrict, the provisions of the trust. As I am ignorant of the nature of the authority by which the trust was made over from the Corporation of Newport, and afterwards from the more general body of Trustees to those living within the municipal boundaries of the borough of Newport, so also do I know nothing of the provisions which regulate the election of these Trustees.

The present governing body of the School have so efficiently and conscientiously fulfilled their duties that no one would wish to see any alteration in their composition. Under present circumstances it is probably better that the interests of the Newport Grammar School should be watched over by citizens of Newport. If Sir John Oglander be correct, the original foundation contemplated a wider area for the selection of the Trustees, but in these days founders' intentions are slightly regarded and certainly it is not desirable now to make any change in the arrangements of a Trust which has been so recently ordered, by legal authority, under the advice of those who were best able to judge what was for the real advantage of this old foundation.

Let us hope that the present Trustees will not allow any change to be made in the gabled front and interior of the Schoolroom, which has little changed since it served as the presence-chamber of Charles I. There has been some talk about adapting the present buildings to modern requirements. No doubt it is to be desired that more accommodation should be provided, but when that alteration is carried out, let new buildings be erected. It would probably be cheaper to build a new schoolroom than to alter the old room.

In full reliance that the present Trustees will not make it necessary for the people of the Isle of Wight to call in the aid of the Society which has been established for the preservation of the ancient buildings of this country, I have ventured on adding these few words to my extract from the *Oglander Memoirs.*

When Charles I occupied the schoolroom as his presence-chamber, Mr. Elgor had ceased to be master, and his place was taken by Mr. William Hopkins, 'a little ancient man.' Both he and his son, 'a lusty, stout young man, about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age,' were devoted Royalists.

February 7, 1885.

SIR HUGH MIDDLETON'S ATTEMPT TO ENCLOSE BRADING HAVEN, AS TOLD IN THE OGLANDER MEMOIRS.

The operations of the 'Transit Company,' give the promise of a great boon to the Isle of Wight, and will, when carried out, make Brading Haven one of the busiest harbours in this Island. Under these circumstances the following extract from the manuscript memoirs of Sir John Oglander may be of interest.

'Brading Haven was begged by one Gibb, a great favourite and groom of the bed-chamber to King James the First. The Haven was challenged by the gentlemen of the island whose land joined to it. King James was very earnest in the suit against them, both because it concerned his old servant, as also that it might be a leading case to the fens in Lincolnshire. After the verdict went in the Exchequer against the gentlemen, Sir Beavis Thelwell, a page of the bed-chamber to King James, also gave Gibb £2,000 for his grant. One Sir Hugh Middleton came in a sharer with Sir Beavis Thelwell, and by the help of Dutchmen undertook the enclosing of it. They began to inn the haven Dec. 10, 1620. Sir Beavis after the enclosure enjoyed it eight years, bestowed much money in building a barn, house, mills, and many other devices, until March 8, 1630, that the sea broke in again. The nature of the ground after it was in was not answerable to what was expected; for almost a moiety of it next the sea was a light running sand little worth; the best of it was down at the farthest end next Brading. I count that there were 200 acres that might be worth 6*s.* and 8*d.* per acre, and the rest 2*s.* and 6*d.*; the total of the haven was 700 acres. Sir Hugh Middleton, before he sold his share, tried all experiments, sowing wheat, barley, oats, cabbage, and onion seeds, and last of all, rape seed, which proved the best, but all the rest came to nothing. The great inconvenience was that the sea brought in so much sand, and oaze, and sea-weed, that choaked up the passage where the fresh should go out, insomuch that I am of opinion, if the sea had not broke in Sir Beavis would hardly have kept it, for there would have been no current for the fresh to go out, for the east tide brought so much sand in that the fresh was not of force to scour it away, so that in time it must have lain to the sea, or the fresh would have drowned the whole country; therefore, in my opinion, it is not good meddling with the haven. The cause of its being lost again to the sea was by reason of a wet time when the haven was full of fresh water, and then at a high spring-tide both the waters met underneath, which caused a breach to ensue. I would wish no friend of mine to have a hand in the second inning of it. It cost at the first taking of it in £4,000, afterwards in building the barn, dwelling-house, water-mill, with trenching and quick-setting and making the partitions not less than £1,000 more; so that it stood then in the total (purchasing the grant and all) full to £7,000. All the encouragement I can give any that will venture to inn it a second time is that it will yield in some seven or eight years £150 per annum, but you must never expect much more. It will improve the country for health, but the danger is in bringing in beach, weeds, and sand, that will stop the current next the sea, and consequently the passage of the fresh water.—J. O.'

The 'one Sir Hugh Middleton' of this extract (whose grandson and namesake married Dorothy, grand-daughter of Sir John Oglander) was the 'citizen and goldsmith,' who in 1606 offered to bring to London a sufficient supply of pure water at his own cost. His offer was accepted, and having fixed on the Chadwell and Amwell springs near Ware in Hertfordshire as the sources out of which his 'New River' was to be formed, he commenced in 1608 a work which, considering the imperfect mechanical agencies of those times, was a wonderful effort of engineering skill. In 1622 Middleton was created a baronet (the king by special warrant excusing him from the usual payment of the fee, £1,095) for three reasons which are assigned in a paper in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum signed 'W. Camden, Clarenceux.'

The second of these is 'for gaining a very great and spacious quantity of land in Brading Haven, in the Isle of Wight, out of the bowelles of the sea; and with banks and piles, and most strange and defensible and chargeable mountains, fortifying same against the violence and fury of the waves.'

In 1699 another scheme was suggested for what Sir John Oglander calls the 'inning' of Brading Haven. This good old-fashioned word 'inning,' which, though found in Chaucer, seems to have died out except in the cricket-field, might well be revived. The abstract of this scheme, an 'estimate of the charge of taking in, draining, and securing the Haven of Brading,' at the cost of £4,170, signed by Heny. Sher, Surveyor, will be found in Appendix No. lxxxiv. in Worsley's *History*. The Appendix lxxxiii. is the copy of the award made to Sir John de Weston, who had claimed the right of fishing in Brading Haven, and had submitted it to arbitration in the sixth year of Edward II. Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* p. 195) has also mentioned some earlier attempts to recover this large piece of land from the sea, a part of it having been taken in by Sir William Russell, Warden of the Isle of Wight in the reign of Edward I.

Mr. Thorne, in his excellent description of the Isle of Wight (*The Land we Live in*, vol. ii. p. 262), has told the ancient legend of the Haven: Now in former days neither lake nor swamp existed here, but instead, a green valley.

Through this fertile land flowed the narrow river, upon the banks of which stood the large and splendid castle, whose owner was the lord of all these parts. A harsh and violent man he was, and drove his only son away from his home. The castle was abandoned after the death of the old man to the reptile and the bat, but the neighbours spoke of a prediction, the tenor of which, repeated in their rude rhyme, was that when the heir should be found, he should by means of twelve milk-white oxen recover the family treasure which had been hidden by the last lord. Generations passed away, and it seemed an idle tale, when a rough, soldier-like looking man came to the Island and gave out that he was the descendant of the banished son, who had died in foreign parts. From an old woman who had taken up her abode in the vaults of the castle, and who was suspected by the country people to be a witch, he learnt the terms of the prophecy, and by her aid discovered the well in which the treasure was hid. Long time elapsed before he could find the twelve milk-white oxen. When found at last, on the very night when all was in readiness, one of the oxen died. Maddened by disappointment, the claimant seized the nearest ox, heedless of its colour, but in mockery caused a white sheet to be sewn around it. Strong ropes were fastened to the bullocks, and the chest of hidden treasure rose slowly from its hiding-place. The man had already placed his hand upon it, when shouts of fiendish laughter rose from below, and at the same time the rope which was attached to the sheeted bullock snapped, and the chest was plunged back to the bottom of the well. Instantly the water began to rise till it flowed over the top of the well. The sky darkened, a fierce storm broke forth; the castle walls tottered and fell in the fury of the elements, the distant sea rolled over its ancient boundary, and the very site of the castle was invisible under the broad sheet of water.

It is to be hoped that success may attend the plan of the Isle of Wight Marine Transit Company in their endeavour to connect the railways of the mainland with those of the Island. The water transit has always been one of the difficulties with which the Isle of Wight has had to contend but with this new system of conveying railway traffic, there is every reason for thinking that the trade, and consequent prosperity, of our island may make considerable advances.

If the old Court Leet of Brading is to disappear, there seems to be every prospect that the 'Kyng's Towne of Bradynge,' which was once of sufficient importance to return a representative to Parliament, will enter upon a renewed career of bustling life and activity, and take its place with the bright new towns which have sprung up around it.

July 18, 1885.

LENTEN ABSTINENCE AT CARISBROOKE,

A. D. 1620.

An entry on a leaf in the *Carisbrooke Registers*, recording that a licence has been granted to Eleanor Chapple to eat flesh in Lent, signed by John Baker, Vicar of Carisbrooke, in 1620, brings to light a vestige of the past now long since dead and buried and wellnigh forgotten.

So grave and philosophic a writer as Mr. Hallam has considered that the regulations enacted at various times since the Reformation for the observance of abstinence deserve some notice. I would refer such of your readers as may feel special interest in this subject to the elaborate and valuable note in Hallam's *Constitutional History* (vol. i. pp. 397–399).

It will be sufficient here to state that by the Statute of 1548 (2 & 3 Edward VI, c. 19) abstinence from flesh during Lent was ordained, not as a religious matter, but as healthful, and also to employ fishermen.

The next statute relating to abstinence is one in 1563, (5th Eliz., c. 5) and is entirely for the increase of the fishery. It enacts that no one, unless having a licence, shall eat flesh on fish days, or on Wednesdays, now made an additional fish day. In 1585 the Act 27th Eliz., c. 11, repeals the prohibition as to Wednesday, and provides that no victuallers shall vend flesh in Lent under a penalty.

The 35th of Eliz., c. 7 (A. D. 1593) reduces the penalty enacted by 5th of Eliz. to one third. This is the latest statute that appears on the subject. Royal proclamations were in addition issued in order to enforce an observance so distasteful to the appetites of Englishmen. This abstemious system was however only compulsory on those who could not afford to pay for licences, which were easily obtained from the Privy Council in Edward's days, and afterwards from the bishop. It must be presumed that in the case of the licence for Eleanor Chapple, the vicar of Carisbrooke acted as surrogate for the bishop. The civil wars did not so put an end to the compulsory observance of Lent and of fish days but that similar proclamations are found after the Restoration.

The language of the statute proves that this compulsory abstinence was not a survival of the ecclesiastical observance of fasting but, to use the language of Hooker (*Eccl. Pol.* Bk. v. s. 72), 'for the maintenance of sea-faring men and the preservation of cattle, because the decay of the one and the wasting of the other could not well be prevented but by a politic order appointing some such usual change of diet as ours is.' If indeed this privation of flesh diet had been an ecclesiastical ordinance, the Puritans, who despised the season of Lent, would have made it one of their grievances at the Hampton Court Conference (A. D. 1604), but no remonstrance on this subject was made by them. This licensing system might have been well objected to by both of the two leading parties in the English Church who discussed their differences at the Conference, for it has a certain family likeness to the sale of indulgences by the ecclesiastical authorities. A licence, for instance, empowered the purchaser of it to eat meat with his guests on all fasting days for life. Elizabeth's first statute for the encouragement of fishery provides that £1 6*s.* 8*d.* shall be paid for granting every licence, and 6*s.* 8*d.* annually afterwards to the poor of the parish. But no licence was to be granted for eating beef at any time of the year, or veal from Michaelmas to May 1. 'A melancholy privation,' such is Hallam's comment, 'to our countrymen, but I have no doubt little regarded.'

This subject of compulsory abstinence has its moral for our days, upon which nothing need be said here, for whatever legislative interference may be expected in the future with the private habits of the people, it is not likely that any restrictions will be placed on their flesh diet.

February 21, 1885.

A STAGE PLAY AT NEWPORT, I. W.,

A. D. 1624.

In Mr. Hillier's unfinished *History of Newport* is found the following extract from the records of the Corporation of that ancient borough, of the date April 16, 1624. 'At this assemblie, Mr. Maior and the companie being at the hall about assessing for the poore and other urgent business, there came in Gilbert Reason, a player, and shewing his authoritie, desiered to have leave to playe in the towne, whereupon Mr. Maior and the companie considering the povertie of the towne, and the inconvenience of suffering players to plaie too long in the towne heertofore, to lymitt him the said Gilbert and his companie to plaie only in the evening and to morrowe, and no longer, or two other daies, in the old towne hall, and the said Gilbert not being therewith all contented, much urged to have longer time and would not depart, being three or foure times so required, but at length saied he would stand on his authoritie, and told Mr. Maior that he would be questioned for yt, and that he should heare from my Lord Chamberlain, with divers and other empty speeches.'

This entry from the documents in the possession of the Corporation of Newport is illustrated by a very precise and interesting account of the way in which theatrical performances took place in very early times by a man who was born in the same year as William Shakespeare, A. D. 1564. In 1639, so writes the late Mr. Charles Knight (*Studies of Shakespeare*, London, 1849, p. 9), R. W. (R. Willis), stating his age to be seventy-five, published a little volume called

Mount Tabor, which contains a passage which is essential to any history or sketch of the early stage. 'Upon a stage-play which I saw when I was a child.' 'In the city of Gloucester the manner is (as I think it is in other corporations) that when players of interludes come to town, they first attend the Mayor to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get license for their public playing, and if the Mayor like the actors, or would pay respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play before himself and the aldermen and common council of the city; and that is called the Mayor's play, where everyone that wills comes in without money, the Mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit to show respect unto them. At such a play my father took me with him, and made me stand between his legs as he sat upon one of the benches, where we sat and heard very well.'

From this account of Willis we can understand what took place at Newport in 1624. In that year the life of James I was drawing to a close, since his son Charles I succeeded to the throne in the following year. In the first year of James the First the bailiff and burgesses of Newport were constituted a body politic to consist of a Mayor, twenty-four burgesses, and a recorder, with power to choose a town-clerk; the Mayor to be sworn into his office before the Captain of the Island or his steward. On this occasion the Mayor paid the players for their first performance out of the Corporation funds. This first performance was the chief magistrate's play, and to its representation no doubt some of the corporators took their sons, like young Willis, and placed them between their knees as they sat on the benches. To this or the other performances would come some of those gentlemen of the Island, who, as Sir John Oglander relates, used to meet at the bowling-green at Standen. Lord Southampton, the popular Governor of the Island, had been a patron of Shakespeare and of the theatre generally in London, but at this time he had gone out in command of troops to that expedition to the Netherlands, where at Bergen-op-Zoom he died. The performance took place at the 'Old Towne-hall,' and was therefore not the plain gabled building, interesting as the place of conference between Charles I and the Commissioners, which was pulled down to make way for the present structure, and which is figured in Mr. Hillier's *Narrative of the attempted Escapes of Charles I from Carisbrooke Castle*, p. 213. The players did not make the arrangements for their acting in this gabled town-hall, which in 1624 had only been recently erected, but in a still older building, where the elevation at one end of the hall would form a stage, with a due provision of benches in front of it. As Mr. Mayor was no doubt liberal with his invitations, a good many of the burgesses with their comely wives would be among the spectators. We may form a notion of what the performance was from the description of that which young Willis saw with his father at Gloucester at an earlier period than 1624. The 'repertoire' was not large, and they had their stock-pieces which they carried with them wherever they travelled. At Gloucester 'the play,' so Willis writes, 'was called *The Cradle of Security*, wherein was personated a king or some great prince with his courtiers of several kinds, amongst which three ladies were in special grace with him, and they, keeping him in delight and pleasure, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsel and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lie down in a cradle on the stage, where these three ladies, joining in a sweet song, rocked him to sleep that he snorted again, and in the meantime closely conveyed under the clothes wherewithal he was covered a vizard like a swine's snout upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto to the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies, who fell-to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectator might see how they had transformed him going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth from another door at the farthest end of the stage two old men, the one in blue with a serjeant-at-arms his mace on his shoulder, the other in red with a drawn sword in his hand upon the other's shoulder, and so they two went along in a soft pace round about by the skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the cradle, when all the Court was in greatest jollity, and then the foremost old man with his mace struck a fearful blow on the cradle, whereat all the courtiers with the three ladies and the vizard all vanished: and the desolate prince starting up bare-faced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case and was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the moral the wicked of the world, the three ladies, pride, covetousness, and luxury, the two old men, the end of the world, and the last judgment. The sight took such impression on me that when I came to man's estate it was as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted.'

It would appear from Willis's description that *The Cradle of Security* was for the most part dumb show. It evidently belonged to that class of moral plays which succeeded to old mysteries or miracle plays. These plays, which represented the miracles or sufferings of martyrs in their earlier period, familiarized the people with great scriptural truths and facts. They gave the populace also amusements of a higher nature than the rude games of a rude age, and mere struggles of brute force. There is evidence that histories from the holy scriptures, in character very little different from the ancient mysteries, were also put upon the stage. With the printing of the Bible the use and advantage of such dramatic representations of scripture character had altogether ceased. At an earlier period than that to which the entry at Newport refers, a fierce religious controversy had arisen on the subject of these theatrical exhibitions. The pamphlets and tracts of that age were to the people what newspapers are to ourselves, and we can gather from the tracts then published a tolerably accurate estimate of the character of the early theatre.

The writer of one of these tracts, which appeared in 1580, entitled *A Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies and Theaters,* reasonably enough complains of the stage-players 'for that they exhibit under laughing that which ought to be taught and received reverently,' and adds 'that of all abuses this is most indecent and intolerable to suffer holy things to be handled by men so profane, and defiled by interposition of dissolute words.' It is said by those who have read these scripture plays, and even those which were issued with episcopal authorship, such as the productions of John Bale, bishop of Ossory in Ireland, that the players ought not wholly to have the blame of the interposition of dissolute words, but may divide it with the authors of these plays. The Puritans, who at that time were strong in their zeal, if not in their numbers, were in the main right in their invectives against an ill-regulated stage, though they too often defeated their own purpose by their sweeping denunciations and violence of language. Puritanism was a power in Newport in 1624 and afterwards. Mr. Mayor, no doubt, like other public men, had his partisans and his opponents, and had to smart for his permission to Gilbert Reason by bearing some ill-natured remarks on his worship's weakness in allowing such enormities as the stage-players in Newport. If their moral play or interlude was of the character of the *Cradle of Security*, it was not altogether amiss for the instruction of an uninformed people. Shakespeare's folio volume of his collected plays was published seven years after his death in 1623, but we cannot suppose that the strollers who came to Newport put upon the stage any of the productions of the great dramatist. Their piece was, no doubt, one of those interludes which survived long after the era of Shakespeare and the other Elizabethan playwrights, being performed in Denbighshire it is said so late as the beginning of this present century. Mr. Hillier has inferred from the prevalence of the name of Reason at Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon at the present day that these itinerant actors, who took Newport in their wanderings, may have been the players of the Earl of Warwick. This is a daring assumption, based on very slight grounds; but there is every reason for thinking that Gilbert Reason 'and his companie' were the retainers of some wealthy nobleman, who employed them for his own recreation, and allowed them to derive a profit from occasional public exhibitions. The Puritan tract-writers of that time give these strolling players a bad character. They were probably better and certainly not worse than their patrons. They who live to please must, as Dr. Johnson said, please to live. They must accommodate themselves to the tastes of those who frequent the theatre. As Professor Henry Morley has remarked, with more subtlety of thought and refinement of feeling than is expressed in Dr. Johnson's well-known saying, 'The stage reflects only the world before the curtain, and within the play-house walls. When therefore the audience sinks below a fair representation of the whole life of the country, the play sinks with it.' A great opportunity was lost by the indiscriminate attack of the Puritans upon the theatre. Shakespeare's plays might have done much to raise the popular taste. Though the first ten or twelve years of the reign of James I witnessed the full ripeness of the English drama, the closing years of that king's life exhibited the signs of its coming decay. The Puritans began to war on plays because they were first acted on Sundays. After that cause of contention had, through that deep religious life which has happily never died out among the English people, ceased, there remained very substantial grounds of offence to seriously-minded people in the plots and language of the dramatists who were the contemporaries and successors of Shakespeare. The moral unwholesomeness of the plays was aggravated by the manners and morals of the players. The great German poet, Goethe, in his *Apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister*, has given us an insight into the mode of life pursued by a company of strolling actors at a later period, and matters were not any better when, as in the seventeenth century, the players were their own playwrights. Shakespeare, as Professor H. Morley has further remarked, 'wrote for audiences that represented the whole body of the English people,' but with the degeneration of the stage 'there was a gradual desertion of the play-houses by men who represented no small part of the best life of England.' Shakespeare has himself expressed his own feeling about these lowering associations of the English theatre in his own times in those touching lines of Sonnet cxi which, as Mr. C. Knight has remarked, might have been addressed to any one of his family, or some friend, such as Lord Southampton—

> 'O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
> The guilty Goddess of my harmful deeds,
> That did not better for my life provide,
> Than public means which public manners breeds.
> Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like a dyer's hand.'

These words prove that Shakespeare's profession as a player was distasteful to him, and that the Puritans were justified in their attacks on the art of the player. The apparatus by which a play is made a living reality to the spectators was at this period of the most meagre description. The dress of the actors was not in keeping with the characters they represented, being their ordinary attire, or the livery of the powerful nobleman whose servants they were. They played in masks, and the parts of women were given to young men or boys. Of scenery there was none whatever, and to direct the imaginations of the audience a label was suspended over the front of the stage to tell in what place or country the action was going on. The stage itself was strewn with rushes, a cresset like that by which churches were lighted was suspended over it. However, as the hour at which the play commenced was usually one o'clock and it lasted about two hours, illumination was not much needed. The more fashionable part of the audience sat upon the stage, and paid sixpence for the stools with which they were accommodated, while boys waited behind and supplied them with pipes and tobacco. The ordinary spectators were on benches in front of the stage, and before the play commenced or during its intervals amused themselves with playing at cards, drinking ale, and smoking.

Although the play in itself might be harmless enough, Mr. Mayor and the Corporation of Newport were certainly not to be censured for trying to get rid, as soon as they could, of Mr. Gilbert Reason and his company of strolling players by sending them out of the town with their packs upon their backs. The town-clerk, or whoever entered the minutes of the Corporation proceedings in 1624, must have had a sense of dry humour when he describes Mr. Manager Gilbert Reason as vapouring about his authority, and threatening the Corporation with the intervention of the Lord Chamberlain, 'with divers other and empty speeches.'

Not many years afterwards the subject of plays was taken up by the Houses of Commons and Lords, and after a great bustle of message-sending, debating and consulting in committees, an act was agreed upon and published in February, 1648, which, after declaring stage-plays, interludes, and common plays to be 'condemned by ancient heathens, and much less to be tolerated among professors of the Christian religion,' ordains that all players should be taken to be rogues within the meaning of the statutes 39th of Elizabeth and 7th of James I.

August 14, 1886.

THE ORDERS OF TITYRE AND THE BUGLE.

MR. JAMES HORSEY, in an interesting extract from the *Calendar of State Papers for* 1625, has proved that a curious and by no means pleasant feature of the social life of the seventeenth century had spread so far as the Isle of Wight, remote as Newport then was from London. Lord Macaulay, in the well-known third chapter of his History, which describes the manners and customs of the English people in that seventeenth century, says (vol. i. p. 360) that it was a favourite amusement of dissolute young fellows to swagger by night about London, breaking windows, upsetting sedan chairs, beating quiet men, and molesting women. These midnight ruffians—Muns and Tityre Tus, as they were called in the reign of James I—were the successors of the swashbucklers of the sixteenth century. London, which now, thanks to the police system set on foot by the late Sir Robert Peel, is one of the most well-ordered cities in Europe, considering its vast size, was in the days of our ancestors a scene of disorder at night. When the twilight had deepened into darkness, the peaceful citizens been housed, and the throngs of links and torches given place to the solitary twinkling of the watchmen's lanterns, the time came for the taverns to disgorge their inmates. These 'sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine,' took possession of the lanes and corners of the streets. It was unsafe to walk in London after nine o'clock. The recruiting-ground for these disturbers of the public peace was Alsatia, or White Friars, which, in consequence of possessing the right of sanctuary, was a refuge for bullies, broken-down spendthrifts, and criminals of every shade. The name of Alsatia was taken from Alsace in France, which was a seat of lawless warfare when King James's son-in-law was Prince Palatine. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Fortunes of Nigel*, has given a most graphic description of this rookery, taken from the dramas and popular literature of the day.

However innocent might be the origin of the members of the Order of the Bugle, their subsequent conduct, if we may judge from their 'friendly intercourse' with the 'Tityre Tus,' is no honour to the annals of the ancient borough of Newport, and that most respectable house of entertainment, the Bugle.

The Tityre Tus took their name from the first line in Virgil's First Eclogue—

> 'Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.'

This scholarly allusion to the beautiful pastoral of the poet of Mantua only showed that these admirers of the shepherd Tityrus were what we should call 'loafers,' who preferred lounging under trees at their ease to the pursuits of honest industry. These brawlers went also under the name of 'Roaring Boys,' 'Bonaventors,' and 'Privadors,' names pointing to piratical adventures on the Spanish Main. Very probably these five or six companions of Michael Constable, of West Raisen, Lincolnshire, who were supping at the Bugle, Newport, I. W., on their voyage to Spain, belonged to the company of the wild adventurers who were on the look-out for Spanish prizes. The race of these practical jokers, who in their furious pursuit of pleasure show a brutal incapacity for all true enjoyment, was perpetuated. The Tityre Tus gave place, says Lord Macaulay, to the Hectors, and the Hectors were succeeded by the Scourers. At a later period arose the Nickers, the Hawkubite, and the yet more dreaded name of Mohock. An account of these later Mohocks will be found in Numbers 324 and 327 of Addison's *Spectator*, written respectively by Sir Richard Steele and Eustace Budgell. It may be seen from his letters to Stella, that Dean Swift, while he was in London, was frequently in dread of being maimed, or even murdered, by these villainous Mohocks. The poet Gay also, in his *Trivia*, describes their outrages and indecent behaviour.

As the wise king says in the Book of Proverbs, 'Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than such a fool in his folly.' The love of mischief and practical joking is the wit of savages, and is an indication, not to be mistaken, of a nature to which the sight of human suffering and human degradation is an agreeable excitement. It is satisfactory to find that the ruffians who amused themselves with this horse-play sometimes met with condign punishment. The night watchmen and constables having so dangerous duties to perform were strict in enforcing them. Often one of these midnight roysterers was unceremoniously knocked on the head in brawling with the watch. To this result of a fray Osborne (*First Fourteen Years of King James's Reign*, in Lord Somer's *Tracts*, vol. ii.) refers, when he admonishes his son 'to give good words to the city guardians.' 'Many,' says he, 'being quick in memory, who out of scorn to be catechized by a constable have summed up their days at the end of a watchman's bill.'

It may be added that Canon Venables, in his *Guide to the Isle of Wight*, p. 67, says that the continuation of the High Street, Newport, known as the 'Castle Hotel,' was a sort of Alsatia, the privileged resort of the bad characters of the neighbourhood in the seventeenth century. Did the Order of the Bugle hold their meetings there? is a question which perhaps some Newport antiquary can answer, and on which Mr. Horsey's researches may throw light.

October 8, 1887.

EDWARD LORD CONWAY, CAPTAIN OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT AND CARISBROOKE CASTLE, A.D. 1625–1631.

I.

CLARENDON, at the commencement of his *History of the Rebellion*, sets before his readers in his accustomed sober majesty of style the literary portraits of the more dignified nobles, who, having survived the reign of the first Stuart king, formed the Court of his son, Charles I. In this gallery of these dull, dreary, and respectable statesmen, Conway is dismissed with few words, and those not flattering. Speaking of Dudley Carleton, Clarendon says (vol. i. p. 113) that 'he was put into the place of Lord Conway, who for age and incapacity was at last removed from the secretary's office, which he had exercised for many years with notable insufficiency;' so that King James was wont pleasantly to say 'that Steenie (the Duke of Buckingham) had given him two very proper servants; a secretary, who could neither write nor read; and a groom of his bed-chamber, who could not truss his points; Mr. Clark having but one hand.'

The publication of the *Oglander Memoirs* by Mr. W. H. Long enables this very meagre sketch of Conway to be considerably filled up. The writer of the life of Edward Viscount Conway in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Mr. Thompson Cooper, F. S. A., does not appear to have been aware of the existence of the *Memoirs of Sir John Oglander*, as he omits all mention of the interesting particulars which the cavalier Knight of Nunwell supplies respecting the somewhat romantic career of Edward Conway. He belonged to the ancient Midland family of the Conways. His father, Sir John Conway, was the son and heir of Sir John Conway, knight-banneret of Arrow, Warwickshire, by Katherine, daughter of Sir Ralph Verney. Being a person of great skill in military affairs, John Conway was made Governor of Ostend on December 29, 1586, by Robert Earl of Leicester, who was then General of the English auxiliaries on behalf of the States of the United Provinces. For some reason he was made a prisoner, as appears from an original letter addressed by him to Sir Francis Walsingham, dated September 8, 1588, concerning his imprisonment and the uses which might be made of one Berney, a spy, who had great credit with the Prince of Parma. During his incarceration he wrote his *Meditations and Prayers* 'on his trencher with leathy pensel of leade.' These 'Meditations and Praiers gathered out of the Sacred Letters and virtuous writers, disposed in Fourme of the Alphabet of the Queene, her most excellent Maiesties Name; whereunto are added comfortable consolations (drawn out of the Latin) to afflicted

Mindes,' were printed by Henry Wykes and published in London, but undated. Another edition, also undated, was printed by William How. In July, 1590, Sir John Conway was licensed to return to Ostend, and the office of Governor of Ostend granted to Sir Henry Norreys. He died on October 4, 1663, and was buried at Arrow Church, where a monument with a Latin inscription was erected to his memory. By his wife, Ellen, or Eleanor, daughter of Sir Fulke Greville, of Beauchamps Court, Warwickshire, he had four sons—Fulke, Edward, John, and Thomas, and four daughters—Elizabeth, Katherine, Mary, and Frances.

Edward, the second son, afterwards the Governor of the Isle of Wight, was, so he told Oglander (*Memoirs*, p. 158), 'in his youth, as I have often heard him say, wild and never could endure his book, but ran away from school and went into the Low Countries to the wars, and lived long as a common soldier; afterwards, by his own endeavours (as certainly in his youth he was very valiant), he obtained a captain's place.'

Before the treaty of Verviers and the wreck of the second Armada had set the hands of Queen Elizabeth free from the struggle with Spain, for some time after the defeat of the first Armada the English military and naval forces were engaged in hostilities with England's formidable foe, Philip II. Early in June, 1596, a large English and Dutch fleet sailed from Plymouth, the chief commanders of which were Lord Howard of Effingham and the Earl of Essex. In this expedition Cadiz was captured and the coast of Spain ravaged, the fleet returning with vast booty to England in August. Edward Conway, who by this time had risen to the command of a regiment of foot, was knighted by Essex at the sack of Cadiz. The mischief done to the Spaniards was very great, and would probably have been much greater if the proposal of Essex to remain in Cadiz with the land force had been adopted. He had set at liberty some Moorish galley-slaves, and through them had opened a communication with the revolted Moors of the South of Spain, who, having been oppressed by Philip II on account of their Mussulman creed, were ready to join the invaders. In 1598 Philip II of Spain died. As the end of his dismal life drew near, he saw his kingdom exhausted of men and burdened with debts, his enemies and revolted subjects powerful, alert, and provided with means of attack; but a successor, who might remedy these evils and resist these enemies, he saw not. His son was utterly incapable. The old king bewailed this to his son-in-law, Albert of Austria, and to Isabella, whom he greatly loved, on his death-bed with tears such as he had not shed at the death of his children.

After his exploit at Cadiz Sir Edward Conway was made Lt.-Governor of Brill under Sir Francis Vere. Brill was, with Flushing and Rammekins in the Island of Walcheren, one of the 'cautionary'—so Sir John Oglander calls them, with strict accuracy to the diplomatic language of the period—towns which the States of the United Provinces had put into possession of Queen Elizabeth as security for money she had lent them while engaged in their struggle for independence with Spain. A few years after the death of Philip II Queen Elizabeth, the other combatant in the great duel of the close of the sixteenth century between England and Spain, Romanism and Protestantism, herself died, to make way for a successor to the throne who was more favourably inclined to the Spanish monarchy. In the first Parliament held in the reign of James I Conway sat as member for Penryn. He was a poor man. 'I have heard him say,' so writes Sir John Oglander, 'that he never had anything of his father, but by the death of his eldest brother he had that estate of Ragland (Ragley in Warwickshire), being worth £800 per annum.' Mr. Long, in a note, quotes from a letter from Chamberlain to Carleton, Dec. 18, 1624, the following particulars respecting the death of his elder brother: 'Sir Fulke Conway, brother to Mr. Secretary, having his house in Ireland burnt about his ears by negligence in taking tobacco, and escaping the first fury of the fire, would needs venture in again to save certain writings or papers, but came so singed and stifled with the smoke that he died presently, leaving better than £2,000 land a year in the country to descend to Mr. Secretary.'

Before his accession to his fortune Conway had lost his appointment at Brill. The cause of his removal from Brill came about in this wise. The Brill, sometimes called Briel or

Brielle, a seaport town on the north side of the island of Voorn, in the Dutch province of South Holland, was with Flushing and the Castle of Rammekins given up in 1585 to Queen Elizabeth of England as security for advances made by her to the States of the United Provinces on certain terms. The garrisons of the towns were Englishmen paid by the Dutch, but the States, being anxious to regain possession of their towns, and fearing that James might sell them to the Spaniards, to induce the King more readily to listen to their proposals ceased to pay the English soldiers, and excused themselves on the plea of poverty. The garrisons were soon in a state of starvation, and after long deliberations the towns in April, 1616, were given up to the Dutch, who agreed to pay in settlement of all claims £215,000. Out of this sum the principal officers who had held commissions in the towns received pensions, Sir E. Conway amongst them, who was granted an annuity of £500 in compensation for the loss of his post at Brill.

According to Sir John Oglander, Conway 'gave up his regiment to Sir Alexander Brett, the Duke of Buckingham's cousin germain, and came to England, and put himself wholly to please the Duke, who took the giving of his company to his cousin Brett so kindly that he had him in good estimation, but his gross flattery that he used to the Duke did him best service, for he would speak very well, and had excellent natural gifts, and a natural complimentor, and so gross a flatterer, with which he had so bewitched the Duke, that one day, speaking of the Lord Conway, he openly said that he knew no honour that Conway was not worthy of nor no place in the commonwealth too good for him.' Under the all-powerful patronage of the royal favourite Conway rose to high stations. Other writers confirm Oglander's statements about his influence with Buckingham. Chamberlain, writing to Carleton October 15, 1622, tells his correspondent that 'the Duke of Buckingham says that he (Conway) is the best company that may be either for jest or earnest.'

On January 30, 1622–23, by the favour of Buckingham Conway was made one of the principal Secretaries of State, and he was continued in that office after the accession of Charles I. He was returned for Evesham in the Parliament which assembled on February 16, 1623–24.

Secretary Conway was a good deal mixed up with the miserable intrigues of the Spanish marriage, and the strange adventures of 'Baby Charles and Steenie—those sweet boys and dear venturous knights-errant, worthy to be put into a new romanso,' as the King addressed his son and son's companion. In spite of all the concessions made by James, the marriage was delayed by further demands on the part of the Spanish Court. When the time for action arrived, King James was forced to summon a Parliament and to concede the point on which he had broken with the last Parliament, by laying before it the whole question of the Spanish negotiations. 'Between tender considerations of honour, security of his estate, fatherly love and conscience, His Majesty debated some days with as much wisdom, natural affection, courage and piety as became a great, wise, religious king, and tender loving father,' at least so writes his Secretary Conway to Buckingham. In the end James, in his great perplexity, resolved to call some of the most eminent of his Council (he had hitherto kept them in the dark as much as possible at the earnest prayer of his son), that he might open himself to them and receive their advice. These chosen counsellors met the King at Wanstead. 'His Majesty,' continues Secretary Conway, 'made the most serious, the most sad, fatherly, kind, kingly, wise, pious, manly, stout speech that ever I heard, which no man can repeat or relate (without blemishing) but himself.' The final result was that the marriage went off, and that the head of the Spanish party in the ministry, Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, the Lord Treasurer, was impeached on a charge of corruption and dismissed from office. Conway escaped without censure.

March 29, 1890.

II.

The rupture with Spain, in consequence of the disinclination of Charles and Buckingham to the marriage of the former with the Infanta Maria, brought about a total change in the foreign policy of England during the closing years of the reign of James I. The Spanish Ambassador quitted the realm; a treaty of alliance was concluded with Holland; negotiations were commenced with the Lutheran princes of North Germany, who had looked coolly on the ruin of the Calvinistic Elector Palatine in consequence of the fatal divisions between the Lutherans and the Calvinists, Luther himself having said in his haste that he hated a Calvinist more than a Papist. At this juncture Conway was sent as ambassador to Prague, that beautiful city on the Moldau, so full of interest from its half-Oriental appearance and its romantic historical associations. By a Council of the States of Bohemia, held at Prague, in the palace of the old Bohemian kings, the crown was taken from Ferdinand II, Emperor of Germany, and offered to Frederick, Elector Palatine. Frederick was married to the bright and fascinating Princess Elizabeth of England, the darling of Protestant hearts; other qualifications for that crown of peril he had none. But in an evil hour he accepted the offer. Supinely he lingered in his palace, while on the White Hill, a name fatal to Protestants, his army, sharing their King's own discouragement, was crushed by the combined forces of the Empire under Bulgoi and of the Catholic League under Count Tilly.

Conway's embassy was of little avail; the counter reformation flew on the wings of victory and with boundless cruelty through Bohemia, through Moravia, through Austria Proper, which had shown sympathy with the Bohemian revolt. All was lost. Frederick, driven back to his patrimony on the Rhine, found the Spaniards its masters in the heart of the Palatinate. The Protestants were without cohesion; nor had they powerful chiefs. Count Mansfeldt was a brilliant soldier with a dash of the robber; Christian of Brunswick was a brave knight-errant fighting, as his motto was, for God and Elizabeth of Bohemia. In Frederick, ex-King of Bohemia, was no help. The danger to German Protestantism drove the English people to fury; James bent before the storm; a national subscription for the defence of the Palatinate enabled the elector to raise an army; and his army was joined by volunteers from England, of whom one regiment was commanded by Lord Southampton, Governor of the Isle of Wight, who shortly afterwards died at Bergen-op-Zoom, November, 1624.

While these events were in progress, and before the Spanish marriage was actually broken off, a new matrimonial treaty for Prince Charles was set on foot with France for the hand of the daughter of Henry of Navarre, and Louis's sister, Henrietta Maria. An overture was made, and it was thought fit for the concluding of the match that the Earl of Carlisle and Lord Kensington—created on the occasion Earl of Holland—should be sent as ambassadors extraordinary to France. We learn from the Hardwicke papers that Secretary Conway, whose instructions and dispatches seem to have been dictated entirely by Charles and Buckingham, became very obscure or ambiguous, so that 'sometimes he so cautiously and prudently involved his meaning in a close and covered style, that forced their lordships (Carlisle and Holland) to assemble their wits together to pick it out.'

When, on the death of his father, Charles I ascended the throne, Conway still held his post of Secretary, and was in Charles's first Parliament very pressing in asking the Commons for more money, when the plague became so alarming that many members absented themselves, and the King adjourned the Parliament to August 1, appointing it to meet not at Westminster, but at Oxford. In the meanwhile he had been created Baron Conway of Ragley in Warwickshire, and on December 5, 1625, was appointed Captain of the Isle of Wight. According to Oglander (*Memoirs*, pp. 33, 34), Conway did not come into the Island till September 14, 1627, 'having been Captain thereof better than two years before, and had never seen it, but commanded it by Sir Edward Dennis and Sir John Oglander, and his coming was thought to have been by command of His Majesty. He landed at Gurnard, where all the gentlemen met him, and brought him to the Castle. When he came to Newport

I caused Elger, the schoolmaster, to provide an oration, which was made unto him at the schoolmaster's door by Keeling, one of the scholars [was this Keeling a son of William Keeling, whose tablet with his epitaph on it is still in Carisbrooke Church?]; then the Mayor with his brethren met him with tender of wine and cakes. Coming near the Castle the company of boys met him and skirmished before him, and alighting, the ordnance saluted him. There came with him only Sir Francis Onslow and Sir Thomas Jarvis, his deputies on the main. On Monday, coming to view Sandham and St. Helens, he and all the gentlemen of the Island dined at my house. On Wednesday morning we had a general muster, and he dined that day at my Lady Worsley's. Thursday he went and saw Freshwater and Yarmouth, having sent provisions to Thorley he dined there. This was all his journeys, and on the 19th from Blackedge [Blackedge, a place not far from West Cowes, near what is now called Egypt], he went out of our Island. Concerning his person he was old, unwieldy, and very sickly; neither fit for the employment or command. Certainly he had been a brave fellow, as now a courtier; he had excellent gifts of nature, but no art; spoke very well, with many good words and compliments; affable and courteous to all; with many large promises to divers in their particulars; as also most especially for the state and public good of the Island in general; of which promises we took hold and made use of, showing him, and by writing giving him a true account of all our wants and defects. Now we are to expect his worth by his willingness (if not ability) and forwardness both for his own honour and our safety.'

In the second year of Charles I he had been created Viscount Killultagh of Killultagh, County Antrim, Ireland, and on June 6, 1627, Viscount Conway of Conway Castle in Carnarvonshire, by which title Oglander always speaks of him. Before paying his official visit to the Isle of Wight, Conway had a good deal to do in settling the domestic squabbles between Charles I and his Queen, Henrietta Maria, arising from the natural partiality of the latter to her French attendants and priests. An amusing account of Conway's negotiations with the French bishop and priests, and the more recalcitrant women-attendants, 'who howled and lamented as if they had been going to execution,' may be found in a letter from John Pory to Meade in Ellis's Collection, which is quoted in full in the *Pictorial History of England* (vol. iii. p. 124): 'the Queen was so furious that in her rage she is said to have broken the glass windows with her fist.' When in November 12, 1626, the advowson of Carisbrooke, which at the dissolution of monasteries had reverted to the Crown, was granted by Charles I to Queen's College, Oxford, on the intercession of Henrietta Maria, who as Queen Consort was the special patroness of that College, Conway's name appears as signing the King's answer to the petition of the Queen and of the College in the documents relating to that transaction which are preserved in the muniment room of that College as patron of the benefice of Carisbrooke.

Conway, so Oglander (*Memoirs*, pp. 160–165) says, 'did many good things for the Island, among these procuring from the Privy Seal that no gentleman of the Island should be made sheriff.' He would have done more had not the Islanders offended him. At the election of 1628 the burgesses of Newport and Yarmouth declined to return the nominees of the Governor (one of them being his son, Sir E. Conway, who had been one of the representatives of Yarmouth in the preceding Parliament of 1625), with which unusual treatment his lordship was so disgusted that he professed himself no friend to the Island in general, or to his lieutenants in particular. The Islanders returned their Governor's dislike of them in full measure. They were offended because he did not live among them, and also accused him of bringing a Scotch regiment into the Island, a charge of which Sir John Oglander fully acquits him. He did not trouble them for any long time, as he died in St. Martin's Lane, London, on January 3, 1630–31, of apoplexy.

The resentment of the Islanders at their Governor's neglect of them was not extinguished by his death. 'Every man almost in the Island,' says Oglander, 'being glad of his death, as it was a common by-word among many, as having some loss or cross they would sweeten it with saying, "but my Lord Conway is dead."' 'On hearing these ill speeches,' Oglander adds 'I would tell them Esop's fable of the frogs, wishing that they with them might not wish again for their Log, for as he did us little good, in their opinion, so he did us no hurt; never but once came amongst us, but left all to his lientenants. He was good enough, if we had been so happy as to have known how to have made use of him.'

In 1629, Conway was made Lord President of the Council, an office which he held till his death. In Wilson's *Life and Reign of James I*, 1653, he is called 'a rude, unpolished piece for such an employment.' He was a bungler in the art of flattery. 'When I invited him to my house,' writes Oglander, 'at his coming into the Island, he astonished my wife and daughters with his compliments, yea, my servants also; for my wife's gentlewoman lost not her share.' His experience with courts had not taught him the truth contained in Dean Swift's maxim, that 'nothing is so great an instance of ill manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company you please none; if you flatter only one or two you affront the rest.' With all these faults he did not mind telling a good story against himself, as he often told Oglander the story of King James saying that Steenie had given him a secretary who could neither read nor write. 'He was a very good father and husband, making very much of his wife and children.' By his wife Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Tracey, of Tedington, Gloucestershire, and widow of Edmund Bray, he had three sons and four daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward, who died in 1655, and who left his estates and titles to Edward Viscount Conway, who on December 3, 1679, was created Earl of Conway. On February 11, 1651, he married Anne, the daughter of Sir Henry Finch, a very accomplished woman, the friend of Dr. Henry More and of the Quakers, Fox, Penn, and Barclay, with whom she held frequent conferences (see the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, s.v.). He died without issue 1683, having adopted as his heir Popham Seymour, the eldest son of Sir Edward Seymour, who was his cousin, and who assumed in consequence the name of Conway. Lord Macaulay, in his *History of England*, vol. v. 241, has told in his usual brilliant manner the story of this young man and of his death from a wound received in a duel with an officer of the Blues of the name of Kirke. His next brother, Francis Seymour, assumed the name and arms of Conway, and was elevated to the peerage of England March 17, 1702-3, by the title of Baron Conway, of Ragley, Warwickshire. Part of his extensive estates being situated in the north of Ireland, he was created a peer of that kingdom by the title of Baron Conway of Killultagh of Antrim. His son Francis was created Viscount Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford. His descendant, the present Marquis of Hertford, holds along with that title those of Earl of Yarmouth and Viscount Beauchamp of Hache in the peerage of Great Britain; Baron Conway of Ragley in the peerage of England; and Baron Conway of Killultagh in the county of Antrim in the peerage of Ireland.

April 6, 1890.

THE CONSECRATION OF YARMOUTH CHURCH, I. W., MARCH 11, 1626.

A VERY recent writer in Island Notes, *Piccadilly*, August, 1890, summarily describes Yarmouth, I. W., by a somewhat unintelligible confusion of metaphors—'Scrapings of the pot of creation.' The old town on the Yar has for the architect, the antiquary, and the historian, especially if his studies lie in the direction of municipal institutions, certain objects of interest. It was a place of so much importance, that in the thirteenth century it obtained a charter of incorporation from Baldwin de Redvers, the brother of Isabella de Fortibus, the Lady of the Wight. It was reincorporated by King James I in 1610. From the recital of this charter, the substance of which can be read in Worsley (*History I. W.*, pp. 158–162). it appears that at the close of the 'Hundred Years' War' between France and England, when the conquests of England were lost, her shores insulted, and her commerce swept from the seas, the town of Yarmouth and its church were entirely burned down by the French, 1377. As it offered a vulnerable point for invasion, Henry VIII erected a small castle, built like the other defences of the coast at that time from the stones of Beaulieu Abbey and other religious houses. Part stands on the old wall of the church, 'as may be observed,' so Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* p. 266) says. Worsley further adds that the present church was built at the same time. This statement, in which Worsley has been followed by other writers, has been shown by Canon Venables to be a mistake. The charter granted by James I in 1610 formed the Corporation by the name of the Mayor and Burgesses of Yarmouth. Twelve burgesses were to form the Common Council of the Borough, and out of these the Mayor was to be elected. Their officers were a steward, a common clerk, and a sergeant of mace, appointed by and during the pleasure of the Mayor and burgesses. The first Mayor was Barnaby Leigh, Esq.; the first steward, Thomas Cheke, Esq.

No sooner had the townspeople of Yarmouth obtained a Corporation than their thoughts turned towards building a church. A brief dated 1611 sets out that from the period of the destruction by the French in 1377 'there remained only the ruined chancell of one of the churches which the inhabitants maintained for the exercise of divine service and administration of the sacraments'; and the town being unequal from its own resources to erect 'a fit and decent church,' the 'charitable devotion and liberal contribution' of the King's loving subjects throughout the realm is requested 'toward the new building and re-edifying of the said church of Yarmouth.' This year, 1611, is memorable as having witnessed the completion of the new translation of the Bible (our present Authorized Version), the commencement of the plantation or colonization of Ulster and, connected with the latter, the establishment of the order of baronets, the avowed intention of which was to provide a fund for the defence of the English and Scotch settlement in the north of Ireland. These charitable briefs for the rebuilding of churches were at this time, as appears from a letter of remonstrance by Archbishop Bancroft addressed to the bishops (see Cardwell's *Documentary Annals*, vol. ii. p. 161), not very diligently enforced or liberally responded to in the dioceses. This brief or letter patent issued by the Sovereign, licensing collections throughout all the churches in England, so far succeeded that in fifteen years from the time it was issued the money was collected, the church built, and ready for consecration. Although there is no duly authorized form of service for this ceremony, churches in England are not recognized by law till they are consecrated by the bishop. The form used by the Church of England is given at length in Bishop Gibson's *Codex*, pp. 1459–1463, Bishop Wilkins's *Concilia*, vol. iv. p. 668, and Burn's *Eccles. Law*, 'Churches,' sec. 2. A form was prepared in 1712 by order of Queen Anne, which was subscribed by Archbishop Tenison, missing the formal sanction of Convocation and the Crown. In 1714 a revision of this service was approved by the House of Bishops, but as this is not duly authorized the Bishops are still left to their own judgement in the use of one out of many existing forms which they adopt.

Sir John Oglander (*Memoirs*, Long's edition, pp. 9–12) has given a full description of the consecration of Yarmouth Church on March 11, 1626. His account is interesting as showing what the ceremonial was at that period, and all the more so when it is kept in mind that one of the principal charges on which Archbishop Laud was arraigned before the House of Lords in March, 1644, at the instance of the House of Commons, turned upon the famous consecration of St. Catherine Cree Church in 1631, as mentioned by Rushworth, Welwood, and others. Sir John Oglander, who was then Member for Yarmouth in Charles the First's second Parliament along with Sir Edward Conway, son of Lord Conway, Governor of the Isle of Wight, was present with many of the Island gentry. 'Mr. Hyde of Berkeshyre beinge then Meyor, whoe kept an Inne, and there gave ye Bischop and all us entertaynement att a ordinarye.' The Bishop was Dr. Davenant, Bishop of Salisbury, the see of Winchester being then vacant, Bishop Andrewes dying in 1625, and his successor, Neal, not being translated from Durham till 1627.

A memorial of the 'Hyde' mentioned by Oglander is still to be found in Yarmouth Church, where in the centre aisle are the tombstones of 'William Hide, Gent. and Alderman of this

Towne, who deseased March 21, 1641,' his wife, Mary Hide, who died 1660, and their son, 'Mr. William Hide, inter'd ye March 8, 1679.'

Sir John Oglander thus describes the function at which he was present: 'The Mayor of Yarmouth, together with the gentlemen, first went to the church, and stayed at the west door till the Bishop came. When the Bishop came the Mayor made a short speech, telling him that upon their petition to the Archbishop's Grace of Canturbury he was pleased to grant a commission to his lordship in the vacancy of the See of Winchester to authorise him to consecrate their church, which he humbly entreated him accordingly to perform and gave the Bishop the petition and commission. Then the Bishop standing in the midst of the said west door read the town's petition and the commission; after putting all out of the church, standing as before, he read divers sentences out of the Psalms. Then he and his two chaplains went into the church, shutting the doors to them; after a short time the doors were opened and we all came in and took our places. Then the Bishop sitting in the minister's seat under the pulpit read a long set prayer for the consecration thereof, which being ended the ordinary minister began the ordinary prayer, sitting in the seat opposite against the other; for his lessons he was appointed to read 2 Chronicles, chapter vi. and part of 10th St. John, verse 22, and so forward. After the reading of the lessons and Litany then the Bishop stood and read a set prayer beseeching God both to bless the church and all present and future service that should be said there, to be always present, and so effectually to work with His Divine Grace that the souls may also receive a blessing. Then the minister went on with the ordinary prayer. Then one of the Bishop's chaplains came forth and read the Epistle, being the Corinthians, the 3rd chapter, beginning the first verse. Then the other chaplain came in his room and read the Gospel, being the 2nd of John, beginning at the 13th verse. Then the Bishop read another prayer for God's blessing and consecrating the church, and went up into the pulpit and took for his text the 1st of Kings, chapter ix. verse 3.'

Here Sir John gives a long analysis of the Bishop's sermon.

Davenant, it may be mentioned, was, with Bishops Hall, Williams, and Carleton, one of the leaders of the moderate party to whom the Laudian party gave the name of Doctrinal Puritans. They did not, like the more advanced Puritans, entertain any scruple as to the forms and ceremonies of the Church of England, to which they willingly conformed. But they rejected innovations of the Laudian party, who in return branded them with the name of Puritans. It was an entirely new application of the word, and against which they did not fail to protest. It seems to have been first used in 1625 by Bishop Montague in a controversy with Carleton. Had Laud but listened to their warnings, the Church of England migh thave been spared much which she had to endure during the subsequent violent and bitter Puritan ascendency.

'In the afternoon,' Oglander continues, 'the churchyard was consecrated in the manner and form following. The Bishop went round about the churchyard, which being ended the Bishop had a chair brought unto him under the middle column of the east window, where sitting down, myself standing by his chair, he read divers prayers beseeching God to sanctify that place, that as the corn so the bodies hereafter to be sown in that ground may be raised up at the last day. Then we all went to church, where the minister said prayers. The first lesson was Genesis the 23rd, the 2nd, John the 11th, and they sang the 146th Psalm. Then Dr. Davenant, the Bishop's chaplain, went into the pulpit and took his text, Romans the 3rd, verse the 14th. There was a Communion there, the Bishop administered it, myself and many more remained. There was also a christening, the child of Peter Courteney, named William, the first that was ever in that church christened; and Mr. Marvin Burley, the son of Capt. Burley, was the first that was buried there.'

The outward appearance of the church, like most of the churches of that period, is meagre, but within the effect is pleasing. 'It consists of a nave and north and south aisles, separated by well-proportioned arches, springing from octagonal piers; a small chancel with north and south chapels. There is a square tower at the west end, which has recently received an addition to its height, with but small increase to its beauty.' (Canon Venables, *Isle of Wight*, p. 321.) The parish registers date from 1614, but the names of the incumbents of Yarmouth are not attached to the entries till 1651, when Thomas Bowerman appears to have been the minister of the church. He was followed by Robert Holmes in 1689.

September 6, 1890.

A SCARE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, MAY 30, 1627; FROM THE OGLANDER MSS.

In Mr. Long's lately published extracts from the MSS. of Sir John Oglander is a curious record of the scare occasioned in the Isle of Wight by the appearance of some Dutch vessels, which were mistaken for Spanish ships of war. It will be best to allow Sir John Oglander to tell his own story, and in his own spelling.

'1627. May 30. On Wensday in ye afternoone, one Grangor, captayne of a small man of warre, belonging to Mr. James of Portesmouth, being on ye Sowth syde of ye Island, spyed a fleet of Hollandors of 22 sayle, whereof one Sir Larrance Reull wase admiral; he presentlye took them for Spaniardes, and came into ye Island and sent intelligence by lettor to Sir Edward Dennis that he had espyed a fleet of Spaniardes att seae (ye copie of which lettor is in my boxe) wherupon Sir Edward sent ye verie lettor to Portesmouth, whethor when it came a Wensday by 4 of ye clocke, ye Towne rose all in armes, and aprehended as mutch feare as if an inemy had been at ye gates. Hygham, maystor gunnor, hasted away a poste with this intelligence to my Lorde Stuarde, which came to ye Counsell and to my Lorde Ducke's knowledge by 2 ye same nyght; hee presentlye commaunded downe all ye collonels to theyre chardges; hether came Brett and Sprye by Friday noone, ye Ducke himselve posted to ye Downes, vowinge he woold not stay, but twoold fyght with them with those shipes that weare then readie. On Sattordaie morninge followinge by 7 in ye morninge, came ye Ducke down with 22 sayle in to Stoakes Bay (on a smaler intelligence and falce never followed a busines of greater consequence), for all London and most of England had a fielinge of itt, and possesed with fear or armes. My Lorde of Killultagh (Conway) rode downe post to us (whose letter is lykewyse in my studye). Although all proceded from nothinge, it ye effects myght be made useful, bothe to use moore celeritye in owre action, and moore vigilancie and bettor intelligence from fforayne states, soe that nothinge myght hapen unexpected or unknowen. Ye Kinge himselve toold me that ye Maior of Portesmouth certifyed him by poste of 60 sayles of Spanisch shipes that ware makinge for Portesmouth, which wase ye cause hee soe hasted awaie my Lord Ducke of Buckingame. When ye newes wase of ye comminge of ye Spanische fleete, ye Ducke comminge to take his leave of ye Queene, towld her nowe he wase goinge agaynst ye Spaniardes he hoped shee woold wisch him good fortune;—her replie wase not onlie agaynst ye Spaniardes, but olso agaynst all ye Kinge's inemyes, she woold both wische and pray for his good fortune.'

Mr. Long, in one of his useful notes, has quoted from the 'Letters of Mead and Beaulieu to Sir Thomas Puckering' in *The Court and Times of Charles I*, vol. i, another description of this panic, which thoroughly alarmed London and the southern coast, but which has met with little attention from the ordinary historians of this period. 'On Wednesday at six in the evening, came a post to Court from Portsmouth without letter for haste, but as eye-witness of a fleet discovered near the Isle of Wight of about 70 sail of ships. At eight the same evening came a second post thence with letters of confirmation thereof, and that there were great ships double decked. And yesterday morning came the third post, with the like news. This sight hath put the country thereabout in great fear. And the Duke hereupon at nine yesterday morning (though his Grace on Monday was ill and took a vomit) took post from Lambeth towards Dover, there to take order for the safety of that castle, and that the King's navy, which now lies most in the Downs, may do what may be against this fleet if it prove Spanish. . . . An alarm from Portsmouth of a Spanish fleet made my Lord Duke take post the same day towards the Downs, to embark himself the next morning in the ships that were already there for the expedition of the fleet to the number of 23 or 24; with the which, having an exceeding good wind, he made after the pretended Spaniards, whom he found to be Hamburghers and Hollanders together, laden with salt; so as without any further exploit His Grace took land again at Portsmouth, and came back to the Court on Saturday night.'

The scare was all the more reasonable as England was ill-provided with ships at that time, and, worse than this, was burdened with a most incompetent Lord High Admiral, the all-powerful favourite George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who had for some years held this important office. When rather more than half of his reign was passed, His Majesty King James I was seized with a fit of reforming administrative activity. He made an honest effort to cut down his expenses, and looked into the working of what we should now call 'the departments'; at least he caused them to be looked into by persons who could discover and root out abuses. Among the other departments more or less severely overhauled was the Navy. Its condition was not a subject of complaint for the first time, but until 1618 no really serious attempt had been made to amend it. Even in that year nothing might have been done had it not happened that George Villiers had an interest in blackening the character of the Admiral in command. When the Commission began its work the Earl of Nottingham, better known as Lord Howard of Effingham, was, under the superior title of Earl of Nottingham, still Lord High Admiral. Buckingham wanted the post and hated the Howards. If he could prove that the gallant and veteran Earl, who had so distinguished himself in the repulse of the Spanish Armada in 1588, had mismanaged the navy, he would be able to both get the place and injure his political rivals. For the grand old Earl had in truth allowed that navy he had once so gloriously led to fall into a very shameful condition. It is painful to have to acknowledge that the man who had marshalled the defensive forces of England,

> 'When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
> The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain,'

should have tolerated peculation and protected the peculators, but so it was. Nottingham, who had succeeded the Earl of Lincoln as Lord High Admiral because he was a nobleman well liked at Court, and had been kept in his place by Queen Elizabeth partly because his rank gained him an amount of respect from well-born volunteers which they would never have shown to 'tarpaulin' admirals, was a gallant gentleman, yet he was neither a seaman nor a man of business. In Elizabeth's time the actual administrative work of the Navy had been mainly discharged by Sir John Hawkins, who was not a seaman but a large and successful shipowner. Lord Howard led in the day of battle with a good deal of advice from professional officers, and at other times did the representative work of his office with becoming dignity. In the first easy-going days of James he had everything his own way, and governed the Navy with the careless stateliness of a nobleman, who, far too big a man to attend to small matters of business, left his subordinates to do as they pleased. His own hands were clean, but he allowed those whom he had appointed to rob the department very much as he would have allowed his own grooms and cooks to pilfer in his stables and kitchen. He treated every proposal for inquiry as a personal insult dictated by the malice of his enemies at Court, in which he was not wholly in the wrong, and supported the evildoers because he had appointed them. At length the influence of Buckingham proved too strong for the old Earl. A commission of men of business, consisting mainly of official personages of the stamp of Cranfield, Buckingham's relative, and Sir John Coke, was appointed. It sat, inquired, and published reports and proposals which are among the most interesting documents for the history of the English Navy (see an article on 'The End of Elizabeth's Navy,' *Saturday Review*, vol. lxii. p. 186).

The veteran Earl was ill-replaced by the confident, vainglorious Buckingham, who had no knowledge of the art of naval warfare and who had never heard a gun fired except as a salute.

The rumours that the strange vessels off the coast of the Isle of Wight were Spanish heightened the terrors of the scare, for Spain was still one of the chief maritime powers. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread upon the Spanish Navy. 'The King of Spain,' said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses of Parliament in 1593, 'since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty by gaining the East Indies, so as how great soever he was before he is now manifestly more great. . . . He keepeth a Navy armed to impeach all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoign and Guienne, which he attempted to do this last vintage, so as he is now become a frontier enemy to all the West of England as well as all the south ports, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight.'

In the year 1627 England had the misfortune to be at war with Spain. There had been great alternations in the policy of the English Government towards Spain since the death of the lion-hearted Queen Elizabeth. Few kings or statesmen have the self-denial and magnanimity to walk in the ways of their predecessors. King James was the very reverse of a magnanimous ruler of men. His foreign policy was weak and discreditable. At his accession James found the direction of foreign affairs in the hands of Cecil, and so long as Cecil lived the Elizabethan policy was in the main adhered to. Peace was made with Spain, but a close alliance with the United Provinces and a close friendship with France held the ambition of Spain as closely in check as war. No sooner did danger appear in Germany from the intrigues of the House of Austria than the marriage of James's daughter Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine promised support to the Protestant powers. It was indeed mainly to the firm direction of English policy during Cecil's tenure of office that the preservation of peace throughout Europe was due. But the death of Cecil was quickly followed by a disastrous change in the conduct of foreign affairs. James at once proceeded to undo all that the wise policy of Elizabeth and her triumph over the hostile Armada had done. He began a series of negotiations for the marriage of his son with a Princess of Spain. Each of his successive favourites supported the Spanish alliance, and after years of secret diplomacy the King's intentions were proclaimed to the world at the moment when the religious truce, which had so long preserved the peace of

Germany, was broken by the revolt of Bohemia against the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand who claimed its crown, and by the elevation of the Elector Palatine to the vacant throne. James, in reliance on the 'kingcraft' and 'statecraft' on which he prided himself, tried to cajole the well-trained diplomatists and statesmen of Spain into making the best terms for his daughter's husband who had lost the Palatinate, and for securing a marriage for his son Charles with the sister of Philip IV, who as a youth of nineteen had just succeeded to his father Philip III. The House of Commons, which did not share in James's predilection for the Court of Madrid, drew up a petition praying him to make war upon Spain and marry his son to a Protestant. The reply of James was that they had no right to meddle in such matters, and when they protested that they had a right to treat of any business they pleased he tore with his own hand the protestation out of their journal book and dissolved the Parliament. The unpopular scheme of the Spanish marriage was still persevered in with obstinate resolve. So bent was King James on its realization that, after fruitless negotiations, the Prince quitted England in disguise and appeared with Buckingham at Madrid to claim his promised bride. On the road it appears that Charles was smitten by the charms of the French princess, Henrietta Maria, whom he afterwards made his Queen. The story of this strange adventure has been well told in Mr. Gardiner's excellent book, *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*. It must be acknowledged that the stately and punctilious Court of Spain had just reason to be affronted with the gross conduct and bullying manners of the upstart Buckingham and the duplicity of Charles, who, though resolved not to marry the Infanta of Spain at any price, was so far ready to forfeit the character of an English gentleman as, in his parting interview with the young Queen and Donna Maria, to play the part of a disconsolate lover forced away from the object of his passionate affections, presenting to the Infanta a diamond anchor as the emblem of his constancy in order the better to carry on his deception. Philip IV was naturally indignant at the insult thus cast upon his sister, while Charles and Buckingham returned to England with rage in their hearts and resolved upon war. These two, who had played so mean a part in trifling with the affections of the royal lady to whom the Prince had been betrothed, obtained a passing and undeserved popularity at home by personally joining the Parliament in a demand for the rupture of the treaties and a declaration of war with Spain. English historians have dwelt upon the way in which the Spanish Government became the dupe of its own artifices and crafty policy, but the shame of the transaction really rests with Charles, who had renewed his vow of affection to his betrothed on the very eve of his departure from Madrid, only that he might break his word when he was safe at home, where his first remark was that he had duped the Spaniards and that the Spaniards were fools to let him depart so freely. His cold-blooded treachery to the Infanta, who had bestowed on him her heart and hand, and his betrayal of Strafford are the blackest stains on the memory of this unhappy sovereign.

February 9, 1889.

THE SCOTCH TROOPS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, SEPTEMBER, 1627; FROM THE OGLANDER MSS.

In the *Vectis Magazine*, June, 1822, will be found a 'memorandum' from the Oglander MSS., in which the Knight of Nunwell says, 'The greatest error our island ever committed was the permitting the Scottish regiments to be billeted among us'; after which judgement he proceeds to enumerate the inconveniences that followed their arrival. Mr. Long, in his valuable edition of the *Oglander Memoirs*, has given in full a copy of Sir John's words on this subject, which are much abbreviated in the extract from the *Vectis Magazine*, and has transcribed them in the eccentric spelling of the outspoken writer.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Wight of the present generation, with their pleasant memories of the Cameron Highlanders, the Black Watch, the Seaforth Highlanders, and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who have in succession been quartered of late years in Parkhurst Barracks, will find the utmost difficulty in understanding Oglander's denunciations. No regiments are more welcomed in the Isle of Wight than those of the gallant and popular Highlanders. It must be recollected that the organization of the undisciplined Highland host of 1627 was very different from that of the citizen Scotch soldiers of our own days, whose feats of personal bravery and steady endurance in the Peninsula, Waterloo, the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, and elsewhere, fill so large a portion of British military history during the whole of the nineteenth century. What the Highlanders were in the earlier portion of the seventeenth century may be inferred from the brilliant sketch which Lord Macaulay, in the third volume of his *History of England*, has drawn of them at the time of the latter portion of that same century. When Oglander wrote, the people of the Isle of Wight knew as little of Scotland, or at least of the Highlands, as they did of Abyssinia or Japan. Like the other inhabitants of the South of England, they were unacquainted with the distinction between the Lowlanders and the Highlanders of Scotland, a distinction which, though politically and socially now merged, still continues, as the Highlander very accurately calls his Lowland neighbour Sassenach or Saxon, as the Lowlander really is. The very name of the capital of Scotland, Edinburgh, so called from the fortress which Edwin first king of Northumbria founded there, proves that the Teuton conquest of Strathclyde, the territory of the Northern British, which extended to the Firth of Clyde, was made at an early period. The Norman Conquest did not include that of the Saxon Lowlands, nor was this Saxon portion of the realm of Scotland large or powerful enough to subdue the Celts of the Highlands, whose mountain fastness constituted in geographical area the greater portion of the country. William the Conqueror was contented to restrain any invasion of the Lowland Scots upon his English subjects by the erection of a strong fortress at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Our minds require to be cleared up as to the idea we attach to the words 'Scotland' and the Scotch people. At the opening of the fourteenth century the kingdom of the Scots was an aggregate of four different countries, each with its different people, its different tongue, and its different history. Gradually the land became divided between the Saxon Scot and the Celtic Highlander. Down to the Hanoverian times, the chain of the Grampians, which from the Castle of Stirling is seen rising like a wall from the rich plain, separated two nationalities, differing totally in ideas, institutions, habits, and costume, as well as in speech; the less civilized of which looked upon the more civilized as alien intruders, while the more civilized regarded the less civilized much in the same way that Baillie Nichol Jarvie regarded Rob Roy. It seems indeed in the case of the Highlands, as in that of Ireland, Saxon adventurers found their way into the domain of the Celts, but in becoming chieftains they became Celts. From A.D. 1411, when on the field of Harlow near Aberdeen it was finally decided whether Saxon or Celt—Lowlander or Highlander—should rule in Scotland, down to the time of Montrose and Claverhouse, that is for two centuries and a half, the Highlanders lay almost unheeded within their native mountains, except when by some marauding or avenging raid they made their existence for a moment felt before them. The first appearance of the clans in modern history took place when they rose in defence of the dethroned Stuarts, and enabled Montrose to triumph at Inverlochy and Viscount Dundee at Killiecrankie. When they arose again in the same cause, in the 'Fifteen' and the 'Forty-five,' especially in the latter, they so inflamed the minds of English politicians that in the bitterness of feeling after the victory of Culloden the Government and Parliament of England exacted from the helpless Gael a bloody vengeance, which is one of the darkest pages in the history of our country. The genius of Chatham—the elder William Pitt—and also, so tradition asserts, the keen soldierly eye of General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, converted the irregular fighting qualities of the Celtic Highlanders into material which was to supply some of the most crack regiments in our service. Military tailors with improving hands have shaped the Highland plaid and kilt into the smartest uniform of the Infantry in the English Army, while officers chosen from their own countrymen have moulded the wild Highlanders into a force which belongs to the very flower of the wonderful English Infantry which was the object of the first Napoleon's undisguised admiration. The Scotch soldiers, upon whom in 1627 our forefathers in the Isle of Wight gazed with loathing and disgust, were fifty years in civilization behind those of their countrymen of whom Lord Macaulay has drawn so revolting a picture in the thirteenth chapter of his history. The regiment, so Oglander reports, was under the command of the Earl of Morton. This nobleman, the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, was before the civil war broke out one of the richest and greatest subjects in the kingdom. These troops were on their way to the Isle of Rhé, but the Duke of Buckingham's return from that expedition unfortunately hindered their intentions. The consequence was that they had to be what is called 'billeted' in the Isle of Wight. The word is derived from *billet*, a short written document or official order requiring the person to whom it is addressed to provide board and lodgings for the soldier bearing it. The expression seems to have come into use about the date of Oglander's employment of it in his memoirs. This forcible way of quartering soldiers upon the community at large was one of the chief popular complaints against the administration of Charles I, and also one of the four grievances that formed the foundation of the famous 'Petition of Right,' which was presented by the Parliament of 1628 to the king in the shape of a declaratory statute. The clergy were, it appears, exempted from this burden, as Mr. Long gives the following extract from the *Domestic State Papers of* 1628. 'In February, 1628, fourteen ministers of the Island, with the concurrence of Sir E. Dennis, petitioned Conway for exemption from having soldiers billeted on them, except in time of actual danger; as freedom from billeting was an immunity enjoyed by all ministers in the land, except those in the Isle of Wight. Conway acknowledged the reasonableness of their request, and sent the petition to the Commissioners for billeting soldiers in the Island.' Oglander's account of their behaviour shows that they were not only unfit guests for a parsonage but for any decent household, and proves the enormity of the grievance against which the House of Commons so justly protested. 'I hope,' writes Oglander, 'wee shall nevor be trobled with ye lyke; espetiollie ye red shankes, or ye Heylandors, beinge as barbarous in nayture as theyr cloathes.' They were guilty, he adds, of committing 'murthers, rapes, robbereys, bourglaryes,' and also the means of burdening the Island with a number of children not born in wedlock. 'A people insolent by reason of theyre ùnanimous holdinge togeather, and ye weaknesse of theyre commaundors, as malefactors, they became fearful to owre counterymen.' The Domestic State Papers of this year prove that this description of the disorders committed in the Island by the Scotch regiment is not overdrawn. In the beginning of April, 1628, Conway wrote to the Earl of Morton that the grievances suffered in the Isle of Wight through the insolence of the soldiers billeted there were 'so frequent, foul, and insupportable as redress must either be had or the Island be utterly spoiled.' A few days afterwards Conway sent to his deputy lieutenants a commission of Oyer and Terminer to enable them to proceed in a legal manner against the soldiers who committed offences in the Island and to inflict due punishment. The lieutenants were always to be ready with a sufficient number of soldiers to see justice executed; but if the soldiers could not be relied on in such cases, they were to certify the same to him. In the month of June, 1628, the son of James Hall, of Bembridge, was slain by a soldier of Sir W. Carr's company, stationed at Yaverland. On the 16th of the same month, Mr. R. Dillington, of Knighton, wrote to Conway saying that this was the second murder committed by the soldiers in the Island; and that all endeavours to apprehend the murderer were useless, as he was concealed by his comrades. The officers also would not allow the justices to punish crimes committed by their men, and the soldiers themselves threatened to inflict more injuries and outrages on the inhabitants on their departure. It shows the state of terror existing in the Island, that Dillington in the conclusion of his letter begs Conway not to disclose who sent him this information, lest it might bring upon the writer some great danger.

Sir John Oglander, public-spirited gentleman as he was, undertook at the request of the gentlemen of the Isle of Wight to draw up and present a petition on this grievance to the king, who was then at Southwick, near Portsmouth. Oglander and the deputation who accompanied him were received by the king with the usual civil speeches, and were told that he would discuss their application with the Duke of Buckingham, 'without whom nothinge coold be effected.' 'What ye end will be,' pathetically cries out Oglander, 'God knoweth.' The upshot of all is, 'Nevor entertayn moor sowldiors into youre Island, beinge a thinge you maye refuse, and an unsupportable troble and miserye, espetiollie ye Scotchmen, for I maye trulye say, since ye Danes beinge here, theyre nevor wase a greator miserye hapened unto us then ye bilitinge of those Lordedanes.'

On September 1, 1628, the king came to the Isle of Wight purposely to review the Scotch regiment, when Oglander did his best to draw the attention of his Majesty to the grievance which the Isle of Wight was sustaining from the disorderly conduct of the soldiers, for whom they were compelled to find board and lodging. The result was that, as Oglander says, two days after, on September 3, 'wee weare freed from owre Egiption thraldome, or lyke Spayne from theyre Moores, for since ye Danische slauerie nevor weare these Islandors soe opressed. The Isle of Wyght had bene forced to entertayne ye Scottes att theyre cominge from Rochel, if by my paynes and travel bothe often att ye Cowncell table, and to ye Cownsellors in p'ticular (I beinge then in London) had not prevented itt.'

This narrative throws a side light upon that grievance of billeting soldiers, which, with other encroachments upon their ancient liberties, exasperated the people of England against their king and led to the great work of the House of Commons in drawing up the Petition of Right—that most important constitutional measure which confers so much glory on Charles's third Parliament.

March 2, 1889.

THE ASSASSINATION OF BUCKINGHAM.

Through the kindness of Father Dominic, of the Convent, Carisbrooke, I am enabled to furnish the following interesting story of the assassination of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. It is an extract from the dispatches of a certain Amerigo Salvetti, written during the years 1623–1628 in the Tuscan dialect, and in cypher, which has been translated by Mr. Heath Wilson, an Englishman, resident in Florence. The translation has lately been published as a special appendix to the eleventh report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. The dispatches deal with occurrences such as the death of James I, the accession of Charles I, the impeachment of the Earl of Bristol, who was connected with the Spanish Marriage Treaty, the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, the conflicts of Charles I with his Parliament, and all the leading political, social, and general events of those troublous times.'

We have learnt from Professor Ranke, in his *History of the Popes,* the vast importance of the 'Relationi' of the Venetian Ambassadors, and of other documents of equal veracity, written from an unbiassed standpoint, in clearing up the history of those times. The chronicler, Salvetti, was appointed ambassador at the Court of Whitehall in 1616, the year in which Shakespeare died, by Cosmo de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, the second who bore that name. Salvetti was an assumed name, his rightful patronymic being Allesandro Antelmunelli. He came of a noble house of the republic of Lucca. The whole family fell into ill-repute with that republic, for after his father and his three brothers had been first tortured and then executed he himself was summoned from Antwerp to undergo trial. Salvetti disobeyed the order; a price was put upon his head, and the myrmidons of the little republic were employed to track him down and kill him. The fugitive eluded their pursuit and found a home in

England, where he died in 1657, aged eighty-five. He was buried in the chancel of St. Bartholomew's Church, London. Salvetti's record supplies us with the following account of the death of Buckingham:

'Immediately after my arrival at this place (Salvetti writes on September 5, 1628) the news reached me of the tragical end of the Duke of Buckingham at Portsmouth. The author of it is in the position of a gentleman, and it is said that the cause of his act was that the duke refused to give him the company of infantry which he maintained was his by right when his captain died. He avenged himself by a stab with a knife which killed the duke before he had time to say a word. The news of this fatal blow has spread rapidly over the whole kingdom; and, if I may express myself frankly, the appearances of satisfaction are almost universal. His Majesty more than anyone is touched to the quick by this assassination; he feels it so much that they say that he is both profoundly afflicted and incensed. The duke's relatives and dependents are those who will be most affected by this loss. As to others, they rejoice in the prospect of dividing the spoils and the offices which he held in the Government. All the principal members of the Privy Council went immediately to His Majesty to offer their services; and, as all the active management of the Government was in the hands of the duke, it will require some time to make the arrangements which may be rendered necessary by a possible change of policy in home and foreign affairs. It is only too evident that the people are gratified by the death of the duke. and they seem to think that they have gained by the act of his slayer that deliverance which Parliament never could attain. The murderer is named Felton. He is a prisoner, and will be strictly examined to discover if he has accomplices, after which in conformity with the laws he must die. The blow was given so suddenly that it was not actually seen by anyone. The duke was heard to exclaim, "Vile animal, you have killed me," and with his own hand he drew the knife from the wound; then stepping back as if to draw his sword, he fell to the ground and blood flowed from his mouth and nostrils. In seven or eight minutes he expired without uttering a word. On the fall of the duke many of those present drew their swords and turned towards Monsieur de Soubise, who was in the anteroom, and who ran a special risk of being killed from the circumstance that several took it into their heads that he had struck the blow, inasmuch as about half an hour previously some warm words had passed between him and the duke in public. The actual murderer, seeing that the crowd threw itself upon Soubise, called out, "The duke is dead, and it was I killed him." One of those standing by with his sword drawn made a lunge at him. This Felton parried, and, throwing down his sword said, "Do what you like with me." He was made prisoner, and being questioned he said that he had struck the blow, and that he had intended to do so for some days. Being asked if he was sorry for what he had done, he said "No," and that if it were still to do he would do it, having no fear except the displeasure of God.'

September 3, 1887.

SIR JOHN OGLANDER AND A DEPUTATION FROM THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

AUGUST 19, 1628.

THE description of Geoffrey Peveril, the Derbyshire baronet, in that creation of Sir Walter Scott's genius, *Peveril of the Peak*, might stand for the stout old cavalier of Nunwell, Sir John Oglander. They were both of them upright men with strong prejudices, loyal to their sovereign, and as all true-hearted English gentlemen should be, haters of oppression and cruelty, whether in peer or peasant, and of meanness, duplicity, and unhandsome dealing, be these base qualities found in the sycophants and courtiers of kings, or in the demagogues who cajole and flatter the populace. This feature in Oglander's character comes out in his dislike of Buckingham, the worthless favourite of James I and his son

Charles I. The following interesting memorandum has lately been extracted from the Nunwell documents by Major Boulcott, of Ryde, who has kindly forwarded it to me:

'August ye 14th, 1628. Owre Iland beinge miserably opressed with ye Scottish regiment, all ye gentlemen resolved to petition his Matie. (he being then att Southwicke). They commaunded me to draw ye petition, and olso they did me ye honor to deliver itt to his Matie. Wee went first to my Lord Conway, not doubtynge of his best furtherance, considering wee came both in and for ye generalitie, and weare resolved to delivor ower petition. He accordingly used us respectfullye, browght us to ye Kinge, of whom we had many gratious wordes, and he gave us all his hand to kiss, and told us when he had tawked with ye Duke, without whom nothynge coold be effected, we should have what money could be spared, and injoined us to thanke ye whole Iland in his name both for their longe patience and their to well usuage of ye Scottes, with many gratious words. Wee still attended till ye Duke's comynge, but in ye interim ye Lord Conway invited us all to dinner with him to Mr. Ployden's, where he laye. At the Duke's comynge, whytch wase about 5 at nyght, I informed him what we had done, with his Matie's. ansor, shewynge him ower great necessities and imploring his grace's favour; he also gave us many good wordes and fayre promises, but what ye ende will be God knoweth. Ye gentlemen's names that went to Southwicke:—Sir William Leslie, Sir William Mewse, Sir Edward Dennis, Sir Bevis Thelwall, Sir John Oglander, Mr. Barnabie Leigh, Mr. Dillington, Mr. Bowreman.'

The circumstances which led to this deputation being sent from the Isle of Wight are to be found in the history of the period. In 1627 under Cardinal Richelieu, the minister of the French King, Louis XIII, son of Henry of Navarre, and brother of Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Charles I, the third and last Huguenot war broke out. It was among the closing acts of the great drama which has had so much influence on the fortunes of France. Cardinal Richelieu, a better soldier than priest, had set his heart on taking La Rochelle, the last stronghold of the French Protestants, which they had held ever since 1557. La Rochelle, on the west coast of France, the chief city of the department of the Charente Inferieure, was situated in a district of the ancient Poitou, which, like a petty Holland, spread itself out in marshes and canals. This amphibious city, called by the English the 'white city,' from the reflection of the light on its rocks and downs, had thoughts of becoming a second Amsterdam, of which Coligny would have been the William of Orange. The Protestants of Rochelle in their agony sought help from England. Public feeling was enlisted in their cause. Buckingham, who had been piqued by his treatment at the Court of France in consequence of his own ill behaviour, determined at all hazards to force a war with France upon his master. Among the motives that drove Charles and his favourite into this rash war was the hope that they might thereby recover some of the short popularity they had enjoyed during the last Parliament of King James. Lord Bolingbroke, followed by Mr. Matthew Arnold, has argued that Charles by making war with France showed himself more sagacious with regard to foreign policy than Cromwell. The facts of history refute this notion. Charles had at one time lent the French King English ships to be used against the Protestants of Rochelle, and when he afterwards quarrelled with France, Clarendon, a good authority for what was thought at the time, did not believe that policy of any kind, except the desire for passing popularity, predominated over the passions and the vanity of the favourite, in whose hands Charles was a puppet. The self-confident, vainglorious Buckingham had no knowledge or experience of the art of war; he had never seen a gun fired except on a parade or a salute, and his own presumption led him to despise the guidance of others and to put to sea without any concert with those with whom he was to act. The result was that in November the Duke returned to England with a disgraced flag and murmuring fleet.

In the following year, 1628, Charles, much against his own feelings, summoned a Parliament to obtain the means of renewing with better success the war abroad. Richelieu, meanwhile, after the departure of the French King, Louis XIII. from the scene of war, superintended the construction of the celebrated dyke, which was compared to the works raised by Alexander the Great for the reduction of old Tyre, and of which the remains are still distinguishable when there is a low tide in the port of La Rochelle. Charles and Buckingham were at the same time preparing a project for hiring some thousands of German foreign mercenary soldiers for this war with France, and had also gathered troops from Scotland. A regiment of these latter was, as Oglander states, quartered in the Isle of Wight. Sir John, who called a spade a spade, describes in another entry in his memoirs the mischief both moral and material which these Scottish soldiers did in this Island, entering into the details in his most vigorous style.

Under these circumstances the deputation went from the Isle of Wight to lay their complaint before the King. The Court was during August, 1628. as we learn from Clarendon, 'at Southwick, the house of Sir Daniel Norton, five miles from Portsmouth.' From these Nortons the Thistlethwaites, the present owners of Southwick Park, are descended in the female line. Oglander and his companions arrived at this pleasant spot, situated at the confluence of two rivulets in the fertile vale north of Portsdown Hill, on or about August 19. Lord Conway, who was the Governor of the Isle of Wight, was there also in his capacity as Secretary of State.

The details of the interview which these gentlemen of the Isle of Wight had with the all-powerful royal favourite are the more interesting because Buckingham was then a doomed man. Suspecting nothing, the Duke had gone to Portsmouth in order to the preparing and making ready the fleet and the army with which he resolved in a few days to transport himself to the relief of Rochelle, which was then straitly besieged by Cardinal Richelieu. Upon Saturday, August 23, 'being St. Bartholomew's Eve,' says that admirable letter-writer, Howell, 'the Duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper or two; and being ready and having been under the barber's hand (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while), he went to breakfast attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Soubise came to him and whispered him in the ear that Rochelle was relieved; the Duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Soubise went away discontented.' Besides Soubise there were many French refugees about Buckingham. These were seen to gesticulate very violently in conversation with the Duke. This was only the habit of their country when excited, but to the English they seemed to be threatening Buckingham with actual violence. The Duke left his chamber to proceed to his carriage, followed by the noisy, gesticulating Frenchmen. In the hall he was stopped by one of his officers, and at that moment he received a knife in his left breast. He drew forth the weapon, staggered, and fell, and died with the word 'Villain' upon his lips. In the throng and confusion no one saw the hand that struck the mortal blow. Suspicion fell upon the Frenchmen, who were with difficulty saved from the Duke's attendants. Then some ran to keep guard at the gates, some to the ramparts of the town. During this time there was a man who went into the very kitchen of the house where the deed was done, and stood there unnoticed of all. But when a multitude of captains and gentlemen rushed into the house exclaiming, 'Where is the villain? where is the butcher?' that man came calmly forth among them saying boldly, 'I am the man! here I am!' They drew their swords and would have dispatched him on the spot but for the timely interference of Secretary Carleton, Sir Thomas Morton, and some others, who took charge of him till a guard of musqueteers arrived and conveyed him to the Governor's house. This assassin, who might most easily have escaped had he been so minded, had written a paper to declare his motive, imagining that he must perish on the spot and leave no one to speak for him. This paper was sewn in the crown of his hat, half within the lining, and was to this effect:—'That man is cowardly, base, and deserveth not the name of a gentleman or a soldier, that is not willing to sacrifice his life for the honour of his God, his king, and his country. Let no man commend me for the doing of it, but rather discommend themselves as the cause of it; for if God had not taken our hearts for our sins, he had not gone so long unpunished.—JOHN FELTON.'

'The Court was too near Portsmouth,' writes Clarendon, 'and too many courtiers upon the place, to have this murder (so barbarous in the nature and circumstances, the like whereof had not been known in England for many ages) long concealed from the King. His Majesty was at the public prayers of the Church when Sir John Hippisley came into the room with a troubled countenance, and without any pause in respect of the exercise they were performing, went directly to the King and whispered to him what had fallen out. His Majesty continued unmoved, and without the least change in his countenance, till prayers were ended, when he suddenly departed to his chamber, threw himself upon his bed, lamenting with much passion and abundance of tears the loss he had of an excellent servant, and the horrid manner in which he had been deprived of him; and he continued in this melancholic discomposure of mind many days.

'Yet his manner of receiving the news in public, when it was first brought him in the presence of so many (who knew or saw nothing of the passion he expressed in his retreat) made many men believe that the accident was not very ungrateful; at least, that it was very indifferent to him, as being rid of a servant very ungracious to the people, and the prejudice to whose person exceedingly obstructed all overtures made in Parliament for his service.

'And upon this observation many persons of all conditions took great license in speaking of the person of the Duke, and dissecting all his infirmities, believing that thereby they should not incur any displeasure of the King's.'

Sir John Oglander appears to have belonged to these 'enemies of the Duke,' as Clarendon calls them. In his memoirs he has this epigram:

'*In Ducem Buckingamiae.*

Dux and crux are of a sound,
Dux doth rex and grex confound,
If crux of dux might have his fill,
Then grex with rex might work their will.
Five subsidies to ten would turn,
And grex would laugh that now doth mourn:
O rex, thy grex doth grievously complain
That dux bears crux, and crux not dux again.'

Vox populi.

Felton, live ever, thou hast brought to dust,
Treason, murder, pride, and lust!'

It may be presumed that these epigrams are the original production of Sir John Oglander's poetical powers. The former of them may be compared with the pasquinade which shortly before the Duke's murder was stuck upon a post in Coleman Street, London, which ran thus: 'Who rules the kingdom? The King. Who rules the King? The Duke. Who rules the Duke? The devil. A favourite has no friends.' Even death, the great reconciler, did not quench the animosity of the people. As the Duke's coffin was borne on men's shoulders, and in a poor and confused manner, from Wallingford House over against Whitehall, to Westminster Abbey, there being not much above a hundred mourners, who attended upon an empty coffin, for the Duke's corpse had been secretly interred the day before, as if it had been doubted if the people in their madness might have surprised it—as the empty coffin was carried along by night to prevent disorder, the trainbands kept guard on both sides of the way, beating their drums to drown the voices of the people, and carrying their pikes and muskets upon their shoulders as in a march, not trailing them as was usual at mournings. So we are told by Mede, one of those well-informed letter-writers of that time, to whom historians are indebted for their materials and descriptions of the fate of the man who exercised so unhappy an influence over the young King.

George Villiers, the 'Steenie' of King James I, was the third son of a Leicestershire knight, born in 1592. He attracted the notice of the British Solomon, and by his royal favour was in three years promoted to many offices of emolument, 'none of them,' as Sir Henry Wotton, the first biographer of Buckingham, writes, 'unprofitable places.' Wotton, who died Provost of Eton College, besides writing the *Life and Death of the Duke of Buckingham* (first published in London, 1642), also wrote, *A Parallel between the Earl of Essex, and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham* (London, 1641). The resemblance between these two celebrated courtiers, Essex and Villiers, has been treated by Lord Macaulay with his usual brilliancy in the well-known 'Essay on Bacon.' No wonder that the brain of the petulant, hot-blooded, ill-informed lad should have been made dizzy with success, and that Villiers should show most of the vices of the insolent upstart. Like Absalom, beautiful and bad, there was something very attractive in Villiers to win for him the friendship of the great 'interpreter of nature,' Bacon. Bacon, wiser for others than for himself, had with his usual sagacity perceived that the young favourite of James was likely to become the most powerful man in the kingdom, and attached himself to Villiers. To do Buckingham justice, he early exerted his influence on behalf of his illustrious friend, and obtained for him the Great Seal. Before Bacon was raised to the Woolsack he had written an admirable letter of advice to Villiers, 'not to interpose yourself either by word or letter in any cause depending in any court of justice.' Yet Bacon had not been Lord Keeper for a month when Buckingham began to interfere in Chancery suits, and to the disgrace of Bacon Buckingham's interference was successful. 'As smooth of face, as fraudulent of mind,' Buckingham was the evil genius of all who came under his pernicious influence. Brilliant and fascinating, he had used these advantages for the most profligate ends; was false and hollow. Lord Clarendon, in the first book of his History, lets the Duke down rather gently. 'His kindness and attachment to his friends,' so writes that great portrait painter of character, 'was so vehement that they were as so many marriages for better and worse, and so many leagues offensive and defensive; as if he thought himself obliged to love all his friends, and to make war upon all they were angry with, let the cause be what it would.' With this disposition he was eager to serve his relations, his flatterers, and his servile creatures. His elder brother, Christopher, the Earl of Anglesey, received, with many other marks of royal favour, the manor of Bowcombe in the Isle of Wight.

Buckingham had set his heart on marrying Lady Catherine Manners, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland, but the difficulties were great. The Earl was haughty and impracticable, the young lady was a Roman Catholic. Williams, Dean of Westminster, who had acquired considerable influence over Buckingham, soothed the pride of the father, and found arguments, as Lord Macaulay says, which for a time at least quieted the conscience of the daughter. By this lady whom he married Buckingham had three sons and one daughter. The Lady Mary was his firstborn, his eldest son died at nurse, his second son, who succeeded him to his title and estates, has been condemned to an odious immortality by the 'Zimri' of the poet Dryden, and is still perhaps better known by Alexander Pope's exaggerated description of his deathbed 'in the worst inn's worst room.' His third son was Lord Francis, who, as Clarendon says, 'having his horse slain under him, got to an oak-tree on the highway about two miles from Kingston, where he stood with his back against it, defending himself, and scorning to ask quarter, and they barbarously refusing to give it him till with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body he was killed at the age of nineteen in the Civil Wars.'

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was murdered in his thirty-sixth year. Hallam has a curious story of Buckingham, which seems to show that, aware of his unpopularity in England, and that sooner or later he must fall, the Duke had entered into negotiations with Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden to seize upon certain American gold mines belonging to Spain. This and other designs of his scheming, intriguing brain were quenched by the knife of John Felton. Buckingham serves to point the moral of the novelist Fielding's description of one of his handsome scoundrels, 'Nature had certainly wrapt up her odious work in a most beautiful covering.'

August 27, 1887.

THE EARLS OF NEWPORT, AND SOCIETY IN THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

The England of Elizabeth, as portrayed by that charming writer, the author of *Westward Ho!* where all the men were heroes and patriots, all were disinterested, all were sincere professors of a pure and reformed faith, has gradually been dismissed from the minds of historical inquirers. The influence of the Queen herself was not favourable to high moral principle. 'As we trace Elizabeth,' so writes Mr. Green, 'through her tortuous mazes of lying and intrigue, the sense of her greatness is almost lost in a sense of contempt.' More especially was this the case in the later portion of the reign of this sovereign lady, when most of the austerity characteristic of her earlier years had vanished away. The most distinguished courtiers, Raleigh, Essex, Blount, and even Sidney must be added to the list, were men of brilliant parts, but not without licence of morals. Sir John Oglander, in his lately published *Memoirs* (Long's edition, pp. 13, 14), in his blunt way, gives us a glimpse into the morals of the Devereux family, when mentioning the parentage of the first Earl of Newport.

'Abowte ye beginning of Awgust, 1628, my Lorde Mountjoye, base sonn of ye late Lorde Mountjoye, Earl of Devonshyre, on ye bodye of my Lorde Ryche's wyfe, was by ye king created Earle of Nuport in ye Isle of Wyght. I myselve went unto him abowt ye 17th of ye same moonthe, and to be resolved asked of him wheathor itt wase Nuport in owre Island, there being moore Nuportes, and he towld me he wase bowlde with our favors to take that honnor upon him; he is ye fyrste Earle we ever had in owre Island.'

Lady Rich, the mother of the Earl of Newport, had attained an unhappy notoriety among the gallants and courtiers of Elizabeth and of that queen's successor. She was the daughter of Walter Devereux, created Earl of Essex, 14 Eliz. Sir Philip Sidney was deeply attached to her when she was Lady Penelope Devereux, and celebrated her under the name of Philoclea in his *Arcadia*. She was however married against her will to Robert Lord Rich, afterwards created Earl of Warwick. Sidney married in 1583 Frances, the only daughter of his old friend Sir Francis Walsingham. *Astrophel and Stella*, a series of amatory poems by Sir Philip Sidney, though written nearly nine years before, was published in 1591. These sonnets and songs recount the loves of Sir Philip Sidney and Lady Rich; and it is, as Hallam (*Lit. Hist.* vol. ii. p. 225) observes, 'rather a singular circumstance that in her own and her husband's lifetime this ardent courtship of a married woman should have been deemed fit for publication.

Sidney's passion seems to have been unsuccessful, but far enough from being platonic.' Against this decision of Hallam's some of the biographers of Sidney have protested; however this may be, as is usual in such cases, the idolater degraded the object of his idolatry. His admiration paved the way for her degradation. Lady Rich became an avowed adulteress and the paramour of Blount, afterwards created Earl of Devonshire, who was the father of several of her children, and after her divorce from her husband married her in 1605. Mrs. Jameson in her *Romance of Biography* gives an account of this ill-fated woman.

In no respect did the English Reformation work more irregularly and produce more family discord than in its dealings with the marriage laws—laws with which in the famous case of King Henry and Katherine of Arragon the Reformers were so soon, so closely, and so unfortunately, as events proved, associated. These difficulties had in the first place arisen from what had been esteemed the superior sanctity of celibacy, and also from the grasping and arbitrary appropriation by the Church of no less than eight degrees of kindred, within which no man or woman might marry lawfully unless he or she procured an express permission from Rome. To man or woman disgusted with their choice of a mate it had always been open to feel a late vocation for the cloister, or to discover that he or she had married in ignorance within the forbidden degrees, so that the marriage, unless renewed by the grant and confirmation of the Pope, became null and void. Public opinion, the interest of children, and the touch of human feeling might offer some safeguards against this terribly insecure obligation. But both in Roman Catholic times and down to the reign of Elizabeth men and women availed themselves of this liberty of divorce. Sentimentalists took advantage of this laxity, to which some of the foreign Protestants unfortunately yielded, and argued that, since all burdens when not self-imposed are to be considered hardships, in order that the union between man and wife may be perfect, those who have formed it should be at liberty to dissolve it when they please. The age of Elizabeth was a period of religious controversy. Men and women became sick of these controversies, which left them neither right nor wrong, neither earth nor heaven. Hence arose that very low tone of morality which honest old Harrison, a contemporary writer, says prevailed in the court of Elizabeth. The infection spread especially among the upper classes, and the Elizabethan age cannot be claimed as one of domestic purity among the nobility. In Scotland John Knox with his brother clergy sternly required the Earl and Countess of Argyle to do penance publicly at the date when their differences had gone no further than a temporary separation. In England, where Queen Elizabeth was in the habit of snubbing her bishops and deans, it was not to be expected that the aristocracy would listen to the remonstrances of the inferior clergy, the greater portion of whom were illiterate men, whose own leave to marry was only connived at, since the children sprung from marriages of the clergy were illegitimate till the accession of James the First. The influence of Puritanism was required to come in and purify the unwholesome atmosphere of the court. The character of the great Queen deteriorated as she grew older; as the sands of her life were running out, she clung to the pomps and vanities of the world with fierce tenacity. The statesmen and soldiers of her earlier days had dropped one by one from her council board. To be a successful courtier, it was necessary to practise the arts of frivolity and levity. Too often it appears from the private letters of the time that the ladies who were about the Queen's person indulged in no less licence of manners than their associates of the other sex.

Sir Charles Blount, the second son of Lord Mountjoy, was one of the elderly Queen's young favourites with whom she jested and coquetted, scolded and frolicked. He is more creditably known as the Lord Deputy of Ireland who followed Lord Essex in that office. On his arrival in Ireland, which was then in rebellion, he found himself master of only three miles round Dublin, but in three years the revolt was at an end. Though he afterwards married Lady Rich, he died leaving no legitimate issue. The title of Earl of Devonshire became extinct till it was renewed in 1618 in favour of William Cavendish of Hardwick, created Earl of Devonshire by James I.

Of Blount's illegitimate son, who was created Baron

Mountjoy of Thurleston, co. Derby, 1627, and Earl of Newport, I. W., 1628, Oglander says, 'What success this newe Earle may haue, who hath ye title, but noe lande or place therein, aftor adges shall see.' He took part in the expedition to the Isle of Rhé in 1627. The King of France, Louis XIII, generously sent all the English prisoners without ransom as a present to his sister, Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, and told Mountjoy, who offered a good sum for his liberty, that he should pay no money, but on his return to England he could send him two couple of English hounds. 'This Earle of Nuport,' adds Oglander, 'had bene made Earle of Portesmouth, if itt had not bene for a cripled foole that I browght up theyre when I lived at Portesmouth, that assumed in derision that name. This cripled foole not only hindored him from that honnor, but manie others that woold have taken itt (all honnor in those days of ye greate Duke being att sale). I in charitie browght him up, and aftorwards by repayre of ye Duke and Lordes to Portesmouth, and theyre affecting him, he grewe to that bowldnesse as to foole them all.'

The Earl of Newport, who was Master of the Ordnance and one of the Council of War, died February 12, 1665. He married Anne, daughter of Lord Butler of Bramfield, who, on the death of her husband, married Thomas Weston, brother of Jerome, second Earl of Portland, Governor of Carisbrooke Castle, who on the death of Jerome's son, Charles, in the sea-fight against the Dutch, A.D. 1605, became his successor, and dying without issue, the title became extinct. George Blount, son and heir to this first Earl of Newport, died unmarried in March, 1675–76; Charles Blount, brother and heir to George, died within a month after him. Henry Blount, brother and heir to Charles, succeeded him, and died unmarried about September 8, 1679, when the title became extinct in the Blount family.

The present Marquis of Bute bears the title of Viscount Mountjoy of the Isle of Wight. This title came into the Crichton-Stuart family through John fourth Earl of Bute, born 1744, who, on the demise of his mother, Mary, only daughter of Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq., co. York, had succeeded to the barony of Mount Stuart, having been previously in 1776 created Baron Cardiff of Cardiff Castle. In 1796 his lordship was further advanced to the Viscounty of Mountjoy in the Isle of Wight, the barony of Windsor, and the Marquisate of Bute.

In the reign of Queen Anne Lord Windsor bore also the title of Baron Newport, and as John the fourth Earl of Bute and son of George the Third's well-known Prime Minister married the eldest daughter of Herbert Windsor Hickman, second and last Viscount Windsor of the kingdom of Ireland, it may be inferred that in this way the Viscount of Mountjoy in the Isle of Wight came into the family of the Marquis of Bute, and has remained there ever since.

The late Mr. Thackeray used to pour forth the vials of his wrath upon 'the inevitable, abominable, maniacal, absurd, disgusting peerage,' but a good peerage, the older perhaps the better, provides the student with suggestive material in history and biography. Through the kindness of a parishioner I have been enabled to consult a curious old book called *A Help to English History, by Peter Heylin, D.D., and since his death continued with great additions to the first day of November* 1773, which, as the preface states, may be looked upon as 'a supplement or rather an addition to Milles's Catalogue of Honour.' It is called a 'Peerage of the Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons, with a description of the places from which they have their titles.' Among these will be found Newport, with the pedigree of the Earls of Newport and their arms—Barry nebulé of six or and sa.—now borne by the family of the Blounts, Baronets.

April 20, 1889.

RICHARD WESTON, EARL OF PORTLAND, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1631–1634.

I.

In those days when our forefathers never approached a patron empty handed it appears to have been the custom to welcome the arrival of a new Governor to the Isle of Wight by sending him a present. Sir John Oglander, in his MS. *Memoirs*, has the following entry with regard to Richard, Lord Weston, who succeeded Lord Conway in the Captainship of Carisbrooke Castle:

'A note of ye gwyftes yt wase sent to my Lord Treasurer, ower Captayne, on his ffirst cominge to ower Iland, August ye 3rd, 1631, Sir Robert Dillington—1 phesant, 1 heathcoke, 2 partrydges, 2 gulles, half a boucke, 12 rabbottes, 24 pigions, 6 salmon peales, 6 mullettes, 1 troute, 9 carpes, 6 soules, 16 place, 1 baskett of plumbes.

'My lord comanded mee, in his name, to thanke them all for theyre presentes, because they weare most of them unknowne to miselve, and by yt manner, I had a truer note from his stuard.'

If the other gentlemen in the Isle of Wight sent as liberal a contribution of flesh, fowl, fish, and fruit as Sir Robert Dillington, the larder at Carisbrooke Castle must have been very well stocked. Some of the entries in the Corporation records of Newport, I. W., prove that the burghers of that borough were equally well-disposed towards furnishing the Governor's kitchen. In the charges laid out by the bailiffs from 1580 to 1582 there occurs—'Itm given to Sir Edward Horsey, xxviij lbs. of ffyne suger at xix*d*.—xliiij*s*. iiij*d*.' Mr. Hillier, from whose *History of Newport* this extract is taken, says, 'This sugar was grown in Sicily and Madeira, the cane not having been then introduced into England.' But it must be remembered that in Hispaniola or St. Domingo there were as early as 1518 twenty-eight sugar-works established by the Spaniards. Peter Martyr, who gives this information, remarks on the extraordinary growth of the cane in that island, which for a long period offered the principal supply of sugar to Europe. Antwerp about 1560 received sugar from Spain, which had it from the Canaries and also from Portugal, the latter country deriving it from St. Thomé and other islands on the African coast and from Madeira. Sugar was also an article of import from Barbary. We learnt the art of manufacturing sugar, so Humboldt supposes, from the Arabs, to whom we are indebted for so many inventions, as also to the increased communication with the East occasioned by the Crusades.

The authorities at Carisbrooke Castle had what children call a sweet tooth, for there is another item of 'marmalade also given the Governor, vij*s*. and vi*d*. 1583. Paid Mr. Jefferie, for certayne spises, which was given for Sir George Carey, xliiij*s*. and x*d*. 1588. Payde for spises being a pr'sent given unto Sir George Carey, our Captayne, xxxv*s*. 1594. Item payde for suger and other spises, being a pr'ent to our Captayne, Sir George Carey, £iij v*s*. vi*d*. 1596. Item payde for cinnamon, suger, and other spises, being a present to My Lord Hunsdon (Sir George Carey), £iiij i*s*. vi*d*.'

We have an admirable portrait of Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, in the first book of Clarendon's *History*. Clarendon is remarkable for his keenness of observation and his skill in delineating character, with a certain sober majesty of style. His description of this Governor of the Isle of Wight stands out like a picture by Vandyke. It is too lengthy to be given in full, and it cannot be shortened without being entirely taken to pieces, to the sacrifice of its peculiar merits. Richard Weston was of an ancient family on both his father's and mother's side. He had a good education both among books and men. After some years' study of the law in the Middle Temple, he travelled into foreign parts, and then he took himself to the Court in London. At Court he spent the best part of the fair fortune which he had inherited from his father, but as a compensation made his way with people in authority. He was in consequence sent as an ambassador to the German Diet, to treat about the restitution of the Palatinate, where, according to Clarendon, 'he behaved himself with great prudence, and with the concurrent testimony of his being a wise man from all those princes and ambassadors with whom he treated.'

The mission of Weston belongs to one of the most interesting chapters in history—the great struggle of the Thirty Years' War, which beginning in 1618 came to a close in 1648. That memorable war has been called the great duel of the seventeenth century, in which Romanism and Protestantism were pitted against each other. It may be more truly described as a conflict in which the contending forces were Jesuitism, Lutheranism, and Calvinism. A century had passed since the first teaching of Luther. The Society of Jesus, founded by Ignatius Loyola, was overshadowing that Church of Rome which it was created to protect. Certain of the Popes felt this painfully, and made their dislike of the new order evident by using the old orders against the intruder. The Jesuits with their watchword of 'Obedience' became mightier and mightier. They could gather the most enterprising and devout spirits about them, and could reach the highest and lowest in all lands. Jesuitism, working from its great seminary at Ingoldstadt, and backed by Austria, was, with its three instruments, the pulpit, the school, and the confessional, reclaiming men, women, and children from the Protestant sects. The Protestants, though they had formed an Evangelical Union, were divided among themselves. There were fatal divisions among the Lutherans and the Calvinists, Luther himself having said in his haste that he hated a Calvinist more than a Papist. The Evangelical Union wanted the compactness of the Catholic League, of which Maximilian of Bavaria, a pupil of the Jesuits, was chief. The watchword of the Lutherans was 'Faith,' that of the Calvinists 'The Religion.' That religion was the belief in an unchangeable personal will, which not only governs the course of events but first of all chooses out individual men—the elect—to fulfil its purposes. Faith and religion are both grand names. But when they are worked up into a belief in a system of doctrine, instead of a faith in a living God and in Christ as King of the nations upon earth, they are little more than mere names. They did not stir the hearts of the people. The smouldering fire burst into a flame in Bohemia, a kingdom of the House of Austria, and a member of the Empire, but peopled by hot, impulsive Sclavs, jealous of their nationality as well as of their faith, which had been endeared to them by their struggles in the Hussite War and their victories under Zisca and Procopius. The spark which Wyclif had kindled in England had passed along the electric chain of those universities and schools of learning by which mediaeval Christendom communicated its religious ideas from one country to another. The Sclavonian Reformation under John Huss and Jerome of Prague was different from that which Luther afterwards started in Germany, and still more different from that of Calvin and the French Huguenots. John Huss was burnt at the stake as a heretic, but his heresy has never been accurately defined. On transubstantiation (notwithstanding the subtleties of his adversaries), even on the communion in one kind and the worship of the saints and of the Virgin Mary, Huss followed the received opinions of the time. After the fierce conflagration of the Hussite War the Bohemians had become Utraquists, so called because they claimed to partake of the Lord's Supper 'sub utraque formâ' of bread and wine. They insisted upon having the eucharist in both kinds—the cup for the laity was their battle-shout, and they won it. With certain limitations the Council of Basle conceded to the Bohemians the communion in both kinds. By this concession the Council averted the severance of Bohemia from Latin unity. The symbols of Utraquism, the great chalice and the sword, were put up in the Thein church at Prague, and were only taken down with the rigorous enforcement of Roman dogmas and usages under the Emperor Ferdinand II. Such was the state of Bohemia a century before Luther. A century after Luther, in that romantic city by the Moldau—Prague—with its strange, half-Oriental beauty, the strife was renewed. The Utraquists had obtained from the Emperor Rudolph II a charter of religious liberty. The timid Rudolph, buried in his astrological reveries, his gems, antiques, and laboratory, was succeeded by his brother Matthias, and he again by his first cousin, Ferdinand II. Ferdinand was the Philip II of Bohemia in bigotry though not in cruelty. In his youth, after a pilgrimage to Loretto, he had vowed at the feet of the Pope to restore Catholicism at the hazard of his life. He was a pupil of the Jesuits, and had before his accession to the throne come into collision with Protestantism where it was triumphant, and had found in its violence too good an excuse for his own arbitrary proceedings. As King of Bohemia he attempted to narrow the Utraquist liberties. The hot Czech blood took fire, and at a Council held at Prague, in the old palace of the Bohemian kings, the Hradschin, the two unpopular members of the Imperial Government, Slavata and Martinitz, with their secretary and creature, Fabricius, were thrown out of a window in what was called the good old Bohemian fashion, and for a wonder escaped, though they fell nearly eighty feet.

The first blow was struck, the signal given for thirty years of havoc. By a vote of the States of Bohemia the crown was taken from Ferdinand and offered to Frederick, the Elector Palatine. Frederick V, Elector Palatine, was the head of the Calvinistic party in Germany, and son-in-law of James I, King of England, whose bright and fascinating daughter Elizabeth he had married. He had few or no qualifications for that crown of peril, and wisely hesitated about accepting it, but his high-hearted wife exclaimed, 'Let me eat dry bread at a king's table, rather than feast at the board of an elector.' An avenging Nemesis took the young Princess at her word. She and her family lived to eat dry bread, and beg for it too, because she would be a queen.

July 5, 1890.

II.

The first week of August, 1631, offered to the sightseers of the Isle of Wight a series of gala-days. Their unpopular Governor, John Lord Conway, who never resided in the Island, but administered its affairs by his lieutenants, Sir Edward Dennis and Sir John Oglander, had died in St. Martin's Lane, London, January 3, 1630–1631, of apoplexy. The Crown speedily made a new appointment.

His successor, Richard Lord Weston, was, upon the murder of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton, the most trusted Minister of Charles the First. A short sketch of his character and career will be subjoined, and it will be sufficient here to say that the white staff of the Lord High Treasurer had been placed in his hands for about a year, and that he was a Knight of the Garter.

A contemporaneous account of the festivities and rejoicings which took place in the Isle of Wight on the first visit of the new Governor by an eyewitness and shrewd observer has fortunately been handed down in the *Oglander Memoirs*, edited by W. H. Long, pp. 56–62.

The King came to Portsmouth on August 2, 1631, to see his ships in the harbour, accompanied by Lord Weston. The Lord Treasurer, so Oglander relates, sent for Oglander to meet him at Portsmouth. The King was lodged at 'God's House,' and on August 3, while Charles was at dinner, the new Captain of the Isle of Wight set sail for its shores. A gallant band of cavaliers, 'stout-hearted gentlemen every one,' accompanied him. Among these may be mentioned Edward Viscount Conway, the son of Weston's predecessor; Lord Cottington, Chancellor and Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer; Lord Mount Norris, afterwards the first Viscount Valentia, Treasurer and Secretary of State in Ireland; Sir Kenelm Digby, the philosophical writer, who is said to have first explained the necessity in vegetation for oxygen or vital air which had lately been discovered by Bathurst; Captain Mason, Paymaster of the Forces, in whose house the Duke of Buckingham had been assassinated. Besides these were many knights and gentlemen of quality, amounting in all to three hundred persons. The King's pinnace was placed at the service of the Lord High Treasurer, 'and one of the "whelps" waited on him.' These 'whelps,' or more fully 'The Lion's Whelps,' were a kind of ship then recently added to the Navy, being built in 1627 for the expedition to Rochelle. There were ten of them altogether, each armed with fourteen or sixteen guns of light calibre, and manned with about seventy men. In the return from Rochelle two of them were lost at sea, and they were never afterwards all in commission at the same time. The *Lion* herself was a forty-gun ship manned with two hundred men. Oglander, with one or two companions, went across the Solent in a small boat to make preparations for the reception of the new Governor, and the little craft was in some danger from the exuberant loyalty of the gunners on shore, who were firing salutes in honour of the King at Portsmouth. Lord Weston came ashore at Ryde, and from thence was taken by Oglander by Whitfield and Brading to Sandham Castle, where he remained an hour, and saw the engineers stake out a sconce to be erected there. From Sandham, now spelt Sandown, he was led to the top of Brading Down, and so to Newport, where the Mayor and Aldermen met him at Coppin's Bridge; and the town made a guard of musketeers, and so conveyed him to the house of Mr. James, the representative of one of the leading families among the citizens of Newport, where he was entertained and lodged. At the entrance of the door of the free school the master met him with a speech by one of his scholars (Mr. Bacon's son), at which compliment his lordship was so well pleased that he gave the boy £5. A petition from the schoolmaster was also presented, praying the King to make a grant of two hundred acres out of Parkhurst Forest, for the maintenance of the school, which his lordship promised to effect. The gentlemen of the Island sent in provisions, so that the Governor was able to keep a bountiful table. Healths were proposed and drunk at each meal. A witticism of his lordship is recorded. When his own health was received with cheers, he said that he, like his own dog, 'Captain,' was barking for his master. On August 4 he went to Carisbrooke Castle, and from thence to the top of the hill next to Freshwater, and there saw all the country and Yarmouth, every parish through which he passed ringing their bells, and the people giving acclamations of welcome, which he courteously acknowledged. On August 5 he dined betimes, and went after dinner to Cowes Castle, and there had the pinnace to carry him, and one of the 'whelps' to attend him. The ordnance of the castle fired three times, and all the ships saluted him.

Oglander says that the Isle of Wight did their Governor every possible honour. He was entertained at his landing by all the gentry of the country, who waited upon him during his stay and till he returned to the mainland. So well pleased was the Governor that he desired Oglander to return thanks in his name to all those that had sent him provisions. Never had Oglander seen in his life a braver company nor a greater entertainment. He had sent him by the gentlemen of the Island a hogshead of sack, claret, and white wine; a fat ox, fish and fowl of all sorts. 'Nevor wase anye Captaine of ye Island bravor entertained, or nobler used and respected by ye countery; and wee live in expectation of ye lyke from him.'

The great point on which he was pressed was the repayment of the heavy expenses to which the Island had been put by the billeting of the Scotch soldiers at the time of Buckingham's expedition to Rochelle. As might be expected from a finance minister, Weston was, unlike his predecessor, the Duke of Buckingham, in favour of peace; but unfortunately for his royal master not an advocate of retrenchment. Lord Clarendon in his *History*, vol. i. pp. 84–96, has given a very finished portrait of Lord Weston. He was the son and heir of Sir Jerome Weston, Kt., of Roxwell, Essex. After some years spent in the study of the law and in foreign travel, he attached himself to the Court, and in 1621 was sent with Sir Edward Conway to Brussels to treat with the Spanish and Imperialist diplomatists for the restitution of the Palatinate. After having spent the last part of his own ample fortune, and involved his friends 'who were willing to run his hopeful fortune,' he was promoted to various high offices at home. In April, 1628, he was created Baron Weston of Nayland; and in July following, on the compulsory retirement of the Earl of Marlborough, Milton's

'Good Earl, once President
Of England's Council and her Treasury,
Who lived in both unstained with gold or fee'

—the Lord High Treasurer's white staff of office was handed over to him. Three years afterwards he was invested with the blue ribbon of the Garter, and made by letters patent Governor of the Isle of Wight. He was so elated at his elevation that 'he threw off his old affectation to please some very much and to displease others, in which art he had excelled.' To quote Clarendon again, 'He took more pains into examining and inquiring into other men's offices than in the discharge of his own; and not so much joy in what he had, as trouble and agony for what he had not. He had so vehement a desire to be the sole favourite, that he had no relish of the power he had, and every day discovered some new infirmities in him, which being before known to few, and not taken notice of, did not expose him to public reproach and private animosities. His wife and his daughters were declared of the Romish religion, and though himself and his sons sometimes went to church, he was never thought to have zeal for it. All the honours the King conferred upon him could not make him think himself great enough, nor could all the King's bounties nor his own accessions raise a fortune to his heir; but after six or eight years spent in outward opulence and inward murmur and trouble that it was no greater; after vast sums of money and great wealth gotten, and rather consumed than enjoyed; without any sense of delight in so great prosperity, but with the agony that it was no greater; he died unlamented by any.' No more vivid description of the insatiable man, who can never have enough, can be found than in Clarendon's masterly portrait of Weston. His was the temper of 'ravening dogs,' such as in the Psalmist's phrase 'go about the city,' there wander up and down for meat, and grudge, if they be not satisfied—which they never are, never can be; such is the nature of the beast. He was created Earl of Portland February 17, 1632, and died March 12, 1634, and was buried at Winchester Cathedral, where a recumbent statue in bronze still remains to his memory. 'He died,' once more to use the words of Clarendon, 'bitterly mentioned by those who had never pretended to love him, and severely censured and complained of by those who expected most from him and deserved best of him; and left a numerous family, which were in a short time worn out, and yet outlived the fortune he left behind him.'

November 29, 1890.

III.

In an evil hour Frederick accepted the proffered crown. Soon his unfitness and incapacity appeared. A foreigner, he could not rein in the restive and hard-mouthed Czech nobility; a Calvinist, and a pupil of the Huguenots, he unwisely let loose Calvinistic preachers and schoolmasters among a people who clung to their ancient faith, provided only that they might enjoy their Christian freedom of the communion in both kinds. To stamp out those whom they called Papists was what the Calvinists held to be their vocation. They were not attractive missionaries. Their inconsiderate zeal irritated the Bohemians, who clung to their ancient images, and who were satisfied so long as they had the cup. Frederick by his impolicy and indolence soon lost the popularity he had at first gained among his new subjects. Supinely did Frederick allow Austria and the Catholic League to raise their Croats and Walloons with the ready aid of Spanish gold, so valuable in that age of unready finance. Supinely in his cordial hatred of Calvinism he allowed the Lutheran Elector of Saxony to be won over to the Catholic League. Supinely he saw the storm gather and roll towards him. Supinely he lingered in his palace, while on the White Hill, a name fatal in Protestant annals, his army, discouraged by his want of spirit, was defeated by the united forces of the Empire, under Bucquoi, and of the Catholic League, under that man of military genius, Count Tilly. Still there was hope in resistance; yet Frederick fled. He was in great danger, so say his apologists. It was to face a great danger and to show others how to face it that he had come there. Let a man when he plays for high stakes look well to the cost and count it beforehand. Frederick lost not only the crown of Bohemia; there was a transfer of the Palatinate; the country was annexed to Bavaria, the library at Heidelberg presented to the Pope.

Application was made to James I to assist his son-in-law. Weston was sent from England to conduct the negotiations with the German Diet. Weston was, so Clarendon informs us, inclined towards Romanism. 'His wife and all his daughters were of the Roman religion; and though he himself and his sons sometimes went to church, he was never thought to have zeal for it; and his domestic conversation, and his agents, with whom only he assumed entire freedom, were all Papists, and believed to be agents for the rest.' With this bias in his religious views, he would not press the claims of the Elector very vigorously, and would be all the more acceptable to the German princes, who, Lutherans as well as Catholics, had no great affection for Heidelberg, whence the catechism which served as the rule and guide of Calvinism had proceeded.

'Upon his return he was made a privy councillor, and chancellor of the exchequer in the place of the Lord Brooke, who was either persuaded or put out of the place, which, being an office of honour and trust, is likewise an excellent stage for men of parts to tread and expose themselves upon, where they have occasion of all kinds to lay out and spread all their faculties and qualifications most for their advantage.' Weston was made lord treasurer, and advanced to the white staff of that high office on the removal of the Earl of Marlborough some few months before the death of the Duke of Buckingham. Marlborough, 'that good Earl,' so well known from Milton's sonnet to his daughter, the Lady Margaret Ley, who was married to Captain Hobson of the Isle of Wight, died at an advanced age. Milton attributes his death to the 'breaking' of Charles's third Parliament, 1628–29. Lord Clarendon, who evidently had no great regard for the Lord Treasurer Weston, complains of him as not 'keeping within the verge of his own province. I know not by what forwardness in his stars, he took more pains in examining and inquiring into other men's offices than in the discharge of his own, and not so much joy he had as trouble and agony for what he had not.' With all his craving after political power, he had not the suppleness of the practised hand in the struggle for place. 'He was of an imperious nature, and nothing wary in disobliging and provoking other men, and had too much courage in offending and incensing them; he was of so unhappy feminine a temper that he was always in a terrible fright and apprehension of them.'

Weston appears to have had a share in bringing about the well-known resolution voted on March 2, 1629, by Charles's third Parliament, 'That whoever should bring in innovation of religion, popery, or Arminianism, and any that should advise the taking of tunnage or poundage not granted by Parliament, or should pay the same, should be accounted enemies to the kingdom.' On that day, Monday, March 2, Sir John Eliot stood up, and after expressing his duty to the King once more denounced Arminianism, and then fell with his whole weight upon Richard Neile, the great Bishop of Winchester, 'and his greater abettor—that is,' continued Eliot, 'the Lord Treasurer Weston, in whose person all evil is concentrated, both for the innovation of religion and invasion of our liberties, he being now the great enemy of the commonwealth. I have traced him in all his actions, and I find him building on those grounds laid by his master, the great Duke; he secretly is moving for this interruption; and from this fear they go about to break Parliaments, lest Parliaments should break them.' Through the valuable labours of Mr. Forster, as contained in his excellent book, *Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I*, 1860, the whole of this important period, which commenced a new era in England, has fresh light thrown upon it. They who wish to obtain some information concerning the Arminian, or Calvinistic, or Quinquarticular controversy (for by these names it is known amongst divines), as it bears upon the history of the Church of England and the religious controversies of Charles's reign, cannot do better than consult the very clear, fair, and impartial sketch which is given in the seventh chapter of Hallam's *Constitutional History*. The title of Arminians belongs to those who hold doctrinal opinions opposed to Calvinistic teaching, and are members of different churches, rather than to any sect or insulated party. The doctrines of Herman, a Dutch divine who latinized his name after the pedantic fashion of those times, and of his distinguished adherent Hugo Grotius, looked at on one side, bore the distinct impress of the Protestant Reformation. They were set up in opposition to the generally received divinity of the Church, and were deduced from texts of Scripture. Very probably the doctrines of the principal propagators of Arminianism were much more unlike the views of the older church than the Calvinistic views were. Calvin, like Luther, entertained a great reverence for the old creeds of the Church and some for the Fathers. His Predestinarian theology was based on that of St. Augustine. Augustinian views had always obtained a hold on the Church of Rome, though they had been opposed by the Franciscan Order, and latterly by the Jesuits.

The English exiles under Mary had returned in 1559 from Frankfort, Zurich, and Geneva, imbued with the principles of the Reformed or Calvinistic doctrine. As late as 1578 Calvin's Catechism was ordered to be used in the University of Cambridge. Those who did not hold the Predestinarian theory were branded as Free-Willers and Pelagians. The Lambeth Articles, put forth by Archbishop Whitgift in 1595, inculcated predestination and reprobation in their strongest form. But Lord Burleigh having shown some disapprobation, they never obtained any legal sanction in England, though they were adopted by the Dublin Convocation, 1615, in Ireland. James I sent not only English divines to sit in the Council of Dort, 1618, where the principles developed by Calvin were fully established, but vehemently instigated the violent proceedings against the remonstrant Arminians. Afterwards, with that inconsistency which marked that King's character, James excluded from preferments in the Church those who maintained the Augustinian system. This dislike of those who clung to Calvinistic doctrine was carried to its height by Charles I, whose chief ecclesiastical adviser—Laud—was inclined towards a modified Arminianism.

The opposition of the majority of the members in the House of Commons against Arminianism arose from the fact that the clergy who most receded from Calvinism were generally the strongest zealots for the royal prerogative. Sir John Eliot and his associates among the country gentlemen in Parliament were cultivated and travelled men, acquainted with the history and poetry of the old world, students of French and Italian history. They felt that the King was putting forth his prerogative to the overthrow of the old laws and charters of the land. The duty of adhering to the old institutions of the country they had learned from their classical instructors, as well as from their Bibles. Tacitus had told them what came to Rome when the reverence for law had been exchanged for subjection to the mere will of a single man. They felt that the royal preference for these newfangled Arminian doctrines was an innovation. They mixed it up with Popery, with which in point of fact it had little or nothing to do, because Calvinism to them had become almost identical with Protestantism. They were successful in preventing Arminianism from establishing itself into a rival church; they were quite unsuccessful in preventing it from leavening the minds of those who adopted the Genevan model and subscribed the Genevan confession.

After this attack of Eliot, Weston, as Clarendon relates, fell under the reproach of being a man of big looks and of a mean and abject spirit. He was no favourite with the Queen Henrietta Maria, who was not untruly supposed to have a much stronger and steadier purpose than belonged to her husband Charles. The King twice paid his debts, besides bestowing on him several of the Crown lands. Yet could not all the King's bounties nor his own large accessions raise a fortune to his heir; but after six or eight years spent in outward opulency and universal murmur and trouble that it was not much greater; after vast sums of money and great wealth gotten, and rather consumed than enjoyed; without any sense or delight in so great prosperity, with the agony that it was no greater, he died unlamented by any, bitterly mentioned by most who never pretended to love him, and complained of by those who expected most from him and deserved best of him.

'And then he died, behold before ye
Humanity's poor sum and story,
Life, death, and all that is of glory[1].'

He was buried, so H. D. Cole, Esq., kindly informs me, in the 'Guardian Angels'' Chapel in Winchester Cathedral. On the tomb is a magnificent bronze statue, and over are placed some marble busts of his family, which were much damaged by Cromwell's troops. The arms are, or an eagle regardant and displayed sable. In 1815, on opening the vault, the leaden coffin was discovered upon the pavement, bearing the following inscription on a tablet of brass:

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[1] Barry Cornwall.

> 'Depositum
> Illustrissimi D.D. Ricardi Weston,
> Comitis de Portland, Baronis de
> Nayland, Magni Thesaurarii
> Angliae, Serenissimo Regi Carolo
> a secretioribus consiliis et nobilissimi
> Ordinis Garteriani commilitoris,
> Obiit 13 Mar. 1634,
> an. aetatis suae 59.'

December 6, 1890.

ALEXANDER ROSS, VICAR OF CARISBROOKE, A.D. 1634–1654.

The name, at any rate, of one Vicar of Carisbrooke has been preserved from that oblivion or dead history which is the lot of the mass of mankind by two lines in an English classic. Most of the Isle of Wight guide-books quote the words in which the author of Hudibras records the painstaking assiduity with which a certain 'sage philosopher' had read 'Alexander Ross over.' The rhyme is no less apt than it is descriptive of facts, for the reader who could dip into the voluminous writings of the sometime Vicar of Carisbrooke must have been a very 'glutton of books.'

In these days very few people read Butler's *Hudibras*, which was, when first published, far more popular than *Paradise Lost*, though the wit of the author has still preserved many lines, such as those which commemorate the fact of the student who did not shrink from the superhuman task of perusing Ross. A list of all the works published by Alexander Ross, amounting to thirty in all, as also of eight others not yet published, but ready for the press, is now lying before me, with which I have been furnished by the kindness of the Rev. R. L. Clarke, Fellow, Tutor, and

Librarian of Queen's College, Oxford. The list is enough to appal the languid readers of our days, while the titles of some of his books, *Rasura Tonsoris*, *Chimaera Pythagorica*, *Medicus Medicatus*, and the like, remind us of the catalogue of the choice books in the Library of St. Victor, at Paris, as given in Rabelais. No human being can be supposed to have even glanced at those ponderous volumes, but it is remarkable that they and the author should have escaped the notice of so diligent an investigator of the byways of literary history as Isaac D'Israeli. Ross is fairly entitled to some notice in the local history of the Isle of Wight, and I propose laying before my readers a short sketch of the life and works of my predecessor in the Vicarage of Carisbrooke, the materials of which have been derived from Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses*, ed. Bliss, the biographical works of Chalmers and Granger, along with some information gathered from papers in Queen's College, Oxford, and in the parish chest of the *Carisbrooke Registers*.

Alexander Ross, or Rosse, was born at Aberdeen in 1590, the year in which James VI of Scotland—our James I—was married to Anne of Denmark. The name of Ross is borne by several families of good birth, and there were Earls of Ross. There is nothing to show that the future Isle of Wight vicar had any pretensions to what the Scotch call 'sibness' with gentle blood and breeding. Like many an Aberdeenshire lad since his day, this keen-witted young Scotchman with a craving for learning proceeded from the Grammar School to the large and stately fabric of the King's College of Aberdeen, which even now with its cloister-like repose and mouldering court-yards carries us back into the Scotland of the Stuarts. In that ancient seat of what are expressively called by Scotchmen the 'humanities' Ross, besides learning much Latin and less Greek, was disciplined in that dry and dogmatic metaphysical theology, which tended to imbue the minds of the hard-headed and saturnine Scotch scholars of that period with principles as firm and incapable of being uprooted as their own mountains. The Stuart King, James, had a strong flavour of erudition about him. During his reign men of letters became more than they had ever been before a profession with James as their royal patron. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the golden age of Scotch Latin poetry. George Buchanan and Arthur Jonston, who wrote Latin with a good ear and considerable elegance of phrase, set the fashion. Ross cultivated this art with much ardour. The fruits of his studies at Aberdeen in this practice may be seen in several volumes of Latin poetry which were afterwards published by him. The most remarkable of these is the *Virgilius Evangelizans*, or, as he entitles it, 'A cento on the life of Christ, collected entirely from Virgil'; a curious poem, which Dr. Stoughton, the learned English ecclesiastical historian, read some years ago (as he told me in a letter which I had the pleasure to receive from him) with much interest. I may here add that Dr. Stoughton then informed me that the fullest account of Ross's writings is to be found in Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors*, a capital work, published in America.

Ross's first charge was at one of the churches in Aberdeen, where he was for a short period the minister. As in the later part of his life he was a clergyman of the Church of England, and, as it appears, without being ordained afterwards in England, it must be recollected that at that time the Church of Scotland, while adhering to the strongest Calvinistic doctrine, was under the Episcopal form of government. He soon left this ministerial charge, for what cause is not known, but so far continued his connexion with Aberdeen that he conducted a controversy with some of his clerical brethren who came thither to recommend the late covenant to the ministers and professors of Divinity in Aberdeen. This argument was printed 1638, and in the preface to that publication it was stated, 'Those that wrote the said general remarks, &c., were Alex. Rosse, sometime minister at Aberdeen, and John Forbes of Corso, doctor and professor of divinity at Aberdeen.' On leaving Scotland he came into England, and succeeded Thomas Park (son of Robert), author of the book *De Traductione Peccatoris*, in the mastership of the free school at Southampton. This must have been about 1616, as in the preface to a sermon entitled, 'God's house, or the house of prayer vindicated from sacrilege and profaneness,' and preached in 1641, he says in the preface, 'I am forced to publish this sermon, partly by the slanderous speeches of some new upstart sectaries in this town. I have spent twenty-five years in this peaceful and well-governed corporation. I have studied divinity thirty-six years, and till now I never knew that I delivered erroneous doctrine.' With the perfervid instinct of his race the fiery Scotchman evidently got into hot water at Southampton, and had to fear the rancour of theological hatred, since he wrote a second sermon, 'God's house made a den of thieves,' which, after delivering it, he printed and bequeathed as his 'legacy' to the people of Southampton on departing from them. Before writing these sermons he had been made Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles I. In 1634 Ross was presented by the Provost and Fellows of Queen's College to the Vicarage of Carisbrooke with the chapelries of Newport and Northwood, and in the Carisbrooke registers for that year is a memorandum that on April 20 the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England were severally distinctly read by Alexander Ross, Vicar of Carisbrooke, in the parish church of Carisbrooke. This is signed by John Wiltshire, the curate, and by five other persons. The advowson of Carisbrooke, together with those of the churches of Niton, Whitwell, and Godshill, and others on the mainland in Hampshire, had been granted to Queen's College by Charles I, at the intercession of his Queen, Henrietta Maria, who as Queen Consort was the special patroness of the college, Nov. 12, 1686. Ross was not a Fellow of Queen's, but as in the case of Niton it would seem that a previous promise had been made to Ross, that on the next vacancy of Carisbrooke he should be presented to what was then a benefice in the gift of the Crown, and that the college carried out the arrangement which had been previously made.

In the year in which Ross was inducted into the vicarage of Carisbrooke Laud, as primate and first peer of the realm, was carrying all before him. Very disastrous to the Church of England was the meddling, irritating policy of that prelate. The monopoly by the clergy of the confidence of the king and of the high offices of state excited the jealousy and disgust of the higher aristocracy. To their enmity Laud contrived to add that of another very powerful order of men—

the lawyers. Moderate men were alienated from the Church by the new claims of priestly authority made by the clergy. A few years passed by, and the storm of Puritanism swept over the land; the use of the Book of Common Prayer even in private families was forbidden; the clergy were driven from their benefices. Quiet, peaceful Carisbrooke did not escape the fury of the blast. Short work was made with Ross, who was ejected. His learning did not protect him. It has of late been argued that the Puritans were not blind haters of erudition and scholarship, loving darkness rather than light. That may be quite true when learning was found on their own side in such men as John Owen, Richard Baxter, Philip Henry, John Howe, and others. But learning in any one whom the Puritans nicknamed a prelatist did not exempt him from their persecution. With remorseless tyranny Puritanism 'trampled on the old age of Hales, and embittered with insult the dying moments of Chillingworth,' those two 'bright stars' who, to use Hallam's fine expression, 'lived apart from the vulgar bigots of both factions'; while Jeremy Taylor, one of the most illustrious names in English literature, was driven from his living at Uppingham, and had to support himself and his family by teaching a village school in Wales. My old schoolmaster at Oakham, Dr. Doncaster, was fond of quoting some lines:

'For when a man's the sport of heaven,
To keep a school the wretch is driven.'

Ross escaped the fate of Jeremy Taylor, for he found a shelter in the hospitable mansion of Anthony Henley of Bramshill house in the parish of Eversley, Hampshire, and there died in the year 1654, aged sixty-four or thereabouts. He was buried near the communion table of Eversley Church, so well known from its associations with Charles Kingsley. His epitaph is in Latin, and plays upon his patronymic, the word 'Ross' being the Latin for 'dew,' as no doubt all the boys in the Free Grammar School at Southampton had been duly taught by their accurate and vigilant teacher. Dr. Troughear, Vicar of Carisbrooke, 1722–1762, has transcribed in the register of that parish a translation of the Eversley epitaph, which was, he states, copied from the *London Magazine*, April, 1751, p. 182.

> 'Stop stranger, view this dust, and taught, you 'll see,
> What I now am, what have been, what shall be.
> I have been Dew, and Dust, shall be a Shade:
> The dew is Gone, Dust scatter'd, the Shade fled.
> What thyself art hence learn, what all things are;
> What are all things in human nature? Hear—
> That they are all what I now am be taught:
> They 're Dust; are Dew, are Ashes, Shadows, naught.'

Eachard, who is known from the use which Lord Macaulay in his history has made of his book—*Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy*—says of Ross, 'he was a busy, various, and voluminous writer, who, by his pen and other ways, made a considerable noise and figure in these days, and who so managed his affairs that in the midst of these storms he died very rich, as appears from the several benefactions he made.'

By his will, dated February 21, 1653, he bequeathed sums of money to the Senate of Aberdeen for the maintenance of two scholars, also to the town of Southampton for the better maintenance of the schoolmaster, and to the poor of All Saints parish in the same town, to the public libraries of Oxford and Cambridge. A certain sum was also left to the poor of Carisbrooke, the history of which gift will be found in the *Report of the Charity Commissioners for the Isle of Wight*, Newport, 1837. Andrew Henley, son of his generous friend and patron, 'was his executor, who had his library remaining in Bramshill, wherein mostly in the books he found, as I have been credibly informed, about a thousand pounds in gold.'

Alexander Ross, though his countryman Mr. Thomas Carlyle would probably not have deigned to call him a 'hero as man of letters,' deserves to be called a 'representative man' of that class. The rugged Scotchman in his own stubborn self-helping way earned an independent livelihood by writing books. He pursued knowledge under difficulties. He does not seem to have had much sympathy with the ordinary business of men. In those eventful years when civil war was raging in England Ross was tranquilly preparing his materials for the bookseller. In that season of agony when Charles I was prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle Ross, the vicar of that parish, though indeed ejected from his pastoral cure in that village, was absorbed in his refutation of Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors.* The king dies, the Protectorate succeeds, men are fighting upon paper the cause already decided on the battle-field, and Ross is, as a royal duke said to Gibbon, 'hard at work scribbling, scribbling.' He flew at high game, he was not content with attacking Sir T. Browne, the celebrated author of the *Religio Medici.* Striking right and left, he aimed a blow at Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, by writing his book *Arcana Microcosmica* against Harvey's treatise on generation, wherein he maintained that all animals, including man, are derived from an egg. Another of Ross's books, entitled *Leviathan drawn out with a hook*, was probably written in opposition to the work of Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, called *Leviathan* and published in 1651, not long before the death of Ross himself. This pugnacious Scot did not hesitate even to strike at the majestic front of that master of science, Bacon, and had the skill to direct his blows against what is the weakest part of the Baconian philosophy, 'The centuries of natural science.' Not contented with scientific and theological discussions, Ross made observations on Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*; after this he published a continuation of that history, which Granger calls 'his great work,' but afterwards adds that 'it is like a piece of bad Gothic tacked to a magnificent pile of Roman architecture, which serves to heighten the effect of it, while it exposes its own deficiency in strength and beauty.' Granger wrote in those dark ages when even such a man as Addison could talk of 'meanness of manner' as characteristic of our Gothic cathedrals, the noblest offspring of human art; but his criticism on Ross's share in Raleigh's masterpiece is in the main correct. Raleigh, who after having brought a new world to light wrote the history of the old in prison, was a man of genius, and wrote like a statesman and a soldier. Ross had the prolix style of a pedant. The work for which he is best known is the *Pansebeia, or View of all Religions*, which has passed through various editions, the last in 1683. This book of Ross is not to be compared with the more learned work of Gale, *The Court of the Gentiles*, which appeared in 1669, and still less with Cudworth's *Intellectual System of the Universe*, published in 1678, but it has the merit of being one of the first compilations of the kind in our language, and attained a great degree of popularity. A copy of this book is put down in the catalogue of the clerical library at Newport, but on inquiring for it some years ago the book could not be found. It still occasionally makes its appearance in the lists of second-hand booksellers.

If Ross cannot take his stand among the giants of English literature, still that sometime Vicar of Carisbrooke is entitled to be reckoned among those men of note who have belonged to the Isle of Wight. It is probably for the welfare of the human race that so small a proportion of mankind should be disposed to undertake the labour of writing books. 'Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh,' was the plaintive cry of the preacher of old. But a scholar has his uses in this world. He helps others while securing himself from the miseries of a vacant life. 'Mark,' indeed, says Dr. Johnson, 'what ills the scholar's life assail, Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.' Ross escaped these ills, he lived a blameless life among his books, and died among them. A restless, energetic Scotchman, he was doomed from his birth to find excitement in honest work, or in some less profitable and more mischievous occupation. He found employment for his tireless energies in writing books. If only a very small number of people have ever heard of Ross, and a still smaller number have ever given a glance at one of the many productions of his busy brain and ready pen, he only shares the common lot of authors, with the exception of the very few whose writings have survived that oblivion in which time buries all the works of man.

November 28, 1885.

JEROME, SECOND EARL OF PORTLAND, CAPTAIN AND GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, 1634–1642.

Jerome Weston, second Earl of Portland, succeeded his father, the first Earl, as Captain and Governor of the Isle of Wight. This was the first and only instance of hereditary succession in that honourable office. The precedent was not, as will be seen, encouraging. His father, the Lord High Treasurer, 'a man,' as Clarendon says, 'of big looks and of a mean and abject spirit,' being anxious in every way to aggrandize himself and his family, had by the favour of the King obtained the hand of 'a young beautiful lady, nearly allied to His Majesty and the Crown of Scotland, in marriage for his eldest son.' This lady was Frances Stuart, daughter of Esmé, Duke of Lennox.

Unfortunately Sir John Oglander has nothing to say about the reception of this new Governor by the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight. George Oglander, the eldest son of the gallant old cavalier of Nunwell, died while on his travels near the cradle of his race at Caen in Normandy in July, 1632, aged twenty-three years. Sir John seems never fully to have recovered the shock caused by the premature death of this promising young man, so pathetically bewailed by his affectionate father in several parts of his memoirs. Yet from the few glimpses which Oglander gives us of Jerome Weston, coupled with what Lord Clarendon has recorded, we have reason for thinking that the second Earl of Portland belonged to the looser, if not the baser sort, among the Cavalier party—a kind of Roger Wildrake, the dissipated royalist, as portrayed by Sir Walter Scott in *Woodstock*. For instance we learn from the *Oglander Memoirs* that on a Sunday in August, 1639, the quiet and church-going people in Newport were scandalized by a piece of buffoonery on the part of the Governor of the Island. Along with Hicks, Nicholas Weston, and the roystering Colonel Goring, Governor of Portsmouth, the Captain of Carisbrooke Castle, the Earl of Portland, was seen marching towards the town gallows. As each health was drunk they tore one another's bands and shirts, Goring making a last dying speech from the top of the ladder warning the bystanders to take warning by his sad end. Probably there is a reference to this scandal and other instances of tipsy revelry on the part of the Governor in what Clarendon says in his History as to Portland having given offence to the Long Parliament by his 'waste of wine and drinking of healths and other acts of jollity.' He was however able to obtain in the Island vouchers for his respectability, or rather for his orthodoxy, which was tainted 'with an inclination to Popery.' Sir R. Worsley, in a note to his *History of the Isle of Wight*, p. 110, gives the text of a petition presented to the House of Commons from the Deputy Lieutenants, Justices of the Peace, the Mayors and Corporations of Newport, Newtown, and Yarmouth, with others, A.D. 1642, which disposes of this aspersion, among others, on the character of 'their beloved Captain and Governor,' in the following terms. 'For ourselves we have a pregnant testimony amongst us for his pious affection and love for the reformed religion by a constant weekly lecture at Newport to which his lordship is a principal benefactor.' It does not appear that Earl Jerome 'sat under' (to use a Puritan phrase) this painstaking and lengthy lecturer. His zeal for the 'reformed religion' may have only been on a par with that of a most reputable luminary of the law and peer of the realm of later times, of whom, on his being called by a warm partisan, when his merits were under discussion, 'one of the pillars of the church,' it was observed by a more discriminating friend, 'No, not one of the pillars, but a buttress if you will, for he is never found within the walls of the church.' The petition was not of much avail in rescuing the Earl of Portland from parliamentary censure, for it appears from Clarendon that on being threatened by the Parliament he 'with extraordinary vivacity crossed their expectations that they should remove him from his charge and government (which last they did *de facto* by committing him to prison without assigning a cause), and to that purpose objected all the acts of good fellowship, the waste of powder, the waste of wine in the drinking of healths, and other acts of jollity, whenever he had been at his government from the first hour of his entering upon it.' Philip, Earl of Pembroke, was appointed by the Parliament Governor of the Island. The King, after the Earl of Portland had been removed from the Island to his place of imprisonment, appointed Colonel Jeremy Brett Captain of Carisbrooke Castle. Colonel Brett, a kinsman of the Duke of Buckingham, commanded a regiment in the fruitless Northern Expedition of 1639. On his return his men mutinied at Durham and threatened his life. About 1636–37 Brett had married Frances, daughter of Sir Henry Neville and widow of Sir Richard Worsley, the first baronet, who died in 1621. This lady, who in the first years of her widowhood had been attached to Sir Charles Bartlett, upon whose marriage she wrote some touching verses recorded by Sir John Oglander, died in 1659.

While Brett was in command of Carisbrooke Castle, the courageous Countess of Portland, though her husband was a prisoner, determined to hold the fort for the King to the last, and remained within its walls with her five children and her husband's brother and sister. Moses Read, the Mayor of Newport, represented to the Parliament that the town, which by this time had taken its side against the King, could not be considered safe so long as the Countess of Portland and Colonel Brett were in possession of Carisbrooke Castle. The Parliament in consequence of the Mayor's representations directed the captains of the ships in the river and the Roads of Cowes to assist Read in any measures he should think necessary for the security of the Island. The Mayor accordingly marched the train-band of the town with four hundred sailors from the ships against the Castle, where Brett had not above twenty men, many well-wishers to the royal cause being deterred by the menaces of the populace. Harby, the minister and lecturer of Newport, a man under peculiar obligations to the Earl of Portland, distinguished himself in stirring up the besiegers against the lady and her children, assigning for reason 'her being a Papist,' and exhorting them in the fashion adopted by the Puritan clergy to be valiant as they were fighting the Lord's battle.

No precautions seem to have been taken by the small garrison, as the Castle was only victualled with three days' provisions. The high-spirited Countess of Portland showed no less courage than a contemporary heroine of the Cavalier party, the well-known Countess of Derby, who in 1544 defended Lathom House against the parliamentary forces from February till May, when it was relieved by Prince Rupert. But the Countess of Portland did not meet with like success in her resistance to Moses Read and Harby. The odds against her were fearful, but she did what she could, and advancing to the platform with a match in her hand she declared that she would fire the first gun herself unless honourable terms were granted. After some negotiations the articles of capitulation were agreed on, and the Castle surrendered. The terms to which the besiegers assented were, that Colonel Brett and the gentlemen with him and their servants who composed the slender garrison should be allowed the freedom of the Island, but were restricted from going to Portsmouth, then held for the King by Goring. The Countess was to be permitted to have lodgings in Carisbrooke Castle until the contrary should be ordered by the Parliament. An order arrived soon afterwards prescribing her removal from the Island within two days after notice given her, and she was then indebted to the humanity of the sailors for the vessel which conveyed her and her family. See Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* pp. 115, 116), who quotes Oglander's manuscript *Memoirs* as his authority.

Jerome Weston, second Earl of Portland, just lived to see the restoration of the monarchy, as he died March 16, 1662. He was succeeded in his title by his only son, Charles Weston, and had four daughters, all of whom entered into religious orders in France. In March, 1665, when war was declared by England against the Dutch, Charles Weston, third Earl of Portland, with others of the young courtiers joined as a volunteer the fleet commanded by the Duke of York, assisted by Prince Rupert and the Earl of Sandwich. The fleet put out to sea in April, and blockaded the Dutch ports. It was at length driven off by bad weather, when the Dutch put to sea and were defeated with great loss off Solebay (near Lowestoft on the coast of Norfolk), June 3, and pursued to their own shores. The loss of life on the part of the young

English volunteers was considerable. On the Admiral's ship were killed the Earls of Portsmouth and Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, Mr. Boyle, son of the Earl of Burlington, and others of less note. The Earl of Marlborough (who commanded the old James) was also killed, and Sir John Lawson, an admiral under the Commonwealth, was mortally wounded.

As this Earl of Portland died unmarried, the title came to his uncle, Thomas Weston, who married Anne, daughter of John Lord Butler of Bramfield and widow of Mountjoy Blount, first Earl of Newport and natural son of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy and Earl of Devonshire. The fourth Earl of Portland dying without issue the title became extinct. to be revived in the person of William Bentinck, first page of honour and subsequently confidential adviser to William Prince of Orange, who accompanied his royal master to England, where he had command of the Dutch regiment of Horse Guards. In April, 1689, he was created a peer of England by the title of Baron Cirencester, Viscount Woodstock, and Earl of Portland. His eldest son, Henry, second Earl of Portland, was created Marquis of Titchfield and Duke of Portland in July, 1716, a title which has been borne by the Bentincks ever since.

July 19, 1890.

LOCOMOTION, POSTAL SERVICE, AND WATER CARRIAGE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT BEFORE THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Who made our roads? Engineers were at work upon them long years before they were taken in hand by the Highway Commissioners. The Romans, those born rulers of men and civilizers, were our first and for a long interval of time our best road-makers. A Roman road was a work of art. Their engineers were very particular in securing a firm bottom. If this could not be attained through the swampy nature of the ground, a foundation was formed by driving piles. On this basis was a course consisting of stones not smaller than the hand could grasp; above that was a mass of broken stones, and fragments of brick, cemented with lime (what masons call rubble-work) and rammed down hard. On this carefully prepared foundation was laid a pavement of large stones, fitted and jointed with the greatest nicety, as free from gaps and irregularities as if the whole had been one solid mass. Even if accidentally the water penetrated from above, the lower part was perfectly waterproof. It is well known that roads are mainly injured by water. There were in England four of these great roads, corresponding to our main Trunk railway lines; and modern research has traced others besides these four 'streets' as they are called from the Latin 'strata,' paved ways. Another Latin word, 'calceata,' a made road, was adopted into several modern languages, becoming 'chaussée' in French, and in our own language 'causey,' which by a false analogy has been corrected into 'causeway' (Guest, *Orig. Celt.* vol. i. p. 349). The Isle of Wight had, we know, its three Roman 'villas' of Carisbrooke, Brading, and Gurnard, with probably many more of which no trace has been left. Roads must have been constructed by the Roman conquerors for the purposes of intercourse between these country houses of the wealthier folk, though as yet no remains of any Roman street, fosse, or causey have been laid bare in the Isle of Wight, so far as I am aware.

After the age of the Romans road-making was very imperfectly practised in the Isle of Wight, as elsewhere in England. Our highways were mere paths or tracks from one place to another. The scanty information that we have of the condition of the roads in early times only proves that they were very bad. Some were lanes over the natural soil, as for instance, Love Lane, between Carisbrooke and Gatcombe—some paved roads for pack-horses. The first indication of any improvement is found in the passing of the general statute for the repair of the highways (2 & 3 Phil. and Mary, c. 8). This act directs that two surveyors of the highways shall be annually elected in every parish, and that the parishioners shall attend four days in every year for their repair with wains, carts, oxen, horses, or other cattle, and all other necessaries, and also able men with the same, according to the quantity of land occupied by each; householders, cottagers, and others not having land, if they be not hired labourers, by themselves or sufficient substitutes giving their personal work or travail. Upon this statute were founded all the Highway Acts that were subsequently passed before the introduction of tolls or turnpikes in 1663 (15 Charles II). Of these there were six in all passed in the reign of Mary, and about nineteen in that of Elizabeth.

The faithful and honest painter of the manners of his own Tudor times—Harrison—whose *Description of England* is prefixed to Holinshed, says that the statute was constantly evaded by the covetousness of the rich and the laziness of the poor, that parish surveyors took good care to have good roads to their own fields but neglected those that led from market to market; and that encroachments were daily made upon the highways by covetous landowners, so that 'whereas some streets within these five and twenty years have been in most places fifty feet broad according to the law, whereby the traveller might either escape the thief or shift the mire, or pass by the loaden cart without danger to himself or his horse; now they are brought into twelve or twenty or six-and-twenty at the most.' It may be hoped that the Isle of Wight was free from this local jobbing in the highways. At any rate, as Canon Venables (*Guide*, pp. 357, 358) observes, 'The Isle of Wight has long been famed for the excellence of its roads. Abounding in materials of the best quality, and possessing good natural drainage, both from the general nature of the soil and the configuration of its surface, the roads are readily constructed and easily maintained in good condition. In 1808, before the establishment of turnpike rates, Vancouver writes (*Agricultural Survey of Hampshire*, p. 392), 'The convenience of travelling through this highly-favoured spot is not to be surpassed by any part of Britain, owing to the goodness and abundance of materials and the attention of the resident gentry and respectable tenants, by the enforcement of the regular, timely, and judicious performance of statute labour, procuring most suitable materials and applying them in the most judicious way, in short effecting everything that may be worthy of imitation in other places.' The Highway Act authorizing the taking of toll was passed in 1813, and turnpike gates were set up throughout the Island. How did our ancestors move from place to place over these roads, which the Turnpike Act of Charles II describes as being in many places 'very ruinous and become almost impassable'? Till the beginning of the eighteenth century we were a nation of horse-riders. Harrison describes the excellent paces of our saddle-horses as peculiar to those of our soil, and says that 'our countrymen, seeking their ease in every quarter where it is to be had, delight very much in this quality.' Hence the well-known proverb, which was started among foreigners as early as the days of Queen Elizabeth, 'England is the hell of horses, the purgatory of servants, and the paradise of women.' Because, says Moryson, who gives us so much valuable information about the state of England at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, 'the English ride their horses without measure, and use their servants imperiously, and their women obsequiously.' From the days of the Canterbury Pilgrims to those of Elizabeth ladies performed their journeys in no other way than that which Chaucer has recorded 'upon an ambler easily she sat.' When Isabella de Fortibus in 1293 went from the Isle of Wight to London and thence to Canterbury, she rode on horseback like the Wife of Bath, 'girt with a pair of spurre's sharp.' And so it continued for many years afterwards. Nothing better could be found for the accommodation of the sick and aged than the conveyance of a horse litter—a kind of coach slung between two horses. During the reign of Queen Mary the case seems to have been a little improved, for we find that a wagon was sometimes used by the ladies of the Court, but at the best it was an uncomfortable vehicle. No springs of course were to be found in this dislocating dray, and ladies continued to prefer the more gentle jolting of the saddle, so that Queen Elizabeth frequently rode upon State occasions seated upon a pillion behind the Chancellor. Sufficient gratitude has hardly been rendered to the inventor of carriage springs. Without springs a vehicle is so shattered that it needs to be built massive and ponderous. The Egyptian and early Greek chariots, which were intended for speed, were often drawn by four horses abreast, though they carried the light weight of a warrior and his charioteer. Through the invention of coach springs stages and private carriages were enabled to be built much lighter, and therefore could travel beyond a snail's pace. The coach was introduced into England in the year 1564, but without carriage springs, which did not come into vogue till the latter half of the last century. The practice of travelling on horseback went on till the close of the eighteenth century.

My grandfather, Jonathan Boucher, emigrated from Cumberland to Virginia in North America in 1759. Afterwards desiring to be a clergyman, and there being no bishops then in America, he had to sail back to his native country in 1762. In his autobiography, a portion of which has been published in *Notes and Queries* for 1874, under the heading 'Reminiscences of an American loyalist,' he writes: 'I went from St. Bees to London for ordination . . . A horse that I bought for six guineas carried me to and from London.' How did they whose finances were too weak to support the expense of buying or hiring a horse contrive to make their journeys? Stage coaches were in use soon after the middle of the seventeenth century, but there was only coach travelling on the main roads. Many travellers therefore had to avail themselves of the 'long wagon.' It was a long, huge conveyance with massive wheels, a foot-board in the tires, which were studded with iron bolt-heads, and was drawn by sixteen horses, jingling little bells at every movement of their head. Most of these wagons travelled only by day, halting at night at appointed stations. At these halting-places the long stream of passengers when dismounting from the interior used to trickle crab-fashion down the ladder, the townspeople looking on. Well earned was the travellers' rest—the boiled beef and vegetables or the rasher and eggs for supper, with the black-jack of home-brewed ale—the sound sleep in spite of night-plagues—and then the early morning journey again. Where there was no passenger wagon, the traveller made his journey with the pack-horse carriers. Sitting on a pack-saddle between two baskets, one or both of which contained his luggage, he rode in the midst of a file of fifty or more horses—such large companionship being needed for safety. The cautiously-stepping horses kept their file, asking for no better guide than their sagacious leader's bell. The trusty animal will not mislead them, but keep them steady even when man has ceased to direct them. The pack-horse traveller must have needed some courage as he rode over these weary roads. At one time he could hardly discern the track, and then he was in a lane some four feet wide—floundering in the mud—or slipping upon a paved causey with a thick sludge on either side the track.

'A century ago,' writes Canon Venables (*Guide*, p. 12), 'a public conveyance could hardly be said to exist in the Isle of Wight. There was but one vehicle to be hired in the whole Island, an old single-horse chaise belonging to a man in Newport, who walked at his horse's head leading it by a leather strap attached to the bridle. Even this humble equipage was deemed almost too grand for ordinary use by the tradesmen of the town and their wives, who, with a dread of ostentation even surpassing that of Mrs. Gilpin, had the chaise driven a little way out of the town, when they wished to indulge themselves with a ride into the country, that they might not be seen committing such an act of extravagance. It was in 1758 that the landlord of the Bugle ventured to set up the first four-wheeled chaise for hire, a rash act which his friends feared would cause his ruin. A few years later we learn from Wyndham that the common method at the inns of Cowes, Newport, and Ryde was to send the itinerant from his quarters in a one-horse chaise with a little boy behind, whose employment was to open the gates on the road (at that time nearly innumerable). . . . These one-horse chaises were succeeded by 'sociables,' a jolting two-wheeled car, with leather curtains to shield the traveller from the weather.

In what way during these days of imperfect intercourse was the postal service conducted? Until the year 1615, Sir John Oglander informs us in his *Memoirs*, there was no regular post between the Isle of Wight and London. Fifty years earlier all the letters were sent across the water 'by a rabbit-man who came once a week to buy rabbits,' in which the sandy heaths of the island have always abounded.

James I had originally established a post-office for the conveyance of letters to and from foreign parts, but the establishment of the home post-office dates only from 1635. In a proclamation for that year the king says that there had been no certain intercourse between England and Scotland, and Charles I therefore commands a running post to be established between London and Edinburgh, to go thither and come back again in six days; a quicker conveyance, be it noted, than the public were possessed of a century later. Other roads are promised the same advantages. In the second Protectorate Parliament of 1656 an Act was passed, which has been the model on which all subsequent measures relating to the General Post Office have been framed. By this Act all letters were to be sent through this post-office, 'except such letters as shall be sent by coaches, common-known carriers of goods, by carts, waggons, and pack-horses, and shall be carried along with their carts, waggons, and pack-horses respectively.' These arrangements were confirmed in the first year of the Restoration by statute (12 Charles II. c. 35), which was repealed by the Act 9 Anne, c. 11, which established the General Post Office for all the British dominions. But though the Post Office for letters became strictly and exclusively a public business, it did not partake of the improvements successively received by stage coaches until 1784, when Mr. Palmer's plan of mail coaches was adopted, and the Royal Mail with its coachman in all his pride of scarlet and gold became one of the glories of the road.

As for the water communication from the mainland to the Isle of Wight, Fielding has painted it to the life. Worn out with disease, the kindly humorist was advised to take a voyage to Lisbon. The ship was to sail 'punctually' from the Tower, and on the day, June 26, 1754, Fielding was lifted from Tower Wharf into a wherry which took him to the ship. His countenance was very ghastly, and the brutality of the boatmen and seamen of those times is clearly shown by what he says. 'In this condition I ran the guantlope (so I think I may justly call it) through rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery.' Fielding soon found out that the ship would not sail, so he had to provide himself a dinner. The next day the captain appeared and told him that the ship could not start till two days afterwards, without stating 'the why or the wherefore.' Here then he was obliged to stop in the confines of Wapping. Afraid that he might want medical assistance, the captain comforted him with the assurance that 'he had a pretty young fellow on board who acted as his surgeon, as I found he likewise did as steward, cook, butler, and sailor.' At length on June 30 the ship sailed down the river and anchored opposite Gravesend. On July 1 they sailed to the Nore; and on the next day they had to anchor in the Downs off Deal. On the 4th the ship weighed anchor, but after buffeting against the wind for four hours the captain had to give it up, and anchored very near the old spot. When the wind-bound passengers wanted anything from the shore, they found that the Deal people did not forget to charge for it. Here they remained till the 8th, on which day they sailed. During the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th they were sailing from Deal to the Isle of Wight, making such way as the winds and tides would let them; and on the afternoon of the 11th they anchored opposite Ryde. Here there was, says Fielding, between the sea and the shore at low water an impassable gulf of mud or sand which can neither be traversed by walking or swimming, so that for nearly one-half of the twenty-four hours Ryde is inaccessible by friend or foe.' As there was no landing-stage, 'hoisted into a small boat, and being rowed pretty near, he was taken up by two sailors, who waded with him through the mud and placed him on a chair on the land.' Here then was the shattered invalid deposited in Ryde fifteen days after he had embarked at the Tower.

Ease and rapidity of intercourse and correspondence by post are so essential to civilization, that the growth of locomotion, postal service, and water communication have been, and are, objects of deepest interest to those who desire the progress of the Isle of Wight.

October 17, 1885.

FRESHWATER AND ROBERT HOOKE,

A.D. 1635–1702.

Freshwater, beloved of visitors who at the seaside resent the accompaniment of a number of persons airing themselves on the sands. has for its chief distinction the circumstance that it is the residence of the greatest poet of the present day. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, Freshwater is known to fame, because there lives, and thinks, and writes, the author of *In Memoriam*.

Two hundred and fifty years ago Freshwater was the birthplace of one of the most devoted cultivators of natural philosophy of his age, and certainly the most scientific inquirer that the Isle of Wight has ever produced—Robert Hooke. Two of the most competent historians of natural science, Humboldt in his *Cosmos* and Whewell in his *History of the Inductive Sciences*, have spoken in the highest terms of Robert Hooke's scientific sagacity and comprehensive genius. From these two authorities, Alexander von Humboldt and Whewell, I have taken my estimate of the scientific value of the many hints and suggestions contained in Hooke's papers in the Philosophical Transactions. Other books have enabled me to piece together the history of the life of one to whom scant justice has been done, for, as will be seen, besides his skill and sagacity as a chemist, Hooke had a remarkable fertility and quickness of mechanical invention. His speculations ranged over the whole field of natural philosophy from the minutest disclosures of the microscope to beyond the furthest sweep of the telescope. Such a man ought to hold a high place in the annals of science. The neglect from which he has suffered is in great measure due to himself. His jealous and rapacious temper and sordid personal habits, which made him an object of dislike in his own day, have probably somewhat affected the judgement of posterity. In all fairness the constitution of his bodily frame, which was small of stature, thin, and crooked, must be taken as an excuse for what in his day would have been called Hooke's splenetic temperament. Yet spleen is no apology for his practice of laying claim to the inventions and discoveries of other men, which involved him in much personal controversy.

On July 18, 1635, in the Rectory-house of Freshwater was born a boy, whom his father, the minister of that parish, christened by the name of Robert. He was a puny child, and for the first seven years he was so sickly that he was not expected to live. The gossiping John Aubrey gives a sketch of his early boyhood, when he was educated by his father at home. 'The child is father of the man'; the little lad, crooked like a note of interrogation, was always asking questions. He did not lisp in numbers, after the fashion of youthful poets. He amused himself with the construction of mechanical toys, such as a wooden clock, which showed in a rough manner the hours of the day, and a full-rigged ship, about a yard long, which had a contrivance for firing guns as it sailed across the sea. As Whewell has remarked, this fondness for making models and machines appears to be a common prelude to excellence in physical science, as in the case of Newton, Galileo and others. With this turn of mind his parents came to the conclusion that he should be apprenticed to a watch-maker or a painter. Those were evil days for the clergy of the Church of England. The cloud of revolution, which had been no bigger than a man's hand when the boy Robert was born, had gathered strength and broke over quiet Freshwater, where an 'intruding' Puritan was substituted for the rector, whose troubles came to an end by merciful death in 1648. In consequence of losing his father neither of the two plans was adopted. He was indeed placed for a time under the celebrated painter who afterwards bore the name of Sir Peter Lely.

Happily for himself Hooke, who was reserved for better studies, found that he had neither the skill nor the health to follow the painter's art. Otherwise he might have become after the manner of his master Lely a painter of fine court ladies, who, in the fantastic costume of a night-gown fastened with a single pin are to be seen in Lely's tasteless portraits wandering over meadows or by running streams.

Dr. Busby of Westminster School, who as a flogger of boys shares the reputation of a later schoolmaster, Dr. Keate of Eton, took young Hooke kindly into his own house. The stern disciplinarian grounded the boy well in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and other oriental tongues—too great a feast of languages for a youthful appetite. Hooke's line was not that of a classical scholar any more than that of a portrait painter. From Westminster he proceeded to Christchurch, Oxford, somewhere about 1653, and his name was entered on the books of that College, which has at all times been largely recruited by Westminster boys. At Oxford Puritanism was in the ascendent. The Earl of Pembroke, Governor of the Isle of Wight, and also Chancellor of the University, had in 1648 expelled all the heads of houses in Oxford, except the trimmer, Paul Hood of Lincoln College, and the somewhat puritanically inclined Gerard Langbaine, Provost of Queen's. The well-known Calvinistic theologian, John Owen, who had taken his degree at Queen's College, Oxford, in 1632, was by an order of Parliament promoted to the office of Dean of Christchurch, 1651, and in the following year he became Vice-Chancellor of the University—Cromwell being Chancellor. Owen, who was a man of far larger mind and of a more liberal spirit than most of his Puritan brethren, winked at the proceedings of a quiet knot of students of Nature and Nature's laws, who being members of the silenced Church of England had their own humble conventicle, where they were allowed to use the forbidden Prayer Book. This little group had begun, to use Dr. Whewell's striking expression, 'to knock at the door at which truth was to be found, though it was left for Newton to force it open.'

We catch a pleasant glimpse of this small and select company engaged in the calm and peaceful pursuit of knowledge in the midst of all the fierce political party-strife and sectarian bigotry of that period. Not that they had selfishly retired to the halls of philosophy, away from the stir of practical life. Most of them had personal experience of the trials and losses which the uprooting of old institutions brings in its train. They were religious men, and also faithful students of science, who could pour the light of demonstration upon their discoveries. Science, or the systematized observation of Nature, had not then begun to despise religion, nor religion to fear science. What has been will be again. Already are signs on the horizon that devout Christian believers can observe and cross-question Nature with as keen perception and a far wider and broader comprehension of the problems suggested by outward appearances, both in the universe and in the course of human affairs, as those who, desiring to dispense with spiritual forces altogether, fail to trace any evidence of God's presence either in the creation or the history of the world. Some of these truth-seeking investigators at Oxford were clergymen; John Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and married to Robina, sister of Oliver Cromwell, was according to Anthony à Wood 'a noted theologist and preacher, a curious critic in several matters, an excellent mathematician and experimentist, and one well seen in mechanisms and new philosophy (of which he was a great promoter) as any of his time.' According to Whewell his works tended more than any others to the diffusion of the Copernican or heliocentric system in England. John Wallis, who, as a theologian, scholar, logician, and mathematician, presented in his person a singular union of originality and labour. Seth Ward, afterwards successively Bishop of Exeter and Salisbury, an astronomer, who invented an approximate method of solving Kepler's problem, still known as the simple elliptical hypothesis. Others were physicians; Francis Glisson, the discoverer of the prolongation of the cellular tissue of the liver, which is called 'Glisson's capsule,' and who was the first to discriminate muscular irritability as a peculiar power. Thomas Willis, who made important additions to the knowledge of the connexion of the parts of the brain, and carefully examined the different 'ganglions,' or knots which occur upon the nerves. To these may be added Christopher Wren, a mathematician and astronomer, before he was an architect and reared St. Paul's, London, the monument of his genius, along with other stately city churches. Their club was afterwards joined by a young man of rank and wealth, the Honourable Robert Boyle, tall, slender, and emaciated, the 'Christian philosopher,' who, in the judgement of Hallam (*Lit. Hist.* iv. p. 341) was 'the most faithful, the most patient, the most successful disciple, who carried forward the experimental philosophy of Bacon.' This club, which Boyle calls in one of his letters 'our new philosophical or invisible college,' was the germ of that society which was afterwards, in 1662, incorporated by charter under the name of the Royal Society. The members of this club patronized the youthful deformed Oxonian, who had already shown evidence of his scientific ability. Faithful to his early love for clock-making, Hooke had made improvements in the construction of pendulum watches, in particular, the application of a spiral spring to regulate the balance. According to the writers on horology, or the art of measuring time, the honour of applying the pendulum to clock-work has been a subject of much contention, but Hooke, it is allowed, made valuable changes in this direction. At Oxford Hooke was engaged to assist Dr. Wallis in his chemical experiments, and afterwards served Boyle in a similar capacity. As Boyle's fellow-labourer, Hooke divined the theory of oxygen (which he called 'nitrous spirit') as the element of the atmosphere, employed in sustaining combustion and animal life, though the conclusion was not experimentally established. In 1662 he was appointed curator of experiments to the Royal Society, and in 1664 succeeded Dr. Dacres as professor of geometry at Gresham College. When, as Lord Macaulay writes, 'a fire such as had not been known in Europe since the conflagration of Rome by Nero laid in ruins the whole city of London from the Tower to the Temple, and from the river to the purlieus of Smithfield,' Hooke in 1666, after having produced a plan for re-building the city, received the appointment of city surveyor, from the emoluments of which office he subsequently acquired considerable wealth, which was found after his death in a large iron chest that had evidently not been opened for many years.

In 1668 he had a controversy with Hevelius or Hevel, a Polish astronomer, who next to Flamsteed was among the men of his day the most diligent and accurate observer of the heavens. Hevel, who was a great authority upon comets, imagined that better observations could be made with plain sights than with telescopes, and resented Hooke's pointing out to him the advantage of the dioptric telescope, an instrument which enables the altitudes of distant objects to be measured. He had spent a laborious and active life in the exercise of the old methods, and could not bear to think that his past observations might prove of no value. In the course of his controversy Hooke made certain investigations into the undulations which vibrate through the tail of a comet, which have drawn forth a very favourable notice from Humboldt. The same illustrious historian of scientific enterprise speaks of Hooke in connexion with the undulatory theory of light and of 'interferences.' Hooke, who had written various papers on this and other problems of the universe, disputed partly the originality, partly the truth, of Sir Isaac Newton's theory of light; and he even asserted, when the *Principia* came out, that there was little or nothing there announced on the force and action of gravitation that he had not anticipated. Although his pretensions could not be maintained, Newton having replied to his remarks with more warmth than discretion compromised the dispute by allowing the controverted deduction to be attributed independently to Sir Christopher Wren, Hooke, and Halley. This concession, made by Newton for the sake of peace rather than conviction, does not in any way detract from the undivided honour which is due to him as the discoverer of universal gravitation. That great man, always candid, humble, mild, and good, who existed only to calculate and to think, came out of this controversy with Hooke with heightened reputation in the judgement of his contemporaries.

With his accustomed skill and clearness Hooke had treated of the modes of vibration of bodies in general, and had proposed to observe the vibrations of a bell by strewing flour on the surface. His genius and sagacity were also shown by his anticipation of one of the most brilliant discoveries of modern fossil geology. 'He said,' as Hallam remarks (*Lit. Hist.* vol. iv. p. 358), 'that the common theory of explaining marine fossils by the Mosaic deluge would not suffice, and perceived that at some time or another a part of the earth's crust must have been elevated and another part depressed by some subterranean power.' He also, says Humboldt, 'formed a conjecture that the temperate zone must once have enjoyed the temperature of a tropical climate.' By recognizing the influence of the earth's rotation, as well as the existence of upper and lower currents of warm and cold air passing from the equator to the poles and from the poles to the equator, he was led to take correct views of the law of the trade winds. While Newton had an abhorrence for hypothesis, Hooke had a predilection for that process by which a judgement is provisionally accepted as an explanation of some group of facts. Hooke had the power of penetrating into the secrets of nature before the evidence was unfolded. This power, which has been called anticipation, was his main title to eminence in science.

The honorary title of M.D. was conferred upon Hooke in 1691 by what is called a Lambeth degree. The Archbishop of Canterbury, 'alterius orbis papa,' at the Reformation succeeded to the Papal privilege of conferring degrees in the faculties of divinity, law, and medicine. Tillotson, Metropolitan of all England, was under obligations to Hooke, who had given him a plan for building a hospital at Hoxton, and repaid him in this way. Hooke had also the misfortune to be involved in a Chancery suit with Sir John Cutler—'Sage Cutler,' of Pope's third 'Moral Essay,' on the use of riches. When the suit was determined in his favour in 1696, he was so filled with gratitude for the result that he expressed his feelings in his diary. 'I was born on this day of July, 1635, and God hath given me a new birth. May I never forget His mercies to me; while He gives me breath may I praise him!'

The indefatigable student of science had his share of the 'cares of life,' like the rest of us, and in this touching expression of devout feeling we may look with more indulgence upon the outbursts of acrimony to which he gave way. He had his sorrows also, one of which was the death of his niece, Mrs. Grace Hooke, who had kept his house for him for many years. The 'new birth' of which poor Hooke spoke was, it may be hoped, realized by that second birth into a brighter and better world than this through that passage which we call death. The shadows of the dark valley gathered round him, who for so many years had bravely struggled against the infirmities of a sickly constitution. Towards the end of his life he was so impressed with the conviction of the coming of the night 'when no man can work,' and the daylight of his life with the lapse of every hour waning and waning, that he could not tear himself away from his researches into the inexhaustible mines of science. His energies, as he approached nearer to the grave, were intensified rather than abated. His body might be sick and weary, full of aches and pains; still he would be getting on with his work against the darkness that was travelling to meet him. And so, not rusted out but worn out, died Robert Hooke in Gresham College on March 3, 1702, in the 67th year of his age. He was buried at St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate Street, his funeral being attended by all the members of the Royal Society who were then in London.

February 27, 1886.

CASE OF JOHN WORSLEY OF GATCOMBE, I. W., IN THE COURT OF HIGH COMMISSION, A. D. 1637.

It will surprise some to find the parishioners of the small and remote village of Gatcombe in the heart of the Isle of Wight seeking and finding redress in the Court of High Commission during the earlier portion of the seventeenth century. Every reader of English history is familiar with the names and some of the doings of the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission, and many people speak of them as if they were simply engines of royal and episcopal oppression. In fact the Court of High Commission has been often called the 'English Inquisition.' Dr. Gardiner with his usual fairness has shown the good as well as the bad side of these Courts in his *Personal Government of Charles I*, and has dwelt with considerable emphasis on the unfortunate change that came over the spirit of ecclesiastical administration, and above all over the proceedings of the Court of High Commission, after the death of Archbishop Abbot. What Dr. Gardiner says of this Court of High Commission is confirmed and exemplified by the record of an interesting case which Mr. Long has extracted from the State Papers Domestic, A.D. 1637–38, and prefixed as a note to his introduction to the *Oglander Memoirs.* The details in this case, as will be seen, show that the Court was often a protection to the poorer inhabitants of a parish against the high-handed action on the part of some 'petty tyrant' or squire, who would appropriate to his own use what was parochial property, or endeavour to shirk the payment of a rate lawfully due and fairly assessed.

In November, 1637, Thomas Urry and Richard Roman, churchwardens of Gatcombe, sent a petition to Archbishop Laud alleging that their parish church had fallen into decay, and that by the directions of Dr. Mason, chancellor of the diocese, a meeting had been held to make a rate for necessary repairs. John Worsley of Gatcombe, uncle of Sir Henry Worsley of Appuldurcombe, was present; and a rate was made to which everybody but Worsley consented, and paid their several proportions. Worsley being the most considerable ratepayer, his estate comprising one-half of the parish, and being of a litigious nature, refused to pay not only the last rate but also two made previously, so that the repair of the church was delayed and the whole fabric in danger of becoming ruinous. There had also been from time to time beyond the memory of man a church-house and garden belonging to the parish, of which Worsley on his own authority had taken possession. The petitioners prayed that he might be admonished to deliver up the house and garden and to pay the rates due from him, or be summoned to answer for the same before the Commissioners Ecclesiastical. In reply to this the Archbishop directed Sir John Lambe to take order for the offending party to appear in the Court of High Commission, but this citation was not effected, or failed to procure the desired effect. Some months after the matter was brought before the Council, with the result that in May, 1638, letters were sent to Dr. Robert Mason, chancellor of the diocese of Winchester, and to the surrogate of the Consistory Court of the same, enclosing a petition of the inhabitants of Gatcombe, and a certificate of Dr. Mason himself, showing that by the obstinacy of Mr. Worsley, Lord of the Manor of Gatcombe, the church had become quite ruinous and so decayed that the minister in stormy weather was compelled to read the service in his seat. Worsley not only refused to pay the rates due from him, but also withheld the church-house and a piece of land belonging thereto which he had converted to his own use, and though he had been presented by the church-wardens, he being rich delayed and wearied the parishioners with vexatious suits of law. The chancellor and surrogate were ordered to give the matter their consideration and to take effectual measures that the church might be repaired and the church-house and land restored to the parish, and to see that no man's power of refractoriness delayed the course of justice.

It is interesting to note the date of these Gatcombe proceedings in the Court of High Commission. On July 22, 1637, that hot-headed Welshman, John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, was, after he had been heavily fined and imprisoned by the Star Chamber for some hasty words against the king's government, suspended by the High Commission Court from all ecclesiastical dignities and functions. The days of that jurisdiction were now being numbered; it had no long antiquity to boast of, having taken its origin from the Elizabethan settlement of the National Church. The statute (1 Elizabeth, c. 1), which restored to Elizabeth the spiritual dominion assumed by her father and resigned by her sister, contained a clause authorizing the sovereign to constitute a tribunal which might investigate, reform, and punish all ecclesiastical delinquencies. Under the authority given by this clause the Court of High Commission in causes ecclesiastical was created. The correction of the clergy formed a considerable part of the employment of the Court. Dr. Gardiner has remarked the good work done by the Court for the protection of married women, the law of England being, as that eminent canonist, Dr. Duck, pointed out, 'a husbande's law.' Under the hard administration of Laud the Court became generally obnoxious. It sat for the last time on Oct. 22, 1640, at St. Paul's, when the London apprentices mobbed Laud at Lambeth, and made a tumult, tearing up the benches, and crying out 'No Bishops! No High Commission!' On Nov. 3 of that same year the Long Parliament met. 'The first week was spent,' says Whitelock, 'in naming general committees and establishing them, and revising a great many petitions, some from particular persons and some from multitudes, and brought by troops of horsemen from several counties, craving redress of grievances and of exorbitances both in Church and State.' Among these, Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, Prynne, Barton, Bastwick, Leighton, Lilburne, Chambers, and many others imprisoned by sentence of the Star Chamber or Court of High Commission brought forward complaints of their treatment. A committee was appointed to investigate these complaints, and the sufferers were ordered to be brought to London. Prynne and his fellow 'martyrs,' as the spectators called them, recalled from their prisons, entered London in triumph, amidst the shouts of a great multitude who strewed laurel in their path. In 1641 an Act (c. 11) was somewhat hastily passed by the Long Parliament, which not only took away from the Crown the power of appointing visitors to superintend the Church, but also abolished all Ecclesiastical Courts without distinction.

After the restoration the cavaliers, who filled the House of Commons, remembering with bitterness the tyranny of the Court of High Commission under Laud, were by no means disposed to revive its jurisdiction. Although in the hatred of Puritan ascendency Clarendon says that the king, he doubts not, had he been so inclined, might have restored the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission amid the indifference or even the applause of the people, they at the same time reasonably thought that the statute which had swept away all the Ecclesiastical Courts of the realm without providing any substitute was open to grave objection. They accordingly repealed that statute, with the exception of the part that related to the Court of High Commission. Thus the Archidiaconal Courts, the Consistory Courts, the Court of Arches, the Court of Peculiars, and the Court of

Delegates were revived, but the enactment by which Queen Elizabeth and her successors had been empowered to appoint Commissioners with visitatorial power over the Church was not only not revived, but was declared with the utmost strength of language to be completely abrogated.

Lord Macaulay has told in the sixth chapter of his *History of England*, and in his most brilliant manner, the unconstitutional attempt of James II, in defiance of two Acts of Parliament, to place the whole government of the National Church in the hands of Commissioners who were to renew the power of that tribunal from which the Long Parliament had freed the nation. What the spirit of that Court was to be was shown by the King's directing that it should use the seal of the former Court of Commission, with the device of a rose and crown with the initial letter of the sovereign's name before the device, and after it the letter R, and with the superscription 'Sigillum Commissariorum regiae majestatis ad causas ecclesiasticas.' With the weapon of his royal supremacy James hoped that he might undo the work which his predecessors had done, and gradually bring back the Church of England to that Papal jurisdiction which Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Queen Elizabeth had thrown off. The attempt signally failed. Seven Commissioners were appointed in 1686 with Jeffreys at their head, and the first blow of the Commission was at Compton, Bishop of London. When the seven Bishops refused to order the clergy to read the 'Declaration of Indulgence,' and signed a temperate protest in which they declined to publish it, James ordered the Commissioners to deprive them of their sees; but in this matter even the Commissioners shrank from obeying him. With this weak and illegal attempt of James II the Court of High Commission in causes ecclesiastical vanished into space, or, to use Blackstone's phrase, was annihilated. By 6 and 7 Vict. c. 37, s. 11, it is provided that Her Majesty shall by order in Council direct that all appeals for Ecclesiastical or other Courts shall be referred to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

September 27, 1890.

THE EXACTION OF SHIP-MONEY IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1637.

MR. CARLYLE has pointed out to us of this generation the effect of contemporary letters in throwing light upon past history. A letter from Sir John Oglander, a copy of which he has handed down in his MSS., is as good as any of its kind in the evidence which it furnishes of the manner in which the odious impost of ship-money was exacted. This letter, dated March 5, 1637, with the old spelling unchanged, and addressed to Colonel Worsley, of Appuldurcombe, is as follows:

'MR. WOORSELEY.—As you ar a gentleman whom I love and respect, so I desire you not to fforce mee to Distrayne your goods for his Maty's Shipmoneyes. I should be very loft to doo it to any, Espetially to your selfe. As yr monye must be payd to his Maty, so there is littel reason yt I should besydes my paynes and care pay it out of my owne purse. Thus hoping you will pay your rates imposed upon you I rest.—Your ffrynd to command,

JOHN OGLANDER, VIC.,'

(*i.e.* Sheriff).

John Hampden's resistance to the payment of ship-money is one of the commonplaces of English history, but this letter of Oglander's enables us to look face to face upon the hardships which this hateful tax entailed upon those who collected it as well as those who paid it. It will be recollected that the turn-coat Attorney-General Noy had fished up from old 'precedents' the writ of ship-money. The difficulty for Charles I in his attempt to govern without Parliament was how to raise money. Let it be said to the credit of Noy, who died before the writ came out, that he does not appear to have intended to put into force the more extensive scheme of ship-money as a general tax which was afterwards carried out. The king's evil counsellors induced Charles to encroach still further on the liberties of the subject by the unprecedented exaction of this assessment. With a certain amount of statecraft the writ had required the local magistrates to deal lightly with the poor. The burghers of Newport and the smaller yeomen of the Isle of Wight were not summoned to pay ship-money, but men of good landed property, like Hampden in Buckinghamshire and Worsley in the Isle of Wight, as also the rich London traders. This interesting document contained in the *Oglander Memoirs* confirms to the very letter the instructions which are supplied by Rushworth and the other authorities on this subject. The sheriffs were directed to assess every landholder and other inhabitant according to their judgement of his means, and to enforce the payment by distress. Although easy-going and improvident men might satisfy themselves that the imposition was not very heavy and might not be repeated, even loyalists, like Worsley, showed more than symptoms of opposition to this extraordinary demand. A few months after Sir John Oglander had to write this letter, which upon the very face of it was most disagreeable to his feelings towards a friend and neighbour, on June 12, 1634, John Hampden's cause of ship-money was argued at great length before the twelve judges, when they all, except Croke and Hulton, gave judgement for the crown.

How the owner of Appuldurcombe fared we do not know. It was not this Worsley, but his kinsman, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Edward Worsley of Gatcombe, who was one of Charles's most devoted adherents during the king's imprisonment in Carisbrooke Castle, and his active and zealous agent in his attempts to escape. Sir Richard Worsley of Appuldurcombe, who died (so Oglander states) 'in the thirty-second year of his age, of small-pox, in 1620 or thereabouts,' left four sons, Henry, Richard, Thomas (godson of Sir John Oglander), and John; also three daughters, Anne, Elizabeth, and Dorothy. Sir Henry, who succeeded his father in the baronetcy, married Bridget, daughter of Sir Henry Wallop, afterwards Lord Lymington, and died in 1666. Sir Henry sat as member for Newport in the two last Parliaments of Charles I. As Oglander does not give his correspondent in this matter of the ship-money his proper title, it may be presumed that this 'Mr. Woorseley' was an uncle or older relative of the baronet, who, from the age at which his father died, must have been quite a young man when Sir John Oglander's letter was written.

May 2, 1885.

HOW THE SUNDAY WAS KEPT IN NEWPORT BY SOME, A.D. 1639.

THE manuscript collections of Sir John Oglander, preserved at the family seat of Nunwell, are well known as a storehouse of materials for the history of the Isle of Wight before and during the great struggle between Charles I and his Parliament. It is to be hoped that they may some day be published; in the meanwhile, I would, with your permission, lay before your readers some extracts from this valuable collection, which, as they have already appeared in print, are so far, I conclude, public property. My authorities for these extracts are:—

1. Certain specimens from the Oglander MSS. privately printed by the Rev. Edmund Venables, Precentor of Lincoln, who has done so much for the archaeology and topography of this Island.

2. A volume of the *Vectis Magazine*, A.D. 1822, containing four papers of selections from these MSS., which, the writer asserts, have 'never before been transcribed.'

The Oglander MSS. commence about the year 1615, and is continued for many years in the shape of a diary.

Sir John Oglander was a country gentleman to the backbone, with a graphic power of delineation of character which would have made the fortune of a society journalist of the present day. 'His collections furnish,' so writes Mr. Venables, 'an Island gallery almost rivalling John Bunyan's life-like portraits.'

Some of Sir John's contemporaries were what our forefathers would have called Sabbath-breakers, for he speaks of 'the merry gang of gentlemen that lovede cuppe of sacke and a pretty girl—good fellows that when they met at Newport on Saturday afternoon would not part till Monday morning'; and he proceeds to describe the drunken frolic of Lord Portland, the Governor of Carisbrooke Castle, with his boon companions, Hicks, Goring, and Weston, in August, 1639, which so grievously scandalized the more sober inhabitants of Newport, when, after reducing their clothes to rags by 'tearing one another's bands and shirts at each health,' they proceeded to the gallows, 'Goring making a last dying speech from the top of the ladder, warning the by-standers to take warning by his sad end.'

A picture like this from the past proves more plainly than far more lengthy and learned discussions the necessity there was for Puritanism, to cleanse the moral atmosphere of the society of the upper classes of those days.

This same roystering Governor of Carisbrooke Castle was Jerome, Earl of Portland, who succeeded his father, the Lord Treasurer Weston, created first Earl of Portland, and took to his title and appointment as Governor of Carisbrooke Castle, A.D. 1634. With this specimen of his Lordship's manners and morals supplied by the Oglander MSS., one is not surprised that, as Clarendon relates in *The History of the Rebellion*, he should have given offence to the Long Parliament, by his 'waste of wine and drinking healths, and other acts of jollity.' He was, however, able to obtain in the Island vouchers for his respectability, or rather for his orthodoxy, which was tainted with 'an inclination to popery.' Sir R. Worsley, in his *History of the Isle of Wight*, gives the text of a petition presented to the House of Commons from the Deputy-Lieutenants, Justices of the Peace, the Mayors and Corporations of Newport, Newtown, and Yarmouth, and others, A.D. 1642, which disposes of this aspersion among others on the character of their 'beloved Captain and Governour' in the following terms: 'For ourselves, we have a pregnant testimony amongst us of his pious affection and love for the reformed religion, by a constant weekly lecture at Newport, to which his Lordship is a principal benefactor.' It does not appear that Earl Jerome 'sat under' (to use a Puritan phrase) this painstaking lecturer. Probably his zeal for 'the reformed religion' was on a par with that of a far more reputable statesman and peer of the realm, in later times, of whom, on his being called by a warm partisan, when his merits were in discussion, 'one of the pillars of the church,' it was observed by a more discriminating friend, 'No, not one of its pillars, but a buttress, if you will, for he is never found within it.'

There were better church-goers among the gentry of the Island. Sir John himself, as it appears from his diary, and 'Captain Cooke, of Budbridge,' Commander of Sandown Castle, 'a brave fellow, who came always to Arreton Church in his wrought velvet gown, and twelve of his soldiers with their halberds.'

With the portraiture of this latter Isle of Wight worthy I close for the present my selections from the Oglander gallery.

December 20, 1884.

VISCOUNT FALKLAND, M.P. FOR NEWPORT, I.W., A.D. 1640–1642.

THE scroll of the Parliamentary representatives who have sat in uninterrupted succession for Newport since the days of Queen Elizabeth is now rolled up. Although there may be other changes in our representative system, it is not likely that the ancient borough on the Medina will ever recover its own member. With the prosperity of the Isle of Wight Newport will from the advantage of its position increase, and it is to be hoped that it will flourish more and more, even though under the last Reform Bill it has shared the doom which Yarmouth and Newtown were compelled to undergo from the first Reform Bill.

This being the case, the Parliamentary representation of Newport is no longer a matter of present politics, but has become a fitting subject for local history. On carefully looking over the published list of the members for Newport, a gift for which I am indebted to the kindness of my friend and parishioner, Mr. Roach Pittis, the name of Lucius, or Luke, as he is variously styled in the list, Viscount Falkland, seems to me the most noteworthy. There are indeed other well-known names on the list. For instance, in 1825, George Canning, a man of genius, one of the most practical of statesmen, and famous for his foreign policy. In 1807, Sir Arthur Wellesley, the hero of a hundred fights, whose unselfish patriotism and contempt of the pettinesses of mere political partisanship becomes more apparent the more that we know of his career. The Duke of Wellington's colleague was Lord Palmerston, then quite a young candidate for political honours, but afterwards specially chosen by the British nation to extricate them out of their difficulties, when the helmsmen who were then at the head of affairs had allowed the ship of the state to drift into the Crimean War. But all these had only a temporary connexion with Newport Falkland's brilliant Parliamentary career belongs entirely to the capital of the Isle of Wight, since he sat for no other place. With Newport he began and ended. If I recollect right, Mr. Clifford, the last and highly-esteemed member for the town, not long ago brought up the name of Lord Cutts, as a notable representative in bygone times of Newport. Mr. Clifford is himself too accomplished a scholar and student of English literature and history to compare Cutts, 'as brave and brainless as the sword he wore,' with Falkland, who united practical statesmanship with high culture and an interest in the most important questions which can occupy the human mind. In his assiduous attention to his own Parliamentary duties, Mr. Clifford must have often passed by the statue of his illustrious predecessor, as it stands in the vestibule of the House of Commons, attesting that in the opinion of the most competent judges Falkland is entitled to a place in that small and select company of constitutional legislators who have adorned the deliberations of the Lower House.

Falkland probably owed his election at Newport to the fact that he was a Carey. In 1585 Newport owed its Parliamentary representation to Sir George Carey, the Governor of Carisbrooke Castle, and as a mark of gratitude the burgesses of Newport authorized him to nominate one of their members during his life. I am unable to discover from the books to which I have access whether Falkland was related to the Carey who was afterwards Lord Hunsdon. The electors of Newport in those days, like their successors, were, it may be inferred, not fickle in their political attachments, and had a regard for any one who bore the honoured name of Carey. Falkland belonged to the Careys of Cockington. His grandfather was Sir Edward Carey of Berkhamstead and Aldenham in Hertfordshire. His father, who was born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was created Viscount Falkland of the county of Fife in Scotland, and was afterwards Lord Deputy of Ireland, in the difficult government of which unmanageable country, as Leland says in his *History of Ireland*, he 'seems to have been more distinguished by his rectitude than his abilities.' His son, the Falkland of the Civil Wars, was born in 1610. From 1622 to 1629, during which time his father was the Lord Deputy of Ireland, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, but afterwards at St. John's College, Cambridge. His maternal grandfather, the great lawyer, who had been Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, had settled all his estates upon him, so that when Lucius Carey was only nineteen he inherited an ample fortune and 'two most pleasant houses in a pleasant country.' Young Lucius Carey's great friend was Sir Henry Morison, and their friendship and worth have been commemorated in a poem by Ben Jonson. An attachment sprung up between him and the sister of his friend, Letice Morison, who was, so Lord Clarendon says, 'a lady of extraordinary wit and judgement, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life that the age produced.' His father did not approve, because she was a portionless maiden, but they married, and were a very happy couple till her widowhood, when 'melancholy marked her for her own.' Of that widowhood of charity and good works there is an interesting account by her chaplain, John Duncan, in what is now a very scarce pamphlet. In 1533 Letice's husband succeeded to the title of Viscount Falkland by his father's death. A worthy clergyman who knew him well, Dr. Triplett, says he was of David's stature and courage. John Aubrey, the antiquary, says he was 'a little man, but of no great strength of body.' Lord Clarendon too also speaks of his small stature, his ungraceful movements, his simple appearance, his harsh voice. But he was no sloven, for as Clarendon mentions elsewhere, 'He minded his clothes and habit with more neatness and expense than is usual to so great a soul.' His house of Great Tew was situated about eight or ten miles from Oxford. All the most learned men of that University, poets, wits, scholars, divines, found a home there. Few narratives in English history are more charming than the record of those conversations in the mansion of Great Tew, with its hospitable host, then in his ripe and learned youth, the centre of the best and foremost thinkers of the age. It was a shelter for all who shrunk from the fussy ceremonialism and arbitrary temper of Laud, as also from the bitter and narrow exclusiveness of the Puritans. Hither came the 'ever memorable' Hales, as he was styled by his admirers, and Chillingworth with the manuscript of his polemical treatise, in which he presses his reasonings home like a charge with a bayonet. Falkland was himself a theologian. Dean Stanley has been quoted as affirming that Falkland was the founder, or nearly the founder, of the best and most enlightening tendencies of the Church of England. He wrote a *Discourse on the Infallibility of the Church of Rome*, and left several works that were unpublished, all indicating the depth and intensity of his religious convictions. He also wrote *Poems on the death of Dr. Donne*, and *Verses to Grotius.* Eight or nine years thus passed away in tranquil studies, until the time came when Falkland felt that he must quit the 'lime-trees and violets' of Great Tew for the strife of politics.

At first he took up arms and went on the Scotch expedition with the good wishes of his friends accompanying him, Cowley and Waller, the leading poets of that time, writing poems on the occasion. His peerage being Scotch did not entitle him to sit in the House of Lords, so he was elected as member for Newport in that short Parliament of 1640, which, by the advice of Wentworth and Laud, the king called after a cessation of eleven years. His friend, Lord Clarendon, says, 'From the debates which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety he contracted such a reverence for Parliaments that he thought it really impossible that they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom, or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them.' Falkland was re-elected for Newport in the famous Long Parliament of November, 1640. Hallam has remarked of him that 'the talents and early pursuits of this excellent man do not seem to have particularly qualified him for public life,' yet from the very first Lord Falkland shared in all the early salutary measures passed by the Parliament, and attained a high reputation in the House of Commons. According to the classification of parties made by M. Guizot, Falkland, with his associates, Colepepper and Hyde, belonged to the party of 'Legal Reform,' as opposed to the more Revolutionary party. His speeches were noted for their moderation and their high tone of feeling, the two rarest and most honourable elements of all oratory. On religious subjects he spoke indeed with that chastened heat which proves that a warm heart beats under the guidance of a cool head. Men who are powerful as popular speakers are seldom also gifted with the deeper and more solid qualities of statesmen. He who thinks deeply and clearly is naturally averse to that waste of words upon which the rhetorical declaimer depends as his weapon in political strife. Some reports of Falkland's speeches are still handed down, which show that he had that readiness as a debater which is the secret of success in Parliamentary discussions. A loyal and staunch supporter of the Church of England, Falkland accused Laud and the ecclesiastics of his party of 'having destroyed unity under the pretence of uniformity and of bringing in superstition and scandal under the titles of reverence and decency.' 'They have made the conforming to ceremonies more important than the conforming to Christianity.' Such were some of his utterances in Parliament.

When a secret and select committee was appointed by the Commons to consider the informations against the Earl of Strafford and to arrange the evidence, Falkland occasionally assisted in managing the conferences with the Lords. On the occasion of the resolution to impeach Strafford, Falkland suggested the appointment of a committee as more suitable for the gravity of their proceedings and more in accordance with Parliamentary usage. But the name of Falkland does not appear in those of the fifty-nine members who voted against the Bill of Attainder. Hallam intimates that he may have voted in the majority of 204, by whom the Bill was passed, and adds 'indeed I have seen a MS. account of the debate where Falkland and Colepepper appear to have spoken for it.' He was also entrusted with the prosecution of the Lord Keeper Finch, and generally sided with the Parliamentary leaders at this stage of the struggle between the King and the Parliament. About the time of the summer recess, during the king's absence in Scotland, when the apprehension of changes in Church and State far beyond what had been conceived at the opening of the Long Parliament led to a division of opinion in the constitutional party, Falkland cast in his lot with the royalists. In consequence he was 'disabled,' as the phrase was in 1642, from sitting in that Parliament, which, to use Hallam's expression afterwards 'sank in its decrepitude amidst public contempt beneath a usurper it had blindly elevated to power.' William Stephens, LL.D., of Bowcombe Manor, Carisbrooke (whose name is omitted in the list of Newport members to which I have already referred), was elected in the place of Falkland as a 'Recruiter,' the name reproachfully applied by Anthony Wood and the royalists to the new members who took the place of those 'disabled.' Lord Falkland took office with the royalists, being sworn in as Privy Councillor and afterwards as Secretary of State. 'Honesty,' he said, 'obliged him to serve the king, but that he foresaw his own ruin by doing it.' He does not seem to have got on well with Charles I. Clarendon says that 'Falkland often ventured to contradict the king with bluntness and sharp sentences; and of this His Majesty often complained, and cared less to confer with him in private, and was less persuaded by him, than his affairs and the other's great parts and wisdom would have required, though he had not a better opinion of any man's sincerity or fidelity towards him.' We find two notices of Falkland when the king was besieging

Gloucester, August 10, 1643. After the town of Gloucester had been relieved by the Earl of Essex, September 6, that Parliamentary General retired towards London, where he was followed by the King and attacked at Newbury in Berkshire, September 20 of the same year. In this action at Newbury Lord Falkland was struck with a musket ball, and died on the field just three months after the death of his opponent, but once bosom friend, John Hampden.

> 'See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just';

so writes the poet, Alexander Pope, in his *Essay on Man.* Death came to Falkland as a friend. Lord Clarendon, speaking of the depression which overtook the high-souled Falkland in his latter days, says, 'When there was any overture or hope of peace he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it, and sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate peace, peace.' There are some little traits in the account of his death as given by his political adversary, Whitelock, quite as touching as anything in the full and eloquent outpouring of Clarendon. 'The Lord Falkland, Secretary of State, in the morning of the fight called for a clean shirt, and being asked the reason of it, answered, that if he were slain in the battle they should not find his body in foul linen.' This incident gave occasion to Mr. Carlyle, in his *Cromwell*, to put forth his sarcasm about 'poor Lord Falkland and his clean shirt.' Mr. Goldwin Smith, my contemporary at Oxford, whose friendship I have the honour to retain, remarks upon this, in his thoughtful essay on *Falkland and the Puritans*, 'Carlyle's sneer at him has always seemed to us about the most painful thing in the writings of Carlyle.' Among the leading actors in the Civil War we may discern men of stronger purpose and more fitted to direct a period of revolutionary violence than Falkland, such men as Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell; but Falkland attracts more of our admiration and love than these men of iron will. When the sword is drawn in civil war, one of the penalties of that unhappy condition is that there can be no real peace till one party has yielded. Compromise only leads to renewed conflict. Falkland, dying in the thirty-fourth year of his age, found the peace he sought for. 'His death,' adds Whitelock, 'was much lamented by all who knew or heard of him, being a gentleman of great parts, ingenuity and honour, courteous and just to all, and a passionate promoter of all endeavours of peace betwixt the King and Parliament.' '*Blessed are the peace-makers.*'

December 19, 1885.

HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,

YOUNGEST SON OF CHARLES I; 1640–1660.

I.

Henry, third son of King Charles I, declared by his royal father Duke of Gloucester and Earl of Cambridge, and so entitled, but not so created till just before his death, shared with his elder sister her one month's captivity in Carisbrooke Castle. He himself, though he continued a prisoner in the Castle, where he was known as 'Mr. Henry,' for two years after his sister's death, has never had a share in the interest which is attached to that young Princess. The room in which she died is pointed out to the visitors to the Castle, but his name is rarely mentioned. Her story is remembered, his forgotten. The reason why the fate of Elizabeth still lives in the minds of the English people and that of her brother is buried in oblivion may partly arise from the circumstance that her name has been enshrined in the exquisite monument by Baron Marochetti, erected by Her Majesty Queen Victoria as 'a token of respect for her virtues and sympathy for her misfortunes.'

The story of Henry of Gloucester, who died at the early age of twenty, is little, if at all, more wanting in romance than that of his far more widely known sister and fellow-prisoner of Carisbrooke Castle. An attempt is here made to relate what is known about one who is described by contemporary writers of that period as 'a Prince of extraordinary hopes, both from the comeliness and gracefulness of his person and the vivacity and vigour of his wit and understanding.' The original authorities for the facts of the Duke of Gloucester's short life will be found in Carte's *Life of James, Duke of Ormond* (3 vols. fol. 1736); Evelyn's *Diary* from 1641 to 1706; Fuller's *Worthies* (1662); and Bishop Burnet's *History of His Own Times* (1722–34). The main results of the information that is to be gained from these authors has been very fully and clearly put together in Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England* (1840–45), in the fifth volume containing the life of Queen Henrietta Maria.

Henry was born to his father, Charles I, by his mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, on July 8, 1640, and was entitled Duke of Gloucester in 1641. The year 1640, in which Charles's youngest son was born, was a memorable epoch in that unhappy monarch's reign. In the beginning of that year the King, by the advice of Wentworth and Laud, called a Parliament after eleven years' cessation. It met April 13. The former dispute as to voting supplies before grievances were redressed was resumed, and after some ineffectual conferences between the two Houses the Parliament was dissolved May 5. The Parliament afterwards called the 'Long Parliament' was summoned, and met on November 3—a period 'distinguished beyond most others in English history by anxieties and endeavours, by hope and fear, and swift vicissitudes.' Of these the child was happily unconscious, and was probably too young to miss the departure of its mother, who, after having taken refuge in Exeter, left England July 14, 1644, for France, where she remained in obscurity and poverty till the restoration of Charles II. The Queen carried away with her her youngest daughter, Henrietta Maria, born June 14, 1644, at Exeter, to her own native land of France, where she was educated as a Romanist and afterwards married Philip, Duke of Anjou (brother of Louis XIV). The young Henry, with his sister Elizabeth, five years older than himself, was left behind in England. During the King's aimless wanderings after the fatal fight of Naseby and the surrender of the Royalist stronghold of Oxford, his children (with the exception of his first-born, Charles, who was abroad; Mary, who at ten years old was in 1641 married to Prince William of Nassau; and Henrietta, who was with her mother in Paris) were under the charge of the Parliament. When Charles entered into negotiations with the officers of the army, Fairfax, Cromwell, and the army officers, who were less vindictive than the Parliament, requested the members to consent that the King should see his children, who had so long been in their hands. The House of Commons apprehended that the army would keep the children as well as the father; but on Fairfax pledging his word of honour that they should be returned to St. James's Palace they very reluctantly sent the Duke of York, Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Gloucester to the beautiful village of Caversham, near Reading, where the King was then residing. The interview, which lasted for two days, was most tender, for Charles was a fond father. After the flight of Charles from Hampton Court, a fear was expressed 'lest the children's shoes be made of the same running leather,' and a message was sent to Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, their guardian, to have a strict eye over them that they should not be stolen away. All the vigilance exercised proved ineffectual to retain the Duke of York, a boy of about fifteen, who left the room at York House in which he and his young sister and brother had been playing at hide-and-seek, and, slipping down stairs, made his escape by a private door from the garden, whence he made his way to Holland disguised as a girl. Most readers of English history are familiar with the pathetic story of the parting of Charles I with his children just before his execution. The group stands out as in a picture. We can see the King's melancholy face, prematurely old, with the long hair and pointed beard which the great painter Vandyke has made so familiar to us. The face of the grey-haired discrowned inmate of 'Carisbrooke's narrow case' is so full of the tragedy of his sorrow, that even the most stanch admirer of his rival, Oliver Cromwell, forgets that it was not always the face of a true man. On his knees are seated his youngest boy, a fair child of seven years. The pale and weeping Princess Elizabeth, now in her thirteenth year, is standing beside her father. It is from her pen that we know the details of the touching parting. With thoughtfulness beyond her years, and perhaps too with the foreboding that she would not live to tell the tale in any other way, Elizabeth wrote out all the particulars and endorsed carefully her manuscript, 'What the King said to me on January 29, 1646 [old style], the last time I had the happiness to see him.' After relating his last charges to herself, she adds: 'Then taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, "sweet heart, now they will cut off thy father's head and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say, you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James live, therefore I charge you do not be made a king by them." At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, "I will be torn to pieces first." And these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And His Majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God, and He would provide for him. All which the young child earnestly promised.' Never was promise more loyally and faithfully kept. Henry kept his father's dying wishes as a sacred legacy.

Subsequently to the King's execution at Whitehall the children were committed to the charge of the Earl of Leicester, at his seat in Kent, the richly wooded park of Penshurst Place. The early annals of Penshurst would supply a long history. It must be enough here to say that the Duke of Bedford and his brother of Gloucester, the 'Good Duke Humphrey' of Shakespeare, both resided at Penshurst. The place came into the possession of the Sidney family by grant from Edward VI. Robert Sidney, descended of Mary Dudley, a sister of the last Robert Earl of Leicester, and nephew to Sir Philip Sidney, whose father had been created Earl of Leicester, was now the owner of Penshurst Place. The Countess of Leicester, Dorothy, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland, treated her wards with the utmost kindness. The earldom of Leicester has, it must be remembered, passed away from the Sidneys, having been conferred on the late well-known and popular Mr. Coke of Holkham in 1837.

In Fuller's *Worthies* it is stated that 'the Princess Elizabeth with her brother, the Duke of Gloucester, were received by

Mr. Anthony Mildmay from the Earl and Countess of Leicester, at Penshurst, on Friday, August, 9 1650.' They landed at Cowes on the 13th, and were removed to Carisbrooke Castle three days later. The delay was owing either to the ill-health of the Princess, or perhaps to the necessity of making arrangements for the reception of the children in the Castle. The letter of Bradshaw, the President of the Council of State, directing the Governor of the Isle of Wight to receive the royal children, is dated August 7. The choice of this place for their detention showed a certain want of feeling, for Carisbrooke Castle must indeed have been a place of melancholy associations to the royal children. But there is no ground for the charge brought by Hume and others that they were treated with harshness or insolence. It was indeed proposed in Parliament that they should be 'apprenticed to honest trades.' Cromwell and the men about him were godly, Christian, English gentlemen, unlike the godless Jacobins of France, who took away the Dauphin from his mother, while she yet lived, and committed him to the charge of one Simon, by trade a cordwainer, who taught the poor boy to drink, swear, and dance the revolutionary 'Carmagnole,' and allowed him to perish in early decrepitude and squalid filth, 'with his shirt not changed for six months.' Very different was the conduct of Cromwell. Indeed there is direct evidence to show that the orders of the Lord Protector Cromwell to Colonel Sydenham, the successor of Colonel Robert Hammond as Governor of the Castle, that the royal girl and boy should be treated as the children of a gentleman, were carried out in a considerate spirit. Colonel William Sydenham was the brother of the famous physician of that name, and the son of William Sydenham, Esq., of Winford Eagle in Dorsetshire. He was a soldier and a gentleman. He had commanded the Parliamentary forces in Dorsetshire, and held Weymouth and Melcombe Regis against the King. He was so esteemed by Cromwell that the Protector appointed him one of his Council and a Commissioner of the Treasury. At the creation of the remodelled House of Lords Sydenham was among the new peers, and justified the choice of Cromwell by his chivalrous treatment of the children of the late sovereign.

Their apartments were elegantly fitted up. Directions were indeed given that 'no person should be permitted to kiss their hands.' but they were allowed a suite of servants. Their household included Mr. Lovel, tutor to the young Duke; Mr. Anthony Mildmay, an 'honest and faithful gentleman,' who had especial charge of them; John Barmeston, gentleman usher; Judith Briot, gentlewoman; Elizabeth Jones, laundry-maid; John Clarke, groom of the chamber. A yearly allowance of £1,000 was granted for the maintenance of this household.

The Princess Elizabeth, a weakly and deformed girl, soon relieved her attendants of their charge of her. She was playing at bowls with her brother—'a sport she much delighted in'—on Monday, August 19, when a sudden shower fell and she caught a cold, which the next morning seizing on her body, enfeebled by a disease called the 'rickets' and arising from bad nursing, rapidly grew into a fever. Dr. Bagnell, a physician of Newport, was summoned to attend her; and Dr. Treherne sent a physician from London with 'remedies of electuary,' a nostrum or quack medicine of those days, which availed her nothing. Notwithstanding the care of that 'honest and faithful gentleman,' Anthony Mildmay, Esq., 'and all the art of her physicians, her disease grew upon her, and after many ejaculatory expressions, abundantly demonstrating her unparalleled piety, to the eternal honour of her own memory, and to the astonishment of those who waited on her, she took leave of the world on Sunday, September 8, 1650.'

'On September 11 Sir Henry Mildmay reported to the House that the Lady Elizabeth was indisposed, and had some inclination to go to her sister, the Princess of Orange, which the Council think she should do; and on the same day, the House having been informed of her death, it was ordered that it be referred to the Committee of Revenue, to consider of and give orders for her interment in the Isle of Wight, and providing mourning for her brother Henry and his servants, and also for the said lady, as they should think fit.'

At Carisbrooke meanwhile her body had been embalmed, and after lying in state sixteen days was conveyed to the town of Newport in a hired coach, attended by her servants. At Newport it was received by the Mayor and Aldermen, and finally deposited in St. Thomas's Chapel, 'about the middle of the east part of the chancel.' On the coffin were the simple words: 'Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of the late King Charles, deceased September 8, MDCL.'

June 29, 1889.

II.

The Duke of Gloucester remained in detention at Carisbrooke Castle for two years after the death of the Princess Elizabeth. Within a month after her departure from pleasant Penshurst, 'beneath the broad beech and the chestnut's shade,' so celebrated by Ben Jonson, she was found dead, as represented on Baron Marochetti's monument of her, with her face resting on the pages of an open Bible which had been her royal father's parting gift. To her, as to Elaine in Lord Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, the over-heard call of death was like 'a friend's voice from a distant field approaching through the darkness.' Life had not many charms for her, and a large portion of her heart was in the grave. According to Lord Clarendon, a good judge of character, 'she was a lady of excellent parts, great observation, and an excellent understanding.' These gifts were lodged in a sickly and deformed frame. Her portraits exhibit a great air of sadness, and the countenance is that of one beyond her age. Medical science, from an examination of her remains, has proved that she was humpbacked, knock-kneed, and altogether deformed.

But though the angel of death came as a messenger of mercy to the Princess, it left her brother a saddened survivor. His sister had been his companion and playmate in their exile from home. A man of genius, the late Mr. de Quincey, has given his impressions respecting the death of a sister when he was himself a child, and though the thoughts he has so powerfully expressed may be rather his reflections on that event in his maturer years than his own childlike ideas at the time, they prove what a quick ear even early boyhood has for the 'sound of a voice that is still.' So it must have been with 'Master Henry' in Carisbrooke Castle, when in the still night a departed face bent over him with sweet earnestness of eye, wearing no more a trace of earthly pains. For two long years he remained a prisoner in the Castle, attended by his tutor, Mr. Lovel. At length Cromwell, in whose lofty spirit there was no room for the meanness of persecuting a helpless child because he was a King's son, set him free from Carisbrooke Castle in March, 1652, declaring 'that Henry Stuart, third son of the late King Charles I, had leave to transport himself beyond sea.' Cromwell may not have been, as Hallam has observed, altogether disinterested in this matter. The disposition among the lawyers to elect the Duke of Gloucester to the vacant throne, as being from his youth exempt from the prepossessions of his two elder brothers, may perhaps have put Cromwell on releasing him from confinement and sending him to join his family abroad. Clarendon, in a letter dated November 11, 1651, mentions the scheme of making the Duke of Gloucester king—'Truly I do believe that Cromwell might as easily procure himself to be chosen King as the Duke of Gloucester; for, as none of the King's party would assist at the last, so I am persuaded both Presbyterians and Independents would have much sooner the former than any of the race of him whom they have murthered.' For a short time he took up his residence with his sister Mary, Princess of Orange. Mary, born November 4, 1641, was now a young widow. Her husband, Prince William the Second, grandson of William, first of the name, Prince of Orange-Nassau and Stadtholder of Holland, the leader in the memorable insurrection against Spain, had died in the year 1650 amid great civil troubles. Henry did not long remain at the Court of the Hague. In 1652 the celebrated Navigation Act was passed, forbidding that any goods should be imported into England except either in English ships or in ships of the country where the goods were produced. This measure seriously crippled the Dutch carrying trade. Trade has been a principal motive of wars and a constant justification of them. So it was in this case; there was much fighting by sea, in which the Dutch found that their Van Tromps and De Ruyters could not stand against Blake, Dean, and Monk, with the English sailors and gunners. It was thought advisable that the Duke of Gloucester should join his mother in Paris, where she was a refugee at the Court of Louis XIV. The lad's childish sorrows ought to have ended when he became an inmate of his mother's home, but it proved otherwise. The widowed Queen, Henrietta Maria, was a devoted adherent of the Church of Rome. Her father was Henry IV of France, whose submission to the Papacy was altogether political, but her mother, Mary de Medici, had brought up her daughter in the tenets of her own zeal for the teaching of the Council of Trent. Consistently enough Henrietta Maria had no sympathy with the National and Reformed Church of the country to which she came as the youthful bride of its sovereign. In the later years of their wedded life, when she was separated from Charles and in her native land of France, the Queen was, as the Clarendon State Papers prove, continually writing to her husband, urging him to sacrifice the Church of England as the necessary means of his and her own restoration to power. Strong as was her influence over Charles she could not shake his fidelity to the English Church. After her husband's execution the Queen would fain have gained all her children for her own Church, out of which she sincerely believed there was no salvation. Charles, Prince of Wales, was secure from her attempts, not from religious or moral principle, for he had none, though on his death-bed he was admitted into the bosom of the Church of Rome, but because his conversion to that Church would have effectually barred his way to the throne. Strange to say James, Duke of York, afterward so zealous a Roman Catholic, was at this time professedly a member of the Anglican Church. The youngest child, Henrietta, who had been brought from England when little more than an infant, had nothing to unlearn, but her Capuchin tutor, Father Cyprian, who possessed the gift of making himself beloved by children, found his arts thrown away upon the young Duke of Gloucester, who remained firm to the Church of his baptism.

The Queen-mother had at this time a confessor who is called by historians the Abbé Montagu. This Abbé was a remarkable man; he was the brother of the Puritan Lord Kimbolton, or Mandevil, who had become Earl of Manchester, and, with Cromwell as second in command, was nominated sergeant-major of the Associated Eastern Counties, and was afterwards sent down with a Parliamentary Commission to reform Cambridge University. The brother of this Puritan earl, who bore the courtesy title of Lord Walter Montagu, had been attached to the English embassy at Paris, and had there been converted by the Jesuits to the Church of Rome. Because of this conversion by the Jesuits he was said to be a member of that society, but he really belonged to one of the more ancient orders of the Church. At his instigation the Queen would no longer permit the service of the Church of England to be performed under the roof of the Louvre by the chaplain, Dr. Cosin, afterwards Bishop of Durham. Her son Henry however took care on his way from the fencing academy to go to the chapel of the embassy and there strengthen his faith by joining in the familiar prayers. At last Henrietta had recourse to severer measures. In spite of her promise to James, Duke of York, not to interfere with his brother's religious belief, she arranged a plan for sending him to the Jesuit College of St. Omer's. He pleaded his religion and refused to go. Henrietta then, dismissing his Protestant tutor, Mr. Lovel, sent him to Pontoise under the charge of Montagu. Every effort was made to work upon his hopes and fears; a cardinal's hat was offered him, and 'much wealth in benefices,' if he would enter into the orders of the Church of Rome. But all was in vain.

His firmness availed for a time; he was allowed to return to Paris and resume his attendance at the ambassador's chapel. Again the Queen repeated her solicitations, confirming the offers of Montagu. In reply Henry repeated his promise to his father. Various interviews followed in which his mother endeavoured by alternate threats and caresses to shake his resolution. At length she required a final answer, and upon his saying that he meant to remain in the Church of England she sent him word through

Montagu that she would see his face no more. Deeply moved, the poor boy entreated for one more last meeting that he might ask her blessing. 'That.' said the pitiless Abbé, 'I am empowered to refuse.' It was Sunday morning; he comforted his heart by attending his beloved English service; but found when he returned that no dinner was prepared for him—he must not break bread under his mother's roof. In his extremity Lord Hatton, one of the exiled Cavaliers, took him to his house. In the evening the boy stole back to the Palais Royal to bid farewell to his sister; and on going from her room to his own, found it dismantled and the sheets taken from the bed, and his horses turned out of the Queen's stables. Thus was Henry, when scarcely fourteen, left homeless in the streets of Paris. What he would have done it is difficult to say had not the Marquis of Ormond come to his rescue. The generous nobleman sold the last jewel he possessed—the George of the Order of the Garter—the gift of his beloved master, to supply his master's son with the necessaries of life. With him Henry resided until his brother, the young King, sent for him to join him at Bruges in the Netherlands, where his court was, according to Thurloe, a constant scene of profligacy. Henry escaped from the pollution of these contaminating influences by taking service under the Spanish flag with his brother, the Duke of York, who had four English-Irish regiments raised for him with Spanish pay under his command.

At the restoration of monarchy in England Henry was between nineteen and twenty when with his brother Charles he landed at Dover, and was received with enthusiasm by the people who had heard of his attachment to the Protestant faith. Happily for himself he was to have no share in a Court where he would have found himself surrounded 'by foreheads of bronze, hearts like the nether mill-stone, and tongues set on fire of hell.' On September 13, 1660, he died after a few days' illness of that scourge of the age, small-pox, and, as Pepys says, 'by the great negligence of his doctors.' Bishop Burnet, in his *History of His Own Times* (vol. i. p. 238), gives a very favourable character of this young prince. 'He had a particular talent for languages.

Besides the Latin, he was master of the French, the Spanish, the Italian, and Low Dutch.'

Queen Henrietta, hastening to England to share the triumph of her sons, had not yet arrived, and so her words spoken in wrath were fulfilled, for she saw his face no more. His sister Mary arrived in England on September 23, not long after Henry's death, and herself died of the small-pox, December 24, 1660, according to Bishop Burnet 'not much lamented.' 'She had lived,' says that author, 'in her widowhood with much reputation, kept a decent court, supported her brothers very liberally, and lived within bounds. But her mother, who had an art of making herself believe anything she had a mind to, upon a conversation with the Queen-mother of France, fancied that the King of France might be inclined to marry her. So she writ to her to come to Paris. In order to that she made an equipage far above what she could support. So she ran herself into debt and sold all her jewels and some estates that were in her power as her son's guardian, and was not only disappointed of that vain expectation, but fell into some misfortunes that lessened the reputation she had formerly lived in' (Burnet's *Own Times*, vol. i. p. 238).

Anthony Hamilton, in his *Memoirs of Grammont*, shows the impression that these two deaths, following one another so closely, made upon the heartless Court of the Restoration, when he says: 'The death of the Duke of Gloucester and of the Princess Royal, which followed soon after, had interrupted the course of the splendour of the King's coronation by a tedious mourning, which they quitted at last for the reception of the Infanta of Portugal'—Katherine of Braganza, the wife of Charles II.

The wise king says in the Book of Proverbs, 'Even a child is known by his doings whether his work be pure and whether it be right.' Short as was the life of Prince Henry, the royal captive of Carisbrooke Castle, his work proved in the fire showed itself 'pure' and 'right.'

The Queen-mother survived the deaths of her two children several years, dying at Colombe near Paris, August 10, 1669, the year in which her son the Duke of York avowed his conversion to the Church of Rome. Her beautiful, graceful, and intelligent daughter, Henrietta of Orleans, died very suddenly, not without horrible suspicions of having been poisoned, soon after her mother's death on June 30, 1670. As the sister of Charles II and sister-in-law of Louis XIV, and a favourite with both, she had been the chief agent in the negotiations between the English and French Courts. According to the arrangements made by her, the King of England offered to declare himself a Roman Catholic, to dissolve the Triple Alliance, and to join with France against Holland, if France would engage to send him such pecuniary aid as might make him independent of his Parliament. The French King, who had the wisdom to see that if the article about the English King becoming a Roman Catholic was carried out, there would be such an explosion in England as would frustrate those parts of the treaty which he had most at heart, required that Charles should still call himself a Protestant and should still at high festivals receive the sacrament according to the ritual of the Church of England. So far as her surviving children were concerned, Henrietta Maria's darling scheme was carried out, Charles being a concealed and James a professed Roman Catholic. Her grandchildren, Mary and Anne, the daughters of the Duke of York, afterwards successively Queens of Great Britain, were brought up as Protestants and remained so. They were educated as members of the Reformed Church of England by the positive command of Charles II, who knew that it would be vain for him to profess himself a member of that Church, if children who seemed likely to inherit his throne were by his permission brought up as members of the Church of Rome.

July 2, 1889.

AN ELECTION FOR THE LONG PARLIAMENT IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1640.

MR. HARBOTTLE ESTCOURT, in the valuable paper which he has drawn up from the records of the ancient borough of Newtown, I. W., to which, as steward of the manor, he has had access, has unearthed a most interesting document relating to a 'spirited election' to what was hereafter to be known in history as the *Long* Parliament. Contemporary accounts of these elections are rare. Mr. Carlyle has in his brilliant manner told the story of such an election for Suffolk, as it was recorded by Sir Simonds D'Ewes, high sheriff for that county (Carlyle's *Essays*, vol. iv. pp. 295–315). But, as a rule, the annals of this momentous General Election of 1640 are very scant. Civil war was imminent. The combatants on either side were too busy with other matters to take notes of the election proceedings. This rarity gives a value to Mr. Estcourt's discovery. A little light comes to us where otherwise most is dark.

Following the Tudor policy of her father, brother, and sister, Queen Elizabeth at various times added sixty-two members to the House of Commons in order to strengthen the influence of the Crown in the popular assembly. Orders in Council were accordingly sent authorizing the sheriffs to summon a larger number of boroughs to send up members to Parliament. Among these were the three Isle of Wight towns of Newport, Yarmouth, and Newtown. The first notice in the Newtown Corporation records of the borough exercising its Parliamentary privileges appears in the 'rough notes,' many of them still extant, contained in the *Courte Book*. From an entry in this volume we find that at an assembly of the Mayor and burgesses on December 28, 1639, it was agreed 'by general consent of the Mayor nowe elected and the company now assembled that John Meux, Esquire, shall be elected one of the burgesses for Parliament, and that the Right Hon. the Earl of Portland shall have the nomination of the burgess for the Parliament for this borough upon condition as for the burgesse to be nominated by the Earl of Portland to be either sworn a burgesse of this borough, or doe come hither and take his oath of burgesse before he be elected.' In pursuance of this resolution, on March 22, 1640, Nicholas Weston, Esquire, son of the Right Hon. Richard, Earl of Portland, deceased, was elected and sworn a free burgess of the borough; and afterwards the said Nicholas Weston, Esquire, and John Meux, Esquire, were elected burgesses of Parliament for the borough. This was the 'Short' Parliament summoned by Charles I, which met on April 13, 1640, and was dissolved on May 25 following.

Of this John Meux, Oglander, in his *Memoirs*, relates that he was 'of a homely behaviour, never having any breedinge or good naturales.' Nicholas Weston is painted by the cavalier knight of Nunwell in darker colours. On a Sunday in August, 1639, so Oglander relates, the quiet church-going citizens of Newport were scandalized by the sight of their Governor, Jerome, Earl of Portland, his brother, Nicholas Weston, and their boon companions, Hicks and the dissipated Colonel Goring, Governor of Portsmouth, marching in drunken revelry towards the town gallows. At each health they drank they tore one another's bands and clothes, and by the time they reached their destination they were all in tatters. Then Goring mounted the ladder, and with tipsy gravity delivered his last dying speech to the bystanders, advising them all to take warning by his unhappy end.

Chillingworth, 'whose dying hours were,' to use the language of Hallam, 'embittered by undistinguishing and remorseless bigotry of Presbyterianism,' is reported to have said of the struggle between Charles I and the Parliament that the publicans and sinners were on one side, the scribes and pharisees on the other. Had the party of the Court consisted only of such men as Weston and Goring, Chillingworth's bitter sarcasm might have been justified, so far as it related to the Cavaliers. With Lord Falkland as member for Newport, the people of the Isle of Wight had a bright and shining example that the King's partisans could be men of wholesome and stainless life, though it must be kept in mind that when Weston's drunken freak occurred Falkland was a stanch supporter of the cause of the Parliament.

During the interval between the dissolution of the *Short* and the election of the *Long* Parliament the air was sonorous, if not with the din and denunciations of the ordinary bawling platform orator, yet with the more measured harangues of the Puritan leaders. Anthony Wood says of Pym, that 'he rode about the country to promote elections of the Puritanical brethren to serve in Parliament, wasted his body much in carrying on the cause, and was himself, as we all know, elected a burgess.' As for Hampden, 'he had been long accustomed to ride, for several years before the grand rebellion broke out, into Scotland to keep consulting with the Covenanting brethren there, but kept his circuits to several Parliament houses in England.' In the Isle of Wight the same policy seems to have been pursued by a notable man, Sir Thomas Barrington, first cousin on the mother's side to Oliver Cromwell, whose lineage will be found in Noble's well-known book on the Cromwell family. Barrington, in modern phraseology, 'nursed' the borough of Newtown, with which he was closely connected from the fact that he was lord of the manor of Swainston, though he did not take up his residence there. After the execution of the venerable Countess of Salisbury Swainston reverted to the Crown and was granted by Queen Mary to Winifred, second daughter of Henry, Lord Montagu, who was executed for treason about a year before his mother Margaret. Winifred married first Sir Thomas Hastings, and secondly Sir Thomas Barrington, knight, of Barrington Hall, Essex, by whom she had two sons and a daughter.

On October 19, 1640, an assembly was held at Newtown, at which twenty burgesses were present, and the *Courte Book*, after setting out the warrant from the high sheriff of the county, dated October 14, 1640, contains an entry that the Mayor and burgesses elected John Meux and Nicholas Weston as burgesses. The rough notes before mentioned furnish a proof that the troubles of the time had an influence over this quiet borough. It appears that the election of Nicholas Weston was opposed by Sir Thomas Barrington; that a poll took place, when Weston was elected by a majority of eleven to seven by the following votes:—

For Barrington.	*For Weston.*
Richard Barton, mayor	John Meux, Esq.
Thomas Holbrooke	Stephen Marsh, Esq.
Richard Dore	Thomas Baskett, Esq.
Richard Rogers	Peter Gard, sen.
John Grainger	William Jordan, gent.
John Kerry	Edward Cheke, Esq.
William Byde	Edward Legh, Esq.
	Peter Gard, jun., gent.
	William Harby, clerk
	Humphrey Furney, Esq.
	Richard Stephens

The supporters of Sir T. Barrington were evidently for the most part residents, and those of Weston the neighbouring gentry who held burgage qualifications. On the following court-day, held October 26, 1640, there was a resolution proposed in the form of a certificate 'that about the election John Meux, Esq., had demeaned himself modestly, discreetly, and orderly, and did not in all his observations use any menacing, threatening, or other unfit or indecent language or behaviour.' This resolution, as Mr. Estcourt pertinently observes, seems to imply that others had been guilty of such conduct—probably enough the luckless, roistering Cavalier, N. Weston.

The election did not however end there, for in November, 1645, another writ was issued for the election of new members in the place of John Meux and Nicholas Weston, formerly elected, but now by judgement of the House of Commons disabled longer so to continue. By the term 'disabled' or deemed incapable of sitting henceforth in the House of Commons were indicated those who for some reason or other—generally Royalism or desertion to the King—had become obnoxious to the majority of their colleagues in the all-powerful Long Parliament. Jerome, Earl of Portland, was removed from his post as governor of the Island and captain of Carisbrooke Castle by Parliament, in spite of a petition in his favour presented to the Houses by the inhabitants. The charges against him were, according to Clarendon, 'His acts of good fellowship, all the waste of powder, and all the waste of wine to the drinking of healths, and the acts of jollity, whenever he had been at this government from the first hour of his entering upon it.' The same allegations were no doubt brought against his brother Nicholas Weston, along with some complaints against the use of bad language on his part. A new election was ordered, and the result was the return of Sir John Barrington, the son of Sir Thomas, whose death had meanwhile taken place in the year 1644, and John Bulkeley, Esquire. Sir John Barrington was what would now be called an advanced and progressive politician, as he voted for the execution of the King. Of John Bulkeley all that is known is this, that he had been member for Yarmouth, I. W. In the Short Parliament of 1640 William Oglander, the son and successor of Sir John, was chosen by the Corporation of Yarmouth as their representative. He did not keep on good terms with the burgesses, of whom he complained that they were 'an ill bred company of fools and loggerheads,' and that 'a meaner man than himself might have served their turn. This and more being spoken in the hearing of the wives of some of the burgesses, they informed their husbands of the matter, in spite of the entreaty of Oglander's servant that there might be no words of his young master spoken.' The Corporation would not put up with the affront. A meeting was convened to deliberate on the behaviour of their member. A protest against his language was entered in their books, and he was unanimously 'dismissed and excluded' from his office as being 'altogether unfit to be a burgess for the Parliament,' and John Bulkeley, Esq., was elected in his place. This gentleman represented Yarmouth for a very short time, since after sitting for three weeks the Parliament was dissolved. After John Meux and Nicholas Weston had been disabled in 1645, John Bulkeley and Sir John Barrington sat for the borough of Newtown. (See the list of the Long Parliament in Carlyle's *Cromwell's Life and Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 375–397.) These blunders in tact, temper, and even graver moral conduct on the part of the adherents of Charles, are in their way evidences of the want of judgement and the incapacity which, as a rule, marked the counsels of the unhappy captive of Carisbrooke Castle. The people of England, as the Restoration proved, were not in favour of the overthrow of the monarchy nor of destroying the old land-marks of our constitution in Church and State. The country gentlemen of England, of whom the bulk of the members of the Long Parliament consisted, though opposed to the fatal policy of Laud and Strafford that the King should reign without a Parliament, always maintained that their cause was the cause of the old order of the kingdom and even of the King himself, against his evil advisers. It was not a mere struggle between publicans and sinners on one side and scribes and pharisees on the other. The best men in the Royal army had the old love for the person of the King. The worst of them had the hatred of Puritanism and the love of wine and wassail to give them zeal. Cromwell was no scribe or pharisee. Systems of church government were as little to him as Parliamentary formulas. He did not believe in one more than the other. He was an Englishman with a hatred of disorder and anarchy. His soldiery was recruited from the class of county freeholders and even yeomen with a fair sprinkling of the citizens of the towns, provided they would submit to drill and obediently learn how to use their pikes. A love for the rule of the House of Commons was certainly no part of Cromwell's creed.

July 9, 1892.

PHILIP, EARL OF PEMBROKE, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1642–1647.

The year 1642 is a noteworthy epoch in the history of England; in the August of that year the sword was drawn and civil war commenced. From 1630 to 1640 the high-handed policy of the King, the barbarous punishments inflicted by the Star Chamber, the ship-money, and all the other measures, now universally condemned, which had disgraced the administrations of Buckingham, Weston, and Archbishop Laud, had alienated the minds of such moderate men as Falkland, member for Newport; Culpepper, afterwards Governor of the Isle of Wight at the time of the Restoration; and Hyde, better known as Lord Clarendon. These Royalists were, in Hallam's judgement, true friends to the constitution, but they did not discern the signs of the times. Whether it would have been possible for these men, in conjunction with the more temperate of the Parliamentary leaders, to make such a reform in the government under Charles as was afterwards made under William III, is one of those historical problems which perhaps can never be solved. Men whose virtues and abilities would have done honour to any cause were ranged on both sides in the fierce struggle. Before coming to the arbitrament of pike and bullet in almost every shire in England men were ranged into two hostile parties. In vain did thoughtful men, like Falkland, keep dinning the word 'Peace' into the ears of furious partisans. In civil war there can be no lasting peace till one side has succumbed; compromise only leads to renewed and more bitter conflict.

In the Isle of Wight, as throughout England generally, the yeomanry, tradesmen of the towns, and the smaller squires zealously espoused the cause of the Parliament, while most of the resident knights and gentry with the clergy were on the King's side. Although the Cavalier party in the Island was somewhat lukewarm, they were in the eyes of their Puritan neighbours 'Malignants,' a word then first invented by party spite to designate the defenders of the Church and Monarchy (Clarendon, *Civil War*, vol. ii. p. 91). Unhappily politics became with many their religion, and what was still worse religion degenerated into politics. The pulpit became, to use the words of a contemporary writer, a 'drum ecclesiastic'; and preachers like Harby, the minister of Newport, headed their congregations, exhorting them to be valiant in fighting the battle of the Lord, and smiting their enemies hip and thigh.

Before the King had proclaimed the Earl of Essex and his officers guilty of treason, and had set up his standard at Nottingham, on Monday, August 22, 1642, the Long Parliament had been beforehand with the Royalists in securing the Isle of Wight and Carisbrooke Castle for themselves; for before the month of March in that year they had cast Jerome Weston, Earl of Portland, the former Governor, into prison, and appointed in his stead Philip, Earl of Pembroke. The defence and military strength of the Island were under the command of the Captain or his deputies, and Carisbrooke Castle, as the most important fortress, must be secured. While swords were being drawn out of their scabbards, the great point on both sides was to get control of the constitutional force of the Militia, and of the garrisons which could protect that force. In the beginning of the year 1642 many messages passed between the two Houses of Parliament and the King: 'Will your Majesty grant us the power of the Militia; accept this list of Lord Lieutenants?' 'Not for an hour,' exclaimed Charles, with a solemn adjuration. 'Keep the Militia,' said the Queen Henrietta Maria, with a martial spirit worthy of her warlike father, Henry IV of France; 'Keep the Militia, that will bring back everything.' Though all experience shows that military authority should not be permanently lodged in a large and divided assembly, Mr. Hallam has proved that by the old constitution the 'power of the Militia was at the disposal of Parliament.'

The man whom the Parliament chose to wield this instrument in the Isle of Wight was Philip, Earl of Pembroke. 'He was,' says Worsley (*History I. W.* p. 16), 'respectfully received by the gentlemen and principal farmers, who assembled at Cowes and tendered him their best services.' The calm and judicial Hallam (*Const. Hist.* vol. i. p. 652) calls Pembroke 'the basest among the base.' Unlike Strafford, who in deserting the cause of the Parliament for that of the King, to his honour be it said, left the stronger for the weaker side, Pembroke was one of those turncoats who quit what they hold to be a sinking ship to find safer quarters.

The Earl had by his own conduct been deprived of his office of Lord Chamberlain; a quarrel between himself and Lord Mowbray, son of the Earl of Arundel, in a debate in the House of Lords, came to blows, when the Peers next day sent the offenders to the Tower. 'The King,' says Clarendon, 'taking advantage of his miscarriage, and having been long incensed by the passionate, indiscreet, and insolent carriage of the Earl, sent to him by his gentleman usher for his staff; and within two or three days after bestowed it upon the Earl of Essex, who without any hesitation took it' (*History of the Rebellion*, vol. i. p. 460). In an earlier portion of his *History*, pp. 104-106, Clarendon has given a finished sketch of his character. As a young man he had been a favourite of James I, and pretended to no other qualifications than to understand horses and dogs well. This made him all the more acceptable to his royal master, a lover of hunting, who was very jealous of those who had the reputation of great parts. While basking in the sunshine of the court, he made many friends, who believed him to be honest and generous. Although he was superseded in King James's favour by Robert Carr, a Scotsman, who took his place, he was still second favourite with James, 'who commended him to his son at his death as a man to be relied on in point of honesty and fidelity; though it appeared afterwards he was not strongly built, nor had sufficient ballast to endure a storm.'

The title of Earl of Pembroke has been borne by many distinguished personages in English history. The first of these was Gilbert de Clare, grandson of Richard of Brion, a Norman, who fought at Hastings, and appears in Domesday Book possessed of manors in Kent, Suffolk and seven other counties. Gilbert de Clare, having made the conquest of Cardigan and of great part of West Wales, was created Earl of Pembroke, A.D. 1138. His son Richard, better known as Strongbow, or Richard of Strigul (Chepstow), his place of residence, succeeded as second Earl of Pembroke. He was a man of broken fortunes and in disgrace with the King, but his military skill and courteous manners gave him great influence, which he was induced to exert by the liberal promises of the fugitive Dermot of Leinster. Strongbow married Eva, the daughter of Dermot McMorrogh, and succeeded to his kingdom; he was obliged to surrender it to Henry II, but had it regranted, except Dublin, Waterford, and the other Ostman seaports, which the King retained in his own hands; he died in Dublin, 1172. His daughter Isabel married William Marshall, who became Earl of Pembroke, and was guardian of the realm in the minority of Henry III. He was the son of John de Marshal, and serving the young Henry, Richard, and John with great fidelity, he received from the last King a grant of the whole province of Leinster.

On John's death he took such measures as caused the youthful Henry III to be received as King until his own death, which occurred in the year 1219. He left, besides daughters, five sons, who all in succession became Earls of Pembroke, leaving no issue. The extinction of the Earl's male line is recorded by Matthew Paris as an evident judgement for his seizure of two manors from the Bishop of Fernes, who, failing to procure redress, excommunicated the Protector. The earldom of Pembroke was in 1247 granted by King Henry III to his own half-brother, William de Valence. His son Aymer de Valence, who ravaged Scotland, but was obliged to retire, left a wife, who by grant from her cousin, King Edward III, founded the College or Hall of Mary de Valence in Cambridge, now called Pembroke Hall. The last de Valence dying without issue, Laurence Hastings, grandson of Isabel de Valence, sister of Aymer, was created Earl of Pembroke. His son, John Hastings, married Margaret, the youngest daughter of King Edward III, who died soon afterwards. Though related to royalty, when he was defeated and captured at sea by the Spaniards, he was not released until he had suffered four years' imprisonment, and he then died at Paris on his way to Calais, in 1376. He was followed by his son John, who died in 1390. In his family it has been remarked that no son ever saw his own father, the father dying before the son was born. The earldom of Pembroke was then conferred successively on 'Good Duke Humphrey' of Gloucester; William de la Pole, afterwards Duke of Suffolk; and on Jasper Hatfield, half-brother to King Henry VI, afterwards Duke of Bedford. When Jasper, who had taken the Lancastrian side, became a fugitive, the earldom and castle of Pembroke was granted to William Herbert, a stanch adherent of the house of York, who, falling into the hands of the Lancastrian insurgents on the temporary restoration of Henry VI in 1470, was executed at Banbury. He was succeeded in his earldom by his son William, who exchanged this dignity for that of Huntingdon in 1479, King Edward being desirous to confer the earldom of Pembroke upon his son Prince Edward.

The Earls of Pembroke, till Wales was incorporated into and united to England (27 Henry VIII, c. 26), were counts palatine, having a jurisdiction exclusive of the King's Courts, and passing all things that concerned the county under the seal of the earldom. In September 1532 Henry VIII advanced Anne Boleyn, whom he afterwards married privately, to the dignity of Marchioness of Pembroke.

The Earl of Pembroke, who was captured at Edgecote near Banbury, and was afterwards executed, besides his legitimate offspring left two natural sons, the eldest of whom, Sir William Herbert, Knight of Ewyas and Grove Radnor, Herefordshire, had a son William, who was installed Knight of the Garter in 1548, and afterwards through the influence of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, one of whose adherents he had been, was elevated to the peerage October 10, 1551, as Baron Herbert of Cardiff, and on the morrow, Earl of Pembroke. After the fall of the Protector Somerset the Earl of Pembroke was one of the powerful men who ruled England in the name of the boy-king, Edward VI. Stowe and other chroniclers of that time speak of the magnificence of his retinue while living and the vast expenses incurred at his burial in the Cathedral of St. Paul's on April 18, 1570. He was succeeded by his own son Henry, who married for his third wife Mary, daughter of Sir Henry Sidney, K.G., by whom he had two sons and a daughter. A noticeable portrait of this lady, immortalized in Ben Jonson's famous epitaph as 'Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother,' still hangs on the walls of the room in Penshurst called 'Queen Elizabeth's drawing-room.' Of him Clarendon has said, 'Sure never was man planted in a court that was fitter for that soil, or brought better qualities with him to purify that air.' His brother Philip had, before he succeeded to the earldom of Pembroke, been elevated to the peerage by the title of Earl of Montgomery. Like his brother, he was also Chancellor of the University of Oxford. This honour was conferred upon him through Cromwell's influence after he had ceased to be Governor of the Isle of Wight. The memoirs of the time bring him before us as 'speaking very loud, as his manner was.' A noisy and obstreperous man, he played an ignoble part in the great drama of the Civil War. While still Earl of Pembroke he 'condescended,' to use the words of

Hallam, 'to sit in the House of Commons for the County of Berks, and was received, notwithstanding his proverbial meanness and stupidity, with such excessive honour as displayed the character of those low-minded upstarts who formed a sufficiently numerous portion of the House to give a tone to its proceedings.' His tenure of office as Governor of the Isle of Wight only lasted for four years. The affairs of the Island were mainly in the hands of the Deputy Lieutenant, Sir John Dingley, and then of Colonel Thomas Carne. Carne and Sir Thomas Barrington, M. P. for Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, were active members of the committee for the safety of the Isle of Wight, a body which held their meetings in London. Pembroke survived to see the Restoration, dying in 1665. Had he been a younger man, this time-serving politician, who had been a Royalist under James and during the earlier part of the reign of Charles I, and a violent loud-tongued Roundhead under Cromwell, would have been one of the most servile courtiers in Whitehall, and voted in his place in the House of Lords for the execution of the regicides. He belonged to that lowest type of public men, who

> 'Proteus-like, must alter
> His face and habit, and like water seem
> Of the same colour that the vessel is
> That doth contain it; varying his form
> With the chameleon at each object's change.'

July 26, 1890.

THE DINGLEY ARMS IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

In Winchester Cathedral is the Dingley shield impaled with the Hammond arms. The impalement must have come about from the fact that Sir John Dingley of the Isle of Wight married Jane, daughter of Dr. John Hammond, physician to Prince Henry, the elder brother of Charles I. Colonel Hammond, who was Governor of Carisbrooke Castle when

Charles I came in November, 1647, was the second son of Robert Hammond, Esq., of Chertsey in Surrey, who was a brother of Lady Dingley, who was also a sister to Dr. Henry Hammond, the eminent divine and chaplain to the King. We are indebted to Sir John Dingley for an interesting letter, dated March 31, 1642, in which he, as Deputy Governor of the Isle of Wight, gives an account of the state of the Island at that time, in reply to one addressed to him by Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who had been appointed Governor of the Island by Parliament in place of Jerome, Earl of Portland. This letter will be found in Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* pp. iii, 114).

November 7, 1885.

THE HOBSON OR HOPSON FAMILY, AND MILTON'S SONNET TO THE LADY MARGARET, WIFE OF CAPTAIN HOPSON.

The Hobsons or Hopsons (for the name is spelt in both these forms), father and son, are mentioned by Sir John Oglander as belonging to the company of the gentlemen of the Isle of Wight who met together at the ordinary at Standen, and who dined with the Governor of the Island, Lord Southampton. The wife of old Mr. Hobson, whose maiden name was Margaret Holbourn, of Chelsea, was one of the 'three gentlewomen of ffashion and repute' who alone in the whole Island, so Oglander states, were 'accounted in qualified fitting to kepe companye with my Lady Carye,' daughter of Sir John Spenser, of Althorpe, and wife of Sir George Carey, who preceded Lord Southampton in the government of the Isle of Wight. The Hobsons were therefore a family which moved in what would now be called the best circle of the society of the Isle of Wight.

Little notice has been taken of this family by Worsley and others, nor am I able to give their lineage. Possibly Mr. Long of Portsmouth or others who are acquainted with the genealogy of the leading families in the Island may be able to furnish information upon this point. Their connexion with the Island arose with the seizure by the Crown of the property belonging to the monasteries, though not for some time after the dissolution of the religious houses. Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* p. 265) mentions that the Priory of Christchurch, Twineham, which had considerable property in the Isle of Wight, in all probability held out beyond the time of the suppression of the monasteries. 'There is,' he says, 'a remarkable entry in Bishop Gardiner's *Register* of a presentation to Thorley Church in the year 1537 by John Draper, by divine sufferance prior of Christchurch, and the monks of the convent.' The manor and appropriation of the great tithes and advowson of the vicarage became, when the Priory of Christchurch was dissolved, the property of the Crown, and were, along with the manors of Ningwood, Wellow, Wilmingham, and Shalcombe, exchanged for the manor of Marylebone, with Thomas Hopson, Esq. This exchange was effected in 1544. How the Hobsons became possessed of the manor of Marylebone does not appear. A certain Thomas Hobson is mentioned frequently in the State papers of Henry VIII as having rendered services to the King's grandmother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond; he was auditor to the Duchy of Cornwall, and died in 1514. Marylebone, the largest parish of London, more than twice the extent of the city, and its population greater, was originally called Tyburn, from its being on a brook, or bourne, that rose near Hampstead. This rivulet, called Ay-bourne or Ty-bourne, crossed Oxford Street near Stratford Place and made its way by what is now called Brook Street, from being built on its banks, through the hollow of Piccadilly into the Green Park. Here it expanded into a large pond, from which it ran past what is now the garden of Buckingham Palace in three distinct branches through Tothill Fields to the Thames. On the site of what is now Curzon Street, Hertford Street, and Chesterfield House, a yearly fair was held in the month of May, which afterwards gave the name of Mayfair to the district.

In a record of Henry VIII this district is called Tyborne, alias Mary-borne, alias Mary-bourne. Lysons conjectures that when the site of the church Tiburn (St. Mary's) was altered to another spot near the same brook, it was called St. Mary-at-the-bourne, now corrupted to St. Mary-le-bone or Marybone.

After the exchange between the Crown and Hobson, the manor was leased by Queen Elizabeth in 1533 and 1595, and sold by James I. About 1813 the manor passed from the second Duke of Portland to the Crown by exchange. The ancient manor-house, said to have been used as one of the palaces, which stood opposite the old church where Beaumont Street now is, was taken down in 1791. Here was Marylebone Park or hunting ground, in the time of Queen Elizabeth stocked with deer. The park reserved by James I was assigned by Charles I as a security for debt, and was, with the deer and timber, sold by Cromwell. At the Restoration the park was assigned till the debt was paid, the site having previously been disparked, and never afterwards stocked. Out of this and some neighbouring fields purchased for the purpose was constructed the park which by its name keeps up the remembrance that it was projected and laid out during the Regency.

The Hobsons on coming to the Isle of Wight made Ningwood their residence. In 1628, according to the Return of the Militia made by Sir John Oglander, when the military strength of the Island was considerable, Mr. Hobson marshalled a band of 170 men, and also had in 1638 at Hampstead Point to the east of Yarmouth a watch with two men. In 1643, according to Bishop Newton, who published an edition of *Paradise Lost* in 1749, John Milton used frequently to visit Captain Hobson and his wife, who was the Lady Margaret Ley to whom the poet addressed one of his sonnets. 'This lady was the daughter of Sir James Ley,' says Bishop Newton, 'whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the law, till he came to be made Earl of Yarborough and Lord High Treasurer and Lord President of the Council to James I. He died on March 14, 1629, at an advanced age, and Milton attributes his death to the breaking up of the Parliament, which was dissolved on March 10, 1629. The dissolution of this Parliament, in which sat Sir John Eliot, Selden, and other members, who were summoned before the Privy Council and committed to the Tower on informations exhibited against them in the Star Chamber, so Milton asserts, 'broke that good earl, once President of England's Council and her treasury' . . . 'as that dishonest victory at Chæroneia, fatal to liberty, killed with report the old man eloquent.' The reference here, it may be observed, is to Isocrates, the celebrated Attic orator and rhetorician, who, when the battle of Chæroneia had destroyed the last hopes of freedom and independence for Athens, made away with himself, unable to survive the downfall of his country. Bishop Newton assigns the composition of the sonnet to the period at which Milton was, as appears from the accounts of his life, in the habit of frequently visiting this lady and her husband, Captain Hobson, in the Isle of Wight.

In 1643 Milton was thirty-five years of age, having turned his back upon his youth, and going downward over the hill of life. At that age the characters of most men undergo a change; 'unlooked-for symptoms,' so Lord Lytton has remarked, 'break forth in the bodily and mental frame.' Before he became the occasional visitor at the house of Captain and Lady Margaret Hobson, Milton had done a great deal of work. From the scrivener's house in Cheapside and the Puritan lessons of his father and mother he went to St. Paul's School, where he studied hard, and from thence, stored with classical learning, proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge, where many of his Latin poems were written. After leaving the University he had written his *Arcades*, *Comus*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*. He had travelled in France and Italy, had been introduced to Grotius, visited Galileo, and conversed with Tasso's patron, Manso. He had also begun his political career by writing in 1641 a treatise *Of Reformation*, which was followed in the same year by those on *Prelatical Episcopacy*, *The Reform of Church Government urged against Prelacy*, and some observations on a tract of Bishop Hall's, and in the next year an *Apology for Smectymnuus*, which was Milton's last work on the Puritan side of the controversy. When Milton was thirty-four years of age he seems to have taken suddenly upon himself the resolution to marry; his choice fell on Mary, daughter of Richard Powell of Forest Hill near Shotover in Oxfordshire, an active royalist, who lived gaily and expensively. The pair were ill-suited for one another, and the result was unhappiness. He was taken by the lady's beauty, but she was, so it appears, dull and unintellectual; she was soon tired of his studious habits and of his house, which received few visitors, after the company to which she had been accustomed in her father's mansion. In a few weeks she requested permission to go back to her father, and stayed with her own family in spite of her husband's remonstrances, not even answering the letters he addressed to her. This so provoked Milton, who was described by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Powell, as 'a harsh and choleric man,' that he resolved to repudiate his wife, and, to justify his resolution, published in 1644 and 1645 four treatises, the main position of which is 'that indisposition, unfittingness, or even contrariety of mind, rising from a cause in nature, unchangeable, hindering, and ever likely to hinder the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, is a greater reason of divorce than adultery, provided there be a mutual consent for separation.'

While preparing these treatises, which reasonably excited a good deal of feeling against the author, and during these unhappy relations between himself and his wife, Milton's intimacy with Captain and Lady Margaret Hobson arose. They must have been no ordinary people who could induce the poet to become a constant visitor to their house. Milton was never compliant to the ways of the world; from his very childhood he kept himself aloof from companionship; he nursed his visions in solitude, and the ideal world in which he lived led him to shun the rude concourse of mankind. There could be no question as to his own purity and sanctity of soul, but he was not of the disposition to win or keep friends. All his excitements were intellectual. He was respected and not liked. With an irritable temperament he had a scorn for mean intellects and unlearned persons. He could not brook contradiction; his opinions were strong and fixed; he would bend to no man. Tenderness was not his characteristic; the expression of his feelings arose from his imagination rather than his imagination from his feelings.

Absorbed in himself, uncompanionable and seemingly sullen, he could be fierce, perhaps ferocious, when thwarted or opposed. He was on familiar terms with very few. Even with Cromwell, his idol, he seems to have had little personal intimacy. His chief friends, so one of his biographers, Sir Egerton Brydges, says, were Lawrence 'of virtuous father, virtuous son,' and Cyriac Skinner. To these may be added, at least in a portion of his life, the Hobsons, husband and wife.

Hallam (*Lit. Hist.* vol. iii. p. 269) asserts that no diligence has been spared in recovering and recording every circumstance of the life of John Milton. This is not the case as regards his intimacy with the Hobsons, which existed at a most interesting period in the life of the poet of *Paradise Lost.* No record, so far as I am aware, has come forth, except the note of it furnished by Bishop Newton. Possibly there may be more told on this point in the recent life of Milton by Professor Masson. Was Milton a visitor to the Hobsons at their house of Ningwood? It might be rash to infer from Dr. Newton's expression, 'Captain Hobson of the Isle of Wight,' that Milton came to this Island, but as it does not appear that the Hobsons had any other residence, we may fairly conjecture that this fair isle was not unknown to Milton. Ningwood is not far from Freshwater, and it is probable enough that he who sung of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained* may have stood where, in the words of a brother poet, Lord Tennyson, 'the hoary channel tumbles a billow on chalk and sand.' Milton is a musical rather than a picturesque poet, yet in his blindness in after years he may have called up memories of the scenery by which when a guest of Ningwood House he had been surrounded. In accompanying the Hobsons to Newport, to which they would often resort, Milton may have caught that first and striking view of Carisbrooke Castle on the hill that descends upon the village, where, to use the language of John Stirling, the ancient fortress seems 'to resemble the last of the Anakim, bidding defiance to the feebler race that crawl at its feet.' If so, when in 1649 Milton was writing his *Iconoclast* in answer to the *Icon Basilike, or the Portraiture of Majesty in its Solitudes and Sufferings,* the remembrance of the place where the royal captive was detained may have come before him and softened the sternness of the controversialist, when in his preface to that denunciation of Charles I he wrote: 'To descant on the misfortunes of a person fallen from so high a dignity, who hath also paid his final debt to Nature and to his faults, is a thing neither of itself commendable nor the intention of my discourse.'

Sir John Oglander, who was living at Nunwell when the Hobsons were at Ningwood, has nothing to say of Milton's connexion with the owners of that house. All that he tells us of Captain Hobson is the fact that in January, 1629, Sir Edward Dennis, Sir John Oglander, Sir William Meux, Captain Cheke, Mr. Barnaby Leigh, and Captain Hobson, went to London to petition the Government to allow money to repair the forts; including a proposal to make the peninsula of Freshwater a place of retreat for the inhabitants of the Island with their cattle upon any invasion which they could not withstand; and Yarmouth for the more considerable inhabitants. Freshwater was to be insulated by cutting through the neck of land at Freshwater Gate, and the passage to be secured with drawbridges and half-moons, but their solicitations were answered only by good words and promises. This was a matter which the sturdy knight of Nunwell had much at heart, since he elsewhere writes in his *Memoirs*: 'For my part, I think that the charge bestowed by Sir George Carey on Carisbrooke Castle was to no purpose, and I should loath on any occasion to mew myself up there. If that charge had been bestowed on Freshwater Gate it might have made both invincible and a brave receptacle for us and our cattle, if at any time we should be beaten at the landing.'

The Manor of Wilmingham was (Worsley, *Hist. I. W.* p. 171) purchased from Hobson by Thomas Coteile, Esq., by whose daughter and coheiress it descended to Lord Edgecombe. When Worsley wrote, as will be seen in the list of Manors in Appendix 80 to his history, the Hobsons had parted with the Manors of Ningwood, Shalcombe, and Wellow. The Marylebone family came into the Isle of Wight, remained here a century or more, and then vanished, leaving behind them very few traces in the recorded history of the Isle of Wight. About the same time as they were at Ningwood an orphan boy of the name of Hobson, who it may be inferred was not in any way related to the county family of that name, was apprenticed by the Bonchurch parish officers to a tailor at Niton. There was salt blood in the veins of the lad, who, breaking his indentures, went to sea. He rose through all the grades of the service, becoming a lieutenant in 1672, a captain in 1678, and hoisting his admiral's pennant on board the *Breda* in 1689, when he was nicknamed by the sailors 'Admiral Snip.' He was a gallant officer, and in 1792 in his ship *Torbay*, followed by all the fleet, which had to sustain a terrible fire from the Spanish ships and batteries, he led up the port, breaking the famous boom of the harbour of Vigo on the coast of Galicia in Spain. On returning home from his exploit he was knighted by Queen Anne. He sat for the borough of Newtown in the last three Parliaments of William III and the first of that King's successor.

Hobson is a common name; Mr. Ferguson, in his *English Surnames* (p. 334), says that 'the old English word for a countryman or clown was "hob." Hence our Hobbs, Hobman, Hobson, Hube, perhaps Hopps, Hopson, Hope, Hopping, Hopkins.' The bearers of this name in the Isle of Wight or elsewhere, who may be descended from the friend of Milton or the brave admiral, may well be proud of their ancestry, since among the men of note belonging to the Island may be reckoned Captain Hobson, husband of the Lady Margaret Ley, and vice-admiral of the Red Sir Thomas Hobson who took Vigo.

June 11, 1887.

Since writing the letter on the intimacy between Milton and the Hobsons, husband and wife, I have had the opportunity of consulting the excellent library of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, London, where I found Masson's *Life* of the poet. On searching through that exhaustive biography of John Milton (vol. iii. p. 59), I find that Professor Masson does not supply any definite information about the Isle of Wight family of Hobsons. He states that Dugdale's 'Hobson of the Isle of Wight,' and Phillip's 'very accomplished gentleman' of that name, was a Parliamentarian. What kind of captaincy he held, Mr. Masson says, is uncertain, and adds, that from his intimacy with the Puritan poet it appears Hobson was domiciled in London in 1643–1644, but he gives no evidence on this point, so that it is just possible that Milton may have visited Captain Hobson and his wife, the Lady Margaret Ley of the well-known sonnet, in the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Hobson, 'daughter of that good earl, once President of England's Council and her Treasury,' is described by Mr. Masson as 'a woman of great wit and ingenuity' from the evidence of her contemporaries.

June 18, 1887.

A LETTER FROM ROBERT DILLINGTON TO SIR JOHN OGLANDER, DECEMBER 3, 1644.

THROUGH the kindness of Major Boulcott, of Grosvenor Lodge, Ryde, I. W., I am enabled to give a copy of a letter, addressed to Sir John Oglander, which Major Boulcott has extracted, with other particulars relating to the Dillington family, from the original documents at Nunwell. The letter has, so far as I am aware, never before been printed, and throws a side light upon an interesting period in the history of our Civil Wars in the seventeenth century, in which the Isle of Wight occupied so prominent a position. The families of Dillington and Oglander were connected by marriage, about which there was a little romance, as appears from the account which Sir John, in his manuscript *Memoirs*, gives of 'the life and death' of his father, Sir William Oglander. 'He (Sir W. O.) came into ye Iland, where Mr. Anthonie Dillington, of Knyghton, invitynge him often thither, and usinge of him kindely, he ffell in love with his eldest dawghter, Ann Dillington, as handsome a mayden as any wase in Hamshye. His unkell, Mr. John Hamond, of Gilford, his mother's brother, woold have matched him to his wyfe's dawghter, which wase afterwards married to Sir Larrance Stoughton, of Stoke, near Gwilford, butt he being before in league with Mistress Ann Dillington, woold not hearken unto itt, whereupon, Mr. Hammonde's wyfe takinge itt ill that her dawghter wase soe slyghted, never left ye old man, her housband, till he disinheryted his ryght heyre, for he had no children of his owne, and by that misfortune Mr. Oglander lost £600 land a yere. But Mr. Oglander, as soone as he wase out of his wardship, married Mistress Dillington, and had with her not above £50.'

This Mistress Oglander was one of the 'three gentlewomen of ffashion and repute, accounted in qualified fittings to kepe companye with my Lady Carye,' and came of a comely sisterhood. Sir John, her son, says 'It is and hath been a taxe layd on this Iland, that it never produced any extraordinary ffayre, handsome woman nor a man of any supereminent gwyftes in witt or wisdom, or a horse excellent for goodness. I can answer that no part of England in general, the Quantitie considered, hath produced more exquisite in either speties than this Iland, for women, I think, Mr. Anthony Dillington's four daughters .... and many more hardly in a countrye to be equalled.'

The reproach on the Isle of Wight, which Sir John Oglander disdains with such proper spirit, it need hardly be said, is no longer heard, and they who follow the gallant master of the Isle of Wight foxhounds may on any hunting day see for themselves 'fair women' mounted on 'good horses.'

The letter in the Oglander MSS. is endorsed 'R. Dillington's letter, 2nd December, 1644,' and is as follows:

'Noble Sir,

These times are dangerous even for friends to whisper, much less to babble, yet friendly wishes and hearty love are beyond the reach of malicious informers, though you have not frequent salute from me, yet give me the favour to be preserved in your memory. My father is gone to London, one and the same planet is regent over him and you, his actions traduced, and his good indeavours turned to malignity, he is willing to submit to ye justice in London. I believe he will find more than here. I believe you know who is ye Disturber in our little Iland, ye Comission of our considering comittee is now terminated, they have spent much time and treasure, yet I think ye country is little ye stronger, the Commons begins to wish for their gentry, and that the Government were again in their handes, they are weary of strangers, we are disjointed into Factions. God send the Spirit of union among us all, that we may agree as brethren. I have heard some old men say that the Isle of Wight was renowned for a strong affection that was cemented amonst the gentry. Your family at Nunwell are all well, to your comfort it doth branch out its prosperous sprigs, that you and your family may thrive in happiness you shall never want ye prayer of

Your ffaithful kinsman and servant,
R. D.

'You receive my wife's service and your Godson's duty, who begs your blessing.

'10*th ye 2nd,* 1644.

'*For his worthy Friend, Sir John Oglander, at his lodging in ye Strand, neer ye Half Moon Tavern there, London.*'

What reply the tough old cavalier of Nunwell returned to this friendly letter does not appear, but his general opinion of his correspondent, Robert Dillington, may be found in his manuscript memoirs at full length. Sir John, who lived in those days when a man's heart was on the tip of his tongue and belonged to the race of good haters, has drawn the character of his kinsman, R. D., in no flattering colours, as I have shown in a letter on 'Sir John Oglander and the Dillington family,' which appeared in June, 1885. (See vol. i. p. 538).

The close of the year 1644 was a turning-point in what Mr. Green the historian has called 'The Great Revolution.' The commencement of the war between Charles I and the Parliament dates from August, 1642. In every shire, in every parish, in law-courts, in churches, in alehouses and markets, wherever men were gathered together, they were divided into hostile factions. They who stood up for the King and for the National Church were called by their opponents malignants. The term applied to the insurgents was Roundheads, because the Puritans cropped their hair short in opposition to the prevailing fashion of wearing it long. When the animosities of the two parties had kindled up civil warfare, they were not contented after the prevailing practice with political factions to call each other by opprobrious names, which after all break no bones, but determined to settle their differences by charge of horse, pike and bullet. The two parties were at first nearly equally divided. On the whole the north-west of England, then the wilder and less thickly peopled part of the country, was for the King, who relied chiefly for money aid upon the liberality of his wealthier adherents. On the outbreak of hostilities his troops, composed of country gentlemen, mounted on good horses, with their younger brothers, grooms, gamekeepers, and huntsmen, serving under them, were the better soldiers. The Houses of Parliament had upon their side the busier and wealthier south-east of the country, with the City of London, the fleet, the navigation of the Thames, and the larger towns and seaports. They had at their disposal almost all the military stores of the kingdom, and were able to raise duties both on goods imported from abroad and on some important products of home industry. A line drawn from Hull to Southampton would, as Hallam remarks, suggest no very incorrect idea of the two parties, considered as to their military occupation of the kingdom in the earlier part of the war. At first things looked well for the King, whose cavalry gained many successes. The first battle was fought at Edge Hill, where the victory was claimed on both sides. ‘We all thought one battle would decide it,’ said good Richard Baxter, but the worthy divine was mistaken. In civil wars till one party has succumbed, no real peace can ensue. Cromwell, who did not believe that Providence was on the side of the big battalions, was taught a lesson by Edge Hill; he told his cousin, Hampden, that they would never get on with a company of poor tapsters and town apprentice people fighting against men of honour. To cope with gentlemen they must have men of religion. And

Cromwell with his accustomed faith and vigour set himself to construct such an army. Events proved the sagacity of Cromwell. The ranks of Cromwell's pikemen, composed of persons superior in station and education to the multitude, were as Cromwell himself said 'never beaten.' The Queen, Henrietta Maria, the high-spirited daughter of the warlike Henry IV of France, supplied her husband with artillery and ammunition, with which the King was ill-provided, and which she purchased in Holland by funds procured by the sale of her own and the Crown jewels. The cause of the King was on the whole gaining ground. Bristol, the second city in the kingdom, had been wrested from the Parliament. Lord Macaulay is of opinion that if in August, 1643, Charles instead of sitting down to besiege Gloucester had advanced upon London, he might have marched in triumph on Whitehall. To have executed this feat, it would have been necessary for the King to have combined operations with the Marquis of Newcastle's powerful army. Hallam doubts whether it would have been prudent in Newcastle to have left behind him the strong garrison of Hull under Fairfax, and an unbroken though inferior force, commanded by Lord Willoughby and Cromwell, in Lincolnshire. These are questions which must be referred to proficients in the military art. If Charles's generals had been men of greater capacity, as Dr. Arnold has observed, the result of the Civil War might have been very different. The moment when Charles might have secured victory passed away. The Parliament entered into alliance with the Scots, who in the beginning of 1644 sent an army to its aid. Charles meanwhile made a truce with the insurgent Roman Catholics in Ireland, in order that he might bring over troops from thence. In the south, where Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the son of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, held the command, the Parliamentary forces underwent a series of disasters. The troops in the eastern counties, raised and trained under Cromwell's influence, were soon able to push further north, joining with the Yorkshire leaders, Lord Fairfax and his son, Sir Thomas, and the Scots. In the battle fought on the Moor of Long Marston, about four miles from York, the bloodiest battle in the whole war, which lasted from 7 to 10 o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, July 2, 1644, the Royalists were utterly routed. Cromwell wrote in triumph that his men had worsted Prince Rupert's renowned horse: 'God made them as stubble to our swords.' That victory compensated the Parliament generals for all that had been lost elsewhere and placed the north of England in their power. In the south-west, with Donnington Castle at Newbury and Basing House at Basingstoke, the Royalists were able to obstruct the intercourse between London and the western parts till the storming of Basing House by Cromwell in October, 1645. Such was the general condition of affairs when Dillington wrote this letter to Oglander in London. In the Isle of Wight the inhabitants were, as in the rest of England, divided into two hostile camps; the Royal cause was generally popular with the gentry and their tenants, while the burghers of Newport were attached to the Puritans. Jerome Weston, Earl of Portland, had in 1634 succeeded his father, Richard, the first Earl of Portland, as Captain and Governor of the Island, till he was displaced by Parliament in 1642. Lord Clarendon says in his history of this man, who was a type of the baser sort of Cavaliers, that 'the Parliament threatened the Earl of Portland, who with extraordinary vivacity crossed their expectations, that they would remove him from his charge and government of the Isle of Wight [which last they did *de facto* by committing him to prison without assigning a cause], and to that purpose objected to all the acts of good fellowship, all the waste of powder, and all the waste of wine in drinking of healths, and other acts of jollity which ever he had been at in his government, from the first hour of entering upon it.' Another letter (see p. 138) gives an account taken from the Oglander MSS. of the Sunday frolics of this wild rollicking governor, with his company of dissolute bravoes and boon companions, which must have made him an object of aversion to the quiet well-conducted citizens of Newport, though he was able to get up a petition from some of the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight in his favour.

It was the good fortune of this roystering cavalier earl to marry Frances Stuart, daugher of Esmé, third Duke of Lennox, 'a young beautiful lady,' as Clarendon says, 'nearly related to his Majesty, and to the Crown of Scotland.' On her husband's imprisonment the Countess of Portland took refuge with her five children, accompanied by her husband's brother and sister, in Carisbrooke Castle, which was under the charge of Colonel Brett, to whom the King had by his commission given the custody of that fortress. The Countess, depending on the affection expressed by the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight for her husband in their petition to Parliament, signed August 8, 1642, thought herself secure from molestation. She was mistaken, for Moses Read, the Mayor of Newport, represented to the Parliament that the town could not be deemed safe with the Countess hoping to preserve Carisbrooke Castle for the King. The Parliament in consequence of Read's representation directed the captains of the ships in the river to assist him in any measures he should think necessary for the protection of the Island. Read accordingly marched the Newport Militia, with four hundred naval auxiliaries, against the Castle, where Brett had not above twenty men. The Royalists were in fear of the populace who had been stirred up by the harangues of a certain Mr. Harby, the curate of Newport, a man under peculiar obligations to the Earl of Portland, who told the besiegers that they were 'fighting the battle of the Lord,' as the Countess was a Papist.

The Castle had not at that time three days' provision for the slender garrison. 'Yet,' as Oglander says in his *Memoirs*, quoted by Worsley in his *History of the Isle of Wight*, p. 116, 'this lady, with the magnanimity of a Roman matron, went to the platform with a match in her hand, and vowing she would fire the first cannon herself, and defend the Castle to the utmost extremity, unless honourable terms were granted. After some negotiations, the articles of capitulation were agreed on and the Castle surrendered. These were that Colonel Brett, the gentlemen with him, and their servants, who composed the garrison, should be allowed the freedom of the Island, but were restricted from going to Portsmouth then held for the King by Goring. The Countess was to enjoy her lodgings in the Castle until the contrary should be ordered by the Parliament. An order arrived soon after prescribing her removal from the Island within two days after notice given her, and she was then indebted to the humanity of the seamen for the vessel which conveyed her and her family.'

This heroine of Carisbrooke Castle deserves a place in history by the side of the high-spirited and far-famed Countess of Derby, the Royal mistress of the Isle of Man, so well known from Sir Walter Scott's description of her in *Peveril of the Peak*, who defended Lathom House against the Parliamentary forces from February till May, 1644, when it was relieved by Prince Rupert. Neither Oglander nor Worsley gives the date of this attack made by Moses Read on Carisbrooke Castle. It appears that a Moses Read was Mayor of Newport in the years 1641, 1647, 1656, and 1661. The defence of the Castle by the Countess must have been later than 1641 and before 1647. Perhaps Oglander in calling Moses Read Mayor of Newport may only have meant that at some time or another he held the Mayoralty of that town.

Of the five children who were shut up with their mother in the Castle, the only son, Charles, who became after his father's death in 1662 the third Earl of Portland, was killed in the great naval engagement of Solebay off Lowestoft between the English fleet, commanded by the Duke of York (assisted by Prince Rupert and the Earl of Sandwich), and that of the Dutch, under Admiral Opdam, when so many of the young courtiers who were serving as volunteers lost their lives. The four daughters all entered into religious orders of Nuns in the Church of Rome, and the title became extinct.

Lord Clarendon has given a finished sketch of the first Earl of Portland in the gallery of statesmen, whom he brings before us in the commencement of his history, and has with his accustomed literary skill described the upshot of all the intrigues and ambition of the keen old politician, Richard Weston, Lord Treasurer of England, who, enriched by the King's bounties and his own accessions of wealth, left behind a 'family which was in a short time worn out and yet outlived the fortune he left behind him.'

September 3, 1887.

A CONTESTED ELECTION AT NEWPORT, I. W., A.D. 1645.

In the calendar of the MSS. of the House of Lords, for 1645, will be found the following entries:—

'Nov. 24th. Letter from the freeholders of Newport, Isle of Wight, to the Speaker of the House of Commons. Complain of the conduct of Mr. Stephens, one of the candidates at the late election for the borough, who made new burgesses to strengthen his party against the day of election, and on the day assembled a tumultuous rabble of the scum of the town, in order to awe the freeholders, and in the open hall at the time of the election, he being recorder of the town, peremptorily ordered the sergeants to lay a gentleman of known integrity and a freeholder by the heels. The writers request that the whole business of the election may be referred to a Committee for examination.'

This election is the more interesting because of its taking place in order to fill up the seat vacated by Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland. The active Parliamentary career of the excellent Falkland belongs entirely to the representation of Newport. He was one of the leaders of the party to which M. Guizot, in his *Lectures upon European Civilization*, gives the title of the party of Legal Reform, as opposed to the other two parties of Political Revolution and Social Revolution. His peerage, being Scotch, did not entitle him to sit in the House of Lords. In 1640 he was elected member for Newport, I. W., in Charles I's fourth and short Parliament, which the King called after eleven years' intermission of Parliamentary government. Falkland was again elected for the same borough in the famous Long Parliament, which met on November 3 in the same year. When in 1642 Falkland left the popular party to attach himself to the cause of the King, he was 'disabled'—that is, declared incapable of sitting henceforth; and in 1643 this 'passionate promoter of all endeavours of peace betwixt the King and Parliament' insisted on making one of the first rank in Lord Byron's cavalry at the battle of Newbury, and there, 'weary of the times,' was slain in the first encounter. (Whitelock's *Memorials*.) The vacancy thus occasioned was not filled up until the autumn of 1645, when among the new members—'Recruiters,' as Anthony Wood and the Royalists called them—the name of William Stephens, LL.D., stands on the list of the Long Parliament. (See Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*, vol. ii. p. 394.)

Falkland's colleague in the representation of the borough of Newport was Sir Henry Worsley, Bart., who in 1642 presented a petition to the House of Commons, desiring leave to be discharged from his duty in Parliament. No notice seems to have been taken of this petition, as in 1645 Sir Henry Worsley is found on the list of the Long Parliament as member for Newport, I. W. The records of the Corporation of that borough may be able to furnish the name of the candidates against whom this somewhat riotous Recorder was pitted. Turbulent as were the election proceedings of this luminary of the law, I take some interest in Mr. Stephens from the fact that he was the purchaser of the Manor of Bowcombe in Carisbrooke, having bought that estate of Sir Henry Knowles. The family of Stephens, who held considerable property in the parish of Milton near Southampton, and at Lymington, was introduced into this island by the marriage of Richard, the father of William Stephens, with the daughter of Robert Doleman of Norris in the parish of Whippingham. Richard's son, William, though entered at the Middle Temple, practised as a civilian, and was sometimes styled of Doctors' Commons. His first preferment was recorder of Newport. In 1642 Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who had been selected by the Parliament as Governor of the Island in the place of the Earl of Portland, appointed Stephens steward and bailiff of the Isle of Wight, and in 1644 Woodward and Verderer of the New Forest.

In an article in the *Vectis Magazine*, 1822, p. 72, it is stated, that William Stephens purchased 'the Manor of Barton for £2,000, and that of Bowcombe for £8,000, both in this island.' The Bowcombe estate remained in the hands of the descendants of this William Stephens till it was purchased by Mr. Blachford. I trust to be able hereafter to give a slight account of the descendants of this William Stephens, who for many years were closely connected with the parish of Carisbrooke as proprietors of the fair vale of Bowcombe. (See vol. i. pp. 649–665.)

January 17, 1885.

W. STEPHENS, LL. D., MEMBER FOR NEWPORT, A. D. 1645.

The desire has been expressed that I should give my authority for stating that Lord Falkland was replaced in the representation of Newport by Mr. Stephens of Bowcombe Manor. The evidence is as follows, and I hope will be thought to substantiate my assertion.

In Worsley's *History of the Isle of Wight*, Appendix, No. xli, is a list of the members returned to Parliament from the three boroughs of the Isle of Wight from A.D. 1585 to 1780. Under the heading of Newport, 16th Charles I, 1640, appears this entry, 'Will. Stephens, Esq., elected vice Lord Falkland vacating in 1645.'

Adjoined to volume ii. of Mr. Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell* is a list of the Long Parliament, which is very useful to those who wish to know the names of the members of the 'most remarkable Parliament that ever sat.' On page 394 of that volume will be found 'Stephens William, LL.D.' as sitting for 'Newport Wight.' An asterisk is prefixed to his name, which denotes that he was a 'recruiter,' a word explained in the preceding page.

In the Journals of the House of Lords, Nov. 24, 1645, is a letter from the freeholders of Newport, I. W., to the Speaker of the House of Commons, complaining of the conduct of Mr. Stephens, one of the candidates at the late election for the borough. The grounds of that complaint need not here be stated, as the extract from the calendar of the MSS. of the House of Lords appears in the preceding letter.

It is of course possible that Mr. Stephens was in consequence unseated upon their petition. This may account for his absence from your published list, which I was not aware till now, 'was furnished by Mr. Clifford, and obtained by him from the official records of the House of Commons.'

The result of the petition is not mentioned, nor am I aware of any notice of it except in the Journals of the House of Lords, published in the Sixth Report of the Commissioners of Historical MSS.

The difficulty about Barton and Bowcombe is easily solved. W. Stephens was the purchaser of both the Manor of Barton, for which he gave £2,000, and also of Bowcombe, for which he gave £8,000, as appears from a memoir of him, published in the *Vectis Magazine*, 1822, p. 72. There are several blunders in this short memoir, but it has, along with the monument in Carisbrooke Church and certain entries in the *Carisbrooke Registers*, supplied all the information which I can gather about a family which once held so good a position in the Isle of Wight.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century William Stephens, who had married a daughter of Sir Richard Newdegate, obtained through the influence of Colonel Horsey a grant of land in South Carolina, and returning from thence to England set out again for Georgia, 'where he lived in penury the remainder of his life, though considered the only man of knowledge in the Colony.' It would be interesting to know if there were any descendants of this Isle of Wight family still living in the State of Georgia. During the Civil War in the United States a certain Alexander Stephens, it will be recollected, held high office under the Confederate Government. The name of Stephens is common both in England and America, and it may be a matter of some difficulty to trace the descendants of this William Stephens. The William who was the grandson of the civilian of Doctors' Commons and member of the Long Parliament, was born at Bowcombe, Jan. 28, 1671, and before he left for America, sat as member for Newport in all Queen Anne's Parliaments as also in the first Parliament of George I.

It is mentioned in the memoir that William, the son of Dr. Pittis, was this William Stephens' cousin and schoolfellow at Winchester College. I presume that this William Pittis, who was afterwards of New College, Oxford, was an ancestor of the present well-known and highly respected family bearing that name. If so, some of that family may have documents which would throw light upon the Stephenses who for three generations were members for Newport.

I am unable to say at present how, and why, the Marquis of Bute came by his title of Viscount Mountjoy. I have never had in my possession that book, which, when it lay open upon the table at 'Evergreens,' the country house of Major Ponto, so stirred the bile of Mr. Snob—'the inevitable, abominable, maniacal, absurd, disgusting *Peerage*.' In spite of Mr. Thackeray's fierce invectives, a peerage book has its uses.

When I began writing these letters to your journal, as an old peerage book would suit my purpose, I asked a friend in London to buy me a second-hand Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage*. To my surprise I found that even in these democratic days second-hand peerages were in so great demand, that I must pay for such a copy a price which I declined to give.

The following extract from Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* p. 153) may be of interest. 'Newport has given title to four Earls—the first, Lord Mountjoy, natural son of the Earl of Devonshire, created by Charles I, in the fourth year of his reign, Baron of Thurlston and Earl of Newport; he died A.D. 1665, and was succeeded by George Blount, his son and heir; he dying unmarried, A. D. 1676, the title devolved on his brother Charles, who did not survive him above a year, and was succeeded by his brother Henry, who dying unmarried, A. D. 1679, the title became extinct. Lord Windsor was also Baron Newport in the reign of Queen Anne.'

January 9, 1886.

'MAJESTY IN MISERY.'—A POEM WRITTEN BY CHARLES I IN CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

It is pleasant to think that Charles I, who was a lover of books, was in his dreary captivity in Carisbrooke Castle solaced by what Christopher Marlowe, the dramatist, calls 'infinite riches in a little room,' for the King had about him his small library of 'books both pure and good.' 'In the pleasing narrative which the Honourable Thomas Herbert has left of that affair,' as Mr. Carlyle has condescended to say of the memoir of that faithful servant of the Crown, we read as follows: 'His Majesty gave Mr. Herbert the charge of his books, of which the King had a catalogue, and from time to time he brought unto him such as he was pleased to call for. The Sacred Scriptures was the book he most delighted in; and often read in Bishop Andrew's Sermons, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Dr. Hammond's Works, Villalpandus upon Ezekiel, &c., Laud's Paraphrase on King David's Psalms, Herbert's Divine Poems, and also *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, writ in Italian by Torquato Tasso, and done into English heroic verse by W. Fairfax, a poem his Majesty much commended, as he did also *Ariosto* by Sir John Harrington, Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and the like, for alleviating his spirits after serious studies. And at this time it was (as is presumed) he composed his book called *Suspiria Regalia*, published soon after his death, and entitled *The King's Portraiture in his solitude and sufferings*, which MS. Mr. Herbert found among those books which his Majesty was pleased to give him, those excepted which he bequeathed to his children. In many of his books he delighted himself with the motto, "Dum spiro spero," which he wrote frequently as the emblem of his hopes as well as endeavours for a happy agreement with his Parliament.'

When on his last night Charles arranged with Herbert about the distribution of his favourite books, his Bible with annotations in his own hand was to be kept for the Prince of Wales, and for the Princess Elizabeth Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Bishop Andrewes's Sermons and some other things; while a copy of King James's Works with another book was left for the Duke of Gloucester.

Charles's Latin version of the old English proverbial saying, 'While there's life there's hope,' has called forth some touching lines from one who takes a deep interest in all that is associated with Carisbrooke Castle, Mr. Albert Midlane of Newport. Archbishop Leighton, commenting upon 1 Peter i. 3, refers to this motto in his own quaint and forcible way—'a living hope—living in death itself! The world dares say no more for its device *dum spiro spero*, but the children of God can add by virtue of this living hope *dum exspiro spero*. It is a fearful thing when a man and all his hopes die together.' The good archbishop's play upon the two words is fair as well as devout; but it is not to be supposed that though Leighton on account of his father's cruel treatment by the Star Chamber had no cause to love the Stuarts, he was glancing at the language of the inscription in the King's books. Leighton was too true a Christian to cast a reproach upon a fallen man, who had gone to his great account. Very probably the King's 'device' had been adopted by some light-hearted, careless cavaliers, and the holy commentator on St. Peter's first Epistle intended gently to admonish them as to the spirit in which they should meet death's approach. Charles himself would at once have said that his 'device' was quite consistent with that of Leighton's, 'dum exspiro spero,' and showed practically, by the Christian fortitude with which he met his death on the scaffold at Whitehall, that his 'while there's life, there's hope' had expanded into the higher and nobler confidence of 'hope while breathing out earthly life.'

Herbert, from the extract given above it will be seen, considers *Icon Basiliké* to have been the composition of Charles's leisure hours in Carisbrooke Castle. Without entering into the discussion of the problem of the authorship of that book, upon which the researches of Mr. Scott of the British Museum have of late thrown some fresh light, it seems not improbable that Gauden's work may have been submitted to Charles's revision, and that it may have received both his approval and his corrections. Charles was in the habit of correcting what had been written by others, rather than of writing anything himself. 'Though he was slow of pen as he was of speech,' says Sir Philip Warwick, a good judge of character, 'yet both were very significant; and he had that modest esteem of his own parts that he would usually say that he would willingly make his own dispatches, but that he found it better to be a cobbler than a shoemaker. I have been in company with very learned men, when I have brought their own papers back from him with his alterations, who even confessed his amendments to have been very material, and I once, by his commandment, brought him a paper of my own to read, to see whether it was suitable to his directions, and he disallowed it slightingly. I desired him I might call Dr. Sanderson to aid me, and that the Doctor might understand his own meaning from himself, and with his Majesty's leave I brought him whilst he was walking and taking the air. Whereupon we two went back, but pleased him as little when we returned it; for smilingly he said a man might have as good ware out of a chandler's shop, but afterwards he set it down with his own pen very plainly and suitably to his own intentions.'

Hallam, who in his earlier work, *Constitutional History* (vol. i. p. 649), has fully discussed this question, and attributed the composition of the book to Gauden, admits in his later work, *Literary History* (vol. iii. p. 376), that *Icon Basiliké* is superior to that bishop's acknowledged writings. 'A strain of majestic melancholy,' Hallam observes, 'is well kept up; but the personated sovereign is rather too theatrical for real nature, the language is too rhetorical and amplified, the periods too artificially elaborated. None but scholars and practised writers employ such a style as this.'

While there has been this controversy about *Icon Basiliké*, no one has doubted the genuineness of the composition in verse, written by Charles I during his confinement in Carisbrooke Castle, which is entitled 'Majesty in Misery, or an Imploration to the King of kings.'

Barnett, in his *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*, says he was enabled to copy the poem from the original, and observes 'that the mighty sense and great piety of it will be found beyond all the finest sublimities of poetry which yet are not wanting here.' Horace Walpole, who hung up in his Strawberry Hill villa an engraving of the death-warrant of Charles with the inscription 'Major Charta,' had an aversion to the unfortunate King, yet can say of this copy of verses, in his *Royal and Noble Authors*, 'the poetry is most uncouth and inharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety.' The whole poem, consisting of twenty-four verses of three lines each, can be read in Mr. Hillier's *Charles I in the Isle of Wight* (pp. 235–237). It will be sufficient here to give as a specimen the two opening verses along with two others.

'Great Monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering brings,

And teach my tongue that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphic line
To track the treasons of Thy foes and mine.

* * * * * *

The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

But sacred Saviour, with Thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as Thou know'st do not know what they do.'

These four verses, though not polished like the productions of a practised versifier (a fact which goes somewhat to furnish a presumption of their authenticity), prove that the writer had a familiarity with the highest models of poetry. What is of more real interest to us, they are the parting words of one who is bidding farewell to hope in a world which he has found to be a 'sea of troubles.'

A story is told of the Pope Urban VIII (Barberini), that on being shown a portrait of Charles, and scanning those melancholy features which are so familiar to us from Vandyke's picture, he said, 'This man is born to great troubles.' The Papal prediction came true; not only on the scaffold of the banqueting room at Whitehall, but in all the events which led up to Charles's execution, and especially the Carisbrooke imprisonment. We read indeed of this King and his first night at Carisbrooke Castle, 'his terrors were gradually appeased' when next morning, as rising, he contemplated from the windows of his prison the charming view presented from that spot, and breathed the inspiriting air of early dawn. But we must not blind ourselves to what is further related of the captive during his detention, how his hair and beard became grey, his person neglected, and the once handsome countenance clouded with a settled air of melancholy. These outward marks of grief revealed the 'misery' within. Mr. Carlyle, carried away by his admiration for Oliver Cromwell, has not a word of pity for Charles in prison. 'The old books,' he says, 'are full of King's plots for escape by aqua-fortis and otherwise. His Majesty could make no agreement with the Parliament, and began now to smell war in the wind.' Thus is the unhappy man dismissed by Mr. Carlyle. It would be unpardonable in one who lives under the shadow of the old fortress itself to speak lightly of its royal prisoner and his 'misery.' If, as has been averred, Charles was wanting in the higher characteristics of an English gentleman—a firm and religious observance of his given word—and an unswerving fidelity to truth and duty, in all his tastes no king who ever sat on the throne of England has a better title to the honoured name of gentleman. The nation wanted a 'strong still man, who could rule and dare not lie.' Charles had been brought up in an atmosphere of insincerity; distrusting his own judgement, he followed the advice of those who did not judge so well as himself. His Parliament and his people could not trust him, hence his fall. He bore himself as a king at his trial, and died patiently and bravely. They who judge their fellow-men in a spirit of equitable fairness will say that he endured his imprisonment in the same spirit with which he laid his head upon the block. He had much to bear when a prisoner. Why, when escaping from Hampton Court, he took the weak step of confiding himself to the protection of Colonel Hammond, the Parliamentary Governor of Carisbrooke Castle, has been a mystery since the days of David Hume (*History of England*, ch. 59). It is reported of the King at Hampton Court, that, unable to control his temper, he imprudently said to Ireton, 'I shall play my game as well as I can,' whereupon Ireton replied, 'If your Majesty have a game to play, you must give us also liberty to play ours.' Hume implies that Cromwell and Ireton had something to do with this ill-advised retreat to the Isle of Wight; if they had not, at any rate Charles played their game. The narrative of Ashburnham, a main agent in the flight from Hampton Court, published in 1830, does not clear up all perplexities, though throwing additional light upon the mystery. The King wanted to go to London, and discussed the project with Ashburnham and Berkely, who, both of them. so Ashburnham writes, 'unfortunately (in regard of the success, not of the choice of the place) thought of Sir John Oglander's house in the Isle of Wight.' To us, at this interval of time, the choice does not seem wise; Oglander and the gentry of the Island, if they had the will to help Charles, had not the power to do so. But, as is shown by the interesting letter from Sir John Oglander, dated November 16, 1647 (see pages 232–234), very slight enthusiasm in the King's cause was felt by the Island gentry generally. The poor King had the bitter disappointment of being received coldly by them when he threw himself upon their protection. Carisbrooke Castle is a pleasant spot to the holiday-visitor who can go in and out of its gates as he pleases; to Charles with no power of exit the fortress was a prison. Not only was his personal freedom interfered with; he had no religious liberty. Charles was, as he declared upon the scaffold, 'a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England.' Lord Macaulay, in one of his earlier essays, makes the charge against Charles's churchmanship, that it was political, but in his later work which contains his matured judgement, *The History of England*, Macaulay takes a more generous view of Charles's character, and speaks of him at his death as displaying the high spirit of a gallant gentleman and the patience and meekness of a penitent Christian. In Hallam's judgement, 'No candid mind can doubt that a serious sense of obligation was predominant in Charles's persevering fidelity to the English Church.' The King's chaplains were removed, and his entreaties that he might have at least one restored to him were disregarded. The Government were so far acting consistently, seeing that in 1645 an ordinance of Parliament was made forbidding the use of the Book of Common Prayer. But there is no excuse for the petty bigotry and tyranny of the House of Commons, when, expressing their indignation that 'because he may not have Episcopal men to preach to him he hears none at all,' they determined (Dec. 12, 1647) to use what means they could to convince His Majesty of his error, and 'appointed some of their members to consider of some able divines to be speedily sent to him.' Surely the ill-fated King might have been allowed to read his Bible in peace, without having to listen to the traditional glosses of fierce polemic preachers upon the book he loved. Their invectives against the heinousness of Episcopacy and the abominations of a liturgy could only disturb his mind from those higher and better thoughts which his enforced captivity was calculated to produce.

If it is difficult to see why the King came to Carisbrooke Castle, it is still more a mystery why he did not escape. In July, 1648, the Prince of Wales appeared in the Downs with a good fleet. The son's first attempt we should naturally think would have been to liberate his father, but though young Charles remained absolute master of the sea and coast for several weeks he made no effort to rescue the King. Clarendon says plainly 'the person of the King was not wanted, or, at least, that it cannot be imagined how wonderfully fearful some persons in France were that he should have made his escape, and the dread they had of his coming thither.' Charles had been an affectionate husband of that lively Frenchwoman, Henrietta Maria, small of stature, and so self-willed and overbearing that she could not control her temper even in public. She, with a stronger and steadier purpose than belonged to her husband, had from the first been one of his most mischievous counsellors, and, from Clarendon's statements, appears at this important juncture to have resisted the only means to secure his life. This indifference to his escape, to use no stronger name, on the part of the Queen and his eldest son must have added to the misery of the royal prisoner. No wonder that he should have attempted those ill-conceived plans of escape through the window of the Castle. Sinking men catch at straws. Hallam, on the authority of Colonel Cooke's narrative, printed with Herbert's memoirs, makes the charge that though Charles had given his parole to Colonel Hammond and had the sentinels removed in consequence, he was engaged during the most part of his stay at Carisbrooke in schemes for an escape. If this charge of breaking his word as a King and a gentleman can be substantiated, it is the one recorded blot in the King's imprisonment in Carisbrooke, which effected so much in purifying his character from its faults and imperfections.

The German historian, Niebuhr, said that he could discover in eminent men of various periods an impoverishment and decay of heart and intellect dating from a crisis in their lives, when they had wilfully thrown off some great sorrow which might have given them consistency and depth. The adversity of Charles in his imprisonment at Carisbrooke Castle, which he did not exaggerate when he called it 'Majesty in Misery,' educated him for the kingly dignity of demeanour with which he stood before his judges on his trial before the revolutionary tribunal, and also for the dauntless courage with which he confronted death. The 'dum spiro spero' of Carisbrooke Castle was the preparation for the resignation of the 'dum exspiro spero' with which 'his head was severed from his shoulders before thousands of spectators in front of the banqueting hall of his own palace.'

November 7, 1885.

THE TRATTLE FAMILY.

My readers, as well as myself, are much indebted to my former parishioner, and always good friend, Mr. H. Pinnock, for having opened up a correspondence with Mr. Langdale upon the Trattle family. Mr. Langdale's communication throws light upon the social position of that family. From the fact that more than one bearing that name filled the office of Mayor of Newport it might be inferred that this family was held in much respect by their fellow-townsmen. John Trattle, by marrying a descendant of Sir Marmaduke Langdale, so well known from the part he took in the fatal fight of Naseby Field, conferred dignity and rank upon his children. Probably Mr. Langdale's pedigree will not help to clear up the obscurity that still hangs over the heroine of the touching incident of the November rose, but it is interesting to find that a member of the distinguished cavalier family of Langdale should have been married to one of the same name as the gentlewoman whose graceful act of womanly kindness drew from the royal fugitive the expression of his hearty thanks. It is evident from several letters received by me that the effort to trace the history of this now extinct family is attracting considerable attention, which it is to be hoped will result in our obtaining a little more information than we now possess of a woman who, by her act of sympathy with the sorrow of a fallen king, has had her name recorded in history.

February 14, 1885.

EARLY VISITS OF CHARLES I TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

It is not generally known that Charles I before his detention in Carisbrooke Castle, A.D. 1647, paid three different visits to the Isle of Wight, at intervals of nine years between each.

The first visit was August 2, 1609, when Charles. who was born with the century, was a boy of nine. The Prince, who was then Duke of York, as his elder brother, Henry, was then alive, accompanied his father, James I. That King, who spent his life in field sports during a portion of the year, and lying in bed the greater part of the day when he was not so pleasantly engaged, came to the Isle of Wight to hunt.

In the registers of the parish of Carisbrooke there is the following contemporary record of this visit under the hand of John Baker, Vicar of Carisbrooke.

'(King) James landed . . . and sawe a muster at Hony-hill, dined at the Castle, and saw in (the) afternoone most of the Island with Prince Charles, his sonne on the West Meadowe and hunted in the parke, killed a bocke, and so departed again to Bewley the 2nd of August, A.D. 1609, being Wednesday. J. BAKER.'

This visit is not noticed in Nicholas's *Progresses of James I*, but it is there shown that the King was about this time at Bewley (Beaulieu).

The second visit was on August 27, 1618, when Charles by the death of his brother Henry had become Prince of Wales. Of this second visit are two contemporary records. one of which is found in the *Carisbrooke Registers*, as follows:

'Prince Charles landed at the Cowes, and came into the forest, and saw a skirmish there, and went from thence to Alvington down, and over the Island, and came to the Castle and thence to Newport, where he dined at Mr. James' house, and his grace departed to the Cowes and took ship and went to Portsmouth, the year 1618, the 27th of August, being Thursday. Jo. BAKER.'

The house at Newport which hospitably entertained the Prince must, I apprehend, have belonged to one or other of the two Jameses, uncle and nephew, antiquarians and controversial divines, both of them natives of Newport, and living at that time, or, if not to them, to a connexion of theirs.

Sir John Oglander in his MSS. records that on this same occasion 'Coming through the Castle holde, and being passed by the sign of the Lyon clawing the Fryar, the Prince turned about his horse to beholde it, and demanded the meaning thereof. Answer was made yt we served all Papists and Priests in yt manner.'

The third visit took place June 20, 1627, when two years after his accession Charles I hastily came to the Isle of Wight. His object was to make a personal inspection of the Scotch troops then quartered in the Island, on their way to join the ill-planned expedition of the King's favourite, the

Duke of Buckingham, to the Isle of Rhé. The Duke sailed from Portsmouth a week afterwards, on June 27, with his hundred ships and seven thousand land troops, to return with a disgraced flag and the loss of half his troops. Landing at Ryde earlier than was expected, the King found Sir John Oglander waiting to receive him, by whom without other escort he was guided to the place of review at Arreton Down. Here he knighted Barnabas Leigh of Northcourt, and left again at 3 p.m., having neither eaten nor drunk in the Island.

In another entry in his memoirs Sir John gives but a sorry account of these Scotch regiments when they were billeted in the island. 'They caused,' he says, 'various inconveniences, and were almost the undoing of the whole Island: a people so insolent by reason of their unanimous holding together and the weakness of their commanders, as being most inexperienced soldiers, and fathering all things on a national quarrel, insomuch as none daring to apprehend the malefactors, they became fearful to our countrymen; but of themselves (I speak of the meaner sort of them) a base, poor-spirited, cowardly people, but for the better sort, brave gentlemen.' Sir John Oglander adds that for his own part he was then at London soliciting the Council to be free of them.

Sir John, though Royalist to the backbone, had no love for Charles's worthless favourite, Buckingham, and says that in order to get money for this expedition to Rochelle, the Duke gave to the inferior sort the making of forty baronets, which they out of their want sold for £150 and £200 a piece, which is the reason so many of inferior rank, both in our country and elsewhere, had precedency in honour. When, August 23, 1628, Buckingham was killed by the knife of an assassin in a house at Portsmouth, Sir John writes:

> 'Felton, live ever, for thou hast brought to dust
> Treason, murder, pride, and lust!'

January 24, 1884.

LETTER FROM CHARLES I, WHEN IN CARISBROOKE CASTLE, TO THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLL, DEC. 23, A.D. 1647.

In the archives of His Grace the Duke of Argyll is preserved a letter from the royal prisoner of Carisbrooke Castle, which shows the extremities to which the King was then reduced. He appeals to Argyll, notwithstanding their former differences, to embrace his cause, as it rested on grounds which were never in question between them.

The copy of the original will be found in the sixth report of the Royal Commission on Historical MSS., p. 612, from which document I have extracted it.

'Carsbrooke, 23 Deember, 1647.

'Argile, howsoeuer heere to fore you and I haue differed in judgement, I belive now that the present state of affaires are such as will make you heartely embrace my cause, it being grounded upon those particulars that were neuer in question between you and me. And for those things wherein you and I may be yet of seueral opinions, I haue given such satisfaction to the Scots Commissioners that with confidence, I desyre your concurrence in what hath been agreed betweene them and me, knowing your zeale to your country and your many professions to me; as thes bearer will more at large tell you, to whom referring you, I rest

'Your most asseured reall constant frend,

'CHARLES R.

'I desyre you to beliue whatsoeuer Traquaire will tell you in my name.

'For the Marquis of Argyle.'

The nobleman to whom this letter was addressed was the head of the Scotch Covenanters, and was himself put to death after the return of the royal family.

I add a few details which show the bearing of this interesting letter upon the history of the period. After his escape from Hampton Court the King reached Carisbrooke Castle on Sunday, November 14, 1647. Soon after his detention in the Isle of Wight, the Parliament offer their well-known four propositions or bills as the basis of a personal treaty to the King, who promised them an answer in a few days (see letter from the Earl of Denbigh at Newport to the Earl of Manchester, Speaker of the House of Peers, *Lords' Journals*, Dec. 24). Meanwhile the King is negotiating with the Scotch Commissioners, who offer him less onerous terms, and it is to these that the letter refers. Charles I was at this time occupying the apartments on the first floor of the gabled building, which is now the residence of the keeper of the castle, and was forming that first plan of escape which was never attempted. In connexion with this design to escape, which was fixed for Dec. 28, Captain Burley, a gentleman of good family at Yarmouth, attempted to raise the people of the Island by the sound of a drum and the cry for 'God, King Charles, and the people,' to march to the Castle and rescue their sovereign. Few besides women and boys obeyed the summons; the feeble band was speedily dispersed, and the leader seized by the soldiers from Carisbrooke Castle.

It appears that the authorities had some inkling of this plan, for in the *Lords' Journals*, Dec. 22, is a letter from Sir Thomas Fairfax at Windsor to Wm. Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons, desiring that, for the better guarding of the Isle of Wight, Vice-Admiral Colonel Rainsborough may be dispatched to his charge. So passed the King's Christmas at Carisbrooke Castle, if it be permissible to speak of Christmas, since (as we have been reminded by an article in the *Saturday Review*, Dec. 27, 1884) in 1645 the keeping of Christmas Day had been stamped out by the Parliamentary and Puritan masters of England, as one consequence of the abolishment of the Book of Common Prayer and the establishment of their own 'Directory.'

January 10, 1885.

THE SECRET CONDITIONS OF THE SCOTCH COMMISSIONERS WITH CHARLES I AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE, A. D. 1647-48.

THE main political, if not personal, interest of Charles I's detention in Carisbrooke Castle turns upon the King's negotiations with the Scotch, and also with the Parliamentary Commissioners. A somewhat new light has been thrown upon the conditions laid down by the Scotch Commissioners in consequence of the publication of the Lauderdale MSS. by the Camden Society, 1884. A well-informed historical writer in the *Saturday Review*, Jan. 10, 1885, has called attention to a curious document contained in the Lauderdale papers, viz. the draft with its erasures and corrections of the secret conditions made by the Scotch Commissioners with Charles I in the Isle of Wight. This remarkable paper, it may be added, has been printed in the *Athenæum* of January 26, 1878, by Mr. Scott of the British Museum MSS. department.

The Commissioners were the Earl of Lanark, brother of the Marquis, afterwards created by the King Duke, of Hamilton, himself a moderate royalist always, and the Earl of Lauderdale, 'with his big red head,' a warm Presbyterian. Both of these noblemen had kept up a secret intercourse with the King at Hampton Court, and after his detention at Carisbrooke Castle they openly declared themselves against the four bills proposed by the English Parliament. Clarendon has asserted that the private treaty which the Commissioners at length concluded with the King contained many things dishonourable to the English nation. From Lauderdale Bishop Burnet (the historian) heard of, though he never saw, the terms entered into by Charles I in his efforts to induce the Scots to restore him to his freedom and dignity. The Saturday Reviewer points out that Burnet's account of the communications made to him by Lauderdale goes a good deal beyond anything contained in the original draft. 'There are provisions for the benefit of "Scottish men" which, if known, would no doubt have raised fierce jealousy in England, but nothing so startling as the promise, which is mentioned by both Burnet and Clarendon, to cede the English border-counties to Scotland.' This private treaty is more remarkable for what it omits than what it contains. 'The kirk . . . is not even mentioned, a fact that will excite no astonishment among those who are acquainted with the hatred of the nobles to the Presbyterian yoke.'

This discovery of the original draft more than confirms the sober judgement of Hallam, in his *Constitutional History* (vol. i. p. 633), that there was nothing very derogatory to England in the treaty.

The modern authority for the particulars of the King's imprisonment at Carisbrooke Castle is the work of the late Mr. George Hillier, *Charles I in the Isle of Wight.* Since that book was published, certain new facts have been brought to light, and some reference to them in these pages may assist some one hereafter who will undertake the office of writing again the closing chapter of Charles I's life, when a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle.

January 31, 1885.

RATE FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF A MINISTER AT NEWPORT, A.D. 1647.

THE following entry from the calendar of the House of Commons MSS. speaks well for the religious earnestness and zeal of the Corporation of Newport:—

'1647. July 24. Petition of the Mayor and Burgesses of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, in behalf of themselves and the inhabitants of the borough. They have for the last five years applied to Parliament to make their town parochial; for in it are 4,000 souls and no minister yet settled, but weightier affairs have prevented the passing of any measure. They pray leave to assess the inhabitants at not more than two shillings in the pound towards the maintenance of a godly minister and assistant.' *Lords' Journals*, ix. 351.

Annexed:—

(1) 'Application for an ordinance in accordance with the prayer of preceding petition.'

It appears that this ordinance was not carried out till March 17, 1653, when, as may be seen in an extract from the *Court Book*, p. 76, which will be found in Appendix No. xliv of Worsley's *History*, a rate of one shilling and sixpence in the pound was made for this purpose, where it is also stated that the population of the town and borough consists of 2,500 souls and upwards. The statement in the petition to Parliament about 4,000 souls, if not a clerical error, must therefore have been an exaggerated estimate. On this point the Corporation records might throw light.

The pertinacity and self-denial of the good people of Newport in taxing themselves for the maintenance of a minister cannot be understood without a glance at the general subject of the 'Lectureships,' once a 'burning' question, but now an extinct volcano. About 1624, greatly to the credit of the Puritans, a project was set on foot throughout England towards raising a fund for buying in lay impropriations for supporting 'godly ministers.' The plan was not unlike that since effected by the Simeon Trustees. The fund was vested in 'Feoffees, who afterwards made some noise in the world under that name.' So writes Mr. Carlyle.

These 'Lectureships' in corporate and market towns thus set up were supplied by persons supplemental to the regular clergy. The lecturers themselves were obnoxious to Archbishop Laud, who was more of an ecclesiastical despot than a theological bigot, because of their irregular proceedings and disregard of Episcopal supervision. Heylin, Laud's biographer, says 'They were neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring'; and Charles I, in a royal letter issued in 1633 at Laud's instigation, speaks of them in contemptuous terms. Without taking their character from their enemies, these lecturers were probably men wanting in independence of character, forced to preach what their patrons wished them to give forth from their pulpits. Sir John Oglander hits off their character in a word when he speaks of the Newport lecturer as 'fawning.' Instead of endeavouring to raise their social condition by giving them a recognized position, Laud set the machinery of the law to work against them, and the feoffees and the lectureships were suppressed. The results were most unfortunate, for when the wheel came round and the Puritans had the upper hand they retaliated by an indiscriminating and remorseless persecution of those who remained faithful to the Church of England. Laud was beheaded, and it was made penal to use the Book of Common Prayer even in household worship.

It would be a matter of interest to know the name of the minister thus appointed at Newport, and his successors, if he had any. Perhaps the Newport registers could be searched for this purpose. The Carisbrooke registers supply no information. In an old manuscript book in our church chest mention is made of a printed pamphlet about *Private Conference*, published by the ministers of the Isle of Wight, A.D. 1658. From the entry in this manuscript book it seems that this pamphlet contained the names of the ministers who took the place of the clergy who were driven from their benefices by the powers then in being.

If a copy of this pamphlet could be got hold of it might furnish valuable information on this obscure period in the parochial history of this Island. In the British Museum is a vast collection of pamphlets belonging to this time of the Civil Wars. Any of my readers who have access to that library would do good service by inquiring if, among the thirty to fifty thousand pamphlets on the shelves of the King's library, this old waif and stray can be found among the 'huge piles of mouldering wreck which lie preserved here waiting happier days.'

April 18, 1885.

IMPRISONMENT OF SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT IN CARISBROOKE CASTLE, AND GONDIBERT.

Popular fancy is inclined to couple dungeons with castles, and the visitor to some ruined fortress in wandering over the narrow small dark apartments inaccurately associates all these with the clanking of iron chains and the sorrows of captivity. The 'donjon' (changed at Canterbury into 'Dane John') was the strong tower placed in the middle of the castle in which the besieged made the last effort at defence after the rest had been forced. Prisoners were usually confined in these strong towers, and so the word dungeon was applied to other strong places of confinement or imprisonment.

In castle-building times the nobility and gentry of the land were the fighting men; to make prisoners therefore was a greater object than to kill, for the ransom of prisoners was a source of revenue to their captors. Knighthood formed a bond of union between enemies, and victory was seldom tarnished with savage cruelty except in cases of deadly feud. An illustration of the treatment of prisoners of war is found in the old-fashioned language of Lord Berners' translation of Froissart (vol. ii. cap. 142, 145). The historian is describing the conduct of the victors after the battle of Otterbourne, famous in song under the name of Chevy-Chase, between the Scotch Earl Douglas and Lord Harry Percy, the renowned Hotspur. Douglas was slain, but the English were driven from the field after Hotspur and his brother, Lord Ralph Percy, had been taken prisoners; when 'Every manne sayde to his prisoner, sirs go and unarm you, and take your ease, I am your mayster; and so made their prisoners as goode chere as though they had been brethren, without doyng them any damage.'

At a later period castles were sometimes converted into state prisons, as, for instance, the Tower of London, which for five or six centuries served that purpose. Torture, which in its legal sense means the application of bodily pain in order to force discoveries from unwilling witnesses or confessions from persons accused of crime, formed a part of all the legal systems of Europe which adopted the Roman law. Severe as were our penal statutes in England, no judge could by law direct the torture to be applied, and no party or prosecutor could demand it as a right. Mr. Jardine, in his exhaustive treatise on this subject (London, 1837), has indeed proved that the use of torture, though illegal by common law and contrary to 'Magna Charta,' yet was lawful as an act of prerogative, or that power which was superior to the laws or able to suspend the law. The last instance of the application of torture in England of which Mr. Jardine has found any trace occurred in 1640. Up to that period the walls of the Tower of London had often resounded with the groans and cries of prisoners on the rack, under warrants issued by the King or the Privy Council. In the Tower, besides the rack and what were called the lesser tortures of thumb-screws, pincers, and manacles, were two special places of incarceration, one 'Little Ease,' and the other 'The Rat's Dungeon.' This latter is described as a cell below high-water mark, into which as the tide flowed the innumerable rats that infest the muddy banks of the Thames found an entrance through the orifices of the walls.

Carisbrooke Castle, which began its short career as a state prison in 1647, has been always free from these fearful cruelties, whether in instruments of torture or subterranean dungeons. The confinement of Charles I, though compulsory, was, strictly speaking, not an imprisonment, but a 'detention.' Such was the light in which it appeared to the legal authorities of that King's time. So Sergeant Wilde, Cromwell's friend and correspondent, afterwards Chief Baron, when summing up to the jury at Winchester on the occasion of the trial of Major Rolph, for that officer's conduct in trying to intercept Charles's second attempt at escape from Carisbrooke Castle, said: 'The King is not in prison; we only keep him safe to save from bloodshed, and the better to make addresses to him which these men who endeavour to take him from thence would hinder.' Detention too is the term to be applied to the treatment of the Princess Elizabeth and her brother, the youthful Duke of Gloucester, in Carisbrooke Castle.

Shortly after the death of the Princess and the removal of the young Prince, the youngest son of Charles I, another state prisoner, not indeed mentioned by Worsley in his *History of the Isle of Wight*, was confined within Carisbrooke Castle. As will be seen from what follows, the condition of this captive of Carisbrooke was not unlike that of the 'literary Chartist notability,' who in his 'model prison, master of his own time . . . with paper and ink left with him, and all taxes and botherations shut out,' excited the envy of Mr. Carlyle, as detailed in his *Latter-Day Pamphlets* (No. ii. p. 69). Sir William Davenant (such was this fortunate prisoner's name) was born at Oxford in 1605. His parents kept the Crown Inn in that town, where Shakespeare, who was godfather to their son William, used to find bed and board on his journeys from Stratford-on-Avon to London. The lad was entered at Lincoln College in his native city, but did not take a degree, though of 'pregnant parts.' When he was twenty-five in 1629 a tragedy of his, *Albovine*, was published. When Ben Jonson died in 1637 Davenant was appointed Poet Laureate. Like many both play-wrights and play-actors during the Civil War, he cast aside his pen and quitted the stage to draw the sword when Charles summoned all loyal cavaliers to the royal standard. He was knighted by the King at the siege of Gloucester, and made a lieutenant-general. In 1646 Davenant was in France, and in the employ of the Queen-Consort, Henrietta Maria. While in France he bethought himself of carrying over a body of French emigrants to the English colony of Virginia in America. That country, so named in honour of the maiden Queen Elizabeth, received its first colonists in the reign of James I. The colonists suffered much from sickness and discord, and the whole would probably have perished had it not come under the management of Captain John Smith, whose courage and prudence preserved the little colony. The preservation of the colony was mainly secured by a marriage, solemnized according to the rites of the Church of England, between a young Englishman named John Rolfe and

Pocahontas, who, being the daughter of a native Red Indian Chief, had saved Smith's life. After the execution of Charles I Virginia and the islands in the Caribbee Sea revolted from the English Parliament, 'being very hot for monarchy and the Liturgy.' A squadron flying the flag of the Commonwealth was accordingly dispatched to scour the sea, to intercept supplies to Virginia. These details will explain Davenant's proceedings. The story of his expedition and its result is best told in the quaint language of that amusing gossip, John Aubrey, the zealous collector of anecdotes. 'He (Davenant) laid an ingenious design to carry a considerable number of artificers, chiefly weavers, from thence to Virginia, and by Mary (Henrietta Maria) the Queen Mother's means, he got favour from the King of France to go into the prisons and pick and choose, so when the poor wretches understood what his design was they cried *uno ore*, with one voice, *Tous tisserands*—we are all weavers. Well, he took thirty-six, as I remember, and not more, and shipped them; and as he was on his voyage to Virginia, he and his weavers were all taken by the ships then belonging to the Parliament of England. The French slaves, I suppose, they sold, but Sir William was brought prisoner to England; whether he was first a prisoner at Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight, or at the Tower of London, I have forgotten. He was a prisoner at both. His *Gondibert* (4to) was finished at Carisbrooke Castle. He expected no mercy from the Parliament, and had no hope of escaping with his life; he was saved however by the intervention of two aldermen in his favour according to one account, according to another by the wit of Henry Martin.'

We learn from this anecdote of John Aubrey that the epic poem of *Gondibert* was continued by Davenant in his Carisbrooke captivity. The philosopher Hobbes of Malmesbury, to whom this heroic poem was dedicated, says of it, that he 'never yet saw a poem that had so much shape of art, health of morality, and vigour and beauty of expression.' The author of *Leviathan*, who had his strong likings and dislikings, also prophesied of *Gondibert*, that were it not for the mutability of modern tongues it would last as long as the *Aeneid* or *Iliad*. Alas, the poetic reputation of Carisbrooke has not rivalled the fame of Mantua or Homer's much disputed birthplace. No one reads *Gondibert.* Should Mr. Midlane's plan of a 'Literary Guild' for the Isle of Wight come to pass, *Gondibert* may perhaps obtain a place on the bookshelves of the guild library, along with the works of Alexander Ross, some time Vicar of Carisbrooke, and serve as literary traditions of Carisbrooke Castle and the village at its foot. In the meanwhile I may be allowed to give the following sketch of the plot of Davenant's unfinished poem. Gondibert was of the royal line of Lombardy; when he flourished, or to what dynasty ruling over the plain of Lombardy he belonged is not stated. Prince Oswald of Verona, jealous of Gondibert, as his rival for the succession to the throne, headed a faction against him. A battle was imminent, but it was determined to decide the quarrel by four combatants on each side. Oswald is slain; Gondibert wounded, has recourse to Lord Astragon, who is a great physician, and also, like many a professor of the healing art in our days, a sage and philosopher. Astragon was also skilled in navigation, and discovered the loadstone and its use in sailing over the sea, so the poet says, thus depriving the Chinese of the credit assigned to them by the historians of the discovery of the compass, of being the first to adapt the directing powers of the magnet to the purposes of navigation. He had also a splendid library and museum. One room was called 'Great Nature's Office,' another 'Nature's Nursery,' and the library bore the name of 'The Monument of Vanished Mind.' This learned doctor of medicine had a motherless daughter and only child Birtha. In spring she gathered blossoms for her father's still, in summer flowers, and in autumn berries. The pure-minded girl, 'in love unpractised and unread,' assisted her father in healing the wounds of Prince Gondibert. With so fair a lady in the case it may be inferred that Gondibert's researches in her father's museum were neglected. So too with his studies in the library. Like Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost,* the doctor's patient would ask, 'where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eye.' The young folks of course fell in love. Sir Henry Taylor, who is no cynic, has maintained that 'If Miranda had not fallen in love with Ferdinand, she would have fallen in love with Caliban.' Gondibert was all that a proper young man should be, so he and Birtha plighted their troth one to another, with the father's consent. A difficulty came in the way of the lovers. Aribert, King of Lombardy, 'with no male pledge,' had one only fair daughter, Rhodolinda, and wished to secure Gondibert as a husband for her. While that young Prince was whispering sweet nothings to Birtha, a page comes post haste to announce that King Aribert has proclaimed him his heir, and is about to give him his daughter in marriage. Gondibert promises to remain true to Birtha, and gives her an emerald ring, which he tells her will lose its lustre if he is false to her; then hastens to the Lombard Court in obedience to the summons of the King. Here the tale breaks off, and along with that of 'Cambuscan bold,' and Coleridge's *Christabel*, was never finished.

Mr. Hallam, a more judicial critic than Hobbes, has in his *Literary History* (vol. iii. p. 260; vol. iv. p. 245) allowed to *Gondibert* the high praise rendered by Sir Walter Scott to Dryden, reasoning expressed in appropriate poetical language, and says that the chief praise of *Gondibert* 'is due to masculine verse, in a good metrical cadence.' This indulgent judgement of Mr. Hallam is qualified by a complaint against the entire truth of the story and the deficiency of unity in the action occasioned by the intricacies of the plot, which are sometimes too much in the style of comic fiction. 'It is so imperfect, only two books and part of the third being completed, that we can hardly judge of the termination it ought to receive. Each book however after the manner of Spenser is divided into several cantos. It contains about 6,000 lines. The metre is the four-lined stanza of alternate rhymes; one capable of great vigour, but not perhaps well adapted to poetry of imagination or passion. These however Davenant exhibits but sparingly in *Gondibert*: they were replaced by a philosophical spirit in the tone of Sir John Davies, who had adopted the same metre, and, as some have thought, nourished by the author's friendly intercourse with Hobbes. *Gondibert* is written in a clear nervous English style; its condensation produces some obscurity, but pedantry, at least that of language, will rarely be found in it; and Davenant is less infected by the love of conceit and of extravagance than his contemporaries, though I would not assert that he is wholly exempt from the former blemish.' So writes Mr. Hallam; and as *Gondibert* received its final touches at Carisbrooke Castle, that fact may be pleaded as an excuse for dwelling at some length upon a poem which may be considered as a kind of cross between the regular epic and the heroic romance. *Gondibert* was published in 1651, and therefore fixes an approximate date for the imprisonment of its author in Carisbrooke Castle.

Davenant with Dryden altered Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and their version of that drama, to the scandal of the English stage, was the one chosen for representation, till the managers some fifty years ago returned to the text of Shakespeare. The poet Southey and Lord Macaulay have denounced, with righteous indignation the ignoble effort of Shakespeare's godson, combined with the poet 'glorious John Dryden,' to vulgarize and pollute one of the most exquisite creations of Shakespeare's genius. Dryden, who was really a great poet, and far superior to Davenant, in his *Annus Mirabilis, or The Year of Wonders* (1666), borrowed the alternate quatrain of *Gondibert* for his own versification in that poem, but did not repeat the experiment, exchanging it for a more manageable metre; but it is something to the credit of the Carisbrooke poem (if it may fairly bear that name) that *Gondibert* should have served as a model to Dryden. During the Protectorate of Cromwell, Davenant, by a sort of connivance with some of the ruling Puritans, such as 'learned Lord Commissioner Whitlocke,' Sir John Maynard, and others, opened a small house for the representation of plays, though not so called, near the Charter House, for which he obtained a patent after the restoration. At first he called his representations by the Italian name of 'opera.' Along with the opera he is also said to have been the first who introduced moveable scenery on the English stage. Lord Clarendon speaks of Davenant, who died in 1668, as being an 'honest man and witty.' He was buried in the south transept of Westminster Abbey, or 'Poet's Corner,' not far from the monument to Ben Jonson, to whose laureateship he succeeded, and also near Old Parr, who, strangely enough, had his burying-place among the poets, and Sheridan, a far more brilliant dramatist than 'rare Sir William Davenant,' the sometime prisoner of Carisbrooke Castle.

February 6, 1886.

LETTER FROM THE MAYOR OF NEWPORT, I. W., ABOUT JOHN CHANDLER, AN ANABAPTIST, A.D. 1647.

In the Calendar of the House of Lords' Manuscripts, published in the Sixth Report of the Royal Commission of Historical MSS., 1877, will be found an interesting illustration of the way in which, during the time of the Puritan ascendency, recusants to the order of church government then established were treated by those in authority for what was called their 'delinquency.' The entry in the *Lords' Journal* is as follows:—

'May 11th, 1647. Letter from the Mayor of Newport in the Isle of Wight and Wm. Raffen to Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Governor of the Island, to inform him, that John Chandler an Anabaptist has come into the Island preaching, which is likely to disturb the public peace.'—*L. J.* ix. 195, *in extenso.*

When the Mayor of Newport made this application Presbyterianism was 'established' in England, and the compulsory Parliamentary enforcement of its doctrine and discipline upon the English people had passed both Houses. The Book of Common Prayer was not allowed in public worship; the clergy who refused to abandon its services were ejected from their livings. The 'Directory,' as the Presbyterian form of discipline and worship was called, took the place of the Prayer Book, the use of which was forbidden even in household worship under severe penalties. The National Church was disestablished and disendowed, and the Scottish religion of the solemn League and Covenant set up in its place. This arrangement was not able to crush out all nonconformity to the 'Directory' among church people, and among those religious bodies who did not approve of the Presbyterian or Puritan doctrine and discipline. Parliament had become a mere ghost of its once mighty self. Power had passed away from it to its own army, and the 'Council of War at Windsor,' was the real ruler in Church and State. The 'Sectaries,' as the Presbyterians called them, detested the newly-established church with no less bitterness than that which they had felt for the old national Church of England. Even Churchmen and Royalists were in 1647 looking with hope for Fairfax and Cromwell, expecting that they would bring the King from Carisbrooke Castle and free them from the religious intolerance of the Presbyterian ascendency. The people generally began to discover with John Milton, our great epic poet, that 'New Presbyter was but old priest writ large.'

This intolerance was especially shown to that religious body who were called by their opponents Anabaptists, because they again baptized those adults who in their infancy had once received baptism. The term is not in itself reproachful, but as it is considered to be so by themselves it should be discarded. The enmity of the Puritans against those who first adopted what are now called Baptist principles in this country cannot be understood without referring to their history, which is peculiar. Without entering upon the religious tenets of these early Baptists, which would be unsuitable for these pages, it should be borne in mind that it would be most unfair to associate the Baptists of the present day with those who at the time of the Protestant Reformation were called Anabaptists. And so, since on the other hand the Baptists of our own times cannot claim as martyrs to the cause which they represent all those Anabaptists who unhappily had to undergo persecution from the Protestant Reformed Churches both here and abroad, the subject can be treated as one of purely historical interest, and altogether belonging to the past. It has been maintained by some that Anabaptist opinions were held by the Lollards in England and the Waldenses in Switzerland; and William Sawtre, the first English martyr, who was burnt in London

A.D. 1400, has been called an Anabaptist, but this notice rests on no reliable basis. The Anabaptists first appear in history about the year 1520, in Germany where they sorely vexed the righteous soul of the great reformer, Martin Luther. In 1533 the city of Munster, the capital of Westphalia, was the scene of frightful disorders, occasioned by certain Anabaptists and their ringleader, called John of Leyden, who persuaded themselves that Munster was to be the seat of the New Jerusalem, from whence their spiritual dominion was to extend over the earth. John of Leyden, the proclaimed king of this strange hierarchy (if his conduct has been fairly represented), acted the part of a madman, and committed hideous crimes. In 1536 Munster was retaken after a tedious siege and John of Leyden put to death. Like scenes took place in Amsterdam (where the city narrowly escaped falling into the hands of these fanatics by a surprise) and the other provinces of the Netherlands.

Their first appearance in England was in the reign of Henry VIII, who, in November, 1538, put forth a proclamation condemning all the books of the Anabaptists, and directing the punishment of all who sold them. In the following year Parliament, in a spirit of servile submission to the imperious will of one who had proved himself its master, enacted that proclamations made by the King and Council should have the force of statutes, and thus perfidiously played into the hands of the Government of the day for themselves. One result of this surrender of independence made by Parliament was that on April 29, 1540, three unfortunate Anabaptists were burnt at Southwark. When, as Hallam has observed, the ill-assorted body of sixteen executors to Henry's will, who exercised the functions of regency for the child-king, Edward VI, were sensible that they had not the sinews to wield the iron sceptre of the old tyrant, whose sanguinary despotism had sent to the gallows or stake those who refused to allow him his new title of Head of the Church, they felt it necessary to abrogate the provisions with respect to treason that had been made by Henry VIII. The consequence of this policy on the part of the wily courtiers of Edward's council was an abatement in that persecution which, again to use the language of Hallam, was that 'deadly original sin of the reformed churches which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive.' Even in that 'extraordinary boy,' as a contemporary writer calls Edward VI, was a strain of the tiger, cruel, Tudor blood, in his veins, struggling against his better and higher nature. When his sister, the Princess Mary, supplicated to be allowed her religious services at home, though Cranmer and Ridley as well as the whole council would have consented to this reasonable indulgence, the young King would not grant his sister's request. It is not surprising therefore that, under the comparatively more gentle rule of the young King, George van Parre, a foreign Anabaptist, should have been burnt April 24, 1551. For this death, as also for that of Joan Bocher, a woman of Kent, who was burnt for heretical opinions, Cranmer has been held by some to be responsible. If the guilt of conniving at these deaths does rest upon Thomas Cranmer, it only shows how zeal for domestic morality and civil order, when untempered by wisdom from above, may tempt good men into committing a grievous wrong. The researches of the learned and impartial German historians of the Protestant Reformation in their own country have wellnigh proved that the foreign Anabaptists, who may be called the ultra-Radicals of the Reformation, maintained the unwarrantableness of all civil government, and the emancipation of the faithful from subjection to either laws or taxes. The community of goods was one of their favourite tenets, and induced many from among the masses to adopt their opinions. The followers of John of Leyden at Munster were guilty of something more heinous than these fanatical notions, and their religious frenzy degenerated into frightful immoralities. They practically carried out the doctrine of what is called in our days 'Free love,' by establishing a community of wives. Lust is hard by to hate. A religious teaching which stifled every nobler feeling of admiration for what is pure, and beautiful, and good, as a supposed remnant of the old Adam, led them from polygamy to the commission of murder. These charges rest, not only upon the express statements of Mosheim, an honest, conscientious writer, who in his *Ecclesiastical History* has given a minute account of the atrocities at Munster and elsewhere, but also on the later researches of modern historians such as Merle d'Aubigné, Gieseler, Hagenbach, and others. No wonder that Luther, with his frank vehemence of genuine indignation, and not unfrequent coarseness of language, on hearing of these horrible crimes committed by those who seemed to his enemies the extravagant parody of himself, should have cried out in an agony of just wrath, 'That God had chased out the devil, but the devil's grandmother had come in.'

A still more weighty and authoritative condemnation of their tenets was delivered in the 'Confession of Augsburg,' the standard of faith in all Lutheran churches. The second part of this famous document expressly condemns various Anabaptist doctrines. The same position was taken up by the Swiss Protestants, who, while differing from the Lutherans on certain points, were at one with them on the subject of Anabaptist teaching. Their systematic digest of articles of faith—the 'First Confession of Basle' of the year 1534, is remarkable for its great simplicity and mildness. Its strongest opposition is called forth by the Anabaptists, who at that time were still regarded as a dangerous 'rabble.' In the forty-two Articles of Religion of the Church of England, which early in the reign of Elizabeth were reduced to thirty-nine, that which now stands as Article xxxviii almost copies the language of the Augsburg confession in condemning the error of 'certain Anabaptists,' who 'do falsely boast' that Christian men's goods are common. This is the single reference to the Anabaptists by name in the formularies of the Church of England, though the standards of faith in other countries have so much to speak about them. It may be inferred that the practical good sense of the English people, and right feeling in domestic morality, prevented those who in our country adopted the Anabaptist creed from also advocating the dangerous and immoral tenets of their continental co-religionists, and their schemes of communism or socialism.

Queen Elizabeth on her accession had ordered that all who were imprisoned on account of religion should be set at liberty, and this act probably conveyed the impression that

Her Majesty contemplated a wider toleration than afterwards it was found convenient to practise. The foreign Anabaptists certainly had spread their opinions in England. 'We found,' says Bishop Jewel, writing to Peter Martyr at this period, 'a large and inauspicious crop of Arians, Anabaptists, and other pests, which I know not how, but as mushrooms spring up in the night and darkness, so these sprang up in the darkness and night of the unhappy Marian times.' The good bishop had cause to remember the 'Marian times' with bitterness, but the crop of which he complains probably flourished still more in the days of his episcopate than when under Queen Mary he himself had been an exile and a wanderer. Such would seem to be the case from the fears aroused, and the repressive measures resorted to, during the latter part of his life-time. In 1568 a special visitation was ordered in every parish throughout the realm to discover the teachers of Anabaptist and other 'evil doctrines.' Many Anabaptists were now taking refuge in England from the persecutions of the Duke of Alva, in the Netherlands, and the influence and teaching of these refugees were looked upon by the Government with great suspicion and alarm, because of their doctrine of the unlawfulness of obeying civil rulers. In 1575, four years after Jewel's death, eleven of these Anabaptists, all Flemings, were condemned to be burnt alive; nine of these were banished, but the dreadful sentence was carried out in all its severity upon two of them —Jan Peters and Hendrick Toorwoorth—in Smithfield. Foxe, the martyrologist, wrote to the Queen imploring her to have pity upon these misguided men, and not to stain the Reformation with blood; but his intercession failed because of their peculiar views about civil government, which made them obnoxious to the Queen and her councillors. The last person burnt alive in England because of his religious opinions was Edward Wightman, an Anabaptist of Burton on Trent, who suffered death in 1611. As in the other cases, the offence of this unhappy man was his regarding the office of the civil magistrate as a heathenish institution. When the Westminster Assembly, consisting of 120 divines with 30 lay assessors, was constituted by an ordinance, June 12, 1643, and the Scottish Covenant with some modifications was accepted by the Long Parliament, the tenets of the Anabaptists were condemned without a hearing. During the few years immediately subsequent, while the Presbyterians were in power, the Anabaptists were much harassed. Calamy, in his *Lives of the Nonconformists*, mentions an instance in which the corpse of an Anabaptist minister was carried to its resting-place in a cask of sugar, as Christian burial would not have been permitted by those in authority. With such precedents, the Worshipful the Mayor of Newport and his associate, Mr. Wm. Ruffen, might well feel justified in bringing the preaching of John Chandler before the notice of the Governor of the Isle of Wight. What became of John Chandler does not come out. The Anabaptists did not fare much better under the Protectorate of Cromwell than under the Long Parliament. Their English followers had given up the tenet of their foreign teachers about the unlawfulness of carrying arms, as numbers of them served in Cromwell's army. 'To Cromwell,' writes Mr. Carlyle, 'perhaps as much as to another, order was lovely and disorder hateful, but he discerned better than some others what order and disorder really were.' So long as the Anabaptists were ready to trail a pike against the King and the Cavaliers, Cromwell favoured them. When in 1654, in the Parliament which is ordinarily known by the name of 'Barebones' Parliament,' the Anabaptists who formed the great majority were little disposed to forward Cromwell's views, the Lord Protector in consequence made short work with them, sending them and their fellow-members of the House of Commons about their own business. Major-General Harrison, who is called by Thurloe 'the most eminent man of the Anabaptist party,' was ordered to retire home to Staffordshire and keep quiet. When Harrison and his followers, who were also called Fifth-Monarchy men, would not keep quiet, but attempted to surprise London, the Fifth Monarchy and its leader was put under lock and key, and His Highness Oliver Cromwell rid himself of them once and for all.

They who are disposed to study those Socialistic movements which accompanied the reformation in Germany and in Switzerland, and the communist schemes which, as Louis

Blanc has observed, were the prologue to the French Revolution, cannot do better than procure Mr. Seebohm's remarkable little book, *Era of the Protestant Revolution.* In that interesting sketch Mr. Seebohm has pointed out that there were two episodes in Anabaptist Communism. The first was the rebellion of the Suabian peasants of Southern Germany in 1523, in which Munzer took a leading part. From Lorraine to the Austrian Alps, from the Lake of Constance to the confines of Westphalia, that formidable insurrection of the exasperated peasants filled men's hearts with fear. It would be harassing to describe the scenes of blood which were enacted, and the heartless reprisals of which both sides were guilty. Enough to say that 100,000 lives were lost in the struggle, or twenty times as many human beings as fell during the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution. The second episode, that of the Munster Communists with its licentious orgies, was in strange contrast to the earlier austerities of the preachers of equality. What had commenced as a protest against the self-indulgence of the few at the expense of the many ended in the unbridled self-indulgence of all, until, exhausted by its own excesses, it perished. Whatever germ of good there was in the movement of the foreign Anabaptists, it was from the first mixed with elements of evil. which afterwards exhibited themselves in hideous developments. These facts should be remembered, in fairly estimating the bitter feelings of our forefathers in England against revolutionary doctrines which had led to such terrible extravagances on the continent of Europe. It is easy to gain a cheap reputation for liberality by declaiming against persecution in the past. True political and historical charity is shown by carefully weighing the conduct on the part of the persecuted which drove those in authority into acts of persecution. The Mayor of Newport ought not to be censured for bringing before the notice of the Governor of the Isle of Wight the preaching of John Chandler, if it at all resembled that which was so loudly proclaimed by the foreign Anabaptists.

June 26, 1886.

CHRISTMAS IN CARISBROOKE CASTLE,

A. D. 1647.

A MARKED difference between the Christmas of 1606, as described in an earlier page, and that of 1647 might have been observed. Of course in an interval of forty-one years many alterations must occur. An egg, so Sancho Panza sagaciously remarked, has to undergo several changes in the short process of boiling. But Christmas is one of those time-honoured institutions which remain almost unchanged. They who remember the Christmas of 1845 will find that the Christmas of 1886 is kept in much the same fashion as that festive season was in their own younger days. Not so was it with the two Christmas Days of the opening half of the seventeenth century with their separation of four decades of years. The air and climate of Carisbrooke are favourable to longevity; many old people who were living under the shadow of Carisbrooke Castle when Charles I was immured as a prisoner within its 'narrow case' had, as young men and maidens, danced under the shelter of the 'Great Hall,' when good Lord Southampton was Governor of the Isle of Wight in Christmas, 1606. These elders would shake their frosted heads as they bid the young folks mark the contrast between what they saw around them and the good old times when James was king. Then, as Sir John Oglander said, the Wight was a 'fortunate Island, now unfortunate.' Money then was flying about, the gentry full of it, and out of debt, the yeomen had heavy purses, now both gentry and yeomen were beggared and undone. No company met at the ordinary on the bowling green of St. George's Down at Standen; the comely visages and wonted carriage of the Islanders had 'clean altered'; the markets were ill-attended, no bargains to be had. We obtain this glimpse into the condition of the Isle of Wight from the valuable manuscript memoirs of the gallant old cavalier of Nunwell. Little precise information can be procured respecting the state of the country during the war between the King and the Parliament, the historians, as usual, confining themselves almost exclusively to Parliamentary and military operations; but of course this must have been a time of general pressure and suffering among all classes. The civil war and strife between classes stopped in great measure most of the channels in which the wealth of the country had been accustomed to flow.

Christmas and its festivities fell under a blight, but not from the same cause as that which depressed the national industry. Along with the compulsory Parliamentary enforcement of the Nonconformist doctrine and discipline upon the English people, Christmas was suppressed, both as the Church season and as a family festival. To quote the forcible language of Lord Macaulay (*History of England*, vol. i. p. 162), 'Perhaps no single circumstance more strongly illustrates the temper of the precisians than their conduct respecting Christmas Day. Christmas had been from time immemorial the season of joy and domestic affection, the season when families assembled, when children came home from school, when quarrels were made up, when carols were heard in every street, when every house was decorated with evergreens, and every table was loaded with good cheer. At that season all hearts not utterly destitute of kindness were enlarged and softened. At that season the poor were admitted largely to partake of the overflowings of the wealth of the rich, whose bounty was peculiarly acceptable on account of the shortness of the days and the severity of the weather. At that season the interval between landlord and tenant, master and servant, was less marked than through the rest of the year. Where there is much enjoyment, there will be some excess; yet, on the whole, the spirit in which the holiday was kept was not unworthy of a Christian festival. The Long Parliament gave orders in 1645 that the 25th of December should be strictly observed as a fast, and that all men should pass it in humbly bemoaning the great national sin which they and their forefathers had so often committed on that day by romping under the mistletoe, eating boar's head, and drinking ale flavoured with roasted apples. No public act of that time seems to have irritated the common people more. On the next anniversary of the festival formidable riots broke out in many places. The constables were resisted, the magistrates insulted, the houses of noted zealots attacked, and the proscribed service of the day openly read in the churches.'

Why did the Puritans make such an onslaught upon this truly English custom? They may have been irritated by the etymology of the final syllable in the word Christ-mas, reminding them of the 'Mass,' but the derivation was so soon forgotten that we can hardly attribute their dislike to these associations. The Puritans had objected to keeping the day of Christ's Nativity in the early days of the Reformation, and the extension of it, as a Church festival, appeared to them a badge of their opponents. All traces of what had been held sacred by the National Church must be swept away. If so, it was one among other of the results of the miserable religious feud which had alienated the minds of men from all kindly consideration for the tastes and feelings of those who did not think on these matters as they did. In justice to the Puritans let it be conceded, as Lord Macaulay states, that the enjoyment of the day had in some instances been marked with excess. Some, no doubt, had abused the season. A good dinner meant for them a surfeit, and to 'get merry' was to 'get tipsy.' Much of our excess springs from what is not in itself a bad motive, that hunger for large enjoyments which springs up in the hearts of those whose lives are spent amidst monotonous toil and pinching care and poverty. The authorities of the Presbyterian Church, which was established in England by Parliament during the civil war between Charles I and a portion of his subjects, would have deserved the gratitude of posterity if, moderating the abuses which had crept in, they had not interfered with religious and social observance of a day which is valued by continental Protestants no less than among ourselves. The Puritans did not act on the principle of the quaint old German proverb, 'By all means empty the bath down the gutter, but try and save the baby.' It would be a gross injustice to the Presbyterian rulers in Church and State to suppose that they desired to root out the memorial of the touching Gospel of the infancy of our Saviour, or to dispel the faith of the people in the angelic greetings for the Babe of Bethlehem. There is no more magnificent hymn than that of the Nativity beginning with

> 'It was the winter wild,
> While the heaven-born child
> All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies,'

written by the stern Puritan, John Milton, though from the date of its composition, 1629, when the poet was in his twenty-first year, it must be kept in mind that he had not as yet developed into the fierce religious controversialist that he became in later life.

The red-capped worshippers of liberty and reason in the French Revolution took a leaf out of the proceedings of the Long Parliament by enacting that the 'Décade' or Tenth Day shall always be the day of rest, and the Christian Sabbath in that case shall shift for itself! (Carlyle, *French Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 269). But there was this considerable difference, that the members of the Long Parliament were Englishmen, not Frenchmen, and also this far more considerable difference, that the Englishmen held the Christian faith, while the Frenchmen believed in Jean Jacques Rousseau. The attempts of the Long Parliament and of the French Convention were, both of them, utter and entire failures. The Long Parliament went about their work with their usual energy, undeterred by the disagreeable results of the attempted suppression of Christmas Day, 1646. The elections, which had been made recently to fill up the vacancies of the House of Commons, had gone in favour of the Presbyterians. The Royalists were at a low ebb. From the beginning of the year 1647 Cromwell and the Army were the most dreaded by the Parliament, but Cromwell and the Independents disliked Christmas quite as much as the Presbyterians. The Houses therefore, emboldened to further action in putting down the obnoxious festival, ordered in June, 1647, that 'fore as much as the feasts of the Nativity of Christ, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and other festivals commonly named Holy-days, have been abolished by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, and are no longer to be observed in the kingdom of England,' 'all scholars and apprentices, with the approbation of their masters,' must be given a day 'for convenient, reasonable recreation, and relaxation,' on the second Tuesday of every month. The apprentices however refused to believe that Christmas Day had been abolished. General opinion was on the same side as the apprentices. The drum ecclesiastic was beaten against the observance of Christmas, but in vain. In the last week in November Richard Kentish was summoned to preach before the House of Commons in St. Margaret's, Westminster. He urged his audience to open their eyes to the fact that 'the people of England now loathe the saints.' He went on to explain that he meant 'the generality of England.' He deplored that the Parliament and the Army, the Presbyterians and the Independents should be at quarrel with one another at such a critical time. 'A prelatical priest,' he warned the members, 'is more desired, and would be more welcome to the generality of England than the most learned, laborious, conscientious preacher, whether Presbyterian or Independent.' The fact was no longer to be doubted; the religion which the Parliament wanted to impose was hateful to the 'riff-raff of the people. These poor, simple creatures are mad after superstitious festivals, after unholy holidays.'

Other week-day preachers took up a different line. The Royalist newspapers urged their readers to prepare for the coming Christmas as usual. Pamphlets and broad-sheets, advising its observance on religious grounds, were published. Three days after the House of Commons had listened to Kentish's sermon, it debated upon the suppression of all 'scandalous, unlicensed pamphlets.' The following specimen may serve to show the Christmas literature of 1647:

'No princes now but they, the Crowne
  Is vanisht, with our quiet;
Nor will they let us use our own
  Devotion, and diet.
All plums the prophets sonns defie,
  And spice-broths are too hot,
Treason's in a December pie,
  And death within the pot.
Christmas, farewell. Thy day, I feare,
  And merry daies are done,
So they may keep feasts all the yeare,
  Our Saviour shall have none.'

An ordinance was issued for the seizure and confiscation of the printing-presses, type, and paper of the seditious newspapers, and a committee was appointed to inquire after and punish their authors, printers, and publishers. The famous Long Parliament was then however so feeble that these orders were not much heeded.

The Christmas Day of 1647 fell upon a Saturday. Attempts would, it was feared, be made by some of the ejected clergy to preach on that day. If the day had been Sunday, no such attempt would have been made in the churches, as the Presbyterian occupants would have been in possession of the pulpits. On Christmas Eve some freemen of the cities of London and Westminster went to the House of Commons with a petition, asking for protection against the common people, apprentices, and others, who, it was foreseen, would insist upon their right to keep Christmas Day, as in times past. The House ordered that 'the several and respectable committees of the Militia of London, Westminster, the hamlets, and the borough, do take care that no such disturbances be made.' The House of Commons not only took precautions on Christmas Eve for the protection of Nonconformists who wished the day to pass without any recognition, but they issued an order, on the same day, for the prevention of its celebration by Conformists. The House ordered the Militia of London 'to take strict course to put out of the lines of communication all delinquent ministers,' and on the same Christmas Eve its inquisitorial committee for Plundered Ministers was directed 'to examine and punish all churchwardens, sequestrators, and others, who do countenance delinquent ministers.' The Militia executed these intolerant orders, no doubt much in the same way as they did on the Christmas of 1657, when as Evelyn records, 'December 25th I went to London with my wife to celebrate Christmas Day, Mr. Gunning preached in Exeter Chapel on Micah vii. 2. Sermon ended, as he was giving us the holy sacrament, the chapel was surrounded with soldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them, some in the house, others carried away . . . These were men of high flight, and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity.

As we went up to receive the sacrament, the miscreants held their muskets against us, as if they would have shot us at the altar, but yet suffered us to finish the office of communion, as perhaps not having instruction what to do in case they found us in that action. So I got home late next day, blessed be God.'

On Christmas Day, 1647, both Houses of Parliament assembled as usual. The porters of Cornhill dressed up the conduit with 'ivy, rosemary, and bays,' and other Christmas gear. Evergreens were put up on other parts of the city by the apprentices. The Lord Mayor and the City Marshall rode out on horseback, followed by their men, and the order was given to set the decorations on fire. This led to a tumult in which one young fellow was killed.

What happened in London took place, more or less, through the length and breadth of the land. At Carisbrooke the Vicar—Alexander Ross—had been ejected and no religious service could be held. The church doors were closed, no bells rang in the birth of Christ, no holly was stuck in the pews. If any desired to keep the day sacred at their own homes, they dared not use the Book of Common Prayer, as that was forbidden under severe penalties, even in household worship. In Carisbrooke Castle Colonel Hammond was the Governor; he was too faithful a servant of the Parliament to disobey their orders by any such keeping of Christmas Day as that which his predecessors had practised. Besides, Cromwell addressed him in his letters as 'Dear Robin,' and Cromwell would have disowned the friendship of any one who ventured in keeping Christmas. At Carisbrooke however, in consequence of the King being detained as a prisoner in the Castle, it so happened that the Christmas Day of 1647 was not just like any ordinary day in the year. Politics, not religion, were the cause of this break in the monotony of that dreary captivity. On Christmas Eve the Commissioners who had been appointed by Parliament to offer the four bills, as the preliminaries of a treaty with the captive sovereign, presented their instructions to the King at two o'clock in the afternoon. The names of the Commissioners were as follows—the Earls of Digby, Northumberland, Kent, Rutland, Pembroke, Salisbury, Warwick, and Mulgrave on the part of the House of Lords; and Mr. Bulkely, Mr. Lisle, Mr. Robert Goodwin, and Mr. Kemp, on the part of the Commons, together with their chaplains, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Rye. To these Commissioners the King returned for answer 'he was assured that they could not expect a present reply, but he would take the same into consideration, and give their answer in a few days.' On Christmas Day itself came the Scotch Commission, under the instigation of Lauderdale, Lanark, and others, to protest against the four bills presented by Parliament, but covertly with the more important design of making such concessions to Charles as would enable him to conclude and sign the treaty that had long been in agitation between them, and was now ready for completion. On December 28 the King privately signed that treaty. That same day witnessed the vain attempt of Captain Burley, a gentleman of good family at Yarmouth, to raise the people in Newport by the sound of the drum and of the cry of 'For God, King Charles, and the people,' to march to the Castle and rescue their sovereign. It must have been a melancholy Christmas season for the unhappy Charles, and for the people of Carisbrooke; a Christmas Day which brought messages only of political strife and bitterness, not of peace and good-will.

Better and brighter days have dawned upon us. Churchman and Nonconformist cease to rudely assail each other, because the former keep Christmas as a religious festival, and the latter do not esteem it such. The Puritans in England and Scotland spoke many hard words about Christmas Day. The descendants of those who called the day accursed now only pour forth blessings upon it. The Puritans were not content with the language of stern rebuke, they tried to abolish its observance. They were as little able to accomplish their purpose as the French Convention was to replace the Christian Sunday by the decade. The reasons that seemed so strong to religious controversialists against the keeping of Christmas have fallen very dead. A Power above all mere human authority has put into the heart of all who profess and call themselves Christians the feeling which connects the coming of Him, in whose name they are called Christians, with social gatherings, together with the associations of kinsfolk and friends, and with the most genial human fellowship. Let me wish all my readers, 'A happy and a merry Christmas.'

December 24, 1886.

CHARLES I'S LAST COMING TO THE ISLAND, A.D. 1647.

I AM indebted for the following interesting extract from the Oglander MSS. to Canon Venables's pamphlet, where this narrative was first printed.

'Certain passages acted by Colonel Hammond, our captain, the gentlemen of the Island, and myself, since the King's coming into the Island, written by me on Tuesday morning, the 16th of November, 1647.—I. O.

'Sunday morning at church I heard a rumour that the King was that night, being the 17th of Nov., 1647, landed at Cowes. I confess I could not believe it, but at evening prayer the same day Sir Robert Dillington sent his servant to inform me of His Majesty's coming to the Island, and that our Governor, Colonel Hammond, commanded me and my son (as he had done to all the gentlemen of the Island) to meet him at Newport the next day, being Monday, by nine in the morning. Truly, this news troubled me very much, but on Monday morning I went to Newport, where I found most of the gentlemen of the Island, and not long after Hammond came, when he made a short speech to us, which, as well as my old memory will give me leave, was thus, or to this purpose:—"Gentlemen, I believe it was as strange to you as to me to hear of His Majesty's coming to this Island. He informs me necessity brought him hither, and that there was a sort of people near Hampton Court (from whence he came) that had voted and had resolved to murder him (or words to that effect); and therefore so privately he was forced to come away, and to thrust himself on the Island, hoping to be here secure. And now, gentlemen, seeing he is come among us, it is all our duties to preserve his person, and to prevent all comings over into the Island. I have already stopped all passages in our Island except three (Ryde, Cowes, and Yarmouth), and at them have appointed guards. Now, I must desire you all to preserve peace and unity in this Island as much as you can. I hear there are some such persons as His Majesty feared, but I hope better. But to prevent it I would give you these cautions. If you see or hear of any people in any great number gathered together, whatsoever be their pretence, I would have you dissipate them, or timely notice given to me of it. Also if there be any of those formerly spoken of (levellers), such as His Majesty fears, that shall offer to come into this Island, you must do your endeavours to oppress them, and all things else for the preservation of His Majesty's person. And to this end I shall desire all the captains to come and renew their commissions, that they may be the better authorized hereunto. Lastly, I must tell you I have sent an express to Parliament to signify His Majesty's being here, and as soon as I receive any answer I shall acquaint you with it." . . . After this speech, Sir Robert Dillington moved the Colonel to know whether the gentlemen might not after dinner go up to His Majesty to express their duties to him. The Colonel answered, "Yes, by all means, it would be a fit time when the King has dined; and truly I would invite you all to dinner," said he, "had I any entertainment, but truly I want extremely fowl for His Majesty," intimating thereby that he wanted the gentlemen's assistance, whereupon I and others promised him to send him what we had. So he thanked us and returned to the castle to His Majesty. Now when we had dined we all went up to Carisbrooke Castle, where we had not stayed above half-an-hour ere His Majesty came to us, and after he had given every man his hand to kiss, he made this speech, but not in these words, but as well as my memory will give me leave to this effect:—

'"Gentlemen, I must inform you that for the preservation of my life I was forced from Hampton Court, for there were a people called levellers that had both voted and resolved of my death, so that I could no longer dwell there in safety. And desiring to be somewhat secure, till some happy accommodation may be made between me and my Parliament, I have put myself on this place, for I desire not a drop more of Christian blood should be spilt, neither do I desire to be chargeable to any of you. I shall not desire so much as a capon from any of you, my resolution in coming here being but to be secured, till there be some happy accommodation made."

'After this he caused Mr. Legg, one of his servants, to read a kind of remonstrance, which it seemeth he left at Hampton Court when he went thence, but I shall forbear writing of that, being in print. . . . Mr. Legg demanded of me, "What if a greater number of these levellers should come into our Island than we are able to resist? What course could there be for His Majesty's preservation?" I answered "None that I know but to have a boat ready to convey him to the mainland." These were all the passages that day, and on the Thursday following it pleased His Majesty to come to my house at Nunwell, as much unexpected by me as his coming into the Island.—I. O.

'When we came the Monday to Carisbrooke Castle, His Majesty was then busy in writing these propositions now in print, which the next day he sent to Parliament, and I hope will be accepted.—I. O.'

This contemporary record of the first days of Charles I's detention in Carisbrooke Castle, which Mr. Venables's researches into the *Oglander Memoirs* have brought to light, cannot fail to be read with interest by those who wish to know the details of the royal prisoner's captivity in this Island.

April 25, 1885.

COLONEL ROBERT HAMMOND, CAPTAIN AND GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1647–1649.

No wise man would seek to be entrusted with the custody of a distinguished personage, though if such a trying position was thrust upon him in the way of duty he would accept the responsibility. However honourable and humane, a man so placed can hardly avoid obloquy and abuse. Such was the lot of Sir Hudson Lowe, when for five stormy years, from 1817 to 1821, the first Napoleon was in captivity at St. Helena. Sir Hudson Lowe was a gallant soldier and a good administrator; no Englishman that knew him has doubted his ability, his unflinching firmness, his humanity, or his honour. His duty required him to prevent the escape of Napoleon, who was allowed the range of a considerable portion of the Island of St. Helena. These were his orders, which left very little to his discretion, and he executed them in a most conscientious spirit. It was not to be wondered at that Napoleon, and still more the Emperor's French attendants, should pick a quarrel with the Governor of St. Helena. The Opposition at home, anxious to wound in any way they could the Government of the day, did almost as much to raise and spread the storm of reproach which gathered round Sir Hudson Lowe as the Bonapartists themselves; and the Liverpool administration, though they afterwards employed and promoted the man who had ably fulfilled a most invidious and difficult office, left him to encounter singly the fury of the attack, which was enough to bow their official subordinate to the earth.

It has been the good fortune of Col. Robert Hammond, who had in the Isle of Wight very much the same duty to discharge in the case of King Charles I as that which was lodged in the hands of Sir Hudson Lowe, to escape the rancorous abuse which has been poured upon the head of the latter.

This immunity from reproach was in a great measure owing to Hammond's own sound judgement, discretion, and kindly consideration for the illustrious captive of 'Carisbrooke's narrow case.' Hammond was quite a young man when, on September 6, 1647, he was appointed by an ordinance of both Houses of Parliament 'Captain and Governor of the Isle of Wight, and of all ports, forts, towers, and places of strength therein, until the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled shall otherwise order' (*Lords and Commons Journals*). He seems to have been a religious, seriously minded Puritan, of the stamp of Colonel Hutchinson; not a coarse and snuffling fanatic, but a highly educated, accomplished, and refined gentleman. His family belonged to the upper middle class, settled at Chertsey in Surrey. His grandfather had been physician to Prince Henry, eldest son of James I. The daughters of this Court physician had made what are called good marriages. One of them, Jane, was the wife of Sir John Dingley, of Woolverton, Isle of Wight, who was Lieutenant-Governor of the Island under the Earl of Pembroke. Another daughter was married to Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, who distinguished himself among the Privy Councillors of that kingdom by the zeal with which at the commencement of the struggle between the Crown and the Long Parliament he supported the latter. Of the sons, Thomas rose to be Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance under the Parliament. Persisting in his devotion to Cromwell, he took part in the Army troubles of 1646, patronized the Adjutators or Agitators, and sat as one of the King's judges. In strong contrast with him was another brother, Henry Hammond, a learned and pious divine, who took the side of the King with very conspicuous zeal during the Civil War, and was deprived of his preferment in the Church after the victory of the Parliament. Nothing is recorded of Robert, the second son of the physician and the father of Colonel Robert Hammond.

George Oglander, Esq., of Nunwell, who, as it appears from the inscription on the brass plate fixed on the east wall of the Oglander chapel in Brading Church, died May 6, 1567, married for his second wife Alice, the sister and heiress of William Hammond, Esq., of Guildford. Whether the Hammonds of Guildford were of the same family as the Hammonds of Chertsey, the books do not say.

Robert Hammond, the future Governor of the Isle of Wight, was matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford, of which his uncle Henry was a Fellow. He left the University after three years' residence without taking his degree. His uncle Thomas got young Robert a commission in the Army. As a young man of best parts and principles Robert Hammond was marked out for promotion in the Parliamentary forces. An incident which occurred not long after the breaking out of the Civil War might have put an entire stop to his military career. When, at the end of August, 1644, during the earlier successes of the regal army, Charles, instead of marching upon London and combining with Newcastle's powerful army, was wasting valuable opportunities by sitting down before Gloucester, Hammond held a captain's commission in Massey's Horse on the opposite side. Massey's brigade did not bear a good reputation. It had some black sheep in it, 'men of no particular religion.' In the month of October of that same year a brother officer, Major Gray, gave Hammond the lie, whereupon the fiery young man called Gray out to mortal duel, and had the misfortune to kill his man. He was tried by court martial, but was acquitted on the ground of the provocation being so great. He had a powerful friend in Cromwell. Hammond had been on terms of intimacy with John Hampden, whose daughter Mary he afterwards married. Hammond's connexion with Hampden, 'whose memory was,' as Clarendon says, 'adored by Cromwell,' was enough to secure that sagacious soldier's attachment. Cromwell, himself a gentleman by birth, education, and feeling, was anxious to secure for his own party men of his own class and position. When Fairfax and Cromwell determined on terminating the desultory warfare which had been going on between the King's forces and those of the Parliament by moving an overwhelming force successively against the scattered fragments of the Royal party, they also took the bold step of getting rid of the worse elements of their own army. Foul-mouthed bullies and ruffians, like Gray, were dismissed or cashiered. The Parliamentary army was framed on what was called at the time the 'New Model.' No sooner was the process complete than the fortunes of the war began to change. The Cavaliers found themselves confronted by soldiers with a courage equal to their own, and with a far stricter discipline. Cromwell had his eye upon Hammond, whose moral character and bearing was calculated to win the respect of sturdy troopers, who had been induced to take up arms by religious and political zeal, mingled with the desire of distinction or promotion. He soon rose to be colonel, and held a high command at the memorable siege of Bristol in September, 1645. In the dispatch which Cromwell sent to Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons, Hammond's name occurs more than once. By order of Parliament this letter of Cromwell's on the taking of Bristol was read on Sunday in the churches about London from which the Presbyterian ministers had thrust out the former clergy, and 'thanks returned to Almighty God for the admirable and wonderful reducing of that city.' So widespread a document made the name of Hammond well known. He continued to retain the confidence of Cromwell. When, in October, 1645, Basing House, the mansion of Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, was taken, Colonel Hammond was commissioned to bring the good news to London, and also a dispatch from Cromwell to the Speaker of the House of Commons containing details of the capture. For his service he received a reward of £200 as a recompense for having been taken prisoner by the defenders of Basing House during the siege.

From the beginning of 1647 and still earlier it was evident that the Presbyterian party in Parliament, the leaders of which were several of them colonels of the 'Old Model,' did not love the victorious army of the 'New Model.' In March the Parliament took steps to disband the army. They resolved to send a portion to Ireland, to reduce the establishment for England, and to dismiss all officers above the rank of colonel except Sir Thomas Fairfax. Parliament soon discovered that they had lost all power over their new master. The troops demanded payment for their arrears, provision for the wounded, and for widows and orphans, and an ordinance of indemnity. The Parliament at first assumed a high tone, and threatened them as 'disturbers of the public peace'; but this made matters only worse. The soldiers established a kind of parliament of their own, and unanimously resolved never to be disbanded nor serve in Ireland till their demands were conceded. Hammond was now an officer of so much importance among the soldiers that with his uncle, General Thomas Hammond, Lieut.-Colonel Pride, and two others, he was summoned to the bar of the House. Hammond and his colleagues, acting as agents or delegates for the troops, belonged to the class of functionaries called 'Adjutators,' misspelt 'Agitators,' elected by the common men of the Army to keep the private soldiers in unison with their officers in the present crisis of affairs. The position which Hammond occupied in the dispute between the Parliament and the Army may be inferred from the fact that in the famous remonstrance addressed to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, his name appears after that of Fairfax and Cromwell, and before the names of his uncle Thomas, Ireton, Pride, Rainsborough, Desborough, Thomas Harrison, and other leading Army officers. A peace was patched up between the Parliament and the Army, but the soldiers, aware that they were dependent upon the Parliament for their pay, made an overture to the King that they would replace him on his throne. Charles cautiously answered that he would not involve the kingdom in a fresh war, but would be always grateful for this offer from the Army. No further overture was made till the bold scheme of Joyce, which eventually led to the King's imprisonment at Hampton Court, placed Charles's person in the power of the soldiers.

According to Mr. Carlyle (*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, vol. i. p. 247), while the King was at Hampton Court, Hammond was introduced by his uncle, Dr. Henry Hammond, to His Majesty as an ingenious youth, repentant, or at least sympathetic, and not without loyalty, which circumstance, it is supposed, had turned the King's thoughts in that bewildered flight of his towards Colonel Robert and the Isle of Wight. There is no precise evidence to prove the truth of this or the other assertion of Mr. Carlyle, 'that Colonel Robert, it would seem, had rather disliked the high course things were sometimes threatening to take in the Putney Council of War, and had been glad to get out of it for a quiet governorship at a distance.' However this may be, there is some warrant for the latter assertion in the remarkable language of Cromwell in a letter dated November 25, 1648: 'Was there not a little of this [fleshly reasoning] when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction, too, desired retirement from the Army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight?' The young colonel did not find his governorship a bed of roses. We are not told through whose influence Hammond was appointed Captain and Governor of the Isle of Wight, or what led to the Earl of Pembroke's resignation or dismissal. Even before the King's detention in Carisbrooke Castle, the Isle of Wight was a very important place, which required an able administrator, and a man of integrity and firmness. The people in authority must have supposed that Hammond had the necessary qualifications for the office, and the history of the events that took place during his short tenure of that office confirms the correctness of their choice, though it is certain that the Parliament when they made Hammond Governor of the Isle of Wight had no reason for thinking that the King would ever take refuge there.

August 2, 1890.

II.

Mr. Green, in his *Short History of the English People*, has called the attention of his readers to the 'youth of the officers' belonging to the army of the 'New Model.' Among those in high command there were few who, like Cromwell, had passed middle age. Fairfax was but thirty-three, and most of the colonels were even younger. The truth of this observation is confirmed in the case of Hammond. When, in September, 1647, he was by ordinance of the Parliament made Captain and Governor of the Isle of Wight, he was under thirty years of age. Possibly on account of his youth it was ordered by Parliament that Mr. Bulkely and Mr. Lisle and the rest of the gentlemen that serve for the Isle of Wight do go down with the Governor for the better settling him in the government of the said Isle. It is worth observing that the terms of this ordinance throw light on the struggle between the Parliament and the Army; as it states that 'the said Colonel Robert Hammond be subject to the commands of Sir Thomas Fairfax, knight, commander-in-chief of all the land forces in England and in the pay of Parliament.' Hammond was to receive his orders from the Army, but the Parliament, it was pointed out, was his paymaster, and he drew his salary directly from Parliament. The *Oglander Memoirs* have nothing to say as to the reception of their new and young Governor by the gentlemen, yeomanry, and citizens of the Island. For the space of about two months 'dear Robin,' as Cromwell affectionately addresses the young

Governor, might congratulate himself on his escape from the fierce disputes of the Council of War and the mutinous proceedings of the Levellers, and rejoice in the quiet of his Island government. Suddenly a storm broke out in the clear sky. In November the King took flight from Hampton Court, passing by the back stairs and the vault towards the water side of the Thames. We read in the *Commons Journal*, Saturday, November 13, that 'Colonel Whalley was called in and made a particular relation of the circumstances concerning the King's going away from Hampton Court. He did likewise deliver a letter directed to him from Lieutenant-General Cromwell concerning some rumours and reports of some design of danger to the person and life of the King.' The ports were all ordered to be shut and an embargo was laid upon ships.

Mr. Hallam has remarked, 'There are few circumstances in our history which have caused more perplexity to inquirers than the conduct of Cromwell and his friends towards the King in the year 1647.' These words apply still more strongly to the somewhat incomprehensible flight from Hampton Court, and the certainly very clumsy way in which that flight was carried out, along with the final retreat to Carisbrooke Castle. The authorities which must be consulted on this tangled business are Colonel Whalley's account of the flight, which still remains, as also two other far fuller statements on the Royalist side by two parties to the business, viz. *Berkely's Memoirs* (printed London, 1699), and *Ashburnham's Narrative* (printed London, 1830). These narratives are really pleadings intended to clear the writers of all blame in the first place. It appears from these accounts, when compared with each other and with third parties, that the cause of the King's flight was, as he himself told Sir John Oglander and the other gentlemen of the Island at Carisbrooke Castle, 'the protection of his life.' Some persons called Levellers had both voted and resolved on his death, so that he could no longer dwell there in safety. Such was the King's own uniform language respecting the motive of his flight, and there seems to be no reason for doubting it. What course he intended to pursue after his escape from Hampton Court is by no means clear. A man who believes, rightly or wrongly, that secret murderers are lying in wait for him is glad to escape anywhere out of their reach. So no doubt it was with Charles. He might probably, with due precautions, have reached France or Jersey. In his hasty escape, through the helplessness of his situation and his reliance on incompetent advisers, he took the wrong course. After a day and a night's riding the King, seeing not well whither to go, came to Cowes in the Isle of Wight, and delivered himself to the Governor of the Island. It is not easy to make out what influenced Charles to put himself unreservedly and without asking any terms into the hands of Colonel Hammond. According to both Berkely and Ashburnham, overtures and negotiations were entered upon with Hammond, but after careful sifting of the mass of materials on the King's surrender of himself to the Governor nothing definite emerges. No treachery or foul play is to be imputed to any of the parties in this transaction, a point on which Lord Clarendon in his History supplies valuable and trustworthy evidence, but there was gross mismanagement on the part of the King's advisers. Fugitive monarchs are not fortunate in the agents for their escape, as was shown in the case of the flight of Louis XVI of France to Varennes. Cromwell, in a letter to Hammond, speaks of the 'great temptation' to which that ingenuous young man had been exposed. 'His temptation,' so Mr. Carlyle explains it, 'when the King announced himself in his neighbourhood had been great. Shall he obey the King in this crisis; conduct the King whitherward His Majesty wishes? Or be true to his trust and the Parliament? He grew suddenly pale—he decided as we saw.' On Monday, November 15, a letter from Hammond was read in the House of Commons signifying that the King is come into the Isle of Wight. The Isle of Wight holding so important a deposit, is put under the 'Derby House Committee' or 'Old Committee House of both kingdoms,' which was in constant communication with Hammond. Tidings of the King's arrival at Carisbrooke Castle spread still sooner in the Island itself. Sir John Oglander (*Memoirs*, Long's edition, pp. 64–71) says that, being on Sunday morning at church, he heard the news, which were confirmed by Sir Robert Dillington sending his servant at evening prayer the same day to inform him that the King had come, and that Hammond commanded Oglander and his son with the other gentlemen of the Island to meet him at Newport on Monday at nine in the morning. Oglander, obeying the summons, found most of the gallant gentlemen assembled at Newport, to whom Hammond made a short speech. After the speech Sir R. Dillington moved the Colonel to know whether the gentlemen might after dinner go to express their duty to the King. The Governor assented, and added that he would have asked them all to dinner had not his larder run short in consequence of the King's arrival. ' When the gentlemen had come up to the Castle, having dined, the King himself made them a speech closing with these words: 'I have put myself in this place, for I desire that not a drop more of Christian blood should be spilt, neither do I desire to be chargeable to any of you. I shall not desire so much as a capon from any of you, my resolution in coming here being but to be secured till there may be some happy accommodation made.' That accommodation was never made. Charles only left Carisbrooke Castle to go to Newport, thence to Hurst Castle, and so to Whitehall, where he was executed.

Hammond's house at Carisbrooke Castle consisted of a portion of the habitation of the early lords, and of the more lofty building of three rooms immediately over each other erected by Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who held the lordship of the Island under Richard the Second, and whose arms—three figures shaped like a diamond on a playing card and enclosed within a shield—are still to be seen on one of the buttresses. This house was appropriated to the King on his arrival. As appears from a letter written at the time by Tracey from Cowes Castle, Hammond at first endeavoured to make the King's lodgement in the Castle partake more of the nature of the entertainment of a guest than a prisoner. Accompanying the King whilst hunting in the forest of Parkhurst, which was at that time plentifully stocked with deer, and believing his house to be badly ordered for his Majesty's comfort, he being a bachelor, sent for his mother, then resident at Chertsey, to preside over his domestic arrangements. These indulgences were afterwards curtailed by orders from both Houses of Parliament and from the officers at the head-quarters of the Army. Hammond had of course to obey the orders of those in authority, but there is a tone of reluctance against this severer treatment to be traced in his letters, which Dr. Thomas Birch has printed in his collection—a very thin octavo—London, 1764. In the diminutive newspapers of the time, the *Mercurius Aulicus* and the like, the special correspondents describe as zealously, though not so fully and less faithfully than their modern successors, the particulars concerning the King's detention in Carisbrooke Castle. On a scrutiny of the extracts from these journals, which have been given in Mr. Hillier's interesting book—*Charles I in the Isle of Wight*, London, 1852—the net result is certainly favourable to Colonel Hammond's integrity and also to his kindliness to his royal prisoner. Even in their censures upon the treatment of the King, which was forced upon the Governor by Parliament, the writers speak of Hammond as an 'honest man.' The Governor's difficulties were much increased by Capt. Burley's fruitless attack on the Castle and by the plots for Charles's escape, as also by the King's encouragement of these attempts to set him at liberty. On this matter of the attempted escapes, the modern reader is inclined to ask why the Derby House Committee, with which Hammond was in constant correspondence, did not order the Governor to open the Castle gates and say to the King depart from hence and go where you will, either at home or abroad. After the fatal fight of Naseby and the subsequent reverses which befell the royal army the Cavalier party were completely prostrated. Even if the King had put himself at their head, Cromwell's Ironsides would have speedily scattered the King's troops to the winds. 'You have done your work now,' one of the Royalist bravest leaders, Sir Jacob Astley, said bitterly to his Roundhead conquerors, 'and you may go to play, unless you fall out among yourselves.' It was just because the three different parties of the Parliament, the Army, and the Scots did fall out among themselves that they did not wish to see the King set at liberty to throw his influence and that of those who remained loyal to him into the scale of one of these different sections. A certain class of writers accuse the unhappy, discrowned King of perfidy and deceit because of his endeavour to play one party against another. They should have in common fairness dealt out the same censure on the Parliamentary and military leaders, who for their own selfish ends were trying to make the poor hunted King play their game.

Hammond's feelings as a soldier and a gentleman revolted against the ignoble duty imposed on him by hard necessity of being a spy on the King's movements and of opening his letters written in cipher. His Oxford training led him to inwardly loathe the intrusiveness of the Puritan clergy, who would force their unwelcome ministrations upon the reluctant Charles. He feared the Levellers, and had no desire to see nobility degraded, as we learn from the Cromwell correspondence. He had to put up with the mean intrigues and petty malignity of untrustworthy subordinates like Major Rolph, who tried to supplant him. When this same Rolph appeared before the House of Commons with a long and laboured testimonial from his superior officer, Colonel Hammond at the same time asked a relief from this intolerable burden (which God only and a good conscience supported a poor weak man to undergo), either by a removal of his Majesty's person from thence or that some other person might relieve him from the care of the King.

The elder D'Israeli (*Life and Reign of Charles I*, 1828–31) says 'that during the rapid events which took place before the negotiations at Newport Hammond had become a more important personage than his real character would have made him.' Mr. Carlyle, looking at Hammond from a different point of view, confirms this judgement by maintaining that 'a young colonel with dubitations such as those of Hammond will not suit the Isle at present.' Very possibly Hammond was not strong enough for the place. There is sense as well as dignity in the deliberate though mournful acceptance of necessity and the determination to play out the part which ought not to be declined. As it was, on Monday, November 27, 1648, there came to him Colonel Ewer with reinforcements of soldiers and 'an order from the Lord General and Army Council' that Colonel Hammond do straightway repair to Windsor, being wanted at head-quarters there. Finally, in 1649, he was superseded in the command of the Isle of Wight by Colonel William Sydenham, son of William Sydenham, Esq., of Winford Eagle, in Dorsetshire, and brother of the celebrated physician of that name. He was 'under a cloud,' as Clarendon expresses it, the officers of the Army were offended with him, and Parliament only rewarded him with a commissionership in Ireland, where he died on October 24, 1654.

He has been accused of 'covetousness.' The charge rests only on the authority of the slanderous Major Rolph. It has also been asserted that he treated the unhappy King harshly and rudely. This is contradicted by a letter from Charles himself, dated July 10, 1648, and addressed to Colonel Titus, where the King expressly says that the Governor never offered any personal incivility to him, and that there was no suspicion of hurt from him by way of treachery. Cromwell speaks in his letters of his love for Hammond, but the personal affection of the Lord Protector does not seem to have stood in the way of his allowing his friend to be dispatched into what may be called exile into Ireland among an unfriendly people and occupying an inferior office. Hammond was worthy of a better fate. His widow, Mary, daughter of John Hampden, married Sir John Hobart, M.P., whose grandson, John, was created Earl of Buckinghamshire, 1746.

August 9, 1890.

THE TREATY OF NEWPORT, A.D. 1648.

THE so-called Treaty of Newport marks a change in the councils of Parliament in their attitude to Charles I. It is a mistake to suppose that the Long Parliament had any desire to overturn the monarchy. Many of the members of that Parliament were lawyers attached to constitutional forms, nor were the Presbyterians averse to royalty. In the eyes of the new-modelled army of 1645, composed of Independents and enthusiasts of every denomination, the King was a tyrant. Richard Baxter, in his *Life*, ascribes the increase of the revolutionary spirit in the army to the loss of its Presbyterian chaplains, who left it for their benefices on the reduction of the King's party. The officers then took upon them to act as preachers. As might be expected, the feeling of alarm about the innovating spirit in the army was mainly to be found in the small residue of peers, who were still content to sit in the House of Lords; and it was such politicians as Lords Northumberland, and Say and Sele who pressed upon the House of Commons the desirability of coming to terms with the King. The Lower House, from a feeling that their own privileges were at stake with an army so near London and quite prepared to overawe its proceedings, were also desirous to anticipate the arrival of Cromwell from the North. It was in consequence proposed in both Houses that without binding them to anything they should bring the King from Carisbrooke Castle to London, and there treat with him personally. This would have been carried but for Cromwell's decisive victories—the ruin of Hamilton and his Scotch army—and the other circumstances which revived the hopes of the Independents and the Levellers, and depressed the moderate men and Presbyterians. At last it was proposed, as a compromise between the two more or less advanced parties, that fifteen Commissioners should be sent to the Isle of Wight to treat with the King. As in a committee of the House of Commons in our days members are selected from those who sit on the benches of the Government and the Opposition side, this commission was a mixed one, and consisted of both parties, though in the main it was composed of the moderate and predominant party in both Houses, viz. the Presbyterians. The Commissioners from the Upper House were the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Pembroke, 'basest of the base,' and Salisbury, who followed Pembroke's ignominious example by condescending to sit in the House of Commons after Cromwell had abolished the House of Lords; Lords Middlesex, and Say and Sele. The Lower House deputed from their own members ten Commissioners—Lord Wenman, Sir Harry Vane, junior, Sir Harbottle Grimston, Hollis, Pierpoint, Browne, Crewe, Potts, Glynne, and John Bulkeley, who sat for Newtown in the Isle of Wight. It was arranged that these should proceed to Newport in the Isle of Wight.

Tuesday, September 12, 1648, was appointed as a day of public worship 'by the members of both Houses, and in all the churches and chapels within the lines of communication and weekly bills of mortality, to seek God earnestly for a blessing upon the Treaty of Newport.' In little dumpy quartos in public libraries and elsewhere may be read the Fast-Day Sermons which were preached on this and the like occasions by the learned and painful Dr. Owen, the less learned but equally painful Dr. Burgess, Stephen Marshall, Mr. Spurston, Adoniram Byfield, Hugh Peters, and Philip Nye, sermons to which keen politicians in both Houses, brave soldiers, and many other excellent people, listened as to a message from heaven; for in those days the pulpit was a mighty political power. On the 15th of the same month the Commissioners, after being entertained by the authorities at Southampton, crossed to Cowes, where, on their arrival about two o'clock, they were received by Colonel Hammond, the Governor of Carisbrooke Castle, and 'with several volleys of shot.' Preparations had already been made at what was then called the Bull Inn, now replaced by that of the Bugle (which means a wild bull or heifer, and not a musical instrument), to receive the Commissioners, who were quartered there during the whole time of the treaty. The King and his little court were settled in the house of Mr. Hopkins, the head-master of the Free Grammar School. The succeeding Saturday was also observed by the King as a fast. After the morning service the Commissioners were admitted to an audience, and permitted to kiss the King's hand. On their announcement Charles with much feeling and dignity addressed them, saying that this being 'a broken piece of a day, and that the last day of the week too,' he desired 'that the treaty may not begin now, but that we may meet by nine o'clock on Monday morn, and from thence the treaty to commence; and I pray God to give a blessing upon our meetings, that there may be no more blood spilt in this kingdom.'

In the matter of expenditure the Parliament dealt liberally with the King. The estimated expenses of the treaty amounted to the sum of £10,000, lent for that purpose by the City of London, of which £6,000 were ordered on September 13 to be paid for the King's charges, together with £500 to Sir Edward Sydenham, Captain Titus, and Mr. Tirwhit, to provide coaches and horses, footmen's liveries, stable requisites, and the like for his Majesty's use.

From this time the Commissioners treated the King with much respect; 'although,' so Clarendon observes, 'none of them durst adventure to see the King in private, they communicated freely with some of these lords and others who, by the Parliament's leave, were come to attend the King during the time of the treaty; and so they found means to advertise his Majesty of many particulars, which they thought it necessary for him to know, which made impression on him as it proceeded from persons better or worse affected to him.'

On Monday, September 18, the Commissioners met at nine o'clock in the Town Hall of Newport, and after hearing prayers from their chaplain, Mr. Vines, sent a message to the King 'that they were ready to wait upon him.' Charles proceeded from Mr. Hopkins' house 'to the treaty chamber in state in his coach, with the lords and others in attendance upon him, his coachman and footman having new suits, with broad silver plate lace, two in a seam,' and being seated, the Commissioners entered bare-headed. The King then arose, and taking off his hat desired them to be placed at the table, when they presented to him their credentials, which authorized them to deal with him personally upon the propositions formerly offered at Hampton Court. It was decided that the treaty should be strictly personal, no one but the King and the Commissioners being allowed to intervene in the discussion of the various points.

The arrangements were regulated as follows:—The King was seated under a canopy of state on an elevation ascended by steps, while the Commissioners were arrayed at some distance on either side of a long table, and behind the King's chair stood the gentlemen in waiting and the chaplains. When the King wished to put a question, or his friends desired to offer a suggestion, he retired into a private apartment.

Burnet states that Vane, Pierpoint, and others went up to the treaty on purpose to delay matters till the army could be brought up to London, while Hollis and Grimston, who were Burnet's informers, went down on their knees to the King, urging him to dispatch the business with all possible haste. Vane played his game by offering toleration for the common prayer and the Episcopal clergy, to the ruin of the Episcopal party and the clergy. The King fell into the trap his enemies had set for him by asking what fault the Presbyterians found with the Book of Common Prayer. In such irrelevant discussions the treaty 'went on with a fatal slowness,' and by the time it was come to maturity, Cromwell came up with his army and overturned all. The King displayed so much argumentative ability in these controversies as to surprise Lord Salisbury; and Sir Henry Vane, himself a man of singular sagacity, pronounced Charles to be instead of 'a weak man,' as he had formerly considered the King to be, rather 'a person of great parts of abilities.' It was however a blunder in policy for Charles thus to lengthen the debate in a case where it was evidently the part of true wisdom to agree with his adversary quickly. In this way the negotiations which had been limited to forty days were lengthened out by successive permissions to November 18, 25, and even 27, and for sixty-one days Charles continued to date his correspondence from 'our Court at Newport.' On November 27 the King's resolution gave way; he consented to demands which he had hitherto resolutely refused to acknowledge, and surrendered almost all that he had before claimed. As Hallam remarks, 'the Parliament had some reason to expect the King's firmness of purpose to give way in spite of all his haggling, appears from what had before taken place at Newmarket and Oxford, and from his letter from Carisbrooke, November, 1647.' The further concessions of Newport, though very slowly extorted, were comparatively trifling. What Clarendon thought of the Treaty of Newport may be seen in his letter to Digby, in which he writes, 'You may easily conclude how fit a counsellor I am like to be, when the best that is proposed is that which I would not consent unto to preserve the kingdom from ashes.'

The arrangements having been concluded, on the next morning, November 28, the Commissioners took their leave, Charles, in some dignified words which are reported in Evelyn's *Memoirs*, bidding them farewell, and expressing his belief that they should never meet again.

Dr. Lingard has observed that the best account of this treaty is that composed by order of the King for the use of the Prince of Wales, a copy of which will be found in the second volume of Clarendon's *State Papers*. Francis Peck, a learned and diligent antiquary, has inserted a diary of each day's occurrences during this treaty, as drawn up by Oudart, an attendant on the King, in his *Desiderata Curiosa*, the first volume of which was printed in folio, in London, 1732, followed by the second in 1775, both reprinted in quarto in 1779. May, the secretary and historian of the Parliament, a strong partisan of Cromwell, gives a very fair account of the state of the public feeling at the time. 'The King,' says May, 'during this treaty found not only great reverence and observance from the Commissioners of Parliament, but was attended with a princelike retinue, and was allowed what servants he should choose to make up the splendour of a court. The Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Lindsay, with other gentlemen of note, and a competent number of them, waited in his train; his own chaplains and divers of his lawyers to advise him in the treaty were allowed there. But whilst this treaty proceeded, and some months were spent in debates, concessions, and denials, behold another strange alteration happened, which threw the King from the height of honour to the lowest condition. So strangely did one contrary provoke another. Whilst some laboured to advance the King into his throne again upon slender conditions or none at all; others weighing what the King had done, what the Commonwealth, and especially what the Parliament's friends might suffer if he should come to reign again with unchanged affections, desired to take him quite away. From hence, divers and frequent petitions were presented to the Parliament, and some to General Fairfax, that whosoever had offended against the Commonwealth, no persons excepted, might come to judgment.'

The first of these petitions from the 'cities of London and

Westminster, the borough of Southwark, and the neighbouring villages,' was presented to Parliament on September 11; it was followed by others from the cities of Newcastle, York, and Hull, and the counties of Oxford, Somerset, and Leicester. In the meanwhile the army at St. Albans is being stirred up by agitators. The officers of the regiments with Cromwell petitioned the Lord General against the treaty at Newport, 'and for justice and a settlement of the kingdom.' They desired Cromwell to recommend their petition, which he did in a letter addressed to Fairfax on November 20, 1648. On that same day, Monday, the army from St. Albans, by Colonel Ewer and a deputation, presents its humble, unanimous 'Remonstrance' to the House, craving that the same may be taken 'into speedy and serious consideration.' This remonstrance, so writes Bulstrode Whitlock, who sat for Marlow in the House of Commons, 'induced a long and high debate, some inveighing sharply against the insolency of it, others palliated and excused the matters in it, and some did not stick to justify it, but most were silent, because it came from the army and feared the like to be done by them as had been done formerly; in fine the debate was adjourned.' We may picture to ourselves the excitement which was going on in Newport while all this was being transacted—the coming and going of Parliamentary posts—and the constant arrival of personages favoured with passes by the Houses. The Cavaliers, 'the wealthy curled darlings' of the Island, wearing their long ringlets upon their shoulders and on their heads the low-crowned Flemish beaver, swaggered along the streets. They met with, no doubt, a scowling frown from the Puritans wearing cloths and coarser stuffs of black and sober colours. But not meeting with any further molestation they were indifferent to these angry looks. For a short time the royal chaplains had a respite from their persecutors, in whose eyes they were, to use the language of the fiercer sectaries, 'priests of Baal and ministers of Anti-Christ.' The soldiers, wearing a buff coat with deep skirts and open head-piece with cheeks, kept order in this strange turmoil of contending factions as well as they could. A house of entertainment, called the George, on the south side of the High Street, on the site of premises at present occupied by Messrs. Gubbins, was the place of entertainment for the Royalists. Here on the night of October 11 divers of the Royalist party assembled, and began to drink the King's health right lustily, but over their cups they discussed some of the concessions which the King had made, and of which they so far disapproved, that they protested they would avenge the wrong done to their party upon some of their opponents. The dispute ran so high, and the noise so excessive, that four files of musketeers were sent to apprehend them, and bring the ringleaders before the Governor; against this arrest the Royalists drew their swords and discharged their pocket-pistols, and the tumult increased to such an extent that a reinforcement of more soldiers was sent for, who, under Ensign Smith, at last secured the whole company with the loss of two Royalists and three soldiers killed in the affray.

By way of relaxation the Commissioners often visited the Governor at Carisbrooke Castle, 'where they went to the bowling-alley, after being received by the soldiers with great love and affection, and twenty shot made from the great ordnance to give them a salute.' As for Charles, Sir Philip Warwick says, 'that every night when the King was alone, about eight o'clock, except when he was writing his own private letters, he commanded me to come to him, and he looked over the notes of the treaty and the reasons upon which it moved, and so dictated the heads of a dispatch which he sent to the Prince of Wales.'

Nothing came of this treaty, if such it can be called. The word treaty (from the French 'traité') designates the convention or agreement which governments make with one another, but it is not absolutely necessary that the party to a treaty should always be an absolute sovereign and independent power or political society. A treaty may therefore be agreed upon by two co-ordinate authorities, such as a King and a Parliament.

Hallam justly remarks that the King's real error was to have entered upon any treaty, and still more to have drawn it out by tardy and ineffectual capitulations. The abdication of the throne might have been too late to save the King's life, but it would have been more honourable for Charles than the treaty of Newport. Unfortunately for the character of Charles, there is ample evidence from his own letters, as preserved in Wagstaff's *Vindication of the Royal Martyr*, that the King had no thought of dealing sincerely with the Parliament in this treaty. He gave instructions to Ormond to obey all the Queen's commands, but not to obey any further orders he himself might send, nor to be startled at his great concessions respecting Ireland, for they would come to nothing. If his entering on the treaty was a blunder, this insincerity during the negotiations was far worse than a blunder. But we must not be hard upon the unfortunate King; like a hunted animal, he made for refuge to any covert. The army, the sectaries, the republicans, and the levellers were thirsting for the blood of him whom they called 'the chief delinquent.' Very true are Hallam's weighty words: 'Few personages in history, we should recollect, have had so much of their actions revealed and commented upon as Charles; it is perhaps a mortifying truth that those who have stood highest with posterity have seldom been those who have been most accurately known.' If Charles had been born in a private station, though his name had been unknown, he would have passed away without censure. Let declaimers and writers in their study chairs upbraid him; with Carisbrooke Castle before them, the people of the Isle of Wight will always be ready to judge the character of its royal prisoner with due consideration for the violence of his temptations, the stratagem of the occasion, and the yielding frailties of weak human nature.

January 15, 1887.

SIR EDWARD WALKER, KNIGHT, SECRETARY AND WRITER TO CHARLES I AT THE TREATY OF NEWPORT, 1648.

Mr. Hillier, in his useful little book, *Charles I in the Isle of Wight*, p. 249, states that the names and occupations of those persons who were required by Charles I to wait upon him during the negotiations of the Treaty of Newport, I. W., A.D. 1648, are preserved in the Journals of the Houses of Parliament. He further adds that the original list in the autograph of the King, together with the letter which accompanied it to the Earl of Manchester as Speaker of the House of Lords, will be found in the *Additional MSS.*, 11,252, of the British Museum.

In this list the name of Sir Edward Walker appears with those of Mr. Philip Warwick (better known as Sir Philip Warwick, 'the courtly young gentleman,' M.P. for Radnor), John Oudart, and Charles Whitaker, as 'clerks and writers.' Through the kindness of Major Francis of Carisbrooke, who is descended from a nephew of this Sir Edward Walker in the female line, I have obtained some particulars about this gentleman. It appears from his monument in the Church of Stratford-on-Avon that Edward Walker, Knight, was descended from an ancient family of that name of Casterne in the county of Stafford, and being raised through all the degrees of the Heralds' Court became at last Garter King-at-Arms. During the Civil Wars he served as Secretary of War to Charles I. He married Agnes, daughter of John Reeve of Bookham in Surrey, by whom he had an only daughter, Barbara, whom he married to John Clopton, knight. He died Feb. 26, 1676, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The Clopton family lived in the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon, for Mr. Charles Knight, in *The Land we Live in*, vol. i. p. 238, states that 'one chapel in the Church of Stratford-on-Avon is entirely filled with monuments of the Clopton family, and many of them are handsome.' In the fifth volume of Granger's *Biographical History*, 1824, mention is made of two portraits of this Sir Edward Walker writing on a drum, with Charles I, castle, tent, &c. Granger adds that he was appointed Secretary of War by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, in the expedition into Scotland, 1639, and adhering to Charles I in all the King's misfortunes was imprisoned with him in Carisbrooke Castle. This fact is not mentioned by those who have told the story of the detention of Charles in our Island fortress. Readers of Mr. Carlyle's *Cromwell*, vol. i. pp. 252, 347, will remember a certain Clement Walker, who sat for Wales in the Long Parliament, 'a splenetic Presbyterian, an elderly gentleman of low stature in a gray suit with a stick in his hand, who was turned out in the far-famed Purging of the House by Colonel Pride, asking in the voice of the indomitablest terrier or Blenheim cocker, "By what law? I ask again by what law?"' Walker is one of those common names which are not what they seem. Mr. Ferguson, in his valuable book, *Surnames as a Science*, p. 182, has shown that it is a very ancient name, formed probably from the Anglo-Saxon word 'wealh,' stranger. The family pedigree which dates from Sir Edward Walker may perhaps furnish evidence as to whether there was kindred between the loyalist cavalier, Sir Edward Walker, and the Presbyterian, Clement Walker. Lady B. Harley, the wife of the Presbyterian Colonel Harley, one of the old unsuccessful colonels or generals under Essex who shared the fate of Clement Walker under the regimen of Pride's Purge, writing to her son, says, 'I have no news at this time from London, except that Mr. Walker is still in prison.' Sir Edward appears to have been a military author, as Granger says that a book of his, entitled *Historical Collections and Military Tactics*, was printed in 1705 with his portrait prefixed. It was Sir Edward Walker to whom Sir Henry Vane at Newport addressed the often-quoted remark, that the commissioners of the Parliament had been much deceived in the character of the King, whom they had considered a weak man, 'but now that we find him to be a person of great parts of abilities, we must the more consider our own security, for he is only the more dangerous.' Sir Edward Walker was a man of tried integrity and considerable abilities. His journal during the Civil War, and its relation to Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, is discussed by Leopold von Ranke in the sixth volume of his *History of England*.

May 28, 1887.

THE STIPULATIONS OF THE TREATY OF NEWPORT WITH REGARD TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

In a pamphlet written by Mr. Pye, the son-in-law of the late Bishop Wilberforce, on the subject of the Disestablishment of the National Church, reference is made to the concessions made by Charles I in the Treaty of Newport with regard to the Church of England. That pamphlet has been sent to a gentleman in the Isle of Wight, who, not being aware of the precise nature of the points yielded by the King on that occasion, has asked me what was the real state of the case. Many of your readers may like my friend have supposed that Charles I was so loyal a son of the Church as not to concede anything upon that point. It may therefore be of use to point out how far the King gave way to the Presbyterians during his negotiations at Newport in the Isle of Wight.

The question of the Church was put foremost at Newport, as it had been previously advanced at Uxbridge and at Hampton Court, though Charles in spite of all his haggling gave way at Newport far more than he had done in former negotiations. The nature of these concessions will be best seen from the diary of each day's occurrences drawn up by Oudart, the King's attendant, at the time. 'This abstract of the propositions or demands of the two Houses, and his Majesty's concessions at the Treaty held at Newport, Isle of Wight, 1648,' has been published in Peck's *Desiderata*, to which reference was made in the letter on the Treaty of Newport, dated January 15, 1887 (See page 251).

(1) An Act for the repeal and nulling of all His Majesty's oaths, declarations, proclamations, &c., with a preface about the legality of the war on the Parliament's side.

Granted after a proviso made on both sides that nothing agreed in this Treaty should be binding in case the same break off.

(2) That the King should take and enjoin the Covenant.

The Covenant in fine was not insisted upon.

(3) An Act for abolishing archbishops, bishops, deans and chapters, &c.

Granted so that Episcopacy only according to Scripture should be preserved. Yet the bishops to be suspended till the King and both Houses (after conference with the assembly of divines, to which twenty to be added of the King's appointment) should agree. The Presbyterian government to be established in the interim.

(4) An Act to confirm the ordinances for the calling and sitting of the assembly of divines.

Granted with the proviso of the twenty aforesaid to be added by His Majesty.

(5) An Act for reformation of religion according to the Covenant, as the two Houses have or shall agree.

Granted as inviolable in the premises.

(6) An Act to take away the Book of Common Prayer, and to make ordinances about Acts.

Granted as far as necessary till the agreement.

(7) An Act for settling the Directory.

Granted as desired.

(8) The short catechism to be approved.

Granted as desired.

These are the leading provisions of the Treaty as regards the Church of England, although by Article 22, with regard to delinquents in different branches, 'the King's clergy are to have the thirds; where dispossessed, to be restored to the livings when not possessed by others, and the scandalous left to censure.' By Article 25, the Church in Ireland was to be settled as to England according to the Covenant.

This sacrifice of the Church of England on Charles's part in order to gain immediate power may appear at first sight to justify the assertion of Lord Macaulay in his *Essays*, when, in spite of the opinion of Mr. Hallam, he is 'inclined to think that the attachment of Charles I to the Church of England was altogether political.' Still for all his propensity to dark and crooked ways, in dealing with the interests of the Church of England, the King, whom that Church has honoured by the title of 'Royal martyr,' must, in the judgement of all who fairly consider the difficulties of his position, be reckoned a zealous Episcopalian, and, what is more honourable to his memory, a lover of her liturgy, who by his Christian courage on the scaffold of Whitehall proved that he had profited by that Church's teaching.

In order to understand the extent of the concessions made by the King in the course of the debated Treaty of Newport, it will be necessary to take a short review of the legislation concerning the Church of England which was enacted by the Long Parliament. The national temper, as subsequent events demonstrated, was not in favour of that attempted root and branch destruction of the National Church and harsh silencing of her formularies which was taken in hand by the Puritans, or, to speak more accurately, by the Presbyterians. Presbyterianism is a somewhat misleading term, as it dates in England from the Westminster Assembly, which met on July 1, 1643, some time after the Long Parliament had been called together. In the first instance indeed divisions arose in the Church itself between the doctrinal Puritans, the title fastened upon them by the Laudian party, and the adherents of Archbishop Laud. It must be admitted that the bishops generally committed a fatal mistake in endeavouring to make the Church of England the church of a party, and that party the Court party. The Queen Consort, Henrietta Maria, was at the head of that party: as a French Roman Catholic she was an object of suspicion, and was not untruly supposed to have a much steadier and stronger purpose than belonged to her husband. Charles, as Lord Macaulay says, 'though no Papist, liked a Papist much better than a Puritan.' The bishops and the higher clergy wrote treatises against Romanism and against Puritanism, but with very few exceptions they did not supply spiritual food for those who were craving for something better than religious controversy. The arguments against Romanism might be useful to the Court and to those in the higher ranks who were inclined to that doctrine. The mass of the English people were not the least inclined to Romanism. They suspected the sincerity of those who drew distinctions which were to them unintelligible. They did not suspect the sincerity of the attacks on Puritanism; by these they were irritated into increased sympathy with it. Laud appealed to the lower instincts of the populace by offering them sports on the Sunday, a day which was esteemed holy by the English people; and Laud failed deservedly, as all who appeal to the baser motives of mankind do in the end fail; though, in justice to the authors of the *Book of Sports*, it should be added that this proclamation rather narrowed the amusements of the lads of the parish by forbidding bear-baiting, bull-baiting, and the like. The charge against it was that it encouraged sports, which though less barbarous were equally at variance with the proper keeping of the day of rest. Again the Church by the mouth of its leading authorities became offensive to the constitutional statesmen in the two Houses of Parliament and the public generally by its outrageous defences of the royal prerogative and its violent attempts to wrest the scriptures into witnesses that the sovereign was an irresponsible personage. The clergy were looked upon as among the bad and evil counsellors of the King, because divines like Sibthorpe and Mainwaring were using the Bible, which Englishmen had rightly accepted as the charter of their freedom, to make them content with slavery. The Ecclesiastical Board of the High Commission, created by the Tudors, which was no part of the old constitution in Church and State, by the vigilance of its spies and the tyranny of its judgements increased the dislike against the bishops. The parochial ministrations of the clergy were not unpopular, neither were the formularies of the Church, nor its ritual except when interpolated by Laud's ceremonial innovations. The storm first beat upon Laud: he was impeached, and the seats of the bishops in the House of Lords were threatened. Lord Falkland, member for Newport, I. W., and a loyal churchman, spoke and voted for the motion to deprive the bishops of their seats in the House of Lords. Clarendon, then plain Mr. Edward Hyde, differed from his friend on this subject, though in general they were in agreement as to the mischief of the course which Charles had pursued by the advice of Laud. Falkland evidently felt that the bishops by their ill-advised defence of the King's worst measures were unfitted to be legislators. Soon afterwards both Falkland and Clarendon became the King's advisers, so far as the Queen would permit them, for they both felt that the watchword of the Covenant must soon be adopted by the Parliamentary leaders, however they might seek for some other. That solemn league and covenant with its six articles was in fact the replacing of the old National Church of England by the Presbyterian Church. The mass of the English people were generally indifferent about systems of Church government. A few among them might desire Presbyterianism to conquer Episcopacy. The citizens of London might care, because their preachers told them that it was an object worth caring for, and they believed the preachers. The Scotch people were different. They took a strong interest in theological doctrines and in the government of the Church. When the civil war broke out, the Scotch with an army of 21,000 men marched into England to assist the Parliament, and with the vehemence of their national character endeavoured to persuade the House of Commons to introduce Presbyterianism into England. The crisis was urgent, the Scotch allies were impatient, and the House of Commons was anxious to dismiss a question which distracted its attention, while it stirred up the whole kingdom. Vane and two other Commissioners were sent to Edinburgh, where they accepted on behalf of England the Scotch Covenant with a few slight alterations, under the title of 'The solemn League and Covenant.' The House of Commons solemnly subscribed their hands and swore to observe it in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on September 15, 1643, and the House of Lords, consisting of the few peers who had not joined the King, followed the example of the lower House.

The building up of this new ecclesiastical polity was made the work of the Assembly of Divines, which from its meeting in Henry VII's chapel was called the Westminster Assembly. It was composed of 120 divines selected by the House of Commons, six deputies from Scotland, ten English peers, and twenty members of the House of Commons. Of this number seldom more than sixty were in attendance. A few of them were attached to Episcopacy as it existed in the National Church, but finding themselves in a hopeless minority they retired. Of those that remained a majority were in favour of some such combination of Episcopacy and

Presbytery as had been originally established by the first reformers of the Scottish Church, in which bishops without any secular rank or authority, like the district superintendents instituted by John Knox, should be associated with a system of diocesan and provincial courts or synods. This party, won over by the perfervid temper of the Scotch commissioners, became in the end thoroughly Presbyterian; some even going to the length of adopting the divine right of the principle of Presbytery. From the body of divines thus united proceeded the creeds and compendiums published in the name of the Assembly: the Directory of Public Worship which, by an ordinance of Parliament, supplanted the Book of Common Prayer; the Confession of Faith, which was never in fact sanctioned by any Act of the English legislature; and the larger and smaller Catechisms. All these expositions are both Calvinistic and Presbyterian, and constitute the authorized formularies of the Church of Scotland in the present day.

Parliament itself dealt with the clergy who remained faithful to the Church of England, and were called 'malignants.' A grand committee of the House of Commons divided itself into four or five committees, who investigated the cases that came pouring in from all sorts of persons upon all sorts of complaints against their ministers. By means of these committees and the aid of a succession of ordinances passed by the House to facilitate their operations, these bodies in course of time got rid of all of the clergy who were not of their own way of thinking. In some cases 'scandals' were alleged against these unhappy victims of Parliamentary oppression: mainly 'haunting of ale-houses,' which, as Hallam remarks, 'was much more common and consequently less indecent in that age than at present.' Neal himself a Puritan is fair enough in his censure of these committees, when he says, 'The greatest part [of the clergy] were cast out for malignity [attachment to the royal cause]; superstitions and false doctrine were hardly ever objected, yet the proceedings of the sequestrators were not always justifiable, for, whereas a court of judicature should rather be counsel for the prisoner than the prosecutor, the Commissioners considered the King's clergy as their most dangerous enemies, and were ready to lay hold of all opportunities to discharge them their pulpits.' A common destruction overtook all faithful children of the Anglican Church. No distinctions were made. The Church Puritans who continued steadfast to their spiritual mother suffered just as much as their old opponents, the adherents of Laud. The remorseless bigotry of Presbyterianism persecuted with impartiality the genius and eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, the old age of the liberally disposed churchman, Hales, and the dying moments of Hales' like-minded friend, Chillingworth. The clergy were utterly ruined, their private fortunes confiscated, and their benefices sequestered. Laud was illegally beheaded on Tower Hill; Hall of Norwich was suffered to linger on in obscurity and to die almost in want of the necessaries of life. 'Multitudes of the clergy,' so writes Neal, the historian of Puritanism, 'left their cures and took sanctuary in the King's armies or garrison; . . about twenty were imprisoned on board of ships in the river Thames, and shut down under decks, no friend being allowed to come near them.' It was made penal to use the Book of Common Prayer, even in household worship; the churches were defaced 'to the lasting regret,' to use the words of Hallam, 'of all faithful lovers of antiquities and architecture,' and the silenced Church was compelled to hide her head where she could.

Such was the sad plight of the Church of England when the negotiations of the Newport treaty commenced. Less surprise will therefore be felt at the concessions of Charles I; he was dealing with the triumphant Presbyterians, and was playing a waiting game. His chaplains, with whom he took counsel, probably acquiesced in this cautious policy from taking into consideration what seemed to them the desperate condition of the National Church. The Church of England had taken the side against the conquerors, and it shared the fate of the conquered party. When the sword has been once drawn in civil war, it is the misfortune of such a miserable state of things that one party must succumb. Compromise is impossible. At the outset the National Church made a fatal mistake in not performing its proper function of conciliation, and trying to moderate the extreme views of violent partisans on both sides. But once having taken her part, she could but submit to persecution, and wait for happier times. Her strength was to sit still, and, to use the touching language of Lord Falkland, 'act the part that was assigned to her in this tragedy.' The English mind could not be satisfied with the Presbyterian scheme of church government, which was declared by Parliament without qualification to be the established religion. For a time there was a kind of church anarchy, the ministers of religion being allowed to take their own way in all points, except in using the Prayer Book. At last Cromwell, to whom all such disorder was abhorrent, proposed his own scheme of church government by nominating a supreme commission for the trial of public preachers. 'Most of these persons,' so writes Lord Macaulay (*Hist. of England*, vol. i. p. 158), 'were Independent divines, but a few Presbyterian ministers and a few laymen had seats. The certificate of the triers took the place both of institution and induction, and without such a certificate no person could hold a benefice. This was undoubtedly one of the most despotic acts ever done by an English ruler. Yet, as it was generally felt that without some such precaution the country would be overrun by ignorant and drunken reprobates, bearing the name and receiving the pay of ministers, some highly respectable persons who were not in general friendly to Cromwell allowed that on this occasion he had been a public benefactor. The presentees whom the triers had approved took possession of the rectories, cultivated the glebe-lands, collected the tithes, prayed without book or surplice, and administered the eucharist to communicants seated at long tables.' In 1653 marriages were ordered to be solemnized by the Justices of the Peace, and no other mode allowed to be valid. The clergy who remained faithful to the formularies of the Church of England were forbidden to act as schoolmasters (the only resource left to the majority). As late as the end of the year 1655 the service of the Church of England was openly performed in at least one church in London (St. Gregory by St. Paul's), but after Christmas Day in that year this ceased. Dr. Wild on that day, as Evelyn says, 'preached the funeral sermon of preaching,' and 'the church was reduced to a chamber and a conventicle, so sharp was the persecution.' Cromwell was not a persecutor, but he did not relax the severity of the penal legislation against the Church of England, which went on her way 'suffering, abstaining, and quietly expecting.'

February 26, 1887.

SIR JOHN BOWRING AND CHARLES I AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

A QUOTATION from the *Antiquary*, vol. i. p. 180, which J. W., of Carisbrooke, inserted in The *I. of W. County Press* of Sept. 3, 1887, opens up an important question to all who are interested in the detention of Charles I in Carisbrooke Castle. That question is how far Sir John Bowring's narrative may be considered authentic. Mr. Hillier, in his *Narrative of the Attempted Escapes of Charles I from Carisbrooke Castle* (London, 1852, pp. 127–130), has his doubts upon this point. It appears from Mr. Hillier's researches that in 1703 there was published amongst a collection of papers, purporting to have been found in the study of a nobleman lately deceased, a garrulous narrative written by a Sir John Bowring to Charles II for the purpose of recommending himself to that monarch's favour on account of 'many most occult considerable concerns and secret transactions relative to England's Royal proto-martyr.' According to Sir John Bowring's story, Colonel Hammond, the Captain of Carisbrooke Castle, was greatly influenced by the counsels of Mr. Lisle, a native of the Isle of Wight, so well-known as the regicide who was shot in the back in August, 1664, when going into a church at Lausanne, and as the husband of Alicia Lisle who was executed in 1685 on a charge of harbouring some who had been concerned in Monmouth's rebellion. Bowring represents himself to have been intimate with Lisle, and on telling the King in one of his interviews that he had been known to Lisle from childhood he received from Charles a special charge to keep up his interest and friendship with so influential a personage as Lisle. 'It concerns me very much,' said his Majesty, 'and you may perchance do the greater service and be better able to perform it than any friend whatsoever; so that from the time his Majesty came to the Isle of Wight, he employed me to manage and transact his private and particular affairs, relying upon me in all things, principally of care and hazard to himself, and that which was not in the power of any other person living to do his Majesty any good, except they had a secret interest with Lisle: and this the King understood very well, because his Majesty knew that Hammond received his orders from Lisle in all things by reason that Hammond was otherwise a stranger in the Island.' In this service a Dr. Cade is stated to have been the coadjutor of Bowring, and the person who conducted a secret correspondence between him and the King.

It is certainly worthy of remark that there is not the slightest mention made of Bowring or Cade in all the old books which are so full of the Isle of Wight business and the King's plots for escape. This casts a suspicion over the whole story of Bowring's dealings with the captive King, and more especially so, as in other respects this narrative is only an enlargement of that told by Sir John Berkely, who rode with Charles I to the Isle of Wight, and was afterwards tutor to the Duke of York, the King's second son. I have had some conversation with J. W. on this subject, and he agrees with me as to the advantage of having the whole of this question respecting the authenticity of Bowring's narrative thoroughly sifted and examined. The writer in the *Antiquary*, who is responsible for giving currency to this story of Bowring's, which has been passed over by those who have written upon Charles's imprisonment in Carisbrooke Castle as unworthy of belief, may perhaps be able to throw some light upon the mistrust which not only Charles II but others have felt with regard to the statements of the knight, about whose promised baronetcy no record is as yet found in the Heralds' College.

I have received a very kind and courteous communication from the writer of the article in the *Antiquary*, to which your correspondent 'J. W.' (of Carisbrooke) referred, and on which I quoted Mr. Hillier's remarks in the latter's account of the attempted escapes of Charles I from Carisbrooke Castle. The writer of the article, whose name I am not permitted to give, I may state is a most diligent and cautious antiquary, and a well-known writer on such subjects. 'I wrote,' he says, 'the note in the *Antiquary*, vol. i. p. 180. My authority was the late Sir John Bowring, whom I knew well. Whatever he told me I believed and believe.'

I was also acquainted slightly with the late Sir John Bowring, whom I met at the table of the late General Peronnet Thompson, who by his *Corn-Law Catechism* was, as Mr. Cobden once remarked to me, 'the teacher of teachers' on that great question, which ended in the repeal of the Corn Laws. Sir John Bowring was a man of varied accomplishments, and had acquired a wide command over modern languages, especially of the Sclavonic class, for which he is now chiefly known in literature. He had not, I think, studied much the history of the Civil War in England, and at any rate was not acquainted with the documents which Dr. S. R. Gardiner and others have brought to light respecting this period.

With all respect to his memory and to the judgement of the learned writer in the *Antiquary*, I am disposed to say with Scotch jurymen 'not proven.' I may add by the way that this legal phrase in Scotland, which has managed to work its way into our current English, is, as Dr. Guest has shown, a barbarism—as 'proved,' not 'proven,' is the past participle of the word 'prove.' The English verb has two forms of conjugation, one of which makes the past participle end in *n*, the other in *d*. When foreign words were imported into the language and made to do duty as English verbs they were always conjugated according to the last of these forms, and accordingly the Anglo-Saxon verb *prof-ian*, to prove, formed its participle in *d*. But in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries a custom sprang up among the Lowland Scots of conjugating these verbs according to the first form —hence their legal phrase of 'not proven,' which Dr. Guest, in his paper on *Celtic Letter Changes*, desired to banish from our English speech.

September 10, 1887.

GLIMPSES OF ROMANTIC REALITIES FROM THE ISLE OF WIGHT IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In the miscellaneous Oglander MSS., devoid of all order and arrangement, scribbled often on the blank spaces of ledgers and account books, is an entry relating to an affair of the heart, or if not that, a poetic description of admiring love, such as is found in all dialects and languages in all ages of the world. It professes to be a story of unrequited, unreturned affection. 'She loved one who loved another—an old story,' sings the German poet, Heine, 'but when it happens, it breaks the heart.'

The worthy knight of Nunwell, to whom the Isle of Wight is indebted for so many curious and interesting glimpses into the social life of its past history, enters into no details about what gave rise to this short poem, which he attributes to Lady Worsley, widow of Sir Richard, who died in his thirty-second year, somewhere about the opening second decade of the seventeenth century. The occasion of this sonnet was the marriage of Sir Charles Bartlett.

> 'Be what thou wilt, be counterfeit or right,
> Be constant, serious, or be vain or light,
> My love remains inviolate the same;
> Thou can'st be nothing that can quench the flame,
> But it will burn as long as thou hast breath
> To keep it kindled, if not after death.
> Where was there one more true than I to thee?
> And though my faith must now despised be,
> Unprized, unvalued, at the lowest rate,
> Yet this, I tell thee, 'tis not all thy state,
> Nor all that better-seeming worth of thine
> Can buy thee such another love as mine;
> Liking it may, but oh! there's as much odds
> 'Twixt love and liking as 'tween men and gods.'

It would be well to know what competent critics of verse, think of these lines. They seem to me marked with that depth of feeling, combined with the strength and simplicity of diction, which distinguishes the poetry of the Elizabethan era.

Mr. Davenport Adams in his *History of the Isle of Wight*, p. 213, after quoting the words, dismisses them with this faint praise, 'a very tolerable amatory effusion for a widow,' and also remarks that these 'curious verses would lead one to infer that over the death of her husband she by no means intended to sorrow for ever.' The inference is not altogether just or fair. It arises from the common notion that the productions of a poet are the real outpourings of his inward heart, instead of being, as they so often are, the mere exercises of imagination or fancy. People will insist upon love verses being autobiographical. The fact is that such compositions are not uncommonly published, or handed about among private friends, without the slightest apprehension that they would be regarded as expressing the writer's own personal feelings. This was probably the case with what Mr. Adams calls Lady Worsley's 'amatory effusion.' There is weakness and folly in the open or public expression of excessive or misplaced affection. It would have been in the highest degree unbecoming and discreditable in Lady Worsley—a widow, and the mother of children, to have given utterance to her own feelings of attachment to a man like Sir Charles Bartlett, already married. Sir John Oglander cannot use words too strong about his friend, Sir Richard Worsley, and he says of Lady Worsley, who was a daughter of Sir Henry Neville, that she was 'a fair lady who for beauty and virtues was worthy of the like commendations,' as her husband. Oglander was far too chivalrous an English gentleman to have inserted anything in his memoirs which would cast a blot upon the fair fame of a lady for whom he had such a high esteem, and who was too the widow of his own 'good friend.' He took the lady's love-sonnet, or elegy, as it was called in those days, in the sense in which it was intended, as a natural and simple picture of unreturned love, from which all idea of any personal feeling on the part of the writer was from the necessity of the case, strictly excluded.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth such artificial poetry was much in fashion, and took the shape of love verses in which one leading idea was repeated, like the variations of a musical air, and so distributed in different forms of expression. The Queen herself patronized this fashion, and permitted verses to be addressed to her by Raleigh and other courtiers in language breathing an ardent tone of affection, which, if taken seriously, that great sovereign would never have allowed to be written by a subject of hers. The Queen's maids of honour followed the example of their mistress, and received these exercises of poetry couched in words of passionate affection and extravagant praise, in full knowledge of how little it in reality all meant. Old Harrison, that faithful painter of the manners of the Court of Elizabeth, observes: 'This further is not to be omitted, to the singular commendation of both sorts and sexes of our courtiers here in England, that there are very few of them which have not the use and skill of sundry speeches, besides an excellent vein of writing before time not regarded.' The custom of Elizabeth's learned Court descended to that of her successor, the pedant James I. Fine gentlemen and ladies liked to put on the character of the lover in what they called 'a copy of verses.' In that light we may interpret the real intention of Lady Worsley's little poem, and as such it supplies an interesting specimen of the playful intercourse between the sexes in the upper and more cultivated classes of that period. This style of poetry was altogether different from the absurd and too often impudent gallantry of the Restoration times. It was framed upon Italian precedents dating from the time of Petrarch's sonnets to Laura. Like the model after which they were composed, these verses were exercises of ingenuity and poetic handling, animated by no warmer feeling than those of friendship or admiration for those to whom they were addressed. Nothing in Lady Worsley's graceful little poem would endanger the domestic peace of the newly married bride of Sir Charles Bartlett; her ladyship would look upon the verses as they were intended in the light of a compliment to her husband, and was probably on most friendly terms with their authoress. Womanly delicacy, both in thought and utterance, is such an absolutely essential element in wholesome national life, that every Englishman to whom the honour of his country-women is very precious is bound not to allow any aspersion on the character of wife, maid, or widow, to pass unchallenged; and only upon irresistible evidence should he pass judgement upon the offender against that law of purity both in feeling and speech which has governed English women in the best periods of our history. Domestic morality in the courtly circles of James I, as exhibited in the households of Somerset and Buckingham, and in the tribunal which lent itself to the divorce of Essex, was at a very low ebb, but the taint of corruption had not infected the manor houses of the country gentlemen of England, or reached the citizens of our provincial towns. The tender and pathetic sentiment of Lady Worsley's verse to Sir Charles Bartlett might perhaps not unnaturally lead a reader who gave them only a hasty glance to form the conclusion at which Mr. Adams has arrived. Hence the necessity of entering at some length into points which must be fully and fairly considered before charging a virtuous gentlewoman with conduct which is repugnant to all right feeling. Sir John Oglander's character as a gentleman would also be at stake if it were supposed that he had written down what might seriously affect the character of a lady whom he respected, and with whom he was on terms of close intimacy. Oglander, who lived in the best society of the Isle of Wight, must have known what interpretation people of good taste and high moral principle would put on Lady Worsley's verses. If in their judgement the lines addressed to Sir C. Bartlett by Lady Worsley had been at all dishonouring to the memory of his very dear friend, Sir Richard Worsley, or damaging to the reputation of his widow, Oglander would have suppressed her poem. Let us be thankful to him for having preserved it, since it helps us to see the standard of literary attainment which was reached by some of the ladies of that generation, in spite of the generally low condition of female education at that time.

Lord Macaulay has said, 'the mutual relations of the two sexes seem to us to be at least as important as the mutual relations of any two governments in the world.' He has illustrated the position thus laid down by a romantic story of faithful love and long courtship, crowned by a happy marriage, which he relates in one of his *Critical and Historical Essays*. As the attachment sprung up in Carisbrooke Castle, it has an interest for us in the Isle of Wight. In 1648, the year so memorable for the imprisonment of Charles I in Carisbrooke Castle, a young man, the hero of this story, came to the Isle of Wight, where his cousin, Robert Hammond, was then Governor. He was the son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and a member of the Long Parliament, where he sat as member for Chichester, and belonged to the more moderate Presbyterian party in the House of Commons. Sir John Temple was married to an aunt of Colonel Hammond of Carisbrooke Castle. Their son William, born in London in the year 1628, after being educated by his maternal uncle, the excellent Henry Hammond, was sent to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where under the celebrated Cudworth as his tutor for two years he studied or otherwise amused himself after the fashion both then and since of many young gentlemen at both our Universities. He left Cambridge when he was twenty without taking a degree, according to his sister, Lady Giffard, who wrote a memoir of him, and set out for a tour in France, halting at the Isle of Wight. In that casual visit, as so often happens in the lives of men, his path was crossed by one who had the utmost influence on his career. For thither chanced also to come Sir Peter Osborne, who held Guernsey for King Charles, accompanied by his son and daughter. A certain Mr. Richard Osborne, who had been put by Parliament as a spy over the King, under the title of gentleman-usher, was associated with Mr. Edward Worsley of Gatcombe in the second attempt of Charles to escape from Carisbrooke Castle. I do not know if this Osborne, whose conduct laid him open to a grave suspicion of treachery, was connected with the Bedfordshire family of that name, but whether or no it does not appear that the visit of the Governor of Guernsey to the Isle of Wight had anything to do with this Osborne. The young people, like their father, Sir Peter, were warm for the Royal cause. At the inn where they stopped the brother amused himself with scribbling on the window some reflections upon the Parliament. For this act of 'malignancy' the whole party were arrested and brought before the Governor. The sister took the charge upon herself. Robert Hammond, who was in command of Carisbrooke Castle, or Robin, as Cromwell, with almost affectionate familiarity, used to address him, was a young man of good parts and principles, a colonel of foot, sympathetic, and not without loyal respect for fallen majesty. A soldier and a gentleman, Hammond would inflict no punishment upon a young lady for such a small offence, and she was immediately set at liberty with her fellow-travellers. The cross-barred wooden gates of the Castle had seldom, if ever, been swung open to receive so fascinating a culprit as Mistress Osborne. The Governor's kinsman came as a spectator to her trial, saw, and was conquered. Dorothy Osborne was twenty-one. She is said to have been handsome, and there is abundant proof that she was a very charming young woman. Temple became, as was the phrase in those days, her servant, and she returned his regard. The course of their true love did not run quite smooth. When the courtship commenced, the fathers of the hero and heroine were on different sides in politics. When the civil war ended, and Sir Peter Osborne returned to his family mansion at Chicksands in Bedfordshire, the prospects of the lovers were scarcely more hopeful. Sir John Temple had a more advantageous alliance in view for his son. Dorothy Osborne had as many suitors as were drawn to Belmont by the charms of Portia. Among these was Henry Cromwell, the Protector's son. Dorothy, though loyal, did not care for the breed of spaniels favoured by the Stuart dynasty, or other toy-dogs; with the tastes of a country gentleman's daughter, she preferred dogs of a more sporting kind, and Henry Cromwell promised to use his interest in Dublin to procure her an Irish greyhound. She seems to have felt his attentions as very flattering, but love triumphed over ambition, though in after days she could not refrain from reminding Temple, with pardonable coquetry, 'how great she might have been if she had been so wise to have taken hold of the offer of H. C.' Her letters to Temple, some of which have been published, prove that she was a young woman of high moral and religious principle, modest, generous, affectionate, and sprightly. Temple was something of an indifferentist in his religious creed, and the letters of the lady occasionally glide into a gentle and endearing rebuke of his laxity in belief. Temple, who had literary tastes, must have been delighted with these love-billets of which Lord Macaulay, no mean judge, speaks in language of high admiration. When at last the constancy of the lovers had triumphed over all the difficulties placed in the way of their union through kinsfolk and rivals, a more serious calamity befell them. Mistress Osborne fell sick of that disfiguring malady small-pox, over which medical science has since achieved one of its most beneficent victories. Though she escaped with life, the poor girl lost all her beauty. To this severe trial the affection and honour of the lovers of that age were not unfrequently subjected. Temple passed the test of his constancy and honourable feeling, as became a high-minded gentleman, and was married to Dorothy Osborne somewhere about the end of the year 1654. She was a loving and faithful wife. From the time of her marriage we hear little of her, except that her letters were greatly admired, so much so indeed that she corresponded constantly with Queen Mary, consort of William III. She died in May, 1694, not many months before the December of that same year in which her Royal correspondent, the young and blooming Queen Mary, sank under small-pox of the most malignant type, to the intense grief of her husband the King, and to the sorrow of the nation.

Though not mentioned, so far as I am aware, in the guide-books and histories of the Isle of Wight, this little romance of real and sincere affection has, I think, a claim to a place in the annals of Carisbrooke Castle.

January 23, 1886.

JAMES HARRINGTON IN ATTENDANCE ON CHARLES I AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE, A.D. 1648.

When Charles I was detained as a captive in Carisbrooke Castle, certain persons were placed by order of Parliament in attendance on the King. Of these the man of most note was James Harrington, yet his name has been generally passed over in silence by those who have told the story of the King's imprisonment. Mr. Hillier, in his *Charles I in the Isle of Wight*, while giving full particulars of Titus, Osborne, Rolph, Dowcett, Oudart, and others, dismisses Harrington with the bare statement, that though 'a zealous Republican he became so forcibly affected by the ability and dignity of the King as to be removed from his attendance.'

Harrington was the author of *Oceana*, an almost forgotten book, the memory of which has lately been revived by the title of Mr. J. A. Froude's new work. The life of this sometime inmate of Carisbrooke Castle, so full of romance, closing with a tragedy at its end, deserves further notice than it has hitherto met with, and leads me to ask a place for it in our Island local history.

James Harrington was descended from an ancient and knightly family of Rutlandshire. A kinsman and namesake, Sir James Harrington, sat in the Long Parliament as member for Rutlandshire, was one of the King's judges, and afterwards of Cromwell's Council of State. The future author of *Oceana* was the eldest son of Sir Sapcotes Harrington, and born in January, 1611. He was in 1629 entered as a gentleman-commoner at Trinity College, Oxford, where he had the advantage of being under the tuition of Lord Falkland's friend, the famous controversialist, Chillingworth, who, as Anthony Wood says, 'would often walk in the College Grove, and dispute with any scholar he met, purposely to facilitate and make the way of wrangling common with him.' At the close of his university residence, during which his father died, he set out on a course of travel. On going first to Holland he stayed for some time at the Hague, where he lived on terms of familiarity with Elizabeth, daughter of James I, and wife of the Elector Palatine, Frederick V, who in her life of great vicissitudes was then a fugitive in Holland. Henry Frederick, Prince of Orange, the Stadtholder of the United Provinces, which were then at the height of their power, had so favourable an opinion of Harrington that he subsequently confided to the young Englishman the management of all his affairs in England. After Harrington had returned to his native country, he was requested in 1646 by the Commissioners whom Parliament had appointed to carry Charles I from Newcastle nearer to London to undertake the duty of waiting on the King. He may have obtained this appointment through his distant cousin, Sir James Harrington, who was on the commission. 'His Majesty,' so writes Anthony Wood, 'loved his company, and finding him to be an ingenious man, chose rather to converse with him than with others of his chamber. They had often discourses concerning Government, but when they happened to talk of a commonwealth, the King seemed not to endure it.' He was associated in this attendance on the King with Thomas Herbert, who has left some touching memorials of the last days of Charles I. These same two were the King's personal attendants while he was under detention at Carisbrooke Castle. Before the King's removal from the Isle of Wight to Hurst Castle, Harrington, who had offended the Parliamentary Commissioners at Newport, was dismissed from the King's service, and on his refusing to swear that he would not assist or conceal the King's escape he was placed under arrest and detained until an application from General Ireton obtained him his liberty. He afterwards showed his attachment to the King by accompanying him when the procession was formed from St. James's through the Park to Whitehall, the King walking at his usual fast pace with a guard of halberdiers in front and behind. On arriving at Whitehall, Herbert broke down so completely that he felt he could not follow the King through the banqueting-hall, which forms the present Chapel Royal, to the scaffold, but Harrington remained till the axe of the executioner descended, severing the head from the body of Charles at one blow.

'After the King's death,' says Toland, whose writings throw some little light on the history of these times, 'Harrington was observed to keep much in his library, and more retired than usually, which was by his friends a long time attributed to melancholy or discontent.' He was in reality occupied in writing his book. When he had got some way on with its composition, making no secret of his views on Government and his republican predilections, he found that he brought himself under the suspicions of Cromwell.

Harrington was, as Hallam (*Const. Hist.* vol. i. p. 692) points out, a conspicuous member of the so-called Rota Club, composed chiefly of those dealers in new constitutions who there debated those plans of perfect commonwealths so cherished by theorists. The masterful Cromwell could show, when he became Lord Protector, a most despotic spirit. Though his own Latin secretary, John Milton, had published that finest production of the illustrious poet's prose, *Areopagitica—a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing*— Cromwell had no tenderness for the freedom of the Press. Harrington's book was seized while it was being set up in type by Cromwell's order. The author, having failed in other attempts to recover his book, bethought himself at last of an application to Lady Claypole, Cromwell's favourite daughter, who was personally unknown to him, but of whose affability and kindness he had heard much. Being ushered into her room, he found there at first only a child of three years old. 'He entertained the child so divertingly that she suffered him to take her up in his arms till her mother came, whereupon he, stepping towards her and setting her child down at her feet, said, Madame, 'tis well you are come at this nick of time, or I had certainly stolen this pretty little lady. Stolen her, replied the mother, pray what to do with her? for she is yet too young to become your mistress. Madame, said he, though her charms assure her of a more desirable conquest, yet I must confess it is not love, but revenge, that prompted me to commit this theft. Lord, answered the lady again, what injury have I done you that you should steal my child. None at all, replied he, but that you might be induced to prevail with your father to do me justice by restoring my child that he has stolen. But she, urging that it was impossible, because her father had children enough of his own, he told her at last it was the issue of his brain which was misrepresented to the Protector and taken out of the press by his order.' Harrington's wit fascinated the lady, and through her intercession he succeeded. Cromwell afterwards read the book, which according to promise had been dedicated to him, and professed to admire it.

Of the book thus rescued Mr. Hallam gives the following character (*Lit. Hist.* vol. iv. p. 119). 'His *Oceana* represents England, the history of which is shadowed out with fictitious names. But this is preliminary to the great object, the scheme of a new commonwealth, which under the auspices of Olphaus Megaletor, the Lord Archon, meaning of course Cromwell, not as he was but as he ought to have been, the author feigns to have been established. The various laws and constitutions of this polity occupy the whole work.' The work was constructed, it appears, much on the lines of its predecessors in this kind of fancy-woven creations—*The Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, Bacon's *New Atlantis*, and the *City of the Sun* of the Dominican Friar, Campanella. The leading principle of Harrington's social arrangements is, that power depends on property, this property to be in land which alone has a root or foothold, all other property being as it were on the wing. The result is a moderate aristocracy, or what we should call the government of the middle-class. Its chief features are popular election of councillors by ballot, and a going out of a certain number of these councillors in rotation, which is also managed by ballot. Along with most of the speculative politicians of that age he had an excessive admiration for the oligarchical republic of Venice. The judgement of Hallam is that Harrington 'is prolix, dull, pedantic, and seldom profound, but sometimes redeems himself by just observations. His other political writings are in the same spirit as the *Oceana* but still less interesting.' A more favourable verdict has been passed in other quarters upon the ingenuity and profoundness of Harrington's political views, as well as their originality. On its first appearance the *Oceana* attracted great attention; answers were published, and to these Harrington in turn replied. The most notable of his adversaries was the holy and excellent Richard Baxter. That 'industrious invalid,' a constitutional disputant, while in common with most combatants he was constantly deploring the necessity of warfare, was always ready for the fray. Baxter vehemently protested against the divorce of divinity and politics as the putting asunder of things which a sacred ordinance had joined together. He therefore published a large volume entitled *The Holy Commonwealth ; a plea for the cause of Monarchy, but as under God the Universal Monarch.* In this work, while vindicating the ancient government of England, he taught that the laws of England are above the King. 'That Parliament was his highest court where his personal will and word were not sufficient authority.' In explaining the apostolical principle of obedience to the higher powers, Baxter asserted that 'the power of kings had been given for the common good, and no cause could warrant the King to make the Commonwealth the party which he should exercise hostility against.' All this was published at the moment of the fall of Richard Cromwell. Baxter during the civil war had not been a partisan or sided with either of the contending factions, though at a later period he had not scrupled to denounce Cromwell and his adherents as guilty of treason and rebellion. This neutrality did not prevent the authorities of the University of Oxford in the fervour of extravagant loyalty, caused by the Restoration, from indulging in the petty spite of sentencing the *Holy Commonwealth* along with some of the writings of Hobbes and Milton to the flames. The Oxonians of the present day, wiser in their generation, would have tried to demolish the character of the author and his book in a 'slashing review.' Harrington had recourse to that weapon, for he wrote a criticism of Baxter's book, concerning which the author of the *Saint's Rest,* who was quite competent to retort on his reviewer in the same coin, says Harrington 'seemed in a Bethlehem rage, for by way of scorn he printed half a sheet of foolish jests, in such words as idiots and drunkards use, railing at ministers as a pack of fools and knaves, and by his gibberish derision, persuading men that we deserve no other answer than such scorn and nonsense as beseemeth fools. With most insolent pride he carried it as neither I nor any minister understood at all what policy was, but prated against we knew not what, and had presumed to speak against other men's art, which he was master of, and his knowledge to such idiots as we incomprehensible.'

After enduring for ten years the storm which this unfortunate book had provoked, Baxter took the very singular course of publishing its revocation, desiring the world to consider it as not written, maintaining nevertheless the general principles of his work, and thus retreated from an unprofitable strife to employ his great intellectual gifts in more congenial utterances of his full mind and teeming spirit. Harrington, who was four years older than Richard Baxter, was fifty when Charles II, invited by the Parliament, returned and made his public entry into London, May 29. The Rota Club, which Harrington had founded, and at which he gave nightly discourses on the advantages of a commonwealth and of the ballot, was broken up after the Restoration, but Harrington was a marked man. The warm fit of excitement, which had throbbed through the English people by the return of the former conditions in Church and State, was followed by a cold fit of depression. About the end of the year 1661 the Government was becoming unpopular; suspicion was in the air, rumours of plots and insurrections abounded. Pepys in his amusing diary thinks that these were mere bugbears purposely devised, and that if there was a plot against the person of the King and my lord Monk it was of a very insignificant kind.

On December 28 in that year Harrington was seized by order of the King under a charge of treasonable practices and designs, and was carried to the Tower. He was at first ignorant of the precise charge made against him, but on a private examination taken by Lord Lauderdale, Sir George Carteret, and Sir Edward Walker, it came out that he was suspected of having joined in a conspiracy to subvert the monarchy and establish a republic. He stoutly denied all knowledge of the proceedings which these gentlemen with great show of circumstance attributed to him; but his denial was set down, it appears, to faithfulness to an oath. He then presented through his sisters several petitions to the King, praying that he might be released from confinement, or brought to a public trial. On receiving no answer to his petition he made application for an *habeas corpus*, and shortly after this had been granted he was removed, without previous notice and without any communication being made to his friends, to a rock in Plymouth Sound called St. Nicholas's Island. His close confinement in this spot soon produced an effect upon his health, and upon petition he was allowed to be removed to Plymouth. Shortly after his removal he became deranged, owing, as has been suggested, to a medicine recommended to him for the cure of the scurvy, but more probably from the effect of his severe imprisonment. The Earl of Bath, who was then Governor of Plymouth, made intercession with the King, and Harrington was released. When removed to London, and there obtaining the best medical advice, he rallied considerably as regarded his bodily health, but his mind was never again right.

While thus a wreck in mind, if not in body, and at an advanced age, he married. No information was given as to who his wife was, nor is there any ground for forming even conjectures as to what brought about so ill-timed a marriage, and under the circumstances of his mental infirmity so reprehensible a proceeding. He died of palsy on September 17, 1677, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Dr. Johnson, in his poem on the *Vanity of Human Wishes*. has written—

> 'From Marlbro's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires a driveller and a show.'

Harrington is another instance of the melancholy lot of those who have outlived their intellectual faculties. The tragedy of his fate is enhanced from the fact that this premature decay of mind was brought on by the rigours of his captivity. The close of his earthly life belied the fair promise of his earlier career. He had culture, abilities, a high position; was the favourite of statesmen and of princes. It seemed as if he might have done anything he liked. So far as the record of his life runs, he does not appear to have been deficient in honour and integrity; he was guilty of no grave misconduct or very rash imprudence. Vanity and the love of applause from his inferiors in power of speech and thought may have induced him to ventilate his theories in the not very bracing atmosphere of a debating club, when at his time of life he would have been better employed in the practical business of the world. But this was a harmless weakness. He was the victim of a selfish, profligate, and unprincipled King, and of that King's unworthy members and counsellors, who were too subservient to their master's ignoble indolence and contemptuous indifference for law and justice. Poor Harrington started in youth animated by great motives, nor did he afterwards degenerate into a luxurious idler, averse to all trouble and careless of reputation, and yet died in neglect, obscurity, and imbecility. As in Wordsworth's imagery—

> 'Not seldom clad in radiant vest deceitfully goes forth the morn,
> Not seldom evening in the west sinks smilingly forsworn.'

November 13, 1886.

MRS. WHORWOOD AND THE SECOND ATTEMPT OF CHARLES I TO ESCAPE FROM CARISBROOKE CASTLE, 1648.

The late Mr. George Hillier wrote a very useful narrative of the attempted escapes of Charles I from Carisbrooke Castle, compiled from the contemporary authorities of Ashburnham, Berkley, Herbert, Firebrace, Warwick, and Cook. In page 130 of Hillier's History will be found the name of 'Mrs. Whorwood, a lady who is often mentioned with great expressions of confidence and respect by the King.' While describing the active part taken by this lady in making the preparations for the King's second attempt to escape, Mr. Hillier supplies no information as to who Mrs. Whorwood was. An article in *Good Words* for 1872, pp. 678–683, entitled 'Oxford in the Seventeenth Century,' by the present Dean of Wells, furnishes some interesting particulars about this energetic and ardent loyalist, which may serve as a supplement to the gaps in Mr. Hillier's narrative. Dr. Plumptre's account of Mrs. Whorwood (pronounced as Horred) is derived from an almost forgotten book, the diary of Anthony à Wood, the author of *Athenae Oxonienses* and of a voluminous history of the University of Oxford.

This worthy antiquary was born Dec. 17, 1632, in 'an ancient stone house' opposite Merton College, Oxford, and was therefore a lad of fifteen at the time of Mrs. Whorwood's exploit. The death of her son, a gentleman-commoner of St. Mary Hall, leads the diarist to give this glimpse into the history of this zealous partisan of the royal cause. From August 24 to November 11 Charles I was detained in a sort of honourable durance at Hampton Court. During this stay there the unhappy King was harassed by distracting counsels. He was alarmed by the threats of the 'Levellers,' whose fanaticism was fanned by the discourses of the preacher, Hugh Peters, in which he called the King Ahab, and openly demanded his blood. Charles, 'acting on the reasonable principles of self-preservation,' wished to escape, but did not know where to go. 'He might,' so Hallam says, 'with due precautions have reached France or Jersey.' At this crisis Mrs. Whorwood bethought herself of coming to the rescue of the King, and with this object in view betook herself unfortunately to a worthless and dishonest counsellor.

A certain William Lilly was living in London; he called himself an astrologer, but was nothing more than an ordinary fortune-teller, who professed to foretell events. During the civil war, when every day was fraught with some great event, in their natural eagerness to anticipate the future Cavaliers and Roundheads alike thronged to this man Lilly. A period of religious uncertainty breeds superstition. When the Liturgy was suppressed and the Church of England silenced, along with the removal of that 'sober standard of feeling' in her formularies came a craving for guidance in matters spiritual, which assumed all manner of strange forms. The character of Lilly has been faithfully drawn by Butler, in *Hudibras*, under the name of Sidrophel. He was, to use the epithet of Dr. Nash in his notes to *Hudibras*, 'a time-serving rascal.' He was consulted by the Royalists with the King's privity, receiving money for his opinion. At the same time he was employed by the opposite party to furnish them with 'perfect knowledge of the chiefest concerns of France,' for which he enjoyed an annuity from Parliament.

Mrs. Jane Whorwood, who shared in the superstitious notions which then prevailed, more or less, among all classes, had recourse to this 'cunning man dealing in destiny's dark counsels.' In spite of a warning that 'a maidservant had lately died in the house of the plague' she persisted in going upstairs. She got a definite answer enough. Lilly 'set up his figure,' and told her that 'about twenty miles from London and in Essex' the King would find a safe retreat. She caught at the advice, as she remembered a house which exactly fulfilled the conditions, and rushed off to Hampton Court to inform the King. He in the meantime had made his escape from thence, under circumstances fully related in a newspaper of the day—for newspapers there were—and left behind him a letter to the Parliament, another to the Commissioners, and a third, with thanks, to Col. Whalley, who had been placed in charge over the King. Mrs. Whorwood's zeal did not fail her because of this disappointment, and she kept up a correspondence with the King's attendants at Carisbrooke Castle. Intelligence of the first attempt to escape on March 20, when the King, trying to pass his body through the bars of the window, 'could neither get forward nor backward, sticking fast between his breast and shoulders,' was forwarded to Mrs. Whorwood by Firebrace. That devoted confidant of the King sent her injunctions to transmit to the Island a supply of files and aquafortis, 'to make the passage more easy and to help in other designs he proposed.' On receiving this letter from Firebrace she again applied to William Lilly, and by his advice procured G. Farmer, a locksmith in Bow Lane, London, to make a saw to cut the iron bars asunder. Whether Lilly played the part of an informer or no, Mrs. Whorwood's arrangements were disclosed to the authorities in London. The military committee which met at Derby House, formerly the town mansion of the Earl of Derby, on the site of the present Heralds' College of Arms, sent information to Hammond, the Governor of Carisbrooke Castle. In this dispatch the Governor was informed that though the aquafortis had been spilt by an accident, there was a fat, plain man employed to carry to Charles a 'hacker'—an instrument by which the King could convert the two knives he had by him into saws. Hammond forewarned was forearmed; but in spite of his vigilance the 'hacker' was safely delivered to some of the attendants on the royal prisoner.

The conspirators who joined in this plot consisted of Firebrace, who was no longer in personal attendance on Charles, Captain Titus, and Mrs. Whorwood, in London; Edward Worsley of Gatcombe, and John Newland, a member of the Corporation of Newport, outside the Castle; and within its walls, Osborne, who had been put by the Parliament as a spy over the King, under the name of gentleman-usher; and Dowcett, an Italian. All their arrangements were made; the King, supposing him safe out of his chamber window, described as being the height of a flight of stairs to the ground, was to go across the bowling green to the counterscarp or side of the ditch opposite the ramparts, and descending there be received by Worsley and Osborne. Newland was to be in waiting with a boat, in which they were to cross the Solent to the coast of Hampshire, where horses were to be in readiness with relays to take Charles to the residence of Sir Edward Alford at Arundel. From Arundel the King was to proceed to Queenborough (not in Suffolk, as Mr. Hillier says) near Sheerness, where a vessel was to take him to Holland.

This plan was perfectly well-known to the 'caucus,' as we should say in the political dialect of our day, which met at Derby House, who sent letters to Hammond containing all the details of it. How and whence was the disclosure made? There has been always a mystery as to who was the traitor. Although no evidence is forthcoming against Lilly, a suspicion crosses my mind that his was the guilt of this treachery. The information was probably given in London, where Lilly was residing. He was thoroughly unscrupulous, and had the credulous Mrs. Jane Whorwood in his power. The Parliament had purchased his services, and so much was he in the confidence of the violent party, that he was one of the close committee to decide upon the King's execution. Historical investigation should, so it seems to me, look in this direction to ascertain if any traces can be found of the complicity of Lilly in this disclosure of the projected attempt of the King to escape. Whoever was their informant, the Derby House people had the game in their own hands, and were not careful about arresting any of the persons who were taking part in this plot. The committee were well acquainted with the appearance and plans of Mrs. Whorwood, for in a letter to Hammond, dated May 4, they wrote—'Mrs. Whorwood is aboard the ship, a tall, well-fashioned, and well-languaged gentlewoman, with a round visage and pock-marks in her face; she stays to wait upon the King.'

Charles was at this time lodged in the house of the chief officer, a man of the name of Rolph, formerly a shoemaker in Westminster, but now a major in the Parliamentary army, and a subordinate to the governor of the Castle. Hammond, who was thoroughly posted up in the plans of the conspirators by the authorities in London, had taken effectual measures against all emergencies by doubling the guard which kept ward and watch over the Royal apartments. When the King therefore looked out on the evening of Sunday, May 28, from the window, and discovered a larger number of soldiers standing about there than usual, he 'thereupon suspected there was some discovery made, and so shut the window and retired to his bed' (Clarendon, vol. iii. p. 179).

The old books are full of the charges and counter-charges of Osborne and Rolph. The former accused Rolph, who had been an 'agitator,' of having proposed to murder the King, and addressed a letter to his patron, Lord Wharton, stating the circumstances, and when that nobleman took no notice of his communication, he laid the charge before both Houses of Parliament, offering to prove it on oath. The peers took the letter into serious consideration, and made a requisition to the Commons to summon Rolph before the bar of their house. In obedience to the order of the House of Commons, Rolph appeared before them and denied Osborne's statement, but Dowcett having strongly confirmed the charge made by Osborne, Sergeant Finch and Sir Thomas Bedingfield were directed to draw up an impeachment against Rolph. On the petition of the accused the trial was transferred to Winchester, where it took place on August 28. The judge was Mr. Serjeant Wilde, afterwards chief baron, who in 'Autumn, 1648, rode circuit, and did justice on offenders, without asking His Majesty's opinion on the subject, which was thought a great feat on his part' (Carlyle's *Cromwell*, vol. iii. p. 438). The serjeant's notions of judicial impartiality went somewhat astray, since when he first addressed the grand jury before the examination of the witnesses he read them a letter from Cromwell, announcing his northern victory, telling them he did so with the view of securing their reverence for Cromwell, and their good opinion of that general's friend, Major Rolph. Wilde was an expert master of phrases; Rolph was charged with having said that he would 'receive the King with a good pistol.' 'Take notice, gentlemen,' said the Judge when summing up to the jury, 'of the word receive; he might be there to protect the King from violence of other persons.' To this, Osborne called out in court, that in 'the language of a soldier receive signified as much as I will kill such a man.' Wilde silenced this interruption by saying—'It might be so, but God forbid he should proceed against any man for words or expressions.' The jury retired and speedily returned with a verdict of 'ignoramus,' an expression of agnosticism which was equally acceptable to the judge and the House of Commons. Whether Osborne told the truth or no, the King was not unmindful of his services, for in a letter written to the Prince of Wales from Newport on November 6 following he says—'P. S.—If Osborne (who has been in trouble for me about Major Rolph's business) come to you, use him well for my sake.'

As for worthy but over-credulous Mrs. Jane Whorwood, she appears to have suffered no molestation from the authorities. Nothing could shake her faith in the unprincipled William Lilly, for when the King was negotiating the treaty of Newport, Anthony à Wood relates that she went once more to read his fate by the calculations of the so-called astrologer. With the visit to this impostor and trafficker in the trade of fortune-telling the good lady vanishes from the history of her troubled times. William Lilly, after marrying a second wife and burying a third, died of palsy 1681, and was buried at Walton-on-Thames, with a Latin epitaph by Elias Ashmole on the tomb. Captain Titus, 'adroit King's flunkey,' so Mr. Carlyle calls him, was eventually made a Privy Councillor, and died 1704, at the age of eighty-four, and Henry Firebrace became clerk of the kitchen to Charles II. Colonel Hammond was rewarded with a commissionership in Ireland, where he died on October 24, 1654, just two years before reaching the midpoint of the road of life, at the early age of thirty-three.

On reading the account of these ill-concerted plans and baffled attempts at escape we cannot but feel that the unfortunate King was in the hands of people of small judgement and with very little capacity in the conduct of affairs. After the departure of Ashburnham, Berkley, and Legg from the Isle of Wight he was under the influence of far inferior advisers both in sagacity and social station to these faithful servants of the Crown. The steps of the King's decline and fall in this matter of his advisers may be traced from a still earlier date. When the Court gave up Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, the King sacrificed his strongest counsellor, and from that time fell lower and lower in the choice of those upon whom he relied. Morrice, in his Life of Lord Orrery, prefixed to the *Orrery State Papers*, says that 'one day in the year 1649, when Lord Broghill was riding between Cromwell and Ireton, Cromwell said to him that if the late King had followed his own mind, and had trusty servants, he could have fooled them all.' The remark shows the political wisdom of Cromwell. That faithful adherent of Charles, Lord Clarendon, says much the same. According to him, 'the King's greatest fault was distrust of his own judgement, and hence he often changed his opinion for a worse, and followed the advice of those who did not judge as well as himself.' It was little less than infatuation or imbecility to put himself in the power of such political renegades as Captain Titus and Osborne, and allow them to make arrangements for his escape from Carisbrooke. Mrs. Jane Whorwood was no doubt a loyal lady upon whose personal honour and devotion to her sovereign he might implicitly rely, but in her superstitious folly she could be moulded like wax under the handling of such a dishonest intriguer as William Lilly. Firebrace was a brave, resolute man, and so it appears were young Mr. Edward Worsley of Gatcombe and Mr. John Newland of Newport, but they had no experience in the complications of State policy.

In dealing with such wary, prompt, and energetic adversaries as the Puritan leaders Charles should have selected men of more practical statesmanship than these untried gentlemen of the Isle of Wight. If it be urged that the King's choice as a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle was of necessity restricted, it may be replied that honest, shrewd Sir John Oglander would have rendered him better and more prudent service. The Royalists were a strong and powerful party, with men of great capacity and ability among them, and had the ill-advised King taken into his inner confidence such moderate and sagacious statesmen to conduct his negotiations with Parliament, England might have been spared the guilt of that 'insolent mockery of the forms of justice,' the trial and execution of Charles I.

November 13, 1886.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE, SEPTEMBER 15,

A.D. 1648.

THE day which divides the month of September into two equal halves was more than two centuries ago a very remarkable period in the annals of Carisbrooke Castle. On that memorable day the cross-barred wooden gates in the archway entrance were swung open heavily to let out Charles I after a captivity of nearly eight dreary months. With the departure of the King Carisbrooke Castle ceased to be, in the language of Mr. Carlyle (*Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 262), 'the centre of all factious hopes, of world-wide intrigues.' The plans of scheming politicians and fierce partisans were from that date transferred to the neighbouring town of Newport, which the King had himself selected for negotiating the treaty which was desired by both Houses of Parliament.

The great drama of the Civil War had at the beginning of 1648 developed itself into a new and strange form. Political and religious parties had shifted, and a curious interlacing of interests had taken place. The Presbyterians both in and out of Parliament are allied with the Royalists. The Independents in religious doctrine and discipline have fraternized with Cromwell's soldiers and the speculative Republicans. Revolution has taken its usual course, and the military power is master of the situation. The governing party in the early months of 1648 is small and in a numerical minority, but it has arms in its hands and will be therefore victorious. Wars and rumours of war are rife in different portions of England, and the period which historians call the second Civil War has begun.

To understand the condition of affairs when the King left his prison of Carisbrooke Castle, into which he was never again to enter, it is necessary to give a slight retrospective glance into what had preceded a little before 1648. The turning-point was the fatal fight of Naseby field, where on the high moorland almost in the centre of England the Royalists were routed by the newly modelled forces of the Puritan soldiers under Cromwell. At the battle of Naseby (near Market Harborough), June 14, 1645, 'Fairfax and Cromwell,' as the judicial Hallam has observed, 'triumphed not only over the King and the monarchy, but over the Parliament and the nation.' The first consequence of Naseby was that the King threw himself into the hands of the Scots, who in fundamental religious doctrine were allied to the English Puritans in Parliament. Then followed the schism between the Parliament and the army. The quarrel began between the city of London, which was strongly inclined to Presbyterianism, and the army, in which, in the language of those times, the 'Sectaries' prevailed. This strife between the civilians and the military developed more and more into a bitter feeling between the Presbyterians and the Independents, the leading body among the 'Sectaries.' The Parliament itself was split into these two hostile religious parties. In Parliament the Presbyterians were still predominant, having the support of the Corporation of the city of London, which to a certain extent supplied the sinews of war—money; and also of almost all the peers who remained in their House. At first the question was not, as Neal, the historian of the Independents, who is on this point followed by Hallam, says, between Presbytery and Independency, but between Presbytery with a toleration and without one. This fact explains the hopes which English Churchmen seem at first to have had in Fairfax and Cromwell. The use of the Book of Common Prayer was forbidden, even in private worship, and the silenced Church of England and the Royalists generally cherished too sanguine an expectation of being allowed to worship after the manner of their forefathers. Hence for a time overtures were made by the King to some of the army officers, but the army cared almost as little for monarchy as for the King personally, nor had the Independents any intention of granting toleration to the Church of England. Amidst this strange confusion of those who were quite aliens to one another, it is consolatory to think that it was not a mere vulgar squabble for power and place, or of selfish political intrigue, but that there was a clinging to religious and political principles among the three different parties of the Royalists, Presbyterians, and Independents.

At the conclusion of the war, which the obstinacy of the scattered Cavaliers had protracted to the beginning of 1647, the Presbyterians and the Parliament began to take steps against their remaining enemy, the army. Lord Macaulay, in his *History of England*, has given a lifelike sketch of that famous army, whose ranks, from the good pay of the private soldier, were filled with men superior in station and education to the multitude. Above all, Cromwell's pikemen were remarkable for their austere morality. The vices of the camp—gambling, drunkenness, and dissoluteness were unknown. The Parliament was afraid of the Puritan soldiery, their own creation, as they were framed and modelled after the self-denying ordinance which the Parliamentary leaders had sanctioned. They resolved to disband a part of the army and send the rest into Ireland. The army resisted, and was met by the celebrated 'Declaration,' which was smuggled through a thin House by the blundering, blustering, wordy Presbyterian politician, Denzil Holles—the Earl of Clare's second son. Five superior officers of the army, one of whom was Colonel

Hammond, afterwards the captain of Carisbrooke Castle, were summoned to the bar of the House, giving rise to a 'Debate on the Petition and Vindication of the Army.' Cromwell in his place in the House of Commons noticing the 'high carriages' of Holles and his followers, whispers to his friend, Edmund Ludlow, 'These men will never leave till the army pull them out by the ears.' This summary process of closing a debate was soon carried out. The once famous Long Parliament had become the ghost of its former self. Ichabod might have been inscribed upon its walls. It dreaded its former champions more than its old enemies, but it had not the political courage to face armed violence. The army with its lines of communication was coiled around London, while its general and council of war sent up charges of treason against eleven principal members of the majority of the House of Commons, who obtained leave to retire beyond the sea. Mr. Carlyle, a worshipper of force and no lover of long-winded parliamentary speech, exults in this settlement of the question; but Mr. Hallam with better judgement pronounces, 'Here may be said to have fallen the legislative power and civil government of England, which from this hour to that of the restoration had never more than a momentary and precarious gleam of existence, perpetually interrupted by the sword.' Though Parliament could be crushed, it was not even for Cromwell's Ironsides to keep down the sturdy English people. About the beginning of May, 1648, when the King is a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle under Colonel Hammond's watch and ward, insurrections broke out even in counties which had been most devoted to the Parliament. The second civil war began. In Scotland a coalition was formed between the Royalists and the Presbyterians, who detested the Independents. 'Headlong, discontented Wales took the lead'; there were risings in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent. The fleet in the Thames suddenly hoisted the Royal colours, stood out to sea, and sailed for Holland, where the young Prince of Wales goes on board, and steering for England sends forth a manifesto from Yarmouth Roads.

In the meanwhile the army is not idle. Fairfax strikes at the centre of the insurrection in the home counties, driving it from post to post. Cromwell set forth against the Welsh insurgents. Though badly supplied with artillery, he left their strong castles in ruins, his troops moving to victory with the precision of machines. The Duke of Hamilton with the Scotch Presbyterian Royalist army at Annan, on the western border, crossed the frontier and advanced into Lancashire. Cromwell, who had now settled the Welsh rising, marched at once to meet the invading force at Preston. During the battle of Preston, which lasted three days, and extended over many miles of the low-lying district of the Ribble, the Scots were utterly routed by the impetuous dash of Cromwell, who, cutting Hamilton's forces in two, drove them north and south. But though Cromwell, now more than ever the darling of the soldiers, was putting the finishing stroke to the Scotch invasion in the North, these formidable manifestations in favour of the King emboldened the Parliament in its detestation of the reign of martial law to reconsider its position. They came to a vote by 165 to 99 that they would not alter the fundamental government by King, lords, and commons; they abandoned their impeachment against seven peers, the most moderate of the Upper House, and the most obnoxious to the army; they restored the eleven members to their seats; they revoked their resolution against a personal treaty with the King, including even that which required his assent by certain preliminary articles. In a word, as it is summed up by Hallam, 'The party for distinction's sake called Presbyterian, but now rather to be denominated Constitutional, regained its ascendency.' This change in the counsels of Parliament led to the liberation of the King from Carisbrooke Castle.

Certain politicians in the House of Lords had a good deal to do with this decision of the Lower House. Wise in their own generation, these time-servers had become the dupes of their own crafty policy. They were ready enough to swim with the stream, but they did not wish to be pushed from their position by upstarts such as Ireton and Harrison, and they were anxious to see a treaty concluded with the King, which might save the impending destruction of the House of Lords.

Information about these Parliamentary proceedings was soon transmitted to Carisbrooke, and on August 5 the King was officially waited on by the Earl of Middlesex, Sir John Hippisley (M.P. for Cockermouth in Cumberland), and John Bulkeley, Esq. (M.P. for Newtown, I.W.). Hippisley had been one of the Commissioners sent to Charles at Newcastle in August, 1646. These three Commissioners informed the King that the Parliament had agreed to a personal treaty with him in the Isle of Wight, where he should be in the same state and freedom as he had been in Hampton Court, along with other conditions. They were allowed ten days for their going, stay, and return. With these Commissioners, under the authority of a pass from Parliament, Captain Titus, Uriah Babington, the King's sworn barber, and Sir Peter Killigrew also came; and since so much of the restraint which had been laid upon Charles was removed by the repeal of the order respecting his receiving addresses, the King's condition in the old Castle of Carisbrooke was a little more cheerful than it had been. According to Herbert, the King, on receiving the Commissioners gave them his hand to kiss, and told them that their address being in order to peace doubled their welcome, peace being the thing he earnestly desired, and then assured them withal that if upon the treaty peace did not issue it should be no fault of his—he would not be blamed. After the interchange of some preliminary correspondence, on Thursday, August 10, the King signified to the Commissioners his acceptance of the Parliamentary proposition. The room was full of ladies, and he expressly said that the last message he sent was delivered to the Commissioners sealed, and if it had been presented to the Houses it would have been better for him, and he now thought fit to send this open, for he thought he could not be in a worse condition than he was, being under such close restraint, none being suffered to speak a word without suspicion.

On the receipt of this message a vote of the Lords and Commons was immediately passed, along with a request to his Majesty to send the names of such persons as he shall conceive to be of necessary use to be about him during the treaty: that the Houses agreed that such domestic servants (not excepted in the former limitations) as his Majesty should appoint were to be sent to him, and that the time of the commencement of the treaty was to be within ten days after the King's consent to treat, and to continue forty days, with some other resolutions of minor importance.

As the communications from the Parliament to Colonel Hammond had only intimated that the vote of non-addresses had been repealed, he did not conceive himself justified in permitting the King to leave the bounds of the Castle until he received an express order from the Houses to that effect, as he was detained there under the authority of a subsequent ordinance.

So ended the eight months' imprisonment of Charles in Carisbrooke Castle. That captivity would have been more dignified if it had not been mixed up with plots and schemes, and with the tampering with unworthy agents. 'Oh, Mr. Secretary,' says the faithful and loyal Lord Clarendon in a letter to Nicholas, 'those stratagems have given me more sad hours than all the misfortunes in war which have befallen the King, and look like the effects of God's anger toward us.' But, as in imagination we see the King descending for the last time the hill on which stands Carisbrooke Castle, we cannot balance the faults and virtues of the man and sovereign, but feel only sympathy with 'Majesty in misery,' the title of the copy of verses which the King had written in Carisbrooke Castle, and which, as David Hume says in his history, 'the truth of the sentiment, rather than any elegance of expression, renders very pathetic.' Charles was in outward appearance a very different man to what he was when a year before he had thrown himself upon the Governor of Carisbrooke Castle. He had laid aside all care of his person, and allowed his hair and beard to grow, and to hang dishevelled and neglected; his hair was become almost entirely grey. And we call to mind that—

'These external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul!'

Our heads are bowed down with awe at the tragedy of life and the vicissitudes of human destiny, or, to speak more reverently and truly, we feel that we are in the hands of Him who is the Disposer of the kingdoms of this world. For he who descended the hill was, to use the phrase of the Romans of the Lower Empire, 'born in the purple,' he was cradled in a royal palace, and was the King of England; he could not altogether shake off 'the regal thoughts wherewith he reigned,' nor crush 'the pride of kingly sway from out his heart.' That departure from his fortress prison of Carisbrooke was a solemn moment in his life, a prelude to that more solemn moment when the King, walking at his usual fast pace, went on foot from St. James's Palace through the Park to Whitehall, with a guard of halberdiers in front and behind, before he laid his 'gray and discrowned head' upon the block.

Our usual impressions of the personal appearance of Charles I are derived from the engravings which have been made from one or other of the many portraits which Vandyck painted. There exist in different collections in England and on the Continent thirty-six portraits of King Charles by the hand of that great painter. Note especially that grand picture, now in Windsor Castle, where Charles is represented in armour, mounted on a grey horse, finely foreshortened as if advancing from under a lofty archway; the figure is seen almost in front, the hair gracefully parted and falling on the shoulders, and the features wear a look of sedate and contemplative dignity; or else the other picture, also in Windsor Castle, three heads in three different points of view, front, profile, and three-quarters; Charles's long dark hair is parted on his brow, and falls over his rich lace collar. This beautiful picture was painted about 1637 for the purpose of being sent to Rome to Bernini, the Italian sculptor, who executed from it a bust in marble. According to one tradition, Bernini himself, or, according to another version, the Pope—Urban VIII—on seeing this portrait, was so struck by the melancholy, or, as he termed it, fatal *funesta* expression, that he prophesied the violent end of the original. Bernini's bust was destroyed when the palace of Whitehall was burned in 1697. Very different was the King's appearance in 1648 from what it had been eleven years ago, when that picture was painted in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

> 'Wild as a wave his beard in silver stream'd—
> His long thin locks dishevell'd hung in air,
> With many winters he familiar seem'd,
> But few had number'd; such a spell hath care
> The cheek to channel, and to change the hair!'
> (PEEL, *Fair Island*, Canto 4, xxxiv.)

Let us be thankful that we have got rid of what were called the 'State services' in our Prayer Book. In these services, especially that of King Charles the Martyr, the truth of history was sacrificed to ferocious animosities. That these animosities should have found their way into prayers and thanksgivings changed the sin against man into a direct sin against God. Still it is a question whether even passionate partisanship is not better than the coldness and forgetfulness to which it may give place. People ought to be kept in mind of their past history. We in the Isle of Wight certainly ought to cherish all those associations which connect Carisbrooke Castle with the imprisonment of Charles I, and with a period of our national history which should never lose its freshness and interest for succeeding generations, and is fraught with most valuable lessons of political instruction.

January 1, 1887.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE DURING THE SECOND CIVIL WAR, A.D. 1648.

THE first civil war between the King and the Parliament of England practically came to an end with the fatal fight of Naseby field, June, 1645, leaving the fag end to wear itself out in the West. The summer of 1648 witnessed the renewed brief struggle known as the second civil war. Charles I was then prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, and the hopes of the Royalist party, subdued with difficulty and ready at all moments to rise again, were centred in the person of the royal inmate of Carisbrooke's 'narrow case.'

A contemporary writer, Thomas May, whose affections went with Cromwell and the Independents, in his *Breviate of the History of Parliament in Masere's Tracts*, gives a lifelike picture of the condition of affairs. May, who up to 1637 had been a courtier, was in that year opposed to Sir William Davenant as candidate for the office of poet-laureate, which the death of Ben Jonson had left vacant. Sir William gained the appointment, and his success so exasperated May that, though hitherto a Royalist, he became hostile to the King's party, and by the interest of Cromwell was made secretary of the Parliament, of which he wrote a 'History.' 'The Parliament,' writes May, 'though victorious, though guarded with a gallant army, no forces visibly appearing against it, was never in more danger. All men began in the spring to prophesy that the summer would be a hot one in respect of wars, seeing how the countries were divided in factions, the Scots full of threats, the city of London as full of unquietness. And more sad things were feared where least seen, rumours every day frightening people of secret plots and treasonable meetings. . . . The King's party began to swell with great hopes, and look upon themselves not as vanquished, but as conquerors; nor could they forbear vaunting everywhere, and talking of the King's rising and the ruin of the Parliament. The same thing seemed to be the wish of those whom they called Presbyterians, who were ready to sacrifice themselves and their cause to their hatred against the Independents, who wished that quite undone which themselves could not do, and desired that liberty might be quite taken away by the King rather than vindicated by the Independents. The King himself (though set aside and confined within the Isle of Wight) was more formidable this summer than in any other when he was followed by his strongest armies. The name of King had now a further operation, and the pity of the vulgar gave a greater majesty to his person. Prince Charles also by his absence and the name of banishment was more an object of affection and regard to these vulgar people than he had ever been before, and by his commissions (which his father privately sent him) seeming to be armed with lawful power, did easily command those that were willing to obey him, and by comrades was able to raise (as will afterwards appear) not only tumults but wars.'

At this period we also have the advantages of being supplied with the contemporary evidence of the public press. With the first year of the Long Parliament commences the era of English newspapers. The first English newspaper that has been discovered is a quarto pamphlet of a few leaves, entitled *The Diurnal Occurrences or Daily Proceedings of this great and happy Parliament, from the 3rd of November*, 1640, *to the 3rd of May*, 1641: London. More than a hundred newspapers, with different titles, appear to have been published between this date and the death of the King. When the hostilities between Charles I and the Parliament commenced, every event during a most eventful period had its own historian, who communicated 'News from Hull,' 'Truths from York,' 'Warranted Tidings from Ireland.' When Charles was a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, the services of a series of correspondents were at once secured by the different newspapers for the purpose of detailing the minutest circumstances connected with his detention in that fortress. Some of these notices contain interesting records of what took place during the King's imprisonment. On December 9, 1647, it is stated: 'His Majesty is strictly looked to, his lodgings being locked up every night, and the keys carried to the Governor.' On January 10, 1648: 'Here is a melancholy court, walking the round is the daily recreation, for other there is none. Horse are superfluous. His Majesty is cheerful, notwithstanding his knowledge of the result at Westminster. The vigilancy and industry of the Governor, Colonel Hammond, is admirable; such is his faithfulness and care, he deserves much honour and reward.' Again on the 13th of the same month: 'The King is now kept from destructive counsels; the Governor of the Isle of Wight finds no miscarriage in those courtiers sent by the Parliament. His Majesty is sad and spends much time in writing and at his books, and for refreshment takes air about the castle (Colonel Hammond waiting upon him), but passeth not the works, and because he may not have episcopal men to preach to him hears none at all; but the House of Commons resolving to use what means they can to convince His Majesty (this day) appointed some of their ministers to consider of some able divines to be speedily sent thither.' To such an extent however was the liberty of the Press carried that a special committee was appointed by Parliament on January 6, 1648, 'to suppress all unlicensed and scandalous pamphlets,' and to reward those informers who made known the authors or publishers to the authorities.

In November, 1644, John Milton had published his *Areopagitica; a Speech for the liberty of Unlicensed Printing. To the Parliament of England*—a production which for vigour of style, force of argument, and richness of language, is the noblest work in prose that proceeded from that poet's pen. This famous tract did not convince the House of Commons. It appears to have been the received doctrine in Westminster Hall till 1704 or 1705, Hallam remarks, that no man might publish a writing reflecting upon the Government nor upon the character or even the capacity and fitness of any one employed in it. In the stormy days of the civil war, in spite of the ordinance of Parliament, the newspapers increased both in numbers and freedom of expression. In 1648 the popular tide had turned so far in favour of the King that, as Hallam observes in a note, 'The fugitive sheets of this year, such as the *Mercurius Aulicus*, bear witness to the exulting and insolent tone of the Royalists. They chuckle over Fairfax and Cromwell as if they had caught a couple of rats in a trap.'

At this crisis Carisbrooke Castle with its precious deposit of the royal person became a point of the utmost importance, and by the month of June, 1648, the Isle of Wight had become one vast garrison. Continued demands were made by Colonel Hammond for reinforcements, and as constantly acceded to by the committee. On the 23rd of this month 500 men were sent thither from the general's army, which was ordered to recruit for a like number, whilst the same day the Governor is found applying to the authorities for a still greater number, and urging, as his reason, the intelligence he had received of its being the intention of the revolted ships to bring over men to invade the Island, 'which, if it so occur, the Islanders not being able to defend themselves would be obligated to join with them, by which means they would be able to keep off any forces of the Parliament that might be sent to relieve the Castle.' By the same post Hammond likewise importuned Fairfax, and asked that a reinforcement of 300 horse and 1,500 foot, at least, might be speedily sent to him, 'sure men,' for if otherwise 'it would be much in their power to undo him (Hammond) and the kingdom also, as he was in danger to have found by late experience.'

This alarm about the King being rescued seems to have penetrated the councils of the committee at Derby House, which had the control of the Isle of Wight, and was in constant communication with Robert Hammond. This council of war—the old 'Committee of both kingdoms'—sat at Derby House, the town mansion of the Cavalier Earl who bore the title of Derby, now the Heralds' College. It was composed of seven peers, the Earls of Kent, Northumberland, Warwick (admiral in the Long Parliament time), and Manchester, who had the command of the Eastern associations, and was chairman of the House of Lords; Lord Saye and Sele, a devout Puritan and one of Cromwell's lay church commissioners; Lord Wharton, 'much concerned with preachers and chaplains in his domestic establishment, and full of parliamentary and politico-religious business in public'; Lord Roberts, and thirteen members of the House of Commons—Mr. Pierpoint, 'called in the family tradition "Wise William"'; Mr. Fiennes, the Nathaniel Fiennes who surrendered Bristol to Prince Rupert, for which, according to the zealous Bynne, he ought to have been tried by court-martial and shot, a shrewd man, Lord Saye and Sele's son, who afterwards became keeper of the great seal in the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell; old Sir Henry Vane and his son, young Sir Henry, the friend of Milton, and the 'Harry Vane' from whom Cromwell afterwards prayed that 'the Lord might deliver him'; Sir William Armine; Sir Arthur Haselrigg, one of the five members whom in 1642 Charles, 'by the fatallest step the poor King ever undertook,' excluded from Parliament; Sir Gilbert Gerrard; Sir John Evelyn of Wilts, who took the place of Recorder Glyn; Lieut.-General Cromwell; Mr. St. John, Cromwell's learned kinsman, the celebrated ship-money barrister—'a dark, tough man of the toughness of leather'; Mr. Wallop, a King's judge and rigorous Republican; Mr. Crewe, and Mr. Browne.

Certain letters from this committee to Colonel Hammond after various fortunes came into the hands of the Hon. Mr. Yorke (Lord Hardwick), and were lying in his house when it and they were in 1762 accidentally burnt. A Dr. Joseph Litherland had by good luck taken copies; Thomas Birch, lest fire should again intervene, printed the collection, a very thin octavo, London, 1764 (Carlyle, *Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 247). From this correspondence we find that on June 30 the Derby House committee intimated to the Governor of the Isle of Wight on credible information 'that the fleet had received a reinforcement of 1,000 landsmen under the command of Lord Willoughby of Parham, preparatory to an attack on the Island.' The writers of this dispatch also added that Lord Rich (son of the Earl of Warwick) had received a pass from the House of Commons to proceed to the King under the pretence of being touched for the evil, but was in truth only desirous of treating with the King respecting the Earl of Holland (Warwick's brother), who was at this time heading the Royalists in Surrey. The dispatch from Derby House further added that there was reason to believe that the force which had been gathered by Holland was intended to proceed to the Island. This information was supplied to the Governor to the intent he might put himself into a position to prevent their landing, which, as there were but few places where such a procedure was feasible, they supposed he would find no difficulty in doing, and especially admonished him to prevent all boats leaving the Island during the time those rumours were abroad.

Cromwell and the army officers had good reason to apprehend danger. A majority of the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight were favourably disposed towards the King, partly from a feeling of compassion for a sovereign languishing in dreary imprisonment within sight of their own homes, and still more so from the numerous exactions which were levied upon them in consequence of so large a body of soldiery being quartered on the Island. The summer throughout was wet and boisterous, and provisions grew very dear. The Isle of Wight began to experience the bitter consequences of that civil war which had inflicted such deadly injury on nearly every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland for six years, since the raising of the Royal Standard at Nottingham in August, 1642. Not only were many able-bodied men torn from their occupations of useful industry by the military levies, but also in the general turmoil the crew of idle political agitators who lived upon their efforts to excite the passions of the multitude were largely increased, and served to enfeeble the healthy forces of the social system of the national life.

In this emergency the Governor of the Island, Colonel Hammond, used every exertion and adopted every available measure of precaution against a Cavalier rising within the Isle of Wight or an invasion of its coasts. Cowes, Yarmouth, and Sandown forts were well supplied with provisions and ammunition; the friends of the Parliament were allowed to arm and prepare horse for defence, and the ministers were bidden by the authorities to tune their pulpit oratory to notes of defiance against the Royalists, and directed to caution their congregations against the dangers to which they would be exposed 'if the common adversary should prevail.' The most dreaded adversary was the national fleet, which after it had put its vice-admiral, Rainsborough, ashore pronounced for the King, the sailors declaring that they would serve Prince Charles, and sailed away to Holland where the prince then was, and with him his brother, the boy-duke of York. At this crisis the Parliament appointed the Earl of Warwick to be lord high admiral. No sooner had that 'pious old Earl,' as Mr. Carlyle calls him, the seamen's darling, hoisted his flag, than the mutiny and desertion ceased. He stationed himself at the mouth of the Thames to watch the Essex coast and to prevent supplies and reinforcements being sent to Colchester, which was being held for the King with a very fierce and obstinate resistance against Fairfax and his besieging force. The controversy between Charles I and Parliament on the subject of ship-money marks an era, not only in constitutional history, but in the formation of our Navy. The necessity of a national fleet was equally felt by Royalist and Parliamentary statesmen. The opposition to ship-money arose not so much out of any objection to the creation of a Navy, as out of distrust of the policy which sought to raise money for that purpose without assent of Parliament. Under Charles I the Navy was first divided into rates and classes, but the sailing and the fighting-men in our war-vessels were not so thoroughly fused as they are in these days.

In the month of July the Prince of Wales appeared in the Downs with a fleet consisting of the English ships which had gone over to him, and some which he had procured abroad. It might have been supposed that his first attempt would have been for getting his father out of Carisbrooke Castle, Warwick being too weak to face him on the sea. The Prince's conduct has given rise to dark suspicions, but it must be remembered that he was only then a lad of eighteen, and that the movements of the fleet were regulated by older persons in authority. Clarendon says plainly that the person of the King was not wanted, or rather 'that it cannot be imagined how wonderfully fearful some persons in France were, that he should make his escape and the dread they had of his coming thither.' It certainly is most damaging to the character of the Queen Consort, Henrietta Maria, that she should have seen such dislike to the King's escape, when it appeared the only means to secure his life during his confinement in the Isle of Wight, and it justifies the remark of Hallam that, 'careless of her husband's happiness, and already attached perhaps to one whom she afterwards married, Henrietta longed only for the recovery of a power which would become her own.' The prince sent Warwick an order to strike his flag, but the stout old earl kept his flag flying; and the prince, moving to the mouth of the Thames, ordered London to join him, or at least lend him £20,000. Warwick in the meanwhile waited for reinforcements from Portsmouth, and covered the Essex coast. The utter failure of Hamilton and the Scots, and of the Royalist risings, along with the surrender of Colchester, rendered the fleet useless; still, if it had sailed to the Isle of Wight, it might have saved the King, whose life was now threatened by the violent party which had got the upper hand. Charles, from his prison in Carisbrooke Castle, had expressly urged this course by a message, yet the prince and his advisers made their preparations for stealing off to the Dutch coast without an effort for—apparently without a thought of—his unfortunate father. On the other side, Warwick waited patiently till that famous Lincolnshire sea-general, Sir George Ayscough, successfully sailing by Prince Charles in the night, brought round the reinforcements from Portsmouth. Neither fleet fired a shot. The furious 'Levellers' reproached Warwick for not destroying the prince and his fleet. By the course he pursued that skilful commander did better service for the Parliament. He carefully avoided any collision with a fleet manned by Englishmen, and the result was that by offering the mutineers a free pardon he soon recovered most of the ships and nearly every English seaman who had deserted. Almost the last hopes of the poor King in his prison at Carisbrooke Castle expired as the fleet, under the command of his son and heir, quitted the Downs and stood round for Holland. He had trusted on the staff of a broken reed, which had gone into his hand and pierced it. This is the most mysterious and melancholy incident in the tragedy of the eight months' captivity of Charles I in Carisbrooke Castle.

January 8, 1887.

THE SEIZURE OF CHARLES I AT NEWPORT AND HIS REMOVAL TO HURST CASTLE.

THE conclusion of the treaty of Newport, though not the immediate cause of the trial and execution of Charles I, marks the turning-point in the drama of the civil war which led to the creation of the revolutionary tribunal, which, after it had pronounced Charles to be a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy, sent its royal victim to the scaffold. The negotiations between the King and the Commissioners at Newport proved that Parliament was ready to come to an accommodation with the King. The officers of the army, instigated, sad to say, by those who called themselves Christian ministers, determined to inaugurate the new Commonwealth with the blood of a victim. Hugh Peters, preaching at St. Margaret's, Westminster, upon the significant text, 'Bind your kings with chains and your nobles with fetters of iron,' called Charles in the course of his sermon the 'great Barabbas, murtherer, tyrant, and traitor.' The preacher declared that he had 'found upon a strict scrutiny that there were in the army five thousand saints no less holy than those who now conversed with God Almighty in heaven.'

He accused the Lord Mayor, aldermen, merchants of the city, and Presbyterian incumbents of the London parishes of desiring 'to crucify our Saviour and release Barabbas.' Clarendon says that there were many consultations among the officers about the best mode of disposing of the King; some were for deposing him, others for poison or assassination, which he fancies would have been practised if they could have prevailed on Hammond, the Governor of Carisbrooke Castle. Whatever were the crimes or errors of the military leaders, they were certainly men that abhorred this kind of guilt; they were no midnight stabbers or secret poisoners, and had courage equal to the open course which they considered essential to the preservation of their own party, and of what many of them deemed to be the cause of their country.

At this crisis Cromwell, who at the first certainly had never professed himself averse to monarchy, wavered. He made his decision, as Lord Macaulay says, 'with many struggles and misgivings, and probably not without many prayers.' Evidence of this strong conflict of feeling is found in a very long letter, dated November 25, 1648, which Cromwell addressed from Knottingley, near Pontefract, to Colonel Robert Hammond at Carisbrooke Castle. This 'remarkable' letter, with its hubbub of words, which may be read in Mr. Carlyle's *Cromwell* (vol. i. pp. 339, 345), shows that at any rate Cromwell was displeased with what he calls 'the ruining hypocritical agreement at Newport.' Oliver Cromwell, though undoubtedly a man of strong religious convictions, and with none of that tiger thirst of blood which filled the hearts of Hugh Peters and some of his associates, was, in the political language of the present day, an 'Opportunist,' dexterously mounting on the crest of the wave of public opinion, and holding the claims of his party above those of his country. The abdication of the King was all that was needed. At any rate his death was, in the words of the cynical French politician, worse than a crime, a blunder also. The stain of that iniquitous transaction, the King's death, will cling to the memory of that uncrowned English ruler, the Lord-Protector. 'Hammond,' as the elder D'Israeli correctly says, 'had become a more important personage than his real character would have made him,' but the assertion that he was the tool of Cromwell and Ireton is refuted by the facts. Hammond was a man of honour, of whom Carisbrooke Castle need not be ashamed; he was not the instrument of carrying out the desires of the military party. 'A young colonel,' says Mr. Carlyle with a sneer, 'with such dubitations as those of Hammond will not suit in that Isle at present.' When the letter was delivered by the hand of Colonel Ewer of the 'Army Remonstrance' at Carisbrooke Castle, Hammond had vanished, having received an order from the Lord-General and Army-Council that he should straightway repair to Windsor, being wanted at head-quarters there. Hammond, as in duty bound, immediately on the receipt of this order from the army, transmitted it to the House of Commons, by whom it was resolved that he should be required to stay in the Island, and attend his charge there until further orders; that the General be informed of this note, and an order be dispatched to the Lord Admiral to send some ships to the Isle of Wight, where he was to be in communication with Colonel Hammond, and consider himself under the commands of the Governor of the Island.

Before the arrival of these orders from the House Hammond had however left the Isle of Wight in consequence of the General's letter. The orders of 'Captain Pen,' though armed with all the authority of Parliament, had to yield to the orders of 'Captain Sword.' In this transaction we may hear the knell of Parliamentary government being rung, and observe the preparation for those violent proceedings which afterwards happened in the House itself, and were called 'Pride's Purge.' Hammond informed the Lords and Commons from Farnham that he was proceeding towards the army; and intimated to them at Bagshot that he was there under restraint. This intelligence caused an ordinance to be passed 'for a letter to be written to the General to acquaint him that his orders given to Colonel Ewer were contrary to the resolutions of the House and the instructions to Colonel Hammond, and desired him to recall the said order and immediately command Hammond back to the Island.'

Although Hammond had obeyed the General's instructions by hastening to head-quarters, he refused to surrender his charge to Ewer, as before his departure from the Island, which he did in the company of Ewer, by the same boat as the Commissioners, he appointed three deputies for the safety of the Island and the care of the King's person.

These three personages were Major Rolph in command at Newport, Captain Boreman at Carisbrooke, and Captain Hawes, to whom he delivered a copy of his own instructions as received from the Parliament, as well as additional directions for this especial occasion. He particularly enjoined on them 'that if any person whatever, under any pretence whatever, shall endeavour the removing the person of the King out of this Island, unless by direct order of Parliament, that you resist, and to your uttermost oppose such persons, and you use your best endeavours to secure the person of the King from being taken out of the Island.' He also entrusted them with power to summon the train-bands, if necessary, to their assistance, and gave them command over all officers and soldiers of the army now in the Island, captains, governors, and forts, and all boats and barks belonging to it; whilst to Sir Robert Dillington, colonel of the regiment of the East Medene train-bands, and Sir John Leigh, colonel of those of the West Medene, similar injunctions were addressed, with the addition that they were to be aiding and assisting unto the three Commissioners already mentioned.

On the evening of November 29, as the curfew bell was ringing from St. Thomas's Church, Newport, Henry Firebrace, who was in attendance on the King, saw some soldiers with pistols busily prying about the King's lodgings. Soon afterwards a person in disguise told one of the royal servants that Colonel Cobbett had actually landed with a troop of horse and a company of foot. Colonel Cobbett was at first refused admittance into Carisbrooke Castle by Captain Boreman, but Rolph at Newport was not so obedient to Hammond's commands, and offered Cobbett all his assistance at Newport. The King instantly summoned the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Lindsey, and Colonel Edward Cooke, of Higham, Gloucestershire. To this Colonel Cooke we are indebted for a minute description of what took place. The Grammar School of Newport, where the King lodged, was full of rumours; among these was a report that two thousand foot were drawn up about Carisbrooke Castle. Cooke, who was a Parliamentary officer, appears to have been the usual medium of communication between the King and the governor. He was evidently a kindly man, and offered to go and see what it all meant. The King, with his usual thoughtfulness for the comfort of those about his person, was unwilling to expose the colonel to the severity of the weather. Cooke, having obtained leave, 'soon got himself and his horse ready, and though the night was extraordinary dark, fortunately groped out his way in the dark, and found the castle, which having rounded, and finding nobody without, he went to the gate, and having performed the usual ceremonies (as giving the word to the corporal), and sheltered himself under the gate from the excess of rain that then fell, he sent his desires to the governor, one Captain Boreman. . . . In the meantime he discoursed with the soldiers to try what he could get out of them, but found they were altogether ignorant, being a company of the Islanders newly-marched in, the two army companies formerly garrisoned there being drawn down into the town of Newport probably to double the guards.'

After considerable delay Colonel Cooke was admitted to have an interview with Captain Boreman in the castle. Coming 'into the parlour, he was surprised with the sight of about a dozen officers of the army, most of whose faces he knew. And after mutual salutation he addressed himself to the governor, desiring to speak with him, who, he observed, first asked and obtained leave of those officers; wherefore asking in private what he meant by that, the governor plainly told him that he was no better than a prisoner in his own garrison, for they had threatened him with immediate death if he whispered with any of his own servants.' Under this reign of terror Cooke was not able to get any information from the governor; but with such light 'as Captain Boreman could give him he took leave and hastened to give the King an account of all that had passed; but found on his return a great alteration about the royal lodgings at Newport. Guards were not only set before the house and at every window, but even within doors also; nay, sentinels at the King's very chamber door, so that the King was almost suffocated with the smoke of the burning match' in their gun-locks.

Colonel Cobbett, who was an officer in Fortescue's regiment, appears to have done his work thoroughly. The question for the King's friends was—what should be done in this desperate condition. The lords and others about the King's person were for his making an immediate escape. They asked Colonel Cooke how he had passed to and fro, and he replied that he had the pass-word and could pass them. The King, turning to Cooke, who was drying himself by the fire, said, 'Ned Cooke, what do you advise me in this case?' Cooke at first declined, but being further pressed, offered to assist the King. He had the word, horses were ready at hand; a vessel was at Cowes in attendance on Cooke, and hourly waiting for him, and the dismal dark night was in favour of the attempt. The only question was what would his Majesty resolve to do. The King's answer is noteworthy: 'They have promised me, and I have promised them; I will not break first.' Mr. Hallam has in a note spoken with just severity of Charles's breaking his parole to Hammond in the matter of the attempted escapes from Carisbrooke Castle. In all fairness to the King this extract from Cooke's narrative should be added, as showing that Charles had some regard to his plighted word, even when his life seemed to be at stake.

After the troublous passages of this night of suspense, 'in the morning, just at daybreak, the King, hearing a great knocking at his dressing-room door, sent the Duke of Richmond to know what it meant; who, on inquiry who was there, was answered, one Mildmay (one of the servants the Parliament had put to the King, and brother to Sir Henry). The duke demanding what he would have, he answered there was some gentleman from the army very desirous to speak with the King, which account the duke gave the King; but the knocking increasing, the King commanded the duke to let them into his dressing-room. No sooner was this done, than, before the King got out of his bed, those officers rushed into his chamber and abruptly told the King they had orders to remove him. "From whom?" said the King. They replied from the army. The King asked whither he was to be removed. They answered "to the castle." The King asked "what castle?" They again answered "to the castle."

"The castle," said the King, "is no castle." He told them he was well enough prepared for any castle, and required them to name the castle. After a short whispering together they said Hurst Castle. The King replied they could not well name a worse.'

The jolting, springless, heavy-wheeled coach was brought close to the door, and as Firebrace, the King's personal attendant, relates, the officers in company with Rolph leading the King downstairs hurried him away without suffering him to break his fast. 'At parting from his friends,' writes Herbert, 'the King, who was at other times cheerful, showed sorrow in his heart by the sadness of his countenance.' As soon as the King took coach he ordered Harrington, Herbert, and Mildmay into his coach; when the brutal Rolph, according to Firebrace, offering to enter the coach uninvited, 'his Majesty, putting out his foot, made him sensible of his rudeness, so as with some confusion he mounted his horse and followed with a guard of horse; the coachman driving as directed.' Mr. Carlyle (*Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 315) calls this 'grim reticence and rigorous military order': it rather proves that Rolph was utterly deficient in the courtesy and gentleness which marks a true soldier.

Thus creeps along that rough road the lumbering, rumbling 'coach, westward towards Worsley's Tower in Freshwater Isle, a little beyond Yarmouth Haven, and thereabout his Majesty rested until the vessel was ready to take him aboard with those few attendants. The King after an hour's stay went aboard, a sorrowful spectacle, and great example of fortune's inconstancy.' (Herbert's *Memoirs*, p. 121.)

'The wind and the sea favouring, they crossed the narrow sea in three hours and landed at Hurst Castle.' This, which was one of Henry VIII's block houses, was situated on a little promontory which projects from the Hampshire coast right over against the Isle of Wight, and is described by Sir Philip Warwick, one of the King's attendants at Newport, as 'a place which stood in the sea (for every tide the water surrounded it), and it contained only a few dog-lodgings for soldiers, being chiefly designed as a platform to command the ships.' These quarters formed a very disagreeable contrast to the accommodation furnished to the

King at Carisbrooke Castle and in Newport. Herbert writes that 'his Majesty was very slenderly accommodated at this place. The room he usually sat in was neither large nor lightsome; at noonday (in that winter season) requiring candles. . . . Nevertheless in this dolorous place the King was content to walk about two miles in length, but a few paces in breadth.' The exercise ground where the King took what was called in my Oxford days 'his constitutional' was anything but smooth, for as Herbert further says, 'it was overspread with loose stones a good depth, which rendered it very uneasie and offensive to his feet; but he endured it with his accustomed patience and serenity of spirit, and with more alacrity than they that followed him. . . . That which made some amends was a fair and uninterrupted prospect a good way into the sea, a view of the Isle of Wight one way and mainland the other, with the sight of ships of all sizes daily under sail, with which his Majesty was much delighted. . . . The captain of this wretched place was not unsuitable: for at the King's going ashore he stood ready to receive him with small observance; his look was stern, his hair and large beard were black and bushy, he held a partizan (i.e. a small axe, from the French word *pertuisane*) in his hand, and (Switzer-like) had a great basket-hilt sword by his side; hardly could one see a man of a more grim aspect, and no less rude and robust was his behaviour.'

A contemporary entry in the register of the parish of Carisbrooke records that on 'the last day of November the King left Newport for Hurst Castle, to presoune, and cared away by to trope of horse.' The writer, whose spelling is eccentric, may have stood with the villagers of Carisbrooke while they watched the sad procession. With that departure to 'Solitary Hurst' the associations of the Isle of Wight with Charles I cease. His doom was sealed when from being the captive of the Parliament in Carisbrooke Castle he became the prisoner of Cromwell's soldiers. 'This poor army,' as Cromwell wrote to Hammond, 'wherein the great God has vouchsafed to appear,' had become the supreme authority in Church and State. Hounded on by its chaplains, Peters, Saltmarsh, Dell, and Erbery, the army thirsted for the King's blood. Mr. Carlyle, in his exaggerated sympathy with

Cromwell, and in his peculiar phraseology, speaks of the 'action of the English Regicides' as striking 'a damp-like death through the heart of Flunkeyism universally in this world.' As Hallam and Lord Macaulay have pointed out, the death of Charles upon the scaffold was on the part of his judges and executioners contrary to law and justice. The trial of the King was an outrage upon law, the beheading at Whitehall a political murder.

January 22, 1887.

THE SCENE OF THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

My friend, Canon Farrar of Durham, sometime Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, in a work published by Murray, 1859, has given the following account of the scene of the execution of Charles I, as drawn from old engravings and maps still preserved in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall. 'The King was executed in front of the middle window of the present Chapel Royal, on the side facing the present street, and not, as is often supposed, on the other side. At that time, instead of the streets and gardens which now lie around, an old brick palace existed, not unlike parts of the present one of St. James's. Its outlying quadrangles and buildings stretched as far north as the present Scotland Yard, while one large quadrangle, containing the royal garden, lay immediately to the back of the Chapel Royal, on the side of which quadrangle, next the river, stood the royal apartments. The street which now runs in front of the chapel was about half its present width; a guard-house stood in front of the present Horse Guards, while immediately in front of the chapel was a tilting-ground; and a few yards to the south of it, i. e. in the direction of Westminster Abbey, a brick archway spanned the street, similar to that which now forms the principal entrance to the Palace of St. James's. The banqueting-hall, which forms the present Chapel Royal, is the only portion ever completed of a grand design of James I for rebuilding the Palace. The older portion of the Palace was destroyed by fire in the time of William III, and the banqueting-hall was converted into a chapel by George I. On the day of the execution Charles I was brought (about 10 o'clock in the morning) from the Palace of St. James's across St. James's Park, and was conducted over the archway which has been above described; he then spent nearly three hours in worship, probably in a small chapel which then lay adjacent to the archway, to the south-east of the present Chapel Royal, and after his devotions was conducted through the interior of the present chapel to the scaffold, or was led completely through it to a portion (now destroyed) of the Palace which then stood a little to the north of the present chapel, and thence led to the scaffold; but the position of the scaffold was in front of the present building there can be no doubt.'

March 19, 1887.

THE EXHUMATION OF CHARLES I.

In the interesting extract from the copy of the *Intelligencer*, which the Mayor of Newport has in his possession, which appeared in the *County Press* of March 12, 1887, it is stated, 'The King's head is sewed on, and his corpse removed to St. James's, and embalmed.'

The body was afterwards removed to Windsor, but the exact place in St. George's Chapel where it was deposited was for a long time unknown. So hasty and so secret had been the interment, and so broken up the flooring of the chapel, that when, upon the Restoration, Charles II proposed to erect a monument over his father's remains, no one, not even aged persons who had been present at the late King's funeral, could say accurately where they were laid. In 1823, some repairs and alterations being made below the surface of the choir of St. George's Chapel, the workmen accidentally knocked away a portion of the end of the vault of Henry VIII, and within were seen three coffins, two only, it was supposed, having been there before.

Sir Henry Halford, then Court physician, has given a description of the remains of this hitherto unknown coffin. On removing the pall a plain leaden coffin, bearing the inscription 'King Charles, 1648,' in large legible characters on a scroll of lead encircling it, immediately presented itself to view. Within the leaden coffin was found one of wood, very much decayed. The body of the King was carefully wrapped up in cere-cloth. On disengaging the face from its covering, the shape of the face was a long oval, and it bore a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially to the pictures of Charles I by Vandyke.

On holding up the head to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the head had evidently retracted themselves considerably, and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify Charles I.

Instead of being buried in the Stuart vault of Westminster Abbey, the body of Charles I, after being carried to Windsor, rests in the Tudor grave of Henry VIII and of Queen Jane Seymour, that King's third wife, and the mother of Edward VI. Sir H. Halford's account was published by Murray, 1833.

April 2, 1887.

ROBERT DINGLEY, M.A., MINISTER OF BRIXTON, ISLE OF WIGHT,

A.D. 1653–1659.

I.

Brixton, so the name is spelt in the parish registers, which date from 1566, and sometimes Brixstone, though in the registers of the Bishop it is spelt Brighstone, and now more frequently Brightstone, is one of the most picturesque villages on the south coast of the Isle of Wight. Sheltered by the over-hanging hills from the cold winds, it has a near prospect of the sea, and yet is not near enough to present those squalid and untidy features which mark so many seaside villages. One thing indeed is wanting without which a typical English village hardly seems complete. There is no stately home, either ancient or modern, standing amidst the 'tall ancestral trees,' indicating the residence of the lord of the soil. From very early times this parish formed part of the Manor of Swainston, and until a very recent date it has followed the fortunes of that estate. It is now the property of Charles Seely, Esq., of Brooke House. The result of this state of things has been that the squire of the parish has always been non-resident. In a purely agricultural place, the fact that there is no 'great house' within its limits gives more importance and dignity to the rectory-house.

The parsonage or rectory-house, standing close to the Decorated church in the midst of its delightful pleasaunce fragrant with flowers, is, with its surroundings, a lovely spot, and full of links with the past. The benefice, which is still in the hands of the Bishop of Winchester, is mentioned in the Dean's report to Bishop Woodlock, A.D. 1306, as having belonged to Calbourne as the mother-church. Warm disputes arose between the respective rectors before the independence of Brixton was established in the middle of Edward the Third's reign. The controversy reached such a height at one time, that the parish was placed by the Bishop under the jurisdiction of the Rector of Gatcombe till the differences could be settled. All however that makes Brixton Rectory House an object of so much interest to the English Churchman belongs to the period after the Reformation. To its great honour it has sheltered more famous ecclesiastics and men of letters than any other parsonage in the Isle of Wight. It was the house of the saintly Bishop Ken (Rector of the parish from July 6, 1667, till April 12, 1669), where, removed from the observation of all but his small, confiding flock, he again exercised himself in the duties of the Christian ministry till recalled by Bishop Morley to Winchester. Here Samuel, third son of the philanthropic William Wilberforce, brought his young wife and aged father, to whom Brixton rectory was one of those delightful asylums, where after his money troubles he spent the closing years of 'that calm old age on which he entered with the elasticity of youth and the simplicity of childhood. . . . Climbing with delight to the top of the chalk downs or of an intermediate terrace, or walking long on the unfrequented shore.' In this quiet spot from 1830 to 1840 did Bishop Wilberforce spend the opening decade of his bustling and much occupied public life, and under a pear-tree in its garden wrote his *Agathos.* In the interval between his resignation of the headmastership of Winchester School and his elevation to the See of Salisbury Dr. Moberly was rector of this parish from 1866 to 1869, and published a volume with the title *Sermons at Brightstone*, 1869. The present Rector, Canon William Edward Heygate, is a learned theologian, and the author of many well-known devotional works, religious stories, and allegories.

To this list of clergymen of note who have been rectors of Brixton may be added that of a learned and 'painful'—that is, painstaking—Puritan divine, Robert Dingley, M.A., who was, during Cromwell's Protectorate, as he calls himself in the preface to one of his books, 'Minister of the Word at Brixton in the Isle of Wight, formerly Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.' A mistaken notion still lingers in some quarters that the Puritan clergy were men of low extraction, ill-bred, and uneducated—coarse and snuffling fanatics. They were men of as good, if not higher, birth than their brethren who belonged to the Laudian or Royalist party. At the beginning of the disputes between Charles I and the Parliament the more educated among the county gentlemen of England were opposed to the clergy who followed that prelate. They were not Puritans, but disposed to follow the ordinary faith of their forefathers. They disliked innovations, and though Laud was enabled to carry his purpose, they disliked the removal of the holy table from the middle of the church and its being placed altar-wise against the east wall. The attacks of the higher clergy upon Puritanism only irritated the upper middle classes and led to increased sympathy with those who were attacked. Sir John Dingley of Wolverton the father of Robert was a member of this class; he was one of the gentlemen who, according to Sir John Oglander (*Memoirs*, p. 23), lived well and belonged to the ordinary at Newport. Sir John, the first knight of the family of the Wolverton Dingleys, had married Jane, daughter of Dr. John Hammond of Chertsey, physician to Prince Henry and formerly Professor of Greek at Cambridge. Lady Dingley was therefore sister of the learned and royalist divine, Dr. Henry Hammond. In consequence of the influence of his wife and her friends Sir John Dingley, so Oglander says (*Memoirs*, p. 93), lived near London and seldom in the Isle of Wight. Sir John Dingley, probably on account of his father being Deputy-Lieutenant of the Isle of Wight under Sir George Carey, at the command of the Governor of the Island, the Earl of Pembroke, drew up and presented a not very favourable report of the Island and its inhabitants in 1642, which may be read in Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* pp. 111–114). In this disparaging document he accuses the clergy of the Island as being 'loose and idle livers who neglect their charge.' There was probably some exaggeration in this wholesale accusation. Alexander Ross, Vicar of Carisbrooke at that time, was at any rate an industrious and diligent writer of books. Still no doubt in remote places too many of the clergy were unhappily of the class of the incumbents of Eaton Constantine, a village near the Wrekin in Shropshire, under whose adverse influences Richard Baxter came in his youth, 'one of whom was an actor who left the stage for the pulpit, another an attorney's clerk who had sotted himself into such poverty that he was obliged to take orders for a maintenance, and similar characters, who read common prayer on Sundays and holy-days and tippled on the week-days, and whipped the boys when they were drunk, so that we changed them very oft.' Along with these scandals good and true men were to be found within the borders of the National Church, as well as without it. The latter half of the seventeenth century was a time of great theological learning. It was a time of many sects and much fanaticism, which Thomas Edwards has preserved in his repulsive catalogue of the *Errors of the Sectaries*. But it was also then that men like Hall and Usher, Lightfoot and Pocock, Owen and Baxter, Manton and Goodwin, Brian Walton and Patrick Young, were putting forth their laborious treatises. It was then that gigantic undertakings like the *Critici Sacri*, Pole's *Synopsis*, and Walton's *Polyglott*, were projected, and found a patronage which probably no age before or since could have yielded. It was then too that such noble contributions were made to our sacred literature as Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, Baxter's *Saint's Everlasting Rest*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Paradise Lost*.

Robert Dingley's lot in life was cast with these stirring times of religious thought—a militant age; and, as everything militant bears evil traces of the battle, not one that set forth the Gospel principles of peace and good-will among men, yet of undoubted earnestness and sincerity. He was born in Surrey in the year 1619, and in 1634 he matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford, at the age of fifteen. His health was weak, as it appears from the College Register that on that account he had an 'indefinite license' to come and go away. He however took his degree in Arts, and was elected a Fellow of the College in 1638. He entered Holy Orders, and became, so Anthony Wood says, 'a great observer of Church ceremonies, and a remarkable bower at the altar whenever he came into the College Chapel. But soon after, the Presbyterians carrying all before, he, as a vain man, became an enemy to those things which before he had a zeal for, and for the love he bore to the cause became, by the favour of his cousin, Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, Rector of Brightestone, *alias* Brixton, or Brison, in the said Isle, where he was much frequented by the godly party for his practical way of preaching, and hated by the Royalists for his activity in rejecting such that were by some called ignorant and scandalous ministers and schoolmasters during the time that he was assistant to the Commissioners of Hampshire, *an.* 1654–1655.'

The insinuation of Wood that Robert Dingley was a time-server who watched the turn of the tide is unfair. Such transitions from one hostile camp to the other are common enough in times of fierce religious strife. The new convert shows far more rancour and bitterness against his former friends than the open and consistent foe. A man who has changed sides has a sore temptation to prove the reality of his allegiance to the party he has joined by strong denunciations of those whom he has deserted. Prosperity was fatal to Puritanism by revealing its bitter, persecuting, sectarian character. It is sad to admit that so good and earnest a man as Dingley appears to have been should have been mixed up with the inquisitorial proceedings of the Hampshire Commissioners in their dealings with the persecuted clergy of the Church, but there is no reason for supposing that his abandonment of his youthful prepossessions was not disinterested, or was the result of wounded vanity and disappointment.

February 8, 1890.

II.

When in the year 1653 Robert Dingley at the age of thirty-five left the quiet haunts of Magdalen College and its walk and park for the still quieter retirement of Brixton, England had for six or seven years been passing through a revolution, the extent and severity of which is often underrated because of the rapidity and completeness of the reaction which followed on the Restoration. The storm of revolutionary fury beat very heavily on the National Church. In defiance of every principle of civil and religious liberty—principles unknown in those days—the Puritan enemies of the Anglican Church had skilfully employed themselves in stamping out its very existence. Their policy was more 'thorough' than even that of Laud and Strafford in the other direction had been. The spiritual life of the Church of England lies in her liturgy. The Prayer Book was therefore the great point of Puritan assault. The Book of Common Prayer was not allowed in public worship; the clergy who refused to abandon its use were ejected from their livings. The Directory, as the Presbyterian form of discipline and worship was called, replaced the Prayer Book, which was forbidden to be used in family prayers under severe penalties. The titles of Nonconformists and Conformists changed places. The loya Churchman was in the eyes of the Puritan a malignant or scandalous Nonconformist. The Puritan who rigidly conformed to what was to all intents and purposes a Parliamentary religion, the creation and the creature of the State, became a stanch Churchman. In 1645 the 'Directory for the public worship of God in the three kingdoms' was established by ordinance of Parliament. Not to observe the Directory by a further ordinance subjected the minister to a fine of 40*s*., while to do or say anything in opposition, derogation, or depraving of the said book might be punished by a fine of £5 or £50 at the discretion of the magistrate. The Directory was an abridgement of Calvin's *Form of Service*, as copied in John Knox's *Book of Common Order*. Everything that could recall the devotional language of the Prayer Book was carefully expunged. In place of the solemn service for the Burial of the Dead, which has comforted so many a sorrowing mourner's heart, the stern requirement of the Directory was: 'When any person departeth this life let the body, upon the day of burial, be decently attended from the house to the place appointed for public burial, and there immediately be interred, without any ceremony.' The people of Brixton were probably very indifferent as to these changes. Their children were baptized in Church according to the service laid down in the Directory, the father presenting the child to the minister, or, in the case of the father's absence, some Christian friend in his place. They were married before the nearest Justice of the Peace, since according to the ordinance of 1653 no other mode was allowed to be valid. The order which required that Christmas should not be kept would no doubt be an irritation. They who had grumbled at the surplice would not be altogether satisfied with the Geneva gown. Sacerdotalism is more than a mere matter of vestments. As John Milton found that 'Presbyter was only priest writ large,' so Robert Dingley's parishioners would feel that the new minister was more of a clerical despot than the old-fashioned parson. Otherwise things would go on much the same as before. The clergy were not so pliant as their flocks. At Brixton, Hopton Sydenham, D.D., who, it may be assumed, was of the family of the Governor of the Island, of that name, became rector in 1653 and was ejected, presumably because of his disobedience to the regulations of the Directory. Sydenham's predecessor was Hugh Thompson, rector from 1647 to 1653, of whom no record remains.

At Oxford the Puritan visitors pursued the same course as elsewhere; a strong guard was placed at their disposal at the end of March, 1648, when the expulsion of all the heads of Colleges (except Paul Hood, Rector of Lincoln, and Gerard Langbaine, Provost of Queen's) was promptly carried out. At Dingley's College (Magdalen) the learned Puritan, Thomas Goodwin, was appointed president. On the appointment of the new president of his College, Dingley, who had already gone over to the Presbyterians, published his first book, entitled *The Spiritual taste described*, 8vo, London, 1649. 'Before which book,' writes Anthony Wood, 'is the portrait of the author, fat and jolly, in a Presbyterian gown, engraved by T. Clark.' This book came out in 1651 with this title, *Divine relishes of matchless goodness*, with a commendatory letter from the recluse President of Magdalen, Thomas Goodwin.

This, Dingley's first literary production, was followed by *The Deputation of Angels, or the Angel Guardian: proved by the dim light of nature, clear beams of Scriptures, and consent of many ancient and modern writers, untainted with Popery. Cleared from many rubs and mistakes; the critical queries of antagonists examined, untied, applied and improved.*

By the kindness of my friend and parishioner, William Spickernell, Esq., who possesses a copy of this curious book, I have been enabled to study its contents. The book is dedicated to Col. Sydenham, Governor of the Isle of Wight, the Lord Commissioner Lisle, Col. Robert Hammond, and Major Bowreman, Deputy Governor of the Isle of Wight.

The dedication is dated 'from my study at Brixton, June 1, 1654.' In it the writer, evidently with reference to the 'Barebones Parliament,' and Cromwell's contemptuous dismissal of it, declares with a loyalty to the Lord Protector and with a strongly pronounced judgement on such deliberative assemblies, which would have satisfied Mr. Carlyle, that 'Parliaments, if frequent, are good physick, if continual bad food, and like standing pools cannot keep long without corruption, and an ill cream of selfishness and faction.'

It may appear to some, that the doctrine of angels was an alien subject to Puritan theologians, but the writer of a suggestive paper on 'The Ministry of Angels' (*Expositor*, series 1, vol. viii. p. 410) shows that it was a topic on which the old Puritan divines liked to expatiate. In this matter of the intervention of angels we should be on our guard against two extremes—the unthinking credulity, which says it must be so, and the vulgar incredulity, which pronounces it cannot be so, and confine ourselves to it may be so.

Are the angels of whom Scripture speaks, it has been asked, real personalities, or personifications recording the impression which outward objects stamped upon the minds of the old Hebrew psalmists and prophets? Some have supposed that what we see working around us are not mere blind forces of nature, but beings to whom natural phenomena are a veil concealing their operations. In the words of a devout and eloquent writer of our own times: 'Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven.' This view in fact assumes that the whole mechanism of the universe is ordinarily carried on by the administration of angels. It is a theory which has its difficulties and goes beyond what is revealed in Scripture, but it is not such an absurdity as it appears to those who walk by sight and not by faith, and who with the old Sadducees assert that there is 'no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit.' Reason is not contradicted by the supposition that there are other created spiritual intelligences in the universe besides man, or in the belief in the existence of rational beings in other planets. Why should it be thought impossible to believe that there are beings who minister to the unseen Lord of the whole earth, and who are interested in the well-doing of men? Man has never been able to persuade himself that the whole world beyond his ken is peopled only with physical forces, which act blindly and care nothing for him. It is not well to set this instinctive faith at naught, but rather to inquire whether its manifold mistakes and false apprehensions may not conceal some precious truths hereafter to be revealed.

It may be that in another world all the scattered elements of our instinctive religious faith will appear in all their balanced fullness. And so the poet's words may come true in another sense than what he intended them, and we shall find that—

> 'With the morn those angel faces smile
> Which we have lov'd long since and lost awhile.'

The *Deputation of Angels* was followed by *Messiah's Splendour, or the Glimpsed Glory of a Beauteous Christian*, 4to, London, 1649.—*Divine Optics, or a treatise of the eye, discovering the vices and virtues thereof, and also how that organ may be tuned*, 8vo, London, 1655.—*Vox Coeli, or philosophical, historical, and theological observations of thunder, with a more general view of God's wonderful works*, 8vo, London, 1658, in which year Dingley also published a sermon on Job xxvi. 14, in 8vo. In some of these numerous works Dingley came into collision with 'the people called Quakers.' The Puritans, after they had laid low the Church of England and placed the Prayer Book on their index of prohibited books, had to contend with new antagonists. The Owens, and Baxters, and Goodwins, in all their pride of place and station were deeply mortified by this insurrection against their authority. George Fox, a strange young man, who knew no book but his Bible, who could scarcely write, and who stood up clad in a leather jerkin, announced himself as the great Reformer and prophet of the age. This extraordinary man retaliated upon Dingley by animadverting on his doctrines, as Wood says, in his *Great mystery of the Great Whore unfolded*, &c., London, 1659.

At that date the pen fell from the hand of the busy writer, for in the beginning of 1659 Robert Dingley died at his peaceful rectory-house. On a stone in the chancel of Brighstone Church is this inscription: 'Heare lyeth ye body of Mr. Robert Dingley, minister of this place, 2d son of Sir John Dingley, Kt., who dyed in ye 40th year of his age, on ye 12th of January, 1659.'

According to Oglander (*Memoirs*, pp. 93, 94) one of Dingley's sisters "maryed Mr. Barnabye Leygh, ye brother of Sir John Leygh, whoe dwelt at Wellowe neare Thorley." Another sister "maryed John Earlsman of Calberon."

Dingley appears to have been a good specimen of the more learned Puritans. He had none of the lofty eloquence of his brother Fellow of Magdalen College—John Howe—the greatest, according to Robert Hall, of the Puritan divines. Dingley's style, to judge from the *Deputation of Angels*, is academic and correct, full of endless subdivisions which make it cumbersome, yet at the same time distinguished by calmness and self-possession. He was a Presbyterian. The course of the old English Presbyterians has been very different to that of their brethren in Scotland. The great body of modern Presbyterians in England hold a theological creed very alien to that of the framers of the Westminster Confession. The fall of Puritan Presbyterianism in England coincides with the date of Dingley's death. It did not survive the death of Cromwell, inclined though the Lord Protector was to the party of the 'Sectaries,' as the Presbyterians called their opponents. Presbyterianism was in great measure based upon the theology of the Westminster Confession, as practically set forth in the Scotch League and Covenant with its sectarian technicalities. According to this theory Englishmen were the Lord's people—a people dedicated to Him by a solemn covenant, and whose end as a nation was to carry out His will. A grand and fertile idea, spoiled by fatal prosperity. Under that most trying of all tests the Puritan ideal failed. What was grotesque, narrow, and unreal in that element which Puritanism has contributed to the formation of the character of Englishmen must be made manifest through its success, if in no other way. Puritanism, divested of its fierce intolerance, has left precious legacies behind it; but if Church and State are ever to be secure, according to the vision of Hooker, Bacon, and Burke, only two different aspects of one and the same body, that result will not take the shape in which the old Puritans tried to mould their strong convictions. Nothing in this world comes back in the same form in which it previously existed. The Puritanism of Dingley and his associates will never be revived.

February 15, 1890.

SIR HENRY VANE A PRISONER IN CARISBROOKE CASTLE, A.D. 1655.

To the kindness of the Rector of Brighstone I am indebted for the following extract from the diary of that model country gentleman, John Evelyn, who, born in 1620, died at the family estate of Wootton, full of years and honour, in 1706.

'1655, Sep. 14th. Now was old Sir Henry Vane sent to Carisbrooke Castle in Wight, for a foolish book he published; the Protector fortifying himself exceedingly, and sending many to prison.'

I had seen it stated that Sir Henry Vane was imprisoned by Cromwell in Carisbrooke Castle, but till Mr. Heygate communicated the notice in Evelyn's valuable diary I was not aware upon what authority the fact of Vane's imprisonment rested.

It adds to the many associations which surround our Island fortress, to call to mind that in 'Carisbrooke's narrow case' one of the strongest opponents of Charles I shared for a time, seven years after the death of the royal captive, the same lot as the unhappy King. Most people only know Vane as the man from whom Cromwell prayed to be delivered. His memory deserves a better fate than the words which have given his name so wide a currency. Few of his contemporaries were his intellectual superiors. The main interest of his character lies in the fact that he represents a not uncommon type of mind in the present day. He was a man of a singularly pure, gentle, and generous spirit, and cherished an enthusiastic, though misty belief in God and human nature. He points the moral of the loss which a man sustains from not having a fixed and settled creed. He put his hand to many enterprises, and scarcely one of them succeeded. He lived and died, so far as human judgement can see, without bringing the world one step nearer to that New Jerusalem descending from heaven, which formed one of the chief of those articles of belief which he framed for himself, and yet he went down to the grave full of faith and hope, and firmly expecting the swift and certain triumph of the strange opinions which he had adopted. His intellectual powers were weakened by his vagueness of thought and want of the power of adapting means to ends. He was deficient in that saving sense of humour which might have restrained this tendency to a kind of glorified verbosity, grotesque sentimentalisms, and unintelligible theological millenarian dreams, which marred his work and discredited his reputation for sagacity and his great abilities.

Henry Vane was born in 1612 at his father's seat of Hadlow Manor in Kent, 'kindly for hops' and much covered with spreading oaks and broad hedge-rows. The year in which Vane entered the world was that on which Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I, died. Henry, who died when he was only eighteen, had showed at that early age Puritan leanings to such an extent that the rhyme,

> 'Henry the Eighth pulled down the abbots and cells,
> But Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and bells,'

was common on the lips of those who desired to complete what they considered the reformation of the National Church.

Henry Vane was sent to Westminster School, which had been founded by the munificence of Queen Elizabeth in 1560, and here he shared the hardships and roughness of the dormitory life of that famous school till he was sixteen. From Westminster he entered as a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, but old Anthony à Wood says that when he should have matriculated as member of the University, and taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, he quitted his gown, put on a cloak, and studied, notwithstanding, for some time in that hall. The boy is father to the man. In this aversion to academic regulations is a prophecy of his future restlessness and impulsiveness. Clarendon records that Vane did not live 'with great exactness' at the University, 'although he was under the care of a very worthy tutor.' The loyalist historian can hardly mean to imply that Vane, like other young men of rank and fortune at all times, made a residence at Oxford merely an opportunity for amusing himself, for such an insinuation is contradicted by other trustworthy evidence. In the closing years of his life Vane admitted and deplored that in early youth he was prone to the vanities of this world. He was able to add however that his conscience having been awakened he repented him of his shortcomings, 'desiring to walk in all good conscience toward God and toward man, according to the best light and understanding that God gave me.'

After leaving Oxford he went for a tour on the Continent, passing through Holland and France, and sojourning for a time in Geneva. On his returning home, in 1632, Sir Tobias Matthew, who was an inmate of his father's house, writes that the younger Vane's 'French is good, his discourse discreet, his fashion comely and fair.' Geneva appears to have given him an aversion to the liturgy and discipline of the Church of England, which was a distress to his father. The elder Vane, who was Comptroller of the Household and Secretary of State to Charles I, had entertained the King, when he went in 1633 to be crowned in Scotland in great state at Raby Castle in Durham.

The young Vane complained bitterly that he could not find a clergyman who would administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to him standing. Such ceremonial scruples seemed frivolous to his father, who enlisted the services of Laud, who was then Bishop of London, to combat the young man's objections. It was a misfortune for the youthful and impetuous disputant to fall into the hands of so fussy and narrow-minded a controversialist as Laud. Had he come in contact with Chillingworth, or Hales, or the other large-hearted and liberal-minded churchmen who gathered round Lord Falkland in the conferences at Great Tew, the result might have been different. To a man sincerely opposed as Vane was to all narrowness, and keenly alive to the need of religious comprehensiveness, the communion of the Church of England was the proper and natural spiritual home. In the sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion which marks the formularies of that Church Vane might have escaped from those Fifth-Monarchy views which he so warmly took up. The phrase 'Fifth-Monarchy,' which occurs very often in the history of the civil war in England, requires some explanation. According to a well-known treatment of universal history the world has seen four great monarchies—the Assyrian monarchy of Nebuchadnezzar, the Persian of Cyrus, the Greek of Alexander, and the Roman. Under this last or Roman monarchy, which is maintained yet by the express name of 'Holy Roman Empire' in Germany, the modern nations of the world were supposed to live. According to Vane and those who adopted his views there was then coming upon this distracted earth a Fifth Monarchy in the monarchy of Jesus Christ, His saints reigning for Him here upon earth, if not He Himself, which was probable or possible, for a thousand years. These doctrines were put forth by Sir Henry Vane in various publications. The most remarkable of these bears the following title: *The Retired Man's Meditations on the Mysterie and Power of Godliness shining forth in the Living Word to the unmasking the Mysterie of Iniquity, in the most refined and purest forms, in which old light is restored and new light justified, being the witness which is given to this age.* By Henry Vane, Knight, 4to, 1655. In this strange book he discusses 'the creation, nature, and ministry of angels,' 'the tree of knowledge of good and evil,' and 'the thousand years' reign of Christ,' which last discussion, though it might be supposed to be the Fifth-Monarchy man's strong subject, is said by those who have read Vane's book to be the most unintelligible of the whole.

With some of the Fifth-Monarchy notions fermenting in his brain young Vane desired to go to New England. Charles I approved of this scheme, and gave him leave to proceed to Massachusetts in America, which had become an English colony under a Royal charter. Here in 1620 the 'Pilgrim Fathers' in the *Mayflower*, consisting of about 120 families, had formed their first settlement. Induced by the 'good news' which the first founders of the colony sent home to England, on October 6, 1635, Vane landed at Boston in Massachusetts—that land of promise where his soul would not be vexed by the sight of the surplice, or his ears offended by the language of the Book of Common Prayer. He was accompanied by the Rev. Hugh Peters, who afterwards became chaplain to Cromwell, and who after the 'crowning mercy of Worcester' whispered to himself of my Lord General, 'This man will be King of England yet.' The Pilgrim Fathers, as Winthrop recorded in his *History of New England*, were so impressed with the condescension of the young son and heir of Sir Henry Vane, the comptroller of the King's house, taking up his abode with them that though only twenty-four years of age they elected him as their governor. The youthful ruler did not find his dignified office a bed of roses. The infant colony was far from being a nest of doves; many squabbles arose, which are related by Robertson and more modern historians of America. The majority had a superstitious dread of the sign of the cross wherever it might appear, and plucked down the red cross flag of St. George. An honest sailor made a remark that the people of Massachusetts were rebels and traitors, because the King's colours were not hoisted at the fort. This remark gave great trouble to the governor, who by some casuistical arguments persuaded the malcontents to sanction the display of what they held to be an idolatrous symbol.

Another and a still angrier controversy raged through Boston soon after Vane was placed in his responsible office. A certain Mrs. Hutchinson was at the bottom of it. She is called by the Rev. Thomas Welde, a contemporary Puritan clergyman, 'a woeful woman,' not unnaturally, since she had called him and his brethren 'Baal's priests, Popish factors, scribes, pharisees, and opposers of Christ Himself.' Vane, who seems to have been carried about with every wind of doctrine, provided that it did not blow in the direction of the Church of England, adopted the speculative theological notions of Mrs. Hutchinson's own, which the clergy of New England accounted dangerous and heretical. At the annual election of the governor the angry passions of the contending factions in Massachusetts rose to a high pitch. The Rev. John Wilson climbed a tree and harangued the electors, denouncing the party which supported Vane. The upshot was that Vane embarked for his native country in August, 1637, accompanied by Lord Ley, the eldest son of James, Earl of Marlborough, whose sister, Lady Margaret Ley, commemorated in Milton's sonnet, was married to Captain Hobson of the Isle of Wight. So closed Vane's career in the New World, where he left more enemies than friends behind him, and was denounced as one of those dark turbulent spirits doomed to embroil every society into which they enter. On his return to England Vane married Frances, the daughter of Sir Christopher Wray, Bart., and in 1640 was knighted, and sat for the borough of Kingston-upon-Hull in the Long Parliament. He took an active part in the impeachment of Strafford. According to Clarendon, Vane and his father were offended—'because the Lord Strafford had been created Baron of Raby, the house and land of Vane (which title had been promised himself, but it was unluckily cast upon the Earl purely out of contempt to Vane), they sucked in all the thoughts of revenge imaginable.' This statement of Clarendon is hardly consistent with the undoubted disinterestedness of the younger Vane. Though a leader of the Independents and one of their representatives as Parliamentary Commissioners for the treaty of Newport, he did not approve of the force put upon the Parliament by the Army, nor of the King's execution.

Vane was one of those who would not submit to Cromwell's arbitrary proceedings. When on April 20, 1653, 'the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings,' and with two files of musqueteers drove out the Commons, Vane exclaimed, 'This is not honest! Yea it is against morality and common honesty,' whereupon Cromwell fell railing at him, crying out with a loud voice, 'O, Sir Henry Vane—Sir Henry Vane—the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!' In 1656, when, as Cromwell said in his speech to Parliament, 'the endeavours between the Fifth-Monarchy men and the Commonwealth men' had failed, Vane's hostility to Cromwell's government displayed itself in a book published by him and entitled *A Healing question propounded and resolved*. In consequence of his 'foolish book,' as Evelyn records, Vane was imprisoned in Carisbrooke Castle. Cromwell appears to refer to this in the speech just quoted, when he says, 'I know there are some imprisoned in the Isle of Wight, Cornwall, and elsewhere; and the cause of their imprisonment was that they were all found acting things which tended to the disturbance of the Peace of the Nation.' No details are given of the imprisonment of Vane, when Colonel Sydenham was Governor of the Isle of Wight and Captain of Carisbrooke Castle. After Richard Cromwell's abdication the Long Parliament, which had been restored by a general council of the officers of the Army, constituted Sir Henry Vane one of the Committee of Safety, and also a member and afterwards president of the Council of State.

At the Restoration the Convention Parliament had consented to the exception of Vane from indemnity on the King's promise that he should not suffer death. Vane, it should be kept in mind, was no regicide; he had not signed the death-warrant of Charles I, or sat when sentence was pronounced. He had lain in the Tower without being brought to trial, but in the second parliament of Charles II the attorney-general was requested to proceed against Vane. 'The condemnation of Sir Henry Vane,' so writes Hallam, was 'very questionable even according to the letter of the law. It was plainly repugnant to its spirit.' A full account of the proceedings will be found in the second volume of the *State Trials*. The judges proceeded beyond all bounds of constitutional precedent when they determined that Charles II had been King *de facto* as well as *de jure* from the moment of his father's death. This is clearly shown by Hallam, who adds that 'the King violated his promise by the execution of Vane, as much as the judges strained the law by his conviction.' The sentence was that he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn; but in the order for his execution, the manner of his death was altered into a beheading on Tower Hill, which took place on June 14, 1662. Thus at the age of fifty perished one who was equally an object of dislike to the profligate Charles II, the stern, earnest-hearted soldier-preacher Cromwell, and the bigoted and acrimonious Puritans of Massachusetts. 'Yet it should be remembered,' to use the language of Hallam, 'that he was not only incorrupt, but disinterested, inflexible in conforming his public conduct to his principles, and averse to every sanguinary and oppressive measure; qualities not common in revolutionary chiefs.' Equally with Hallam does Sir James Mackintosh render justice to Vane's heroic devotion to duty, and fully appreciate his great abilities.

Vane was a friend of John Milton, who addressed him in the sonnet which begins with the words 'Vane young in years, but in sage counsel old'; and in the magnificent passage in the speech of the chorus in *Samson Agonistes*, beginning with 'God of our fathers,' Milton refers to the execution of Sir Henry Vane, where in line 695 he speaks of the 'unjust tribunals.'

Warton, in his notes to *Milton*, says that Bishop Burnet 'in vain tried to penetrate the darkness of Vane's creed'; he believed himself, so the bishop said, to be the person delegated by God to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years, and also held that the devil and the damned would be saved. It may well be doubted whether the worthy matter-of-fact Scotch prelate could interpret the theological ideas of the visionary enthusiast, Vane, more correctly than the contemporary pamphleteers, who nicknamed him Sir Humorous Vanity. Amidst much confusion of thought Vane had evidently an intensely strong belief in an actual and righteous government of the world. Connected with this belief was one in a communication of God's spirit to man, which produced effects that to Burnet, and others unlike him, seemed mere fanaticism. For instance, to Mr. Carlyle (*Cromwell*, vol. ii. p. 306) Vane appears—'the friend of Milton, that is almost the only answer that can now be given. A man one rather finds of light fibre, this Sir Henry Vane. Grant all manner of purity and elevation; subtle high discourse, much intellectual and practical dexterity; there is an amiable, devoutly zealous, very pretty man; but not a royal man; alas, no! On the whole, rather a thin man. Whom it is even important to keep strictly subaltern. Whose tendency towards the abstract, or temporary theoretic, is irresistible; whose notion of the concrete, in which always lies the perennial, is by no means that of a giant, or some practical king. whose astonishing subtlety of intellect conducts him not to new clearness, but to ever new abstruseness, wheel within wheel; depth under depth; marvellous temporary empire of the air;—wholly vanished now, and without meaning to any mortal. My erudite friend, the astonishing intellect that occupies itself in splitting hairs, and not in twisting some kind of cordage and effectual draft tackle to take the road with, is not to me the most astonishing of intellects! And if, as is probable, it gets into new fanaticisms, becomes irrecognizant of the perennial, because not dressed in the fashionable temporary, becomes self-secluded, atrabiliar, and perhaps, shrill-voiced, and spasmodic—what can you do but get away from it with a prayer, "The Lord deliver me from thee." I cannot do with thee. I want twisted cordage, steady pulling, and a deep bass tone of voice; not split hairs, hysterical spasmodics, and treble; thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee.' This passage is a very characteristic specimen of Mr. Carlyle's style, but it is not one of his happiest efforts. In his idolatry of Cromwell Mr. Carlyle, man of genius as he was, could not decipher the character of one who was led to a different conception of the spiritual world and of the kingdom of darkness from that which satisfied Cromwell and the ordinary Puritan champions of the Commonwealth. Vane held to the assurance that good would triumph at the last. On the scaffold he compared Tower Hill to Mount Pisgah, where Moses went to die, in full assurance of being immediately placed at the right hand of Christ.

Vane left two daughters and two sons, the youngest of whom, Christopher, was raised to the peerage by William III, by letters patent, with the title of Baron Barnard of Barnard Castle in the Bishopric of Durham, and was the ancestor of the present Duke of Cleveland, who bears the name of Vane and is also Viscount and Baron Barnard of Barnard Castle.

March 5, 1887.

His Grace the Duke of Cleveland, to whom I applied by letter for any documentary information which might be found in the muniment room of Raby Castle with regard to the imprisonment of his ancestor, Sir Henry Vane, in Carisbrooke Castle, has with very kind and prompt courtesy sent me the accompanying answer. 'I am afraid that I am unable to give you any information respecting the imprisonment of

Sir Henry Vane in Carisbrooke Castle. There is nothing to be found respecting it in the muniment room at Raby Castle. A good many of the papers of Sir Henry Vane were mislaid and scattered in the end of the last century. I am sorry that I cannot give you any information on the point which you seek.'

In the absence of any documents in Raby Castle, the scanty notices in Evelyn's *Diary* and Thurlow's *State Papers* appear to be the only sources of information about that episode in the chequered career of that remarkable man, Sir Henry Vane.

March 12, 1887.

THE PURITAN PULPIT IN CARISBROOKE CHURCH, A.D. 1658.

THE old pulpit in Carisbrooke Church, put up in 1658, as is recorded in gilt numerals on the wooden frame at the back which supports the sounding-board, has, I may perhaps be forgiven for mentioning, an interest to myself personally. Just two centuries after the erection of that pulpit, in 1858, I became Vicar of Carisbrooke. This curious relic of the past has a more than merely personal interest to myself, because it is associated with one of the most remarkable epochs in English history—the death of the Lord Protector Cromwell. In 1658, when in a mighty storm of wind, the howling and roaring of which could be heard in his sick-room, Cromwell died, Puritanism was in the ascendent. Dean Stanley, who in August, 1871, preached on the occasion of the restoration of Carisbrooke Church, with his usual keen perception of any local historical incident or feature, referred to the Puritan pulpit and its connexion with the far more ancient fabric of the church.

Some few particulars, which have been gathered from official documents still preserved in Queen's College, Oxford, respecting the first occupant of the Carisbrooke Puritan pulpit, serve to confirm the conclusion at which modern historical inquiry has slowly arrived, that the changes in the old order and arrangements of the Established Church were not so general or so thorough as might have been expected from the severity and bitterness of the struggle between the two contending religious parties. Time is gradually scattering the mists in which partisan writers, both on the Cavalier and Royalist and on the Puritan side, have enveloped this period of history, and we see that there was less of revolutionary violence than is often supposed. The great difference between the English Puritan revolution of the seventeenth century and that of France at the end of the eighteenth century was that the former was religious and the latter irreligious. Although in both countries their king was put to a violent death, the English people showed no disposition to undervalue the services of the Christian ministry, nor did they break off the ancient connexion between Church and State. A certain proportion of the Anglican clergy—it is not known how many—were personally disestablished and disendowed, but there was throughout the whole period an Established Church. The Puritans, whether Presbyterians or Independents, who had as determined opinions in favour of Church Establishment as the bishops themselves, simply stepped into the benefices from which the former possessors had been removed in consequence of the action taken by Parliament. For instance, in the Isle of Wight the clergymen of the parishes of Bonchurch, Brading, Calbourne, Freshwater, Gatcombe, Godshill, St. Lawrence, and Yaverland were superseded by Puritan ministers, of whom the best known are Buckler of Calbourne, one of Cromwell's chaplains, and Newnham of St. Lawrence, who is mentioned in the 'memorial' of Calamy, the biographer of the ejected ministers. In many country parishes matters went on much in the old groove, the village bells rang the country people to their Sunday worship, the churches were neither in town or country put to secular or common uses. In some places the inquisitorial Committee of Commissioners appointed by the Long Parliament, as one of them, William Dowsing of Stratford, relates in his curious journal which has been preserved, broke the windows of stained glass and the organs, levelled the chancels, and tore up the 'brazen superstitious inscriptions.' The damage which they did has been much exaggerated, and Cromwell, who in reality had not much to do with these proceedings of the Commissioners, has had to bear the blame of the mischief worked in some of our old churches by the neglect of subsequent incumbents and churchwardens. There is no evidence to show that any such ravages were committed in this island. Probably there was nothing in our churches to raise the indignation of the most scrupulous Puritan. The Puritan party—that is to say, the party of those who preferred a simpler and barer worship than that which was adopted by the reformed Church of England—had a stronghold in the Isle of Wight. Neal says (*Hist. of Puritans*, vol. i. p. 225): 'This Island was a place of resort for foreign Protestants and sea-faring men of all countries, which occasioned the habits and ceremonies, viz. cap, tippet, surplice, and wafer-bread, not to be strictly observed as in other places.'

The English nation itself was distinctly not Puritan, as is proved by the eagerness with which at the restoration of Charles II it threw off the yoke of the Puritan ascendency. Had it not been for the infatuated and high-handed policy of Archbishop Laud, backed by the bishops and dignified clergy, the people would not have had any quarrel with the Church of England. Englishmen as a rule are happily averse to all extremes, whether in politics or religion. They act upon the homely maxim of 'live and let live'; and this moderation and forbearance is one secret of our national greatness.

The House of Commons, especially in the earlier Parliaments of Charles I, fairly represented the convictions of the nation. The English gentlemen who composed that House were content to worship after the manner and belief of their forefathers. They abhorred all approach to what they held to be Romanism, but they had no addiction to the special teaching of the Puritan preachers. What they most disliked were the outrageous defences of the Royal prerogative put forth by some of the courtier clergy—their violent attempts to wrest the scriptures into witnesses that the sovereign was an irresponsible personage—and their threats of what must follow if there were any questioning of his right divine to govern, even in spite of law and precedent. Even in the Long Parliament, which assembled in November, 1640, one of the earliest votes of the Commons was a resolution that none should sit in their House but such as would receive the communion according to the usage of the Church of England. In the country too there was little or no nonconformity, except that sort of primitive Puritanism which consisted in aversion to some of the rites and ceremonies of the Church. So late as 1642 petitions from thirteen English and five Welsh counties largely signed were, so Hallam (*Const. Hist.* vol. i. p. 535) has shown, presented to Parliament, deprecating the abolition of Episcopacy and the liturgy. But at last the nation and the House of Commons were worried and driven wild by the pedantries and formalities of Laud, and the King's insincerity. Not only did the King put forth his prerogative to the overthrow of the old charters and laws of the land, and was supported in this by his clerical defenders, he also departed from his word once given in a way which no English gentleman could endure. The most conspicuous members of the House of Commons, stern, undemonstrative Englishmen, ashamed of betraying their feelings, actually burst into tears, we are told, on the great day of remonstrance when the King trafficked with words in a double sense, and they felt that they must put themselves in direct opposition to him. Men such as Lord Falkland, the patriotic member for Newport, I. W., tried to steer a middle course between two extremes. The leaders both of the Royalist and Parliamentary parties, unable to attain that calm and wise statesmanship which the crisis demanded, were hurried away into violent courses. Losing temper, they lost their heads also. The sword was drawn. With the breaking out of civil war, the Parliament bade farewell to all equitable consideration for those who were encouraging the party which had taken up arms against the House of Commons. On the day before Laud was illegally condemned for high treason an ordinance passed both Houses for the establishment of the new Puritan Directory, that is, of the

Presbyterian form of discipline and worship in England, and the use of the Book of Common Prayer was forbidden. By a law enacted soon after the Directory was enforced it was made penal to use the Book of Common Prayer even in household worship. The penalty was five pounds for the first and a hundred pounds for the third offence. This was in 1645, and from that date through the whole of the Protectorate to the restoration of Charles II in 1660 the Church had no existence, except in the persons of scattered and oppressed members who still clung to their proscribed faith and liturgy. The Church of the Puritans succeeded to the silenced Church of England, which, as Evelyn said of it, was 'reduced to a chamber and a conventicle,' and for fifteen years Puritanism as the established religion of England was supreme.

Lord Macaulay (*Hist. of England,* vol. i. p. 160), speaking of this period of bitter persecution, says, 'It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians.' It was a legal crime, but religious persecution by law rarely gets all its own way. Infractions of the law are winked at. There is ground for supposing that even in Cromwell's own family the Prayer Book was not a forbidden book to Lady Claypole, the Protector's favourite daughter. Cromwell himself, more generous than his party, protected a few churchmen. Archbishop Usher was still permitted to preach in London. Evidence also has been brought forward to show that in remote country parishes the clergy, though silenced, performed such ministrations as reading the burial and even the wedding services. Cromwell, who cared little about systems of Church government, was resolute in preserving the union of the Puritan Church with the State. As might be expected, many irregularities found their way into the ecclesiastical arrangements of the newly established Puritan Church. All manner of men were intruded into the vacated benefices, some of them very illiterate, and the mark of Arthur Okely, Rector of West Mersea, testifies that one of them at least could not write his name.

Cromwell, a born ruler of men, could not brook such disorders. His aim was to combine Church and State in one, or, as he himself called it, to set up a kingdom of God in England in matters both ecclesiastical and civil in place of the Stuart government which had been put down. Secure in the support of his soldiery, Cromwell, without the consent of the House of Commons, for which he had the utmost contempt, of his own authority framed an ordinance of Church government which was practically workable. The details of this scheme may be read in Carlyle's *Cromwell* (vol. iii. p. 56). By this ordinance of council in 1653 a board of 'triers,' as they were called, was appointed, to which was given without any restriction or limitations whatever the power of examining and approving or rejecting all persons that might thereafter be presented, chosen, nominated, or appointed to any living. As the 'triers' consisted of Presbyterians, Independents, with a few Baptists, it was tantamount to dividing the Church among these three religious bodies, so as to comprehend them all. Cromwell, however, held forth his measure as restrictive, and designed to restrain the excessive liberty that had previously existed, when any one who could might set up as a preacher, and so give himself a chance of obtaining a Church benefice.

At this point the documents which are preserved among the muniments of Queen's College, Oxford, come in. Herewith is a transcript of this roll of papers, for which I am indebted to the kindness of the present Provost of that College.

1–6. Documents about the obtaining the College rents in the Isle of Wight.

7. Apparently a list or description of three old deeds.

8, 9. The appointment of two different parties to collect the tithes of Carisbrooke and Northwood during the vacancy, owing to the death of Alexander Rosse, the last incumbent, dated Newport, June 26, and Hampton, June 29, 1654.

10. An undated petition from parishioners of Carisbrooke for a minister in the place of Mr. Alexander Rosse, deceased.

11. Ditto from Newport for an orthodox minister, 'wee having at this time none other but one, wee conceive infested with schism, as appeareth by his frequent seditious sermons,' &c.

12. One labelled May 10, 1654, the Vice-Chanc., Dr.

Owen, certificate on behalf of Mr. Crofts, of Carisbrooke, and running as follows:—'This is to certify yt whereas Mr. Crofts, who had for some season been preacher at Carisbrooke in ye Yle of Whight, was recommended to ye Commissioners appointed for ye approbation of publike preachers by sundry persons of honor, integrity, and godlinesse, as a man of holy and exemplary life and conversation, I did myself examine ye said Mr. Crofts before the Commissioners, and upon ye account given of himself and his abilitys, he was approved by us all, nemine contradicente, as a fit and able person for ye work of publike preaching ye gospel. Signed, JOHN OWEN.

'These are to certify whom it may concern that the provost and schollars of Queen's College in the University of Oxon, patron of the Vicaridge of Carisbrooke, with Newport and Norwood in the Isle of Wight, now voyd by the death of Alexander Rosse, late incumbent there, have constituted and appointed Mr. John Crofts, of Carisbrooke, aforesaid, to demand and receive all and all manner of tithes, which of right ought to be payd to the Vicar of the sayd church by the inhabitants of Carisbrooke aforesayd, and have grown due at any time since the death of the sayd Alexander Rosse, or shall hereafter become due in the time of the vacancy of the sayd church, so long as he, the sayd Mr. John Crofts, shall continue to descharge the cure there. In witness whereof, we, the Provost and Bursars of the sayd Colledge, have hereunto set our hands, June 26th, 1654. Signed at Newport, in the presence of Gerard Langbaine, Provost.'

'Memorandum. That it is not intended by this grant that Mr. Crofts shall have any power or right to receive or intermeddle with the tithes arising or due from any of the inhabitants of Newport or Norwood, or the chapells there, which are hereby excepted and reserved. N.B.—The persons appointed to receive the tithes of Norwood are John Lovell of Werror, Richard Taylor, now Churchwarden of Norwood, together with William Kurvill of the same, who were out of the sayde tithes to make a competent and proportionable allowance to Mr. Sparkes for his pains in descharge of the cure there, in the time of the vacancy, and to be accountable for the same to the next incumbent.'

These entries from the College records so illustrative of the period to which they relate are given in full because of their historical value. I had hoped to have made some remarks upon them, but my letter has already extended to such a length that, at any rate for the present, I offer them without any further comment to such of my readers as feel interested in that very remarkable epoch in English history—the Puritan ascendency.

January 30, 1886.

LORD COLEPEPER, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1660–1667.

Mr. John Richard Green, who has done much good service in making English history popular, has observed that 'no event ever marked a deeper or more lasting change in the temper of the English people than the entry of Charles II into Whitehall. With it modern England begins.' This is an exaggeration. There is no such gulf fixed between the statesmen of the period before the Restoration and those of our times as Mr. Green supposes. We have learnt that there is an orderly sequence of events in all human history. Everything is more or less the result of what has gone before. What Sir Isaac Newton said of the physical world, that 'Nature does not love leaps,' is true also of the moral world. It is convenient for certain purposes to divide history into ancient and modern, to distinguish between the Middle Ages and later constitutional history, and to mark the mighty change which was worked in the National Church of England as it existed before the Reformation and after the Reformation. But as the Church of England did not begin with the Reformation, no more does modern England begin with the Restoration. We cannot put our finger on any epoch in history when a new order of things may be said to begin, seeing that there is an order in all events, and a connexion between cause and effect. Men now living who can remember the passing of the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts and the granting of Roman Catholic emancipation have probably seen greater changes in the shifting of the centre of political power, the conception of government and the ends of government, along with the mode of regarding social and economical questions, than all the generations of men who lived between the Restoration of the Monarchy and the first Reform Bill. We cannot therefore say with Mr. Green that there is a substantial agreement as to the grounds of our political, our social, our intellectual and religious life between the views of the men who followed the Restoration and those which prevail in England as we see it in the present day.

At the Restoration of 1660 the current of national life, which had been during the Commonwealth forced into a new and strange channel, returned for the most part into the original bed in which it had for centuries been flowing. Cromwell, it must be kept in mind, helped somewhat to bring about this result. The longer he held his office of Protector, the less he showed a wish to make it dependent on the Army, the more he strove to connect it with such institutions as the country had known and recognized. He tried to get Parliaments and to get them fairly chosen, though he did not succeed well in this experiment. He wished to have a national church—a very broad church—consisting of Presbyterians, Baptists, and Independents; at the same time excluding indeed all those who were faithful to the Book of Common Prayer.

But let us not suppose the Restoration brought back all which the civil wars had taken away. The abolition of the tenure of knight service by one of the early Acts of Charles II's reign may have affected chiefly the greater landed proprietors, but it was a sign that feudalism had done its work and was in process of dissolution. The notion of doing without Parliament had passed out of the Stuart mind. Its power may be often inconvenient, but must be recognized. In casting up the accounts of the time these items must be taken into calculation. The notorious profligacy and corruption of the court must not usurp all our notice. A fermentation was taking place throughout England, of which this profligacy was one symptom, and of which there were other symptoms scarcely less melancholy. But if we look below the surface we shall see that the great middle class among the people of England were shaping themselves into a kind of order, and were determined to hold their own in the face of both courtiers and mobs.

We find instances of all this in the history of the Isle of Wight. A Governor is appointed once more by the Crown in succession to Hammond and Sydenham, who had retained their commissions of lieutenancy from Parliament. Thomas, Lord Colepeper, the son of the political associate of Hyde and Falkland, was unfortunately one of those cavaliers who, like the French Bourbons, 'had forgotten nothing nor learnt anything' during his exile from England. He was as arbitrary in his proceedings as his predecessor, Sir George Carey, and satisfied neither those whom he was set to rule nor those who appointed him. The gentlemen of the Island therefore presented a petition to the King and Council praying for redress. They accused him of having enclosed a great part of the forest of Parkhurst 'to the great damage and empoverishment of many poor people' who had enjoyed it as a common pasture. He had assumed the title of Governor, to which he had no more right than the Crown's lieutenants in other counties. He had imprisoned many unoffending persons 'in a noisome dungeon in Carisbroke Castle,' among others the Mayor of Newport and one Anthony Dowding. 'Moreover, the ancient magazines and stores of the Island were neither so full nor in so good repair as formerly, nor the Militia of the said Isle in so good a condition and posture of defence.' The petition itself, and the reply to it from Lord Chancellor Clarendon, can be read at length in Worsley's *History of the Isle of Wight*, pp. 136, 140. The conclusion of Clarendon's letter is characteristic—'As to the Militia Lord Colepeper will be appointed to go down and put it in order. My Lord Colepeper, had not this petition been presented, would before this time have been removed, and another put in his place; forasmuch as the King being in the Island took notice that he was not respected of the gentry as became his government; and truly my Lord is not to be blamed to be willing to leave the command of the place where he is not respected, but now he shall go down to show you he is not out of favour with the King, although his Majesty is unwilling to put persons to employments not suitable to their capacities. As for instance, he would not command me to ride post. And finding this place not so proper for his command, he intended to remove him to some employment fitter for him. But, I believe, though you may possibly have one that shall live more sociably among you, you may never have one that will use his power less than Lord Colepeper.'

His deputy, Captain Alexander Colepeper, appears to have been of a kindred spirit. There exists 'A Letter of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to the Lord Colepeper, Governor of the Isle of Wight, requiring information of the enormities of Captain Alexander Colepeper, his lordship's deputy, to a Swedish ship in distress and the persons in her.' The laxity of the times afforded opportunity for such offences, as well as for the embezzlement of the public revenue. Thus we find the Council issuing an order to Lord Colepeper to examine into the practices of 'one John Lisle of Cowes,' a pretended public notary, who had issued certain attestations by way of passes, which enabled the merchant vessels of Hamburg and Holland (with which Governments England was then at war) to deceive the King's frigates, February, 1664.

At last Colepeper found it advisable to resign his office as Governor. In 1669 Charles II granted the whole domain of Virginia in America to Lord Colepeper and Lord Arlington for three years, whereupon the local Assembly of the Colony took alarm lest the grantees should claim appropriated land as unappropriated. Lord Colepeper came out in 1680 and persuaded the Assembly of Virginia to raise his salary from £1000 to £2000. It had been a custom for the captains of ships to make certain presents to the Governor. Colepeper changed this into fixed dues. In 1683 he left the Colony. Lord Colepeper left an only daughter and heir, Catherine, married to Thomas, fifth Lord Fairfax, and the title went to his brother John, who dying in 1719 was succeeded by his brother Cheney, fourth and last Lord

Colepeper, on whose death in 1725 the title became extinct. Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, inherited through his mother, the heiress of Lord Colepeper, the very large fortune of his grandfather, consisting of several manors in Kent, estates in the Isle of Wight, and a tract of land in Virginia called the Northern Neck, comprised within the boundaries of the rivers Potomac and Rappahannock, containing by estimation 5,700,000 acres. Thomas, contented with his American property, gave up his English estates in Kent and the Isle of Wight to his brother Robert, who succeeded to the title of Lord Fairfax on the death of his brother Thomas, who died unmarried in 1782. Robert, seventh Lord Fairfax, married twice, but died without issue in 1793, when his Kentish and Isle of Wight property devolved upon his nephew, the Rev. Denny Martin, and the barony was continued in the House of Lords in 1800 to his kinsman, the Rev. Bryan Fairfax, who thus became eighth Lord Fairfax.

As descendants of the Fairfaxes, the family of Wykeham Martin of Leeds Castle, Kent, have, ever since the death of the seventh Baron Fairfax, retained the Colepeper estates in the Isle of Wight and the large Jacobean manor house which stands a little to the north-east of Arreton Church, with its interesting wood carving. The first and most famous Lord Colepeper, the father of the Governor of the Isle of Wight, was the only son of Sir John Colepeper, of Wigsell, Sussex, and Elizabeth Ledley. His character is described at length by Clarendon and Sir Philip Warwick. Both agree in praising his ability in debate and his fertility in counsel, and complain of a certain irresolution and changeableness, which prevented him adhering to his first conclusions. His uncertainty of temper also greatly hindered his usefulness. Clarendon, in his correspondence, frequently speaks of the difficulty of doing business with him; Nicholas echoes the same charge; and Warwick talks of 'his eagerness and ferocity.' This was largely the result of his education. 'When he came to court,' says Clarendon, 'he might very well be thought a man having never sacrificed to the Muses or conversed in any polite company.'

October 25, 1890.

THE 'CHRISTIAN' FAMILY IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE local and familiar word 'overers,' by which the people of the Isle of Wight designate such of the inhabitants as are not born natives, has an ancient and distinguished lineage. The name 'Hebrews,' so we are told by scholars who have studied the Oriental languages, denotes men who had *crossed* the mighty flood which separates the narrow strip of Palestine from Syria, and who had come *over* the Euphrates.

After the chalk hills of the Wight rose slowly from the depths of the sea through the milky cretaceous waters the first occupants of the Island came over the Channel or the Solent, bringing with them a higher civilization than that of primaeval man. The Belgic tribesmen, the Romans, the Jutes, and the Normans were all 'overers.' In this way, up to our own days, the Isle of Wight is always receiving fresh blood. Among the more distinguished of the 'overers' of the later times were the Christians, who have inscribed their name on the annals of England's naval warfare. Early in the fifteenth century the name of Christian is found in the rolls of the House of Keys, the local Parliament of the Isle of Man. The office of hereditary 'deemster'—that is, the man who pronounced the 'doom' on offenders against the law, a criminal judge—was vested in one of the Christian family. Readers of Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Peveril of the Peak* will remember that great writer's account of the trial and execution of Captain Christian on January 4, 1662–63, for acts connected with an insurrection twenty years before, which are still involved in considerable obscurity, and which constituted a charge of high treason against the Countess Dowager of Derby, the lady of the Isle of Man, on his part, but in popular estimation made him a martyr for the rights and liberties of his countrymen. In the *Manx Note Book*, No. 3, July, 1885 (for which I am indebted to the courteous kindness of a lineal descendant of the family—Major Hugh Henry Christian, J.P., of Portobello, N.B.), it appears that the Christians of the Isle of Wight trace their origin to William Christian (Hliam Dhoan), born April, 1608, and died January, 1662–63. William, who was Receiver-General of the Isle of Man, was the third son of Deemster Ewan Christian of Milntown, who presented him with the property of Ronaldsway, of which in 1643 he accepted a lease of three lives from James, Earl of Derby, on condition of surrender of the 'ancient tenure of the straw.' By his wife Elizabeth he had eight sons and one daughter. It is only the descendants of the seventh son, Thomas (born 1646, died 1700), of whom can be found any trace to the present day. He seems to have had charge of the family property in Lancashire, and to have carried on a merchant's business in Liverpool. He married Mary, who was the daughter of the well-known Colonel Birch, who was Governor of Liverpool under the Commonwealth, and had issue Hugh. Hugh (born 1679, died 1729) was captain and owner of a merchant vessel. His son (born 1716, died 1752) was a captain of the Royal Navy. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his *History of the Tower*, mentions that he took out letters of marque, and captured several Spanish galleons.

At this point the thread of the family story is taken up in an interesting book, entitled *Romantic Annals of a Naval Family*, London, 1875, by Mrs. Arthur Traherne of Glen-y-dur, Crickhowell, daughter of Rear-Admiral Hood Hannay Christian. From this lady's narrative it may be inferred that Thomas Christian had so improved his fortunes on the Spanish main that he had purchased the manor house and estate of Hook Norton, near Chipping Norton in Oxfordshire, where, having married a Welsh gentlewoman of the name of Hughes, he resided. Tired with want of employment, he had gone up to London to ask for a ship. Here he was lured into a gambling-house, where he lost not only a large sum of money but also his life, having been killed in a broil, stabbed to death by one of the gamblers. Hogarth has, in the seventh act of his ghastly drama of the 'Rake's Progress,' described one of these dens of iniquity in a picture which is artistically one of the best compositions of the famous painter. A drunken lord hugs a bully, who steals from him his silver-hilted sword. Another man of fashion, sumptuously attired, is borrowing money of an ancient usurer in rags. Of all the dreadful company the money-lender alone is sober, cool, and collected. One man has gone to sleep. Another, an old gamester, stupefied by his reverses, cannot hear the waiter, who brings him a glass of liquor, bawling in his ear for payment. In some such squalid hell upon earth perished Thomas Christian. Mrs. Traherne says that the incidents of his tragic death were related to her by her father, who firmly believed them.

Thomas Christian had been a messmate of Admiral Byron, who was called by the sailors 'Foul-weather Jack,' from the fact of his always encountering a gale of adverse wind when first starting on his many voyages. The Admiral took a kindly interest in Christian's widow and only boy, Hugh (born 1747, died 1798). Admiral Byron, after taking young Hugh Christian to pass his examination at Portsmouth Dockyard, entered him as a midshipman on his own flag ship. The young man passed as lieutenant in 1767, in less than ten years after entering the service. He was present at the siege of Pondicherry, at the capture of Manilla and St. Eustatia, and was frequently wounded slightly. In 1773 he was lieutenant on board the *Marlborough*, seventy-four guns, commanded by Sir Samuel Hood. In 1775 Hugh was acting commander on a sloop of war while lying off Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, where he came, saw, and was conquered by one of the fair maids of the Island. This lady, who is described as being both accomplished and graceful, was the daughter of Barnabas Leigh, Esq., Thorleigh, a member of the old Isle of Wight family of the Leighs of Northcourt. Her mother was daughter of Dr. Troughear, vicar of Carisbrooke, and sister of Leonard Troughear, curate to his father at Carisbrooke, who on inheriting the estates of his maternal uncle became eventually Lord Holmes.

The fair Anne Leigh made Hugh Christian a good wife. The young couple took a small house at Clatterford, under the walls of Carisbrooke Castle. Scarcely had they been married a month when, such is the sailor's lot, the sloop was ordered with dispatches to the Leeward Islands. At the Leeward Islands he met Captain Andrew Hamond, whose home was also in the Isle of Wight. On his return to

England with Lord Howe, Hugh Christian obtained post rank. Finding that Clatterford was not near enough to Portsmouth and Spithead, he purchased West Hill, Cowes, and settled there his wife and children. During one of his cruises in the West Indies in the *Suffolk* (74), bearing the broad pennant of Commodore (afterwards Sir Joseph) Rowley, he made the acquaintance of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV, who paid his friend Christian a visit at West Hill, Cowes. The exploits of Rear-Admiral Sir Hugh Christian, as he became, are chronicled in the various naval biographies. Early in 1798 he was commander-in-chief at the Cape of Good Hope, where he died suddenly in the November of the same year. He had been offered a baronetcy, which he declined; but Mr. Pitt, who was then in office, had formed so high an opinion of him that it had been determined that a peerage should be conferred upon him with the title 'Ronaldsway,' the original residence in the Isle of Man of Sir Hugh Christian's branch of the Christian family. This mark of the approbation of the Government for his great services never reached him. His wife died before him in the same year, and is buried in the family vault in Northwood churchyard. She left her husband with three daughters and two sons. The correspondence with his wife and elder daughter, specimens of which are given in Mrs. Traherne's book, furnish evidence of the same good sense and deep feeling as that which characterizes the private correspondence of another famous sailor, Admiral Lord Collingwood. Some persons derive their impressions of the seafaring men of a past generation from the coarse caricatures of the novels of Smollett, who had been a surgeon on a man-of-war—Commodore Trunnian and the like. Nothing can be more unjust and untrue. The Royal Navy of England has always been an aristocratic service and its officers gentlemen. Sir Hugh Christian was an excellent specimen of a cultivated, highly educated English gentleman. He was an able and sagacious administrator, as well as a bold sailor and intrepid combatant at sea. His daughter Ann, who inherited her father's ability of writing a charming letter, was married to Major-General Frederick Baron Hompesch, whom she met at a ball at Newport, he being then in command of a regiment of dragoons quartered at Parkhurst Barracks. Another daughter, Mary, was married to Count Bylandt, a Dutch nobleman, and Joanna, the youngest, was married to the Rev. R. Robinson. The eldest of the sons, Hord Hanway (born 1784, died 1849), went into the Royal Navy and was made a commander at the early age of sixteen for the gallant way in which he commanded a division of boats at the memorable siege of Genoa, so vividly described by Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, in his lectures as Professor of History at Oxford in 1842. In 1809 Hord Hanway Christian took part in the ill-fated Walcheren Expedition, after which he never saw service. Rear-Admiral Hord Hanway Christian, who married an Isle of Wight lady, Miss Shute of Fern Hill, Wootton, for some time resided at Bowcombe Cottage, now the property of Miss Gibbs. He is still remembered by some of the older people in Carisbrooke. He had four sons and three daughters, of whom the only survivor is Mrs. Arthur Traherne of Brecknockshire, to whose book I am under many obligations. Sir Hugh Christian's younger son, Hugh George (born 1789, died 1861), was a very able East Indian civilian. Whilst in India he held many high appointments. His two surviving sons, Major Hugh Henry Christian, J.P., Provost of Portobello, N.B., and the Rev. Frederick Christian, Vicar of Wingfield, Derbyshire, have issue.

The Isle of Wight, that once knew this distinguished family so well, knows them no more. Various letters which I have received from correspondents in answer to my inquiries for information respecting the Christian family in the Isle of Wight have proved that a strong interest in them still survives.

A branch of the Christians was settled at Ewanrigg Hall in Cumberland, of whom John Christian, marrying his cousin Isabella, daughter and heiress of Henry Curwen of Workington Hall, took her name. Mr. Curwen, whose life has been written by Dr. Lonsdale in a series called *Cumberland Worthies*, twice refused a peerage which was offered to him by two Premiers. He died in 1822, and the present Mr. Curwen of Workington Hall is his descendant.

May 7, 1892.

THE 'CHRISTIAN' FAMILY OF THE ISLE OF MAN AND CUMBERLAND.

An account of the Christian family of the Isle of Wight appeared in the columns of the *Isle of Wight County Press* of May 7, 1892. In that article it was mentioned that an elder branch of the old ancestral stem of the Manx family of Christian, from whom the Christians of the Isle of Wight were descended, had also settled in Cumberland. By the kindness of my cousin, Mr. Hodgson, late of Houghton House, Cumberland, but now of Richmond House, Redhill, Surrey, I have been enabled to consult a pedigree of the Christians of Cumberland, which has been most carefully and fully drawn up from that given in Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*, Carlisle, 1797, and from later family records and documents.

The family tree begins with William McChristian of the Isle of Man, who was member of the House of Keys in 1422. The early history of the Isle of Man is very obscure. It was originally a possession of the Norwegian kings till 1264, when Magnus, finding himself unable to possess the western isles, sold them to Alexander III, King of Scotland. William de Montacute (whose arms as Earl of Salisbury are still to be seen on the buttress of the walls of the custodian's apartments at Carisbrooke Castle) with an English force drove out the Scots, who under Robert Bruce recovered it. In the reign of Edward III the Isle of Man again became the property of the English Crown. Henry IV granted the island to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, after whose attainder in 1403 it was bestowed on William Stanley and his heirs, Earls of Derby. About this period the first known member of the ancient house of McChristian, as it was then called, came to the light as a member of the House of Keys, which, like the original English Parliament, had a judicial and legislative character. As a member of such a legislature it may be inferred that the founder of the Christian family was one of the principal commoners in the Isle of Man. The pedigree traces the direct line of succession from father to son, with the dates of their deaths, till it arrives at Ewan Christian, who was the first to give up the prefix Mac, and who died 1563. The great-grandson of this Ewan Christian, himself also called Ewan, is described as being of Milntown, Isle of Man, and Ewanrigg Hall, Cumberland, barrister-at-law, and died September, 1719, and was buried at Dearham. This Ewan Christian had a large family of sons and daughters. His eldest son, John, born 1688, who died September, 1745, married Bridget, eldest daughter of Humphrey Senhouse, Esq., of Netherhall. The Senhouses belong to those ancient Cumberland families whose original estates were manorial not baronial, Musgraves, Flemings, Aglionbys, Briscoes, Howards of Corby, Curwens, Stanleys, Vanes, and others, who however stand by no means on an equal footing with one another. By this lady he had with other children a son named John, who married Jane, eldest daughter of Eldred Curwen of Workington Hall. The family of the Curwens is said to be descended from Ketel, son of Eldred, son of Ivo de Taillbois, to whom the first baron of Egremont gave the manors of Workington, Selter Skelton, and Stockhow. They took their name from Culwen of Gallaway, whose heiress they married. At the dissolution of the abbey lands the Curwens got those of Furness Abbey. The Manor of Harrington, forfeited for treason by the father of Lady Jane Grey, was in the reign of Queen Mary granted to Henry Curwen of Workington. This manor and that of Workington the family have ever retained since in their possession, but 'Galloping Harry,' or 'Harry the Horse-couper,' alienated the subsidiary manors of Seater and Stockburn. The Furness Abbey estates did not remain long in the Curwen family; not being extended in the male line they went by an heiress to the Prestons, and thence to the Cavendishes.

The family of Curwens ended at last in Isabella, daughter and heiress of Henry Curwen, who married her cousin John Christian, when he assumed the name of Curwen and left a numerous progeny of Curwens. The present family of Curwens, thus tracing their pedigree through the female line only, are not included by heraldic authorities among the ancient noble and gentle families of Cumberland (see *M.P.s of Cumberland and Westmoreland*, 1660–1867, p. 344, by R. S. Ferguson, M.A., Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle: London, 1871). This John Christian Curwen was a man of much parliamentary note, and his fame lingers among Cumbrians. An interesting though inaccurate and party-coloured account of John Christian Curwen will be found in a series called *Cumberland Worthies*, by Dr. Lonsdale. Before taking his cousin to wife and assuming her name, John Christian had been married to Margaret, daughter of John Taubman, of Castletown, Isle of Man, who died in 1778, leaving an only son, John Christian, of Ewanrigg Hall, born 1776.

This pedigree of the Christian family confirms the account given in Burke's *Peerage* that Mary, the aunt of John Christian Curwen and daughter of John Christian of Ewanrigg married Edmund Law, D.D., Bishop of Carlisle. That prelate had by his wife ten children, of whom the third son, Edward, the well-known Lord Chief Justice, was created Baron Ellenborough, taking his title from Ellenborough, in the county of Cumberland, belonging to his mother's family —the Christians. Jane Christian, a sister of John Christian who assumed the name of Curwen, was married to William Blamire, of Dalston, Cumberland. Her son was William Blamire, who was returned for Cumberland in 1831 in the last unreformed Parliament, and afterwards represented the eastern division of that county from 1832 to 1836, until put on the Tithe Commutation Commission, a post in which he did the nation most valuable service. Mr. Blamire, who by his mother was connected with the families of Curwen and Christian, married the widow of Colonel Wilks, the Governor of St. Helena before Sir H. Lowe was sent out to take charge of the Emperor Napoleon. By his marriage with this lady, who was originally a Miss Taubman of the Isle of Man, Mr. Blamire still further connected himself with John Christian Curwen, whose first wife had been a lady of that name. Such was Blamire's popularity among the farmers, or 'Cumberland grey coats' as they were fondly called, that when he was High Sheriff of Cumberland, in 1828, he was escorted to meet the judges by an unprecedented cavalcade of horsemen. This same popularity, aided by the political excitement prevalent in 1831, carried him into Parliament, with the very unwilling concurrence of his colleague Sir James Graham, and in spite of the Lowther interest. The life of this kindliest of men, whom I knew well, has also been written by Dr. Lonsdale in his series of *Cumberland Worthies*. Mr. Blamire's sister, Susanna Blamire, was the authoress of some touching as well as humorous ballads in the Cumberland dialect, written in a spirit of sprightly quaintness, with a touch of cynicism, to which, in the North of England as in Scotland, the expressive word 'canniness' is applied.

It remains now to turn back to the great-grandfather of John Christian who adopted the name of Curwen—Ewan Christian—who died in 1719. As was said before, that gentleman had a large family. A daughter of this Ewan Christian, Jane, born 1695, married in 1719, the year of her father's death, Wilfred Clarke, of Standingstone, Cumberland. A daughter of this lady and her husband, Wilfred Clarke, whose Christian name was Mary, was my maternal great-grandmother. In 1742 she married Richard Hodgson, Alderman of Carlisle, who died 1774, aged seventy-one. His wife survived him and died in 1794, aged seventy-five. Richard and Mary Hodgson had a large family. The eldest son, Sir Richard Hodgson, Kt., set up the first brewery in Carlisle in 1756, though the prevalence of the practice of drinking home-brewed ale for long prevented the trade from being profitable to the family. Brewers were not made peers in those days. Richard Hodgson, who had taken up a Corporation address to George III on the King's escape from a mad woman of the name of Nicholson, claimed the honour of knighthood, only to find himself looked down upon by his fellow-citizens of Carlisle, as having demeaned the family by becoming one of 'Peg Nicholson's knights.' A second son, George, in the Civil Service of the H.E.I.C., died in India at the age of twenty-seven. The third son, Colonel James Hodgson, H.E.I.C., also died at Carlisle, 1825. This gentleman left two daughters, who are called in Burke's *Peerage* co-heiresses; the elder, Maria, married in 1826 Sir Gerald

George Aylmer, ninth baronet of that family, of Donadea Castle, County Kildare, Ireland; the second daughter, Isabella, married in 1829 the Hon. John Henry Roper Curzon, second son of the fifteenth Lord Teynham. As the eldest son, Sir Richard the brewer, and his brother George died unmarried, and Colonel James Hodgson had no son, the name of Hodgson has died out in the branch of the Hodgson family represented by the Alderman of Carlisle and his wife the grand-daughter of Ewan Christian of Ewanrigg Hall; but their three daughters were all married and left issue. Jane married Captain Giles, an officer in the army, who left four children, a son and daughter who died unmarried, a daughter married to Henry Hall, Esq., H.E.I.C.S., and another daughter married to Richard Ferguson, Esq., of Harker House, Carlisle, neither of whom left issue. Another daughter was married to Captain Stordy, an officer in the army, who left one child, Mary, who married John Dixon, Esq., of Knells, Carlisle, High Sheriff of Cumberland in 1838, who was returned as member for Carlisle in the election of 1847, but was immediately unseated as a Government contractor. He cleared himself of the Government contracts and again contested the city of Carlisle, but was unsuccessful. The other remaining one of the three sisters, Elizabeth Hodgson, married first the Rev. John James, of Queen's College, Oxford, Vicar of Arthuret and Kirk Andrews, Cumberland, who dying early left one daughter, Mary Ann, married to the Rev. Robert Gutch, Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Rector of Seagrave, Leicestershire. James's widow married secondly the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, the American loyalist and friend of George Washington, with whom in spite of their political differences he kept up a correspondence till the end of his life. Boucher died Vicar of Epsom, Surrey, and with other children left a daughter, Elizabeth, afterwards married to Edward James, a distant relative of the Vicar of Arthuret, and for some time an officer in the army, H.E.I.C. The writer of this article is the eldest son of Edward and Elizabeth James.

It will be seen from this sketch of the Christians of Cumberland that the branch of the Manx family which settled in Cumberland has remained for a far longer time in that country and spread far more widely than the Christians of the Isle of Wight. The descendants of the William Christian of the early part of the fifteenth century are still well known, respected, and influential in Cumberland. Every native in Cumberland would esteem it an honour to have the blood of the Christians in his veins. In these days, when what is called 'heredity' is coming into vogue again among scientific inquirers as a principle which accounts in part for the development of human character, the contempt which it pleases some persons to pour on what they call the pride of ancestry is out of place, and is becoming an old-fashioned prejudice. We may well desire to be allied, however remotely, with those who have done good work in their day. And such were the Christians of Cumberland. Few families of any long duration escape without the proverbial 'black sheep,' whom the makers of pedigrees generally contrive to leave out. The Christians, so far as can be made out from the ancestral tree, seem to have been singularly free from those who bring disgrace on their name and lineage, for though it appears from this pedigree of the Christian family that Fletcher Christian, the chief mutineer of the *Bounty*, belonged to the Christians of Ewanrigg, his offence was not so heinous as not to be forgiven on account of his subsequent good conduct.

My cousin, the widow of the late T. H. Hodgson, Esq., Clerk of the Peace for Cumberland, and eldest daughter of the Rev. R. Gutch, Rector of Seagrave, writes to me that she thinks the William Christian, born 1608, from whom the Christians of the Isle of Wight were descended, 'was a younger brother of our common ancestor, born 1602.'

June 18, 1892.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY, 1662, IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, AND THE PRESBYTERIANS.

In the little sketch of the 'History of Religion' which Canon Venables has inserted in his valuable *Guide to the Isle of Wight* he states, p. 389, that 'after the ejectment of the local clergy of the National Church during the Civil War reprisals were taken in 1660 [he should have said 1662], when the black Bartholomew Act silenced so many of the most pious and laborious ministers of the land. The intruding clergy at Calbourne (Buckler, one of Cromwell's chaplains), Freshwater, Godshill, St. Lawrence, and Yaverland were driven from their cures, as also the incumbents of Newport, Yarmouth, and West Cowes.'

To understand this paragraph it must be recollected that during the Civil War, when the Puritans were in the ascendent, many of the Episcopal clergy had been expelled from their benefices by the Long Parliament on various pretexts, but chiefly for refusing to take the covenant and give up the use of the Prayer Book, which was forbidden by the Parliamentary authority. The Church itself was neither disestablished nor disendowed. The right of private patronage to benefices, and that of tithes, though continually menaced by the more violent party, subsisted without alteration. The great change was among the incumbents or the holders of these benefices. They were nominally Presbyterian. But the Presbyterian discipline and synodical government were very partially introduced, and upon the whole the Church during the suspension of its ancient constitution was rather an assemblage of congregations than a united body, the main bond of union being their joint control by the State. In the time of Cromwell, who favoured the Independents, some of that denomination obtained livings, but very few beneficed clergymen, so Hallam thinks, had not received either Episcopal or Presbyterian ordination. To prevent the patrons of benefices from confiding the cure of souls to whomever they chose, Cromwell, on his own authority, established a Board of Commissioners called Triers. The certificate of these Triers stood in the place of institution and of induction, and without such a certificate no person could hold a benefice. Those presentees whom the patrons, whether public or private, nominated to the Triers, if approved of by the latter, used the Directory in the public service, taught the children of the parish the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster confession, wore no surplice, and administered the Eucharist to the communicants seated at a long table in the middle of the church. One special feature of their ministrations was the length of their sermons. They were by no means unlearned or ignorant men. Many of them were diligent, painstaking students, 'painful,' as the word then was, 'preachers,' who had attended to the art of dividing and sub-dividing their sermons, and putting them into shape to become finished compositions. Several of their leading ministers, to use the words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 'baptized the logic and manly rhetoric of ancient Greece.' Dr. South, 'a witty churchman reckoned,' was one day tempted by the fame of a Nonconformist 'teacher' to steal into the congregation along with a friend. All went on well enough till Mr. Lob came to the division of his subject, when he gave out six and twenty heads. On this the doctor jogged his friend's elbow, saying, 'Let's go home and fetch our gowns and slippers, for I find the man will make a night's work of it.' These Presbyterian divines in no way lowered the dignity of the ministerial function; rather did they set up a spiritual despotism in every parish and household. The interval beginning with the Civil War and ending with the Revolution of 1688 was fruitful in theological learning. These Puritan divines had read Augustine and Jerome, Anselm and Aquinas, Calvin and Episcopius, Baronius and the Magdeburgh Centuriators—natural enemies now bound over to good behaviour—not to speak of the dumpy volumes bound in vellum of the Dutch theologians and the stately Polyglot bibles of Antwerp and Paris. Very little sympathy was felt by these well-read divines for the absurdities and impieties of those whom Thomas Edwards has preserved in his catalogue of the *Errors of the Sectaries*.

The Presbyterian clergy had laboured to bring back the King after the death of the formidable Cromwell. The King's character was little known in England. His friends represented him as 'the best Englishman and best Protestant of the age.' In reality he was a profligate with little or no religion, though he died in the communion of the Church of Rome. He was at this time what was called a Hobbist. Not that he had taken the trouble to study the works of that acute thinker, Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury. Hobbism was only a name for that popular creed, common enough among rich and comfortable people at all times, that all religions are equally false and equally useful to keep those whom they look upon as the lower class in good order. The fine gentlemen of the court of Charles II, and the ladies of quality, were not likely to feel any interest in the controversies of Conformists and Nonconformists, and Charles shared in this indifference. The Presbyterians remembered that he was a covenanted King, that is, that he had submitted to the conditions of their solemn league and covenant, and naturally enough this circumstance inclined them to put faith in his Breda declaration. One of the most important subjects which occupied the Convention Parliament from the King's return till its dissolution in the following December was the settlement of the Church. This Parliament acted fairly and wisely. The actual incumbents, a respectable and even exemplary class, were not responsible for the legal defects of their title. On the other hand, the clergy, who had been ejected from their livings because they had been faithful to the Prayer Book and the Crown, had a prior claim at the restoration of the kingly power. The House of Commons accordingly before the King's return prepared a Bill for restoring and confirming ministers, with the twofold object of replacing in their benefices, but without their legal right to the intermediate profits, the clergy who by ejection or forced surrender, had made way for the Puritan intruders, and at the same time, of establishing the possession of those against whom there was no claimant living to dispute it, as well as of those who had been presented on legal vacancies. Upon this Act of Parliament the judges gave their judgements in all legal proceedings.

The legal security for the enjoyment of their livings gave no satisfaction to the scruples of conscientious men who objected to the use of the Liturgy, which having been abrogated only by Parliament, and without the consent of the Crown, revived of course with the restoration of the original constitution of King, Lords, and Commons. This difficulty led to the Conference at the Savoy Palace in the Strand, which was pulled down at the time of the building of Waterloo Bridge.

In this old palace, which took its name from having been built by Peter of Savoy (who was connected with the De Redverses, Lords of the Isle of Wight), met twenty-one Anglican and as many Presbyterian divines. A conference is in ecclesiastical history, as Dean Stanley has pointed out, what a battle is in military history. Gregory Nazianzen in the fourth century expressing the results of a large and varied experience said, 'To speak the truth I dread every assembly of bishops—for I have never seen a good end of any one—never been at a synod which did more for the suppression than it did for the increase of evils.' This experience of the old Greek Father was realized at the Savoy conference, which broke up without doing any good. Bishop Burnet's impression at the time was that it aggravated the evils on both sides. The point at issue was the Prayer Book. The bishops stood on the defensive, they could not advance to the encounter till their opponents had unrolled the long catalogue of their hostile criticisms. In fourteen days Richard Baxter, the leader of the Presbyterians, had prepared a new liturgy. 'Bishop Sheldon,' says Burnet, 'saw well enough what the effect would be of obliging them to make all their demands at once, that the number would raise a mighty outcry against them as a people that could not be satisfied.' 'Baxter and Gunning' (the words are Burnet's), 'spent several days in logical arguing to the diversion of the town, who looked upon them as a couple of fencers engaged in a dispute that could not be brought to any end.'

The time expired in oral debate, waged with old-fashioned dialectic weapons unsuited for the time; and the Conference separated, each party more exasperated than before.

Clarendon was powerful at the Privy Council, and he was hostile to the Presbyterians. The prelates were disposed to severity, the new House of Commons was eager for revenge. The Upper House maintained a calmer tone of mind; but the next year the Act of Uniformity was passed, though by slender majorities in both Houses. It required the clergy to declare their unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer. The consequence was that on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, two thousand of the Puritan clergy resigned their benefices. The Corporation Act, the Conventicle Act, and the Five Miles Act followed each other within the next three years. It is a sad stain in the annals of the Church of England, to which the most loyal sons and daughters of that Church look back with shame and sorrow. The only apology that can be offered for those who had the management of Church affairs is the excuse pleaded for human infirmity, that it was an act of retaliation. Forgiveness towards these adversaries who had profited at their expense would have ennobled the conduct of the restored bishops and clergy, and true policy would have been found, as it always is, on the side of Christian charity and forbearance. All honour is due to those who in obedience to their conscientious convictions relinquished their glebe-lands, parsonages, and benefices. An example of similar magnanimity had been set them by their predecessors, who, when Puritanism was in the ascendent, had sacrificed their interests rather than disown the Prayer Book to whose teaching they had pledged themselves. Let those who will make comparisons between the conduct of the Anglican and the Presbyterian clergy on these two occasions. It is a more pleasant duty to call attention to the fact that those who would not conform to the Directory, as well as those who would not conform to the Prayer Book, showed an integrity and consistency of principle very different to the wholesale trimming and tergiversation of the great body of the clergy during the reigns of the later Tudor sovereigns. One blessing resulted from the sufferings and distress of the clergy who were ejected on these two occasions in the seventeenth century, that the people of England generally learnt that their religious teachers were not mere hollow mercenaries who were ready to bow down before whatever was the popular opinion of the day, but resolutely held their own on matters which seemed to outsiders of little moment.

The wind of adversity was mercifully tempered to many of these sufferers for conscience sake. Richard Baxter, their leader, who had refused the bishopric of Hereford, was in his forty-seventh year happily married to Margaret Charlton, scarcely past her twentieth year, a lady of gentle birth, rich in the gifts of nature and of fortune. The story of their happy married life, though, as Sir James Stephen remarks, it 'will not fall handsomely into any niche in the chronicles of romance,' is an interesting record of how a stern and powerful mind was subdued by the kindly influence of a tender and accomplished woman who with unremitting care ministered to his wants. Some became chaplains to wealthy and noble patrons, as for instance the profound, eloquent, and philosophical John Howe, who was engaged in that capacity to Viscount Massarene at Antrim Castle, Ireland. Others were chosen as ministers to the English factories at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Leyden, Utrecht, Middelburgh, and the East Indies. Some who practised as physicians or became lawyers rather gained than lost by the exchange. The great misfortune of that memorable St. Bartholomew's Day in 1662 is that it has left a sting of bitterness behind it, which even after the lapse of two centuries stands in the way of union among those who profess and call themselves Christians. It has been said that Sheldon and the bishops lost a golden opportunity at the Savoy Conference, but with our experience it may be doubted whether the Church of England would have been re-established upon a broader basis. So deeply rooted were the doctrinal prepossessions of the Presbyterians that they would have made the National Church more narrow rather than more comprehensive. To set up the authority of the kingdom of God upon earth along with free play for individual freedom of thought belongs to a higher power than human conferences and councils.

The subsequent history of the Presbyterian body in England would form an interesting chapter in what Cardinal

Newman calls the 'Theory of Religious Development.' Many of the English Presbyterians would have been almost as little willing to subscribe to the Westminster Confession, which became the symbol of Scotch Presbyterianism, as to submit to the Prayer Book. Common form of creed was there none among them. Creeds had become detestable to them, partly because of their own sufferings from refusing to sign theological formulas. In a short time the principle of repudiating forms of faith was put to a severe test. When about the beginning of the eighteenth century the Unitarian controversy began, one of the Presbyterian ministers declared himself to belong to the Unitarian persuasion. This caused much excitement in the general body of what were called the Protestant Dissenters. It led finally to a great representative meeting of Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists in Salter's Hall in 1719, to advise the congregation of the professing Unitarian minister how to act. After three days of eager discussion a majority resolved to bind their members by no form of creed. The Baptists were nearly evenly divided. The Independents voted as a unit in the minority. The mass of the Presbyterians voted in the majority. The votes were fifty-seven to fifty-three. The feeling of the time was expressed popularly, 'The Bible won by a majority of four.' A full account of these remarkable proceedings can be read in Colonel Maurice's most interesting 'Life' of his father, *Frederick Denison Maurice*, vol. i. pp. 1–5.

After the decision in Salter's Hall the defections from the original Presbyterianism rapidly increased, so that towards the close of the century almost every congregation of the old Presbyterians was in fact Unitarian in doctrine. As these congregations possessed chapels and endowments, the question came into the law-courts. A certain Lady Hewley in the reign of Charles II had left manors in Yorkshire, in trust to support 'godly preachers of Christ's holy gospel.' When the Presbyterian body to which Lady Hewley belonged had become Unitarians, a minority among the ministers and congregations retained their former views and asserted that the Unitarians had forfeited their right to hold the bequest. A report of the Charity Commission sanctioned an inquiry into the grievance of the dissentients from the general body, and a Bill was filed in Chancery to dispossess the Unitarians. The judges of the Court decided against the Unitarians, who appealed to the Lords. The Lords required the opinion of the judges, who, with the exception of Mr. Justice Maule, were unanimous in their opinion (delivered in July, 1842) that the Unitarians were excluded from the bequest. The Lords of course affirmed the judgement of the Court of Chancery. After a litigation of fourteen years this decision was pronounced in 1842. Such were the difficulties of the case arising from this almost universal change in the doctrine of the Presbyterian body that the Government was obliged to make a permanent settlement of the question. The Lord Chancellor therefore brought in a Bill, called the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, into the House of Lords, which was passed by a considerable majority. In the House of Commons, where the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, defended the action of the Government, the majority for the third reading was 120 in a House of 282. Some slight amendments having been made in Committee the Bill was returned to the Lords, where it was again passed by a majority of 161 in a House of 243, and presently became law, thus making the Unitarians the legitimate successors of the English Presbyterians. Various reasons have been assigned for this development out of the so-called Calvinistic creed, which, in spite of the absence of any set form of words, had been at first the popular tradition among the Presbyterians in England. M. Merle D'Aubigne, the Swiss historian of the Reformation, took an especial interest in this matter, and has expressed his opinion upon it. Colonel Maurice, in the volume referred to above, has given what appears to me a very satisfactory and conclusive judgement on this point, but it would be trenching upon ground belonging too exclusively to the subject of theological and religious doctrine for me to enter upon it in these pages, well worthy as it is of investigation by those who are interested in the way in which old principles appear under new forms.

June 4, 1887.

QUERY—RICHARD WAVEL.

In a very interesting *Life of John Bunyan* which has been lately written by the Rev. John Brown, B.A., minister of the Church at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford (London, 1885), the writer (p. 382) mentions among Bunyan's earliest London acquaintance 'Richard Wavel, son of a Royalist major in the Isle of Wight, and a preacher who, like Bunyan himself, was only too familiar with the inside of jails and the other rough experiences of those early times.'

The early Nonconformist congregations, so it appears, were in the habit of using the halls of the city companies before they had buildings of their own. The pastor of one of these congregations, that which met in Pinners' Hall, Old Broad Street—a spacious building, having on three sides of the hall two tiers of galleries—was this Richard Wavel. 'It was here that as early as 1672 there was established the Merchants' Lecture which, with some migration of place, has come down to our own times, the first preachers of the lecture being Bates, Manton, Owen, Baxter, Collins, and Jenkyn, all of them names illustrious in the annals of Nonconformity.' Wavel was a man of some wit and humour, for it is told of him that, when there came some fresh outburst of persecution, he exhorted his people to constancy, assuring them that if they would venture their purses he would venture his person.

So notable a man among the Nonconformist worthies of the Isle of Wight should not pass away into utter forgetfulness. Perhaps this query may draw forth some notice of the life and labours of one who belonged to so ancient and highly respected a family in the Isle of Wight as that which bears the name of Wavel or Wavell.

November 13, 1887.

JOHN CHURCHILL, AFTERWARDS DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, M.P. FOR NEWTOWN, I. W., A.D. 1679.

Distinction is conferred upon the Isle of Wight by the fact that its Parliamentary boroughs should have returned as their representatives at different times the two greatest military commanders whom England has produced—John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. Both of these illustrious men were not only famous captains in war, they were also statesmen and diplomatists; but as men their characters were very different. Without adopting Lord Macaulay's harsh judgement on John Churchill, it must be acknowledged that Marlborough was greedy and grasping in money matters; the Duke of Wellington was the soul of honour, integrity, and disinterestedness. It is recorded of him that his steward had been commissioned to purchase for him a piece of ground, which it suited his grace to annex to his estate of Strathfield-saye. The steward, taking advantage of the necessities of the seller, drove a very hard bargain in behalf of his master. When he told the duke that he had secured the land for a thousand pounds less than it was worth, he was disappointed that his employer did not admire his bargain-making, as he had expected. 'Go this instant, sir,' said the duke, 'make my respects to my neighbour, and present to him this cheque for a thousand pounds of which you have defrauded him; and if you presume to make any more of these good bargains for me, I shall look out for another servant who will be more trustworthy.'

John Churchill was born on Midsummer Day, 1650, and was the second son of Sir Winston Churchill of Dorsetshire, a poor cavalier knight, who haunted Whitehall, and made himself a laughing-stock by writing a dull and affected folio in praise of monarchs and monarchy. The future victor of Ramillies and Blenheim was sent at an early age to St. Paul's

School, but he does not seem to have profited much from the instruction he received at Dean Colet's foundation. Lord Chesterfield, who says that he knew Marlborough well, writes of John Churchill, in the 163rd of those letters which Chesterfield composed as a code of manners for his own son, that 'he was eminently illiterate, wrote bad English, and spelled still worse.' Possibly Churchill when a lad had shared in the opinion of the gallant captain in Dean Swift's poem of *Hamilton's Bawn*, that

> 'The army is the only good school in the nation
> To give a young gentleman right education.'

In later life Marlborough acknowledged that all he knew of English history had been derived from Shakespeare's historical plays. If, as might be expected from Churchill's clear, calm, sagacious intellect, he had marked, read, and inwardly digested the dramas of Shakespeare, ranging from *King John* to *King Henry VIII*, that in itself was no mean education. Shakespeare would teach him the great truth of history, that the devices of men are insufficient to establish any permanent command over events; that evil passions would become their own tormentors; and that, although dimly seen and unwittingly acknowledged, He who rules over the affairs of this world makes good come out of evil.

Sir Winston Churchill's loyalty to the Crown and sufferings in the royal cause were rewarded at the Restoration by sundry small offices under the Crown for himself, and the very questionable benefit of appointments for his children in the profligate court of Charles II. Arabella Churchill, his daughter, became first maid of honour to the Duchess of York, and next mistress to the Duchess's husband, afterwards James II; and John Churchill, who was made page to the same Prince, doubtless owed his early advancement to this disgraceful connexion. The court of Charles II consisted of hard-hearted, impudent debauchees, and of women worthy of such companions. In the atmosphere of this ignoble court the youthful page did not pass without contamination; but it speaks something for his natural chivalrous delicacy that in manhood he was a faithful if too fond a husband of his imperious, masterful wife, and that his general conduct in private life, with the exception of his parsimony, was stainless. His first step in promotion was, in the natural course for a page of honour, to carry a pair of colours in the first regiment of Foot Guards, whose duty lay mainly about Whitehall and St. James's Palace. His stature was commanding, his face handsome. Lord Chesterfield, a very competent judge on such a point, says that his manners were most engaging and graceful. With this winning address he combined a dignity of demeanour which prevented the most impudent fops of that impudent generation from venturing on taking a liberty with him, and yet his temper was under perfect command. The young man had too much of the spirit of the true soldier to remain dawdling about the ante-chambers of a palace, and was in this way saved from the degradation of associating with a worthless King and courtiers, whose manners and morals have been compared by Lord Macaulay to those of the habitual frequenters of some low flash-house. In his twenty-third year John Churchill volunteered for military service at Tangier. Tangier, a town of Morocco, situated at the western entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar, where the coast alternates with cliffs and coves, came into the possession of England as part of the dower of Katherine of Braganza, daughter of John IV, King of Portugal, on her marriage with Charles II in 1662. This fortress proved a costly inheritance, since it involved this country in unprofitable, inglorious, and interminable wars with tribes of half-savage Moors. The nation was well rid of it when, a few months before the death of Charles II, it was abandoned to the natives, and the garrison, consisting of one regiment of horse and two regiments of foot, was brought back to England. That military ruffian, the infamous Colonel Percy Kirke, was for some years commander, but when Churchill served there the commandant was probably Sir Palmer Fairbone, for whose tomb in Westminster Abbey Dryden wrote an epitaph. Nor did Churchill long remain at such a miserable school for a career in civilized warfare as Tangier. He soon received orders to take part in the successive operations in which the English troops, about 8,000 strong, commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, shared as auxiliaries to the French armies under

Louis XIV during the unprincipled alliance of Charles II with that monarch against the Dutch. On this great theatre of continental warfare John Churchill found himself pitted against the young William of Orange, who was born in 1650, the same year as himself. During that campaign, which lasted till 1677, Churchill had an opportunity of learning the way in which the 'Grand Monarque' conducted warfare. It was an age of formal tactics and deliberate sieges. In producing such military engineers as Vauban and Cohorn it raised the art of fortifying for the time to an apparent perfection, and exaggerated the importance of regular fortresses and long-drawn lines of entrenchment. In the system of operations which naturally grew out of these circumstances, Churchill, as was proved afterwards, greatly excelled. Of six conspicuous occasions on which Marlborough is recorded to have penetrated the entrenched position of his opponents, five, it is maintained, were nearly bloodless triumphs of his tactical skill. As a general, it has not been the fate of Marlborough to be numbered with the few, such as Maurice of Nassau, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, Frederick of Prussia, or the first Napoleon, whose genius has stamped its impress upon the warfare of their times, and made a distinct epoch in military science. He left the art, which he practised with unrivalled ability, in the same state as he had found it, but he was beyond all comparison the most accomplished commander of an age which produced such generals as Louvois, Luxembourg, Boufflers, Vendôme, Villars, Villeroy, Tallard, Eugene of Savoy, and Berwick, the son of James II and Arabella Churchill. The Dutch campaign of 1672–1677 was the making of Marlborough as a military leader. During its progress he attracted the notice of the illustrious Turenne, who pronounced with prophetic sagacity that this handsome Englishman would one day prove himself a master of the art of war.

On the conclusion of the hollow and unsatisfactory treaty of Nimeguen, August 10, 1678, which established a temporary peace between France, Spain, and Holland, Churchill, now a colonel, returned to England. With this year began the ardent attachment for the celebrated woman who, in the course of that same year became his wife, and whether for good or evil influenced the whole tenor of his life. Her name was Sarah, the daughter of a Hertfordshire gentleman of the name of Jennings. Her elder sister, Frances, had been distinguished by her levity among the light characters who disgraced Whitehall during the dissolute days of the Restoration. Sarah Jennings was a high-spirited, beautiful young woman, with many admirers, against whom, with all her faults, no charge reflecting upon her irreproachable purity in a vicious age has ever been brought. Some forty years after her marriage this lady, as the consort of the great Duke of Marlborough, incurred the wrath of Alexander Pope, who, in his essay on the characters of women, has, under the name of 'Atossa,' branded her memory in lines which have spread her name abroad, far and wide.

According to one story, told first by Warton, the Duchess gave Pope a thousand pounds to suppress her portrait, which he accepted, and he printed the lines after her death. Pope, it is to be feared, was almost on as low a moral level as the society which he satirized and certainly in his *Essay on Women*; the poet's marvellous power of inflicting maddening pain upon his victim by a few touches was corroded into unmanly spite against the unhappy woman who had wounded his self-love, but he would not have been guilty of such vile baseness as Warton imputes to him. Mr. Roscoe has indeed proved that the whole is a calumny, as it appears that the lines upon Atossa were not printed till after the death of Pope and the Duchess, both of whom died in the same year, 1744. A writer with a far kindlier heart than Pope—Lord Macaulay—has indeed been induced almost to sink the historian in the satirist in his estimate of this remarkable woman. The facts seem to show that she was one of those resolute, keen-witted women of the world who, spoiled by wealth and station, allow the natural milk of human kindliness to become soured as they advance in years. She was not a religious woman, and was wanting in that sweetening, mellowing grace of Christian principle which influenced her husband. It is recorded of Marlborough that, sincerely attached to the tenets of the Church of England, he was unaffectedly a person of strong religious feeling and practice. His temper (it is admitted by his enemies) was imperturbably sweet, gentle, and affectionate, and he was but too confiding a friend, too indulgent a master. So sweet-blooded a man could not have been so permanently attached to so false-hearted, vindictive, and malignant a fury as she who is portrayed by Pope and Macaulay, unless there had been some redeeming points in the character of this 'pertinacious vixen' of the historian's brilliant sketch.

After his marriage Churchill accompanied his patron, the Duke of York, to Scotland and the continent, while his wife remained the favourite associate of the Duke's daughter, the Princess Anne. In January, 1679, the Parliament, which had been in existence ever since 1661, was dissolved, and writs were issued for a general election. This election marks an epoch in English history. The interval which elapsed between the Restoration and the Revolution naturally divides itself into three periods. The first extends from 1660 to 1679, the second from 1679 to 1681, and the third from 1681 to 1688. Up to 1660 the previous twenty years of trouble, beginning with the summoning of the Long Parliament in 1640, had made the majority of the English people ready to buy repose at any price. In 1679 the whole state of things had changed. Eighteen years of misgovernment had made the same majority desirous to obtain security for their liberties at any risk. The enthusiasm of the national rejoicings at the return of the King had worked itself out. In every part of the country the name of courtier had become a word of reproach. Society had become one vast mass of combustible matter, and waited only for a spark to set it on fire. That was supplied in 1678, when the nation was driven wild by the alleged discovery of a 'Popish Plot.' Titus Oates, a man of infamous character, was the chief witness for its existence. He was effectually supported by that political gambler, Ashley, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, who had in turn proved a traitor to every party, and had so timed his desertions that success seemed to go to and fro with him on every side. He built on the favour of the multitude, and seeing a popular movement coming put himself at the head of the opposition to the Government from which he had seceded or been turned out. With the calling together of a new Parliament there was an excitement never before known. 'I never,' writes Sir William Temple, who had seen the abolition of the monarchy and all that followed, 'saw greater disturbance in men's minds.' The tide ran furiously against the Court, and the Court made corresponding efforts to meet the opposition. During some weeks the contention throughout the country was fierce and obstinate beyond example. Horses were hired at a great charge for the conveyance of electors. The practice of splitting freeholds, for the purpose of manufacturing what now are called 'faggot votes,' dates from this memorable struggle. The fury of the people was chiefly directed against the Duke of York, who had avowed himself a Roman Catholic, while the King was only one in secret. Charles had found it necessary to yield to the violence of the public feeling. His brother, the Duke of York, was on the point of retiring to Holland. John Churchill, who was on the establishment of the Duke of York, would have found it very difficult to be returned to Parliament. Fortunately for him, Newtown in the Isle of Wight was at the disposal of the Governor of the Isle of Wight, who was then Sir Robert Holmes (1667–1692). Holmes was a person in favour with the King and the Duke of York. He got John Churchill along with Sir Richard Holmes to be returned as members for Newtown. The Parliament assembled on March 6, when a new council was formed, consisting of members of the 'country party,' who were bent on shutting out the Duke of York from the throne on account of his religion. Shaftesbury, who was the president of the council, lived to see the great party which he had led scattered to the winds by the machinery of the 'Popish Plot,' which, though he may not have invented it, he condescended to use, and which broke down, after bringing some innocent men to the scaffold. His ungovernable passions entailed a judicial blindness to consequences, which in the end brought him, with all his desperate hardiness, abundant resources, and skilful retreats, to his doom. This Parliament has the credit of having passed what is known as the 'Habeas Corpus Act' for the better securing of the liberty of the subject, and for prevention of imprisonment beyond the seas. The Great Charter had established the immunity of every freeman from arbitrary imprisonment, but the judges often found pretexts for refusing to award the writ, and the gaolers for delaying to obey it. The object of the new Act was effectually to provide that no man should be long detained in prison on a criminal charge without either the legality of his imprisonment being proved in open Court or his being brought to trial. The name comes from the writ of 'Habeas Corpus,' to which recourse could always be had, on behalf of persons illegally imprisoned. The writ was addressed to the person by whom any one was detained, commanding him to produce the prisoner in Court and show the cause of the imprisonment. In times of public danger the operation of this statute is sometimes suspended by Acts giving the Government power for a limited period to imprison suspected persons without bringing them to trial.

A Bill also to exclude the Duke of York from the throne was brought forward, but was frustrated by the dissolution of the Parliament, May 27 of the same year. Newtown had the honour, so far as I am aware, of being the first and only place which seated John Churchill in the Lower House. In December, 1683, he was, by the influence of the Duke of York, dignified with the title of Baron Churchill of Eyremouth, co. Berwick, in the peerage of Scotland. When the Duke of York ascended the throne as James II, Lord Churchill was accredited as ambassador to the Court of France, and was created a peer of England May 14, 1685, as Baron Churchill of Sandridge, co. Hertford. Whether he ever spoke in the short-lived House of Commons in which he sat as member for Newtown does not appear. 'He was not loquacious,' so writes Lord Macaulay, 'but when he was forced to speak in public his natural eloquence moved the envy of practised rhetoricians.'

The great captain and statesman, who never lost his head on the battle-field or in the Council Chamber, had probably no inclination to take up the part of a 'Rupert of debate' among the angry squabbles and spiteful insinuations of the double-tongued and intriguing party politicians of that period.

May 28, 1887.

AN ASTROLOGER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AND HIS CONNEXION WITH THE ATTEMPT OF CHARLES I TO ESCAPE FROM CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

I.

A CERTAIN William Lilly was mixed up with the attempts of Charles I to escape from Carisbrooke Castle. This man has written an autobiography of himself, which was published in 1715, or thirty-four years after his death, in 1681. Though this life of himself is not altogether wholesome reading, much that is curious about the manners of the seventeenth century is contained in it. Dr. Nash in his notes to Butler's poem of *Hudibras* calls Lilly 'a time-serving rascal.' How far this judgement is true, my readers may decide for themselves, if they will bestow a glance at the history of this strange adventurer.

The birth-place of Lilly was, as his autobiography tells us, at Diseworth, near Derby, 'a town of great rudeness, wherein it is not remembered that any of the farmers thereof did ever educate any of their sons to learning.' In this unlettered village Lilly was born on May Day, 1602, just about the time when death was creeping on the last of the Tudor line, the great Queen Elizabeth, when her face had become haggard and her frame was worn almost to a skeleton, though as a courtier said a few months before her death, 'the Queen was never so gallant these many years nor so set upon jollity.' Lilly's father was a yeoman. We have a picture of a yeoman in those days from Bishop Latimer, preaching before King Edward VI. 'My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled as much as kept half a dozen men. He had walks for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the King a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place where he should receive the King's wages. I can remember that I buckled his horse when I came to Blackheath field. He kept me at school or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds or twenty nobles apiece, so that he brought them up in godliness and the fear of God. He kept hospitality to his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor.' Lilly's father may have been much the same as the worthy parent of honest Hugh Latimer. Lilly's mother, a North countrywoman, must have had more love of learning than the people of Diseworth; for from his infancy she destined her boy to be a scholar, and hoped no doubt, like the mother of Dominie Sampson, to see him wag his head in a pulpit. 'For,' as Hugh Latimer says in another of his sermons, 'by yeomen's sons the faith of Christ is and has been maintained chiefly.' The strength of the English Reformed Church has in the main lain with the middle class. Accordingly, when Lilly was eleven years old he was sent to the school of one Mr. John Brinsley, a strict Puritan, 'very severe in his life and conversation, and he did breed up many scholars for the Universities.' Here Lilly learned Greek and Latin, remaining with his schoolmaster till he was eighteen years old, when Brinsley was 'enforced from keeping school.' A great moral and religious change was at that time passing over the people of England. The opened Bible had worked wonders. Elizabeth might try to tune the pulpits, but she could not obstruct the popular stream which flowed in the direction of what goes by the name of Puritanism. The minds of men were turned towards theology. 'Theology,' so the great Christian scholar Grotius said of England only ten years after the death of Queen Elizabeth, 'rules there.' When Casaubon, the last of the illustrious scholars of the sixteenth century, was invited to England by King James, 'There is,' he writes to a friend, 'a great abundance of theologians in England, all point their studies in that direction.' The early Puritans were no gloomy ignorant fanatics. Many of them were highly educated men. If they used Scripture phraseology in a way which would now be against good taste, and perhaps sincere religious feeling, it must be remembered that the Bible was a newly discovered book, and that on the believer's lips and to the believer's ears there were, as John Milton has written, 'no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the Prophets; and no politicks like those which the Scriptures teach.'

By a melancholy misapprehension of the signs of the times the bishops and the dignified clergy in the reign of King James alienated the affections of the Puritans from the National Church. Not only did their servile doctrines about the divine right of Kings jar against what was noblest and best in the mind of the Puritan; he was also irritated by their petty persecutions. Schoolmasters were by the Canons, 77, 78, and 79, enacted in 1603, very much under the power of the Bishop, who licensed them and could suspend them. Poor Brinsley on account of his religious opinions was one of the victims of the severe system of suppression introduced by Archbishop Bancroft. Lilly's father moreover was now too poor to pay for his schooling, but the sedate and bookish lad had made good use of his time, if he speaks truly when he asserts that he could make extempore verses on any theme—hexameters, pentameters, phalaeciacs, &c., and could converse in Latin as readily as in English. His father, far from admiring his son's powers in mouthing out his Latin, was only 'discomfited to find that this country-bred youth could neither drive the plough nor do any farm work,' and oft would say 'that he was fit for nothing.' The elder Lilly was soon after his son's leaving school thrown into gaol for debt; the younger, borrowing a few shillings from his friends, journeyed toilsomely to London, which in the reign of James I began to be the resort of those needy adventurers who, in the language of that day, fancied that its streets were paved with gold. Lilly betook himself to domestic service, the resource of broken-down, spendthrift gentlemen and famished scholars in the seventeenth century. The applicants for such service repaired to St. Paul's Churchyard, the great place of public lounge, and there stood against the pillars holding before them a written placard stating their particular qualifications, and their desire for employment. Lilly's first place was with a mantua-maker. In those days of extravagant dressing and foppery in both sexes the mantua-maker was an important personage, whose shop might generally be found in or near Spring Gardens. In the employment of this flourishing tradesman Lilly 'saw and ate good white bread,' and was man of all work, walking before his master to church, scraping trenchers, and driving 'bucks,' i.e. baskets of linen for the wash, such as that in which Falstaff in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* is described as escaping from the house of Master Ford. After remaining four years at the mantua-maker's Lilly exchanged this situation for one of a less menial character. His new employer was a citizen of renown, Master of the Salters' Company, who, being unable himself to write, engaged Lilly to keep his accounts, write his letters, and act as his managing clerk. In 1627 his master died, and was so well pleased with him that he settled £20 a year upon him, whereupon Lilly married the widow, with whom he received £1,000. This lady died within a few years, when he immediately took a second wife, who augmented his fortune by £500. She was, he tells us, in his astrological language, 'of the nature of Mars,' in other words, 'a shrew and scold.' Her death seems to have been a great satisfaction to him, and his third wife proved thoroughly satisfactory. In 1632 he first began the study of astronomy under one Evans, a Welsh clergyman—'an excellent wise man who studied the black art.' Astrology, like the kindred words geology and mineralogy, means simply the science or 'telling of the stars,' while astronomy means arranging the stars; an astronomer is one who arranges the stars in their order. In our old English writers, 'judicial astrology,' as it was called, was the art of predicting the future fortunes of any one from the star under which he was born, and was based upon the belief that the heavenly bodies are the instruments by which the Creator regulates the events of the world. Whewell, in his *History of the Inductive Sciences*, vol. i. pp. 221–234, has given a valuable account of this pretended science, which obtained such firm possession of men's minds that such vigorous and clear-sighted intellects as those of Roger Bacon, Cardan, Kepler, Tycho Brahe, and Francis Bacon, could not altogether shake off the persuasion that there was in this art some element of truth. Even in what may be called natural astrology, as Whewell points out, it is well known how long, in spite of facts, false and groundless rules (as the dependence of weather on the moon) may keep their hold on men's minds. Few indeed, if any, now believe that the planet under which a man may be born will affect his temperament, will make him for life grave or gay, lively or severe, yet as Trench (*Study of Words*, p. 95) has shown, we speak of one as jovial 'because he was born under the planet Jupiter, or Jove,' which was the joyfullest star. So too a gloomy, severe person is said to be 'saturnine,' that is, born under the planet Saturn, who was considered to make those that owned his influence, and were born when he was in the ascendent, grave and stern as himself; another we call 'mercurial,' or light-hearted, as those born under the planet Mercury were accounted to be. The same faith in the influence of the stars survives in such common words as 'disastrous,' 'ill-starred,' 'ascendency,' 'lord of the ascendent,' and indeed in 'influence' itself. Let us 'not rudely blame this faith in the might of stars.' When we think of the spirit-rapping of our own day, and the believers in 'Sludge the medium' of Mr. Robert Browning's poetry, or the late Mr. Home of real life, we must confess that assertions more incredible, and more evident deceptions, are still permitted

'To reign without dispute
O'er all the realms of nonsense absolute.'

November 26, 1887.

II.

Evans, Lilly's tutor in this 'mock art and brain-sick tale of old astrology,' had been expelled from his curacy because of his frauds in connexion with it. He was so disreputable a person that Lilly could have said of him as he does of another of the trade, 'His life answered not in holiness and sanctity to what it should.'

In 1634 Lilly had acquired such fame in casting nativities that along with Evans he was engaged in an affair which recalls 'Dousterswivel' in Sir Walter Scott's *Antiquary*.

Davy Ramsay (whose name reminds us of another of Scott's characters, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*), his majesty's clockmaker, had been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Lilly was applied to to ascertain 'by the use of the Mosaical or Miners' rods' whether the treasure could be found, with this proviso from Dean Williams that if any was discovered the Church should have a share of it. The upshot was that Lilly and thirty gentlemen who accompanied him to the cloisters one night, when he applied his hazel rods, after disinterring a few leaden coffins were disturbed by a violent storm, which so alarmed them that they all took to their heels and ran home. Lilly attributes the failure to the presence of too many spectators, who mocked so disrespectfully that the spirits would not give up the treasures, but threatened to blow down Westminster Abbey.

Troublous times came, but Lilly flourished through them all. His gains must have been large, since he mentions that his second wife spent not only her own dowry of £500 but as much more of his. When he came to London he had only ten shillings. He was consulted by both Cavaliers and Roundheads; the army and many of the Independent party were, he says, in his favour, but the 'impudent prick-eared' Presbyterians, to use his own language in describing one of their ministers, were scandalized by the resemblance of his art to sorcery. During this time the plague was hanging about London, though its most severe outbreak was much later. His house was struck by it, and no one was allowed to go in or out for seven weeks, two of his maid-servants dying of it. He spent his enforced seclusion in composing a collection of prophecies and a treatise 'to satisfy the whole kingdom of the lawfulness' of this art, and composing 'a plain and easy method for any person but of indifferent capacity to learn it.' When his treatise appeared, Fairfax sent for him to Windsor, evidently anxious to be on good terms with astrology and its professor, though uneasy lest it should be unlawful. 'He understood it not,' he said, 'but hoped it was agreeable to God's word.' Lilly assured him that there was nothing in it opposed to Scripture, the fathers, and antiquity. And so they parted, Lilly's fame no doubt considerably exalted by this summons in a carriage with four horses to the General-in-Chief. He adds: 'King Charles I in the year 1646, April 27, went unto the Scots. . . Many desired my judgement in his absence to discover the way in which he might be taken, when I never would be drawn unto or give any direction concerning his person.'

It must be recollected that Lilly's autobiography was written after the Restoration of Charles II, when it was the interest of the writer to make himself acceptable to those in authority. Lilly was one of those venal politicians who are always on the side which pays them best. When consulted by the Cavaliers with the King's privity as to whether the King should receive the proposition of the Parliament, he received £20 for his opinion. The unhappy King remarked, 'He understands astrology as well as any man in Europe.' At the same time Lilly was employed by the opposite party to furnish them with 'perfect knowledge of the chiefest concerns of France,' for which he received £50 in cash and an annuity of £100. This latter he enjoyed only two years. After the year 1645 he engaged heartily in the cause of the Parliament. The story of Lilly's share in the attempted escape of the King from Carisbrooke Castle has been already told in these pages (see page 282). His affection for the King may be tested by the fact that he was one of the close committee to consult upon the execution of Charles I. On the Restoration he declared that although he had served the Parliament out of fear he had always remained a Cavalier in heart; but this time his advances were rejected.

Before Charles II returned to England the cunning astrologer saw in the stars or elsewhere that the power of the Parliament was waning, and in his next almanac hinted at it so plainly that he was summoned before a committee to explain his audacity. 'The Parliament,' says Whitlocke, 'took upon them and exercised all manner of jurisdiction, and sentenced persons *secundum arbitrium*, which was disliked by many lawyers in the House (whereof I was one), and we showed them the illegality and breach of liberty in these arbitrary proceedings, and advised them to refer such matters in the legal proceedings to ordinary courts of justice; but the dominion and power was sweet to some of them, and they were very unwilling to part with it.'

'I was timorous of committees,' Lilly writes upon the occasion of being brought before this arbitrary House of Commons, 'being ever by some of them calumniated, upbraided, scorned, and derided. However I must and did appear, and let me never forget that great affection and care (O most learned and excellent Squire Ashmole) showed unto me at that time.' Lilly escaped almost scot-free on this occasion, acting in a very characteristic manner. Before appearing at the bar of the House he had a secret and hasty interview with his printer, 'an assured Cavalier,' altered the offensive passages, and armed with a copy thus amended presented himself before the committee. 'At first,' he says, 'they showed me the true "Anglicus," and asked if I wrote and printed it. I took the book and inspected it very heedfully, and when I had done so, said thus: This is none of my book. Some malicious Presbyterian hath wrote it, who are my mortal enemies; I disown it. The committee looked upon one another as distracted men,' and their astonishment was not lessened by Lilly's producing the amended copy and disowning all others. He was kept as a prisoner for nearly a fortnight, but Cromwell stood his friend and he was released.

With his brazen impudence Lilly hints that it was dangerous to interfere with him. A very learned divine, Thomas Gataker, whom a foreign writer placed among the six Protestants most conspicuous, in his judgement, for learning, made a 'scandalous exposition' of a verse of Jeremiah concerning the 'signs of heaven,' which he applied to Lilly, calling him a 'blind buzzard.' In reply to this, Lilly wrote in his next almanac, as an event to be expected in August, *Hoc in tumulo jacet Presbyter et Nebulo,* in which month Gataker died. As however it appears that this learned Hebraist was above eighty years of age when he died, the prediction had a fair chance of being fulfilled. Certain figures of shrouds and flames which appeared in another 'Anglicus' were declared by him to have been predictions of the plague and fire of 1666. On this occasion he was again called before Parliament. This was the last time that he publicly claimed to be a prophet. In the preceding year he had begun to study medicine, and practised largely, for the most part giving advice gratuitously, and riding every Saturday to Kingston, where he saw his poorer patients free of charge. He continued to publish his almanacs till the last year of his life, 1681, though his sight grew so dim that he was obliged to employ a secretary. After burying his second wife, and marrying a third, he died of palsy in June of that year, and was buried at Walton-upon-Thames. A tablet was placed over his tomb in the chancel of the church, with a Latin epitaph by his faithful friend, Elias Ashmole, the founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

Ashmole had come to London in 1646, and there falling in, as he says, with Mr. (afterwards Sir Jonas) Moore, Mr. William Lilly, and Mr. John Booker, esteemed the greatest astrologers of their time, was by them instructed, caressed, and admitted into their fraternity. Before his death Lilly had adopted a tailor for his son, by the name of Merlin Junior, to whom he bequeathed the impression of his almanac, which had been published for thirty-six years. 'Most of the hieroglyphics in this work,' writes Aubrey, 'were stolen from monkish manuscripts, Moore, the almanac-maker, has stolen them from him, and doubtless some future almanac-maker will steal them from Moore.'

The penniless serving-man, who amassed a fortune by playing on the credulity of mankind, must have had a good deal of the knave in his composition. As he made and kept honest men as his friends, he had something more. The man who could so commend himself to the masculine intellect of Cromwell as to obtain the stern Lord Protector for his supporter in the prosecution set on foot in Parliament, was not only a plausible impostor. How much he believed in his own professions, it is not easy to say. His unconcealed contempt for those of his contemporaries who practised his own trade of prognostication furnishes sufficient grounds for what we may think of him and his astrology. Jerome Cardan, the astrologer of the sixteenth century, that singular compound of genius and folly, was a believer in the horoscopes which he drew. Dr. Dee too had a sincere belief in his power to control the supernatural agency of the spirits he called up. But Lilly was one of those sordid characters who look only at the money gain which is to be had by these transactions.

Lilly's influence upon almanacs lasted for some time. The public, long used to predictions of the deaths of princes and other disturbances both in the weather and the nation, refused to receive any almanac which did not contain their favourite absurdities. It is said that the Stationers' Company once tried the experiment of partially reconciling Francis Moore and common sense by no greater efforts than that of omitting the column of the moon's influence on the parts of the body, and that most of the copies were returned on their hands. Indeed it is only within the last fifty years that astrological predictions have not been contained in nine almanacs out of ten. The unbounded belief in what is possible, though without proof or even probability, lingers long among mankind. The real arguments against astrology are first, that it is self-contradictory; and, secondly, that its predictions are not borne out by facts.

Cicero, in his work on *Divination*, ii. 42, reasons against the pretensions of astrology with arguments as sensible and intelligent as could be adduced by a writer of the present day, such as the different fortunes and characters of persons born at the same time; and the failure of the predictions in the case of Pompey, Crassus, Caesar, to whom the astrologers had foretold a glorious old age and a peaceful death. Pliny (*Hist. Nat.* vii. 42) argues on the same side, and with some of the same arguments. 'Every hour, in every part of the world, are born lords and slaves, kings and beggars.'

December 3, 1887.

THE BICENTENARY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688 IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The Tercentenary of the Spanish Armada in 1588 is followed by the Bicentenary of the Revolution of 1688. In July, 1588, the fleet of the Spaniard hove in sight of the Isle of Wight; when, retreating before the skilful tactics of Lord Effingham, the Spanish admiral brought his vessels with their line unbroken, yet sorely distressed, to anchor in Calais Roads. In November, 1688, the ships of William of Orange were seen running past the formidable Rocken End Race towards the gloomy chasm of Blackgang and the remarkable bastions of rock on either side of the Chine. I have already described in the columns of the *County Press*, April, 1887, how on Sunday, November 4, the Dutch fleet slackened sail between Blackgang Chine and Compton Bay during part of the morning, in order that divine service might be performed on board the ships. That day was one to be much remembered by William, for it was also the anniversary of his birth and of his marriage. He observed that Sunday, as a thoughtful man should do, by keeping it holy. That divine service and its devout performance off the coast of the Isle of Wight casts a light upon the influence which the religious and moral convictions of the Dutch stadtholder exercised on what we are accustomed to call the 'Glorious Revolution of 1688.'

William of Orange was a Calvinist, whose religious belief was that of Coligny, of his own great-grandfather, William the Silent, and John Bunyan. A faith which produced such mighty effects on the life of nations in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries must have had a power which history cannot neglect. It gave strength to the French Huguenots, to the Deliverers of the United Provinces, to the Scotch Covenanters, to the English Puritans, and to the New England settlers. In the English settlement after the Revolution of 1688 this Calvinism was modified by other religious influences and tempered by the characteristic sobriety of tone which marks English Christianity, and which in things of this world would be called common sense. Without entering into the theological tenets of Calvinism it may be said that, as the Covenanter stood up for Scotland as a chosen nation, so too the soldiers of the Prince of Orange looked upon Holland as an elect nation. William felt assured that he was the instrument of a Divine Will, whose purpose it was to make him master of England. This belief was not confined to William ; it was diffused more or less through all classes in England. Even among opposing parties was found a submission to the principle that there is a will which is higher than that of any human being or dynasty, and that there are periods in the history of a people when it is treason against this Higher Will not to consider it paramount to all other considerations. The coming of William to our shores brought this belief into definite action ; Somers and those who framed the Declaration of Rights gave it a formal expression in words. Edmund Burke, when dealing with the French Revolution in his splendid commentary upon the Act of Settlement, gladly accepts this religious principle as forming the basis of the Declaration of Rights. But there is an unfortunate halt in Burke's agreement, when he appeals to the language of Lord Somers as determining the right of William to the throne. Burke could appeal to the very words of Somers as showing that a Divine Will was at work when the husband of Mary was accepted, not alone, but with her, as representing the continuousness of the succession to the English throne. The language was clear, but Burke was afraid of it. If he admits an actual dominion of God over the nation, he approaches too near the Puritan language, which he abhors. He can only regard it as an ingenious device of Lord Somers, under the veil of a religious principle, to conceal the mischief of an apparent interruption in the hereditary line. Burke may probably have been right that Lord Somers himself was not quite sure whether he was uttering a truth, or only availing himself of a serviceable argument. If so, he furnished another instance of those who, when a great work has been given them to do, become

> 'Pious beyond the intention of their thought,
> Devout above the meaning of their will.'

Burke himself was far more than this. He was a devout and godly man, but he was carried away by the tendency of the old Whig party, to which he belonged, which led it to shrink from anything which might seem to approach fanaticism or Fifth Monarchy tenets.

In our own day it has been shown that the Declaration of Rights was a ratification of the old Puritan doctrine, upon which Mr. Carlyle has so forcibly enlarged, but stripped of all sectarian technicalities, and that the Whig historians, in their eagerness to clear themselves of all fellowship with their Puritan predecessors, have explained away unfairly the language of the Declaration, reading it by the light of Locke's defence of what he took to be its principles in the *Essay on Government.*

In justice to those who look upon the Revolution of 1688 as being merely the work of ordinary, selfish, and interested party politicians, greedy after place and power, it must be admitted that the events of William's reign, and, above all, the doings of its Parliaments, offer no encouragement to accept a party view of the transactions with which it commenced. The parties of the time—let who will represent them to us—come forth with anything but brilliancy and honour. If Lord Macaulay is the Whig historian, he has not succeeded in making thinking men admire the politicians of his own party, though such thinking men may admire their opponents even less. Lord Macaulay is probably right—into whatever occasional idolatries and concealment of dark spots in his favourite character he may have fallen—that King William was the great preserver of England at the time, and that he prevented the rival parties from destroying it.

In this good work the King was assisted by the good feeling and good sense of the bulk of the nation, which did not trouble itself about party politics, but really desired the honour and welfare of the nation, by whatsoever hands the Government of the country was administered. The middle class had been growing, to use the distinction of Shakspere's Laertes, in thews and outward bulk; growing, too, in the inward service of the mind and will. The politicians who managed the machinery shared in that spirit of sordid self-seeking which is engendered by the general feeling of insecurity that follows a long revolutionary period. But William, as his latest historian, Mr. Traill, has said, displays the virtues of good sense, self-restraint, and honesty. In that honesty, which is the greatest of these virtues, King William gained the respect of the English middle class, though he never won their affections. The Revolution of 1688, as has been pointed out by the French historian, Thierry, was not national—that is to say, a revolution made by the hands and for the profit of those whose life is perfectly private, who have no concern whether the Government belongs to such or such a man or has such or such a form, but who are concerned in this, that the Government, whatever it may be, or whoever exercises it, should not violate the sacredness of law, without which liberty is impossible. Professor Seeley has done good service in showing that the popular view, based upon what has been called the Whig legend, that the Revolution of 1688 was purely English, is scarcely less absurdly one-sided than the notion that it was a successful foreign invasion. He also maintains that the most Whiggish eulogist of 1688 will admit that William himself was the author of that Revolution, and that no Englishman can pretend even to divide the honour with him. Still, the mere fact that London was, as Professor Seeley himself states, occupied by a foreign army of some 14,000 men proves that the people of England generally were in favour of William. In conformity with the opinions of some French historians, Professor Seeley had asserted that 'England was not disposed, and did not intend to make a revolution, but that for the purposes of the Continent it was necessary that there should be a revolution in England, and a revolution in England accordingly took place.' This view of the Revolution might lead unwary readers to the inference that the English people were passive in the dispute between James II and William, and that the nation beheld with the air of an indifferent spectator the dethronement of James and the solemn coronation of William. This was not the case. The Revolution in 1688 was with the English people generally a question of religious belief. It was felt to be more and more impossible to separate the points which involved religious belief from those which concerned government. Every step in the career of James compelled the statesmen and politicians to recognize this combination, however little they might be disposed to fall back upon the old-fashioned and true doctrine that the Lord reigneth, though earthly rulers may furiously rage together and the people imagine a vain thing. The acts of James had a corresponding effect upon the religious parties, upon Conformists and Nonconformists equally. Lord Macaulay has shown with his accustomed felicity of style how 'delightful it was to many good men to learn that pious and learned Presbyterian ministers had walked in the train of a bishop, had been greeted by him with fraternal kindness, and had been announced by him in the presence-chamber as his dear and respected friends, separated indeed from him by some differences of opinion on minor subjects, but united to him by Christian charity, and by common zeal for the essentials of the reformed faith.'

William was himself deeply attached to the hereditary Calvinist creed of the House of Orange. 'The tenet of predestination,' says Macaulay, 'was the key-stone of his religion.' In his character William showed the excellences and defects of Calvinism. Sternness, hardness, and ruggedness marked his disposition and temper. He would not, like Calvin, have burnt Servetus. He was a soldier and not a speculative theologian. But his conduct in the case of the murder of De Witt in early youth manifested this hard-heartedness. It was this same feature in his character which led him to sanction the massacre of Glencoe, an enormity which has left a stain upon his glory. With the same indifference to human life he has been charged with fighting unnecessary battles, where the probable result was a carnage that would have appalled a more humane man or one whose faith the rigours of the Calvinist creed had less influenced. This same unbending determination and strong will, based upon the conviction that he was alone amenable to the Divine Will, inspired him with a certain lofty contempt for popularity and the arts of political intrigue. The Whigs had made him king, but when it suited his purpose he employed the Tories, giving no confidence to either, trusting only in the few foreign adherents and friends he had brought with him. Professor Seeley has justly observed that by the irony of fate William has been looked upon in England as the champion of popular liberty, while in his own country he was looked upon as a man of tyrannical instincts. In this judgement on William Mr. Traill coincides, and shows that William was no friend of Parliamentary institutions. He looked upon the English Parliament as an ignorant and clumsy instrument, which he must use as he best could; but having accepted it, he never plotted against it. In England he was indeed disliked, but he was not distrusted. Men of all parties felt that he had strong religious convictions, not always enlightened by knowledge or tempered with Christian charity, but sincere and devoid of hypocrisy. He was the type of those who were brought up in the old masculine Calvinist creed, with its inexorable stern logic, and not in its feebler and more compromising forms. Among an unprincipled generation and full of inconsistencies he held to truth and fact, struggling for what he believed to be God's law and will. He was, as Lord Macaulay is careful to point out, his own minister for foreign affairs; and the consequence was that England found herself drawn into the whirlpool of European politics, from which she could not for a century afterwards succeed in extricating herself. Hostile critics have denounced the expenses of William's wars, and the consequent introduction of the mode of burdening posterity which is known as the funding system or National Debt, as also the sanction which Parliament gave to privateering, which is near akin to piracy. And yet the advocates of the Revolution have justice and reason on their side when they insist upon the fact that the great principle which had prevailed in the early English times of kings being the ministers, not the masters, of the people was then solemnly asserted. The theory of an 'Original Contract,' which Locke elaborated in contradiction of Sir R. Filmer's absurd caricature of patriarchal government, has been proved to be utterly 'unhistorical'; and yet a retrospect of the Revolution of 1688 leads the deepest thinkers of our own age to acknowledge that, both in its course and its results, it reveals the theories of the government of a righteous and Divine Ruler, who has made a covenant with the land and whose will it is to destroy all evil by strengthening what is good in every nation and people.

November 3, 1888.

THE FLEET OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1688.

EDMUND CALAMY, the grandson of another Edmund Calamy, an excellent and moderate Presbyterian clergyman who was ejected from his benefice by the Act of Uniformity in August, 1662, has done for the 'Bartholomew confessors' of Puritanism the same service which the Bollandists and Alban Butler have rendered to the ancient and mediaeval saints, and which in modern times Sir James Stephen performed for the 'Evangelical succession,' 'William Wilberforce,' and the Clapham brotherhood of the nineteenth century. One chapter in Calamy's life of Richard Baxter was amplified by him into three volumes, which he published (1713–1723) under the title of *An Account of the Ministers, Lecturers, &c., ejected or silenced after the Restoration in* 1660.

In this book, which is the storehouse for all the facts of the history of later Puritanism, Calamy relates that Newnham, formerly incumbent of St. Lawrence in the Isle of Wight, though deprived of that benefice, was not silenced, but continued to preach in various places, more particularly to the church committed to his charge at Road Bridge and Stroud Green, where on Sunday, November 4, 1688, when the Dutch armament conveying William of Orange to Torbay was sailing past the shores of the Island, 'he set aside the subject he intended to have preached on, and gave his people a discourse suited to such a circumstance of Providence.'

The scene which Calamy's narrative brings before us is one which would make a good subject for an historical painter. Stroud Green is a pretty spot on the road between Chale and Shorwell, which passes by the steep side of Kingston Down (a wave of the greensand formation), and marks the point where the main road bears on the right to Newport. A pleasant narrow lane, whose red banks are in spring and summer draped with the black spleenwort and other ferns, and bright with flowers, forms one entrance to the village green. Another entrance is made by the road which climbs the narrow gorge between the chalk downs of Chillerton, which hem it in on every side, enlivened by a bright crystal rivulet dashing along the road-side. Along these two sides, where in those days it was hard to distinguish the regular track from the unenclosed land on either side, and over field paths and bridle roads, the worshippers trooped along in little companies. They were all bound to the one spot where they were to hear their favourite preacher, clothed in his black cloak and with large white Geneva bands, hold forth to them under the open vault of the sky. Nearly all of them were the country peasants of the neighbourhood, though here and there might be discerned a grave Puritan yeoman or small proprietor, with his comely wife mounted on a pillion behind him on the horse they were riding; perhaps also some busy citizen of Newport, who was glad to have the opportunity of taking a more lengthened Sabbath day's journey than was his wont, with a safe conscience, as he was wont to drink in the words of that painful preacher, Master Newnham. The women wore the tall, high-crowned black hats, and almost the same costumes as those which might be seen in a Welsh market-place some thirty or forty years ago. November weather is much maligned by dwellers in towns, at any rate in this favoured Island, where 'St. Martin's' or the 'Indian' summer often lasts far into that month. An out-of-doors November Sunday did not damp the zeal of the little congregation, who on Stroud Green stood around the wagon which had been lent by a neighbouring farmer to serve as a pulpit to their beloved pastor.

Tidings had been brought by some of the travellers that a gallant fleet had been seen with sails full spread in the offing of the brightly glancing waters of the English Channel.

If no one else was aware that this fleet was coming for the rescue of English civil and religious liberty, the preacher, from his previous knowledge that the ships must be those of William of Orange, directed his hearers to turn with thankfulness to God for having thus far happily conveyed the deliverer who was to preserve for them their religion and laws.

Calamy's notice gives a distinct impression of the intense interest taken by all classes in England, down to the peasants who ploughed the fields, in the coming of those who would put an end to the misgovernment of James II. There was no provincial press in those days. Except indeed in London and in the two University towns there was scarcely a printer in the kingdom. At the country houses of Worsley or of Oglander the much expected news-letter from London would make its appearance regularly enough. Within a week or two after it had arrived it would have been thumbed by the few families who had the privilege of getting the newspaper after it had been read by the inmates of the great house. The wonder is how the people in the Isle of Wight could know of the stir and bustle in the far larger island of England; and yet we find an itinerant preacher in an obscure part of the country fully aware of all that had aroused the feelings of the whole nation. By a thoroughly unconstitutional stretch of royal prerogative James had issued the memorable Declaration of Indulgence, which suspended all penal laws against Nonconformists, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics. The Protestant Dissenter might naturally enough think that the yoke of the Romanist king was lighter than that of the Protestant and Reformed Church of England. In vain was the net spread in sight of the bird. A masterly little tract, called a *Letter to a Dissenter,* of which twenty thousand copies were circulated by the post, so that there was no corner of the kingdom in which the effect was not felt, set forward in a small compass all the arguments which could convince a Nonconformist that it was his duty and his interest to prefer an alliance with the National Church rather than with a Court which was devoted to the interests of the see of Rome. Richard Baxter and John Howe (and no higher names in the estimation of the Puritans could be found) distrusted the promises of the king. John Bunyan was of the same mind with these excellent men; one of the last acts of his life was to decline an interview to which he was invited by an agent of the Government. Newnham of St. Lawrence in the Isle of Wight was therefore only taking up the same line as that which at this great crisis was adopted by the majority of the Protestant Nonconformists. The committal of the seven bishops to the Tower drew together the bonds of union still closer. For once at any rate there was concord and coalition between Conformist and Nonconformist. The common enemy brought them 'together,' the Dissenters became the defenders of the bishops; Archbishop Sancroft, who had been at war with the Puritans from his youth up, and who had published in his *Fur Praedestinatus* a caricature of the Calvinistic theology, now solemnly enjoined the bishops and the clergy to have a very tender regard for their brethren, the Protestant Dissenters. In the language of the prophet of old it seemed as if 'Ephraim would not envy Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim.' The spectacle of the ships at sea, which on that Sunday arrested the attention of the little congregation on Stroud Green, was very magnificent. An account of that triumphant voyage down the Channel has been handed down by one who was on board a vessel of that fleet—Paul de Rapin Thoyras, a French Huguenot, better known as the author of a History of England, which was translated by Nicholas Tindal, under the name of *Rapin's History* (1757, 1759, 21 vols. 8vo). On the evening of November 1 the armament of Dutch William, as his enemies in England called him, started on its second voyage for the English coast. The first expedition had failed in consequence of the wind changing from the east to the west. William himself was on board a frigate called the Brill. His flag was immediately hoisted. It displayed the arms of Nassau (azure, semé of billets, a lion rampant, or) quartered with those of England. Emblazoned on this flag were the words, 'The Protestant Religion and liberties of England,' and underneath the motto of the ancient house of Nassau, 'I will maintain.' The fleet at first steered northward, and it was thought to be the Prince's intention to land at the mouth of the Humber. But a violent east wind having begun to blow during the night, the fleet steered towards the south-eastern coast of England, after which the ships shortened sail for fear of accidents. The same wind that blew the English and Dutch fleet towards the Channel had the effect of keeping King James's fleet in the Thames, where they remained anchored at Gunfleet, sixty-one men-of-war under command of Admiral Lord Dartmouth. The weather had so served the cause of William that some men of more piety than judgement called the wind the 'Protestant wind.' On November 3 the fleet entered the English Channel, and lay between Calais and Dover. William himself in the Brill led the way. More than six hundred vessels with canvas spread followed in his wake. The transports were in the centre. The men-of-war, more than fifty in number, formed the outer rampart. The troops appeared under arms on the decks. The flourish of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the rolling of the drums were distinctly heard at once on the English and French shores. The white beach of Kent was covered with an innumerable company of gazers. 'It is easy,' says Rapin Thoyras, 'to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.' At sunset the armament was off Beechy Head. Then the lights were kindled. The sea was all ablaze for many miles. But the eyes of all the steersmen were fixed throughout the night on three huge lanterns which flamed on the stern of the Brill. When Sunday, November 4, dawned the fleet rounded the southern point of the Isle of Wight, where the change in the coast scenery is immediately perceived in the bleak and naked aspect which succeeds to the rich luxuriance of foliage which clothes the Undercliff. Running past the formidable Rocken End Race, they came in sight of the gloomy chasm of Blackgang and the remarkable bastions of rock on either side of the Chine. Between this point and Compton Bay sail was slackened during part of the morning, and divine service was performed on board of the ships. In the afternoon and during the night the fleet sped on its way down the Channel. The morning of November 5 was hazy. The pilot of the Brill could not discern the sea-marks, and carried the fleet too far to the west. The danger was great. The English Admiral, Russell, saw the whole extent of the peril, and exclaimed to Burnet, 'You may go to prayers, doctor, all is over.' At that moment the wind changed, a soft breeze sprang up from the south, the mist dispersed, and under the mild light of an autumnal moon the fleet turned back, passed round the lofty cape of Berry Head, and rode safe in the harbour of Torbay.

The Sunday on which Newnham and the congregation of Stroud Green descried William's fleet was a remarkable day in that Prince's life, for it was the anniversary both of William's birth and of his marriage. William was doubly related to the royal Family of England. He was nephew of Charles I and son-in-law of James II. His princess was the heiress presumptive to the English Crown. His great-grandfather, William the Silent, belonged to the House of Nassau, an ancient and illustrious German family which dated its distinction from the Middle Ages. Through the marriage of one of this family with Claudie of Chalons the small but delightful province of Orange, lying between Provence and Dauphiny, had passed into the Nassau house and given to them what has since been their most characteristic title. Under William the First, the true founder of the glories of his race, the seven Protestant provinces of the Netherlands concluded in 1576 the union of Utrecht, which formed the lasting basis of the Dutch Republic. William II, grandson of the hero who is known to modern European history as William the Silent, died of the small-pox, the scourge of that period, in 1650, and eight days after the death of his father was born a posthumous son, on November 4. William II had held the office of stadtholder of the United Provinces. This office had been so long held by the Nassau or Orange family that it seemed almost hereditary; but the Republican party, headed by John de Witt, took the advantage of the widowhood of Mary, the daughter of our Charles I, and taking upon themselves the Government, bound themselves by treaty with Cromwell not to allow the stadtholderate to be exercised by any person connected with the exiled English Royal Family. They adhered to this engagement for many years, but at length disastrous wars with both England and France brought their country to the very verge of ruin. The successful Republicans now became unpopular; the partizans of the house of Orange put forward the restoration of the stadtholderate as the only means of safety, and accordingly the young Prince, who was believed to possess vigour and ability, and was now in his twenty-second year, was tumultuously placed in the office of stadtholder of Holland and Zealand, July 1672. The other provinces soon after took him as their head, and the expectations formed of him were in part at least promptly realized. On November 4, 1677, William, in his twenty-eighth year, was married to his cousin Mary, a handsome girl of sixteen. The marriage at first was not a happy one. William was a negligent husband. The excellent Ken, who had been Rector of Brighstone in the Isle of Wight, 1666–1667, and was for some months chaplain to the Princess at the Hague, was so much incensed with her wrongs that he threatened to reprimand her husband severely. A reconciliation at last took place, and from that time till the sad day when her husband was carried away in fits from Mary's dying bed in 1694 there was friendship and confidence between them. When in 1702 the remains of King William were laid out, so Lord Macaulay relates in the closing words of his History, 'It was found that he wore next to his skin a small piece of black silk riband. The lords in waiting ordered it to be taken off. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary.'

Though only the ruler of a small republic, his activity and zeal were such that William was the real head of the League of Augsburg, July, 1686, in which the Protestant princes of Germany, two Roman Catholic monarchs of the House of Austria, and even a Pope (Innocent XI) were confederated together against Louis XIV of France. William managed his proceedings so prudently that he was on friendly terms with his Roman Catholic allies, without forfeiting the character assigned to the earlier princes of his house of being a strenuous champion of Protestantism. Hence, when the misgovernment of his father-in-law, James II, became unbearable, William was invited by a small knot of political leaders in England to assist in preserving the civil and religious liberties of the nation. He accordingly came to England with an army and fleet in November, 1688, as has been already described.

The Book of Common Prayer had a special form of thanksgiving for 'the happy arrival of King William' on November 5. In November, 1858, Her Majesty was petitioned to suspend the Order in Council which appointed what were called the State Services. We were well rid of these services. Many used these services while the command lasted—not at all liking them—from obedience to lawful authority. A very large number of the loyal sons and daughters of the Church of England strongly objected to the denunciation of what the service for November 5 called by the offensive term of 'Popish tyranny,' as much as they did the denunciations of the Puritans in the services for January 30, and for the Restoration on May 29. At the same time all true-hearted Englishmen will acknowledge, whatever their religious and political views may be, that the Revolution of 1688 was a national blessing. It would be out of place in this letter to point out its many beneficial results; enough to be reminded that the strictly legal form of government then first introduced has lasted now for two centuries.

William found, as all upright and religious rulers have found in times of great national danger and suffering, that their sovereignty confers upon them a crown of thorns. He soon became unpopular; the few foreigners whom he had brought over were his only trusted adherents. More than once he contemplated abandoning England; but he soon recovered his self-command, and stayed firm at his post until merciful death released him from his troubles and anxieties on March 8, 1702.

William III is the hero and central figure in Lord Macaulay's great work. The Whig historian is probably right in his main conception—into whatever occasional idolatries and partial concealment of dark spots in his favourite character it may have betrayed him—that William III saved the country by preventing the rival parties from destroying it.

The politicians were only striving to supplant each other in their struggle for place and power. The Whigs had made William king, but when it suited his purpose and the interests of the country he employed the Tories, giving no confidence to either, preferring the country he had adopted to party. Such a proof of the worth of royalty was exceedingly important at a time when so many influences had tended to bring the crown into disesteem, and when the Revolution itself might have suggested that the representative house was the supreme authority. The quiet, sensible people, who did not trouble their heads with the personal grudges of party politicians, felt it to be their duty to support the executive of a government which was above the meannesses of Parliamentary squabbles, and looked steadily to the honour and prosperity of Great Britain and Ireland.

March 19, 1887.

THE TOLERATION ACT IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A. D. 1689.

It has been the fashion of late to celebrate centenaries. The keeping the two hundredth birthday of the passing of the Toleration Act, which is still considered by Nonconformists the charter of their religious freedom, might therefore with propriety take place this year. Widely varied as have been the phases through which the Church of England has passed since the settlement in Church and State of 1689 to the present day, the whole period has a common character. It has witnessed the continued growth of the principle of ecclesiastical toleration. We have learned at any rate to agree to differ, and can discern throughout these two hundred years a clear and direct sentence of God upon all attempts to restrain the expression of thought and belief, even if that expression take ever so negative and contradictory a form. The toleration which is based not upon the uncertainty of truth but upon its certainty so far from being embarrassed by the various interpretations of religious belief leads Christians to vindicate their own faith, not by trying to crush or silence any special opinion, in the conviction that the truth of the living God will in the end overcome all falsehood and error and comprehend all that is good and valuable in our warring creeds. In 1689 the English people, whether Churchmen or Nonconformists, were by no means disposed to admit the doctrine that religious error ought to be left unpunished. Dr. John Owen, who was the leader of the liberal party among the Independents, expressly says in his *Inquiry into the original of Evangelical Churches* which was published in 1681, 'that the magistrate may prohibit the public exercise of worship, idolatrous or superstitious, and may restrain, as there is occasion, persons who under pretence of religion do advance principles which are opposite and destructive to the truth of religion.'

At the same time toleration was in the air. John Locke, while deprived because of his opinions of his home and his bread at Christ Church, Oxford, employed himself in writing his celebrated *Letter on Toleration*. The situation of the Nonconformist, in consequence of the Act of Uniformity, Five Mile Act, and the like, had been much discussed even in the reign of Charles II, when the kingdom was distracted by the fear of the 'Popish Plot,' and when there was a general disposition among Protestants to unite against those whom they held to be their common enemy. The temporary union between the Church of England and those who held her ritual and episcopal government in detestation, which had been brought about by the tyranny of James II, strengthened the feeling in favour of relief to the consciences of Protestant Dissenters and their right to worship God as they thought fit. All things were ripe and ready for a Toleration Bill. The right man to introduce it was also forthcoming. Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, a thoroughly honest statesman, well known to be devoted to the Church of England, undertook to introduce a measure into the House of Lords. The regularity of his devotions and the purity of his morals gave peculiar weight to his opinions, and the Bill which he laid upon the table of the House of Lords soon passed both Houses with little debate.

Lord Macaulay, in the fortieth chapter of his *History of England*, has told clearly and fully what this celebrated statute did and also did not do. While describing it as approaching very near to the ideal of a great English law, he points out its limitations and inconsistencies. In violation of all true toleration it emphatically declares that the intention of the legislature was not to grant the smallest indulgence to the Roman Catholics or to any person who denied the doctrine of the Trinity as that doctrine is set forth in the formularies of the Church of England. The three denominations of Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, within which English Nonconformity was then comprehended, along with the Quakers, who had been subjected to persecution both from the Church and from the Protestant Dissenters, were the chief gainers by the Bill; but practically freedom of worship was conceded to all who would testify to their loyalty by a promise of fidelity to the Government and to their Protestantism by subscribing the 'Declaration against Transubstantiation.'

The frightful intolerance shown to the Roman Catholics and Unitarians by Parliament admits of no excuse, but is not to be wondered at when even such champions of religious freedom as Tillotson and Locke contended that pagans and unbelievers were entitled to indulgences which must be denied to Roman Catholics, on the ground that these latter did not keep faith with heretics. Nonconformist ministers, before exercising their functions, had to profess their belief in the Thirty-nine Articles with a few exceptions, and if Baptists they were excused from affirming that the baptism of infants is a practice most agreeable with the institution of Christ. Such subscription was not felt to be a burden on the conscience, as the doctrinal articles of the Church were at that time admitted tests of orthodoxy among the Nonconformists. A Quaker, on making a declaration of faith in general terms, obtained the full benefit of the Act without signing one of the Thirty-nine Articles.

It is difficult to ascertain what effect the Bill, when it was made law, had in the Isle of Wight. Puritanism had obtained a strong hold in the Island, as we learn from the record of Archbishop Parker's metropolitan visitation of the Isle of

Wight. A. D. 1575, and also from what Neal, the historian of the Puritans, says, vol. i. p. 225. The 'Black Bartholomew Act' silenced several of the incumbents of the Isle of Wight benefices. Some of these, as for instance the minister of St. Thomas's, Newport, and Newnham of St. Lawrence, had gathered Nonconformist congregations around them. These two, with perhaps others, would in all probability have recourse to the magistrates to swear and sign. Nonconformity was so far established that though its ministers were forbidden to assemble within barred doors they were protected against intrusion by a clause which made it penal to enter a meeting-house for the purpose of disturbing the congregation. Such endowments as their chapel already had, or might be possessed of, were secured to them by the law of the land, so that they could not be confiscated. The Church of Ireland has been disestablished, and lost the largest portion of its endowments. The Church of Wales is menaced with disestablishment and total disendowment. Like destruction is predicted for the Church of England. The Toleration Act, though it may be looked upon as a scanty measure of religious freedom, has proved, through the wise and liberal policy of successive Governments, a safeguard against the spoliation of the endowments belonging to Nonconformist bodies, and has with universal approbation secured for them those rights of property which every English citizen is entitled to claim.

Upon the passing of the Toleration Act another measure was brought forward, which, by enlarging the terms of conformity, was designed to bring back those whose differences were not irreconcileable within the pale of Anglican communion. The Comprehension Bill, drawn up also by Nottingham, was a neater piece of workmanship than the Toleration Bill, but was not, like the Toleration Bill, suited to the time. The concluding clause of the Bill was a petition that the Crown should issue a commission empowering thirty divines of the Church of England to revise the liturgy and to recommend such alterations as might appear to them necessary. The Commissioners began their labours on October 3, 1689, and sat six weeks, having before them, as Burnet (*History of His own Times*, ii. 31), one of the Commissioners, says, all the objections and demands which at various times had been made by the opponents of the Prayer Book. The alterations, amounting to 539 articles, were prepared in an interleaved copy of a black-letter edition of the Book of Common Prayer. This document was not made public, and was for many years supposed to have been lost, but was found in Lambeth Library. The document is now accessible in the form of a blue-book (pp. 110), being the return of an address to the House of Commons, and ordered by the House to be printed June 2, 1854. The summary of these alterations can be read in Proctor's *History of the Book of Common Prayer*, pp. 144–160. The Commissioners, though able men, seem to have treated the liturgy as if it were an old praying machine, which in the course of time gets out of order, and which should be altered according to the improved mechanical notions of the time. The Bill did not please any party. The Nonconformists, who could conduct their worship after their own fashion, did not desire comprehension within the National Church. As Lord Macaulay writes, the leading divines of those religious bodies would not have been benefited in a worldly point of view by comprehension. Such of them as were settled in London or the large towns had far better incomes than the beneficed clergy. Then as now the complaint of many of the Dissenters was that the Church of England was already too comprehensive, and admitted too indiscriminately into its communion those who were unworthy of such membership. Church people might have been more disposed to make concessions to the Nonconformists, had it not been for the violence of the Scotch Presbyterians in 'rabbling' the episcopal clergy in that country. This 'rabbling' of the Episcopalians consisted, as Lord Macaulay describes the process, in the Presbyterians marching in a body on Christmas Day to the house of the priest of Baal, as they called him. He was reviled and insulted, sometimes beaten, sometimes ducked. His furniture was thrown out of the windows; his wife and children were turned out into the snow. He was then carried to the market-place, and exposed during some time as a malefactor. His gown was torn into shreds over his head, and if he had a Prayer Book in his pocket it was burned, and he was dismissed with a charge never, as he valued his life, to officiate in the parish again. These brutalities naturally exasperated the English clergy against the Presbyterians. Was it reasonable, they urged, to ask the Church of England to mutilate her ritual for the purpose of conciliating those who wanted nothing but power to rabble her, as they had rabbled her sister Church in Scotland? And then again there was the fear of supplying the non-jurors with the plea 'that they still stuck to the ancient Church of England in opposition to those who were altering it.' Many a worshipper in his own parish church would have been shocked by changes in the worship to which he was fondly attached, and by being obliged to listen to the long-worded compositions which the Royal Commissioners proposed to substitute for the old Collects. If he had seen the clergyman without his surplice carrying the chalice and the paten to seated communicants, the tie that bound him to his own parish church would have been dissolved, and he would have repaired to some non-juring assembly, where the service to which he had been accustomed was still kept up. There were divisions in the Church itself. Some time after the accession of William one of these parties began to be called the High Church party, and the other the Low Church party, and long before the end of his reign these appellations were in common use. The High Church party was decidedly opposed to these alterations in the Prayer Book. Nottingham and his friends were far too wise statesmen to allow one party to triumph over the other. The Comprehension Bill was dropped. Some may be disposed to lament its failure, but the verdict of after ages has confirmed the sound judgement of those who did not desire to press its provisions. The Bill would not have really widened the terms of communion within the Church itself. Calamy asserts that a large portion of the Nonconformists would have been satisfied by the proposed changes, but if the more moderate Dissenters had accepted these alterations the compromise would have had no other effect than to make the Church, with the addition of these new recruits from the Dissenters, a more exclusive body towards those who were excluded. The more hostile Dissenters, finding themselves thinned by a large desertion and the Church strengthened by a large reinforcement, would be all the more bitter for having been overreached, as they would urge, by a policy of comprehension.

The experience of Church history is that union among Christians cannot be obtained by human legislation. The utmost that Government can say is 'Hands off' all round; and the governed can but second the efforts of their rulers to keep the peace one to another by declaring, 'If you will leave us alone we will leave you alone.' A very poor measure of Christian charity! Men's souls are weary of these divisions, and yet are content to acquiesce in the bewildering notion that Christian unity, if not impossible, is a difficulty which cannot be overcome. The vision of Hooker, Bacon, and Edmund Burke, that Church and State would eventually be, to use the language of Hooker, two denominations of the same society has passed away as a dream. But the history of the Church of Christ is a history of vanquished difficulties. The reunion of Christendom would be the greatest blessing that could be conferred on mankind, and can only be brought about by Him who is the true and only centre of unity. As things are, it is our duty to live as brethren, waiting for the time when all sects shall vanish away after having contributed that portion of the Divine Truth to which they are witnesses and we become one Church. Some earnest men believe that the improved temper of the age promises a quiet and happy solution of all controversies. The signs of the times rather appear to foretell the approach of a great conflict and crisis in the Church, out of which may come forth a spiritual kingdom of Christ. Then, and not till then, will the growing unbelief and rejection of Christian faith which flourishes in the close, heated atmosphere of the dark jungle of our ever spreading sectarian divisions, and bitter, narrow prejudices, vanish like exhalations in the bracing atmosphere and clear sunlight of a regenerated Christendom at unity with itself. How this may come we know not, but come it will.

November 2, 1889.

THE HOSTILE FLEETS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND HOLLAND LYING OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1690.

None of the guide-books or histories of the Isle of Wight, as far as I am aware, make any mention of an event in the annals of our Island story which is related by Lord Macaulay (*Hist. of England*, vol. iii. p. 604) with more than even his usual picturesqueness of style. His description is as follows: 'It seemed that the cliffs of the Isle of Wight would witness one of the greatest naval conflicts recorded in history. A hundred and fifty ships of the line could be counted at once from the watch tower of St. Catherine's. On the east of the huge precipice of Blackgang Chine, and in full view of the richly-wooded rocks of St. Lawrence and Ventnor, were mustered the maritime forces of England and Holland. On the west stretching to the white cape, where the waves roar among the Needles, lay the armament of France.'

Unfortunately there lives no contemporary record (from what I can find in my reading) which tells us how the natives of the back of the Isle of Wight at the time saw from their iron-bound shore this impressive but terrifying spectacle. It was on the 26th of June, 1690, that the hostile fleets took up these positions. The great Greek historian, Thucydides, may be said to have immortalized 'the solemn and touching moment,' as Mr. Grote calls it, 'of silence'—profound, intensified, wistful silence—of the whole population of Athens, assembled on the Piraeus to see the Sicilian expedition off. The modern historian tries in vain to convey the impression of the emotions of the spectators who witnessed the decisive defeat of that huge Athenian fleet by the Sicilian navy in the great harbour of Syracuse, as it is told in the condensed and burning phrases of the ancient writer.

In the absence of any information from eye-witnesses of this magnificent spectacle, it must be left to imagination to conceive the feelings of the people of the Isle of Wight as they saw the allied fleets of the English under Lord Torrington, and the Dutch squadron under Evertsen, abandoning

St. Helens and retreating before the French towards the Straits of Dover. Three days afterwards Torrington gave battle to the French under Tourville in the memorable fight of Beechy Head.

As many of my readers may not be acquainted with the history of that awful crisis, when the English government of those times had to struggle against France in arms and Ireland in insurrection, a short sketch of public affairs may serve to bring home to their minds the perilous condition of the Isle of Wight, and indeed of all England, when these fleets appeared off our coasts.

During all periods of our national existence, Ireland has been more or less the vulnerable point by which the enemies of England have assailed her. After the Revolution of 1688 had been accomplished, William of Orange assumed, together with the title of the king of England, the title of king of Ireland; all our jurists then holding that Ireland was bound to pay allegiance to the Sovereign whom the mother-country had called to the throne. In fact however it was otherwise. That incompetent blunderer, King James II, was the first of our English rulers who, by adopting a Home Rule policy inverted the relations between the English conquerors of Ireland and the aboriginal population. The result was that William was king of Ireland only in name. That country was divided between the Roman Catholic Irishry—the original Celtic population and the degenerate descendants of the Norman-English settlers, more Irish than the Irish—and the Protestant Englishry, consisting of about 200,000 English and Scotch colonists, who owned about four-fifths of the land. The food of the Irish was the potato, which can be cultivated without any art, industry, or capital, and was therefore well-suited for a race to whom diligence and forethought were distasteful. No wonder therefore that the English, though inferior in numbers, were superior in wealth and civilization. That land-hunger, to use a modern phrase, which, however disguised by religious or party feeling, has been at the bottom of every Irish insurrection, at once came to the front through the mischievous policy of James II. 'He meditated,' writes Lord Macaulay, 'the design of again confiscating and again portioning out the soil of half the Island, and showed his inclination so clearly that one class was soon agitated by terrors which he afterwards wished vainly to soothe, and the other by hopes which he afterward vainly wished to restrain.' James found a fitting tool for this cowardly desertion of the minority of his Irish subjects in the Earl of Tyrconnel. This man, who was commonly called 'Lying Dick Talbot' in the profligate court of Charles II, had in his youth been a noted sharper and bully in London, but in later years dopted athe trade of an Irish patriot. At first on his arrival in Ireland, though he ranted and swore savagely at the Act of Settlement, and called the English interest a foul thing and a roguish thing, he yet pretended to be convinced that the distribution of property would not after the lapse of so many years be altered. But in the atmosphere of Dublin his language changed; he began to harangue furiously at the Council Board on the necessity of giving back the land to the old owners. The king was not yet almost persuaded. James was an Englishman and an English ruler. He would not without misgivings consent to the ruin of those who had relied upon the protection of the English Government and who formed the strongest link between the two Islands. The English Roman Catholics, with whom he took counsel, were almost unanimous in favour of the Act of Settlement. Tyrconnel was really aiming at separation, for as Hallam shows he had made secret overtures to some of the French agents for casting off all connexion with the kingdom in case of James's death, and with the aid of Louis placing the crown of Ireland on his own head.

At the Revolution of 1688 Ireland was under Home Rule. Any one who wishes to see what was the result of that condition should carefully read the sixth and twelfth chapters of the great Whig History of England by Lord Macaulay. The highest offices in the State, in the Army, and in the Courts of Justice were filled by the Irishry. The Court of Exchequer, of which Stephen Rice was the Chief Baron, overflowed with business, for it was the only Court at Dublin from which no writ of error lay to England, and consequently the only Court from which the English could be oppressed and pillaged without hope of redress. Before

Rice was made a judge he used to say—'I will drive a coach and six through the Act of Settlement.' He now carried his threat into practice. When the titles of the Protestants were to be set aside the rankest forgeries and the most infamous witnesses were countenanced by this judge. The Irish came to his Court in multitudes with writs of ejectment and trespass. The municipal corporations were entirely in the hands of the Irish. The sheriffs also, to whom belonged the execution of writs and the nomination of juries, were selected in almost every instance from the Irishry. To such sheriffs no English colonist, even if he had been so strangely fortunate as to secure a judgement, dared to entrust an execution. The military power, no less than the civil power, was also transferred from the English to the Celtic population. The new soldiers, it was said, never passed an Englishman without cursing him and calling him by some foul name. When King James's Parliament met in Dublin, May 7, 1689, it repealed the Acts of Settlement and Explanation, attainted all the adherents of King William, vested the estates of absentees in King James, asserted the legislative independence of Ireland, and passed an Act for the encouragement of trade and navigation. By these bills, which were passed by acclamation, many thousands of square miles were transferred from Saxon to Celtic landlords. The debates were all riot and tumult, member after member clamouring after an estate, and talking nonsense about his own losses. Trade was at an end. Floating capital had been withdrawn in great quantities from the Island. Of the fixed capital much was destroyed, and the rest was lying idle. Thousands of the most industrious and intelligent of the population had emigrated to England. It was found necessary to issue base money. Any Irishman might walk into a shop, lay on the counter a bit of brass worth threepence, and carry off goods to the value of half a guinea.

The Lord Deputy, Tyrconnel, invited James II from his refuge in France to put himself at the head of the native population of Ireland. The Irish nation was called to arms, and the call was promptly obeyed. The flag on Dublin Castle was embroidered with the words 'Now or never; now and forever.' The words resounded through all Ireland,

and the Celtic peasantry, who feared work far more than danger, were ready for a fight. They were told that the tyrants who spoke Saxon were about to be swept away, and that the land would again belong to the finest peasantry of the whole world. Louis of France furnished arms, money, and officers; and James, thus equipped, landed in Dublin in March, 1689. The arming was universal; no man dared to present himself at mass without some weapon in his hand. An honest man belonging to the minority might lie down rich in flocks and herds acquired by the industry of a long life, and wake up a beggar. Still the imperial race of the Englishry and the Scotch settlers bravely stood at bay in Enniskillen and Londonderry. The fixed purpose of the Irish leaders was to break the foreign yoke of England, to exterminate the Saxon colony, to sweep away the Protestant church, and to restore the soil to its ancient proprietors. In England the feeling was, both in and out of both Houses of Parliament, Are these brave fellows in Londonderry to be deserted? If we lose them, will not all the world cry shame upon us? Are our brethren to perish almost in sight of England, within a few hours' voyage of our shores? The Irish loyalists who had held their own blessed God that dear old England had not quite forgotten the Englishmen who upheld her cause at great odds in Ireland.

The month of June, 1690, when the French fleet was off the Isle of Wight, was one of the most eventful and anxious months in the whole history of England. Our country was in danger, not only from the insurrection in Ireland, but also of invasion from France. England, dreading the power of Louis XIV, and provoked by his interference in the Irish troubles, had joined the general league—the Grand Alliance as it was called, of the chief powers in Europe against France. On June 4 King William set out for Ireland; scarcely had he started from London when a great French fleet, commanded by the Count of Tourville, left the port of Brest and sailed into the British Channel. Anne Hilarion de Cotentin, Count of Tourville, born in Normandy in 1642, was the ablest sea-captain in France. He had studied every part of his profession, and was competent to fill any place on shipboard from that of carpenter up to that of admiral. To the dauntless courage of a sailor he united the courtesy of a high-bred gentleman. From the coast of France he stood over to the English shore, and drew so near that his ships could be plainly descried from the ramparts of Plymouth as he advanced slowly along the coasts of Devonshire and Dorsetshire.

Queen Mary, in the absence of her husband in Ireland, hastened along with her Council to take measures for the defence of the country against this formidable enemy. Arthur Herbert, who had been promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral of Engand by James II, one of the bravest and most skilful officers in the Royal Navy, had been created Earl of Torrington by William III. The sailors, punning upon his new title, gave him the name of Lord Tarry-in-Town. Prosperity had spoiled him, and being insatiable of pleasure he was diverting himself in London while his tars were rioting among the rabble of Portsmouth. So incompetent had been his administration of the Navy that he was removed from his office at the Admiralty; but in an evil hour for England was allowed to remain at the head of the naval force on which the safety of her coasts depended. He now took the command of the English fleet which lay in the Downs. Happily for England he was when at St. Helens joined off the Isle of Wight by the Dutch fleet under the command of the gallant Evertsen. As has been stated before, it seemed as if the back of the Isle of Wight might have been the scene of a naval engagement upon which the safety of London and of the State depended. Although some of Mary's advisers were afraid that Torrington would not be equal to the occasion, orders were dispatched from the nine privy councillors, by whose advice William had enjoined Mary to be guided, that Torrington should give battle to the Frenchman. Torrington was base enough to lay his plans in such a manner that the danger and the loss might fall almost exclusively upon his Dutch associates. On June 30 Torrington had to face the French, who were superior to him in number of vessels.

He placed the Dutch in the van and gave them the signal to engage. Evertsen and his countrymen fought with a courage to which both their English allies and the French enemies did full justice. During many hours the van maintained the unequal contest with very little assistance from any other part of the fleet. The Dutch admiral drew off, and Torrington, who had become enervated by his dissolute habits of life, fled along the coast of Kent, and sought a refuge in the Thames.

It was a sad day in London when the news of the battle of Beechy Head arrived. The shame was unbearable, the danger most pressing. Elderly, or even middle-aged, men and women remembered that great day of national humiliation, when on June 9, twenty-three years before, De Ruyter had suddenly appeared in the Thames and destroyed the fort at Sheerness, and when Tilbury Fort, from which Queen Elizabeth had with manly spirit defied Parma and the Spanish Armada, was insulted by the invaders. To add to the general alarm tidings arrived that the French Army had been victorious in the battle of Fleurus in Flanders; what might not happen if the veterans of Louis of France, flushed with victory, were taken on board the fleet of Tourville. Between the coast of Flanders and the Nore not a single ship bearing the flag of the red cross of St. George could venture to show itself. The French troops might thus be landed in Kent and march upon London. Even without these soldiers, Tourville might sail up the Thames, capture the merchant shipping in the Pool, and bombard the Tower. Tourville, though a brave man, was a timid commander: he did not venture on this daring step. Instead of taking advantage of the panic and striking a decisive blow at the heart of England, he bided his time, and was content to send his vessels to ravage Teignmouth on the coast of Devon. A large portion of Tourville's flotilla consisted of galleys, in which the rowers were criminals and purchased bondsmen, generally Turks and Moors, who could be kept in order only by the lash.

Party spirit raged high in England; the Government was unpopular with large masses of the population. Few in England probably sympathized with the Irish separatists, but James II had many partisans. They little knew England who supposed that her people would not rally round the Government as one man against the combination of

Irish rebellion and French invasion. All the regular troops in England who could be assembled for the defence of our coasts did not amount to more than ten thousand men. The cry that the French were coming, and would stable their horses in our churches and riot in the pleasant, peaceful homes and homesteads of the country, raised a spirit as high and as unconquerable as that which manifested itself more than one hundred years afterwards, when Napoleon meditated the invasion of England. All distinctions of party disappeared. The Lord Mayor of London reported that ten thousand Londoners, well equipped, were prepared to march at an hour's notice; and that an additional force, consisting of six regiments of foot, a strong regiment of horse, and a thousand dragoons should be instantly raised without costing the Crown a farthing. The same spirit was shown in every part of the country.

In the midst of all this excitement came in the news of a decisive victory won by William on July 1, 1690, over the Irish and French, who, led by James, Tyrconnel, and Lauzun, made a stand behind the river Boyne.

This piece of good news from Ireland reached London when good news was most needed. It spread from Whitehall to the Houses of Parliament, and from Westminster Hall to all the coffee-houses in London. Thence the newspapers conveyed it throughout all England, where it was received with transports of joy. The church bells were set ringing. Medals were struck to commemorate the conduct of the Queen, having on the obverse the bust of Mary, on the reverse the Queen on one side and the Dutch ships careening on the other; in front the Queen extending a trident in her right hand. On other medals King William is seen crossing the river Boyne at the head of his troops. A brief, for the relief of the people of Teignmouth, was read in all the parish churches. A street, built by these contributions on the site of the dwellings which the invaders had destroyed, still bears the name of French street (Lyson's *Mag. Brit.* vi. 491).

February 19, 1887.

LORD CUTTS, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1692–1706.

I.

The name of Cutts, although as Matthew Prior, poet and politician, says 'In metre something hard to read,' was legible enough in the military annals of the country. He first appears in history as a volunteer at the memorable siege of Buda, June 18—Sept. 2, 1686. Few passages of European history are less known in general by English readers than the wars in which the Duke of Lorraine, Lewis of Baden, and Eugene of Savoy, at the head of the Imperialist armies, drove the Turks from Hungary, and threatened indeed at one time to drive them out of Europe. The victorious standards of Austria were upon the frontiers of Macedonia; the Poles were in Moldavia; the Venetians in Albania and the Morea; and the Eastern Question, which still perplexes European statesmen in this closing nineteenth century, might have been settled in the seventeenth century, had not the violence and intrigues of France in its attacks on Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands given the Turks a respite, and limited the Imperial conquests. Hungary however with unimportant exceptions, was permanently wrested from the Turks, who had held most of it for nearly a century and a half. since in 1541 Buda had been taken and made the seat of a pasha, under Suleiman, surnamed the Magnificent. The great disaster of the Turks before Vienna in 1683, their failure to besiege that city, and their defeat in the field by the heroic John Sobieski, King of Poland, who was hailed as the 'Champion of Christendom,' left the Turks exposed to a counter attack in Hungary. The Turks had lost, and the Christians had acquired, a confidence in themselves; and the Hungarian rebels under Tekeli, who had long preferred Turkish to Austrian rule, began to cast about for a way of making peace with what now seemed the winning side. In the middle of June, 1686, the city of Buda, on the right bank of the Danube, and now united with the city of Pesth on the opposite bank, was attacked by the Imperial forces under the Duke of Lorraine. The camp was a centre whither young men of all nations, anxious for military distinction, were gathered together. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians of rank, were serving there as volunteers. Among these were John Cutts, the future Governor of the Isle of Wight, and the young son of James II and Arabella Churchill, then only sixteen, and serving his first campaign, but destined to become, as Duke of Berwick, the second greatest captain of his age. On September 2 at six in the morning the assault was delivered, and by the close of the day, after fearful slaughter, the city was carried. The fall of Buda proved the death-blow to Turkish rule in Hungary, and along with their defeat at the siege of Vienna, broke the spell of the ascendency of the Ottoman power in Europe. While men were uttering gloomy forebodings, as they observed the might and valour of the Turks as compared with the western nations, the axe was laid at the root of the tree, and the vision dawned upon Europe, though not yet fulfilled, that what Frederick Schlegel (*History of Literature*, p. 188) called 'That first model of all Christian architecture, the Greek Church of St. Sophia,' might be wrested from its Mussulman masters, and restored to its original purpose as a temple for the Most High, dedicated as of old to the Eternal Wisdom. The jealousy with which each European state has been watched by the rest, collectively and individually, has always procured allies for the hateful power of the Turk, and brought it safety. Addison, whose first composition in his native language which was given the world was a copy of verses addressed to Dryden in 1694, has in one of his earlier Latin poems celebrated the gallant conduct of Cutts at Buda.

Cutts' next appearance was at the battle of the Boyne, where he commanded for King William III that fine British regiment which was afterwards called the fifth foot of the line, and now the Northumberland Fusiliers. For his intrepidity in the war against the Irish Cutts was rewarded with an Irish peerage. On the death of Sir Robert Holmes Lord Cutts was appointed by the Crown Governor of the Isle of Wight. In 1694 Cutts accompanied the Marquis of Caermarthen in the worse than inglorious expedition against Brest on the coast of Brittany, which failed through the treachery of Marlborough and Godolphin.

During the summer of the following year the British and Dutch troops were under William III endeavouring to retake Namur. So skilfully had the two military engineers, Vauban and then Cohorn, fortified Namur, that along with the natural advantages of the site it was considered the strongest fortress in Europe. Over one gate had been placed a boastful inscription which defied the allies to wrench the prize from the grasp of France. The French garrison was commanded by the courageous and energetic Boufflers. In July the trenches were opened, King William commanding in person. 'Conspicuous in bravery,' so writes Lord Macaulay (*History of England*, vol. iv. pp. 588–590) 'even among those brave English was Cutts. In that bull-dog courage which flinches from no danger however terrible he was unrivalled. There was no difficulty in finding hardy volunteers, German, Dutch, and British, to go on a forlorn hope; but Cutts was the only man who appeared to consider such an expedition as a party of pleasure. He was so much at his ease in the hottest fire of the French batteries that his soldiers gave him the honourable nickname of the "Salamander." After the surrender of the town of Namur the Castle of Namur was besieged, when at the signal for the final assault by the blowing up of two barrels of gunpowder Cutts at the head of a small body of grenadiers marched first out of the trenches with drums beating and colours flying. His gallant band was to be supported by four battalions which had never been in action, and which, though full of spirit, wanted the steadiness which so terrible a service required. The officers fell fast. Every colonel, every lieutenant-colonel, was killed or severely wounded. Cutts received a stab on the head, which for a time disabled him. The raw recruits, left almost without direction, rushed forward impetuously, till they found themselves in disorder and out of breath with a precipice before them, under a terrible fire, and under a shower, scarcely less terrible, of fragments of rock and wall. They lost heart, and rolled back in confusion, till Cutts, whose wound had by this time been dressed, succeeded in rallying them. He then led them, not to the place from which they had been driven back, but to another spot where a fearful battle was raging. The Bavarians had made their onslaught gallantly but unsuccessfully: their general had fallen; and they were beginning to waver, when the arrival of Salamander and his men changed the fate of the day. Two hundred English volunteers, bent on retrieving at all hazards the disgrace of the recent repulse, were the first to force a way, sword in hand, through the palisades, to storm a battery which had made great havoc among the Bavarians, and to turn the guns against the garrison. Meanwhile the Brandenburghers, excellently disciplined and excellently commanded, had performed with no great loss the duty assigned to them. The Dutch had been equally successful. When the evening closed the allies had made a lodgement of a mile in extent on the outworks of the castle. The advantage had been purchased by the loss of two thousand men.'

The capture of Namur was the greatest military exploit which England had achieved on the continent of Europe since the days of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. France was the dominant power in Europe, and the fall of Namur was the first triumph of the Great Alliance against France. 'The judgement of all the great warriors, whom all the western nations had sent to the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse was, that the English subaltern was inferior to no subaltern, and the English private soldier to no private soldier in Christendom. The English officers of higher rank were thought hardly worthy to command such an army. Cutts indeed had distinguished himself by his intrepidity. But those who most admired him acknowledged that he had neither the capacity nor the science necessary to a general.'

The fall of Namur was to the seventeenth century what the crowning victory of Waterloo was to the nineteenth century. 'Many poems, serious and sportive, appeared, of which only one has lived. Prior burlesqued with admirable spirit and pleasantry the bombastic verses in which Boileau had celebrated the first taking of Namur. The two odes, printed side by side, were read with delight in London; and the critics in Will's pronounced that in wit as in arms England had been victorious.'

Lord Macaulay has given one of his brilliant descriptions of the election which followed the siege of Namur in 1695, and of his hero King William's canvassing tour. The constituencies were, as might be expected, very generally zealous for the King and the war party of the Whigs. The city of London, which had returned four Tories in 1690, returned four Whigs in 1695. The counties and boroughs generally followed suit, and the Government had a large majority. In the Isle of Wight, Newport did itself the honour to return the Governor of the Island, as the Salamander—the hero of Namur. Lord Cutts preferred to sit for his native county of Cambridgeshire which had also returned him. In the place of Cutts Newport returned Sir Henry Dutton Colt, Bart., and as his colleague, Sir Robert Cotton, Knt. Colt, who in 1698 stood for Westminster against Montague and Vernon, was, according to Macaulay, 'a dull, stubborn professor of patriotism, who tired every body to death with his endless railing at standing armies and placemen.' Newtown sent up to the House of Commons James Worsley and George Done, Esqs., and Yarmouth, Anthony Morgan and Henry Holmes, Esqs.

This Parliament distinguished itself in its earliest proceedings, and especially the House of Commons, by its patriotic loyalty, and by its memorable resolutions on October 20, 1696. That debate resounded throughout all Christendom, writes Lord Macaulay, and was one of the proudest days in the history of the English Parliament. In 1798 Burke held up the proceedings of that day as an example to the statesmen whose hearts had failed them in the conflict with the gigantic power of revolutionary France. In 1822 Huskisson held up the proceedings of that day as an example to a legislature which, under the pressure of severe distress, was tempted to alter the standard of value, and to break faith with the public creditor. Macaulay, who holds a brief for William III and his Whig Government, very fairly allows that in the matter of the attainder of Sir John Fenwick the Tories were right on the main point. The conduct of the Government on this occasion shows, as Hallam has observed, the importance of adhering to the stubborn rules of law, and not entrusting such a body as the House of Commons with judicial functions. No jury would have found Fenwick guilty of high treason, and he was therefore brought to the bar of the House of Commons, and placed in the custody of Lord Cutts, who was directed to provide a sufficient escort, and was especially enjoined to take care that the prisoner should have no opportunity of making or receiving any communication, oral or written, between Newgate and Westminster. Happily the evil precedent thus set has not been followed. Since Fenwick's execution no person has suffered death in England by Act of Attainder.

March 24, 1888.

II.

Lord Cutts appears to have been a trusted counsellor of King William III. When Pendergrass, who disclosed the assassination plot against the life of William, was sent for to the royal closet, 'the faithful Portland and the gallant Cutts,' says Lord Macaulay, 'were the only persons who witnessed the singular interview between the King and his generous enemy.' On the occasion of the great fire at the Palace of Whitehall in 1698 the Banqueting House, the only specimen of the workmanship of Inigo Jones which accounts for his reputation as an architect, was rescued for posterity by Cutts. 'The flames broke on the south of that beautiful hall and were with great difficulty extinguished by the exertions of the guards, to whom Cutts, mindful of his honourable nickname of the Salamander, set as good an example on this night of terror as he had set on the breach of Namur.' (Macaulay, vol. v. p. 69.)

When Parliament was dissolved in July, 1698, Sir Henry Dutton Colt, who had sat for Newport, I. W., in the previous Parliament, had the ambition to contest Westminster, unsuccessfully, against the Ministerial candidates, Montague and Secretary Vernon. Newport remained faithful to Lord Cutts, who however again gave it up for the superior attractions of the county of Cambridge, which he elected to serve, and Henry Greenehill, Esq., took Cutts's place. With its accustomed fidelity to the sitting members, Newport again re-elected Sir Robert Cotton, Kt. Yarmouth retained its former representatives. Anthony Morgan and Henry Holmes, Esqs., while Newtown sent up again James Worsley, Esq., but exchanged Thomas Done, Esq., for Thomas Hopson, Esq. The new Parliament, which met in December, 1698, and sat only till May, 1699, was very pressing in its demand to disband the army, to which the King was very unwilling to accede. Parliaments were at the close of William's reign very shortlived. A new Parliament met in 1700 with only one change in the Isle of Wight representation, Samuel Shephard, Esq., taking the seat that had been held by Sir Robert Cotton. In 1701 another Parliament was summoned, which met December 30 and sat till March, 1702. When the writs for this Parliament of 1701 were sent out the whole kingdom was up; seldom had there been more intriguing, more canvassing, more virulence of party feeling. The Whig cry was that the Tories of the last two Parliaments had from a malignant desire to mortify the King left the kingdom exposed to danger and insult, and also charged them with other offences. The Tories answered that they had been only too moderate. The returns proved that if Sunderland and Somers, the King's advisers, were not quite borne out in their anticipations of a Whig majority, yet a change in public feeling had taken place. In the Isle of Wight the all-powerful Cutts when chosen preferred his native county of Cambridgeshire; and Newport sent up two new members, James Richards, Esq., and James Stanhope, Esq. Worsley states that this James Stanhope was afterwards the Secretary of State created first Earl of Harrington. According to Burke's *Peerage* the Christian name of the first Earl of Harrington was William. The member for Newport can be identified with the James Stanhope who, having distinguished himself as an enterprising military officer, was appointed commander of the British force in Spain in 1708, and obtained considerable renown from the reduction of the celebrated Port Mahon in the Island of Minorca. He was subsequently, in the reign of George I, Secretary of State, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was advanced to the peerage in 1717 by the title of Baron Stanhope of Elvaston and Viscount Stanhope of Mahon, with remainder in default of male issue to his kinsman, Thomas Stanhope, Esq., of Elvaston, with remainder to the brothers of that gentleman, Charles Stanhope, then Secretary of the Treasury, and William Stanhope, afterwards Earl of Harrington.

At Yarmouth and Newtown they continued as before to send up to the House of Commons members of the Island families of Leigh, Worsley, Holmes, and Morgan, and Joseph Dudley, Esq., who was the Deputy-Mayor of Newtown, Lord Cutts being the Mayor. In Appendix xlv. to Worsley's *History* will be found the agreement between the gentlemen of the Isle of Wight and their imperious Governor, Lord Cutts, respecting the rights and privileges of the members of the Corporations to choose their own members to sit in Parliament. From a petition which the leading inhabitants of the Island sent up to the House of Commons it appears that Cutts had endeavoured to overawe the electors by 'quartering soldiers arbitrarily,' threatening those who refused to serve his interest, that he 'used his power over them as enemies of the Government,' and, in spite of the Habeas Corpus Act, had gone so far as 'to imprison a clergyman in Cowes Castle for the space of two months for voting against the Governor's interest.' Eventually the gentlemen and their Governor 'after their accommodation continued to live on friendly terms. Carisbrooke Castle was repaired so as to become habitable for the Governor.' Among other alterations Cutts converted the early English chapel of William de Vernon into the grand staircase. Anticipating the advice of the first Napoleon to his ambassadors 'to keep a good table,' Lord Cutts, who was no doubt very good company, adopted that maxim of diplomacy and often gave handsome entertainments. In the first and second Parliaments of Queen Anne, Cutts, who had either deserted Cambridgeshire or had been deserted by that constituency, sat for Newport, dying as member for that borough during the course of that Queen's second Parliament. In the first of these Parliaments the Tories had a majority powerful enough to have it all their own way, the second was more of a Whig complexion. Cutts had for his colleague at Newport William Stephens, Esq., of

Barton and of Bowcombe Manors. 'When the borough of Newport was at its devotion,' so writes the biographer of Stephens, 'he consented in so genteel a manner to their election of Lord Cutts, of whom he had not so high an opinion in every other respect as in that of a soldier, that his Lordship acknowledged the civility soon after, and so sensible of the fitness of his talents either to command or to obey that nothing was done without him; notwithstanding that few were more exact in business than his Lordship, whose letters, all wrote in his own hand, were both concise and correct.'

Cutts was to win his final laurels in a field far more congenial to him than that of party politics—the field of war. War was formally declared by the Allies on May 4, 1702. The principal scenes of its operations were at first Flanders, the Upper Rhine, and North Italy. Lewis XIV ordered the campaign to be commenced by his troops on a scale of grandeur and with a boldness of enterprise such as even Napoleon's military schemes have seldom equalled. The fatal blow struck at Blenheim destroyed the vast fabric of power which the 'Grand Monarque,' aided by the talents of Turenne and the genius of Vauban, had constructed. The French and Bavarians were posted behind a little stream called the Nebel, which flows from north to south into the Danube immediately in front of the village of Blenheim. On the other side of the stream the army of the Allies was formed into two great divisions, the largest being commanded by Marlborough in person, while Prince Eugene commanded the other, consisting principally of cavalry. When it was announced that Eugene was ready to attack, Marlborough sent Lord Cutts with a strong brigade of infantry to assault the village of Blenheim, where the French commander, Tallard, had taken his station with twenty-six battalions of French infantry and twelve squadrons of French cavalry. Cutts, under a heavy fire of grape-shot, threw fascines into the bed of the Nebel, got across the stream, and deliberately advanced to the palisades and enclosures. The French there held fire till he was within thirty paces; and they gave such a volley as laid prostrate a number of officers and men. But General Rowe at the head of the leading brigade of

English walked on and stuck his sword into the palisades before he gave the word to fire. The French were covered, the English uncovered. Lord Cutts then got up five squadrons of cavalry. The assault on Blenheim, though bravely made, was repulsed with severe loss. The old national animosity and rivalry blazed out in a fury; the French and English officers crossed swords through the palisades and fought hand to hand; and the English soldiery here and there, losing patience for the operations of loading and priming, thrust at the French through the openings of their defences with the points of their bayonets or beat them on the head over the barricades with the butt-ends of their muskets. This was one of the first times in which the favourite weapon of the English foot, the bayonet, was used. A short time before the War of the Succession the musket and bayonet had been made the arms of all the French infantry. It had formerly been usual to mingle pikemen with musqueteers. The other European nations followed the example of France, and the weapons used at Blenheim were substantially the same as those still employed. Lord Cutts, who appears to have had not a single cannon with him, saw that there was no hope of forcing the village without artillery, and was compelled to take back his thinned ranks to some rising ground. At this critical moment, Marlborough, who, like Hannibal, relied principally on his cavalry for achieving his decisive successes, advanced, and it was by his cavalry that Blenheim, the most glorious of his victories, was won.

The Royal Arms in Carisbrooke Church with their date 1704 commemorate Blenheim, one of the great decisive battles of the world. From 1660 to 1688 England, by the return of the Stuarts was reduced to a nullity. Marlborough, with what Voltaire calls his 'cool head,' *tête froide*, scattered to the winds at Blenheim the proud visions which Lewis and France had cherished of universal conquest.

Cutts did not long survive the glories of Blenheim. His appointment in Ireland as General of the Forces and one of the Lords Justices, which was given him to keep him out of action, broke his heart, it was said. He died in Dublin Castle, January 26, 1707, and was interred in Christ Church

Cathedral. He was the first and only baron of the name, as he died without issue.

Dean Swift, in a manuscript note on Mackay, a topographical writer of the period, calls him with characteristic severity 'the vainest old fool alive.' Swift, to whom genius and virtues far higher than those of Cutts were not sacred, also lampooned him for being 'as brainless as his sword.' This stigma was unjust. Cutts was a man of education, and published a thin volume of *Poetical Exercises*, dedicated to the late Queen when Princess of Orange, in 1694, and has in consequence obtained a place in Horace Walpole's *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, 1758.

Lord Cutts's verses have something of the grace and sparkling gaiety of Sir John Suckling. Here is a specimen of this warrior's talents in verse:

'Only tell her that I love,
  Leave the rest to her and fate;
Some kind planet from above
May perhaps her pity move;
  Lovers on their stars must wait.

Only tell her that I love,
  Why, oh why, should I despair?
Mercy's pictured in her eye,
  If she once vouchsafe to hear,
  Welcome hope, and welcome fear.
She's too good to let me die;
  Why, oh why, should I despair?'

Mrs. Manley, in the *New Atalantis*, a book of social gossip and scandal published in 1709, gives a not unflattering account of Cutts, 'as having had a sparkling genius, much of humour, and who loved the Muses and was a good soldier.' The specimen of his muse shows that so far from being 'brainless' Cutts was a very fair writer of *vers de société*. He patronized Sir Richard Steele, who in the beginning of his career was invited into Cutts's household to act as his private secretary. Lord Cutts, who was colonel of the Coldstreams, gave Steele a commission in the regiment under his command. In his gratitude to his patron Steele dedicated to him *The Procession*.

Like the more famous Lord Peterborough, Cutts's 'courage had all the French impetuosity and all the English steadiness.' He had none of Marlborough's unrivalled patience and sweetness of temper, nor any share in his marvellous ability in discerning the character of those with whom he had to do, nor his intuitive perception of those who were to be thoroughly trusted, and of those who were to be amused with the mere semblance of respect and confidence. With a small store of Marlborough's calm courage in the midst of tumult and serenity in danger, Cutts might have had his name inserted in the muster-roll of England's famous soldiers. 'The Salamander' was personally as brave an officer as ever headed British troops, but it cannot be said of him in the words of Shakespeare—

> 'To that dauntless temper of his mind
> He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
> To act in safety.'

March 31, 1888.

THE DIALECT OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

In common, no doubt, with many other persons, I am anticipating much pleasant instruction from the *Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect*, by Mr. Long, which is about to be published. As an 'overer' it would be presumptuous in me to discuss our Island provincialisms of speech. Such an attempt should be made only by a native of the Isle of Wight, who has had long and early experience of the language and pronunciation of the inhabitants. It may serve to prepare the way for Mr. Long's promised work and the special subject on which it treats, if I give a slight general sketch of our English dialects.

The word 'dialect,' derived from the Greek, is comparatively modern, being first employed by the writers of the seventeenth century. A more homely and expressive word, provincialism, is to be preferred to it. These two expressions, dialect and provincialism, are applied to such usages of speech as are at variance with the established language of a country, and that of its best writers. It is at the same time a mistake to consider these variations as 'corruptions' of language, which they very rarely are; they are in fact varieties of the same stock, one of which is in time preferred to the rest.

In England more than a thousand years ago different varieties of dialects of the English people were spoken. Each one of these had its province where it was spoken and in process of time written. At last, one of these was preferred from the rest as the one language of education and literature, and bore the name of English. The other dialects, though cast into the shade, did not die out. They ceased gradually to be employed by the higher orders of society, but they were retained in use by the less educated. The education given in our public elementary schools, whether Board or National, is gradually doing away with provincialisms, if not in pronunciation yet in words. Higden in his Chronicle, written in Latin about the middle of the reign of Edward III, but translated into English shortly after its appearance, ranges our provincial English dialects under three heads, the Northern, the Southern, and the Midland. What was the origin of these dialects? They are certainly in point of age older than the invasion of the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons in the fifth century of our era. Like so many other things still existing amongst us, they came into Britain with the Jutish adventurers, Hengist and Horsa in Kent, the West-Saxon Cerdic, his son Cynric, and Cerdic's nephews, Stuf and Wihtgar, in the Isle of Wight, and the Northumbrian Ida, and their countrymen. These three Teutonic tribes of the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, who came from the mouths of the rivers Elbe and Weser in North Germany, spoke dialects of the Low Dutch or Low German. How these languages came into being we have no information. They arose in pre-historic times. Their birthplace was perhaps the coast of Northern Europe, or they may have been born before ever the Jutes, and Angles, and Saxons settled there. In any case, they had sprung up before those races, or strong detachments of them, passed over the sea to this country. Although these three tribes spoke different dialects of the same language, they had probably no more difficulty in understanding each other than a Carisbrooke man would find in talking with one who spoke broad Yorkshire. The Jutes, represented only in Kent and in the Isle of Wight, were the pioneers of the English invasion, but from the smallness of their numbers exercised no lasting political influence, much less any lasting literary influence, on the great Anglo-Saxon confederacy. The Angles of Northumbria under their first king, Ida, who reared his fortress of Bamburgh on a rock overlooking the sea, differed in their way of speaking from the Saxon founders of the kingdom of Wessex. These and the like differences waxed rather than waned during the times of the Anglo-Saxons, for at first there was little cohesion between the separate kingdoms.

One among other peculiarities which marked the dialect spoken in Northumbria, was the less frequent use of the articles, conjunctions, and personal pronouns. Every one who has been in the North of England must have noticed such provincialisms as 'come out o' house,' 'gang into field.' The most striking feature of the Southern dialect is its preference of the vocal to the whisper letters, as *z* to *s* and *v* to *f*. The spread of Christianity did more than anything else to modify the effects of disunion among the conquerors. The missionaries passing to and fro from kingdom to kingdom prepared the way for political union. Even with regard to their influence, it must be kept in mind that they belonged to two societies, so to speak. Heathen England was not brought to the knowledge of the Gospel only by missionaries from Rome. In the northern parts of the country evangelists, who had ways of their own, notably as to keeping Easter, which differed from those of Rome and of the Western churches, preached successfully the new faith. These missionaries were Irish-Scots. The Irish Celt had in early days embraced Christianity, had preached his new faith among the Picts, and among his own kinsmen, the Scots, and crossing the barriers that divided Celt from Teuton, he preached it among the Northern Saxons. These Saxons spoke of the Britons as Welsh, that is 'strangers'; and to this day the descendants of the Celts in Wales, Ireland, and the Scottish Highlands, term a man of English speech a Saxon. In this way Christianity was introduced into England by two apostolic bands, and though at last by the synod held in the monastery of Streonshalla (now Whitby) in 664, where the followers of the missionaries of Iona met those of Rome and Canterbury, all the English churches were brought into agreement, these two churches, the Roman and the Scoto-Irish, continued distinct, and in some sense adverse. Thus the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose word was respected throughout the English land, contributed far more to the union of the English people than the kings who were fighting and struggling around him.

At last the different kingdoms were united under one ruler—the Great Egbert. Egbert, as king of all the Saxons and Jutes, and lord of the East Angles, Mercians, and Northumbrians, whose kings submitted to be his 'men,' or as in later phrase, 'vassals,' was enabled to call himself 'King of the English.' One consequence of this was that the dialect of Wessex, which rose to power with the aggrandizement of its king, Egbert, gained a sort of ascendency. It was the dialect written and spoken by King Alfred, whose multifarious activity of mind enabled him to give his people a literature in their own form of speech. The position too of this, the southern portion of the kingdom, which brought it into closer connexion with the continent of Europe, led to its becoming the seat of higher civilization in England from the time of Caesar till later ages.

This ascendency the Southern dialect retained long after the Anglo-Saxon era. The Norman Conquest did not destroy it, though for a time the language of the ruling class—Norman-French—was that of the State, the Church, and the Law. The common notion that the Norman Conquest produced a mixed language—a jargon, composed half of English, half of French, is inaccurate. The Anglo-Saxon did indeed melt into Old English, but this change would have taken place had Harold been the conqueror at Hastings, just as the Old German changed in Germany, and the Old Norse in Denmark. As early as the reign of Henry III the native tongue was regaining the supremacy. In the following century Englishmen talked and wrote English, and in the fourteenth century the three dialects, Southern, Midland, Northern, were flourishing with many varieties in their different provinces. Each had its romances, chronicles, songs, allegories, and biblical paraphrases.

Such was the state of things about five centuries ago, but in the fifteenth century the pre-eminence of the Southern dialect gave way to that of the Midland. This was probably the latest born of the three dialects, but it was certainly the mother-tongue of the standard English of the present day. The supremacy which had belonged to Wessex was transferred to Mercia. The causes of this transfer are not far to seek. The intermediate character of the central or midland district would give it a wider range for dispersion than either extreme. At Oxford and Cambridge, both Midland towns, the two dialects, Northern and Southern, would meet, and in their encounter modify and influence each other, and it may be easily imagined that the Midland dialect, as an intermediary and compromise between the two other dialects, would predominate in the two Universities. From these seminaries of learning scholars would in due course spread themselves over all parts of the kingdom, and bring with them their own more refined expressions among their rustic parishioners and neighbours. London, which was situated on the dividing line that separated Wessex from Mercia, was mainly instrumental in conferring upon the Midland dialect its triumph over the two rivals. That great city, as the centre of commercial, legal, social, and political life, the one common resort of all the provincials, and the heart of the nation, exercised the widest influence on the language of the country at large. If the capital of Old England, instead of being on the Thames and pointing to the East, as if in proud defiance of the continent of Europe, had been placed on the Severn, or the Humber, or the Tyne, who can say how much the written and spoken language might have been affected by that single circumstance?

The introduction of the art of printing into this country in the reign of Edward IV was the most powerful of all the combined influences in diffusing one common general dialect. Books circulating over all the kingdom were written in this prevailing Midland form. Before that period books, in manuscript, were composed in the language of the various dialects. Every scribe in the monasteries adapted the work he copied to the idioms of the province for which his work was intended. The printing-press put an end to the varieties.

The adoption of the Midland English speech as the national language was thus completed by the close of the fifteenth century. That dialect developed, modified by Latin, French, and other influences, experienced all the chances and changes to which languages are exposed. It made gains and suffered losses, and has since become what is called the English language, the language taught in our schools, and spoken by all educated English-speaking people.

In the case of our grand and noble English language the Norman Conquest proved that nothing which lives can be swept away, and that only what is dead finds the burial which it needs and has been waiting for. The Norman barons and lords spoke the tongue which they had brought with them. The English tongue, what our Prayer Book expressively calls the 'vulgar tongue,' was the tongue of the English commons. The Latin of the schools, monasteries, and churches, the French of the law-courts and the baronial castles, the more graceful speech of the troubadours and minstrels, were obliged to bow before the vulgar tongue. The old speech of the Jute, the Saxon, and the Angle, strengthened and renovated by what it gathered from its Norman oppressors, was accepted as the speech of those same Norman oppressors; even the monk in the alien priory of Carisbrooke used it habitually. This was a revolution indeed, brought about very slowly, unobserved by those who in different ways were taking part in it, but altogether irresistible, rich in its effects upon all the institutions of our country, and moulding the thoughts of every inhabitant of it from the king to the peasant. The language which Alfred had claimed for the highest uses at its early birth as it came forth from its swaddling clothes was gradually clad in the garments of which it had despoiled its foreign invaders, and by this transformation became an instrument for human thoughts, which should go on from age to age, the organ of a glorious and enduring literature.

The overshadowing of the Northern and Southern dialects of this noble language dates, loosely speaking, from the establishment of Caxton's printing-press at Westminster. The uniformity that resulted from that momentous birth of time was unfriendly to them. That invention, so welcome to all who count that more blessed which can diffuse itself everywhere than that which can be appropriated by only a few, gave the deathblow to varieties of dialects and provincialisms. But though in literature and the management of public business their decline and fall came suddenly, in private life these dialects flourished for many a day. For a long time after the discovery of printing the population of England was mainly stationary; men lived and died where their fathers and forefathers had lived and died. In days when there was little running up and down or to and fro, when a journey to London was a great undertaking, and books were costly, the provincial dialects remained little disturbed within their own precincts. The old accents, and forms, and words prevailed in the different counties. When the country gentleman went up to London his speech would betray him as surely as it did that of the Galileans when they went up to Jerusalem. The knights and gentlemen who met Lord Southampton at the ordinary at Standen talked no doubt the Isle of Wight dialect. But in course of years the provincial dialects sank lower and lower in the social scale, till at last they came to be spoken only by the humbler class of villagers. The speech of our forefathers lives, so far as educated people are concerned, only in glossaries and dictionaries of provincialisms.

As indeed at present spoken in the few spots where they still linger these dialects have changed. Languages are never in one stay, they are always on the wing. Our standard English, for all the influences that tend to make it fixed, yields to the force of circumstances. So our present provincial dialects have been much altered. They have been almost improved away in many places. As in the rocks and cliffs of the Isle of Wight are found many curious and beautiful forms of vegetable and animal life which have been extinct for centuries, so in Mr. Long's forthcoming dictionary will no doubt occur many fossil words, unknown to the present generation, along with a certain number of survivals. The language of dialects has not been altogether abandoned by men of letters. The Lowland Scot's variety of the Northern dialect, which Burns and Sir Walter Scott have by their writings glorified for all time, still flourishes in the novels of George Macdonald. Lord Tennyson has in his ballad of 'The Northern Farmer' perpetuated the provincialisms of Lincolnshire. Mr. Barnes, a true poet, has written some charming verses in the Dorsetshire dialect—a variety of the old West-Saxon or Southern —which has a great affinity with that of the Isle of Wight.

Perhaps G. H. R. D., who is doing so much to stimulate the young people of the Island in literary composition, will arrange for a competition in which he will award the poetic chaplet of merit to the one who carries off the palm of victory; or, better still, will exercise his own graceful pen in this kind of composition, and add to its effectiveness by reciting it himself.

The Isle of Wight shares with Kent the distinction of having in its line of ancestry the mysterious race of the Jutes, about whom we know far less than of the other two tribes of the triple confederacy of the English conquerors. A comparison of the dialect of the Isle of Wight with that of Kent would be interesting. When in King Lear, in 'the fields near Dover,' Oswald, Goneril's steward, attempts to attack poor eyeless Gloucester, Edgar, dressed like a peasant, interposes. The language which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Edgar resembles the provincialisms of Somersetshire rather than of the Kentish dialect of the present day. Mr. Hales, whose valuable paper on 'English Dialects' (*Good Words* for 1867, p. 557) has supplied me with much information, deduces from this circumstance the conclusion that the dialect of the county of Kent has greatly changed since Shakespeare's time. This reasoning is not altogether conclusive, but Mr. Hales backs up this judgement by the assertion that we have in this speech of Edgar 'genuine specimens of the genuine old Kentish dialect, as in "Ayenbite of Inwyt" for example.' I may take this opportunity of mentioning that Sir F. Palgrave's assertion that the Jutes bore 'a snow-white steed' on their banner has according to Dr. Guest (*Orig. Celt.* vol. ii. p. 167) no authority in support of it. 'I do not remember,' says Dr. Guest, 'anything on the subject in Gildas, or Bede, or Nennius, or the Chronicle, or Ethelwerd, or Florence, or even Huntingdon.'

March 20, 1886.

CARISBROOKE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, FROM THE OGLANDER MSS.

I.

Every one who observes with any attention the internal arrangements or outside appearance of Carisbrooke Church will see that at one time it possessed a chancel, or to speak more correctly a choir, or place where in monastic churches (which Carisbrooke Church originally was) the brethren assembled to say Mass. The question arises: At what period did the demolition take place? The eminent historian, Mr. Freeman, who has made church architecture, no less than the Norman Conquest, one of his many varied studies, writing on Carisbrooke, says of the church: 'The remains are worth studying as an example of monastic arrangements on the smallest scale. The church is purely parochial in its type, with a double nave, after a pattern common in the Island. The choir was single, projecting from the northern body. It is said to have been pulled down by the famous Walsingham in Elizabeth's time.' It will be noticed in this extract from Mr. Freeman's published account of Carisbrooke that with his usual accuracy and caution he only asserts that 'it is said' to have been pulled down by Walsingham. Indeed, I know from what Mr. Freeman said when staying at the Vicarage and from subsequent conversations and letters which I had from him that he thinks the choir may have been taken down when the Alien Priories were suppressed by Henry V.

The question as to the time of its demolition cannot be easily answered, though the guide-books, following one another like sheep jumping over a ditch, have no hesitation in ascribing the destruction of this portion of Carisbrooke Church to Elizabeth's famous Secretary of State. Worsley may be cited as a better authority than the guide-books. His language (*History I. W.* p. 258) is as follows: 'Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, having the lease of the Priory by his marriage with the widow of Captain Richard Worsley, and being thereby bound to repair the chancel, persuaded the parishioners that the body of the church would be large enough for them, and gave them an hundred marks to suffer it to be taken down, which was accordingly done.' What, it may be asked, can be set against this explicit statement of Worsley's? The reply is, that documentary evidence is needed to substantiate Worsley's statement. The church books and registers make no mention of the demolition of the chancel. The burden of repairing the chancel in a vicarage, which Carisbrooke is, rests, as Worsley correctly states, with the impropriator, who was Walsingham, but the impropriator cannot, simply with the consent of the parishioners, pull down this portion of the church's fabric unless he also have a licence or faculty from the Ordinary, who was in this case the Bishop of Winchester. I therefore asked Bishop Wilberforce whether search might be made for any entry in the Bishop's registers of such licence being given. His lordship's answer was characteristic: 'I know that if I had been Bishop of Winchester at the time I should not have allowed it, and I have not time to look at the registers, but write to Archdeacon Jacob, and he will tell you.' I did so, but the Archdeacon could give me no information. I then made application to Canon Venables, the scholarly author of perhaps the best guide-book of the Isle of Wight, as to the authority on which he had repeated Worsley's statement. His answer was, that he thought he had found it in the Oglander MSS. The Canon's memory did not play him false, for in the *Oglander Memoirs*, published by Mr. Long, p. 108, will be found the following entry: 'The decaye of Caresbroke wase ye sale of ye Island, and ye puttinge down of ye Priorye in Henry ye 6th time, as belonginge to Lyra in Normandy, to ye greate abby theyre; moost of ye muonks were ffrenchmen, and there were many monumentes of them in ye chawncel, which wase taken down anno domi 1590. Sir Francis Walsinghame, which had ye lease of ye Pryorye [of Carisbrooke] by maryadge of Rychard Woorseley's wife, rathor than he woold be at ye chardge of repayre of ye chawncel, agreed with ye p'risch to take itt down, and for theyr approbation and good will gave them 100 markes.'

Although it may be argued that Sir John Oglander, writing at the interval of about half-a-century after the transaction, is a trustworthy authority, his own account of it does not quite satisfactorily settle the point at issue. His error in saying that the Priory was dissolved by Henry VI, though it may be passed over as trifling, shows that his accuracy is liable to be impeached; but the difficulty in accepting his testimony lies in the date he assigns for the taking down of the chancel —1590. Sir Francis Walsingham died April 6, 1590. Walsingham, a man of the utmost integrity and disinterestedness, was for many years Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, though he was not a favourite with his Royal mistress because he inclined to Puritanism. His morality was strict, and in his latter days so lifted him above the intrigues and selfish cares of the world around him that, unlike his patron Burleigh, he died a poor man. For some time before his death he retired from all State affairs and seems to have spent his time with little or no society at his house at Barn Elms. Here he died on the date already mentioned. Camden says 'that he had brought himself so far in debt, that he was buried privately at night, in St. Paul's Church, without any manner of funeral solemnity.' It is hardly probable that such a man with one foot in the grave should be driving an unfair bargain with the parishioners of Carisbrooke for the sake of what would have been the very small expense of keeping up the chancel; since he was only a lease-holder of the Priory lands in right of his wife, who was in reality the lessee as widow of her first husband, Richard Worsley.

The history of Walsingham becoming the possessor of this property is worth relating. When in 1414 the Alien Priories were dissolved, by Act of Parliament, with the sanction of those stanch churchmen, King Henry V and Archbishop Chicheley, the small community of Benedictines at Carisbrooke attached to the famous Abbey of Lire in Normandy was broken up with the rest of these foreign houses. It shared their fate not because of any abuses, such as were alleged in the time of the later dissolution of the English monasteries, under Cardinal Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell, during what Mr. Green, in his *History of the English People*, calls the 'Terror.' Carisbrooke Priory was, in the language of modern days, 'disestablished,' because, when our kings were at war with France, they could not put up with this little settlement of what Oglander calls 'French monks' in an island which was so near the land of their enemies. The Priory was not however disendowed, except in this sense, that the endowments were transferred to the Carthusian house of forty monks which Henry of Monmouth founded at Shene, which afterwards took the name of Richmond. Probably some truth lies in Oglander's opinion, that the decay of Carisbrooke was partially owing to the 'putting down the Priory.' The French monks, aliens as they were, were missed when they had gone. The existence of the Priory had a certain social and civilizing influence upon the place. But whether it really strengthened the wholesome and spiritual purposes for which it had been founded may be doubted. The monks and the secular or parochial clergy were usually at strife whenever they met one another. So it was at Carisbrooke, where, as Worsley says (*Hist. I. W.* p. 169), it appears from the register of William of Wykeham that great prelate had to interfere in behalf of the vicar. Any religious ministrations and functions which the monks had undertaken were replaced by those of the secular priest or vicar, who, as a born Englishman and a parochial clergyman, would be more in touch with the general body of the parishioners. The fabric of the church certainly sustained no loss by the departure of the monks, for the massive stately tower, which gives so much grandeur to the church, and the great structural change in the south aisle, belong to the very end of the fifteenth or probably at the beginning of the sixteenth century, long after the departure of the monks.

In the year 1505 we learn from a curious document, quoted by Worsley, Appendix xxxiv, that the Carthusians had leased the great tithes and lands belonging to the Priory (the small tithes were appropriated to the vicar, whose patron was the Crown) to Sir John Leigh for a certain sum of money, much in the same way that bishops and deans and chapters did, and as colleges at Oxford and Cambridge still do, as the most easy way of obtaining an income from their estates. Sir John Leigh's only daughter, Anne, was in 1512 married to Sir James Worsley, and carried with her the lease of the Priory of Carisbrooke into the Worsley family. Richard, son and heir of Sir James Worsley and Anne his wife, took possession of the lease of the Priory, which, along with the tithes of Godshill and of Freshwater, had been renewed to Sir James Worsley at the annual rent of 200 marks. Worsley, writing in 1781, Appendix xlix, gives a list of all such rents, pensions, and tithes appertaining to the Priory of Carisbrooke, as were appointed by Richard Worsley, Esq., deceased, to his son George, A. D. 1565. This son George with his brother John was unfortunately blown up in the porter's lodge at Appuldurcombe, A. D. 1567. Richard's widow, Ursula, second daughter of Henry St. Barbe, Esq., married Sir Francis Walsingham. By her second husband Ursula had a daughter, Frances, who was successively the wife of Sir Philip Sidney, fair as he was brave, the darling of the Court and camp-soldier and poet; then of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, whose head fell on the scaffold after his mad struggle with the Queen's Government; and lastly of Richard de Burgh, Earl of Clanricarde, who in 1628 was advanced to the earldom of St. Albans.

'John, the second son of Sir James Worsley, succeeding to his nephews, had a long contest with Sir Francis Walsingham for the chattel estates (that is, for the estates not freehold), but, Walsingham prevailing, enjoyed by right of his wife the lease of the Priory of Carisbrooke.'

Queen Elizabeth, who found granting easy leases of church lands a cheap way of paying her statesmen for their services, appears to have favoured Sir Francis Walsingham, although he did not share in the mercenary and rapacious spirit which leavened her political advisers, in this matter of the lease of Carisbrooke Priory. Mr. Long, in a note (*Oglander Memoirs*, p. 154), states on the authority of the *State Papers, Domestic*, that Walsingham procured of the Queen the Priory in reversion for thirty-one years for a fine of £200 and a rent of £105. Walsingham, who, as has been said before, died deeply in debt, had the Crown for one of his principal creditors. In a memorial to the Queen in 1602, Ursula, 'the poor old widow of Her Majestie's ancient own servant,' begs for the reversion of the Priory of Carisbrooke, which she had had in lease twelve years, and which was all the living left her by her first husband, Mr. Worsley. She had paid Her Majesty since the death of her late husband, by the sale of a good lease, &c., £16,000; but had been obliged to take up money on interest, for the repayment of which she had been forced to sell Walsingham House in London and Fulham Parsonage. She scarcely lived long enough to know the result of her touching appeal, for a little more than a month after its delivery the aged lady died, and was buried by the side of her second husband in St. Paul's Cathedral. The lease was afterwards purchased by Sir Thomas Fleming, who had a keen eye for making such good bargains as the Church property offered to shrewd speculators.

Further researches into the Bishop's registers at Winchester may throw light upon this question of the time when the choir of Carisbrooke Church was destroyed. Though the present writer feels considerable difficulty in attributing it to Sir Francis Walsingham, he admits that even the silence of the records at Winchester with regard to this transaction does not prove that it is a fabrication. The Secretary of State to the imperious Queen, who did not scruple to threaten to unfrock a bishop who withstood her wishes, might carry the pulling down a portion of Carisbrooke Church with a high hand and without acknowledging the necessity of asking for a faculty from the Bishop of the diocese. The wonder rather is that in the plunder of the Church estates which then went on, and in which several of the bishops themselves shared, anything was saved, and that Carisbrooke Church did not fall entirely to ruin. Wise as in many respects was Queen Elizabeth's settlement of the Church of England, it cannot be said that either her own dealings or those of her statesmen with that Church demand the approval, or have a claim upon the gratitude, of the generations which have since followed. The best apology that can be made for Elizabeth herself, Burleigh, Walsingham, and others, is that they had to deal with a very difficult problem. Careful study of Lord Bacon's *Advertisement touching the Controversies of the Church of England*, will show reasonable and moderate inquirers that the Elizabethan settlement of the English Church was far more judicious than the zealots who belong to contending factions are willing to acknowledge. The Queen had a complicated part to play with her Parliament. In the House of Lords was much adherence to the old habits and tendencies, qualified by some personal dislike of ecclesiastics, and by an absolute refusal to surrender the revenues of which the ecclesiastical corporations had been deprived. The House of Commons was less affected by these disturbing influences, and was a more exact barometer of the national feeling. But the nation itself had not made up its own mind. Many still clung to the old faith, or rather to the old ritual: others were inclined to Puritanism. A wise man has said: 'The boundary of man is moderation. When once we pass that pale our guardian angel quits his charge of us.' But moderation is never popular. The Reformation was a great crisis. As Hallam has observed, Queen Elizabeth's own letter to Sir Francis Walsingham is one of the most able apologies for her government of the Church.

March 9, 1889.

II.

The late Mr. Edmund Peel, the accomplished author of that graceful poem *The Fair Island*, once remarked to the present writer that Carisbrooke, though in itself nothing more than any ordinary village, was picturesque from whatever point of view it was looked at. This distinction it owed, so he added, entirely to the position of the Castle and the Church. Even now, when Carisbrooke seems to be becoming a suburb of Newport, and the builder with the accustomed taste of the present day is running up rows of small houses all dismally uniform, the Castle and the Church when seen in combination from the neighbouring fields display a union of grandeur with picturesqueness that is exceedingly impressive from its connexion with the associations of the past. Neither of these two distinctive features of Carisbrooke has undergone much alteration since the seventeenth century. The Castle indeed is more of a ruin than when Sir John Oglander rode his horse within its old wooden cross-barred gates to have an interview with the Royal prisoner Charles I, but the Church is much the same as it was when the stout-hearted cavalier of Nunwell and loyal Churchman turned his eyes from the Castle-hill to its grey tower. Carisbrooke Church has been happily saved from decay and preserved for future generations by more gentle means than those of the so-called 'restoration,' which has been the fate of so many of our most interesting country churches. It has been well said, 'The soft influence and touch of time, falling from generation to generation upon some noble building, give it a beauty apart from that which is merely architectural and invest it with associations which are as the soul to the body.' All persons have not that education of the eye, which enables them to see the difference between a thing which time, working ceaselessly and silently for centuries, has perfected far beyond mere human handiwork, and that which the architect and builder of to-day have renovated by contract. The increased number of visitors who in the season carefully examine the interior and exterior of Carisbrooke Church show that the popular taste is improving. Even in this bustling age people will give a little attention to that which does not bear the stamp of modern days and is far aloof from our own times. Some years ago the church was re-seated, and the plaster with which the old masonry of the fabric had been coated was cleared away, but these improvements, instead of affecting the architecture of the ancient building, rather served to bring out some of the best features of the interior, as for instance the lofty western arch at the entrance of the tower. As Dean Stanley happily expressed it in the sermon which he preached on the occasion of the church's re-opening, 'The rubbish with which the Philistines had filled the well was removed.' A sense of continuity lingers about the old church—its very stones are a history of the way in which the former inhabitants of Carisbrooke tried to worship God. They who first erected it chose a befitting site for it; it stands where every church ought if possible to stand, upon a commanding elevation, leading the minds of those who worship within its walls as to a mount of vision, whence they may gaze into the Eternal to send them back to their homes full of the strength that springs from hope by which alone the true work of the world can be done.

Carisbrooke Church tells its own story. 'When,' writes Mr. Freeman, who for more than a quarter of a century has given his attention to the class of churches to which Carisbrooke Church belongs, 'we see a church, known before to have been monastic, whose western part is standing and is used as a parish church, but whose eastern part is pulled down, ruined, or disused, we may, in absence of proof to the contrary, presume a division of the building between the parish and the monks. . . . The church, though divided for purposes of possession and use, still formed one building.' Such was the case at Carisbrooke. The eastern limb of the body—the choir or chancel—long since pulled down, belonged to the monks; the western portion belonged to the parishioners. When the Alien Priory of Carisbrooke was suppressed by Henry V, that part of the building which formed the monastic church came into the hands of the King, or rather of his grantee, the house of the Carthusians at Shene, who might deal with it according to their own pleasures, without having a faculty from the Bishop of Winchester to allow its demolition, as they were free from all episcopal control. Whoever was responsible for that demolition—whether Walsingham, according to the current story, or some earlier destructives, the present east windows in the debased pointed style were put in at the time of the destruction of the choir.

In the 'Sorvey taken by Sir John Oglander, Knyght, of all ye churches and chappells within ye Isle of Wight, with all ye awntient monuments therein, and by certaine traditions and wills of ye deceased, and ye like evidence, what knyghtes and gentlemen hath bene buryed therein, whose monuments are now demolisched, April, 1632,' Carisbrooke, along with some other of the West Medene churches, does not appear in Mr. Long's edition. If the remainder of the survey is in the MSS. of Oglander preserved at Nunwell, it would be a great boon to ecclesiologists and those interested in our old Island churches could Oglander's account be published in full.

Of 'Caresbroke' (for so Oglander spells it) he says, 'it wase ye greatest prisch in owre island, and in greatest reputation, when ye Pryor wase in his ecclesiastical awthoritie. The town of Caresbroke wase far greator and bettor bwylt than nowe itt is, at what time Nuport wase butt a poor fischinge towne. Ye markett with all priviledges and jurisdictions belonged to Caresbroke, then ye metropolis of owre island. Afterwardes, when through ye benefite of ye haven, Nuport grewe greate, and Caresbroke through that and sale of ye island to ye Crowne, whereby ye Castell wase both uninhabited (Caresbroke diminisched), they sowlde theyre right to ye markett and other priviledges to Nuport, for which the towne wase to paye to ye Pryor of Caresbroke £1 6*s.* 8*d.* annually, which he still payes to his Matie.'

Sir John Oglander fell into the common mistake of supposing that in the good old times of the Middle Ages, the people of Carisbrooke were better housed than in his own days. Our forefathers did not indeed live in tents, or in holes or caverns of the earth. Their best houses were constructed of mortar and plaster, intersected with horizontal or diagonal wooden beams, erected under the shadow of the Castle and the Church. On the latter they lavished all the wealth and skill of the age. Bricks did not come in till the time of the Tudors. Even the mansions of the gentry were wanting both in capacity and convenience. When Oglander wrote, that improvement in the dwellings of the yeomanry and cottages which started up in the earlier part of Queen Elizabeth's reign had already struck root in the Isle of Wight. We may therefore fairly conclude that in the seventeenth century, the date of Oglander's *Memoirs*, Carisbrooke presented a far better appearance as regards domestic architecture than it had done when under Isabella de Fortibus the black-clad Benedictines were flourishing and masters of the market and fair at Carisbrooke. Since Sir John Oglander wrote, the course of events has proved that what he calls the old 'Metropolis of the Island,' instead of sustaining any loss from the growth of the new capital, has gained by sharing in the prosperity of Newport. With all the advantages of being near a town, it can still show green lanes from which the original charm has not departed, and its pleasant walks with the traces of its former greatness in Roman Villa, Church, and Castle. Oglander's account of Carisbrooke is not full of details, but he does not omit the well-known story of the vicar of Carisbrooke's 'Love feast with his Newport parishioners.' Sir John appears to have copied this from the records of the Corporation of Newport. This primitive interchange of friendly hospitalities probably died out under the Puritan ascendency, and was not revived at the Restoration, when the vicars of Carisbrooke began to reside at Northwood. The only other entry relates to the separation of Shorwell from Carisbrooke as an ecclesiastical parish. 'Shorwell did once belonge to Caresbroke, and wase part of that p'risch in Edward ye 3rd his time, and then by mediation of ye inhabytantes and through the power of ye Pryor of Lacoke, it wase reduced from Caresbroke and made a p'risch. One reason amongst others that they urged wase ye greate inconvenience they suffered in carryinge of corses to buriol to Caresbroke through ye waltorish lane at winter, whereby many caught theyre deaths. So that ye death in winter tyme of one cawsed many more.'

In an earlier portion of his *Memoirs*, we are told that 'At Clatterforde (near Carisbrooke) liveth one James Rookely, a member of that awntient house; this man hath lived theyre, and his awncestors inoyed that smal thinge he is now theyre possessed of evor since Edward ye fyrst's reygne; as may appeare by a dede from Isabella de Fortibus to his awncestor.'

Rookley, on the road from Carisbrooke to Ventnor, still preserves the name of this ancient family, afterwards settled at Brooke, the manor of which in later times came into the possession of Thomas Boureman, who married Joanna, daughter and heir of John Rookley. She died in 1501. Alvington was the manor house, and it was at Alvington that in succession the families of those who would now be squires of the parish lived—the St. Martins, Pophams, Wadhams, and Harveys. In Oglander's time John Harvey was the owner of Alvington, and after the Governor of Carisbrooke Castle the biggest gentleman in the village.

March 16, 1889.

THE DEFENCES OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

It is stated in the *County Press* for March 16, 1889, that by order of the Commander-in-Chief an Artillery camp will be formed in the Isle of Wight from May 6 to July 20, when some important operations respecting the defence of the Island and the Channel will be carried out. With the prospect of this forthcoming scheme for the protection of the Island it may be of interest to refer to the efforts that were made for the same purpose in the Isle of Wight during the seventeenth century. From very early times here, as elsewhere in England, a military force of a domestic and defensive character was kept up, to which alone the name of Militia was in later ages applied. In those early times, when the Isle of Wight formed a portion of the West-Saxon kingdom, every freeholder if not every freeman was bound to defend his country from hostile invasion. Of this force the Alderman or Earl was before the Norman Conquest the proper commander. When the De Redvers were 'Lords of the Wight,' Henry II, in order to render this defensive force more effective in cases of emergency, enacted that every freeman according to the value of his estate or moveables should hold himself constantly furnished with suitable arms and equipments. During the period that Isabella de Fortibus was Lady of the Wight these provisions were by the 'Statute of Winchester' enforced and extended. Every man between the ages of fifteen and sixty was to be assessed and sworn to keep armour according to the value of his lands and his goods; for fifteen pounds and upwards in rent, or forty marks in goods, a hauberk, an iron breastplate, a sword, a knife, and a horse; for smaller property, inferior arms. A review of this armour was to be taken twice a year by constables chosen from every hundred. Following the precedent of the 'Assize of Arms,' which under Henry II had restored the national Militia to the place which it had lost under the Norman Conquest, the 'Statute of Winchester' had especial regard to the preservation of public order by suppressing riots and arresting robbers. The sheriff, as chief conservator of public peace and minister of the law, had always possessed the right of summoning the 'posse comitatus,' that is of calling on all the king's liege subjects within his jurisdiction in case of any rebellion or tumultuous rising, or when bands of robbers infested the public ways, or when, as very often happened, the execution of legal process was obstructed. At the same time the provisions of the 'Statute of Winchester' applied also to national defence. In seasons of threatened invasion it became customary to issue 'commissions of array,' empowering those to whom they were addressed to muster and train all men capable of bearing arms in the counties to which their commission extended, and hold themselves in readiness to defend the kingdom. The form of these 'commissions of array' was settled in Parliament in the fifth year of Henry IV, but the earliest of them to be found in Rymer, is in 1324, and the latest of them in 1507. The obligation of keeping sufficient arms according to each man's estate was preserved by a statute of Philip and Mary, which made some changes in the rate and proportion as well as in the kind of arms. These ancient provisions were abrogated by James I in his first Parliament. The nation, freed from the dangers which had menaced the throne of Elizabeth, was glad to be released from an expensive obligation. The Government on the other hand was no doubt of opinion that weapons of offence were safer in its own hands than in those of its subjects. Magazines were formed in different places, in the Isle of Wight at Carisbrooke Castle. At the same time there was little regard for military array and preparation except in the Isle of Wight, where the trained bands of Newport seem to have met for the encouragement of artillery (artillery being the word used in that age for all engines discharging missiles, including catapults, slings, arbalests, and the long bow).

The power of calling into arms and mustering the population of each county, given in earlier times to the sheriff or justices of the peace or to special commissioners of array, began to be entrusted in the third year of Edward VI to a new officer entitled the lord lieutenant, though the office was little known, for Camden speaks of them in the time of Queen

Elizabeth as extraordinary magistrates, constituted only in times of difficulty and danger. The lord lieutenant was usually a peer, or a gentleman of large estate in the county, whose office gave him the command of the Militia and rendered him the chief vicegerent of his sovereign, and responsible for public order. The appointment of a lord lieutenant took away from the sheriff a great part of the dignity and power which he had previously held. Yet the lord lieutenant had so peculiarly a military authority that it did not in any degree control the civil power of the sheriff as the executive minister of the law (see Hallam, *Const. Hist.* vol. i. pp. 550–552; Blackstone, Book IV. part 1, chap. viii).

In the Isle of Wight the governor and captain of Carisbrooke Castle had the military power which elsewhere was wielded by the lord lieutenant, and till the change of late years, which transferred to the Horse Guards the granting of commissions in the Militia from the lords lieutenant of counties, the governor of the Isle of Wight appointed the commissioned officers in the Militia, while the lord lieutenant of the county of Hants had, as he has now, the appointment of the justices of the peace for the Island. In the seventeenth century the defences and military strength of the Isle of Wight were under the command of the captain or his deputies. The Island was divided into ten districts called 'Centons,' that is 'Hundreds,' each commanded by a 'Centoner,' who was always a resident landowner and who had under him a lieutenant and from 150 to 200 men, with a number of 'hobblers' or watchmen mounted on 'hobbies' or small horses, who were constantly on the alert to give warning of the approach of an enemy. Each centoner exercised his company once a month at least, and another of his duties was to see that the field gun of each parish in his district was provided with ammunition and in readiness for service. In the time of the alarm of the Spanish Armada the local militia amounted to nearly 2,000, and in case of emergency 3,000 men in addition could be supplied from the mainland. In 1625 'A trewe note of the strength of the Island,' delivered to the Council from Sir John Oglander, also shows that the local levies were divided into eleven 'bands,' each commanded by a knight or gentleman, exclusive of Newport band of 304 men, the total amounting to over 2,000 men, of whom more than half were musketeers and the rest pikemen. Sir Richard Worsley, in his *History of the Island,* Appendix xiv, gives the names of the commanders of these bands—Sir John Oglander, Sir Edward Dennis, Appuldurcombe Band; Mr. Dilington, Sir John Rychardes, Mr. Cheeke, Sir William Meux, Mr. Leygh, Mr. Boorman, Mr. Hobson, Mr. Urrie, Newport Band.

'Watches and wards' with beacons ready for firing were kept on all the downs and headlands, and every point and peak was jealously guarded. If a Spanish or Dutch vessel was sighted off the Island, the discovery was at once sent on to head-quarters. The watchmen with loaded muskets and lighted matches were changed at sunrise and sunset, and were visited by a 'searcher' twice during the day and three times by night. Mr. Long, in his interesting introduction to the *Oglander Memoirs,* has published from the Lansdowne MSS. 213, the relation of a short survey by a lieutenant of the military company at Norwich, who visited the Isle of Wight in 1635, in which he gives his impressions of the discipline and efficiency of the Island Militia: 'This fertile and pleasant Island, for her martial discipline, I found her most bravely and prudently guided by the government of two generous knights lieutenants, and fourteen gentle and expert captains, most of them all worthy knights and gentlemen, having pleasant situations in this Isle; and having under their command 2,000 foot soldiers of ready exercise and well disciplined trained men, most of them as expert in handling their arms as our artillery nurseries, which skill they attain to by taking pleasure in that honourable exercise and training, and drilling from their very infancy. Every captain hath his proper field piece, which marches and guards him into the field, where they all often meet together and pitch an equal battle of 1,000 on each side, with an equal distribution of the captains, eight of each party, with the two lieutenants, who are also captains, the East against the West Mede, on St. George's Down, by the river that runs down to Cowes Castle. A brave show there is and brave service performed. They have besides in this Island arms for 2,000 more, if need should require.'

When the Long Parliament resolved on fighting out their quarrel with Charles I by pike and bullet, it was of the utmost importance that the disposal of so strong a force should be in the hands of one of their own adherents. Hence their removal of Jerome, Earl of Portland, from the captaincy of Carisbrooke Castle, and the substitution of the Earl of Pembroke, whom Hallam calls 'basest of the base,' as Governor of the Isle of Wight. Why they should have chosen a man of such 'proverbial meanness and stupidity' is a problem which cannot be solved, but as he had good officers under him the result was not disastrous to those who selected him for such an important post. He was perhaps not more incapable than his predecessor, the rollicking Earl of Portland, the boon-companion of Goring. Till the arrival of Oliver Cromwell upon the scene of warfare, the Civil War did not produce men of much intellectual power or soldier-like ability on either side. Dr. Arnold has said, that if the profligate Buckingham had been a Marlborough—if in consequence the English arms on the Continent had been brilliantly victorious instead of being signally disgraceful—it would have entailed ruin to the liberties of England. In like manner it might be remarked that had Charles I been in command of the well-trained bands of the Island Militia he would, instead of being a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, have been master of the situation and have been enabled to dictate his own terms to the Parliament at the Treaty of Newport. In 1651, when the Commonwealth was at the disposal of Cromwell, a new order was sent down for the Militia of the Isle of Wight, with their duties strictly specified, as can be seen in Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* Appendix xvii).

Under the Restoration the abolition of the tenure of knight service by one of the early Acts of Charles II had dissolved that feudal military force which was principally designed to maintain the King's and the nation's rights abroad. At the same time divers regulations were enacted, which, though now much altered, served as a foundation for the present regulations of our Militia force. The Isle of Wight was not however included in the Act settling the Militia, but by a particular clause (Stat. 13 and 14 Charles II,

c. 33, sec. 30) was suffered to retain the ancient usage, though what that usage was from a variety of alterations made from time to time it is not easy to ascertain. (Worsley, *Hist. I. W.* p. 39.)

May 4, 1889.

JAMES STANHOPE, M.P. FOR NEWPORT, I. W., A.D. 1701.

I.

It must be said to the credit of the unreformed Corporation of Newport that their choice of representatives in the House of Commons fell very often upon men of light and leading. The Corporation consisted of twelve aldermen and twelve burgesses. When a vacancy happened in the court of aldermen, one of the twelve burgesses was elected to succeed him, and his place was filled by taking a new burgess from among the inhabitants. In this Corporation, consisting of twenty-four members, the right of electing the members of Parliament for the town was vested. This Corporation was much under the influence of a patron, as he was called in those days, who was usually the Governor of the Island. As the Governor was appointed by the Crown, the Parliamentary representation of Newport was mainly at the disposal of the Government of the day. A borough which has returned Lord Falkland to the Long Parliament, and after him four Prime Ministers, Stanhope, Canning, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Palmerston, has no reason to be ashamed of its electoral annals. Familiar as are the names of Canning, Wellesley, and Palmerston to this generation, that of Stanhope is little known to most people, and yet he played a very conspicuous and interesting part in the political drama at the beginning of the eighteenth century. James Stanhope sprung from an illustrious ancestry. Camden, the Elizabethan antiquary, in his account of Nottingham-shire, mentions 'Shelford, the seat of the famous family of Stanhope, knights, whose state and grandeur in those parts is eminent and their names renowned.' Their name first appears in the reign of Henry III and Edward I. One of them, Edward, received the honour of knighthood upon the field of battle from Henry VII for his gallant conduct against the Cornish rebels under Lord Audley, a man of broken fortune at Blackheath, near London. His younger son, by whom the family was continued, Sir Michael Stanhope, sharing in the ruin of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Somerset, was found guilty of conspiring the death of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and was beheaded with Sir Thomas Arundel on Tower Hill, February 20, 1552. His descendant, Philip, who was elevated to the peerage first as Baron Stanhope of Shelford and then advanced to the Earldom of Chesterfield, 1628, was a firm supporter of the royal cause during the civil wars. His house at Shelford was a garrison for the King, under the command of his son Philip, who lost his life in its defence, when it was stormed by the Parliamentary forces and burnt to the ground, October 27, 1645. The old Cavalier earl had by his second wife one son, Alexander, who was a distinguished diplomatist in the reigns of King William III and Queen Anne. At the house of his father, this Alexander Stanhope, James his son was born at Paris in 1673. France was then under the government of Lewis XIV, a despotism, which in its dealings, at least with the upper classes, was a despotism tempered by courteous manners and outward refinement. As a lad, James Stanhope had a very successful career at Oxford. Boys were then matriculated at our Universities at an age when they would have barely entered the sixth form in our present public schools. While Stanhope was an undergraduate, the Oxonians, exasperated by the recent injuries which James II had inflicted upon the University, were wearing orange ribbons as a proof of their loyalty to the new King and Queen, although the authorities there had no great love for William of Orange. At Oxford the lighter parts of classical learning were cultivated with success, and Stanhope from his short residence in the University acquired a taste for Latin literature which did not desert him during his stirring career, and which displayed itself in his last dying speech in the House of Lords. He soon left the company of the bustling adventurers who united the superficial accomplishments of the scholar with the manners and arts of the man of the world who then peopled Oxford, to join his father in Spain, who was there as the English Ambassador.

In 1691 he served as a volunteer in Italy under the Duke of Savoy, and afterwards in Flanders, where William III gave him a company in the Foot Guards. In 1690, it must be remembered, Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, had joined the Grand Alliance of England, Holland, Spain, and the Empire, against France. In 1693 the skilful and valiant Marshal Catinat, descending from the Alps on Piedmont at Marsiglia, gained a complete victory over the troops of the Duke of Savoy, when the Irish exiles of Limerick were found fighting on the side of the French, while the English persecuted and expatriated Huguenots stood firm round the standard of Savoy. During the Flanders campaign the young English soldier had the opportunity of studying the art of war under a general, William III, who had been playing that complicated game ever since 1673, the year of Stanhope's birth. Opposed to England were in succession generals and diplomatists of the highest ability. Stanhope learnt the great lesson of organizing victory out of defeat from William, who had by his wisdom and firmness turned defeats, both in the field and in the senate, into victory. To have a share however small in so important and arduous an enterprise was an education in itself. After such a 'baptism of fire,' as it is called in military language, Stanhope was well qualified to take part in the siege of what was supposed to be the impregnable fortress of Namur. Lord Macaulay, who has told the story of that siege, does not mention Stanhope's name, but it appears from other writers that Stanhope volunteered to risk his life in the attack on the first counter-scarp of the town of Namur. The counter-scarp is that side of a ditch about a fortress which is opposite to the ramparts, and is formed in a gentle slope rising from the bottom to the level of the natural ground, in order that the garrison may make those sorties which military engineers look upon as one of the most powerful means of defence. In that attack Cutts, 'the Salamander,' put himself at the head of the forlorn hope of volunteers. Stanhope, who was one of those volunteers, after behaving with the utmost gallantry was wounded and disabled. Cutts, a man of bull-dog courage, did not forget the youthful volunteer. He was at that time Governor of the Isle of Wight, and when in 1701 Cutts was chosen member for Newport, but elected to serve for the county of Cambridgeshire, through the Governor's influence James Stanhope took his place as member for Newport. In the country at large never, so it was reported at head-quarters, had there been more intriguing, more canvassing, more virulence of party feeling. No doubt the Corporation of Newport shared in this excitement, but Lord Cutts's influence was paramount, and Stanhope won his seat for that very short-lived Parliament.

In Queen Anne's first Parliament, 1702, Stanhope's friend, Lord Cutts, took his seat for Newport, and had for his colleague William Stephens, who had local influence. Stephens, so the writer of his life says, was only prevailed upon by the importunities of his acquaintance and of the town of Newport. 'He complied however with such reluctance, that with tears in his eyes he said to his wife at his return from the election, I have done ill in disobeying my father's injunctions, notwithstanding he had neither bought nor solicited a vote.' Poor Stephens was not the last aspirant to Parliamentary honours who has had bitter occasion to lament that he was ever tempted to thrust himself under the yoke of political partisanship. Under these circumstances Stanhope, who was now a rising Whig statesman, was glad to find a seat for the borough of Cockermouth in Cumberland, which divided its favours between him and the Tory, Thomas Lamplugh. The animation of Parliamentary debate could not stifle Stanhope's military ardour. In 1702, when the plan for the reduction of Cadiz in Spain which had been formed by the late King, William, was promoted by Marlborough and Godolphin, Stanhope volunteered to serve under the Duke of Ormond, and took part in the attack on Fort Rodendallo, and afterwards at the siege of Barcelona. The brilliant exploit of taking Barcelona, one of the largest and strongest towns of Europe, with a handful of men was due to that extraordinary man, Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, but Stanhope must be allowed his share in its glories. The expedition against Cadiz, though it turned out a miserable failure through the squabble between Sir George Rooke, who was in command of fifty sail, and the Duke of Ormond, with a land force of 13,000 men, has an interest for the Isle of Wight. During the time which had been worse than thrown away in Cadiz Bay the Spaniards at Vigo had time to fortify that harbour. Hobson or Hopson, who had been apprenticed to a tailor at Niton in the Isle of Wight, and had run away to sea, was now in command of the *Torbay* as Vice-admiral of the Red in the attack on Vigo. Two ruined towers at the north of the Bay of Vigo were garrisoned by a few ill-armed and untrained rustics, a boom was thrown across the mouth of the basin, and a few French ships which had conveyed the galleons from America were moored within. But all was to no purpose. Hopson with the English ships broke the boom, Ormond and his soldiers scaled the fort, the French burned their ships and escaped to the shore. The conquerors shared some millions of dollars; some millions more were sunk. The loss of these galleons occasioned a great deficiency in the revenue of Spain. Sir George Rooke returned home in a sort of triumph, boasting that Cadiz might have been taken and other incalculable advantages obtained if Ormond had but done his part. On the other hand, Ormond threw all the blame upon Rooke, and seemed inclined to provoke a Parliamentary inquiry. Such was the deplorable end of an armament loaded, to use Stanhope's words, 'with a great deal of plunder and infamy.' It quitted the scene of Essex's glory in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, leaving the only Spaniard of note who had declared for them to be hanged by his countrymen. The plunder at Vigo, which in the prospect had reconciled all disputes between Dutch and English, admirals and generals, when shared among them only embittered the strife and reflected ignominy on the attempt. For his bravery in this action off Vigo Hopson was presented by Prince George of Denmark to Queen Anne, who conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and afterwards settled a pension of £500 a year upon him, with a reversion of £300 a year to his wife, in consideration of his eminent services. Nothing further is related of Hopson after this period, while for Stanhope many honours still remained. Stanhope had family interest and powerful connexions; he was in the confidence of the Duke of Marlborough, and from his training in diplomacy as well as from his military experience was quite the man to come to the front, and united in himself some of the best features in the character of the English aristocracy.

April 28, 1888.

II.

The achievements of Stanhope as a general belong to that great struggle, called the 'War of the Succession,' by which Europe from the Vistula to the Atlantic Ocean was agitated for twelve years. Stanhope's share in that war was confined to Spain. Epaminondas called Bœotia, the dancing-plot of Mars.' Spain has been on two occasions the scene of warfare between England and France. On the first occasion, on May 15, 1702, war was proclaimed by concert at Vienna, at London, and at the Hague. The second was the Peninsular War, waged between Napoleon's marshals and Lord Wellington, a hundred years later. The material fruits to England of the 'War of the Succession' were the Rock of Gibraltar and the Island of Minorca, which fell into the hands of England by Stanhope's capture of Port Mahon. Minorca was snatched away by the French forty-eight years after it had been in English possession; but the 'Rock' remains a British garrison, and is now the sole result of Queen Anne's Spanish War. The cause of this war, like that of the Peninsular, was to curb and restrain French aggression, and they were each of them an episode in a stupendous contest. Here however the resemblance ceases. The campaigns of Napoleon and his marshals against Moore and Wellington, as told by Napier, have a permanent dramatic and instructive interest, while those of Berwick, Tessé, and Vendôme against Peterborough, Galway and Stanhope, have little that is dramatic and less that is instructive. Still the war, as carried on in Spain from

1705 to 1711 against the monarch who thought he had politically levelled the Pyrenees, as related by Lord Macaulay in his brilliant essay on the 'War of the Succession in Spain,' arrests the attention of historical students. Lord Macaulay was not a competent judge of military operations, and was attracted by the romantic qualities and daring projects attributed to his hero, Lord Peterborough, whom the latest historian of this war, Colonel Parnell of the Royal Engineers, does not shrink from describing as a 'contemptible impostor,' a 'brilliant' man without any ballast of solid qualities, and totally devoid of any sense of duty whatever. To begin with, Peterborough was neither a trained soldier nor sailor when for some reason he was appointed general and admiral. When the command was transferred from Peterborough to Lord Galway, Macaulay, who could not resist an epigram, compares this latter general's conduct in war to what Molière's doctors were in medicine, who thought it much more honourable tc fail according to rule than to succeed by innovation. This scornful description of Galway is repeated by Lord Macaulay in the case of Stanhope, who followed Galway in the management of the war. 'Stanhope,' so writes Macaulay, 'who took the command of the English army in Catalonia, was a man of respectable abilities both in military and civil affairs, but fitter for a second than for a first place.' And this assertion is backed up by Lord Stanhope's acknowledgement 'that his ancestor's most distinguished exploit—the conquest of Minorca—was suggested by Marlborough.'

Stanhope was pitted against a formidable antagonist, Lewis, Duke of Vendôme. Readers of Lord Macaulay can never forget the striking description of that strange compound of torpidity and activity, whose only parallel seems to be the Roman Emperor Heraclius. 'Vendôme was all himself,' Macaulay writes. 'He set out from Talavera with his troops and pursued the retreating army of the Allies with speed perhaps never equalled in such a season and in such a country. He marched night and day. He swam at the head of his cavalry the flooded stream of Henares, and in a few days overtook Stanhope, who was at Brihuega with the left wing of the Allied army. "Nobody with me," says the English general, "imagined that they had any foot within some days march of us, and our misfortune is owing to the incredible diligence which their army made." Stanhope had but just time to send off a messenger to the centre of the army, which was some leagues from Brihuega, before Vendôme was upon him. The town was invested on every side. The walls were battered with cannon. A mine was sprung under one of the gates. The English kept up a terrible fire till their powder was spent. They then fought desperately with the bayonet against overwhelming odds. They burned the houses which the assailants had taken. But all was to no purpose. The British general saw that resistance could only produce useless carnage. He concluded a capitulation; and his gallant little army became prisoners of war on honourable terms.'

One curious feature in his prolonged Spanish campaign was the fact that Stanhope had during all this time been earning fame not only as a diplomatist and a soldier but as a Parliamentary debater, being accustomed to leave his command while in winter quarters and to attend the winter session in Parliament. Thus he had acquired a reputation which, added to the friendship of the Walpoles, obtained for him the reversion of one of the principal secretaryships of state, to which office he was appointed in 1714. He himself had made no application for the post, and when it was offered to him treated the offer as a joke, and laid his hand on his sword, saying he was fitter for a military than a civil post. The year before, Stanhope had married Lucy, the youngest daughter of Governor Pitt, who brought back from India the famous Pitt diamond, and was the grandfather of the 'Great Commoner,' the Earl of Chatham.

With the accession of George I in August, 1714, 'the Tory party,' so Bolingbroke wrote immediately after Queen Anne's death, 'was gone.' Their ruin was mainly owing to Bolingbroke himself, who had turned their attention from practical English politics to dreams of a Stuart reaction. The King's ministry was drawn from the Whig party. The direction of affairs was entrusted to Lord Townshend and his brother-in-law, Walpole. The Townshend administration was the first of a series of Whig ministries which ruled England for half a century without any real opposition. The great Whig houses who controlled the House of Lords devoted themselves with immense activity to gaining and preserving an ascendency in the House of Commons. The wealth of the Whigs was ungrudgingly spent in securing a monopoly of the small and corrupt constituencies which formed a large part of the borough representation. The Whigs in fact were a great oligarchy, as the power of the Crown was almost absolutely dormant during the reigns of the first two Georges. In 1716 Stanhope attended the King to Hanover, and while there a matter occurred which severed him from his early political friends, the Townshends and Walpoles; this was his allowing the intriguing Earl of Sunderland to have access to the King. in the midst of his professions of friendship, writing a letter to Townshend, announcing Townshend's dismissal from the premiership. In justice to Stanhope it must be said, that there is a want of sufficient evidence to prove the fact of treachery against him, though there is no doubt of Sunderland's share in this disgraceful business. Stanhope was himself elevated to the premiership, and in 1717 became Viscount Stanhope of Mahon and Baron Stanhope of Elvaston, and in 1719 Earl of Stanhope and Viscount Mahon. Stanhope acknowledged himself to be no financier, but in those times foreign politics were the matters of most prominent interest and importance to English statesmen. Earl Stanhope was most successful in his treatment of them, and became the master-spirit in European politics. But the ability and sense which Stanhope showed in his foreign policy utterly failed him in dealing with the power of speculation, which the increase of commerce was rousing at home. The Stanhope administration saw the rise and fall of the South Sea scheme. The unknown wealth of South America had, ever since the days of the Buccaneers, acted as a spell on the imagination of Englishmen. A company for trading in that quarter of the globe was started, and procured the favour of Stanhope and his ministerial colleagues by engaging to pay off in a trice all those national incumbrances, which in reality were only to be cleared off by slow degrees by an inviolable sinking fund. In vain did Walpole warn the ministry and the country against this 'dream.' Both went mad; and in 1720 bubble company followed bubble company till the inevitable crash came. Stanhope himself was not charged with having dabbled 'in the stocks,' but the disclosure proved his downfall. It was long since so gigantic a mischief had been presented to the oratory of those who wished to take the places of the ministry. The Whigs out of place and the Tories and Jacobites, who could hardly hope to get into place except by a revolution, joined in one thick and noisy phalanx. Nothing in the shape of punishment could be proposed too strong for those who had deluded the unfortunate shareholders. Lord Molesworth proposed that the contrivers, executors, and directors of the South Sea scheme should be sewn up in a sack and thrown alive into the Thames. The cry for vengeance continued till 1721. On February 4 a vehement debate took place in the House of Lords, in the course of which the Duke of Wharton, who had just come of age, and who to considerable abilities united the wildest profligacy, fell with fury upon Stanhope, whom he compared to Sejanus, that evil and powerful minister who had rendered the reign of Tiberius hateful to the Romans. Stanhope replied by another instance taken from Roman history, and reminded the young libertine of the example of Brutus, who to assert the liberty of Rome had sacrificed his own degenerate and worthless son. In the transport of rage at the shameless attack on his reputation, the blood rushed to his head; he was led out of the house, and the next day the accomplished Earl of Stanhope was a corpse. The President of the Hell-Fire Club—'Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,' as Pope calls him, having killed the minister, hardly ever spoke again in the House, and gave himself up to debaucheries which disgraced and shortened his own life, and involved him in difficulties which led to his treason and attainder.

> 'He dies sad outcast of each church and state,
> And harder still flagitious yet not great!
> Ask you, why Wharton broke through every rule?
> 'Twas all for fear that knaves should call him fool.'

With the exception of his attempt to supplant Townshend, about which there is some doubt, Stanhope left behind him a name without any taint of dishonour. He lived in an age of much political meanness, and when Parliamentary corruption was a regular part of the system of government, and when a vote was too valuable to be given without any recompense. He held his own against foreign statesmen, such as Alberoni, and in all the complexities of the Quadruple Alliance between the Emperor, France, England, and Holland, against the designs of Spain, In *The Governing Families of England* it is said that Stanhope's success was due to three things—first, his genuine mental power and a certain arrogance of temper often found in successful English statesmen; secondly, to the excessive prominence of foreign politics, which he alone understood; and thirdly, to a real contempt of money, unusual in that age. Stanhope's memory may be held in Newport, which first introduced him to Parliamentary life, with respect, as a loyal servant of the Crown and country both in the field and senate. He was buried by royal command with the honours due to a great general.

May 5, 1888.

THE STANWIX FAMILY AND THEIR CONNEXION WITH THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Brigadier Thomas Stanwix was a scion of the old Carlisle family of that name, which was seated there in the reign of Edward III. A Thomas Stanwix was twice Mayor of Carlisle in the seventeenth century, and he is recorded in the Heralds Visitation as only having female heirs. The village of Stanwix, a pleasant suburb of the old border city of Carlisle, still perpetuates the family name.

The Brigadier served with great distinction in the wars of Queen Anne under Marlborough; and in the Marlborough dispatches there is a letter to the Earl of Carlisle from that great general, speaking highly of Colonel Stanwix's qualifications for the post of Governor of Carlisle, to which the Earl was anxious to have him appointed. He had already been elected member for Carlisle in Queen Anne's first Parliament in 1702, having on two previous occasions protested against the return of James Lowther. By his appointment to the governorship of Carlisle Castle he vacated his seat and a new writ was issued, the result of which was his re-election. In 1710 he was appointed Governor of Gibraltar, and in July, 1717, was gazetted Colonel of Willis's Marines, afterwards the 30th Foot, but in August of that year was moved to the 12th Foot. In that year also, on the occasion of the royal visit to Cambridge, he was made Doctor of Laws by that University. In 1721 he was made Governor of Kingston-upon-Hull; and after a debate raised at his own instance as to whether the appointment was such as to necessitate his re-election vacated his seat in Parliament. Why he was not re-elected for Carlisle does not appear, but on his defeat at the city he so long represented he found a seat at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, where he had for his colleague Anthony Morgan. Lord Cadogan was then Governor of the Isle of Wight, and through his influence that seat may have been secured for his comrade in arms, who was appointed as one of the general officers at the State funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, and was also at one time Governor of Chelsea Hospital. He died in 1725 without issue.

His nephew and heir-at-law, some say on the female side, succeeded him as the representative of this ancient family, and changed his name of Ross or de Ross to that of Stanwix. His first commission in the Army was given him in 1706, when, as was not unusual in those days of misused patronage, he was little more than an infant in his cradle. After thirty-three years of service in the piping times of peace he was in 1739 a captain of Grenadiers, with a reputation for having been a first-rate adjutant, no small merit in an age when the noble profession of arms was one of professional ignorance and neglect of duty among the officers, while the habits of the rank and file were those depicted in Hogarth's 'March to Finchley.' In 1744 he became a major of Marines, and was returned on the Whig interest for Carlisle with General Charles Howard, but was unseated on petition, and John Hylton put in his place. In 1745 he was made lieutenant-colonel of a new regiment raised by the Marquis of Granby, who attained high military reputation as Commander-in-chief of the British force serving under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick in Germany, and whose portrait might have been seen some years ago as a sign-post to old-fashioned public-houses. On the death of Hylton in 1746 Stanwix succeeded him, and represented Carlisle till 1760. Stanwix, who sat as an Opposition, not as Court, Whig, came in under the Lowther interest, which was then united on Opposition Whig principles.

In the Jacobite rising of the '45' Stanwix's name often appears in the interesting account of the siege of Carlisle by Mr. G. G. Mounsey. Carlisle, like all our old inland fortified towns, had been suffered to go to decay since the cessation of the fierce border wars between the Scots and English. It was surrounded by a very old and infirm wall; it had a castle stronger than the wall, but with no other garrison in it than a company of invalided veterans commanded by Colonel Durand. Within the city however was a considerable body of Cumberland and Westmoreland Militia. Drummond, the titular Duke of Perth, commanding the Pretender's troops, had the command of the siege, which Lord George Murray covered, taking up his quarters at Harraby on the high road to Penrith, and placing Glenbrecket at Rickerby on the north side of Carlisle, to hinder any succour from going into the town by the bridge. For a short time the Cumberland militiamen fired very briskly along the walls, making a great noise, and hitting very few of the enemy; but when they saw Perth erecting a battery, or rather preparing to erect a battery, with a few contemptible field-pieces upon it, their hearts failed them, and they hung out a white flag. The little heart shown by the county Militia is ascribed by Mr. Mounsey to the prevalence of Jacobite opinions among the country folk. Seven years after the recapture of Carlisle by William, Duke of Cumberland, the Butcher hero of Culloden, Stanwix, who had been appointed equerry to the worthless Frederick William Prince of Wales, the father of George III, was in 1752 made Governor of Carlisle Castle.

Soon after the recovery of Carlisle by the King's troops the military command of the city had been placed in the hands of General Charles Howard, who did not make himself popular, and affronted some very important ladies by not asking them to join in a rubber of whist. Stanwix played his cards better than this uncomplaisant military commander. In 1764 he was appointed Deputy-Quarter-Master-General to the Forces in South Britain. This appointment he resigned and volunteered for service in America, where he went as colonel of the first battalion of the Royal Americans, his only son being a captain in the same regiment. The elder Pitt was Secretary of State with the lead in the House of Commons and the supreme direction of the war and of foreign affairs. In pursuance of his great object of humbling France and the House of Bourbon Chatham hurled on Canada the thunderbolt of war, and so decided that the destiny of that great land should be shaped not by French, but by English hands.

In July, 1758, Louisberg fell. The year 1759 opened with the conquest of Niagara. But the greatest exploit of the war was the achievement of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham and the fall of Quebec. In that age of corrupt patronage the army was officered by political partisans and their favourites, and its path was, as Napier says, like that of Satan in *Paradise Lost*, from chaos to death. Stanwix however seemed to have served with distinction in those lands 'that see the Atlantic wave their morn restore,' but had the grief to see his son die in the service.

Mr. Ferguson, to whose valuable work on the *M.P.s of Cumberland and Westmoreland* I am indebted for the facts of Stanwix's career, states that on returning to England Stanwix was made a Major-general, Colonel of the Kingston Regiment of Foot, and Governor of the Isle of Wight, and was appointed a commander in Ireland. Since the name of Stanwix does not appear in the list of governors in Worsley's *History*, I wrote to Mr. Ferguson, asking him on what authority he had assigned to Stanwix the governorship of the Isle of Wight, which, from 1764 to 1766, was held by Mr. Hans Stanley, and suggesting that Stanwix may have been the Lieutenant-Governor under Stanley. I received from Mr. Ferguson, who is Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle, and an eminent antiquary, a most kind and courteous reply, in which he writes, 'I am afraid I cannot now tell you where I found my information about General Stanwix and the Isle of Wight. My impression is that in the Library of Lincoln's Inn, London, I found an old book, which gave lists of dignitaries from a century or so back, but I cannot now tell its name. I also looked through a good many old army lists and royal and court calendars, and, of course, the *Gent's Magazine.* I should think from what you say he was Lieutenant-Governor.'

It would be very desirable to get a list of the Lieutenant or Deputy-Governors of the Island: can the present Deputy-Governor, from his papers and documents respecting Carisbrooke Castle, or any one else furnish the information that would enable such a list to be drawn up?

The manner of General Stanwix's death led to a very remarkable trial. In 1776 Stanwix, who had lost his first wife in 1759, and had married again in 1763, embarked with his second wife and his only daughter (by his first marriage) on board the sloop *Eagle* to return to England. The vessel foundered and all on board perished.

By the marriage settlement made on the General's second marriage his personal property was to go in one direction if he survived his wife; in another direction if his wife survived him; and in a third if the daughter survived the two. All three having gone down in a wreck of which there was no witness, a Chancery suit was instituted to decide the destination of the property. Counsel for one claimant argued that the ladies would probably be below and be drowned like rats in a cage, while the General would probably be on deck, and by swimming or clinging to the deck would sustain life longer than the ladies. Counsel for a second claimant argued that the General would exert himself to put his wife in as much safety as possible, and thus she would survive him and her step-daughter, who would have to shift for herself. Counsel for a third contended that the daughter, being young, would survive her parents, who would probably rush into each other's arms and thus unwittingly embarrass each other's efforts to escape. The Court of Chancery after about a year's deliberation recommended the claimants to divide the property equally.

Mr. Fearne, the author of that greatest of all specimens of close logical and legal reasoning, his *Treatise on Contingent Remainders*, left among his papers two most ingenious arguments; one written to prove that the General survived Miss Stanwix, the other that Miss Stanwix survived the General. Both are equally conclusive. They are published in Mr. Fearne's posthumous works. They were written by him merely for his own amusement, and he would never show them during his life, as he considered it immoral for a barrister to argue first on one side and then on the other in the same case.

April 21, 1888.

A PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION FOR THE BOROUGH OF NEWPORT, A.D. 1706.

The Parliamentary representation of the borough of Newport for all practical purposes dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The borough had indeed at a far earlier period received what was then considered a burden rather than an honour. Two years after the annexation of the lordship of the Island to the Crown of England, from the writs of Parliamentary summons it appears that Peter de Coskeville, a burgess of Yarmouth, was returned for Yarmouth and Newport in the Parliament that met at Westminster, A.D. 1295, but as it does not appear that the writ was again issued, it may reasonably be assumed that the single summons was an intimation to the burgesses that their allegiance was now due to the King of England, and that they were now amenable to the services required from other boroughs.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth sixty-two members were added at different times to the number of the members of the House of Commons; some from places which had in earlier times discontinued their franchise, and others from those to which that franchise was now first granted. The object was much the same as when a minister of the Crown in our own days swamps the House of Lords with a number of adherents. A large proportion of these revived or newly created places represented in Parliament were petty boroughs under the influence of the Crown. This was the policy of the Tudor sovereigns in order to counterbalance the Parliamentary influence of the knights of the shire or county gentlemen, who were a more independent body of men. In 1584 the borough of Newport, alias Medina, received a precept to send two burgesses to the Parliament called in that year. This was done not by any Act of the Legislature, but by instructions from the Crown to the sheriff to issue the writ. The boroughs of Newtown and of Yarmouth at the same time sent members to Parliament. The sagacious advisers of Queen Elizabeth took care that the boroughs which had this revived or newly created conferred privilege of representation were under the influence either of the Crown or of persons dependent on the Court. The three boroughs in the Isle of Wight were likely to be very much at the disposal of the governor of the Isle of Wight, whose office was held direct from the Crown. Newport showed this by the entry in the town records, which gives power and authority to Sir George Carey, governor of the Island, and the Queen's maternal cousin, to nominate one of the burgesses during his natural life.

The right of choosing the members was at Newport, as in most boroughs, vested in the Corporation or Muncipal Government, which as deriving its authority by delegation from the rest of the burgesses had acquired the exclusive privilege of electing members of Parliament. They would generally choose nominees of the governor, or gentlemen of influence in the Island, who would be able to bear their own expenses in attending Parliament. An Act in the first year of Henry V had directed that none be chosen knights citizens, or burgesses who were not resident within the place for which they had been returned on the day of the writ. 'This unlucky statute of Henry V,' Hallam remarks, 'is almost a solitary instance in the law of England wherein the principle of desuetude has been avowedly set up against an unrepealed enactment.' That statute has now been repealed by 14 George III, c. 58. This Act of Henry V was the subject of debate in Elizabeth's Parliament, in which we find probably the first assertion of the important constitutional principle, that each member of the House of Commons is deputed to serve, not only for his own constituents, but for the whole kingdom. As might be expected in the Isle of Wight, there has been, more or less, at all times a general feeling in favour of choosing residents as its representatives in Parliament. This local feeling led to collisions with the governors of the Island, who claimed a right of interfering in the elections. When Lord Cutts was appointed governor of the Isle of Wight in 1693, he made himself very unpopular by his arbitrary interference with the electoral privileges of the Corporations, disfranchising certain of the burgesses of Newtown, and imprisoning a clergyman in Cowes Castle for two months because he voted against his interest. Lord Cutts was a strong Whig in politics. As plain John Cutts he had commanded a regiment at the battle of the Boyne, and when rewarded for his gallant conduct with an Irish peerage had served in the expedition to Brest. At the famous siege of Namur, where the skill of that proficient in the art of fortification —Cohorn—was pitted against his great master in military engineering, Vauban, Cutts was so much at his ease in the hottest fire of the French batteries that his soldiers gave him the honourable nickname of the Salamander. Lord Macaulay (*Hist. of England*, vol. iii. pp. 588–594) has with his usual brilliancy described the exploits of the wounded Cutts in that terrible assault, when a marshal of France, for the first time since France had marshals, was forced to deliver up a fortress to a victorious enemy. The imperious old general, whom the whole English army allowed to be the bravest of the brave, carried his impetuosity in arms into his civil career as governor of the Isle of Wight. In a lampoon of the time Cutts is called 'as brainless as his sword,' but this is an inaccurate description of the man; his letters, which have been preserved, are concise and correct. Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* p. 141) speaks of 'his lordship as having made considerable progress in polite learning.' In the conduct of his electioneering enterprise Cutts found the sturdy gentlemen of the Isle of Wight more formidable opponents than the picked troops of the 'Grand Monarque,' and the skilful and energetic Boufflers. With all his intrepidity in the field it was admitted by his warmest admirers that he was deficient in the capacity and science necessary for a general. He was a more signal failure in his electoral campaign in the Isle of Wight. The revolt against the governor's arbitrary proceedings did not spring up in Newport. Complaint was laid against Lord Cutts by the gentlemen of the Isle of Wight, the mayor and burgesses of Yarmouth, and several of the burgesses of Newtown, in a petition to the House of Commons. Not content with imprisoning a clergyman, he had deprived some officers of the Militia of their commissions for voting against his interest. The result was an agreement between Lord Cutts and the gentlemen of the Isle of Wight, represented by Sir Robert Worsley, who was at the head of the malcontents, who had been justly indignant with the governor's usurpations. The Articles of Agreement will be found in Appendix xlv. of Worsley's *History*. One entry relating to the representation of Newport sets forth 'That Sir Robert Worsley, his friends, and the partys who have signed these articles, doe ingage to assist any person, recommended by the governor, to be chosen member to serve for the Corporation of Newport in the said Island for the ensuing Parliament.' It is further stated in this document, which is dated Westminster, March 17, 1697, 'That when any persons stand for Parliament-men at any time in the said Isle of Wight who are not of the said Island, the governor's recommendations shall be preferred against such persons not being of the Island before any other recommendation whatever.' In the Parliaments of William III, 1695, 1698, 1700, and 1701, John, Lord Cutts, who had been chosen as the representative of the borough of Newport, elected to sit for the county of Cambridge; but in Queen Anne's Parliament of 1705 Cutts took his seat for Newport. In the following year, 1706, the fiery old 'Salamander' died in Ireland, where he was commander of the forces and one of the Lords Justice.

Lord Cutts was succeeded in the governorship of the Isle of Wight by Charles Paulet, seventh Marquis of Winchester and second Duke of Bolton. Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* p. 142) says not quite accurately that he was afterwards Duke of Bolton. His father, Charles, sixth Marquis of Winchester, was elevated to the dukedom of Bolton in 1689, upon the accession of William and Mary. Of this duke Bishop Burnet says: 'This year (1699) died the Marquess of Winchester, whom the king had created Duke of Bolton. He was a man of a strange mixture. He had the spleen to an high degree, and affected an extravagant behaviour; for many hours of the day he would not open his mouth, till such an hour of the day when he thought the air was pure. He changed the day into night and often hunted by torch light, and took all sorts of liberties to himself, many of which were very disagreeable to those about him. He was a man of most profuse expense and of most ravenous avarice to support that, and though he was much hated, yet he carried matters before him with such authority and success that he was in all respects the great riddle of the age.'

The son of this eccentric being, Charles Paulet, when Earl of Wiltshire, formed one of the group of English politicians whom the tyranny of James II had united in a strange coalition, and who crowded to the Hague to offer the crown of England to William of Orange. In the Convention Parliament of 1688 the Earl of Wiltshire, who represented Hampshire, stood up and proposed that Powle should be Speaker in opposition to Seymour who had formerly sat there for several years. 'A plausible objection,' writes Lord Macaulay (*Hist. of England*, vol. ii. p. 619), 'might have been raised, for it was known that a petition was about to be presented against Powle's return; but the general cry of the House called him to the chair, and the Tories thought it prudent to acquiesce.' The Duke of Bolton, a Whig in politics, was in favour with the Godolphin administration, which held the reins of government after the accession of Anne to the throne. The queen was entirely in the hands of the selfish and rapacious Churchills, husband and wife. Sidney Godolphin, of whom Charles the Second said 'he is never in the way, and never out of the way,' was like his friend and family ally, Marlborough, ready to be either Whig or Tory as might best suit his own purpose. Godolphin gave the government of the Isle of Wight to the Duke of Bolton, who was also one of the commissioners appointed to negotiate the union between England and Scotland in 1706. That treaty and the union itself was a model of statesmanlike ability, and the merits of both are due to the Whigs, to which party the Duke of Bolton belonged. He was also Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire and Dorsetshire, as well as warden of the New Forest. As he was necessarily an absentee from the Isle of Wight, a Lieutenant-Governor was appointed, and the first person who officiated in that capacity was Colonel Morgan.

In consequence of the death of Lord Cutts a vacancy occurred in the representation of Newport. The other sitting member for that borough was Mr. William Stephens of Barton and Bowcombe, Carisbrooke. By the kind courtesy of R. Roach Pittis, Esq., I have been favoured with the loan of a book called *The Castle Builders, or the History of William Stephens, of the Isle of Wight, Esq., lately deceased. A political novel.* London, 1769. From this curious old 'political novel,' which is in reality a memoir of the Stephens family, it appears that William Stephens, though his grandfather had in the civil war between Charles I and this Parliament been a Cromwellian, and enriched by the spoils of the Church, himself, like his father before him, belonged to the Tory party. Tory was the name given in the reigns of William and Mary and also of Anne to those who more or less represented the Cavalier party in an earlier generation. The gentlemen of the Isle of Wight generally professed these same Tory principles, though not to the exclusion of false brethen and intruders. Of the latter was one Colonel Morgan, who desired to push the interests of Carisbrooke Castle, which, on account of the governor's politicial leanings, were on the Whig side. Colonel Morgan's efforts to push the Castle interest 'sat very ill upon the stomachs of some who neither understood what they were doing nor knew themselves. But his good nature, which was accompanied with an open behaviour, though his sentiments were not the most refined, recommended him to Mr. Stephens, who always preferr'd men of that disposition to those of a close temper, be his party what it would.'

Mr. Stephens has recorded a dialogue between this blustering Colonel and himself, which brings before us the political tattle of the times, and throws a side-light upon the personal constituents of the Corporation of Newport a hundred and eighty years ago. I give the substance of this dialogue, which is headed Westminister Hall, 1706, omitting the oaths and profane language with which the Colonel garnished his discourse, according to the unwholesome fashion of that day.

'Colonel Morgan: Well, Mr. Stephens! Shepherd begins to play his tricks with us; for notwithstanding his assurances to Sir Tristram Dillington yesterday, that he would not oppose him, now he tells him, if his friends have a mind to stand by him, he cannot desert them; but I'll lay £50 he has not four votes.

Mr. Stephens: I believe Mr. Shepherd will hardly find interest enough to carry it; and unless any other gentleman of the county stands, without doubt Sir Tristram is sure of it.

M.: Any other gentleman! Suppose they do, what? I don't believe Colonel Leigh intends it, and if Sir William Oglander should, I am sure he cannot pretend to an interest equal with us.

S.: I can't tell that, for you know Sir William is well acquainted, and I dare say has a great many friends in the Corporation.

M.: And I think we have more, or else 'twould be hard. I am sure of ten at first thought. There's all the men of places, you know, must vote, or else they shall out.

S.: Well, that is fairly declared!

M.: Why, now let's reckon. There's Matthews, there's Fr. Serle, there's the two Bowlers (the old one shall engage his son, and, I believe, he'll take care how he disobliges me now), there's Hayles and all his gang that he can command. I know who they are, and if he does not bring them in he shall move. Then there's Byles, there's Tho. Serle, there's Ned Trattle, and—what's his name—that broke t'other day; all of them I am sure of, and, I believe, Keblewhite too; then Cheeke, you'll allow, I cannot be mistaken in.

S.: Nay, according to this computation you have force sufficient to carry it against all mankind. But do you really think to make use of this way, and let those that don't come in voluntarily know what you intend?

M.: Do I! Yes, marry do I; and there's the postmaster too, he shall know what he must trust to: I believe there's a letter gone to him already. And Shergold too; I'll lay you £50 he will bestir himself in it for us, he'll not think the Castle a thing to be hazarded. I had forgot Woodford too.

S.: Now, sir, to tell you plainly my mind; if this that you propose be effectual, I don't see why you may not make two members at any time as well as one now; and at this rate whoever stand at Newport must ask your leave.

M.: Do you think they shall shuffle and trick? I'll have none of their trimming.

S.: Whether I may serve again I can't tell, but this is one way of declaring against me.

M.: Why so? Does that follow now? I can tell you they shall think it worth their while to have some regard to me. Would not you or any one else do the same as I say?

'A great deal more ensued, too many things said to be recollected,' so writes Stephens in his account of this interview, which illustrates how an election was carried on in Newport in 1706. The upshot was that Sir Tristram Dillington was elected, and sat with Stephens as his colleague till 1710, when Lieut.-General John Richard Webb, who on Harley's triumph over the Whig administration was substituted for the Duke of Bolton, as Captain and Governor of the Isle of Wight, was also elected member for Newport.

January 29, 1887.

MASTER GEORGE SHERGOLD, MINISTER OF NEWPORT.

The account which Mr. Weeks has given of the curious document, signed by Mr. Shergold, minister of Newport, reminds me of an extract from the *Clerical Journal* of June 18, 1863, for which I am indebted to Mr. Tutton of Cowes. The writer, describing the grave of Princess Elizabeth in what he calls St. Thomas à Becket's Church in Newport, I. W., states that 'it was distinguished by no other memorial than the initials E. S., until in the year 1793 on opening a vault in the church a coffin was discovered bearing this inscription—'Elizabeth, second daughter of ye late King Charles, died September 8, M. D. C. L.' Upon this discovery a plate was laid down over the spot with this inscription—'Underneath, in a lead coffin, rest ye remains of Elizabeth, second daughter of King Charles the First, obiit September 8 1650, ætat 14.'

When removed in the course of the recent works, the curious fact was discovered that the brass plate is what is calleda Palimpsest, there being another monumental inscription on the reverse side to the following effect—'Here lyeth ye body of Master George Shergold, late Minister of Newport, who, during sixteen years discharge of his office, strictly observed ye true discipline of the Church of England, disliking that dead bodies should be buried in God's House appointed to be interred in this place. He dyed universally lamented and esteemed, Jan. 23, 1707.'

From a MS. in the British Museum, entitled 'Church Notes in the Isle of Wight,' and bearing date March, 1719, it has been ascertained that this tablet was in the churchyard about a quarter of a mile west of the church.

It is curious that this memorial of the old minister should have found its way into the church and have been made, but for the evidence to the contrary, to carry the assertion that he was buried in spite of himself in the church, where doubtless his predecessor had been buried. This defacement of the monument of a former vicar was probably done by the local engraver without the knowledge of those who employed him. After this lapse of time the brass plate is to be restored to its original purpose of commemorating Master George Shergold.

Copied in the British Museum by Thomas Carew Hunt, Esq., late English Consul at Bordeaux.

Mr. Tutton writes to me to say that the Hunt family, who live in Dorsetshire, are descendants of this Master George Shergold. Can any one who remembers the rebuilding of St. Thomas's Church, Newport, give any information respecting the circumstances of the discovery of this brass plate; and is it still to be seen in that church?

November 19, 1887.

GENERAL JOHN RICHMOND WEBB, CAPTAIN AND GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, 1710–1715.

In the first decade of the eighteenth century General Webb was Governor of the Isle of Wight and Captain of Carisbrooke Castle. From the fact of his holding these important offices it may be inferred that he was a notable man in his day. All recollection of General Webb would have faded away from this generation had it not been for his good fortune in having attracted the notice of a man of genius of our own times—the late Mr. Thackeray. Readers of *Esmond*, perhaps the most highly finished and the most elaborate of all the compositions of the great novelist, will remember the life-like way in which Harry Esmond's honoured and beloved commanding officer, General Webb, is brought before them. Mr. Thackeray, who at one time had thought of writing the history of the reign of Queen Anne, had made a careful study of the Duke of Marlborough and his campaigns. Webb's most famous exploit in the battle of Wynendaal is told in the pages of *Esmond* with all the skill of a master in the art of historical composition (Book II, ch. xv). Readers of *Esmond* will recollect that young Mr. Esmond was gazetted to a lieutenancy in Brigadier Webb's regiment of Fusiliers, then with their colonel in Flanders.

The success of Marlborough in the siege of Lille was mainly owing to Webb's dauntless courage in repulsing La Mothe's attempt to relieve that besieged fortress at Wynendaal. The siege of Lille in Marlborough's second period occupies with many of the biographers of the victor of Blenheim and of Ramillies the position of a kind of lesser siege of Troy. Without adopting this exaggerated view of the once famous siege of Lille it may be kept in mind that not only did numbers gather together at the time to witness this great duel between the military sciences of defence and attack, conducted by some of the most advanced proficients in the game of war, but that it was also a turning-point in the career of the great duke, who, as our forefathers said, 'beat the French thorough and thorough.'

The last work of King William III, a new alliance of England, Holland, and the Emperor against the French Louis XIV and his grandson, survived him. 'The master workman died,' wrote Edmund Burke, 'but the work was formed on true mechanical principles, and was as truly wrought.' Anne became queen, March 8, 1702, and the war which William had commenced was proclaimed by concert at Vienna, at London, and at the Hague, and was vigorously prosecuted by the queen's favourite, Marlborough. Already had the war been marked by the crowning victories of Blenheim and of Ramillies, when in October, 1707, Marlborough and the French commander, Vendôme, after facing each other in the Netherlands, went early into winter quarters. Louis, Duke of Vendôme, a descendant of one of the bastards of Henry IV, was, as Lord Macaulay has pointed out, a man sunk in indolence and the foulest vice, yet capable of exhibiting on a great occasion the qualities of a great soldier.

Taking advantage of the temporary lull of hostilities, Marlborough went into the Hague, where he was met by the Prince Eugene, the Grand Pensionary, and the Deputies of the States General. Having concerted the plan for the campaign of the year 1708, Eugene went to Vienna to bring up reinforcements, and Marlborough took the field. On the other side were the Duke of Burgundy (the grandson of Louis), the Duke of Vendôme, Marshal Boufflers, and the Duke of Berwick, son of James II and Arabella Churchill, the sister of Marlborough. Eugene did not keep Marlborough waiting long, but when they joined they had scarcely more than 83,000 men, and the French had 100,000. Emboldened by their superiority in numbers, the French began on the offensive, and, favoured by the Flemings, who disliked the English and hated the Dutch, they took Ghent, Bruges, Ypres, and invested Oudenarde. Here their momentary success ended; they were presently obliged to raise that siege, and to retire across the Scheldt. Marlborough and Eugene, with one will and one settled purpose of attack, followed them, and upon July 11 they fell upon the French army between the

Lys and the Scheldt, opposite Oudenarde, while the Dukes of Burgundy, Vendôme, and Berwick were quarrelling about what ought to be done, and gave them the bitterest and most complete defeat they had as yet sustained in this long war. Fifteen thousand men and about a hundred standards and colours were lost, and such was the confusion of the French that the troops were neither aware whither they fled nor by whom they were commanded. Vendôme and Berwick managed to retreat with some skill, but they could never face Marlborough nor Eugene, who, after recovering several important fortresses, laid siege to Lille, which was considered as the key to Paris and one-half of France.

Lille, the capital of what was once French Flanders, stands in the midst of gloomy marshes and deep waters. It had been just lately fortified by the great engineer, Sebastian Leprestre de Vauban, who was born in 1683, and died in 1707. The citadel was one of the finest in Europe, and the garrison, which was commanded by Marshal Boufflers, a gallant and skilful soldier, who through life was distinguished for his humane endeavours to alleviate the horrors of war, steadily resisted the allies, who kept raining upon it shell, shot, and red-hot balls. That denationalized Englishman, James FitzJames, Duke of Berwick, who had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, ranger of the New Forest, governor of Portsmouth, and who afterwards, in 1703, was naturalized as a subject of France, tells us in his *Memoirs* that the Duke of Marlborough (his maternal uncle), during the siege of Lille, sent him a private letter, signifying that the present occasion was a very favourable one to set on foot a negotiation for peace; and that if the proposals were properly made by France to the field-deputies of Holland, Prince Eugene, and himself, he would do all in his power to get them accepted. As this statement rests upon the single assertion in Berwick's *Memoirs*, it has been doubted. It appears however that there was really some talk of negotiating; but Lord Hardwicke asserts, in his very reliable notes on Burnet, that the overture came from the Duke of Berwick, through whose hands the French Court offered the Duke of Marlborough a large sum of money if he would procure a peace for them. During the protracted siege of Lille both Marlborough and

Eugene were involved in considerable difficulties, as Vendôme cut off their communications with Brussels, and for some time kept them short of provisions and ammunition. It is not improbable that, under these circumstances Marlborough may have proposed or listened to overtures. Besides, as he was constantly informed by his duchess of the growing boldness of his political rival Harley's intrigues, he may have felt that his presence at St. James's was desirable; or he may even have conceived a disgust at the whole war, and a desire to end it. It is evident from his correspondence that he had rather frequently such visitations of wounded feeling, and that he sighed for peace and repose in the pleasant grounds of Blenheim Palace and Park.

After the manner of party politicians, his opponents both in Parliament and in the Press exercised considerable and malevolent ingenuity in misrepresenting the whole of this brilliant campaign, and in trying to show that Marlborough had several times got into situations of extreme peril, and that he had been set free from them rather by good luck than by his own military genius. At the beginning of the campaign these unpatriotic politicians revelled in the successes obtained by the French, and predicted that the English general would lose in one summer what it had cost him so many years to gain. Matthew Prior, the poet, who had sold his wit and his pen to the party against Marlborough, was among his assailants. Marlborough disconcerted these prophets by his brilliant and decisive battle at Oudenarde, but when he sat down before Lille they recommenced their sinister predictions and exaggerated the losses inevitable in such a siege.

One of the main difficulties experienced by the allied commanders was the provisioning of their army. Since the land communication with Brussels had been entirely cut off, all provisions had to be brought from Ostend, whither they were conveyed by sea. The French determined to interrupt this line of communication. General Webb, marching from Ostend with a great convoy, was attacked by De La Mothe at Wynendaal with 24,000 men. The French were defeated, and Webb gained well-deserved honour by this victory, the enemy being nearly treble his number. It has been suggested that Marlborough was at one of his old tricks, and that in his jealousy of Webb he wished for his destruction, and had intentionally exposed him to danger. The very slight notice in the dispatches of this gallant action of Wynendaal gave colour to this notion. Readers of Mr. Thackeray's *Esmond* will recollect how Marlborough was blamed for having given the credit of this decisive battle to his favourite Cadogan, the best divisional general in the English army, and tried to wrest it from Webb, who had borne the burden and heat of the day. The battle of Wynendaal was fought September 27, 1708, and Lille surrendered December 8 of the same year. The loss of that important place caused a panic in France. In England a medal was struck to commemorate its surrender; on the obverse Victory is shown taking a civic crown from the head of a prostrate woman, intended to represent the city of Lille, while the reverse represents Britannia with the ægis striking France with terror.

After the victory of Oudenarde Marlborough, breaking through the pedantry of the military rules of that age of formal tactics, had proposed to Eugene, by masking Lille and Tournay with a corps of observation, to penetrate into the heart of France, a plan which, instead of consuming the remainder of a victorious campaign in the siege of two fortresses, might have triumphantly ended the war. But this bold proposal seemed too hazardous even to Eugene, and the glory of the surrender of Lille belongs to Wynendaal and Webb.

The English administration which had begun the war against the House of Bourbon was an administration composed of Tories, but the war was a Whig war. It was the darling scheme of the hero of the Whig party—William III. John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, who in the reign of Charles II had sat as M.P. for Newtown, I. W., was the ablest general and statesman of his time, though he owed his influence with Queen Anne to his wife's influence. Though his wife sided with the Whigs, Marlborough in spite of his life-long devotion to that imperious woman passed for a Tory, and thereby gained greater influence with the Queen, who loved the Tories, whom she preferred to call the 'Church party.' The great Duke of Marlborough in truth belonged to no party, his main object being that in the event of war he should command the English forces. His policy therefore ran counter to that of the Tories, who thought that England ought as much as possible to confine herself to naval warfare and not to undertake great military operations on the continent. The consequence was that Marlborough and his friend and family ally Godolphin, who was what would now be called the Prime Minister, found that they were more zealously supported by their old opponents than by their old associates. Those ministers who were zealous for the war were gradually converted to Whiggism. The rest dropped off and were succeeded by Whigs. By degrees Queen Anne became estranged from Marlborough. He had partly risen through the attachment of Anne for that virago his wife, who was to prove the instrument of his fall. The tyranny of the Duchess of Marlborough became insupportable to the queen, who had much of the cunning of weak minds, and who secretly contrived measures against her former favourites. Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Masham, one of the queen's bedchamber women, was in alliance with that solemn trifler Harley, who led the Tory party, and found it easy to increase the feeling between the queen and the Churchills. 'The fortunes of Europe were changed,' so writes Mr. Hallam in an epigrammatic sentence, 'by nothing more noble than the insolence of one waiting woman and the cunning of another.' But on a fair review of all the circumstances it is difficult to come to Mr. Hallam's conclusion, 'that the House of Bourbon would probably not have reigned beyond the Pyrenees but for the quarrels of Sarah Churchill and Abigail Masham at Queen Anne's toilet.' Trustworthy evidence at the time proves that the English people, once loud in applause of the great duke, had grown sick of the war, which the Tories asserted was only continued to fill Marlborough's pockets. 'I must every summer,' Marlborough wrote bitterly to Godolphin, 'venture my life in a battle, and be found fault with in the winter for not bringing peace, though I wish for it with all my heart and soul.' A grave contemporary historian (Cunningham) remarks, 'It was strange to see how much the desire of French wine and the dearness of it alienated men from the friendship of the Duke of Marlborough—many physicians and great numbers of the lawyers and inferior clergy complained that they were poisoned by port.' It was the issue of Sacheverell's trial, so Dean Swift observes, which encouraged the queen so far as to change her ministry and dissolve Parliament. 'A foolish parson had preached a foolish sermon against the Revolution. The wisest members of the Government were for letting the man alone; but Godolphin, inflamed with all the zeal of a new-made Whig, and exasperated by a nickname which was applied to him in this unfortunate discourse, insisted that he should be impeached. The exhortations of the mild and sagacious Somers were disregarded. The impeachment was brought, the doctor was convicted, the accusers were ruined. The clergy came to the rescue of the persecuted clergyman. The country gentlemen came to the rescue of the clergy. A display of Tory feeling, such as England had not witnessed since the closing years of Charles the Second's reign, appalled the ministers and gave boldness to the queen. She turned out the Whigs, called Harley and St. John to power, and dissolved the Parliament. The elections went strongly against the late Government.' (Macaulay, *Essays*, vol. i. p. 546.)

Among the many alterations that attended this remarkable change in Queen Anne's ministry, as Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* p. 142) has remarked, the Duke of Bolton was removed from his office of Governor of the Isle of Wight, and the office was conferred on General John Richmond Webb, who had been bred a soldier, and for his services under King William was first made a colonel of foot, and in the reign of Queen Anne attained the rank of lieutenant-general. The Tory party took up General Webb, who was elected as member for Newport, I. W., in 1710. General Webb's colleague in the representation of that borough was Mr. William Stephens of Bowcombe, who had sat for that place in all Queen Anne's previous Parliaments, and whose father-in-law, Sir Richard Newdigate, had died in the year before—1709.

The canvassings and elections of 1710 were said to have been carried on with such feuds and violence as had never before been known in England. 'The ties of party superseded the ties of neighbourhood and of blood. The members of the hostile factions would scarcely speak to each other, or bow to each other.' The ugly fashion of ladies wearing patches on their faces, which had been introduced as early as 1680, was at this period carried on to a great extent, and the ladies appeared in public bearing the badges of their party politics in the arrangement of their patches. The *Spectator*, No. 81, gives a description of a beautiful Whig lady, who had a natural mole like a patch upon the Tory side of her brow, by which she was sometimes mistaken for an ally by her political opponents; and thus, like a privateer under false colours, she often sank the unwary enemy by an unexpected broadside. 'Talents such as had never before been displayed in political controversy were enlisted in the service of the hostile parties.' On one side, that of the Whigs, were Addison and Steele. The Tories had the advantage of having the trenchant pen and fierce indignation of Dean Swift, along with Arbuthnot, the author of the celebrated political satire, *The History of John Bull*, along with Prior, Alexander Pope, and others. No doubt there was a fair display of party spirit in the good borough of Newport, as appears indeed in that curious old book, *The Castle Builders, or the History of William Stephens, of the Isle of Wight, Esq., lately deceased. A political novel.* London, 1759. This same book (pp. 40, 41) contains a letter from General Webb, dated London, December 23, 1714.

The result of the election was the triumph of the Tories and of their foreign policy, which was finally confirmed by the signing of the treaties of peace at Utrecht between Great Britain, France, and all other parties to the war except the Emperor, March 31—July 2, 1713. Lord Macaulay, a strong Whig partisan, though no admirer of the statesmen who concluded that peace, comes to the conclusion that though their motives may have been selfish and malevolent their decision was beneficial to the State. Parliament was dissolved after the peace of Utrecht, and a new Parliament met on February 16, 1714, when Webb was again elected for the borough of Newport, and, as before, with William Stephens, Esq., as his colleague. In that same year Queen Anne fell ill and died. Then came the reaction. A new sovereign, George I, ascended the throne. The Whigs enjoyed the confidence of the King and the Parliament. The unjust severity with which Marlborough had been treated was more than retaliated; Harley and Prior were thrown into prison; Bolingbroke and Ormond were compelled to take refuge in a foreign land. Webb retained his governorship and captaincy of Carisbrooke Castle, for in the letter already mentioned he tells Mr. Stephens 'it would be base and ungrateful in me, when His Majesty has been so good and gracious as to continue me Governor, to turn that interest which he has given me against ministry.' As for Mr. Stephens, the political novelist, the author of *The Castle Builders*, writes that 'hating extremities, he could not reconcile himself to the fury of those who were for proceeding against the Lord Treasurer and the Queen's Cabinet Council for putting an end to an expensive war which we had carried on for the advantage of the Dutch and their friends, till it became as much a trade as brewing.' This extract gives a side-light into the feelings of those who, at the time, were in favour of the negotiations which led to the much-debated peace of Utrecht, for and against which historians even up to the present day are ready to bring forth arguments.

July 9, 1887.

THE PITTIS FAMILY.

An extract from an old book, published in 1759, may serve as a supplement to the very interesting account in the *County Press* of Saturday, August 13, 1887, of 'the very ancient and honourable Isle of Wight family' from which Sir Francis Pittis is descended. In this curious 'political novel,' as it is called, of *The Castle Builders*, which gives the history of the rise and fall of the family of Stephens, who for three generations sat as members for the borough of Newport, the second chapter is devoted to the 'Birth and Education of William Stephens, Esq., with his conduct until the estate was spent.' William Stephens was born at Bowcombe, in the Isle of Wight, on January 28, 1671, O. S. The boy was sent by his father, Sir William Stephens, from Winchester School to King's College, Cambridge, 'Not from any dislike to Oxford, but that he might not be too near William, the son of Dr. Pittis, his cousin and schoolfellow, who was of New College, and of more wit and learning than discretion.' The writer proceeds: 'This precaution, however prudent in Sir William, was so far unnecessary, as we found Pittis regardless of the value or want of money, that the geniuses of the two young gentlemen were totally dissimilar; for one set no bounds to his extravagance, whilst the other was so remarkable an economist as to keep a regular account, from the time of his being a schoolboy, of his receipts and disbursements, and if he ever exceeded, some plausible reason appeared to have been given for it. But his kinsman was often engaged in scrapes of some kind or other, and seems to have been as little scrupulous how he got into debt, as he appears to have been unconcerned when he could send in a vein of humour and pleasantry to his friend to come and see him in his handsome lodgings, and at the same time tell him he is at a loss how to pay for them. What he wrote while in custody to a club, of which he was a member, will serve as a specimen of his humour. Nothing can be offered in excuse for this kind of behaviour, though his vivacity was so great that it was with difficulty he could lay aside his gaiety, even upon grave subjects, as appears on another occasion; yet he was neither used to treat things sacred with levity, nor prostitute his pen, which was sometimes employed against such as did so.' Two of these fugitive poems of Pittis are given in *The Castle Builders*, pp. 21-25. They have a good deal of sprightly fun and playful humour, but are too much in the style so often assumed by Dean Swift to be reproduced in these pages. One of these turns upon his own personal misadventure on being served with a writ, and having in consequence to go with the bailiff to prison. The other is a pasquinade upon Dr. Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, and Dr. Burnet of the Charter House. Lord Macaulay, in his *History of England*, vol. iv. pp. 44-50, has given a brilliant sketch of the storm of public feeling which followed upon Sherlock's retractation of the tenets of the non-jurors, and his acceptance of the oaths to the Government of William and

Mary, followed by his being rewarded with ecclesiastical promotion. Sherlock had written a book upon the Trinity, in which there were expressions which appeared to his old allies to savour of Tritheism and laid him open to the denunciations of the Athanasian Creed upon those who divide the substance. The books in this controversy were many ; the attacks of the wits about town still more numerous. Pittis had a hand in these latter. He fell foul not only of Sherlock, but also of Thomas Burnet, a theologian, fearless but somewhat rash, with more imagination than philosophy. He had published in 1694 his *Theoria Telluris Sacra*, which he afterwards translated into English. 'Burnet,' says Hallam (*Hist. of Literature*, vol. iv. p. 369), 'gives the reins to his imagination more than any other writer on that, which, if not argued upon by inductive reasoning, must be the dream of one man little better in reality, though it may be more amusing, than the dream of another.' Burnet's theory was opposed by several, amongst others by Hooke, the son of the rector of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, who, with his usual sagacity, saw that the common theory of explaining marine fossils by the Mosaic deluge would not suffice, and perceived that at some time or other a part of the earth's crust must have been elevated and another part depressed by some subterraneous agency. Pittis flippantly accused Burnet of asserting that

> 'All the books of Moses
> Were nothing but supposes,
> And he deserved rebuke, Sir,
> Who wrote the Pentateuch, Sir,
> 'Twas nothing but a sham.'

In a manuscript interlineation in this copy of *The Castle Builders*, it is recorded that the Rev. Thomas Pittis, of St. Botolph's London, died on December 28, 1687, leaving four children, Thomas, William, Catherine, and Elizabeth, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Stephens. What became of his eldest son, Thomas, the New College Fellow and man about town, does not appear. One of his sisters was married to Dr. Isham, rector of Bishopsgate, and lecturer of Allhallows in Lombard-street.

In a notice of the Pittis family last week it was stated that an ancestor of Sir Francis was some two centuries ago vicar of Brading. We have made some inquiries on the subject, and now learn that in the year 1666 Dr. Richard Pittis—he was a Doctor of Medicine as well as a Master of Arts of the University of Oxford—was inducted to the vicarage of Brading, and a record of the induction is contained in the parish Registry Book.

August 20, 1887.

THE EARL OF CADOGAN, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A. D. 1715–1726.

William Cadogan, a general officer in the army and companion in the achievements and glory of the Duke of Marlborough, succeeded his comrade in arms General John Richmond Webb as Governor of the Isle of Wight and Captain of Carisbrooke Castle in 1715 (2 George I).

Readers of Mr. Thackeray's *Esmond* will remember how Marlborough was blamed for having in his dispatches given the credit of the battle of Wynendaal to his favourite Cadogan, and tried to wrest it from General Webb, who had borne the burden and heat of that gallant action which led to the surrender of the fortress of Lille.

Cadogan, who afterwards became the best divisional general in Marlborough's English army, had served with distinction under William III. Personally he was a big, burly Anglo-Irishman. A portrait of him in a light-coloured wig and a suit of silver armour over his scarlet uniform is to be found in the National Portrait Gallery in London. His grandfather, William Cadogan, born at Cardiff in Wales, was an officer in the army, and settling in Ireland distinguished himself by his gallant defence of the Castle of Trim, in the Civil Wars, when Sir Charles Coote, Lord President of Connaught, the Cromwellian General, was killed, as it was supposed, by a ball from the musket of one of his own troopers. His grandson, the Governor of the Isle of Wight, was made a Colonel in 1694, a Brigadier-General in 1704, a Major-General in 1707, a Lieutenant-General in 1709. After his appointment to the Governorship of the Isle of Wight he was raised to the peerage in 1716 as Baron Cadogan of Reading in Berks, and created in 1718 Baron Cadogan of Oakley in Bucks (remainder in default of his own male issue to his brother Charles Cadogan), Viscount Caversham of Oxfordshire, and Earl Cadogan. Cadogan was a violent and vehement partisan of the Whigs, who came into power with the accession of George I. When Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, became in 1722 the victim of his restless character and implacable disaffection to the House of Hanover, many hot-headed members of the Whig party were eager to follow the precedent which had been set in the well-known case of Sir John Fenwick, and to pass an Act for cutting off the bishop's head. During the debates the headstrong Cadogan is said to have exclaimed with great violence, 'Fling him to the lions in the Tower.' But the wiser and more humane Walpole was unwilling to shed blood, and his influence prevailed. The British lion did not care to crunch the bones of a bishop, and with a growl deprived him of all ecclesiastical preferments and sent him into perpetual exile. Atterbury had his revenge on his fierce and savage persecutor in the following sarcastic lines on Cadogan:—

> 'Ungrateful to the ungrateful men he grew by,
> A big, bad, bold, blustering, bloody, blundering booby.'

In the latter days of the reign of Queen Anne his political opponents had removed the great Duke of Marlborough from his military command. This hard measure was envenomed by their malignity with a charge of peculation, which really appears to have been unfounded. Before the storm thus raised against him Marlborough withdrew to the Continent, where he remained till just previous to the death of Queen Anne. George I immediately on his accession restored Marlborough to his military offices of Captain-General and Master of the Ordnance, and in the undisturbed enjoyment of these dignities the illustrious victor of Blenheim and of Ramillies passed the eight remaining years of his life. In the interval two paralytic strokes shook his strength, but without at all seriously impairing his faculties, so that Dr. Johnson's often-quoted lines,

> 'From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,'

are at least a poetical exaggeration, for he continued to attend his Parliamentary and official duties until a few months before his death. When in June, 1722, Marlborough died, in the 72nd year of his age, Cadogan's conduct at the funeral is said to have been unbecoming. Whether this charge be true or no, Cadogan succeeded his illustrious chief in the command of the army, and was made Master of the Ordnance and Knight of the Thistle.

Cadogan was certainly bound to be grateful to Marlborough, who had made him Quartermaster-General to the army, and who had reposed such confidence in his favourite subordinate officer as to employ him in negotiations with the confederate Princes and States, and had also used his influence that Cadogan should be sent as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the United Provinces. Not long before the accession of George I Marlborough, who was staying at Ostend, watching the game that was playing with the intention of striking in at the decisive round, sent Cadogan as his emissary to England. Cadogan was on the occasion of the Earl of Oxford's dismissal along with Robert Walpole and other chiefs of the Whig party one of the guests at the dinner party which the arch-intriguer, Bolingbroke, after tripping up the heels of his rival, gave at his house in Golden-square, when drawing up his scheme for the new Cabinet. Cadogan played the cards so well for his own game that Bothmar, who was made the medium of communication between the competitors for ministerial office and the new king at Hanover, recommended that while Marlborough and his son-in-law Sunderland should be 'satisfied,' Cadogan and Stanhope should be 'provided for.' Cadogan was accordingly soon afterwards 'provided for' by the easy, honourable, and then lucrative office of the Governorship of the Isle of Wight.

Soon after this appointment the undoubted military abilities of Cadogan were required for serious work in North Britain. Many Scottish gentlemen came out at the Earl of Mar's summons, mounted the white cockade, and rallied round the standard of James Francis—the Old Pretender as he was called. At Sheriffmuir Mar's Jacobite army was engaged by John Campbell, Duke of Argyll, in what must be considered a drawn battle, if we place credit in the old Scotch ballad, which says:—

'There's some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
Some say that nane wan at a', man;
But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was, which I saw, man.'

The English Government began to be alarmed. George I and his hideous German mistresses might have to pack up the plate, and perhaps the Crown jewels, and set off to Hanover and its delights among the linden trees of the great Herrenhausen Avenue. Cadogan was sent to quicken Argyll. Cadogan's troops had not been accustomed, even under the great Marlborough and in climates less severe than that of Scotland, to make campaigns in winter. The snow was very deep, and there happened a fresh and heavy fall. Beyond a certain point were narrow and deep defiles completely blocked up with snow, and not a roof, not a bit of thatch, not a naked tree to give shelter to the soldiers of the Royal army. Nevertheless the Duke of Argyll and Cadogan advanced in person to survey the roads leading to Perth, and to direct the labours of the soldiers and country people in clearing the roads from snow. On the last day of January, as Argyll was advancing with his main body, Perth was evacuated, and the Pretender and his Highlanders defiled across the deep, broad, and rapid river Tay, which was then frozen over with ice strong enough to bear both horse and foot. Cadogan was dispatched towards Montrose, and when he had got as far as Arbroath received advice that the Pretender was gone to France the evening before. With this paltry flight the rebellion collapsed, though hundreds and thousands of Englishmen and Scots had to pay a severe penalty for their rash doings. But though Derwentwater, Nithsdale, and Forster were put down in Northumberland, and the clans in Scotland had King George's soldiers quartered upon them, there was still a strong Jacobite feeling both in London and elsewhere. Even in London the Guards were set to watch the streets and prevent the people wearing white roses. The mob of people of all ranks who attach so much importance to externals and show could easily draw a contrast between George I with a heavy countenance and a clumsy figure, fifty-four years old, and the Pretender, who was said to be good-looking, very graceful, and only half the age of George. Even people of sounder judgement, who would have put up with the first of our Hanoverian sovereign's want of dignity and slovenliness of person, were disaffected to George I, who, ignorant of the English language, was continually absent in his Electoral dominions, to which he seemed to sacrifice the nation's interests and the security of his own Crown. Still, as Mr. Thackeray says, 'the German Protestant was a cheaper, better, and kinder king than the Catholic Stuart, in whose chair he sate, and was so far loyal to England that he let England govern herself.' As has been often seen in our national history, England at this crisis owed her preservation to the middle class, who were devoted to the Protestant succession in spite of the brawling, lying, intriguing politicians both in and out of Parliament.

Cadogan was probably neither better nor worse than the great body of Whig lords and placemen, who bewigged and with blue ribbons over their ample chests made their bows and *congés* to the keen old scheming Elector of Hanover, who saw through them and knew that, faithless and treacherous as most of them were, they would sell him if they could get any advantage for themselves thereby. To us, looking back at this distance in time, the politicians of those days appear mean and unprincipled men, very apt proficients in the arts of doubling and tacking on the sea of Parliamentary and Court intrigues. No doubt these old hands in managing Parliament had contrived to convince themselves that in all their changes and shiftings they had been seeking the good of the country, and could put into excellent language cogent arguments to prove their real consistency. Their partisans in the press and elsewhere were ready to aver, in the same sense in which Mark Antony, in Shakespeare declares of Brutus and the other conspirators, that they were all 'honourable men.' 'Take what you can get' was the old

Hanoverian King's maxim. Happily he was neither a hypocrite nor extravagant. His left-handed wives, the Duchess of Kendal—tall and lean of stature—and irreverently styled the 'Maypole,' and the Countess of Darlington, a squat large-sized noblewoman, who bore the appellation of the 'Elephant,' plundered to the extent of their power. The London mob lost no opportunity of insulting these ill-favoured Sultanas, who were suspected of remitting their plunder to Hanover. One day a German lady who belonged to the Court, alarmed at the outcries of the Londoners, put her head out of the carriage window and said in her broken English, 'Why do you abuse us good peoples? We come for all your goods.' To which a fellow in the mob roared out, 'Yes, and for all our chattels too.' As large a share of goods and chattels as could be got together was the ruling principle of Marlborough and many of his compeers both in and out of the House of Lords.

The victor of Blenheim and Malplaquet managed to get a good amount of booty at the expense of the taxpayer in what was deemed an honourable as well as a regular way. Cadogan was in 1717 charged by the Jacobites in the House of Commons, headed by Shippen, with peculation, and Walpole, regardless of party ties, vehemently upheld the charges. Sir Robert Walpole does not come with clean hands as a witness, either for the prosecution or the defence, of such charges into the court of history. The public character of Cadogan does not appear to have seriously suffered from this charge, for he was afterwards placed at the head of the army. He owed this appointment to Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, Marlborough's son-in-law. Sunderland had become so unpopular, in spite of his acquittal on the charge of having made large sums of money by the South Sea scheme, that he resigned the treasury and premiership and was succeeded by Walpole. But, continuing a sort of favourite or prime adviser of the King, Sunderland was able to befriend Cadogan by making him what would now be called commander-in-chief of the English army.

How Cadogan discharged his high office does not appear. He entered upon it at an important time in its organization. The English army is younger by a good many years than our navy. We have regiments which date before the Revolution in 1688, but no army. The regular standing army is not only of modern growth, when compared with the navy, but it differs from that thoroughly national arm of defence in being shaped on continental models. They were foreign kings—Dutch William and the two Hanoverians, George I and George II—who made our army, and they made it on the lines laid down in their native dominions. This has been one main cause of confusion and contest of authorities between the different departments of State by whom the army is controlled. The Master-General of the Ordnance had very great powers, both in the civil and strictly military arrangements of the English army, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Earl of Sunderland, who retained a large share in the confidence of the king, died very suddenly in 1722. In less than two months he was followed to the grave by his illustrious father-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough. Lord Cadogan died in July, 1726, less than a year before his royal master, who, being taken ill on his last journey as he was passing through Holland, thrust his livid head out of the carriage window, gasping 'Osnaburg, Osnaburg,' where he died in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Cadogan was buried privately at night by his own desire in the chapel of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey.

This injunction to be buried privately at night gives a touch of sentiment to the closing years of the tough old soldier and headstrong politician. It seems as if at nights he had been realizing to himself the fact that he would some day or other surely get his letter of discharge, signed with the sign manual of the King of Kings, and resolved that no military pomp nor state pageantry should accompany him to that resting-place of the great Abbey, where he was to be laid with so many royal personages, statesmen, soldiers, poets, and men of letters. He was married to a daughter of William Munter, counsellor at the Court of Holland, by whom he had two daughters—Sarah, married to Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and high constable of England at the coronation of George II, October 11, 1727; and Margaret, married to Charles John Count Bentinck, second son of William, Earl of Portland. As he died without male issue, the earldom, viscounty, and original barony expired; but the second barony according to the limitation devolved upon his brother Charles, who sat as member for the borough of Newport, I. W., in the second septennial Parliament of 1722, till he was called to the Upper House in consequence of the death of his elder brother as Baron Cadogan of Oakley.

Descendants of the elder branch of the very ancient Welsh family of the Cadogans of Trostrey, in Monmouthshire, and subsequently of Llanbear (or the Church of St. Peter) in the county of Pembroke, still perpetuate the stock of Cadwgan ap Elystan, the Lord of Hereford. The present Earl of Cadogan represents the younger branch of that family, which settled in Ireland, and to which the Governor of the Isle of Wight belonged.

We get a glimpse of the Governor and Captain of Carisbrooke Castle in the curious old political novel, *The Castle Builders* (p. 106), where it is said that Lord Cadogan and others tried to bring Mr. Stephens of Bowcombe, who had been member for Newport, to a right way of thinking in favour of Whig opinions; but failing in their attempt, Stephens 'became of little consequence to the majority of the Corporation of Newport, who had some years been under the tuition of the people in authority at Carisbrooke Castle, and Stephens had to retire to Newtown, where they were pretty unanimous in their choice of him. Poor Stephens, having in a lost cause spent the last of his estate, left not only the Parliament but Parliamenteering' at the time of the death of the King, 1727, with the conclusion, 'as it was said by Sir Robert (a wiser) Worsley, little of whose money was so spent, that party was a contrivance only to serve private interest.'

July 16, 1887.

LADY WORSLEY OF APPULDURCOMBE, ALEXANDER POPE, AND DEAN SWIFT.

In these days readers of poetry hunt up in the magazines for

> 'Some bustling Botherby to shew 'em
> That charming passage in the last new poem.'

Yet even now some are found to read and study Alexander Pope and Dean Swift. Such persons may recollect the lines in Pope's 'Epistle to Mr. Jervas' with Dryden's translation of Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, where the poet says:

> 'Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
> And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes.'

In the folio of 1717, and in the Epistle as printed with Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, published in 1716, 'Wortley' stood for 'Worsley.' Lady M. W. Montagu was doubtless meant, but her name was removed after her quarrel with the poet. (Pope's *Works*, Courthope, London, 1881, vol. iii. pp. 213, 214. Appendix iv. p. 531.) The cause of the alienation between Lady Mary and Pope has never been ascertained. It has been conjectured that, finding his admiration of her was growing too fervent, she avoided his society, and that he was mortified and angry at the lady's indifference. To her sister, the Countess of Mar, then at Paris, she writes thus from Twickenham, 1720: 'I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, seldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, *and they tell me* it has a very good effect. I here send you some verses addressed to Mr. Gray, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on the finishing his house. I stifled them here, and I beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go further than your closet.' The verses which accompanied the letter just quoted were these touching lines:

> 'Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know;
> In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow:
> In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
> Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens,
> Joy lies not here, to happier seats it flies,
> And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.'

See also the lady's own version of the way in which Pope became her implacable enemy (Lady M. W. Montagu's *Works*, vol. i. p. 92), and the discussion on this subject in the last edition of Pope by Elwin and Courthope. With the decline of their intimacy and his consequent rupture with Lady M. Wortley Montagu, Pope altered the lines in his epistle to his friend and instructor in painting, Mr. Jervas, into 'Worsley's eyes,' as the line now stands. It would have been well for the reputation of the poet if he had confined himself to this comparatively harmless method of venting his spleen. His character as a gentleman would not have been forfeited, as it is in the minds of all right thinking people, by the savage, scandalous, and course attacks which he made on Lady Mary, whom he satirized under the name of Sappho in more than one poem.

The bright-eyed gentlewoman, to whom the spiteful poet transferred the compliment originally addressed to Lady M. W. Montagu, was Lady Frances Worsley, wife of Sir Henry Worsley, 4th baronet of Appuldurcombe, to whom she was married in 1690. She was the only daughter of Thomas, 1st Viscount Weymouth. Her only daughter, Frances, was married to John, Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and President of the Council, who afterwards became through the death of his mother Earl Granville. Carteret was, as Lord Macaulay has said of him, 'eloquent and accomplished. His talents for debate were of the first order; his knowledge of foreign affairs was superior to that of any living statesman; his attachment to the Protestant succession was undoubted.' A very interesting life of this high-minded, able, and most accomplished public man has been lately published, under the title of *Carteret: a Political Biography*, by Archibald Ballantyne, London, 1887. Carteret's first successes were won in the fields of diplomacy and foreign policy, and began with his embassy to Sweden. His most memorable exploits as Secretary of State, in which office he was associated with Townshend, were the 'Treaty of Breslau,' which ceded Silesia to Frederick the Great, made peace between Austria and Prussia, and left France and Bavaria alone to contend against the Queen of Hungary, and the 'Treaty of Worms, which definitely secured Sardinia to the right side'—two master-strokes, that justify his personal and political enemy Chatham's opinion, 'that in the upper departments of government he had not his equal.'

In party politics Carteret, who was neither Whig nor Tory, but belonged to those who called themselves 'patriots,' was unsuccessful. Townshend and Walpole got the better of him in 1724, in spite of the support of the King and George the First's ugly and grasping German mistress, the Countess of Darlington, and he was forced to exchange the office of Secretary of State for the disagreeable post of the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. He was sent to Ireland in the midst of the trouble about Wood's halfpence, and his appointment gains special significance from the fact that Walpole believed he had intrigued against him by revealing the secret history of the patents to the Brodricks, and so had fanned the flame he was now sent to extinguish.

In Dublin Carteret had to encounter that formidable political pamphleteer, Jonathan Swift. Swift's services as a political writer had been secured by the Tories. Queen Anne would not give a bishopric to the author of *The Tale of a Tub*, and Swift's reward from the Tories was that they made him on April 23, 1713, Dean of St. Patrick's. Swift hated Ireland, and always considered his residence in that country as an intolerable banishment, but he was by accident of birth an Irishman, and he determined to step forth as a Nationalist, in order solely to wreak his unrelenting indignation upon his political enemies, and make the English Whig Cabinet feel how dangerous a thing it was to disappoint the ambitious hopes of so forcible a master of the pen. In 1722 the English Government had authorized a Wolverhampton iron-master, William Wood, to make £80,000 worth of copper money for Ireland during fourteen years. It was a false step, though these Irish farthings and halfpence were proved by experiments at the Mint under the direction of Sir Isaac Newton to equal or exceed in weight and purity coins of the same denomination in England. Swift denounced the contract as a robbery of Ireland by exchange of nominal for substantial values, and wrote four letters, signed 'M. B. Drapier,' to urge his views upon the Irish people and persuade them to refuse to take the new coin in their dealings. Not satisfied with writing, he even preached against Wood's halfpence from the pulpit. In addition to the 'Drapier's Letters' and his sermons Swift's mastery over the English language enabled him to furnish the hawkers with a variety of coarse ballads and declamations in prose which could be understood and relished by the most ignorant. Nor did he confine himself to the question of the alloy of the coinage, upon which according to experts he was quite in the wrong: he proclaimed that by the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of their own history Ireland was, or ought to be, an independent country. When the tempest was at its highest Carteret arrived as Lord Lieutenant, and was held up by the Irish as a tyrant and oppressor so long as he resisted, and was treated with insult and contempt when he yielded. Wood's halfpence were recalled from circulation, and the 'Drapier's Head' became the sign for many an Irish public-house, although not one of the allegations on which the opposition to this improved coinage was based was proved or attempted to be proved. Before Wood's patent was granted the Irish were said to make use of counterfeit coins, called *raps*, of such base metal that what passed for a halfpenny was not worth half a farthing. Swift contrived to keep on friendly terms with the English Lord Lieutenant, and especially with the ladies of his family, Lady Carteret and her mother, Lady Frances Worsley. Lady Worsley's eyes in Swift's judgement deserved the praise which Pope has given them, for in a letter to her, dated April 19, 1730, the Dean writes: 'How is our old friend Miss Barton (I forget her new name)? I saw her three years ago at Court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I first met them, which considering myself is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wish you may have grace to find it.'

Pope would probably have withdrawn the compliment, which he offered at second hand, to Lady Worsley's eyes, had he been aware of the fact that her ladyship, in a letter to Dean Swift, had called the poet's great and life-long friend, Miss Martha Blount, 'Dirty Patty.' Poor Stella (Esther

Johnson) had died more than two years before this letter of Dean Swift's upon her bright eyes was written. Its playful tone bears evidence to the truth of Professor Morley's remark, 'From the time of Stella's death until her body was laid in her coffin Swift's outer manner hardened, and his life began to droop, although he lived for another seventeen years, and loved his friends, and punned with them, and made merry after his own way.' (Carisbrooke Library, *The Writings of Jonathan Swift*, p. 296.)

The ladies of the Carteret household took a kindly interest in the unhappy Dean, and gave him substantial tokens of their regard. Six years after the date of this letter to Lady F. Worsley, in 1736, Swift was seized with a fit while writing, and he wrote no more. In his will Swift bequeathed to Mrs. Mary Swift, *alias* Harrison, his 'Japan writing desk bestowed on me by my Lady Worsley,' also 'the seal with a Pegasus given to me by the Countess of Granville.'

Besides her daughter Lady Carteret, afterwards Countess of Granville, Lady Worsley had two sons, Robert, born 1696, who died unmarried in 1704, and Thynne, born 1711, who married Henrietta Maria, daughter of George Wither, Esq., of Hall Place, Hants, and died without issue in 1741. Their father, Sir Robert Worsley, having outlived his sons, was in 1747 succeeded by Sir James Worsley of Pilewell, member in nine Parliaments for the borough of Newtown, Isle of Wight. (Worsley's *History of the Isle of Wight*, p. 218.)

June 21, 1890.

LAURENCE STERNE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1719.

In none of the guide-books or accounts of the Isle of Wight which have come under my notice is there any mention of a visit paid to the Island by Laurence Sterne. It is not to be wondered at that the chroniclers of the Isle of Wight should have passed over in silence this visit, seeing that at the time he arrived the famous English humorist was only a child five or six years old. The Rev. Laurence Sterne is in himself so disreputable a personage that it may be thought unadvisable to drag him out to the light of day; but he is so unique a figure in English literature that, in spite of ourselves, any of the few facts which are known of the author of *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey* have an interest for the general reader.

The main particulars of Sterne's early years are recounted in a *Memoir*, written by Sterne himself for the information of his daughter a short time before his death.

We learn from this graphic sketch of what has been called 'vagabond gentility' that his father, Roger, was the second son of Simon Sterne of Elvington and Halifax, and grandson of Dr. Richard Sterne, who died Archbishop of York in 1683. Simon, thinking that the Army was 'the only good school in the nation to give a young gentleman right education,' obtained a pair of colours for his second son, Roger, in Handyside's regiment of foot. At that time the regiments of the British army were named after the officers who either raised or commanded the corps. The ensign Roger, having been promoted to be lieutenant, married in Flanders, September 23, 1711, Agnes, the widow of a Captain Herbert and daughter of a person named Nuttle, 'a noted sutler in Queen Anne's wars.' The dutiful son, pursuing the paternal biography, takes care to inform us that his father was in debt to the sutler. Whatever might be the indebtedness of the impecunious Roger to his future father-in-law, the sutler's daughter was a faithful and stout-hearted soldier's wife. Roger's first child, a daughter, born at Lille in July, 1712, was Mary, who grew up to be a beautiful woman, but made an unfortunate marriage, and died of a broken heart. Laurence was brought into the world November 24, 1714, at Clonmel in Ireland, where his father and mother had arrived from Dunkirk only a few days before. 'My birthday,' says Sterne, 'was ominous to my poor father, who was the day after our arrival with many other brave officers broke, and sent adrift into the world with a wife and two children.' According to the wretched system which then prevailed in the English army, when peace was concluded or even in prospect, certain regiments were disbanded, and the nation had the pain of seeing wounded or disabled soldiers, who had fought for their country, begging their bread. Officers with small private means were reduced to great straits. It was not in the power of all of them to frequent the Tilt-yard Coffee House in London, the great resort of military men, and over a pipe vent their grievances against the General, who, slighting men of merit and preferring those of interest, had made them quit the service.

In the closing years of Queen Anne's reign the new Tory ministers, Harley and St. John, finding themselves masters of the new Parliament, were induced to conclude a peace with France. The result of the Peace of Utrecht was to reduce the English army, and on this changed footing of a peace establishment Handyside's regiment disappeared from the Army Lists. Upon this Lieutenant Sterne betook himself with his wife and children to the family seat at Elvington near York, where his mother, who had inherited the property from her father, Sir Roger Jaques, resided, her husband having died there years before. Here they all remained ten months. Afterwards Roger Sterne had the good fortune to obtain a commission in Chudleigh's or the 34th regiment of foot, now the 1st battalion of the Border Regiment of the line, and set out to join it in Dublin, whence the lieutenant being ordered to Exeter his wife and her two infants followed him thither. They remained a twelvemonth in England, and then the subaltern with his family increased by another boy, born at Plymouth, had to turn his face once more to Ireland. This must have been about the year 1715, if the chronology of the *Memoir* is to be depended upon. Having got to Dublin, they remained there till 1719, which would be for about three years, instead of only a year and a half as Sterne seems to state. In that year, he says, 'all unhinged again.' With Queen Anne's death and the accession of George I a great change in home politics was brought about; the Tory Ministry was replaced by the Whigs. Abroad the Whigs aimed strictly at the maintenance of peace by a faithful adhesion to the Treaty of Utrecht. The one obstacle was Spain. To resist the efforts of the King of Spain, Philip of Anjou, England and France at once drew together, and were joined by Holland in a triple alliance, concluded in 1717. The triple alliance became a quadruple alliance by the accession of the Emperor, whose Italian possessions the three powers had guaranteed. In retaliation for Spain having backed up the Pretender by a fruitless expedition to Scotland, the English Government determined to send a strong squadron with 4,000 men on board to operate on the Spanish coasts. The expedition was placed under the command of Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, to whom Alexander Pope addressed his 'Essay on the knowledge and characters of men.' Roger Sterne's regiment was ordered to the Isle of Wight to take part in this expedition about the end of September, 1719.

The lieutenant's wife and children accompanied him on their voyage to the Isle of Wight. They who have seen the arrangements made for the wives and children of the regiments in our own magnificent troopships can picture to themselves the horrors of a passage in the close and fetid atmosphere of a cabin in a transport vessel at the beginning of the eighteenth century. 'We,' writes Laurence Sterne, who was of the party, and who tells the story of it afterwards in his *Memoir*, 'were driven into Milford Haven on the voyage from Dublin, but afterwards landed at Bristol, and hence again to Plymouth and the Isle of Wight, losing on the expedition poor Joram, a pretty boy, who died of the small-pox.' Sterne adds that 'poor Joram's loss was replaced by the birth of a girl, Anne, a pretty blossom, destined to fall at the age of three years.' After the grim, sardonic manner which marks the style of his *Memoir* Sterne observes, 'my father's children were not made to last long.'

I have searched the Registers of Carisbrooke to see if perchance I could discover the baptism of this 'pretty blossom,' Anne Sterne, but no entry of it is to be found. Possibly, if search were made, it might be found elsewhere in the Isle of Wight, where Roger Sterne left his wife and children till the regiment got back from Vigo on the coast of Spain to Wicklow in Ireland, whither he sent for them. It does not appear how long Mrs. Sterne and her children remained in the Isle of Wight, but the *Memoir* says that they were in barracks in Dublin in 1721, the year in which Sterne tells us he learned to write.

If the child be father of the man, it is to be feared that Sterne was a dirty little boy, but when he was in the Isle of Wight he was too young a child for those 'corrupt communications,' which defile the writings of Sterne, the full-grown man, 'to proceed out of his mouth.' Children are good judges of character. With his sharp, keen insight the little fellow was beginning those studies of military life in which Sterne's chief reputation as an author lies. Mr. Thackeray has remarked, in the very brilliant and just estimate which he has drawn of Sterne in his *English Humorists*, that a good picture of military life, the most picturesque and delightful part of Sterne's writings, belongs to those military wanderings when the child beat time with his little feet to the fifes of Ramillies, and played in barrack-yards with the halberds of Malplaquet. Trim's Montero cap, Lefevre's wound, and Uncle Toby's roquelaure, are memories of the time when the Sterne family wandered from pillar to post, following the drum. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has of late won considerable repute by his portraiture of Mulvaney and his two comrades in arms, but that gifted writer has not yet attained to the wonderful charm with which Sterne brings before our eyes Captain Shandy. In that finished picture every touch has been well considered, has its proper purpose and meaning, and performs its part in producing the general effect. Sterne's undoubted fame as an author borders closely on infamy. *Tristram Shandy* is an ignoble book, from which no reader rises wiser or better, with the exception of what relates to Captain Shandy and Corporal Trim. These two live like actual existences in our memories, and the former of them, Uncle Toby, draws our sympathies towards him. Along with the Vicar of Wakefield, he is one of the most homely and familiar figures in English fiction. Of *Tristram Shandy* Professor Morley has said with his accustomed gentleness of censure that 'it had no end or aim beyond amusement.' When the last volume of that book appeared in 1767 Sterne was upwards of fifty years old. It was a disgrace to a man of his age and his calling in life to provoke mirth among minds of a baser sort by these 'wrinkled legends of unworthy things.' This foul stain is so engrained in the whole composition that it discolours all his delineations. The whole story of Sterne's life and death is dreary enough; the pleasantest and most wholesome part of it belongs to those years of vagrant childhood and boyhood in which the Isle of Wight has its share. No trace of that short story in the Island remains except the bare notice of it in his *Memoir.*

In 1719 the Isle of Wight was little known as a place of resort for visitors from the mainland. Military officers and soldiers were coming and going. People of note were living in the Island—Worsleys, Oglanders, and Holmeses—of whom their neighbours thought a great deal; but the name of not one of these and other inhabitants of the Island was to be so widely known hereafter as that of the small child, Laurence Sterne, who lived with his mother in some cottage or obscure lodging-house of the Isle of Wight, while his father was taking his part with his regiment in what the newspapers of that day called the glorious victory of the siege of Vigo. 'For my part,' says Professor Henry Rogers, in *Greyson's Letters*, 'I should not grieve if all mankind died in its fourth year. As far as we can see, it would not seem to be a thing much to be lamented.' As a general assertion this surely is a libel on the loving-kindness of our Father in heaven. In the case of poor Laurence Sterne, it might have been better for him had he followed his brother Joram and sister Anne to an early grave in the Isle of Wight.

November 28, 1891.

COWES, A.D. 1745-1795.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Bailey of Newport, and of Mr. John P. Rubie of Cowes, I have been allowed to study an old document in the possession of the latter gentleman. This document is labelled 'To be taken great care of. Old history of Cowes. From late Mrs. Thorold's papers.'

Within the cover thus labelled are two MSS., the earlier consisting of six sheets of paper, on three of which only is there any writing. This MS. is headed 'Sketch of the rise and beginning of the seaport town of Cowes, October 7. 1745,' and was written, as internal evidence proves, by Mr. R. Thorold, who was Surveyor of the Customs at Cowes. It contains various entries, the last of which is dated July, 1763. The second MS., which consists of a single sheet of paper, contains entries ranging from February 1, 1775, to May 1, 1795, and is written evidently in a different hand from that of the former MS., and has nothing to point out the writer except that he was of the Thorold family.

From this it will be seen that these old papers cover a ground of fifty years, fifteen of which belong to the reign of that little, choleric, redfaced sovereign, George II, while the remaining thirty-five years comprehend the beginning of the long reign of the grandson of the second Prince of the House of Brunswick, good George III. That last half of the eighteenth century is one of the most interesting periods in our history. A new world was coming into existence at this time in the very midst of old England. When, in 1743, Mr. Thorold began to jot down his notes about the history of Cowes, Charles Edward Stuart (who was called the young Pretender, or the young Chevalier, to distinguish him from his father, James, the old Pretender), the darling Charlie of the Scotch Jacobites, had advanced with his Highlanders, to the great dismay of the English Government, as far as Derby. Some years before these papers came to a close that same Charles Edward, old, tipsy, and childless, was dying at Rome. In India an Empire was being gained by the great victory which Clive won over Suraj-ad-dowla, at Plassy, June 23, 1757, and a handful of our countrymen, separated from home by an immense ocean, were subjugating one of the most powerful and ancient dynasties in the world, and laying the foundation of our vast Oriental dominion. In September, 1759, James Wolfe, a young general of the elder Pitt's choosing, having scaled with his forces the almost inaccessible heights on which Quebec stands, completely defeated the French, and fell in the moment of victory. Within a year afterwards the whole of the colony of Canada was in the hands of the British. While Mr. Thorold was at the receipt of custom, good John Wesley, who died in 1791 at the age of eighty-seven, was preaching to his congregations of miners at the pit's mouth, and George Whitfield was drawing tears from the eyes of the Kingswood colliers—but of none of these great historical events does the worthy collector of the Cowes customs say anything. He does not make any mention of those stirring controversies about excise and dues on foreign articles, which more immediately concerned his own position, and which were then beginning to occupy the attention of thoughtful financiers, and influencing the fate of nations. The three decades and a half of the beginning of the reign of George the Third were still more important than the closing years of that King's predecessor. There were the riots connected with John Wilkes, who in his later and more tranquil days resided at Sandown in the Isle of Wight; yet Mr. Thorold's chronicle is altogether silent about that once notorious demagogue. An equal silence is observed about the Lord George Gordon riots in 1780, when a half-crazed fanatic stirred up a number of merely lawless men, who were moved by love of mischief or greed of plunder to don the blue cockade of the 'Protestants.' The port of Cowes had an extensive trade with what were then our colonies in North America. So early as the year 1677 Mr. Thorold states that 4,000 hogsheads of tobacco were imported from Virginia, besides other goods from other parts of America, Holland, &c. As his authority he cites 'the books at Cowes Custom-house, and what passed from one person to another in a manner traditionary.' In the reign of George III, until the outbreak of the American War of Independence, says Sturch (*View of the Isle of Wight*, p. 27), writing in 1801, 'Cowes was the favourite resort of the Carolina rice-ships. From thirty to forty of these ships arrived annually at this port, where from thirty-two to thirty-five thousand barrels of this grain were usually screened, repacked, and shipped for Holland, Germany,' &c. A glance at the map shows that a straight line, drawn from the Isle of Purbeck to Selsea Bill, passes through the middle of the Isle of Wight, so that this Island is, as it were, moored in a kind of bay between these two limits. Cowes, which lies along both sides of the estuary of the Medina, was therefore well situated for this foreign and colonial traffic. These papers however make no mention of the severance of the thirteen North American colonies, which took place in the lifetime of their writers. Nor, though the Isle of Wight is so close to the coast of France, do they touch upon the great events of the French revolution of 1789. In 1795, when these memorials of Cowes came to a close, the peace of the Isle of Wight, like that of the rest of England, was broken by the fear of French invasion. A great change then came over the people of these islands generally. It was not newspaper leaders, speaking in the name of political parties, nor parliamentary eloquence either on the side of the Government or the opposition, but the plain common-sense of the British middle class, which, in view of the facts, determined that war with France must be carried on with vigour, till the one formidable enemy of this country should be overthrown. In these papers is no proof of that almost universal feeling with which Napoleon's threatened invasion touched the English mind. Naturally enough, these Thorold memoirs are mainly concerned about the local incidents relating to the Custom House at Cowes and its officials. The statements about the trade of Cowes with Holland are confirmed by Macpherson, who, in his *Annals of Commerce*, as quoted in *The Pictorial History of England*, gives an abstract of our trade with most of the countries in Europe, obtained from our foreign consuls in the year 1765. In this paper by Macpherson, the historian of English commerce, it is shown that from Cowes there were brought to Holland every year from 12,000 to 15,000 barrels of rice. These figures may seem at first sight of little importance, but the extent of this export of colonial produce from so small a port as Cowes is illustrative of the history of our trade with America during this period of fluctuating policy and interference on the part of the mother-country, which in the end produced results of so mighty a character. The English Government had attempted to tax the North American colonies in order to defray the expense of protecting them; the colonists denied the right of the British Parliament, in which they were unrepresented, to tax them, and claimed the right of taxing themselves in their own Assemblies. The edge of the first measure of this kind, the ill-conceived Stamp Act, pressed with more severity upon England than America. But the diminution of their trade occasioned by these financial proposals made the most forcible impression upon the colonists, and led to the disturbed and threatening aspect of things on the other side of the Atlantic. The little town of Cowes, which, under other circumstances, might have become an important emporium for the American trade, was thus seriously affected by the breach between the Anglo-Americans and the mother-country, when, on July 4, 1776, the revolted colonies, under the name of the United States of America, declared themselves independent of Great Britain.

In connexion with the American War of Independence these old papers of Mrs. Thorold have the following reference to an atrocious project, now almost forgotten. It is as follows:—'1776, December 7. This day a fire broke out in the dockyard at Portsmouth, and on March 10, 1777, a fellow who went by the name of Jack the Painter was executed on the Hard at Portsea on the Common, as the perpetrator.' The history of that bold and cunning incendiary, John Aitkin, commonly called the Painter, who was tried and convicted at the Winchester assizes, should not be allowed to pass into oblivion in these days, when political conspirators have recourse to dynamite for the purpose of carrying out their revolutionary schemes. A very full and clear account of this story, which is too long to be given in these pages, will be found in *The Pictorial History of England*, vol. v. pp. 287–290. The main interest lies in the fact that this attempt of John or Jack the Painter seemed at one time to denote that there was a secret agency employed to destroy all our shipping in their docks, and our naval arsenals of Portsmouth and Plymouth. As it was, the supposed complicity of Silas Deane, the agent of Congress, according to the incendiary's confession of his own guilt at the gallows, has left a foul stain upon the memory of that American politician, Silas Deane, who gave other and ample proofs that his hostility to England was under no control of conscience. Archdeacon Coxe, in his *Memoirs of the Kings of*

Spain of the House of Bourbon (5 vols., 8vo, 1815), who first brought this matter before the world in connexion with the intrigues of the Courts of France and Spain, can be consulted for the share which De Choiseul, the French minister, had in the plot, which Lord Rochford, in a most secret dispatch to Lord Halifax, announced that he had discovered. This most dangerous design showed in the first instance that easy confidence or carelessness which has too often marked English functionaries; while the scheme for procuring evidence against John the Painter, and the collusion of the Americans with him, was managed with great address by the unscrupulous Lord Temple, always ready to work as a mole in the dark, though in a manner very repugnant to the practice of the present day. After hanging some time, Jack the Painter was taken down, and then according to the offensive custom of the times was suspended in iron chains near the spot of his outrage. In the red-hot party violence, which looks upon such offences in a spirit of criminal indulgence, there were not wanting some to commiserate his fate, and to hint more or less openly that he had not been allowed fair play. The writer of these Cowes entries was evidently not one of these bigoted partisans of lawlessness.

Under the date of August 29, 1782, occurs in the MS. the following entry:—'This day His Majesty's ship *Royal George* sunk at her moorings at Spithead.' This tragic event has been kept alive in the minds of the people generally by the well-known lines of the poet, William Cowper, and by the somewhat similar accident which befell the *Eurydice* at the back of the Isle of Wight a few years ago. Cowper's dirge, which was written when the poet heard the news, was composed to suit an air which his friend, Lady Austen, frequently played on the harpsichord, and he thought it a disadvantage to write in Alexandrines, a measure which he supposed could suit no ear but a French one. In this he was mistaken. Cowper pleased himself in this poem, and it has pleased, and will please, all who have read it, or shall hereafter read it. Just before the Peace of Versailles between England, Spain, France, and America, this noble ship went down, while the force of Great Britain on her own coasts was very inferior to that of her enemies united. The great object was to weaken their separate attacks and prevent their junction; to protect our convoys without leaving our own coasts unguarded; and to relieve the important military station of Gibraltar. For this latter purpose, Lord Howe, on his return from his well-conducted cruise, anxiously urged the equipment of a squadron for the relief of Gibraltar. The *Royal George* of 100 guns, the finest ship in our navy, being destined for this service, was inclined on her side to undergo a slight process of careening without the trouble or delay of going into dock. The ship was at this time crowded with people from the shore, mainly women and children, about 300 in number, and the crew itself amounted to 900. The carpenters had inclined the ship a little more than was necessary, when about 10 o'clock in the morning a sudden squall threw her on her side, and the gun-ports being open she instantly filled with water and went to the bottom. The brave Admiral Kempenfeldt was writing in his cabin at the moment of the catastrophe, and was thus suddenly buried in the ocean with near 1,000 sailors, women, and children. A victualler which lay near was swallowed in the vortex made by the submersion of the huge ship; and it was some time before any small craft could be employed to assist the few who survived so great a disaster. Canon Venables, in his *Guide to the Isle of Wight*, p. 122, says that the southern extremity of the Esplanade at Ryde 'extends over what was formerly known as the "Dover," a sandy waste (once visited by the botanist as the habitat of several rare plants), in which many of the crew of the *Royal George*, whose bodies came ashore there, were buried. In Sir H. Englefield's time their resting-place was marked by grassy mounds on the low sandy flat, but builders and speculators respect neither graves nor flowers, and the whole tract is now covered with houses.'

In his sketch of the rise of Cowes Mr. Thorold states that 'George Pratt, born at East Cowes about the year 1611, was brought up there, and died on December 29, 1693 (as by gravestone do appear), the son of whom, and of the same name, now living aged about seventy-nine years (commonly known by the name of George Pratt the miser), do declare he heard his father say he knew when there were but seven houses in the place.' This evidence, such as it is, is confirmed by the far higher authority of Sir John Oglander, who says, in his manuscript *Memoirs*, 'I knew when there were not above three or four houses in Cowes, and I was, and am persuaded, that if our wars and troubles had not unfortunately happened, it would have grown as famous as Newport, for it was by all the western parts of the world much approved as a place fit for them to victual and make a rendezvous, where I have seen 300 ships at anchor; and if the country had but so much discretion as to make use of that harbour—as first to have an honest man to be captain there to build storehouses, to have a joint stock, a magazine of provisions, and to deal with the Dutch to have their rendezvous and to victual there, they need no other market or means to make the Island happy or fortunate.'

Cowes probably has fared none the worse because instead of being a trading seaport town it has become the station for the graceful and beautiful vessels belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron. The presence of that distinguished club attracts to Cowes many lovers of the national recreation of yachting, and supplies the roadstead with the spectacle of one of the prettiest fleets of pleasure vessels that any naval station can show.

The description in Leland's *Itinerary* of the two forts—

> 'The two great Cows that in loud thunder roar,
> This on the eastern, that on the western shore
> Where Newport enters stately Wight,'

belongs to a much earlier date than that of these Thorold papers, and must be reserved for a letter on the Castles and Forts of the Isle of Wight.

May 22, 1886.

GATCOMBE.

Gatcombe is just one of those villages which the writers of church novels, who began to flourish in my younger days, would have chosen as a framework in which to set their wholesome and graceful fictions. That race of novelists, with a few exceptions, such as Miss Yonge and Miss Sewell, who may respectively be claimed for Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, has made way for the authors of more sensational stories. Gatcombe still remains to supply materials for any enterprising artist, whether with pen or pencil, who wishes to draw a picture of a sequestered, homely, English village. Gatcombe is no more modern than it was a century ago, which cannot be said of most of our villages. It has not even any school building, whether Sunday or weekday, that peculiar growth of the nineteenth century, which happily catches the eye even in the most thinly peopled village, for the Gatcombe children may be seen with 'shining morning face' creeping not 'unwillingly' to their school in the neighbouring hamlet of Chillerton.

The most conspicuous object is Gatcombe House, standing in the hanging woods which clothe the lower slopes of the downs behind. It was erected in 1750 by Sir Edward Worsley, and is a very good specimen of the country houses of the days of George III, which were built upon the principle of the golden rule laid down by Sir William Chambers, who stands in the first rank of the architects of that period, 'that in providing the elegant and the durable, the comfortable and commodious may be secured.'

I remember on one occasion discussing the beauties of what the late Mr. Edmund Peel, a poet measured in his epithets and averse from exaggeration, called the 'Fair Island,' with a member of that class, which, as Sterne says, 'can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry 'tis all barren.' The argument was wound up with the triumphant query, 'Where is your timber?' In an island of course we cannot look for such forest giants as grow in Warwickshire or other midland counties; but to those who decry the trees of the Isle of Wight Gatcombe may be pointed out. Listen upon this subject to Mr. James Thorne: 'the leisurely traveller,' so he says, speaking of Gatcombe (*The Land we Live in*, vol. ii. p. 290), 'as he wanders about here, will find himself involuntarily staying to admire the uncommon gracefulness of form, and rich, full foliage of the trees. The soil is fitting, the climate mild and balmy, and their growth is answerable. Then they stand in an ample space, and are left unclipped by the pruning-knife of science, and they send out their free arms with that buoyant vigour only seen under such circumstances. Many of them are as grand and symmetrical in form as any Claude ever painted, and they have a free sweeping play of branches and spray such as he never had a glimpse of. As they stand alone, or in a grove on a grassy slope, or beside a dark pond or a glancing streamlet, they make pictures that the eye cannot but rest upon.'

Close to Gatcombe House, with its graveyard about it, the church lifts its tower heavenwards in a quiet green glade, half buried among the foliage of the dark mass of tangled trees. This house of prayer, which has no great architectural pretensions, is dedicated to the Norse saint, Olaf, or Olave, who, having in his youth, like the northern princes in general, passed his life as a sea-rover, died in battle in the odour of sanctity, surrounded by his soldiers, whose shields and helmets were emblazoned with the sign of the cross, and Olave's own watchword, 'Onward, warriors of Christ; the cross and the king' (Neander, *Church Hist.* vol. vi. p. 39). One lancet remaining on the south side attests that the church was built in the thirteenth century. Its best feature is the pinnacled tower of the same character as those of Carisbrooke, Chale, and Godshill, and therefore of the fifteenth or early portion of the sixteenth century. The tower arch is very good, and beneath it is some fair screen-work. Nearly all the windows are late Tudor, containing fragments of stained glass. An interesting object inside the church is the cross-legged wooden effigy of a knight in complete armour, under a semi-circular arch on the north side. This monument has no inscription, and the only clue to its date must be sought for in the fashion of the armour. In the reign of Edward I there was a decided improvement on the clumsy 'haburgeon' or 'hauberk,' i. e. the armour for the neck and breast, of the early Norman era. In the same reign the 'surcoat' or upper coat of silk or rich stuffs, worn over the skirt of chain, began to be emblazoned. From these indications the Gatcombe tomb may be assigned to the end of the thirteenth century. The paten and one of the chalices are well worthy the attention of those who are interested in church-plate, as they probably belong to the Pre-Reformation period, when the sacrifice of the mass was offered in Gatcombe Church. Their preservation may be attributed to the circumstance that Gatcombe seems to have escaped the notice of the commissioners appointed by Edward VI in 1547 to make an inventory of the plate, bells, and vestments of the churches, and compel a forced sale of the same. In Appendix No. xxxviii, Part II, of Worsley's *History*, will be found a list of the different churches in the Isle of Wight in which these goods belonging to the church were sold, viz. Carisbrooke, Newport, Shorwell, Brixton, Mottestone, Freshwater, Shalfleet, Chale, Calbourne, Godshill, Whitwell, Saint Lawrence, Arreton, Newchurch, and Brading. Gatcombe does not appear in this list, probably preserved by its obscurity.

On a gentle ascent above the church is situated the Rectory House, 'wearing,' according to Mr. James Thorne, 'a charming air of refined rusticity'; not far from it is a little lake of water. When the sunlight streams upon this intermingling of whatever is beautiful in park scenery, although, excepting the trees, on a small scale, the whole forms a study for a painter. Near the church and at some little distance from it are farmhouses, surrounded with all the signs of modest prosperity. The main road as it continues to the Vale of Chillerton, that characteristic specimen of a chalk-down gorge, passes by the iron gates which mark the entrance of the fine old gabled manor-house of Sheat, which contains some good Jacobean carving. Sheat was one of the properties mentioned in Domesday Book as belonging to the proprietors named the 'King's Thanes,' and its possessor, Alric, is put down there as having held the same lands under Edward the Confessor. The village street with its small line of cottages is grouped about the sides of a pretty hollow lane which leads up to the church.

The passing visitor as he gazes at the church, in which upon every Sabbath day the villagers worship, is disposed to think that the 'honest doubt' which has so much faith, according to the Laureate, does not trouble the inmates of these cottages, and that content to believe as their forefathers believed they live out their little day, looking forward to their sleep in the churchyard, where so many of their name already lie. They who know something of the inner life of these small agricultural villages are aware that the same difficulties and doubts, in principle though not in form, which underlie the last new doctrine of the sprightly review article, proclaiming the speedy obsequies of the Christian creed, beset the minds of labouring men. Really wiser than their more cultivated associates in the perplexities which spring from 'the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world,' the simple cottagers rarely allow their inward questionings to land them in the dreary conclusion that this life is the end of all and that there is no God to wipe away all tears from all eyes.

How interesting the history would be if it were only known might be said of every old parish in the Isle of Wight. A good deal is known about the past history of Gatcombe. In the time of Edward the Confessor the manor of Gatcombe was held by three brothers, and when the Domesday Survey was made it formed part of the possessions of William the son of Stur, and to members of this family it seems to have belonged till the reign of Edward II. In the charter of Baldwin de Redvers, Lord of the Isle of Wight 1135–1156, Jordan de Estur appears as one of the chief witnesses. The Anglo-Saxon or Norse name of Stur, that is 'strong,' has been changed to the Norman Estur. Jordan was one of those old Frankish names which appear often in charters, taken presumably from the river, and which the Normans adopted from the Bible (Ferguson, *Surnames as a Science*, p. 135). In the charter of Richard de Redvers, 1156–1162, the family returned to the good old English spelling of their name, since one of the signatories is William, son of Stur, and so it is spelt in the charter of William de Vernon, 1184–

1217, where William, son of Stur, and William his son are the first witnesses, while in the preceding charter of Richard de Redvers, 1184, it is William, son of Estur. In the inquisition taken on the death of Baldwin de Redvers (Fine Roll, 47 Henry III) the Lady Matilda de Gatcombe is mentioned as holding five knights' fees of the Lord of the Castle of Carisbrooke, and in the knights' fees belonging to the Castle of Carisbrooke, taken from the 'Testa de Nevill,' Lady Matilda de Estour, Lady of Gatcombe, holds the largest number of knights' fees, viz. five, in the Isle of Wight after John de Insula, and it is further added that William de Estur, son and heir of the same, holds the manors of Gatcombe, Whitwell, and Caulbourn of her gift. The duties of these landholders, who are frequently described in the charters of the Lords of the Island as their barons, are specified in this document. They were subject to the services of conducting the lords to the sea when passing into foreign parts, to defend and keep the Castle of Carisbrooke and the lands of the Island by a space of forty days in the time of war, and make and do their free suit at the Lord's Court from three to four weeks, together with the feudal requirements of being chargeable towards making the eldest son of the lord a knight, and contributing to the marriage of his daughter.

In the reign of Edward II, Lisle, by marrying the daughter and heiress of the Sturs, or de Esturs, became the proprietor of their possessions. That branch of the family of the Lisles of Wootton ended, as appears in the Inquisition post mortem, 23 Edward III, with John Lisle, and by the marriage of Lisle's daughter with John Bremshot the manors of Gatcombe, Whitwell, and Westover came to her husband. The family of Bremshot ended in two daughters; and it appears from an inquisition taken on the death of Edmund Dudley, 2 Henry VIII, that John Bremshot died in 1468, and that his manors with the advowson of the church at Gatcombe came to his two daughters and heirs, Elizabeth and Margaret. Elizabeth married John Dudley, by whom she had issue Edmund Dudley. Margaret married John Pakenham, by whom she had a son, Edmund Pakenham. In the right of their wives John Dudley and John Pakenham held the manors in co-partnership. When

Edmund Dudley married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Edward Grey, Viscount Lisle, the moiety of Gatcombe was settled upon the marriage. This Edmund Dudley was, along with Empson, an instrument of the exactions of Henry VII. As Lord Bacon has said in his history of that King's reign, 'these two men turned law and justice into wormwood and rapine.' Dudley was a lawyer, who, according to the forcible expression of the same great writer, 'could put hateful business into good language. . . . To hunt up his game he kept packs of spies and informers in every part of the kingdom, and to strike it down with the legal forms he kept a rabble to sit on juries. . . . By these and many other courses fitter to be buried than repeated,' Dudley, with his low-born associate Empson, preyed upon the people, 'like tame hawks for their master, and like wild hawks for themselves; insomuch as they grew in great riches and substance.'

Dudley's moiety of Gatcombe was purchased by Richard Worsley, Captain of the Island. John Pakenham left Sir Edward Pakenham his son and heir, whose estate was inherited by two daughters. One of these daughters married Richard Earnley in the county of Sussex, and the other married Sir Geoffrey Pole, brother of Cardinal Pole. The Poles were of very illustrious descent on the side of their mother, who was the daughter of George Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV, and cousin-german to Queen Elizabeth, queen of Henry VII, and mother of Henry VIII. Earnley and Pole had a moiety of Gatcombe by their marriages. This moiety was purchased off their hands by John Worsley, whose son Thomas devised it to his younger son John; Appuldurcombe being left to the elder—Sir Richard. In this branch of the family Gatcombe remained for many years.

Mr. (afterwards Sir) Edward Worsley of this family was one of the most devoted adherents of Charles I. In the narrative of the attempted escapes from Carisbrooke Castle by George Hillier will be found (p. 107) a letter from Colonel Hammond to the Earl of Manchester, Speaker of the House of Lords, dated May 29, 1648, of the attempt made by Worsley and his companion Osborn to rescue the King. The manor was afterwards purchased by Alexander Baring, the first Lord Ashburton, and is now the property of Charles Seely, Esq., M.P. Mr. Seely's purchase was a happy event for Gatcombe, as every labourer on the estate of that benevolent landlord has a well-constructed cottage, a ton of coals for the winter, and a good dinner for Christmas Day.

The rumour of war—and war too near at hand—wonderfully quickened the pulse of the inhabitants of quiet Gatcombe in 1799. In the dread of an invasion by Napoleon, the little village provided its own quota of volunteers; for in Albin's *Isle of Wight Magazine* for January of that year, Captain Alexander Campbell, Lieutenant Henry Way, and Ensign Richard Brown are enumerated as the officers commanding the Gatcombe contingent to the Volunteer Corps raised for the defence of the Isle of Wight. When Hassell was making his tour in the Island in 1790, he speaks of the refinement and kindness of the ladies of the family occupying Gatcombe House. Gatcombe is in this respect more fortunate than many a small village where the great house of the neighbourhood has fallen into disuse, or is converted into a farm-house in consequence of the owners being either unable from want of means or unwilling to live among the scenes of country nature and their own people. Gatcombe House has never fallen into that sad condition of decay which has overtaken so many of the ancestral homes of the landed gentry of England. Long may it stand as an English country gentleman's house, with boys and girls playing in its pleasant gardens, full of that life which, let us hope, may for a long time to come not ebb away from within its walls.

October 31, 1885.

CARISBROOKE CHURCH COMMUNION PLATE, A.D. 1750-51-54-57.

THE subject of church communion plate has quite recently been studied in England. The example was first set by that accomplished antiquary, Chancellor R. S. Ferguson, F.S.A., who with the assistance of his colleagues brought out in 1882

Old Church Plate of the Diocese of Carlisle. Chancellor Ferguson has been followed in this hitherto unexplored path of ecclesiastical antiquities by the Rev. Andrew Trollope, *An Inventory of the Church Plate of Leicestershire, with some account of the Donors* (2 vols., Leicester, Clarke and Hodson). For the loan of these lavishly illustrated volumes I am indebted to the kindness of Lady Harpur-Crewe, of Spring Hill, East Cowes. The Vicar of Edith Weston, Rutland, has also been cataloguing and annotating the church plate of the neighbouring county. Mr. Nightingale's systematic collection of papers on the Dorsetshire plate has also met with high commendation.

It is to be hoped that some one may be induced to undertake the same work for the communion plate of the Isle of Wight. No one would be better fitted for this task than the present zealous and intelligent Archdeacon of the Island. In the meanwhile, I venture on giving a short account of the rich and valuable plate which was presented to Carisbrooke Church about the middle of the last century, and which, like most of the communion service of that date, is distinguished rather for its very solid construction than for any elegancy of design.

The history of communion plate dates from very early times, when it consisted of the chalice, or cup in which the wine was consecrated at the celebration of the Holy Communion, and from which the communicants drank; and of the paten, or shallow vessel in which the bread for the Eucharist was placed and consecrated. Both these vessels were in use from the time that the formal ritual of the Lord's Supper was established, and were either actually such as had served domestic purposes, or were formed on the same model. When the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was connected both in time and place with the feasts of charity—*agapae*—the distinction between the vessels used for each purpose was less strongly drawn than afterwards came to pass, and thus in the beginning the eucharistic cup and dish were the same both in form and in decoration as those of the domestic table. The material was commonly silver. Pope Leo IV, 847–855, laid down the rule that no one should celebrate the mass in a vessel of wood, lead, or glass. In England before the Reformation the church plate was often the gift of private donors, whose names are recorded in mediaeval inventories of church goods. This plate has long ago disappeared, for with the exception of a few pieces, such as that at Gatcombe, there are no sacramental vessels older than the reign of Elizabeth in this country. The cause of this can be shortly told.

At the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII part of the spoils was the store of monastic gold and silver plate. This plunder indirectly lessened the security of the communion plate belonging to parochial churches. The feeling that their turn might soon come induced the church officers to part with their plate before it could be seized. When the chantries were dissolved in the second year of Edward VI, and such chantry plate as had not already been sold was seized by the King, the panic increased. In 1574, when the communion in both kinds was approved by Convocation and sanctioned by Parliament, another inducement had been offered to churchwardens to part with the sacred vessels by the issue of the King's injunctions and the visits of the Commissioners, armed with articles of inquiry as to whether the injunctions had been carried out. Communion plate is not mentioned in these articles, but needy church officials did not fail to find in them an excuse for selling various pieces of plate, along with the images of the rood-loft and other forbidden articles of church furniture. This hurried parting with the church plate caused the King and his advisers again to appoint Commissioners early in the following year, 1548, to see that the injunctions were enforced, and also to make inventories of church goods, with a view to stopping any further sale. This stock-taking by the King's Commissioners to a certain extent prevented the further sale of communion plate, but it by no means frightened churchwardens out of their now well-established custom of selling the gifts made to their church for such purposes as they saw fit. For instance, in some parishes in the Isle of Wight the communion plate was sold to provide a piece of ordnance for the village. Such sales took place more or less throughout the country to the end of the reign of Edward VI, when at last, in the sixth year of that king, in 1552, his counsellors determined to step in and seize all that they could, and to get back the value of some of the Church goods already sold. With this object Commissioners were again sent into every county and town with precise instructions, first, to find out what plate, jewels, and ornaments had been sold since the issue of the first commission, and to demand the value of those goods from those who had received the price of them; secondly, to learn what goods each parish still possessed, taking away all plate, except one chalice in a small and two in a large parish, and selling copes and vestments of any value. They were instructed to deliver all plate and money so received to the King's use, and to cause exact inventories of all goods finally left behind in each parish.

In Worsley's *History of the Isle of Wight*, Appendix No. xxxviii, will be found a note from the manuscript book of G. Brander, Esq., of all such plate, bells, vestments, and other implements as have been taken and sold out of the churches in the Isle of Wight by the parishioners of the same, as also of the names of those persons who are appointed and bound to appear for the answer of the same.

With the accession of Queen Mary the mass replaced the communion service, and the stone altars which had been taken down to make way for wooden tables were directed to be restored. In spite of these doctrinal and ritual changes, the only silver vessels belonging to a church were, as a general rule, the one silver chalice and paten left behind by the Commissioners of Edward VI. This one chalice and paten are all that are found in the early years of Elizabeth's reign, when, in 1567, the ancient chalice was also included among the monuments of superstition, and was ordered to be exchanged for a new communion cup and cover. That order was enforced probably by an article of inquiry at the bishop's visitation, repeated at subsequent visitations, till the exchange had been effected in every parish. The little cup and paten cover thus procured was the only vessel of silver in most churches throughout the whole of this reign. Two pewter flagons and two pewter basins for the offertory completed the service of even the largest church. Pewter flagons were largely bought after 1604, in accordance with a canon of that year, which ordained that the 'wine should be brought to the communion table in a clean and sweet standing-pot of pewter, if not of purer metal.'

These were not the days for making gifts for church uses. We must turn the century, and with the accession of the Stuarts to the throne of England we find Churchmen once more as in the days of old liberal benefactors to their parish churches. A stream of benefaction springs up and flows on continuously through nearly three centuries, only for a time checked by the opposition to the Church during the Puritan ascendency, when the services of the Prayer-book, both in public and private worship, were prohibited under penalties by Act of Parliament.

The chief donor to the Carisbrooke Church communion plate was Lady Miller, of Alvington Manor in the parish of Carisbrooke, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Meux, third baronet of Kingston in the Isle of Wight, and the third wife of Sir John Miller, Bart., M.P. for Chichester, who died November 2, 1721. In 1751, as the inscription states, her ladyship presented to the Church of St. Mary's, Carisbrooke, two massive tankard-shaped flagons. This handsome gift was followed in 1754 by that of two silver cups with paten covers, on which is inscribed 'Carisbrooke, the gift of Lady Miller,' and also a salver-shaped silver paten. In 1757 a silver basin for the offertory was given by Mr. Mitchell of Saint Cross in the parish of Carisbrooke. Lady Miller commenced her benefactions to the communion plate of Carisbrooke Church by giving with thoughtful kindness a pocket communion service, consisting of a silver cup and patens, for the use of the sick of the parish in 1750.

Whenever the duty of making a catalogue or inventory of the church plate of the Isle of Wight is taken in hand by the authority, it would be well that the identification of the donors should be carefully considered. Of course the name of the donor is easiest learnt when an inscription, as at Carisbrooke, has been engraved on the gift. Other particulars, such as the weight and the diameter of the sacred vessels and the hall-marks, might be added according to the discretion of the Archdeacon, with whom such an inquiry rests. It is needless to dwell on the use of such a catalogue, if thoroughly executed; its value is apparent to all who take an interest in the parochial history of the Isle of Wight, to church antiquaries, students of heraldry and genealogy, as well as to lovers of old silver-plate. Too often ancient plate has been exchanged for new, though this cannot legally be done without the consent of the diocesan. An inventory would prevent such proceedings.

January 2, 1892.

A VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF HEALTH VIA RYDE, I.W., A.D. 1754.

I.

In all ages of the world the brave and humane professors of the healing art have been urgent in recommending to their patients change of air and of scene. The fashionable physicians of the days of Homer—Machaon and Podalirius—no doubt had their favourite health resort for the chieftains of the Grecian host when those stout-hearted warriors were suffering from being overfed or overworried. So the practice has gone on. When the invalid—sick and sad—is summoned from the physician's waiting-room into the great man's presence, he is told in peremptory language that he must go to the Riviera or Teneriffe, or further still to the Andes of South America, or take a voyage to Australia or to the slope of the sun. Should the purse of the seeker after health be well lined, he probably follows this advice; but if he has not the means for undertaking an expensive journey, he calmly listens and makes up his mind to stay at home and there get well again as best he can. He must be contented with his own Abana and Pharpar for cleansing since he cannot afford the expenses of a journey to some distant Jordan. More than a century ago the leading doctors of the day were wont to urge upon those who consulted them the advantages of Aix in the South of France, or Montpellier, or Lisbon, for the German springs were a *terra incognita*. An account of a voyage to this latter health resort—-Lisbon in Portugal—

may be purchased for the small sum of threepence in Cassell's National Library, edited by Professor Henry Morley, No. 81. Nothing can give us a more life-like picture of the hardships which in those days of imperfect locomotion by land or by water a voyager in quest of that greatest of all earthly blessings—a sound mind in a sound body—had to endure in travelling from London even for a spot so little remote as Ryde in the Isle of Wight. The writer of this narrative was Henry Fielding, 'the greatest novelist the world has known,' as writes a very competent judge, Professor Morley. Should some of us be inclined to place Cervantes and Sir Walter Scott on a higher pedestal in this most fertile portion of all literature than the author of *Tom Jones,* yet it is certain that no more vigorous painter of the manners of his own time can be found than Fielding, who has generally been looked upon as the father of our English novelists, or has shared that distinction with a very different kind of man, John Bunyan. Fielding, a descendant of the Earls of Denbigh, was born in 1707. As a young man he had his flings, and flung away both his money and his health. His first resource as a means of support was writing for the stage, and between 1727 and 1736 he produced eighteen comedies and farces, of which not more than two or three are now known and read. Happily for himself he did not fling away his character in his mad pursuit of what the world calls pleasure. A virtuous attachment for a young gentlewoman of his own station in life saved him from that wreckage. In 1736 he married this lady. His wife's fortune and a small estate inherited from his mother enabled him to retire from London, but his habitual extravagance again brought him into difficulties. He returned to London, was called to the bar, and as a briefless barrister supported his family by pamphlets and essays on the occurrences and party politics of the day. His wife, to whom he was fondly attached, died. After this sad event he published his first novel—*Joseph Andrews*—at the age of thirty-six, and a year afterward his history of *The Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.* In 1748 he was made a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex and Westminster. This honourable office had been dragged down into contempt by men who drew from it dishonourable profits. Fielding's higher sense of duty 'reduced an income of about £500 a year of the dirtiest money upon earth' to a little more than £300, a considerable portion of which, he said, 'remains with my clerk, and indeed if the whole had done so, as it ought, he would be ill paid for sitting sixteen hours in the twenty-four in the most unwholesome, as well as most nauseous, air in the universe, and which hath in his own case corrupted a good constitution, without contaminating his morals.' Fielding's iron constitution, impaired by early dissipation, was undoubtedly injured by his devotion to his duties as a London police magistrate.

In 1749, the year in which he produced his novel of *Tom Jones*, as Chairman of the Sessions of the Middlesex magistrates he delivered a suggestive charge to the grand jury, aiming at social reforms, followed in 1751 by a published *Inquiry into the causes of the late increase of robbers*, &c.

Meanwhile, though himself connected with the English peerage, he had so far defied the ordinary conventionalities of his rank and station, as to give a second mother to his children by marrying a faithful servant, who had been their affectionate nurse and in early days of trial humble friend and helper to their father and mother. She was the wife who with his daughter accompanied him to Lisbon when he had delayed the voyage in search of health until he had performed the duty he had laid upon himself of laying his scheme of reform, which was directed towards the object of practically diminishing the number of murders and robberies which were every day committed in the streets of London, before the fussy and absurd Duke of Newcastle, who had succeeded Henry Pelham as head of the administration and cabinet.

On June 26, 1754, at mid-day, when the most melancholy sun he had ever beheld was at its meridian height, Fielding left his home at Fordhook, and in two hours arrived at Rotherhithe, from which the ship was to sail. To go on board the ship it was necessary to go into a boat. From not having the use of his limbs poor Fielding had to be hoisted into the vessel by an armchair lifted with pulleys. He was very ill and his countenance exceedingly ghastly. The brutality of the boatmen and sailors of those times is most strikingly shown in what happened. 'In this condition,' he writes, 'I ran the gauntlope (so I think I may justly call it) through rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery.' The state of the country a hundred years ago, both in a moral and religious point of view, was so unsatisfactory that it is difficult to give any adequate idea of it. Hogarth's engravings supply the most complete evidence of the coarse indifference to suffering among all classes of the community. Raikes had not established Sunday schools. There was darkness among rich, darkness among poor—a gross, thick, religious and moral darkness that might be felt. Fielding soon found that the ship would not sail that day, so he had to provide himself a dinner—'A sirloin of beef, for which, though little better than carrion,' he was charged a high price 'by the master of the little paltry alehouse.' The next day the captain of the ship paid him a visit, and behaving 'like an angry bashaw, said that he would not start till two days had passed, such was his will and pleasure.' Many were the troubles in store for the invalid traveller in search of health. 'Besides the disagreeable situation in which we then lay in the confines of Rotherhithe and Wapping, tasting a delicious mixture of the air of both these sweet places, and enjoying the concord of sweet sounds of seamen, watermen, fish-women, oyster-women, and all the vociferous inhabitants of both shores,' there was the fear that the malady under which Fielding suffered might require medical treatment before his arrival in Lisbon, if the ship delayed its departure. On this latter point the captain comforted his sick passenger with the assurance 'that he had a pretty young fellow on board, who acted as his surgeon, as I find he likewise did as steward, cook, butler and sailor.'

Fielding here, in his usual fashion, enters into a long digression on the utter want of knowledge respecting the many trials and misadventures of travelling by land or sea that prevails among people of the highest rank. Hence his desire to detail his own experience. Fielding evidently thought, as Dr. Johnson did afterwards, that the only difference between a ship and a prison was that you paid for your accommodation in the former, while you were free of any charges in the latter. Fielding sums up by expressing his belief that the framers of the Litany were right, when they coupled those who were journeying by land or sea 'with other miserable wretches, as women in labour, people in sickness, infants just born, prisoners and captives.'

At length, on June 30, four days after the appointed time, the ship sailed down the river and anchored opposite Gravesend. As he floats down the Thames, Fielding 'cannot pass by another observation on the deplorable want of taste in our enjoyments, which we show, by almost totally neglecting the pursuit of what seems to me the highest degree of amusement; this is, the sailing ourselves in little vessels of our own, contrived only for our ease and accommodation.' The Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes and the many clubs which have followed the example of that earliest of our pleasure fleets, since it dates from 1812, have amply removed this stigma upon the amusements of that English race which for the most part takes kindly to the water.

On July 1 they sailed to the Nore, and the next day they had to anchor in the Downs near Deal. The captain did not gain the good-will of his passengers on further acquaintance. Fielding gives a sketch of him. 'He had been the captain of a privateer, which he chose to call being in the King's service, and thence derived a right of hoisting a military cockade over the button of his hat. He likewise wore a sword of no ordinary length by his side, with which he swaggered in his cabin among the wretches, his passengers, whom he had stowed in cupboards on each side. He was a person of a very singular character. He had taken it into his head that he was a gentleman from those very reasons that proved he was not one; and to show himself a fine gentleman by a behaviour which seemed to insinuate that he had never seen one. He was moreover a man of gallantry; at the age of seventy he had the finicalness of Sir Courtly Nice with the roughness of Surley; and while he was deaf himself, had a voice capable of deafening all others.'

On the 4th the ship weighed anchor, but after buffeting against the wind for four hours the captain had to give it up and re-anchor very near his old spot. When the wind-bound passengers wanted anything from the shore, they found that the Deal people did not forget to charge for it. Here they remained till the 8th, on which day they actually and positively sailed. During the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th they were sailing from Deal to the Isle of Wight, making such way as the winds and tides would let them, and on the afternoon of the 11th they anchored opposite Ryde. Here then Fielding was deposited at the Isle of Wight fifteen days after he had embarked at the Tower—a pretty taste of voyaging in search of health in those days.

January 19, 1889.

II.

Ryde may now be fairly reckoned among the fashionable English watering-places; at any rate it amply supplies all that an invalid in search of health can require. This gay, bright town wore a very different aspect when more than a century ago poor Fielding came to it, and described it as it then was, after his fifteen days' weary voyage, or rather series of repeated ridings at anchor, from Rotherhithe on the Thames to the Isle of Wight, in a vessel with very scant accommodation for its passengers. On Friday, July 12, Fielding writes in his diary: 'This day our ladies went ashore at Ryde, and drank their afternoon tea at an ale-house there with great satisfaction; here they were regaled with fresh cream, to which they had been strangers since they left the Downs.' Fielding's party on board consisted of three ladies, his wife, his eldest daughter, and a young lady who had been placed under the charge of Mrs. Fielding during the voyage to Lisbon, and in addition to himself, two servants, a man and a maid, six persons in all. They formed the bulk of the passengers, for besides these there were only a rude, ill-conditioned schoolboy, fourteen years of age, and an 'illiterate Portuguese friar, who spoke no language but his own,' but managed to play backgammon with the captain of the ship. On the next day, Saturday, the wind seeming likely to continue in the same corner where it had been almost constantly for two months together, Fielding was persuaded by his wife to go ashore and stay at Ryde till they sailed. This was easier said than done, for how was Fielding in his infirm condition to be carried across the swamp which separated Ryde from the open sea. 'In fact,' so he writes, 'between the sea and the land there was at low water an impassable gulf, if I may so call it, of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming, so that for near one-half of the twenty-fours hours Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe. But as the magistrates of the place seemed more to desire the company of the former than to fear that of the latter, they had begun to make a low causeway to the low-water mark, so that foot-passengers might land whenever they pleased; but as this work was of a public kind, and would have cost a large sum of money, at least ten pounds, and the magistrates, that is to say the churchwardens, overseers, constable, tithing-man, and the principal inhabitants had every one of them some separate scheme of private interest to advance at the expense of the public, they fell out among themselves, and after having thrown away one-half of the requisite sum, resolved to save at least the other half, and rather be contented to sit down losers themselves than to enjoy any benefit which might bring in greater profit to another. Thus that unanimity which is so necessary in all public affairs became wanting, and every man from the fear of being a bubble to another was in reality a bubble to himself.'

It may be remarked that at the close of this passage we have that use of the word 'bubble,' which is now so rare, but which was so common in the eighteenth century, to denote the befooling, cheating, or humbugging one another.

The difficulties of the access to Ryde were at last overcome, for Fielding, 'after being hoisted into a small boat and being rowed near the shore, was taken up by two sailors who waded with me through the mud, and placed me in a chair on the land, whence they afterwards conveyed me a mile farther, and brought me to a house, which seemed to bid the fairest for hospitality of any in Ryde.'

A kind friend from over the water had sent him a buck—'one finer and fatter ne'er ranged in a forest nor smoked on a platter.' As Fielding's party brought with them not only the venison but also their provisions from the ship, they wanted only a fire to dress their dinner and a room in which to eat it. 'In neither of these had they any reason to apprehend a disappointment, our dinner consisting only of beans and bacon; and the worst apartment in his Majesty's dominions, either at home or abroad, being fully sufficient to answer our present ideas of delicacy.'

A double disappointment here followed—the landlady was so anxious to clean her house that she had no time to cook their modest dinner for her guests, 'and forgetting her pot, took to washing her house.' As soon as they arrived Fielding had ordered Mrs. Francis (that was the name of the mistress of the lodging-house) 'to be called in order to give her instructions about the venison, in particular, what I would have roasted and what baked.' The other disappointment was that the floor of bricks was in such a damp condition that it struck a chill to the limbs of the valetudinarian. His careful wife had, however, provided against this danger. 'She had found, though not under the same roof, a very snug apartment belonging to Mr. Francis, and which had escaped the mop by his wife being satisfied it could not possibly be visited by gentle folks. This was a dry, warm, oaken-floored barn, lined on both sides with wheaten straw, and openings at one end with a green field and a beautiful prospect. Here, without hesitation, she ordered the cloth to be laid and came hastily to snatch me from worse perils by water than the common dangers of the sea.'

In this comfortable room Fielding's footman laid the cloth, and seated at last 'in one of the most pleasant spots, I believe, in the kingdom, and were regaled with our beans and bacon.' This finished, they looked forward to a second course. 'This was a joint of mutton, which Mrs. Francis had been ordered to provide; but when, tired with expectation, we ordered our servants *to see for something else*, we were informed that there was nothing else, on which Mrs. Francis being summoned declared there was no such thing as mutton in Ryde. When I expressed some astonishment at their having no butcher in a village so situated, she answered they had a very good one, and one that killed all sorts of meat in season, beef two or three times a year and mutton the whole year round, but that it being then peas and beans time he killed no meat by reason he was not sure of selling it. This she had not thought worthy of communication, any more than that there lived a fisherman next door, who was then provided with plenty of soles, whitings, and lobsters, far superior to those which adorn a city feast. This discovery being made by accident, we completed the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal with more appetite, more real solid luxury, and more festivity than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's.'

Very praiseworthy was the good-humour of this ill-fated searcher after health, but so manifold and distressing were the privations which he endured under the roof of this Ryde lodging-house mistress during his stay that even Fielding dips his pen in gall when describing both the bodily appearance and the moral qualities of Mrs. Francis and her henpecked spouse. Her disagreeable manners seem to have coloured all the great novelist's impressions of the people of this Island. 'Certain it is,' he adds, 'that this Isle of Wight was not an early convert to Christianity, and there is some reason to doubt whether it was ever entirely converted.' This absence of the gentler spirit of the Gospel of Christ was not owing to the want of a church, for Fielding goes on to say that on Sunday 'our ladies went to church, more, I fear, from curiosity than religion; they were attended by the captain in a most military attire with his cockade in his hat and his sword by his side. So unusual an appearance in this little chapel drew the attention of all present, and probably disconcerted the women, who were in dishabille and wished themselves dressed for the sake of the curate, who was the greatest of their beholders.' At last a favourable wind arose and the unfortunate invalid made his preparations for leaving the place where, as he complains, he 'had been so ill-treated.' There was the usual wrangle over the bill, in which Fielding, throwing down half a guinea more than what was really due, put an end to the dispute. 'Mrs. Francis soon left the room, and we soon after left the house; nor would the good woman see us or wish us a good voyage.'

Though so scurvily dealt with, the amiable justice of the peace has a good word for Ryde, which, 'though it wants the advantage of that beautiful river which leads from Newport to Cowes,' is in his judgement 'the most delightful and most pleasant spot in the whole Island.' This encomium it owes to the prospect it has of the men-of-war at Spithead, for, as he says, 'a fleet of ships is, in my opinion, the noblest object which the art of man has ever produced, and far beyond the power of those architects who deal in bricks, or in stone, or in marble.'

Our space forbids us to follow this much-enduring seeker after health in the remainder of his wanderings. Fielding's journal is deficient in dates soon after he left Ryde. so that it is somewhat difficult to tell how many days they expended after leaving the English coast at Torbay in getting to Lisbon. But we know at all events that from the day when the sick man went on board the ship till the ship anchored at Torbay a period of thirty days elapsed. Not long after his landing in Lisbon Henry Fielding died there in October, 1754, at the age of forty-seven, leaving a wife and four children. He points a moral for those who are bidden to go far a-field in search of health. It may be well enough for those who have money, fairly good health, and leisure, to migrate like the swallows and so avoid the rigours of an English winter by a short sojourn in summer climes. But it is better for those who are straitened in their means, when age or disease has enfeebled their bodily frames, quietly to stay at home, calmly awaiting the will of Him in whose hands are the issues of health and sickness, life and death.

Horace Walpole with his usual mixture of fastidiousness and malice has given a very unfavourable picture of Fielding's habits and tastes. The narrative of the *Voyage to Lisbon* proves that Walpole's well-known story is a distortion of the truth. Mr. Austin Dobson, in his admirable sketch of Fielding in *The English Men of Letters*, remarks 'upon the mingling of humour and dignity which is Fielding's chief characteristic.' This feature in the style of Fielding is clearly seen in the *Voyage to Lisbon*, where he employs banter, and even droll farce, without giving way to it or lowering his own classic diction. Never was the advice of

Polonius, 'Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar,' better adhered to than in Fielding's last work. With true poetic feeling Professor Morley says of it, 'he wrote this book that it might speak after he was dead, and plead for the family from which he knew he was soon to be taken.' We miss indeed in it the aspirations of the devout Christian with the prospect of the valley of the shadow of death before him. It was written in a stoic spirit, under pathetic circumstances, when perhaps he was himself hardly aware that he was at death's door. It bears no analogy to Addison's touching dedication of his works to Craggs, written near the end of his last illness. The language of Christian hope would have been incongruous with the literary standpoint of the *Voyage to Lisbon.* But the silence as to his expectations respecting the life beyond the grave, which Fielding observed when addressing the general public, may have been broken in his interviews with his tearful wife and daughter, when at Lisbon he was awaiting that message from the Great King which bade him set his house in order. Silence, too, be it recollected, does not always denote dull, thoughtless indifference respecting the solemn realities of human existence beyond the grave. Some of the best Christians have been silent at the hour of death, or if they did speak, their utterances have been so incoherent and unmeaning that it required an exercise of imagination to attach to them any meaning.

To one who was anticipating from Whitfield a special testimony for Christ which should be borne on his death-bed the great preacher replied, 'I shall die silent,' and so it came to pass. Fielding was a thoughtful man. In the concluding pages of his *Voyage to Lisbon*, as he sat watching on deck the slow progress which the vessel made against the winds and waves, he records his impressions. 'I could not help reflecting how often the greatest abilities lie wind-bound, as it were, in life, or if they attempt to venture out and beat the seas, they struggle in vain against wind and tide, and if they have not sufficient prudence to keep back are most probably cast away on the rocks and quicksands, which are every day ready to devour them.'

We have here the language of the self-confessional, and can catch the echo of the underlying thoughts of one who, like poor Fielding, had to bear the pains and penalties of early days spent in dissipation and riotous living.

Fielding was a man of genius, and had that great capacity for enjoyment which often accompanies genius, and is, as Sir Henry Taylor says, 'perhaps the greatest of all trials to the moral and spiritual heart.'

January 26, 1889.

HANS STANLEY, ESQ., GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1764–1780.

I.

Sir Richard Worsley (*Hist. I. W.* pp. 144, 145) gives a very meagre account of his immediate predecessor in the government of the Isle of Wight—Mr. Hans Stanley. The guide-books, following in the wake of Worsley, merely copy their leader. He deserves however more notice than he has hitherto received. Mr. Carlyle (*Frederick the Great*, vol. vi. p. 204) dismisses him with the following faint praise: 'Each country has its envoy; the Sieur de Bussy, known here of old, is Choiseul's, whom Pitt is on his guard against; Mr. Hans Stanley, a lively, clear-sighted person, of whom I could never hear elsewhere, is Pitt's at Paris.'

I have endeavoured to find out something more about this 'lively, clear-sighted person,' than was discovered by the biographer of Frederick of Prussia, and have been much helped in my search by Colonel Browne, V. C., of Pitt Place House, Mottistone, I. W., who is connected with the Sloane-Stanley family through his great grandmother, Lady Hughes, daughter of William Sloane, Esq., of South Stoneham, Hants, and wife of Sir Richard Hughes, Bart., a distinguished naval officer, who was second in command under Lord Howe in the memorable Relief of Gibraltar. Not only have I learnt many particulars from Col. Browne, I am also much indebted to the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, who was kind enough to clear up some difficulties by the researches which he made in the Bodleian Library; as well as to H. D. Cole, Esq., of Winchester, who has investigated the pedigree of the family of the Sloane-Stanley family, and that of the Sloanes of South Stoneham. It appears that the Stanleys of Paultons near Romsey, were of a very ancient stock. Camden says that they were of consequence before the Conquest, and have always held a prominent place in history. Many of the family are buried in the Cathedral of Winchester so far back as 1662. Considerable property was brought into the Stanley family by the marriage of George Stanley of Paultons with Sarah, daughter and co-heir of Sir Hans Sloane, M.D. Sir Hans Sloane, of whom an account will be found in any ordinary biographical dictionary, was born in county Down, April 16, 1660. Though a native of Ireland he was of Scotch extraction; his father, Alexander Sloane, having been head of a colony of Scots whom James I settled in Ulster. Sir Hans Sloane died in January, 1753, in the ninety-third year of his age. Besides Sarah, who married George Stanley, he left another daughter, Elizabeth, married to the second Baron Cadogan, through which alliance the valuable manor of Chelsea, in Middlesex, was vested in the Cadogans (see Faulkner's *History of Chelsea*).

Hans Stanley, who was twice Governor of the Isle of Wight and Captain of Carisbrooke Castle, was the second son of George Stanley by his marriage with Sarah Sloane, and is not to be confounded with the Hans Sloane of South Stoneham who was member for Newport, I. W., in the Parliaments of 1768 and 1774. None of my informants are able to tell me when the Stanleys of Paultons adopted the added name of Sloane, and the pedigree of the family, as given in Burke's *County Gentry*, throws no light on this subject, as it does not go further back, so I am told, than the grandfather of the present head of the family.

An epitaph in Holyrood Church, Southampton, from the pen of the poet Thomson commemorates the early death, at the age of eighteen, in the year 1733, of Elizabeth, daughter of George and Sarah Stanley, and granddaughter of Sir Hans Sloane. The same poet refers to her death in *The Seasons*, Summer, 565–584. Mr. Sylvester Davies, in his *History of Southampton*, p. 206, states that Hans Stanley, Esq., of Paultons, was M.P. for Southampton from 1754 till 1780, and that John Fuller, who succeeded him on his death in January, 1780, was re-elected in October, the same year, at the general election along with Hans Sloane of South Stoneham, who, no doubt, is the same man who had been for two Parliaments member for Newport, I. W. Hans Sloane was not re-elected for Southampton at the election in 1784, and vanishes out of sight henceforth.

Out of these bare facts and puzzles as to the connexion between the Sloane-Stanleys of Paultons and the Sloanes of South Stoneham, along with the help which the general history of his time throws upon his career, an imperfect sketch of Hans Stanley as a public man can be drawn. He comes upon the scene at a remarkable period in English history. With the middle of the eighteenth century 'modern England,' to use the phrase of Mr. Green, begins. 'New forces, new cravings, new aims, which had hitherto been silently slumbering under the crust of inaction, burst suddenly into view.' The importance of the House of Commons was now constantly on the increase; the leader in that House was usually Prime Minister. In 1754 Henry Pelham died suddenly. Within a week of Pelham's death it was determined that his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, that strange and contemptible old intriguer, should be placed at the head of the Treasury. Who was to manage the House of Commons? After some offers made in vain to Henry Fox, the management of the House of Commons was confided to a dull, harmless man, Sir Thomas Robinson. 'Sir Thomas Robinson lead us!' said the elder Pitt to Henry Fox, 'the Duke might as well send his jack-boot to lead us.' The elections of 1754, when Hans Stanley was first returned for Southampton, were favourable to the administration. It was the serious conviction of the English people that the man who was to lead them must in his heart despise dishonesty and corruption. Such a man was the elder Pitt—the 'Great Commoner.' Though mixed up at first in the discreditable politics of the Prince of Wales, he deserved the reputation he had gained. Pitt stood a head and shoulders above all his contemporaries. This superiority has been recognized by historians of the most dissimilar tempers. He believed that there was something besides mere greediness after place and power in the House of Commons and in the electorate generally; he spoke to a heart in these, and one came forth in answer to his speech. There was that in those very men whose price Walpole knew which was not willing to sell itself and which confessed a higher standard than that of the largest bribe. The statesman who acted as if there was could command a sympathy which Walpole had not been able to procure. And because he knew a good man and could frown upon a bad man, Pitt was able to administer the affairs of a nation in the midst of a war, which involved four continents, as Walpole with all his skill had not been able to administer them in the midst of peace. No leader ever had a wider popularity than 'the Great Commoner,' as he was styled, but his popularity was not that of one who seeks it. He never stooped to flatter popular prejudice. When mobs were roaring themselves hoarse for 'Wilkes and Liberty,' he denounced Wilkes as a worthless profligate. He vindicated the dignity of the House of Commons by treating it as an assembly of gentlemen. But he never had recourse to the arts by which they who pride themselves on being 'parliamentary hands' form a political party: at the height of his power his personal following hardly numbered half a dozen members. Hans Stanley attached himself in the House of Commons to the party which acknowledged Pitt as their head. The first disaster of the war drove Newcastle from office, and in November, 1756, Pitt became Secretary of State; but in four months he was forced to resign, and Newcastle was reappointed. In July, 1757, however it was necessary to recall him. The failure of Newcastle's administration forced the Duke to a junction with his rival. The combination of the two was not difficult. Newcastle, who knew the price of every member, and the intrigues of every borough, and who cared only for the distribution of patronage and the work of corruption, took the Treasury. Pitt was Secretary of State, with the lead of the House of Commons and with the supreme direction of war and of foreign affairs. 'Mr. Pitt does everything,' Horace Walpole wrote; 'the Duke gives everything. So long as they agree in this partition, they may do what they please.' In 1761, when Bussy came to England as envoy from the Court of France to negotiate peace, Hans Stanley was dispatched to Paris by Pitt, who was bent on rejecting the French proposals for peace. So confidential a mission proves that Pitt had formed a high opinion of Stanley's capacity and probity.

September 14, 1889.

II.

It was an education for the rising diplomatist to be in the secrets of Pitt's policy abroad. Pitt communicated something of his own grandeur to the men who served him. 'No man,' said a soldier of the time, 'entered Mr. Pitt's closet who did not feel himself braver when he came out than when he went in.' After the fall of Pitt the Bute administration followed, to be succeeded by that of George Grenville, Pitt's brother-in-law. In this Government Stanley was one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and was in 1764 appointed Governor of the Isle of Wight. From this office he was removed in 1766, in consequence of the change of Government when the Grafton and Townshend motley Administration was formed by Lord Chatham, and described by Burke as 'an inlaid cabinet or tesselated pavement, with here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, King's friends and Republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies.' In the same year Stanley was dispatched to the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg to cement an alliance against the House of Bourbon and what was then called the 'Family Compact.' At Berlin he met with a cold reception from the Great Frederick, who since Bute's withdrawal from the war had hated England heartily.

During the first twenty years that followed the accession of George III till his own death in 1780 Mr. Hans Stanley kept himself well in the front, amid all the ministerial changes, Court plots, and family intrigues of that period. Southampton was faithful to him, and enabled him to have the influence which a vote in the House of Commons secures to its possessor. He was made a Privy Councillor, and held the lucrative office of Cofferer of His Majesty's Household—an office now abolished. What his duties were may be found in Burke's great speech on economical reform, where he says, 'the Cofferer and Treasurer of the Chamber receive and pay great sums, which it is not at all necessary they should receive or pay.' The household of Stanley's royal master, 'King George,' was, as Mr. Thackeray says, 'a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early, it was kindly, it was charitable, it was frugal, it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate.' So far as the King's personal expenditure came under the supervision of the Cofferer, Stanley was not under the necessity of exercising much vigilance.

In 1768 Mr. Stanley took a prominent part in the struggle with our American colonies after the repeal of the Stamp Act. Parliament assembled on November 8 in that year, the Duke of Grafton remaining reluctantly at the head of an unpopular Ministry. The speech from the Throne referred to fresh troubles in America, and denounced in strong terms the 'rebellious spirit' which prevailed in Massachusetts Bay. The address to the Crown was moved by Lord Henley, the son of Lord Northington, and seconded by Mr. Hans Stanley. An extract from this speech will be found in the *Pictorial History of England*, vol. v. p. 66. There is nothing striking in it, except that the language of the speaker about the 'insolent town of Boston' sounds strange in one who had been Pitt's trusted agent, and who would be acquainted with his leader's views on that burning subject. On the retirement of the Duke of Grafton Lord North became the head of the Ministry. North was the mere mouthpiece of the King. George III reserved for himself all the patronage, he arranged the whole cast of the Administration, settled the relative place and pretensions of Ministers of State, law officers, and members of the household. A place was to be found for the Cofferer of the Royal Household. The Duke of Bolton had to give up the office of Governor of the Isle of Wight. The Right Honourable Hans Stanley once more resumed the place which he had vacated before. In order that he might not be again dispossessed of the Captainship of Carisbrooke Castle, it was by a new grant in 1774 confirmed to him for life. He enjoyed the high honour and emoluments of this appointment till his death in January, 1780. It appears from the *Annual Register* that besides his office as Cofferer of the Household he was F.R.S. and Treasurer of the British Museum. This latter office he held, no doubt, from his being a representative of Sir Hans Sloane, who may fairly be called the founder of that noble institution.

A thatched cottage, which stood upon the site now occupied by Steephill Castle, near Ventnor, was built by Mr. Stanley in 1770 for his summer residence. He also purchased land in the Island, and the Sloane-Stanley family are still the possessors of Limerstone, the site of a very ancient manor (where was a chapel of the Holy Ghost, served by three priests), and also Shalcombe, the spot on which Arvald, the Jutish King of the Isle of Wight, with his eldest son fell in battle with Cædwalla.

It is worthy of remark that when Mr. Hans Stanley was Governor of the Island, and down almost to our own time, the Isle of Wight had far greater political influence in the Councils of the Imperial Parliament than it has now, when its population has so much increased and the number of the members of the House of Commons is so much larger. Up to the time of the first Reform Bill the Isle of Wight returned six members—two for Newport, two for Newtown, two for Yarmouth. Now it has only one representative in the House of Commons. In all these three boroughs of Newport, Newtown, and Yarmouth, the Governor of the Island exercised a very considerable influence in the choice of their members. Hence arose the great importance to the Ministry in office of securing a Governor of the Island who would forward the claims of the ministerial candidates in the different constituencies in the Isle of Wight with its six-men voting power.

In looking back at the political history and the electioneering squabbles of the Isle of Wight during the first twenty years of the reign of George III it is difficult to convince ourselves that there was any principle at stake on either side, and to refrain from supposing that it was merely a struggle between place-hunters and place-holders. The notion, however plausible, must not be altogether adopted, or we shall begin merely to despise a past age for tempers and habits which may not be worse than our own. The examples of such statesmen as Chatham, the patron of Hans Stanley, and Edmund Burke, are proofs that the disparaging language which some writers use in reference to this period, though apparently justified, does not express the whole truth. There were convictions, real and deep convictions, beneath the hollow surface. In the absence of any information to the contrary we may fairly assume that Hans Stanley, the trusted agent of the elder Pitt, who turned away with scorn from the corruption which was too often the engine of politics, was himself as diplomatist, courtier, and politician an honest, upright man, who endeavoured to do his duty both to his sovereign and his country.

September 21, 1889.

III.

Through the kindness of the Rev. George Sloane-Stanley of Roche Court, Fareham, Hampshire, son of the late Mr. William Sloane-Stanley of Paultons, who in 1806 married Lady Gertrude Howard, daughter of Frederick, sixth Earl of Carlisle, I am enabled to state how it was the Sloanes of South Stoneham, co. Hants, took the name of Stanley and inherited Paultons and the Isle of Wight property. The Right Hon. Hans Stanley, Governor of the Isle of Wight, died unmarried, and his property went to his two sisters, Lady Mendip, who lived for some time at Paultons, and Mrs. Doyley. On Lady Mendip's death Paultons came to Mrs. Doyley, who, being an old lady ninety years of age or more and childless, made over the property to Hans Sloane, Esq., who was M.P. for Newport, I. W., in the Parliaments of 1768 and 1774, and after the death of Hans Stanley, in 1780, was elected M.P. for Southampton, but not re-elected in the Parliament of 1784. On the death of Mrs. Doyley this Mr. Hans Sloane, who was also colonel of the Hampshire Militia, became *de facto* and *de jure* possessor of Paultons and the Isle of Wight property, and took the name of Stanley in addition to his own former name.

His son, Mr. William Sloane-Stanley, who married into the family of the Earl of Carlisle, died April 6, 1860, his widow, Lady Gertrude, surviving him till March 20, 1870. He was for a short time an officer in the 10th Hussars, and was at one time member for Oxford, and subsequently for Stockbridge, just before that borough was disfranchised by the first Reform Bill.

Elizabeth Stanley, daughter of George Stanley of Paultons by his marriage with Sarah, daughter and co-heir of Sir Hans Sloane, M.D., who died at the age of eighteen, and whose name is commemorated by the poet Thomson, in *The Seasons*, and in the epitaph in Holyrood Church, Southampton, was the sister of the Governor of the Isle of Wight, Lady Mendip, and Mrs. Doyley. A manuscript life of this young lady, written by her mother, is still in the possession of the family.

PS.—In a former letter it was stated, on the authority of Faulkner's *History of Chelsea*, that the valuable manor of Chelsea in Middlesex became vested in the Cadogan family by the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir Hans Sloane, M.D., with the second Baron Cadogan. This statement should be so far corrected that though the most valuable portion of Sir Hans Sloane's estate, nearest to Belgrave Square, Sloane Street, &c., is the property of Lord Cadogan, the other half of the manor, near Old Chelsea Church, came to, and is still in the possession of, the Sloane-Stanley family.

September 28, 1889.

INOCULATION IN THE ISLE OE WIGHT,

A.D. 1767.

My friend and parishioner, Miss Gibbs of Bowcombe, has in her possession a copy of the *Salisbury Journal*, Monday, June 22, 1767, from which that gentlewoman has with her usual kindness permitted me to offer in these pages the following extracts, which I thought would be of interest to many of my readers, especially those belonging to the medical profession, and others who pay attention to sanitary matters.

Although the practice of inoculation for the small-pox had been introduced into this country for more than forty years before the publication of this old county paper, it was but slowly adopted among us, as these extracts go to show. The first is an advertisement which will be given word for word:—

'Isle of Wight (Inoculation).—L. Williams, many years Surgeon to His Majesty's Military Hospitals abroad, inoculates after his peculiar (short) method, viz. without any preparation beforehand, and without impairing the constitution in any respect.

'We, the underwritten, on the fullest examination, and after maturest consideration, do approve of Mr. Williams' method, and have therefore agreed to act in conjunction with him.—Richard Cowlam, James Jolliffe, Edward Ovrill Cowlam, Surgeons.—Newport, June 4, 1767.'

I am glad to note that both the medical men of Newport and the authorities seem to have been in advance of their neighbours over the water at Southampton, for in another column appears this advertisement:—

'Southampton.—This is to acquaint the public that the advertisement of Dr. Smith's having taken a house in Southampton to inoculate is entirely false, as the Mayor and Justices are determined to prosecute any person that shall take a house for that purpose within the liberties of the town, it being entirely clear of that distemper.'

This latter advertisement was evidently occasioned by a notification of a certain Joseph Sutton, who certifies that he has fully instructed Dr. Smith of Horsham, in Sussex, in his secret method of inoculating the small-pox. The same Dr. Smith seems to have had a roving commission to take 'houses in different parts of the county of Southampton, and neighbourhood of Salisbury, for the reception of patients.'

A footnote to this circular is worthy of being mentioned as showing the scale of remuneration.

'N.B.—The prices agreeable to the patients' circumstances. Common servants (if not less than ten in number), if they provide themselves a house and necessaries within ten or twelve miles of Winchester, may be inoculated at two guineas each. Parish poor in small numbers very reasonable, if greater, much more so.'

The fee for inoculation appears large, but another extract from this *Salisbury Journal* proves the gratitude of patients. 'They write,' a correspondent says from Charles Town, South Carolina, 'that upwards of 900 Creek and Cherokee Indians had lately been inoculated for the small-pox in their own country by a physician of that place, and that in return they had presented him with such quantities of furs, beavers, and deer skins as in Europe would have amounted to some thousands of pounds.'

Even this favoured island was not free from that loathsome disease—the small-pox. In the old Carisbrooke Burial Registers there are frequent entries, proving the ravages which it made; for instance, in the year 1755 out of thirteen deaths seven are assigned to small-pox.

These extracts, and the fact that in one year in the parish of Carisbrooke more than half the burials were attributed to small-pox, have a bearing upon the popular outcry against vaccination.

December 13, 1884.

SANDOWN AND JOHN WILKES.

One of the charms of the Isle of Wight consists in the circumstance that within its contracted compass are found towns and villages both old and new. In the very heart of the Island is the historic village of Carisbrooke, the former capital of the Island, with its written annals going so far back as the Venerable Bede and the Saxon Chronicle, where its name is mentioned A.D. 530, and with its unwritten evidence of the more ancient occupation of the Romans stamped upon its still existing well-preserved 'villa.' At the back of the Island is the new, bright, cheerful watering-place of Sandown. Rarely have we the opportunity of seeing the birth of a town; a town may extend in length, or breadth, or it may become the recipient of new municipal or electoral privileges, but there are few cases where we can assert that people still living saw the town start into being. Such is the case of Sandown. Canon Venables, in his *Guide*, p. 161, has observed, 'If the tourist examines the "Ordnance Map" (dated 1810) he will observe no such place as "Sandown" marked upon it. "Sandham Fort," "Sandham Cottage" (Wilkes's Villakin), and the barracks, are the only buildings indicated, while the site of the present town appears under the designation of "Royal Heath," then a common, as rough and uncultivated as "Pan Common" is now, overgrown with gorse, and feeding a few sheep on its scanty herbage.' Even so lately as the date of Mr. James Thorne's publication (*The Land we Live in*, vol. ii. p. 264) Sandown is described as a 'little village, in which a neat church has been recently erected.' 'A few fishermen's huts,' adds Thorne, 'and humble cottages are dropped here and there along the cliffs, and two or three boats may generally be seen hauled on the beach. In the early morning, when the cliffs lie in deep shadow, or about sunset, when their sombre tints deepen into a richer hue, while two or three shrimpers are plying their craft, or a way-farer is wending along the sands to or from his day's labour, the scene has a quiet beauty that reminds one of the charming pictures which Collins used to paint so delightfully; not a few indeed of his paintings were taken from sketches made in this neighbourhood.' All this has changed since the time when Collins painted his earlier pictures (1814–1836), and Sandown takes its place, if not with Newport and Ryde, yet with Cowes, Ventnor, and Shanklin, with its governing board and powers of self-taxation for local purposes.

John Wilkes, of "'45' notoriety, has been called the 'discoverer' of this place. I have a faint kind of personal interest in that disreputable political adventurer, since I remember my father saying, that when Wilkes was colonel of the Buckinghamshire Militia, and member for Aylesbury, my great grandfather was one of Wilkes's most stanch supporters, and that my grandmother, when a little girl, had often been seated on his knee, not terrified by the ugly face of that demagogue, which, with its frightful squint and hideous leer, William Hogarth has stamped, as it were upon adamant, in his well-known portrait of Wilkes sitting in a chair with the cap of liberty on a pole. Wilkes and the Wilkite riots take up many pages in the dreary history of the middle of the eighteenth century, filled up with the factious struggles between place-holders and place-hunters. Worthless in himself, pert, yet feeble as a Parliamentary speaker, he was permitted by Providence to appear and flourish for a season, in order that certain political principles of great worth and importance should be developed and grounded in the British constitution. Neither his character nor his abilities would have raised him to political eminence, but the illegal and impolitic measures of his opponents made him the popular idol. The most creditable part of his career was connected with his residence in the Isle of Wight during his latter years. The earlier and unsavoury history of his public life, except so far as it points a moral, may be dismissed in a few words.

His father, a wealthy distiller, with strong Puritan leanings, gave him a liberal education; as a Nonconformist, he would not send his son to Oxford or Cambridge, but allowed him to study at the Dutch University of Leyden. Like another Buckingham member of Parliament, Thomas Wharton, son of Philip Lord Wharton (Macaulay, *Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 456), John Wilkes, when emancipated from the precision of his home, became a thorough-paced profligate. His associates were dissipated men of fashion about town, 'dull dogs after all,' so Wilkes was at a later period accustomed to say of them, audacious without any imagination, and licentious without any wit. 'His expensive debaucheries forced him to have recourse to the Jews. He was soon a ruined man, and determined to try his chance in Parliament' (Macaulay's *Essays*, vol. iii. p. 493). He was more successful with his newspaper, the *North Briton*, which he undertook in opposition to *The Briton*, a paper written in defence of Lord Bute's administration. As a newspaper writer Wilkes made a better figure than as a speaker. Forty-four numbers of his weekly paper had been published when Bute resigned. When the forty-fifth number came out George Grenville, the brother-in-law of the elder Pitt, was at the head of affairs. By the order of that minister Wilkes was arrested under a general warrant and conveyed to the Tower. His arrest was pronounced unlawful by the Court of Common Pleas, in which Chief Justice Pratt (afterwards Lord Camden) presided. In that famous judgement general warrants were declared to be 'unconstitutional, illegal, and absolutely void.' Some years later, when the Duke of Grafton was Prime Minister, Wilkes became still more popular, as the subject of a struggle between the House of Commons and the freeholders of Middlesex. The House of Commons, which had lost much of the greatness that had belonged to it in the former century, in a spirit of masterful feebleness, had by a stretch of power resolved that Wilkes, who had been expelled from the House for republishing No. 45 of the *North Briton* and also for printing an obscene poem, was 'incapable of being re-elected into that Parliament.' As Macaulay has pointed out, the earlier generation of the popular party would have thought it a splendid triumph of the cause of liberty that the King and the Lords should resign to the Lower House a portion of the legislative power, and allow it to incapacitate without their consent. But the wind of popular sympathy had veered to another quarter. The freeholders of Middlesex maintained their right to choose as Knight of the Shire whom they would against the decision of the Lower House. By convicting him of immorality the opponents of Wilkes had hoped to lower the enthusiasm of the people in his favour. Happily in England private immorality in a public man has always stood in the way of his attaining general popularity. To many moral and religious men Wilkes' unprincipled conduct seemed venial when compared with the hypocritical animosity of his political adversaries, such as Lord Sandwich, one of those boon companions for whose degraded private delectation Wilkes had composed his loose poem. 'Junius' with his *Letters* entered the field, and was followed in the wordy combat by less vigorous writers. At last Burke, the most high-minded and philosophic statesman of those days, laid bare with his usual sagacity and wisdom the real point at issue between the House of Commons and their constituents in his pamphlet, *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*, the most carefully finished if not the most eloquent of Burke's political writings. The House of Commons succumbed; Wilkes was again elected for Middlesex, and continued to be a member of Parliament for many years. The popularity which had been manifested in every form of art, from the medal to the village inn's signboard, declined. To use his own words, he was 'a fire burnt out,' but the emoluments of the lucrative office of Chamberlain of the City of London, to which he was elected in 1779, were an ample compensation for the huzzahs of the mob.

In 1778, when the volcano was nearly extinct, the old demagogue, sated with pleasure and popularity, settled on the 'Royal Heath' of Sandham Fort, and there built what he called in his letters his 'Villakin.' In an exceedingly well-written article, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for, I think, the second or third quarter of 1874, we are told 'Wilkes's letters to his daughter are full of amusing descriptions of the place, and his neighbours, his difficulty in obtaining provisions, his love for the feathered tribes, the kindness of the gentry of the vicinity in supplying his wants, his visits to them and theirs to him.' One Sunday, he tells his 'Dear Polly,' going over to church at Shanklin, he met Garrick and his charming wife, who took him back with them to Mr. Fitzmaurice's seat at Knighton, at which they were staying. Here he found Sir Richard Worsley and some of his

Neapolitan acquaintance. Sir Richard engaged him to visit him at Appuldurcombe on the Monday, 'where he entertained the whole Knighton set at a grand breakfast, Mrs. Garrick, as usual, the most captivating of the whole circle.' It is said that in his grounds was a Doric column, dedicated to his profligate friend the poet Churchill, the base of which by a sly sarcasm contained a small stock of choice old port. A far older periodical, *The Isle of Wight Magazine* for 1799, has two articles entitled 'Memoirs of John Wilkes,' which supply further particulars of his manner of life. His hours were regular, he rose early for the purpose of what had never before been his practice, 'worshipping the rising Sun.' Acting upon the aesthetic canons of taste which were accepted by our grandfathers Wilkes erected pavilions of the Knightsbridge floor-cloth manufactory in the most advantageous points of view. He possessed the happy talent, by no means common to men in the decline of life—he had always the appearance of being pleased with himself. The hours he spent in his study, which he suffered no person to enter, were, by his own account, employed chiefly in the revisal and making additions to what he used to call 'the work,' which was meant for posthumous publication under the title of *The Life and Opinions of John Wilkes*. From this he would often read extracts to his more intimate friends, and to some of them he promised a place in his book. In his last visit to the Isle of Wight in the summer of 1797 he told a clergyman, his neighbour, that this labour of so many years, neatly bound in a great number of volumes, should be committed to the flames. With our recent experience of some modern autobiographies it can hardly be doubted that this piece of self-sacrifice in the conflagration of his posthumous memoirs has redounded to the credit of his memory.

From the fact that he made this confidential communication of his intention to a clerical neighbour we may infer that he had acquired a taste for more decorous society than the company of those with whom he was accustomed 'to drink and sing loose catches at one of the most dissolute clubs in London.' Among the associates of his younger days were clergymen who had voluntarily unfrocked themselves, such as John Horne Tooke and Charles Churchill, who, with his friend Wilkes, has been handed down to posterity by Hogarth's portraits of him as a Russian bear in full canonicals, holding a club and a pot of porter. Wilkes' acquaintance with John Horne Tooke appears to have begun in Paris, through the congenial medium of the irreverend Laurence Sterne, and was, by the subsequent quarrel between Tooke and himself, most fatal to Wilkes by its disclosures, that the patriot, who had insulted the king's mother, had commissioned Mr. Thomas Walpole as his go-between to procure a pension for him from the king of £1000 upon the Irish establishment, and had also clandestinely accepted large sums of money from the Rockingham administration. Wilkes' clerical friend in the Isle of Wight was no doubt of a very different stamp from these ex-clerical cronies and boon companions of those wild days before he had begun 'to live cleanly.' Wilkes indeed at his Isle of Wight 'villakin' had learned, to use Mr. Carlyle's phrase, 'to burn his own smoke, and diffused about him an influence of decorum and courtesy. He told his own stories over again, but he did not break jests upon the New Testament.' The taste shown by him in ornamenting his house and grounds was of a piece with the blue and scarlet and gold knee-bands with which he used to adorn his person. All was overdone and tawdry. These were harmless weaknesses in the bustling, hospitable, kindly old man.

The last time he crossed the Solent, in the summer of 1797, he had a long and tedious passage, owing to the failure of the wind; upon this he remarked that if this was the case again, he would not revisit the Isle of Wight, as nothing was so obnoxious to him throughout his life as a dead calm. The prediction came true; he returned no more to the Island, but died at the house of his daughter in Grosvenor Square, London, on the 28th of December of that same year at the age of seventy. By his last will Wilkes bequeathed the lease of his cottage together with its furniture to his illegitimate daughter, Harriet Wilkes. When Thorne wrote his account of the Isle of Wight, 'the cottage had been smartened, and was to let furnished'; but Canon Venables, writing in 1860, says 'that the cottage which first made Sandown famous has been lately swept away by the march of so-called improvement, regardless of the historical interest attaching to the spot.'

The cottage or 'villakin' has shared its owner's fate. Who thinks or knows anything now about the noisy politician of whom even good King George III could write to Lord Chatham: 'I will have nothing to do with that devil Wilkes'? Like most brilliant talkers, he was not able to bring his brilliancy into play upon paper. In all his published writings there is hardly anything either in matter or manner which rises above the merest commonplace, unless it be a character of Lord Chatham, some of the biting things in which are impregnated, so it is said, with rather a subtle venom; but, as Dr. Johnson has remarked of a far more polished and caustic writer, the author of the *Letters of Junius*, 'let not injudicious admiration mistake the venom of the shaft for the vigour of the bow.' Wilkes' private letters, of which two collections have been published, are dull—the most sparkling are those from the Isle of Wight. His speeches in Parliament, which he wrote beforehand and learnt by heart, show the same absence of liveliness. He had the ready wit which could say good things at the proper moment, but he wanted the staying power which is needed for any protracted exertion of intellect. The soil of his mind was as wanting in real fertility and productiveness as the 'Royal Heath,' where he built his 'villakin.'

October 10, 1885.

PROPOSAL OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT TO CEDE THE ISLE OF WIGHT TO FRANCE, A.D. 1782.

I.

Not long ago, under the heading of 'An Island Illustration,' were quoted some remarks made by the Marquis of Salisbury in a speech at Hatfield on the Irish question.

'If,' said the Marquis, 'the Isle of Wight—which honoured itself by returning my friend, Sir Richard Webster—were to declare for Home Rule, I suppose we might grant that Home Rule with the certain confidence that we could re-conquer the Isle of Wight. But would you on that account give the Isle of Wight over to a hostile power, which could introduce foreign and hostile forces, simply because you could fortify Portsmouth and re-conquer the Isle of Wight when the necessity arose?'

It is not to be supposed that the noble lord when making this speech had before his mind the fact that there had been once a proposal to give up the Isle of Wight to a hostile power, although, well-read as the Marquis of Salisbury is in the history of his country, he was probably acquainted with the circumstances recorded by Horace Walpole that in 1782 the Court of France was 'so elated by the capture of Lord Cornwallis's army, and the total desperation of the Royal cause in America, that France was so insolent as to demand cession of the Isle of Wight' (*Last Journals*, ii. p. 504).

As many of my readers may not have had their attention called to this curious circumstance mentioned by Walpole, it may be of some interest to enter into the particulars relating to it. Before his death in 1797 Walpole had prepared 'memoirs' of the last ten years of the reign of George II, and also of the first twelve years of the reign of George III, which first appeared in 4 vols. in 8vo in 1844, under the editorship of Sir Denis Le Marchant. Little reliance can be placed upon these 'memoirs' as an historical work, where the author's prejudices and political partialities have influenced his judgement. It does not however appear that Horace Walpole had any motive for imputing this insolent demand to the Government of Louis XVI without having any foundation for the story. If Walpole's evidence could be backed up by more official documents than his memoirs, we should feel greater confidence in this remarkable story. In none of the books to which I have access can I find any information of this startling statement, and it is partly with the hope that one among my readers may be able to supply the missing link that I venture to ask you to give it publicity in your columns.

To understand Walpole's statement about the proposed cession of the Isle of Wight to France, a short review of the general history of the period must be made. A series of terrible disasters began for England, when on July 4, 1776, the thirteen North American colonies declared themselves independent of Great Britain, under the name of the United States of America. The colonists were divided among themselves. My maternal grandfather, Jonathan Boucher, took the losing and the loyal side, and afterwards wrote *A View of the Causes and Consequences of the American Revolution*, which he dedicated to George Washington, with whom before the war he had been on terms of intimacy, and for whom, though they took different sides in the great struggle, he never ceased to feel a high personal respect. The war was conducted on the British side with no great vigour or skill. It was indeed pleasantly said by Lord North of the British Generals in America 'that he did not know whether they would frighten the enemy; but he was sure that they frightened him whenever he thought of them.' The sarcasm would have been quite as apposite if it had been applied by the general officers to the English Cabinet. After the surrender of the English General Burgoyne and his army, which had at Saratoga been surrounded by the American forces, France formed an alliance with the New States. Thenceforward, Great Britain was at war with France as well as with her own colonies. The elder Pitt, who had been raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Chatham, making thereby, according to Lord Chesterfield's joke, 'a fall upstairs,' had with others of the ablest men in both Houses of Parliament protested against the taxation of the colonies; but he could not bear the idea of seeing the British Empire dismembered by France, and to his last hour hoped that the American colonies would be retained as the choice ornaments of the British Crown. Though very ill, he insisted on going down to the House of Lords to speak against yielding to the joint demands of France and America, as many of those who were in opposition to Lord North's ministry had recommended at that crisis. In consequence of his growing infirmities Chatham had for some time absented himself from his place in Parliament. Politicians had begun to speak of the 'Great Commoner' as one dead. Pale, worn, and with his crutch in his hand, and his legs swathed in flannel, Chatham rose from his seat. His wig was so large, and his face so emaciated, that none of his features could be discerned, except the high curve of his nose, and the eyes with still a gleam of their old fire. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct, and his action animated. He lost the thread of his discourse, but in the end with much of the oratorical force of former days the dying man faltered out his broken sentences—'shreds of unconnected eloquence.' 'Shall a people,' he exclaimed, 'that seventeen years ago was the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, Take all we have, only give us peace? . . . . My lords, any state is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men!' The Duke of Richmond, who had given notice of an address to the Throne against the further prosecution of hostilities with America, replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but while he spoke, the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The Duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, and was so far restored as to be able to bear a journey to his country house, Hayes in Kent, where, after lingering for a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year, May 11, 1778.

France, which had for many years been brooding over the recollection of her defeats at Quebec, Minden, and the Moro, was joined by Spain in 1779. Spain had her grudges against England in the matter of the Rock of Gibraltar, and saw with exultation that her day of revenge was at hand. Holland also had practically joined the confederacy against England; and our Government, no longer keeping any terms with the Dutch, sent out Commodore Fielding with a squadron to intercept a Dutch fleet, said to be bound for the Mediterranean, but in reality chiefly destined for French ports, under the convoy of Count Beyland. On January 1, 1780, Fielding came up with these Dutchmen a little to the westward of the

Isle of Wight, when after some fighting Beyland struck his colours. This action off the Isle of Wight hurried on the project of the Northern Powers—Russia, Denmark, and Sweden—for limiting our naval power, by drawing up a maritime code for the benefit of all trading neutral nations, which is known by the name of the 'Armed Neutrality.' Among other maritime rights the English exercised that of seizing an enemy's property even when carried in neutral vessels; and their claim to visit and search merchant ships for such property, or contraband of war, was the cause of much irritation on the part of neutrals. The Northern powers contended that 'free bottoms make free goods,' that is that an enemy's goods cannot be seized in a neutral ship. The spirit which animated the 'Armed Neutrality' was encouraged by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, who, retaining his resentment against George III and his ministers, ordered his subjects to withdraw their money from the English funds, under the plea that a national bankruptcy was inevitable. The Emperor Joseph of Austria, who had suddenly acquired a great partiality for the French, also favoured the revolt of the colonists in America, whose military officers at the recommendation of Washington had, as a symbol of their union with France, joined on to the American cockade which was black the white cockade of France. If the great Frederick had been able to control the personal caprices of the Czarina of all the Russias—the Empress Catherine—there would have been a general war or crusade against England. England however was not yet so reduced as to permit the interference of any foreign power between her and her revolted colonists in America. Her declaration to this effect served as a pretext to the house of Bourbon for renewing its professions of friendship for the Americans, and giving them active support.

In this embarrassing state of public affairs the French made an attempt to pounce upon the Channel Islands. Baron de Rullecourt landed in Jersey with 700 men, took possession of St. Heliers, made the lieutenant-governor, Major Corbet, prisoner, and induced him to sign a capitulation. The British troops and Island Militia under Major Pierson next in command refused to recognize the capitulation, and, attacking the French, killed Rullecourt with the greater part of his army and obliged the rest to surrender. Thus ended the attempt on Jersey, which cost many brave men their lives, and Major Corbet his honour, for he was shortly afterwards brought before a court martial, and dismissed the service. The French achieved more success in their joint campaign with our own colonists in America. To adopt the words of 'Old Pierre,' as he sits and prates of old wars, in Mr. Thackeray's *Chronicle of the Drum*:

> 'In Chesapeake bay we were landed,
>   In vain strove the British to pass,
> Rochambeau our armies commanded,
>   Our ships they were led by De Grasse.
> Morbleu! how I rattled the drumsticks,
>   The day we march'd into York town,
> Ten thousand of beef-eating British
>   Their weapons we caused to lay down.'

The crowning disaster of the fatal policy which had brought England into this dangerous situation was the surrender of Earl Cornwallis and his army to the French and American forces at York Town in the Chesapeake Bay.

The official intelligence of Lord Cornwallis' surrender reached the Cabinet on Sunday, November 25, 1781, at noon. Lord North's firmness gave way for a short time under the terrible calamity. 'I asked Lord George Germaine afterwards,' says his friend Wraxall, 'how he took the communication.' 'As he would have taken a cannon-ball at his breast,' replied Lord George, 'for he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced up and down the apartment during a few minutes, "Oh, God, it's all over!" words which he repeated many times under emotions of the deepest consternation and distress.

The result was that in the House of Commons a motion was made that the House could no longer repose confidence in the present Ministers. Lord North anticipated the object of the intended motion by rising from his seat and saying that he could assure the House with authority that the administration was no more; that His Majesty had come to a full determination, and it was for the purpose of allowing time for full arrangements that he was going to move for an adjournment. It was said by one present that no painter could have done justice to the aspect of the House, where the emotions of exultation or regret were heightened by surprise. At first the Opposition seemed to hesitate and doubt, but after a little delay it was agreed that Lord Surrey's motion of no confidence should be dropped, and that the House should adjourn for five days. Lord North on entering the House had ordered his carriage to remain in waiting; but as all the other members had expected a long debate, having no notion of the sudden resignation, they had not ordered their equipages to be ready before midnight, and the housekeeper's room became excessively crowded by the gentlemen who preferred waiting for their carriages to walking away on foot. In the midst of the jabber and confusion Lord North's carriage drove up to the door, and as the heavy-bodied but light-minded premier prepared to get into it, he said to those who were left waiting, 'I protest, gentlemen, this is the first time in my life I ever derived any personal advantage from being in the secret.' And thus with a smile he quitted the House in which he had sat for twelve years as the supreme personage.

A new administration was formed under the Marquis of Rockingham, in which Charles James Fox became Foreign Secretary. Shortly before taking office, Fox had more than once insinuated in the Commons that he possessed the means of detaching the Dutch from the French; but when he came to try his powers, his overtures were received by the States-General with coldness, if not with contempt. They were elated by the recent misfortunes of England and the promises of French protection. A more mortifying circumstance still, which Fox had time to know before quitting office, was that the Americans, whose moderation and magnanimity he had so often applauded from the Opposition benches, met his overtures for pacification with a coldness even greater than that of the States-General. The predictions of Lord North were fulfilled; the Opposition had made the enemies of England bold and insolent by their speeches in Parliament, and the continental nations thought that England could and would no longer fight them. Fox found himself obliged to submit to the humiliation of courting the half-offered mediation of the Czarina Catherine and the Emperor Joseph, who literally insulted England, while pretending a desire to serve her. In the first place however Fox had dispatched Mr. Thomas Grenville to Paris to open in a private capacity a direct negotiation with the Court of France; and he also empowered Sir Robert Murray Keith to commence a negotiation under the auspices of the Emperor and the Czarina, instructing him at the same time to avoid making Vienna the real scene of the treaty. Though France was on the very verge of national bankruptcy, and Spain almost drained to her last dollar, they would not at present listen to the terms of Fox, for the first expected prodigies from their great fleet in the West Indies under Count de Grasse, and the Spaniards, after nearly four years' perseverance in the siege, fancied that Gibraltar must be theirs at last.

During these negotiations, when the cause of Great Britain seemed degraded to the lowest condition among the continental powers of Europe, it is possible that the proposal of ceding the Isle of Wight to France, referred to by Horace Walpole, may have occurred. After the death of Lord Rockingham Fox quitted office. Personal pique and animosities had, no doubt, some weight even in the generous nature of the brilliant Charles James Fox, whose bitterness was, it must be allowed, nearly all on his tongue when in the House of Commons; but there were other reasons for his retiring. He must have been cruelly mortified and discouraged by the disappointment of his splendid hopes in diplomacy, and by the insolent rejections of his overtures on the part of the French and American negotiators. Though he was not in all respects the model of what an English statesman should be, he was influenced by a sense of high principle, and would not sacrifice patriotism to party. There was something grand, as Mr. Thackeray admits, in the courage of George the Third. The King and the people of England held their own with indomitable spirit in that period of wars and revolutions. The history of that long reign remains to be told by some future Macaulay; it is one of which Englishmen need not be ashamed.

April 30, 1887.

II.

The foregoing letter attracted the attention of more than one historical student. The statement that France had in that time of great national distress, in 1782, demanded the cession of the Isle of Wight to her crown rested upon the authority of Horace Walpole. In the *Last Journals* of that lively and amusing writer, under the date of February 20, 1782, he states as follows: 'At this time, and indeed generally, secret negotiations were going on with France, probably with little intention on their side of concluding them. Now was that Court so elated by the capture of Lord Cornwallis's army, and the total desperation of the Royal cause in America, that France was so insolent as to demand cession of the Isle of Wight! I do not know that our Court had made them presume such a cession possible! it certainly was not artful, if they meant to keep the negotiation open.' Then again, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, dated January 23, 1783, Walpole tells him: 'Your great Mediterranean object is safe—Gibraltar . . . There are many, I believe, who . . . would have as easily relinquished the Isle of Wight, which French modesty once demanded.' A very friendly correspondent, writing from London, and very well versed in the history of this period, in kindly forwarding me these references has added some remarks of his own which throw light upon this obscure matter. 'It is, I think, not difficult to explain the French demand (if it were really made) notwithstanding its apparent extravagance. Throughout the rebellion agents of ours in Paris were sounding France as to the terms on which they would cease to continue their aid to the Americans. To these inquiries the French replied in fact by a refusal to treat. It is incredible that they should have seriously demanded a surrender to what our Government could not without the most abject humiliation submit, and which moreover would only have been embarrassing to the French themselves, unless they were intending to proceed forthwith to the conquest of the rest of England. Though the Isle of Wight is no fortress its position may have suggested to the French Government the form they adopted in refusing the negotiations at a moment when, in conjunction with Spain, they were strenuously endeavouring to eject us from Gibraltar. It is not hard to guess what the French really wanted, and why they should be unwilling to explain themselves. After Yorktown it was confidently expected that the English would be expelled from all their American possessions, insular and continental. The West India Islands would naturally fall to France, and she might well think it possible that if the war continued the course of events might enable here to replace herself in Canada. But this would only be if her American allies had no previous suspicion of her hankering in this direction. These anticipations were shattered by Rodney's unexpected victory later on. After this, and when it appeared that England had already signed or was about to sign preliminaries of peace with America, the French saw that there was no longer any hope of turning our troubles to account for the recovery of their lost colony, and they then *purchased* peace by the sacrifice of Dominica, an Island which was to France of really great importance. Perhaps the most surprising part of the matter is that Walpole should believe, as he evidently did, that the French were in earnest in such a demand.' Another great difficulty in this transaction has been pointed out to me by a second friend in conversation, that, had the French been in earnest, they would have asked for the cession of the Channel Islands —Guernsey and Jersey—rather than have demanded the Isle of Wight to be handed over to them. So much indeed did France covet these Islands, that in the first American War Jersey was thrice attacked by them; for the third and last time in December, 1780, when the French with 700 men took possession of St. Heliers, but were afterwards driven out by the British troops and Island Militia under Major Pierson, who himself fell in the beginning of the attack.

August 11, 1888.

HOW THE KING'S BIRTHDAY WAS KEPT IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1799.

The period which dates its commencement somewhere about 1785, and which came to its close, or to a new start, in 1815, is one of the most interesting in English history. An Isle of Wight magazine for 1799, just about the middle of that thirty years' day of tribulation and bloodshed, shows us how the Isle of Wight was affected by echoes of war and revolution in that eventful year.

Lord Bolton was then the Governor of the Island and constantly resided at Carisbrooke Castle. 'His lordship's recovery' (we learn from the magazine) 'from a deplorable state of health to that of convalescence and a new constitution has been effected from the natural and powerful causes which this situation affords.' The building of the barracks in Parkhurst Forest, which was commenced in September, 1798, was nearly completed. They were constructed to accommodate 3,000 men. The name of Albany Barracks was a compliment to that blundering general, the Duke of York and Albany.

Tuesday, June 4, 1799, was the King's birthday; he was then sixty-one years of age, and the good old man had for some time recovered from the first seizure of insanity in 1788. His eldest son, the Prince of Wales, was thirty-five, and had been married four years. Although the Prince of Wales and his brothers were little comfort to their father, his dearly loved youngest daughter was about sixteen, 'unthinking, wild, and young,' to use the language of her own plaintive verses, written afterwards in her sad chamber. And upon the whole, though troubled on many sides, the good old man's summer of 1799 may be reckoned among his few latter happier years. His people loved their King for his homely domestic qualities and many virtues, and we may be sure that on that Fourth of June, in Parkhurst Forest precincts, where they kept the royal birthday, the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, a loyal race, would raise many a shout of 'Long live King Jarge,' with an occasional variation into the more familiar title of 'Farmer Jarge,' by which he liked to be styled, intermingled with cheers for 'Queen Sharlett,' and the young 'Princes Neelzer.' Those were the days of high waists and muslin gowns. Unfortunately for the many gaily dressed ladies who came to grace this occasion, 'an extremely boisterous wind, which blew an uninterrupted gale from the south-west during the whole day, very materially interfered with the gratification which thousands of spectators however could not but feel on the occasion.' The spectacle which had brought them to Parkhurst was 'a very splendid review of all the forces, both regular, militia, and volunteers, to the amount of 7,500 men.' The battalions of foot in red coats with crossbelts, white kerseymere breeches, cloth gaiters, and cocked hats, just as we see them in pictures of that time (for it was not till 1800 that the cocked hat was exchanged for a cap with a shade and brass plate), the militia and the volunteers in their own uniforms and accoutrements, formed a somewhat striking scene; since actual war, war near at hand, gives reality to what in peaceful times is only looked upon as a holiday spectacle. 'A variety of military manœuvres were performed under the direction of General Don. It would be great injustice to the many respectable volunteers in this Island, amounting in number to near 3,000 men, not to give the tribute of distinguished praise to the accuracy with which they went through the exercises of the day. The review continued from twelve o'clock till four.'

We are not told what became of the sightseers generally, but the chronicler of the events of this day of festivity proceeds to say that it 'concluded in the several inns of Newport, marked by that unanimity, loyalty, and public spirit, which is distinguishly characteristic of the British character at these times, and shines nowhere more conspicuously than in this little Island. The officers of all the volunteer corps in the Island had an elegant dinner at the Green Dragon Inn, to which they invited Governor Lord Bolton, Major-General Don, and all the Field Officers belonging to every regiment in the Island. Nothing could exceed the harmony and pleasure of the evening; nor did they depart till a very late hour.'

No doubt, after partaking of wholesome roast and boiled, there was in 1799 much singing after dinner, along with drinking of toasts, and consumption of fermented liquor, and, let us hope, good honest harmless mirth, which served to lighten the burden of the tremendous war-taxation of that year.

April 4, 1885.

THE SUN-FISH OR MOLEBUT OF VENTNOR.

Hassell in his *Tour of the Isle of Wight* (vol. i. p. 221) says that when he was there in 1789 a curious creature, to which the fishermen gave the name of sun-fish, was sometimes taken in the sea off Steephill Cottage. A specimen was shown to Hassell. As he says, 'We could not help resembling it to a school-boy, who having worn his long hair for a considerable time dangling down his back has it on a sudden cropped close to his back.'

In my desire to know whether this interesting visitor still frequented the coast of the Isle of Wight, I wrote upon the subject to my friend the Rev. R. Nutt, of Ryde, who takes a keen interest both in the Flora and Fauna of this Island. Mr. Nutt forwarded my letter of inquiry to Mr. Mark W. Norman of Ventnor, from whom I have received the following interesting information about the sun-fish, from which it appears that since the days of Hassell this curiously-shaped fish has made itself somewhat scarce. In Dr. Martin's book on climate there is an appendix with a list of the fish caught off Ventnor, from which Mr. Norman sends me the following extract. Order *Plectognathi-orthogeriscus mola* (short sun-fish). 'A specimen of this animal was taken about a mile and a half at sea off Bonchurch, June 29, 1841. It was discovered swimming or lying on its side on the surface of the water, flapping its fins occasionally. It was hooked with a gaff and made great resistance, and took an hour to secure. Its length was 4 ft. 7 in., and it measured in depth 2 ft. 7 in. from the back to the belly; the distance between the extreme points of the dorsal and anal fins, was 6 ft. within an inch.' Mr. Norman adds that there are notices in some early books on the Island of the occurrence of this fish off our shores, and mentions that in the latter part of the summer of 1883 the fishermen caught a large specimen of this fish, and erecting a tent on the beach over their prize made a raree show of it. Mr. Norman refers for a good description of this fish to the late Mr. Frank Buckland's *Familiar History of British Fishes,* published by the S.P.C.K.

I may remark that the description of the attitude of this fish when in the water, which is given in Dr. Martin's account, corresponds with what is stated by Yarrell in his *British Fishes*, and other ichthyologists, who say of the sunfish, or molebut, that when observed in our seas they have generally appeared as though dead or dying, and floating along on one side, presenting the broad surface of the other side to view. This seems to be their natural position.

There is another species of this curious fish taken, though more rarely than the molebut, off the British coast. The latter species is called *Orthogeriscus oblongus.* The oblong sunfish, oblong tetrodon, truncated sunfish, is longer and larger than *O. mola.*

November 21, 1885.

A TRAVELLER'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT A CENTURY AGO.

John Wood, Esq., of the Cedars, Carisbrooke, has on his well-stocked bookshelves a *Tour of the Isle of Wight,* by J. Hassell, in two volumes, published in 1790 by the firm of T. Hookham in New Bond-street. By the kind permission of my friend and parishioner I am enabled to make some extracts from this narrative of Hassell's, which show how different the Isle of Wight was nearly a century ago from the Island with which we are familiar.

Hassell visited the Island in 1789, when England was flourishing in peace, and its national debt decreasing, before the minds and hearts of the people were moved to and fro by the echoes of the French Revolution just begun. Along with a companion this traveller made the journey on horseback, a fashion of locomotion then much in vogue, and of which it may be said, and with more justice too, as Dr. Johnson remarked to Boswell when they were driving along rapidly in a post-chaise, 'Life has not many better things than this.' True, 'the righteous man who regardeth the life of his beast' is under an obligation to look after the food and lodging of his steed, from which he who avails himself of the modern practice of 'cycling,' is exempted. Shipping their horses the travellers embarked from Portsmouth. On their voyage they were threatened with a storm, or what Hassell calls by a peculiar figure of speech 'a combustion of the elements,' and reached Cowes Roads after a passage of seven hours. They found the inhabitants of Cowes 'generally genteel and polite, without being troublesomely ceremonious.' Many gentlemen belonging to the navy had seats adjoining to the town, among them Captains Christian and Baskerville. From Cowes they went to Newport, passing a house at the extremity of the former town, called Birmingham, which 'received its name, as the neighbours report, from the possessor of it paying his men with counterfeit half-pence.'

At Newport worthy Mr. Hassell seems to have lost his head with the beauty of the farmers' daughters in the market. 'There is not perhaps in the kingdom a place where so many lovely girls attend the market as at Newport . . . it is not uncommon to see thirty or forty of them all dressed in so genteel a style, and behaving with so much complaisance and dignity, that a stranger might be easily led to take them for persons of quality *en masquerade*.' The attractions of Newport did not prevent our travellers from mounting their horses and pursuing the coast track to Newtown through 'the forest of Alvington (high road there was none).' From Newtown they made for Yarmouth, passing through 'innumerable gates,' which at their leisure were reckoned up, for Hassell says that between Newport and Yarmouth 'fifty-two gates have to be passed, which greatly adds to the irksomeness of the journey of ten miles.' A single cottage kept by a publican was the only habitation at Freshwater Gate. Crossing Afton Downs, they passed the villages of Brook, Mottiston, Brixton, 'or as it is called here Brison,' and made their way to Chale, leaving Atherfield and Kingston on the left. With regard to the people about Chale Bay our tourists 'are sorry to be obliged to add that the savage custom of plundering wrecks and stripping the dead too much prevails among the country people resident on the western coast.' At Niton there is a neat brick house belonging to the Rev. Mr. Barwis, which is the only one worthy of notice. Near Niton they were hospitably received by a farmer, 'whose countenance bespoke a heart serene and placid.' The language of this good man, if accurately reported, proves him to have been a careful student of the elegant literature of those days. 'Speaking of his situation he said, envy never entered this mansion—I covet not wealth—the little I have I lie down contented with, and rise in the morning full of gratitude to the Great Giver; nor do I know a greater pleasure than in sharing that little with others. As the worthy man said this, the tear of sensibility started to his eye, and communicated to those of my friend whose hand he had squeezed during the pious impromptu, and I could perceive a sympathetic drop steal down his cheek also.'

Permission was granted them to inspect Steephill Cottage, erected by the Right Hon. Hans Stanley, then Governor of the Island, but now belonging to the Hon. Mr. Tollemache. A fish of a peculiar nature is caught in the sea about here, to which the fishermen give the name of 'sun fish.' Hassell gives a description of it. Perhaps some one acquainted with the Marine Fauna of the island would inform my readers whether the 'orthogeriscus mola,' the short sun fish, or 'molebut,' as it is sometimes called, is now found on this shore.

Their next station was the cottage of St. Boniface, the summer residence of Colonel Hill, whence they made their way to Shanklin, which was, it appears, a nest of doves, for such was its harmony that 'its inhabitants are like one large family; ill-nature is not known among them; obliging in the extreme, they appear to be the happiest when their visitants are best pleased.' On leaving this insular garden of Eden the travellers made their way for the seat of John Wilkes, Esq., of *North Briton* and 'Junius' celebrity, 'but now,' to use his own words, 'a fire burnt out.' At the further end of the garden of what Wilkes called his 'Villakin' in basso relievo, was the following inscription engraved upon a marble tablet: 'To Filial Piety and Mary Wilkes, erected by John Wilkes, 1789.'

Hassell, who saw all things and persons on the bright side, speaks well of the farmers and other inhabitants of the Island. The former by their industry and attention had acquired considerable fortunes; if they had a fault it was that of 'moistening their clay with too copious draughts of potent liquors.' Through the efficacy of a bill procured by the gentlemen of the Island for securing the farmers from the depredations of foxes, badgers, and other noxious animals, the Island was kept very free from these vermin, which 'were they once to take root in the Island from the number of coverts in the cliffs it would be nearly impossible to extirpate them. Hassell's route lay through Brading and St. Helens, with its old mansion, still retaining the name of the Priory, and occupied by Sir Nash Grose, till he arrived at Ride—so he spells it. The principal part of this place is termed Upper Ride, and is a plain neat village with several well-built houses in it. Lower Ride was occupied by fishermen and mariners employed in the coasting trade. He gives a full description of Binstead, Quarr Abbey, Wootton Bridge, Barton House, the seat of the Earl of Clanrickard, and Osborne, the seat of R. P. Blachford, Esq. The Vicarage of Whippingham is, with its pleasant outlook upon the river Medina, constructed partly of wood and partly of brick,once the seat of Dr. Lewis, and was the residence of Mr. Barrington, junr. From Whippingham, taking the Mill belonging to Mr. Smith, called Botany Bay, on the banks of the Medina, and Fairlee, the seat of Mr. White, on their road, the tourists are once more at Newport. Here their next object was to view the central portion of the island; they carry out their purpose by going to Shide and Arreton, and onwards to Ashey sea-mark, and woods of Knighton, where the seat of Mr. Bisset broke upon their sight. Through

Newchurch, Landguard and Wroxall, they arrive at Appuldurcombe House. A whole chapter is devoted to the account of this seat of Sir Richard Worseley, and the treasures of art which it contained. It may be observed that Hassell, who seems to have been a fair judge of pictures, says of the painting of Daniel in the lions' den, which was then at Appuldurcombe House, but is now in Godshill church, that it 'is after the original in the possession of his Grace of Hamilton.' From this it would appear that it was not then supposed to be, as had been claimed for it of late, a 'replica' of that masterpiece of Rubens. Their road from Appuldurcombe lay through Godshill, Shorwell, Chillerton, Gatcombe, Whitcombe, to Carisbrooke, which has also a whole chapter assigned to it. The remains of Carisbrooke Priory were then standing, but so 'meanly formal that their view does not inspire an idea of what the building must formerly have been. The wall on the west side contributes to form a hovel for carts, and is thatched over. The other parts are covered with ivy and moss without one pleasing object around it.' Their next points were Park-cross and Swanston House, the seat of Sir Fitz-William Barrington, and Westover, belonging to L. T. Holmes, Esq., Mayor of Newport, till they came to the stone quarries of Gurnet Bay. The works at Portsmouth are (so Hassell says) constructed of the stone from hence. 'The surface of this stone,' he adds, 'is much firmer than that brought from Portland or Purbeck, and it is held in higher estimation by the inhabitants of this island, who construct most of their dwelling-houses with it.' From Gurnet they strike down to the seat of Mr. Collins at Egypt, and again enter Cowes, 'having viewed the Island in every direction that a horse-road would afford.'

Determined 'to do the Isle of Wight' (to use a modern phrase) thoroughly, the travellers embark on a vessel at Cowes 'in order,' as Hassell says, 'to take a view of the different shores of the island from the circumambient sea,' devoting four chapters to the account of their voyage.

It must be admitted that Hassell shares in the amiable peculiarity of most guide-books, who so pet and praise the objects of their admiration as to make all their geese swans. His book would have been far more instructive if with a stricter sense of proportion he had described the Isle of Wight a century ago, before it had paid the penalty of its popularity, and before its wooded slopes had been trimmed into terraces, bringing the plague of the jerry-builder and his accompaniments.

At the same time let us be thankful to worthy Mr. Hassell. For one thing, we can in reading his vapid and prolix description of the scenery of the Island see the difference between our way of looking at nature and that which prevailed a hundred years ago. It is impossible to be too thankful to Sir Walter Scott and William Wordsworth in the past, and to Mr. John Ruskin in our own day, for having swept away the extravagant and absurd diction in which natural objects were described, and substituting for it a more simple and accurate language. For instance, Hassell, speaking of Blackgang, observes, 'The size of the chasm and its tremendous shelving rocks cannot fail of inspiring the mind with horror. The imagination while viewing it may almost lead the inquisitive traveller to fancy that the earth had just opened her horrid jaws, and on the very spot on which he then stood had entombed in her bowels some unwary traveller, who, like himself, was prying into the wonderful operations of nature. I never beheld so awful a sight as these ponderous steeps exhibit.' What a hubbub of words! So too he speaks of the 'mountains' near Carisbrooke, and the 'stupendous heights' of Alum Bay. The science of geology was then in its infancy, for on seeing the rent in the cliffs called Barnes Chine he remarks, 'The reflections that arose in our minds on viewing such a combination of striking effects were that they must have been occasioned by some great convulsion of nature, who being internally overloaded discharged the extraneous matter by some terrible eruption.'

It must be remembered that the most recent slips of any extent which have occurred within historical periods in the district of the Undercliff, those at the east end in 1810 and 1818 and that between the Sandrock Hotel and Blackgang in 1798–9, were after the visit of Hassell. In comparing the faithfulness and graphic power of Sir H. Englefield's description of that beautiful district, we see the advantage of real knowledge. The language of Englefield is the language of genuine science with a certain restrained colouring of imagination thrown over it. In the hands of Hassell we find quite a different style of composition. And yet Hassell was not altogether wanting in the power to body forth the impression which the pen or the pencil turns into shape. Like the connoisseurs who in Goldsmith's poem of *Retaliation* bothered deaf Sir Joshua Reynolds with their 'Coreggios and stuff,' Hassell reminds his readers of his familiarity with the landscapes of Gainsborough, Morland, and Claude, as also with the coast pictures of Loutherbourg. Hassell was himself, so his publisher says in the dedication of his book to the Duke of Clarence, 'a young and enterprising young artist,' an assertion which is proved by the sketches inserted in the book, which are not without merit.

A copy of this book has been presented to the Young Men's Institute at Newport, and it would be worth while for any one who has access to that library, and wishes to form to himself a picture of what the Isle of Wight was a century ago, to give at any rate a glance over the pages of Hassell's two volumes.

In 1754 a writer of a very different stamp gave his impression of Ryde. Henry Fielding, the father of the English novel, prematurely worn out by dropsy, jaundice, and asthma, at the age of forty-seven, was recommended by his physicians to try the last remedy of self-banishment. On his voyage to Lisbon he was obliged by stress of weather to put in at Ryde, where he was detained sufficient time to tell his own story of what befell him there. One sentence of Fielding's manly, vigorous English is worth whole reams of Hassell's washy sentimentalities. The portrait of Fielding's landlady at Ryde—Mrs. Francis—proclaims its own truth. 'When her bills were remonstrated against, she was offended with the censure of her fair dealing; if they were not, she seemed to regard it as a tacit sarcasm on her folly, which might have set down larger prices with the same success . . . Whenever she was paid, she never left the room without lamenting the small amount of her bill, saying she knew not how it was that others got their money by gentlefolks, but for her part she had not the art of it. When she was asked why she complained when she was paid all she demanded, she answered she could not deny that, nor did she know she had omitted anything, but it was a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay.' Mrs. Francis's fare was far from luxurious, the butchers, so Fielding relates, never killing ox or sheep during 'bean and bacon season,' and he was obliged to send to a lady's house in the neighbourhood to beg some tea and vegetables, commodities that were not to be purchased in the town. Still the poor shattered novelist with his usual kindly good humour found much that was attractive at Ryde—'that pleasant village' as he calls it, which at the time of his visit 'did not seem to contain above thirty houses.'

October 3, 1885.

COWES A DOCKYARD FOR THE SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

NOT long ago I was asked, by a gentleman interested in the subject as to whether any vessels belonging to the Royal Navy had in former years been built at Cowes. At the time I was unable to answer the question. Since then I have come across the following extract in the *History of the Isle of Wight* by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, p. 168: 'Tomkins, writing in 1796, says, within the last sixty years this [Cowes] dockyard has contributed to the British Navy the following ships of war, namely the *Vanguard* of seventy guns, the *Repulse* of sixty-four, the *Salisbury* of sixty, the *Cerberus* and *Astrea* of thirty-two, the *Veteran* of sixty-four guns, and the *Experiment* of forty-five, besides a number of smaller vessels.'

January 24, 1891.

THE REV. LEGH RICHMOND, M.A., IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, A.D. 1797–1805.

I.

It was a happy thought in those who built the Mission Room in St. John's, Carisbrooke, to give it the name of the Legh Richmond Hall. Legh Richmond was a man of note, whose connexion with the Isle of Wight ought not to be forgotten. He belonged to what has been called 'The Evangelical Succession' in the Church of England. There can be no impropriety in reckoning him as one of the four Fathers who are held in well-deserved honour among the disciples of that school of religious thought. Thomas Scott was their interpreter of Holy Scripture, Joseph Milner their ecclesiastical historian, Henry Venn their systematic teacher of the whole Christian institutes, and Legh Richmond their popular tract-writer. Legh Richmond's tracts, *The Dairyman's Daughter*, *The Negro Servant*, and *The Young Cottager*, first made their appearance in print after his connexion with the Isle of Wight had ceased. They were sent by him to the columns of *The Scottish Guardian*, 1810–12. In 1814 they were united in one volume and published under the title of *The Annals of the Poor*. Their popularity was unexampled in this country; and after being presented to the Tract Society with which he was connected they were translated into most of the European languages. In a report of that society it has been stated that they 'led to most beneficial results in Nicomedia, successfully proclaiming the gospel in that city from which Diocletian issued his first edicts against Christianity.' Although these three narratives were composed after Legh Richmond's departure from the Isle of Wight, they relate events connected with the useful discharge of his ministerial duties when Curate of Brading and Yaverland. The gravestone of Mrs. Berry, with its epitaph beginning

> 'Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear'

—which Dr. Calcott's music has rendered so familiar, and which first introduced 'Little Jane' to her biographer—is still standing in Brading churchyard; while immediately under the east window of the church is that of the 'Young Cottager' herself. A humble grave to the north-east of Arreton Church, with a head-stone bearing an epitaph of much simple beauty from the writer of her story, marks the resting-place of all that is mortal of Elizabeth Wallbridge, 'the dairyman's daughter.' The late Mr. Edmund Peel in his poem *The Fair Island* has given a sketch of the 'coloured cove' in Whitecliff Bay, where the 'Negro Servant'

> 'Held communion with the sky,
> As he whom Philip found in desert place,
> Bent on that book with reverential eye
> Which bringeth life to light and immortality.'
> (*Fair Island*, Book I. 9.)

In these stories Mr. Legh Richmond has given some rather florid descriptions of Brading, Yaverland, Shanklin, and much of the neighbouring country. These descriptions of scenery in their day were much admired; they show his familiarity with the places he describes. They hardly suit the severer taste of the present day. Mr. John Ruskin had not yet risen on the horizon, nor had Nature passed through the alembic of his wonder-working imagination in *Modern Painters*, that book which has taught us so much. Yet in a small way Legh Richmond did for the Isle of Wight what Walter Scott did for the Scotch Highlands. Tourists asked to see the cottage where the dairyman's daughter lived, and pilgrimages were made to her grave and that of the young cottager. Though novelists have arrived at such honours, no tract writer probably ever gained that distinction. Mrs. Hannah More's *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* had a certain reputation, 'but his fame has been eclipsed by that of *The Dairyman's Daughter*.'

The materials for drawing up this sketch of Legh Richmond's residence in the Isle of Wight have been mainly drawn from the life of him written by his friend and disciple, the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, a Bedfordshire clergyman, 8vo, London, 1828. He was born of gentle blood, as we learn from his own interesting memoir of his mother, which will be found in Grimshawe's *Life*, pp. 405–454. 'His ancestors,' he says, 'had successively resided on the estate of Ashton Keynes in the county of Wilts from the Conquest. His grandfather was Rector of Stockport in Cheshire. His father, who had been a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was a physician, first at Liverpool and then at Bath. Legh Richmond was born at Liverpool on January 29, 1772. His mother was a daughter of John Atherton, Esq., of Walton Hall near Liverpool. A near relative of his mother was Henry Cornwall Legh, Esq., of High Legh in the county of Chester, whence his Christian name of Legh. His parents had six children, three of whom died in infancy. Both father and mother were worthy, excellent people with cultivated minds and tastes. 'They steadily resisted,' so he writes, 'the torrent of vice, folly, and dissipation for which the gay city of Bath was distinguished.' When a mere boy, in leaping over a wall, he fell with violence to the ground and injured his leg so as to contract its growth, and afterwards to impair its use. The consequence was that he received the rudiments of his education from his father, who, as a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was probably a far more accurate scholar and better mathematician than most ordinary schoolmasters. Before going to the University he had private tuition in a clergyman's house at Blandford in Dorsetshire. At the age of seventeen he matriculated at his father's college, Trinity, Cambridge, in the year 1789. Before entering on his undergraduate course, though he did not 'lisp in numbers' as a boy of eleven, he wrote some creditable verses, which Mr. Grimshawe has thought fit to preserve. They turn upon the general practice of wearing powder in the hair, and are a parody of Hamlet's soliloquy, 'Shall he wear powder, pomatum, or no?' At Cambridge he did not make such a figure in the examination list as was expected. He was neither wild nor idle, but he did not devote himself to the studies of the place. He was very fond of music, and had always a pianoforte in his room, a very unusual piece of furniture in an undergraduate's rooms in those days, and he played on the organ also. He belonged to an Harmonic Society, which performed glees and catches, and also to another social club, noted for its plain living and high thinking. It was called the Red Herring Club from their fare, which consisted of a supper at each other's room which was limited to red herrings, bread, cheese, and beer. With some six or eight Trinity men young Richmond discussed philosophical subjects. He was what is called in our Universities a reading man; he did not however go into the senate-house to stand the final examination, owing to ill-health, and was allowed to take what is called in Cambridge an *Aegrotat* degree. This was in 1789, when Dr. Butler, master of Harrow School, and father of the present master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was senior wrangler, and Copley, afterwards Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, was second wrangler. The poet Wordsworth was then at St. John's College, but the two probably never met. Intellectually Wordsworth and the University were not in sympathy with each other. Legh Richmond's recollections of his 'Alma Mater' were more affectionate and reverential than those of Wordsworth. He liked his college, and was fond of its social life. After taking his degree Richmond was for some years collecting materials for a great work which he intended to publish on the theory as well as history of music. Some men whose names are enrolled with honour among the *Fasti Cantabrigienses* were Richmond's contemporaries, but his biographer does not record any of these among Richmond's friends. It was his father's wish that he should study for the bar, but his own desire was to take orders, preferring the church to the law. His father acquiesced in this his son's purpose, while his mother's 'secret wish and prayer had always been from my birth,' so he writes to his own children, 'that I might become a minister of God's word.' He was accordingly ordained deacon in the month of June, 1797, and proceeded to the degree of M.A. the beginning of July the same year. On the 22nd of the same month he was married to Mary, only daughter of James William Chambers, Esq., of Bath, immediately after which he proceeded to the Isle of Wight, and entered upon the curacies of the adjoining parishes of Brading and Yaverland on the 24th of July. It appears from the list of vicars of Brading, given in Mr. Adams's *History of the Isle of Wight*, that Miles Popple, the immediate predecessor of the late Mr. Dunbar Isidore Heath, of considerable repute as a student of Egyptian antiquities and a decipherer of papyri, was then vicar of Brading.

After he had resided at Brading for two years a book came into his hands which arrested his attention, and if it did not altogether change the direction of the ordinary current of his life deepened the channel in which his religious feelings flowed. That book was an octavo volume bearing on its front the title of *A Practical View of the prevailing Religious Systems of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of the country, contrasted with Real Christianity*, written by William Wilberforce, and published in 1797. This book excited a lively interest at its appearance, which lasted long after its publication, proved by the sale of fifty editions within the same number of years. That could be no common production which drew from the greatest of English political writers, Edmund Burke, his grateful acknowledgements for the comfort it had given him when on his dying bed. The book is not one of deep theological thought, nor are its statements always methodical and exact; but the tone of human sympathy which breathes through it makes it an effective monitor to the conscience of the reader. To use the words of a most competent critic: 'Never were the sensuality, the gloom, and the selfishness which fester below the polished surface of society brought into more vivid contrast with the faith, and hope, and charity which in their combination form the Christian character; and never was the contrast drawn with a firmer hand, with a more tender spirit, or with a purer aspiration for the happiness of mankind.'

The conversion, or change of character, in the case of Legh Richmond was accompanied with no violent inward conflict. It did not commence with melancholy and, advancing through contrition to faith, close with rapture, to subside at length into an abiding consolation and peace. Legh Richmond's was one of those lives that go on. He was of a calm, placid disposition. His portrait, which is given in Mr. Grimshawe's book, suggests that of a man whose heart has not beat fast with great joy or sorrow, but which has taken in the impressions of years of quiet family life. Wilberforce's book quickened the process by which Legh Richmond's character ripened into that of a devout clergyman. In his own language, Wilberforce was his 'spiritual father.' But though Wilberforce planted, other influences watered, and God gave the increase to a nature which drank deep of the only source of true spiritual growth.

September 8, 1888.

II.

The seven years of Legh Richmond's residence in the Isle of Wight were at a momentous epoch in English history, when the echoes of revolution and war with France had reached an island which, were it cast from its moorings and floated across the Channel, would just fill up the bay of Cherbourg harbour. The Isle of Wight was full of alarms of invasion. Artillery was planted along Sandown Bay and other more exposed parts of the coast; barracks and guard-houses for soldiers were placed at the various points. Tar-barrels stood ready to be fired on the heights; and a chain of signals on the hills of Freshwater, Parkhurst, Wroxall, and Nunwell established a rapid communication with the fleet at Spithead. These things did not move Legh Richmond. The only reference I can find to that troublous time is in his tract of 'The Negro Servant,' where, on his seeing from one of the downs about Bembridge a large fleet of ships of war, he expresses his thankfulness 'for these vessels and instruments of defence, which in the hands of God preserve our country from the hand of the enemy and the fury of the destroyer.' He was an earnest student of the Bible, and was therefore aware that the lofty expressions of contempt for the littleness of earthly transactions and the vicissitudes of human governments which some divines affect are not taught in God's word nor in the schools of His prophets. It was not apathy but higher considerations which led him to turn aside from public affairs to subjects more akin to his calling. He was a student, as they who speak in the name of Christ should be, bringing forth things new and old. Where there is little or no taking in, the outpourings from the pulpit become very thin and watery. 'Crafty men,' says Lord Bacon, 'contemn studies, simple men admire them, wise men use them.' By a curious coincidence, shortly after his careful reading of Wilberforce's book a grocer at Newport sent his clerical customer an article from the shop wrapped up in a leaf of Bishop Jewell's *Apology*. His attention was directed to the wrapper by one of the family, who remarked 'This looks as if it would suit you, Legh.' He read the leaf and instantly set forth to Newport to inquire after the remaining pages. 'Yes,' replied the grocer, 'here they are, and I have a whole hogshead of these worthies; they are much at your service at twopence a pound.' The treasure was speedily and joyfully secured. No Parker Society in those days had made the writings of the Fathers of the Reformed Church of England accessible to students. This led afterwards to the publication of his work *Fathers of the English Church*, volumes containing selections from the writings of the Reformers and comprising a valuable mass of information illustrative of the doctrine of the Reformation. Nothing of the kind had ever been attempted, and it required extensive reading. The venture was so far unfortunate that it involved Legh Richmond in much pecuniary embarrassment. The subscribers were pledged only to four volumes, and he, judging the mind of the public for the Reformers by his own estimate of their writings, extended the work to eight volumes. Old theology does not command a ready sale. It is so much dead stock on an editor's hands which no one will take, and which he cannot get rid of at any price. Along with these graver studies Legh Richmond did not give up his attempts in verse. Mr. Grimshawe has preserved some lines recording the loss of a young midshipman and nine sailors belonging to H. M. S. *Leviathan*, who were drowned not far from his house in the Isle of Wight in the year 1804. The following on the death of his own infant child is graceful:

> This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
>   Call'd hence by early doom,
> Just came to show how sweet a flower
>   In Paradise would bloom.

By the kindness of Mrs. Roach of Upper St. James's-street, Newport, I. W., I have inspected an autograph letter in her possession, written on the death of Mrs. Weeks of Barnsley Farm, October 15, 1804. 'My dear sir,' so he writes in his clear, legible hand, 'I have selected one hymn from Dr. Watts and composed another myself on the occasion, and herewith send you copies. The same verses from the 90th Psalm which were sung on Friday shall be repeated to-morrow, so that all the singing will be appropriate.—I remain your affectionate friend, Legh Richmond.'

The hymn from Dr. Watts is that beginning with 'Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound!' Legh Richmond's hymn is too long for insertion. The laws of metre are observed and the sentiment is all that might be expected from so devout a Christian man, but its merits as a poetical composition are not such as to have won for it a place in Lord Selborne's collection of hymns. This Mrs. Weeks, who died at the early age of twenty-two, was the daughter of John and Martha Buckle, who belonged to a well-known family in the Isle of Wight, with the *sobriquet* of 'Golden' Buckle, to distinguish them from two other families of the same name called respectively 'Silver' and 'Copper' Buckles. Legh Richmond, to whom a parish vestry was, to use his own words, 'a purgatory,' was no recluse and often visited at Barnsley Farm in his parish. The following epitaph on this young wife and mother is from his facile pen:

Pilgrims that wander in this vale of tears,
Say who shall trust in youth and blooming years,
See how life's fairest prospects fade away!

Trust then in Christ for strength; all else beneath
Is woe, vexation, vanity, and death;
Give us an heart to bear affliction's rod,
And then Thy will be done, not ours, O God.

Sweet is the Christian's hope, to him is given
Through earthly pangs to view the joys of Heaven,
There he aspires to meet the friend he mourns,
And bless the day when dust to dust returns.

The Christian Observer, *The Christian Ladies' Magazine*, and *The Gospel Magazine*, which, obscure as it is, has continued the traditions of the old school of the 'Evangelical Succession' from the days of Toplady, one of its original editors, down to the present day, must be searched to find the fruits of Legh Richmond's easy flowing pen. In *The Christian Observer* for 1804 appeared Richmond's review of Archdeacon Daubeny's *Vindiciae Ecclesiae Anglicanae*. That combativeness which more or less lingers in the best of men, and which in the case of Legh Richmond was deprived of its other ordinary outlets by his clerical calling, displayed itself in theological fencing. In his diary he says 'I have looked into the controversy between Daubeny and Overton. Faults on both sides.' But the temptation to write an article in a review was too strong for him. Mr. Trollope's Eleanor, in *Barchester Towers,* tells an earnest dignitary of the Church, 'I never saw anything like you clergymen, you are always thinking of fighting each other.' He defends the practice on principle as a good churchman militant. Legh Richmond would do the same. At any rate the article, so it appears, was not acrimonious. His protest against the Archdeacon's teaching appears from Mr. Grimshawe to be summed up much as follows:—You have lost sight of spiritual influences and realities; a dry notion of human merit is at the bottom of all your thoughts and teachings. You expect men to get to heaven by being baptized and by leading good and respectable lives. Restore the doctrines of our articles, preach the gospel in season and out of season; this is the only true way to improve the condition of things among us, to remedy the mischief which the indifference of the age is producing. Richmond was a kindly man, he did not intend to wound, but in his eagerness to do battle for what he held to be the truth he charged good men, who did not see eye to eye with him on certain points, with substituting conduct for faith. Such a departure from sound doctrine they would not have themselves acknowledged. Probably very few remember this controversy, but an accurate portrait of the man cannot be drawn without bringing into a certain prominence this feature of his character. He was, whether it be looked upon as an honour or a reproach, a decided party man, though his largeness of heart counteracted the narrow-mindedness which party spirit, whether in the things of time or of eternity, is apt to foster and encourage. Legh Richmond would have done well to remember the words of a devout man after his own heart, the Rev. John Flavel—'Many controversies grow up about religion as suckers from the root and limbs of a fruit tree, which spend the vital sap that would make it fruitful.'

Mr. Grimshawe has devoted the eighth chapter of his book to the subject of Legh Richmond's preaching. He was an effective preacher. The secret appears to lie in the nature of his theology, its simplicity and universal application. His sermons were so many variations on two key-notes. Man is guilty and may obtain forgiveness; he is immortal and must ripen here for endless woe or weal hereafter. He preached without notes. His first attempt in the little church of Yaverland was a total failure. He persevered, and did not fall into the mistake of trusting to one hour's peripatetic musing for the preparation of his sermon and to the impulse of the moment for its composition. His sermons were carefully prepared in his study and in his walks among the lovely scenes which surrounded him in his parish. 'He used to refer his friends,' writes his biographer, 'when conversing with him on the subject of preaching to the advice of his college tutor. Don't use terms of science. The people have no abstract ideas—they cannot understand comparisons and allusions remote from all their habits. Take words of Saxon derivation and not such as are derived from the Latin and Greek. Talk of riches, not affluence; of trust, not confidence. Present the same idea in a varied form and take care you understand the subject yourself; if you be intelligent you will be intelligible.'

In Mrs. Roach's collection of papers relating to Legh Richmond is a printed sermon on the close of the year in Brading Church. At the close of it he states to his parishioners his intention of immediately establishing a Sunday school in the town of Brading. In this sermon there is a good deal of repetition, which justifies the criticism on some of his sermons by an intimate friend as reported by Mr. Grimshawe—'Excellent sermons, but with too many various readings.'

With all his zeal of preaching Mr. Richmond was not amenable to the charge of neglecting what, in the eyes of some persons, are only the preliminaries and the accompaniments of the sermon. 'The organ at Brading,' says Canon Venables, 'is a lasting memorial of Mr. Richmond's love of sacred music.' His efforts in that direction met with the usual fate of such attempts. He writes in his diary, 'The organ proposals negatived'; wisely adding, 'I feel the benefit of a momentary disappointment, it is physic to my soul.' In 1801 he formed a kind of mutual improvement society at Brading 'for the study of the Scriptures and Liturgy of the Church of England,' with himself as the 'director,' on the Wednesday evenings on which it met.

After his departure from the Isle of Wight in 1805 he never returned to it till twenty years afterwards. Mr. Grimshawe in the fifteenth chapter of his book the last but one, gives extracts from Legh Richmond's own diary of this Isle of Wight tour. He preached at Brading on this occasion when the church was most crowded, and at Ryde 'many gave him the right hand of fellowship, Mr. and Lady Harriet W., Mr. Butterworth, &c.' At Cowes he found a friend in Lieut. Bailey, R.N. That was his last view of the Island he loved so well, and in whose scenery he so much delighted. After many years of unwearied exertion and extensive usefulness he died in perfect peace, May 8, 1827, aged fifty-five years, leaving a widow and eight surviving children, one of whom became the Rev. Legh Richmond of Rhode Island, U.S. The best men are but men at their best. In reading his life, as written by his admiring biographer, he appears to have been not only blameless but almost faultless. No instance can be found of his lips speaking unadvisedly, and he was a most affectionate husband and father with many friends. Walking with God as his living Lord and Saviour, he was full of brave endurance and consistent throughout. 'There was,' Mr. Grimshawe says, 'an excess of sensibility in his character,' but this can hardly be called a fault. Few can read the life of this good man without being the better for the example he sets them. Let him have his due meed of praise in the Isle of Wight, the scene of his first ministry, where he received, to use his own words, his first serious, and as I hope, saving impressions.

September 15, 1888.

HOW THEY WELCOMED A RUSSIAN VICTORY IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT,

A.D. 1799.

The following extract from an old *Isle of Wight Magazine* holds up to the light what was going on in this Island in the middle of the closing year of the last century.

'Newport, Isle of Wight, July 20th. On Monday the troops in barracks in Parkhurst Forest, consisting of the 79th and 85th regiments of foot, North Hants and Isle of Wight Militia, together with the Flintshire Militia of the Medina Mill Barracks, were drawn up in Parkhurst Forest by Major-General Don, and fired *feux de joie* in honour of the glorious victory obtained by Marshall Suwarrow, after which the militia regiments were informed of Government's proposals, respecting enrolment of part in regular regiments, with the inducement of a bounty of ten guineas per man; and such is the spirit of the men, that more than the specified number volunteered for the service, and the officers are thus enabled to choose their men.

'On Tuesday morning that part of the South Devon Militia in the barracks at Sandown marched from thence to Cowes, in order to join their regiment at Exeter, arrived lately from Ireland; they were replaced by the Flintshire Militia from the Medina Barracks.

'July 21st, the Loyal Newport Volunteers, under the command of Captain Clarke, this day fired *feux de joie* in the forest of Parkhurst, in consequence of the victory obtained by Gen. Suwarrow; it is needless to add the cheerfulness and alacrity with which this respectable corps are always ready to attend their commander whenever called on.

'On Thursday, the 25th, the Carmarthenshire Militia marched into Parkhurst Barracks. They are just arrived from Ireland.'

It is easy enough for professed jokers to have their fling at these marchings and counter-marchings, and any one who pleases may be sarcastic, after the manner of Mephistophiles in *Faust*, upon those who thus kept holiday, 'Each on his own small round intent, like sportive kitten with its tail.' But they who sit in the seat of the scorner do not arrive at truth. What was taking place at Newport and Parkhurst Barracks was also going on throughout Great Britain, proving what was the heart and mind of England and Scotland nearly ninety years ago. This was the spirit that carried our country safe through all the dangers of invasion, and Irish rebellion, and insurrection, during our war with France. Not the politicians, but the great English people holding itself to its own, carried us through these terrible years. The partisans of the French Revolution, and the 'age of reason' men would have cast the metal of the constitution, which it had taken a thousand years to form, into the fiery furnace until it had run itself out in the ash-pit. At that crisis stood forth a spare young man with iron features—William Pitt. He rallied round him all those whose deepest convictions led them to resist revolutionary politics in order to preserve national freedom. Napoleon was to carry out the revolutionary idea by destroying the barriers which divided the nations of the world, make them all portions of one grand democracy, which should have a head and commander as the Roman democracy were wielded by Caesar. It was, he said, his destiny to be that general, and for some time the tide of events seemed to prove that it was so. Kingdoms and Empires stooped to him. The Prussian monarchy which Frederick the Great had raised was humbled at the feet of the French. The German Empire ceased. His armies swept over Spain and Portugal. At Tilsit Alexander and Napoleon were considering how the world might be divided between France and Russia.

In 1799 matters in Europe had not arrived at this pass. Alexander, Czar of all the Russias, had not succeeded to the throne of his father, the crazy Emperor Paul. Not till 1801 did the Russian nobility determine on the deposition of Paul, and as there is one prison whose doors can never open to a deposed monarch, resolved, in conformity with their national precedents, to put him to death, and make his son Emperor in his stead. At the time to which the entry in the *Isle of Wight Magazine* refers Russia was in alliance with

England. Her troops were occupying Naples and the Ionian islands, conjointly with the Turks and English. Russian fleets were in the Mediterranean and off the coast of Holland. Russian armies in Italy and Switzerland under Suwarrow, or, according to his real Russian name, Alexander Vassilivich, Rymnikski Suvorov, Count, and Prince Italinski, one of the most celebrated generals of the eighteenth century. This title of Italinski was given him in consequence of his brilliant victories of Piacenza, Novi, and Alexandria, and also for his activity in taking from the French all the towns of Upper Italy. It does not appear from the article in the magazine which of Suwarrow's great victories called forth the enthusiasm of the troops, Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers, in Parkhurst Forest, but we may infer that it was connected with his conspicuous success before Turin, when on the 27th of May that city, the great depôt of the French, was taken with 260 guns, besides immense stores; or with his subsequent action on the banks of the river Trebia. In this battle Suwarrow was pitted against the French under Macdonald, and after a contest of three successive days (night bringing no respite to the carnage) the French Army was finally defeated with great slaughter, not one of their general officers escaping without a wound; nor did they suffer much less in the pursuit that followed.

There were several points in the character of this gallant old general (Suwarrow was in his seventieth year when he conducted this Italian campaign) which would ingratiate him with English soldiers. As his name, once a household word in Newport and its neighbourhood, has now almost passed away from recollection, it may not be amiss to say something about one of the few generals who never lost a battle. Suvorov was an extraordinary man. Though of a weak constitution, he preserved his youthful vigour to his old age, maintaining himself in good health by temperance, severe exercise and cold baths. He slept on a bed of straw or hay, under a light blanket, and his diet was the same as that of his soldiers. His wardrobe consisted merely of his uniform and a sheepskin. Like many great soldiers he was a devout man, very strict in performing all the duties prescribed by the Russian Church, and rigid in enforcing them on those under his command. He was firm in his resolves and true to his promises. To quickness of decision he united conciseness in his conversation and his writings. His rough and ready manners, along with the laconic style of his orders which were often couched in rhyme, made him the favourite of his soldiers, for whom he had peculiar terms of endearment. Although he used to say that all his tactics consisted in the two magic words, 'Advance and strike,' he showed in the course of his long career great skill in the higher qualities of a general. A colossal statue in St. Petersburgh, is evidence of the respect which the Russians, Emperor and people, felt for this, the greatest military genius that country has produced.

It must have been a gala day in Newport when the troops at Parkhurst gave this hearty welcome to a Russian victory. Bunting would be flying in the streets, which were thronged by the young and fair, great grandmothers of the present generation, with their short-waisted gowns of that period, which to our eyes look so quaint; and the gentlemen of the island would come in for the occasion in their blue, green, or brown coats, white marcello waistcoats single-breasted, and cream-white kerseymere breeches. The Union Jack had not at that time got its present complement of crosses, because the union which introduced the cross of St. Patrick into the national flag had not received the royal assent. Within the last few years the Cameron Highlanders, formerly the 79th Regiment, and the Shropshire Light Infantry, once the 85th Regiment, have been quartered at Parkhurst. but we must not suppose that the famous 79th, and no less famous 85th, both of them in 1799 under the command of General Don, had the same uniforms which we associate with these two distinguished corps. Military costume has changed quite as much as that of civilians. A glance at an old print of the reviews so common in those days will give a clearer notion of how the regular troops looked on that day of rejoicing for our Russian ally's victory than any description in words. The 79th, not long then enrolled, would march, headed by its regimental colours, and the playing of the national pipers. As Egmont-op-Zoom, which was fought on October 2, 1799, is the first in the long roll of victorious battles emblazoned on the colours of the Cameron Highlanders, we may suppose that the 79th soon left Parkhurst and its then lately constructed quarters, to follow the Duke of York to the Netherlands. This regiment and their comrades of the 85th belonged to that army, 'which would go anywhere and do anything.' But no doubt the spectators in the Isle of Wight who looked on this military ceremonial turned their attention mainly to their own Militia and Volunteers. They would scan their regularity of step, and the smartness in which these citizen soldiers performed their exercises more closely than the manœuvres of their more regularly drilled companions in arms. White handkerchiefs would be waved when the Volunteers, obeying the call in due costume, were marshalled in the High-street of Newport. As off they went, stepping it well, shoulder to shoulder, foot to foot, like brethren, like Englishmen, like men that have a home and a country to defend, like men who, if it must be so, will meet their enemy on the coast; an honest pride filled the hearts of the civil-service lookers on, who said to themselves, the French will never stable their cavalry horses in Carisbrooke Church.

James Gillray, who stands foremost among the political caricaturists of the reign of George the Third, has a cartoon in four parts, exhibiting John Bull, first, enjoying himself at his fireside in the bosom of his family; secondly, John puffed up with warlike fervour, eager for battle and marching off defiantly to conquer or die, at the head of his troops; thirdly, John's property in danger, all his household goods being taken to the pawnshop to supply the wants of his wife and children during his absence; and fourthly, the glorious return of John, who comes back at the conclusion of the campaign in miserable rags and tatters and minus one eye and a limb, to find his wife and children half-naked and famine-stricken, and huddled together by a blink of fire over the relics of a starvation meal. None the less because of his hatred for war and bloodshed was Gillray, like most of the nation, a true patriot. Not mere bluster made these Volunteers tread it well to the inspiriting music of the fife and drum. Nearly all thoughtful men who have reflected upon that tremendous crisis in English history have observed that the military organization of our population had much to do in checking Irish disloyalty and French invasion. The poet Wordsworth indeed said that the power of armies was a visible thing, but that none could measure the invisible strength which there was in a people rising as the Spaniards rose. Our soldiers came back from the Peninsular campaign, and told us that this supposed invisible strength had been connected with contempt of discipline, with extreme savageness, and great treachery. The organic force of trained armies had proved itself much mightier and much nobler. Most of us feel that among certain symptoms of the decay of national feeling in our days in England the Volunteer movement is one of the more healthy signs of a desire among our people to defend the life of the nation, which has endured for so many generations, against the tyrant will whether of a single despot or of the multitude crouching in submission to what its leader or leaders may dictate to it. So it was with the Volunteers in the war with revolutionary France. If we had not resisted to the death, that one man, whether calling himself First Consul or Emperor, England might have fared as Prussia and Austria were treated at his hands.

At first the war was not unpopular in England. It pressed most hardly upon those who had settled incomes; the income-tax took a tenth of the resources of a family, the window-tax and other parliamentary assessments, with the parochial rates, took another tenth, and the quartern loaf was eighteenpence. Agricultural interests did not suffer. As we have just been reminded, wheat, which is now selling at Newport Market at 1*l.* 14*s.* per quarter, was in May 1799 sold at 3*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.* for the same quantity. Farmers, who were working out long leases granted on easy terms, were then making fortunes, and as to the landowners, the war taxes had not at that early date much injured them. I remember the late Mr. How, formerly of Brooke House, but latterly of Bedford villa, Carisbrooke, who lived to a very advanced age, and was full of reminiscences of the past, saying to me, that Boney (the playful sobriquet of our forefathers for our deadly foe) was the best friend the farmers ever had.

Shelves upon shelves are filled with carefully written books, which describe that era of European catastrophes, social dissolution, and bloodshed, and also of national renovation, which dates its commencement somewhere about just a century ago, and came to the close with the crowning victory of Waterloo. Now, as Mr. Thackeray has somewhere said, people talk about Waterloo as they do of the battle of Blenheim. How can it be expected that they should care to hear of one of Suvorov's victories? Young men and maidens who are preparing themselves to pass local examinations may, if the subject is set to them, read all about that great Russian and his campaign in Alison, or in those more compendious short-cuts of knowledge of which studious youth can avail itself. We grown-up people have other matters to think of; we have to look out, if we interest ourselves in politics, for the next move of 'the old Parliamentary hand.' Yet somehow or another we all like to catch an occasional glimpse, such as this entry in the *Isle of Wight Magazine* affords, of that wonderful epoch in our history when England had to contend sometimes against all the world for her Island home, for her liberties, her existence, her Christianity. No wonder that she should welcome the successes of an ally, when she had so few friends on the continent of Europe. The Isle of Wight of our ancestors in the last century was, it seems, merrier and more jovial than that which we inhabit. In spite of much tribulation, people, both high and low, managed to enjoy themselves. We are a hundred years older. That age of the world which had its birth about the time of the French Revolution is advanced in years, and has outlived the illusions of its youth. A writer of our own times has laid it down that there never was a period when there seemed to be less hopefulness among mankind. However this may be, a foreboding overshadows the thoughts of many persons, that the close of this nineteenth century may witness a great Armageddon fight between the forces of good and evil. Our fathers and grandfathers in the last year of the last century entered upon that fight in the assured faith that good in the end must have the final victory. We, if Christians, hold to the same belief; let us act upon it as they did, and we need not be afraid.

June 12, 1886.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT MAGAZINE, 1799, AND THE ACT OF UNION BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

In the closing year of the last century the Isle of Wight could boast of possessing, what it has not now, a monthly magazine of its own. The absence of such a publication is more than made up by the recent setting up of the *County Press*, which combines a full abstract of the local and general news of the week, with the information and amusement which is supplied by the bulkier forms of periodical literature.

The first number of this provincial publication was issued from the printing office of John Albin, Newport, I.W., at the beginning of 1799, and was followed by monthly numbers in succession, along with an appendix and index, till the end of that year. The price of each of these monthly parts, which contained on an average between fifty and sixty pages of closely printed matter, was only sixpence, which in those days of dear literature was certainly very reasonable. Although the career of this enterprise was short-lived, it is creditable to the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight that its extinction did not proceed from any want of support on their part. In bidding farewell to his subscribers the publisher, in a notice dated Newport, Jan. 31, 1800, says that his 'periodical miscellany' has had an extensive sale and circulation, but that he has been obliged to discontinue its publication 'because of its interfering too much with other business which he is necessarily engaged in.' At the end of the eighteenth century periodical literature had not attained that vigour and power of literary expression which marked its production in the beginning of the following century; but the *Isle of Wight Magazine* may be said to have taken up a very fair position as compared with, at any rate, its provincial contemporaries of the same period.

Albin's magazine makes its bow and quits the stage with a retrospect of politics for the year by a writer with the signature of the letter X, which closes with the following words:

'The union of John Bull with his fair cousin wears a more happy auspice than it did a year since; the lady seems more compliant, and we trust will favour him with smiles proportionably gracious to the solid advantages which every disinterested friend perceives she must derive from so splendid and beneficial an alliance. May the nuptials meet with no serious interruption. May the harp of Hybernia resound in harmonious accord with the British lyre; and may the union be blessed with a fruitful progeny of peace, plenty, health, and security. May the united Isles become the bulwark of European prosperity; and may the latest generations of the Empire have reason to bless the day that united them in the indissoluble bonds of unity and reciprocal love.'

During our great war with Revolutionary France an association, called the 'United Irishmen,' entered into treasonable correspondence with the French Government, by whom more than one expedition was sent to their aid. After the insurrection had been quelled, Ireland was on the First of January, 1801, united to Great Britain, and henceforth sent her representatives to the British Parliament. The cross of the patron saint of Ireland was at the same time added to those of St. George and St. Andrew on the national flag. In these days, when we in this loyal little insular portion of the dominions of the Crown of England are called upon at the bidding of Mr. Gladstone to decide whether we are for or against a divorce of that union, and to give our vote as to whether or no the Union Jack shall cease to float in Ireland, and be replaced by that national green flag which the Home Rulers affect, it may be well for us to consider the antecedents of that Western Isle, which the natives call Erin, and we, following the spelling of our Teuton forefathers, call Ireland. A glance at the map tells us that nature intended the two islands to be united, although before steam-navigation was introduced the width of the stormy and separating Irish Channel offered some obstacles to this union. The real difficulty in the way of harmony between the two peoples lay in the temper and disposition of that Irish race whose descendants still call an Englishman 'a Saxon.' The natives of the smaller island were a remnant of a great population, which in ancient times had covered Gaul, Britain, and a part of the Spanish peninsula. They had many of the usual characteristics, both physical and moral, of the Celtic tribes. With a social temper and a certain ease of manner which enabled them to conform to the customs and way of life of foreigners, they were vehement, irascible, good haters, with a strong passion for fighting and quarrels, in which they placed much of their enjoyment. Though invaded repeatedly by different nations, they never recognized any prescription or right of conquest. These old annals contain recitals of terrible vengeance executed after the lapse of more than a century by the natives upon their conquerors. It seems to have been the fate of Ireland that, though often conquered, her conquerors have felt a kind of irresistible inclination to assimilate themselves to the conquered by assuming their manners, customs, language, and even their dress. After the first disasters which all conquests naturally entail, the result usually is a gradual amelioration in the social condition of the conquered people. For instance in England the Scandinavian or Danish invasion supplied that dash of enterprise which was wanted to qualify the sluggish tendencies of the Anglo-Saxon character. About the end of the eighth century some of these swarms of Scandinavian descent began to settle on the coasts of Ireland. These colonists were known by the name of Ostmen, or men from the East; as in France they were called Normans from their northern origin. They occupied the sea-coast round from Antrim to Limerick, but instead of infusing that dash of 'salt blood' which makes the youth of England turn as it were with an instinct to the sea they fell into the condition of the aboriginal Irish of the interior. Even to this day Ireland, though abounding in opportunities for deep-sea fishing, has neglected this profitable source of income. The same degenerating process went on among the Anglo-Norman invaders of Ireland. An amalgamation took place between the conquerors and the conquered. The Norman-English lords made themselves Irish; they liked to exchange their feudal titles of earl and baron for patronymic surnames. In spite of the Statutes of Kilkenny, passed during the reign of Edward III, whereby the use of Irish laws and the adoption of Irish surnames and customs is prohibited, as also the supplying the natives with arms, horses, or armour, many had taken Irish names. For instance, the Lords Barry and De Courcy bore the names of MacAdam and MacPatrick; the De Veres and De Burghs styled themselves MacSwyne and MacWilliam; the Dexters (de Exonia) and FitzStephens, MacJordan and MacShane. They grew fond of the Irish singing and poetry, invited the bards to their tables, and took nurses and teachers for their children among the women of the country. The posterity of the Anglo-Normans became improvident and in consequence impoverished like the Irish. By a sad and singular fascination these English-Normans, who were so haughty to the Saxons in England, became more Irish, as the old Latin saying put it, than the Irish themselves, and as savage and lawless as those whom they had conquered. In their discontent with later times the Irish have been disposed to draw fanciful pictures of the prosperity and happiness in the period of their aboriginal independence; but when, as Hallam pointed out, we find by their own annals that out of two hundred native kings, of whom brief memorials are recorded, not more than thirty came to a natural death, we may infer that there was perpetual warfare among these petty chieftains, whose exactions kept the peasants in hopeless poverty. Nor was there any marked improvement in the condition of the people after the English conquest in the twelfth century. When Henry, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, had become king of England, he formed the idea of signalizing his accession as the first king of the line of Anjou by a conquest almost as important as that achieved by the Norman William, his maternal grandfather. He resolved to take possession of Ireland, and following the example of the conqueror of England he asked for the sanction of the Pope upon his political enterprise; the Pope then reigning was Adrian IV, a man of English birth, whose family name was Nicholas Breakespeare, who is noted as the only Englishman who ever filled the Papal see. In the seventh and eighth centuries, while a total ignorance seemed to have overspread the face of Europe, the monasteries and schools of the native Church of Ireland preserved in the best manner they could such Christian learning as had survived the revolutions of the Roman world. The natives of Ireland have many fine and noble qualities; among these may be reckoned a great susceptibility to religious impressions. In those early ages their clergy, who were respected and numerous, had by their piety and missionary zeal made Ireland known in Christendom at large as the 'Isle of Saints.' The constitution of this early Church was episcopal, and its bishops are said by an authority quoted by Hallam to have been more than three hundred; but these could only have presided over a few clusters of mud-cabins on the edges of the bogs or the sides of the hills, and their number was soon reduced. Still, in the year 1152, four hundred years before the Reformation, they assembled in a national synod to the number of thirty-four. It is certain that in the beginning this native Church was independent of the see of Rome, but its submission to Rome was voluntary, although the motives which led to the step are uncertain. Malachy O'Morgan, Archbishop of Armagh, wishing to assimilate the usages of his native Church to those of the Western Church generally, made a journey to Rome, and solicited from Pope Innocent II the 'pallium' or special vestment of archbishops, in appearance something like the letter 'Y,' an ensign of dignity which the Pope had begun to confer on archbishops.

The Pope Adrian IV and the conclave of St. John Lateran graciously received the message of Henry II relative to his project of subjugating Ireland, and issued a bull, which is the stumblingblock of the Roman Catholic partisans of Home Rule, and which was based upon the lines of that compact by which Hildebrand had commissioned William of Normandy to bring the National Church of England into complete submission to the see of Rome. When Adrian IV died, this bull, which has been given in full by the chronicler, Matthew Paris, was still dormant, and was deposited, until an opportunity of its being put in force should occur, in the treasury containing the royal charters of England, and there it would have remained perhaps during the whole of the life of Henry II, had not certain unforeseen events brought about the desired opportunity of bringing it forth to the world.

The Norman and Flemish adventurers who had conquered the territory of Pembroke and a part of the western coast of Wales were from their vicinity to Ireland among the first to take advantage of Henry's scheme. A ruined nobleman, Richard of Clare, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed 'Strong-bow,' and two Norman gentlemen from Wales, Robert Fitzstephen and Maurice Fitzgerald, at first carried everything before them in Ireland. In settling on the domains which they had so recently seized these men and their companions and successors had not laid aside their old dissipated and idle manners for habits of order and quiet. They consumed in gaming and debauchery the revenues of their lands, exhausting instead of improving the abundant pastures of the soil. Instead of becoming as the Norman invaders in England wealthy proprietors and great landowners, these degenerate Englishmen retained the spirit and the character of soldiers of fortune, ever ready to try the chances of war abroad, whether on their own account or in the pay of another. Their descendants developed the character of the ordinary Irish squireen, wasteful, boastful, and burdened with debt. The centre of Anglo-Norman power was away in the South-east of England, and the force of the monarchy was either attracted to French fields or absorbed by struggles with baronial families. Richard II in one of his moods of fitful ambition seems to have conceived the design of completing the imperfect conquest of Ireland, and he passed over with a considerable force, but his fate showed that the arm of the English monarchy was still too short to reach the dependency. As a rule the subjugation of Ireland during the period before the Tudors was left to private enterprise. What was the result of this separation from the central government of England, and of the nominal nature of the English rule in Ireland in the time of Henry VIII is well shown in a document preserved in the State Paper Office, and ascribed to the year 1515. Many of its statements are borne out by Acts of the English Parliament, especially 13 Henry VIII, c. 3, and 25 Henry VIII, c. 15, and others are authenticated by the Ordinances of the Government of Ireland, issued in 1534. This interesting and valuable document states that 'all the English folk of the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and Urial (Louth) be more oppressed than any other folk of this land, English or Irish, and of worse condition be they on this side than in the marshes.' The writer having noticed the various causes assigned 'for the decay of the land,' concludes with the prophecy 'England shall put this land in such order that all the wars of the land, whereof groweth all the vices of the same, shall cease for ever; and after that God shall give such grace and fortune to the said king, and he shall with the army of England and of Ireland subdue the realm of France to his obedience for ever, and shall rescue the Greeks, and recover the great city of Constantinople, and shall vanquish the Turk, and win the Holy Cross and the Holy Land, and shall die Emperor of Rome, and eternal bliss shall be his end.'

All prophecies about coming prosperity for Ireland seem to have been doomed to fail. The happy change which the correspondent of the *Isle of Wight Magazine* anticipated from the Act of Union has not been verified any more than the vision which rose before the author of this Tudor State paper, along with the many practical and sensible suggestions for the bettering the condition of an unhappy country which appears to have baffled the plans of even far-seeing and patriotic statesmen. Under the strong monarchy of Queen Elizabeth and her council, after a disuse of about two hundred years, the authority of the English Government was nominally recognized throughout Munster and Connaught. In the reign of her predecessor, Mary, certain districts in Leinster were made shireland by the names of King's and Queen's counties. It was reserved for James I to prepare a final establishment of the English power upon the basis of equal laws and civilized customs. The judges of assize went their circuits everywhere. The king's writ was obeyed, at least in profession, throughout Ireland. During the reign of a Scotsman as King of Great Britain and Ireland an emigration from Scotland, to which the northern coast of Ireland closely approaches, had a powerful influence on Ulster, rendering that province, which under native rule had been most barbarous, the most prosperous and law-abiding part of Ireland. Thus in Ireland there were three nations—the original natives, the Anglo-Irish, and the new settlers, partly Scotch, partly English. These Ulster colonists, to whom the native Irishman was what the Canaanite was to the Jew, never degenerated through adopting the usages of the vanquished. Ulster, which is the great seat of manufacture in Ireland, has always been faithful to the Act of Union. If now the contemplated divorce between Great Britain and Ireland should be averted, it will be mainly owing to the resolute stand made by the people of the North of Ireland, backed up by the sturdy and fervid population of Scotland, who, with their national proverb about 'blood being thicker than water,' are determined not to abandon the cause of their own compatriots and coreligionists in Ulster to a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland. The English democracy at the present crisis are carried away by a notion that the central authority of the English Government is injurious to Ireland. This feeling is fanned by such politicians as wish to float into repute and power by paying careful heed to the shifting breeze of popular opinion. Under the high-sounding Greek name of 'autonomy,' they would allow the Irish to do what seems best to them in their own eyes, without any check from the central authority. What Ireland needs is the iron hand in a velvet glove of a strong government which will make her people feel that obedience to law and public order are essential to her best and highest interests. Feeble, vacillating governments have been, such is the teaching of history, the curse of a nation endowed with many qualities which deserve admiration. 'Speculation on unfulfilled contingencies,' it has been said, 'is not invariably barren.' It is interesting at any rate to consider what would have been the consequences to the people of the two islands, if the central administration of England had been regularly exercised over Ireland, and the Union made more binding. God's Providence brings good out of evil. It is to be hoped that the full discussion of the subject of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland may tend, not to a divorce, but to draw closer the ties which should unite the smaller and the larger island.

July 17, 1886.

ECHOES FROM AN OLD ISLE OF WIGHT MAGAZINE, A.D. 1799.

When the late Mr. Thackeray was composing some of those life-like stories, in which the past appears to us as clear as, if not indeed more clear than, the present, he was in the habit we are told of making careful extracts from the *Annual Register*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the like, so that his fictions should move in an atmosphere of historic truth. With his powerful and fiery genius he fused these scraps of old metal and poured them into the mould created by his own fancy, so that these creations came forth in living form before his readers. The items of information which go to make up a magazine are not history, but they serve to make our conceptions of history more distinct. To a local historian few books are more precious than an old provincial magazine. Take up for instance Albin's Magazine for 1799, and after you have read it for some time, gradually, out of what at first sight appeared to be without form and void, a glimpse is gained of what the Isle of Wight was in those days, and a faint echo is heard of the sayings and doings of those who lived before us in this fair Island.

They who are verging on threescore years and ten find the world much changed since the days of their own youth, but when we are carried back to the last century, even though it is the closing year of that century, the difference between then and now is all the more striking. When Albin was public-spirited enough to publish his magazine, the only town of any size or repute in the Isle of Wight was Newport. Ryde was a struggling village on the shore, Cowes indeed showed signs of life and vigour; its shipbuilding yards were already famous; and as a commercial harbour it was then better known probably than even Southampton. At Ventnor a few fishermen earned a precarious subsistence. Scattered along the southern coast were some small hamlets where the people employed themselves in smuggling, fishing, or in plundering the ill-fated vessels wrecked on its dangerous shores. So much was this the case that the troops 'had to line the coast with a strong detachment to prevent depredations,' when H. M. schooner Les Deux Amis, of sixteen guns, struck on a sunken rock at Grange Chine, and the captain and crew were with difficulty saved. Our war with France made the Island a valuable military post, and in 1799 Parkhurst Barracks and the neighbourhood were a gay and busy scene. Lord Bolton, the Governor of the Island, was in residence at Carisbrooke Castle. Major-General Don, who was an officer of considerable distinction, commanded the regular troops, consisting of two regiments of the line, and a squadron or more of cavalry. Lord Cawdor, a Welsh nobleman, who had actually crossed swords with the French, when in 1798 they made their strange and unaccountable invasion of Pembrokeshire, was now in the Isle of Wight with his Carmarthenshire Militia. At the West Medina Barracks were quartered the Dutch soldiers of Count Bentinck's regiment, as also the Birmingham Fencibles. A serious affray broke out between these foreign soldiers and the Birmingham men, 'when some of both parties were wounded, one of the Dutchmen in a dangerous way. Lord Cawdor with a party of the Carmarthen and North Hants Militia marched from Parkhurst Barracks and restored tranquillity.' Constant changes were going on, militia and regulars being sent either to or from Ireland. Major-General Piggott succeeded Major-General Don when the latter's term of service in the Isle of Wight expired. Children were born to these soldiers, and baptized, as appears in the Carisbrooke registers of that year. Officers and soldiers are married and buried. Among the latter we find, for instance, 'Ivan Tacks, a Dutch soldier,' 'Dirk Hoomings, another'; also 'John Clegg, of the Lancash. Mil., Sergt., aged 32, a man of talent and great learning,' 'Richard Jackson Wall, an ensign' in the same regiment, with many others.

The presence of three thousand or more soldiers must have caused a large expenditure of money in Newport. Many camp followers accompanied them, among these latter some, no doubt, of that motley assemblage which is called the fashionable world. The streets of the capital town of the Island would be paraded by some, who were called, in the language of our forefathers, 'fops,' 'bloods,' 'bucks,' who while assuming a kind of military swagger were dressed in stand-up collar, pantaloons, and Hessian boots, with their chins buried in their muslin cravats. Others displayed a more startling costume, such as that worn by the great surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, as told in his life, published by his nephew, who represents him, when a young student at the hospitals, returning from a dancing academy dressed in a scarlet coat, a three-cocked hat, a black glazed stock, nankeen knee-breeches, and silk stockings. Such men of wit and letters as sought admission into fashionable circles also came here. The house of the Hon. Thomas Fitz Maurice, who resided in the Isle of Wight, was the resort of guests such as David Garrick, the actor; John Wilkes, the demagogue; and Dr. Hawksworth, who trimmed up in literary style the voyages of the great circumnavigator, Captain James Cook. These were dead in 1799, but Albin's Magazine in a biographical sketch of a now almost-forgotten dramatic writer, Thomas Morton, says: 'he is at present in the Isle of Wight collecting, we hope, materials for another addition to the few respectable productions of the modern stage.' The Isle of Wight was popular then as now with graver and more dignified authors than the fashionable *littérateurs* of the day. Dr. Johnson wished he had been with Boswell to the Isle of Wight. What a misfortune it is that there is not a tour in the Isle of Wight after the fashion of Johnson's tour in the Hebrides, written as Boswell would have put it together in his loosely-flowing style. Thomas Pennant, the naturalist, who spent almost the whole of his life as a retired country gentleman at his seat of Downing in Flintshire, and who wrote a tour in Wales, which contains much interesting matter on antiquities and natural history, travelled from London to the Isle of Wight, and gave an account of the journey. Hassall painted its scenery, Tomkins drew its churches, and Wyndham made some effective sketches of its landscape. George Morland, a far greater artist than any of these, employed his brush in painting its farm-houses and their accompaniments of horses, dogs, and pigs, in a loose but very skilful manner. Unhappily he spent his evenings in reckless dissipation in its lowest public-houses, and died in 1806 at the early age of forty-two. The gentlemen of the Island, no doubt, extended their hospitalities to the officers at Parkhurst Barracks, who did not put off their red coats and epaulettes when they dined at the country houses. At Nunwell was an Oglander, at Swanston a Barrington, at Osborne a Blachford. Steephill was tenanted by the Hon. Wilbraham Tollemache, Gatcombe House by Edward Worsley, Northcourt by one either of the Bulls or Bennetts. Bissett was prodigal at Knighton, then 'a large and venerable mansion, with ivy up to the roof,' and many others whom it would be tedious to enumerate, for country gentlemen then abounded in what Sir John Oglander would have called this 'fortunate Island.' Jovial evenings were spent in those pleasant rural mansions, but the conversation, when the after-dinner licence took its wonted course, would sound strange in our ears. The prevailing tone was narrow and unelevated from 1795 to the peace, or rather truce, of Amiens in 1802. It became the fashion to look down on every other land as worthless. This ignorant contempt for other nations was combined with a belief that the manners of English society were perfect and alone in the world. The increased domesticity of the habits of the upper classes and the abandonment of the outward distinctions of rank had created a distaste for miscellaneous assemblies, and what has been called the exclusive spirit of English society began to spring up. Of course there were exceptions to this insular way of looking at things in general. Sir Richard Worsley at Appuldurcombe had formed his collection of pictures, statues, and antiquities, at a vast expense during a tour made expressly for this purpose in Italy and the Levant. Unhappily Lady Worsley, daughter and coheiress of Sir J. Fleming, Bart., of Brompton Park, Middlesex, to whom he was married in 1775, according to Mr. Davenport Adams (*Hist. I. W.* p. 215), had attained an evil notoriety in the gossiping scandal of that day. Some among the fashionable dames of that period were not afraid to defy public opinion, as is proved by the more authoritative annals of the police office. A picture of the amusements of that day will be found in the pages of the *Annual Register* for 1797. 'At the police office in Marlborough Street, Lady

Buckinghamshire, Lady E. Luttrell, and Mrs. Sturt were convicted before N. Conant and T. Robinson, Esqrs., in the penalty of £50 each for playing at the game of faro; and Henry Martindale was convicted in the sum of £200 for keeping the faro table in Lady Buckinghamshire's house.' All levity of conduct was personally distasteful to the king and queen, and the manners of these high ladies would have been discountenanced at court. But even courts, great as is their influence on social habits, cannot altogether regulate fashion. When the king heard of unseemly dissipation in the shape of balls and routs having made its way into Lambeth Palace, under the patronage of Mrs. Cornwallis, he wrote with his own hand a letter of well-merited reproof to the archbishop. The private houses of the nobility and higher gentry were secure from such royal rebukes, and any excess that prevailed in these would only be held in check by the growing decorum of public opinion. The present Bishop of Liverpool has written a series of papers, entitled 'England a hundred years ago,' in which he presents a dark and gloomy picture of the religion and morals of that period. At the close of the eighteenth century the powerful influence of the early evangelical movement had brought about a great and general improvement in the community. Among the upper classes especially great good was done by the publication in 1797 of William Wilberforce's book, *Practical views of the prevailing religious system of professed Christians in the higher and middle classes of this country contrasted with real Christianity.*

That book, which the great statesman, Edmund Burke, spent the last two days of his life in reading, had an extraordinary success. The Isle of Wight, where the venerable author of that remarkable book spent the closing years of 'that calm old age, on which he entered with the elasticity of youth and the simplicity of childhood,' shared in the movement occasioned by that publication, as may be seen in a letter in Albin's Magazine, pp. 627, 630. Practices also, which in former years would have been allowed to go on without any objection being raised against them, now began to be questioned. For instance, it seems to have been usual in England generally for the Volunteers to turn out and go through their military exercise on the Sunday before or after divine service; this calls forth a 'Query,' p. 446, as to whether it is justifiable, which is answered, pp. 479, 480, with a decided negative in a letter from 'Monitor' of Newport.

Not only are the visits of men of fashion, wits, authors, politicians, and soldiers chronicled; the arrival of another illustrious stranger meets with the following notice: 'On Tuesday, November 12, came in at Bolnea an exceeding fine large turtle of near three hundredweight, which was presented to Lord Holmes, who invited the members of this Corporation, the field officers of the regiments here, and a number of gentlemen to dine with him at the Green Dragon Inn (Newport), on Thursday, where the turtle was dressed and served up in capital style, and produced a festive day to the company truly respectable, who were much gratified by this mark of his lordship's politeness and hospitality.' It appears from the September record of 'Monthly Occurrences' that Captain T. Dalgarno was Mayor of Newport on the occasion of this turtle feast. Evidently there were many gay doings in that ancient borough during this month of November, for on the 14th occurs the following entry: 'Last week the colours of the West Medina Yeoman Cavalry were presented. The troops assembled in their usual parade in Quay Street, and thence marched to Parkhurst Forest. Captain Foquett having received the standard, presented it to Cornet Albin, accompanying it with a very appropriate speech. The cornet on receiving it made a suitable answer, after which they went through their evolutions in a manner reflecting the highest credit on the corps, and which gave general satisfaction to the surrounding spectators. Afterwards they dined together at the Bugle Inn, where a most elegant dinner was provided.'

A pleasant gathering must have been that old-fashioned 'Yeomanry week' in Newport. Usually it was not so late as November, since the season for it was ordinarily the height of summer. The calling out of the Yeomanry involved a muster from all the Isle of Wight. There was thus an inroad of country friends upon the townspeople. The system of billeting was in vogue, so that every bed was full.

There was much grooming of horses with their long tails and brisk neigh at stables behind old-world little taverns, considerable pipe-claying of belts and polishing of helmets. It was delightful to be roused by the *réveillée* of the bugle at five of the clock on a July morning. Youngsters, whom nothing else could have tempted from their beds so early, started at the summons, and envied their elders, who were in the ranks of the Yeomen. Comely blooming young faces joined the watch at the windows. The jingle of spurs and the clank of swords was soon heard as half-bashful Yeomen descended the stairs for their *débût* in the streets. Bluff, kind faces, with joyous smiles upon them, would appear above the stiff stocks and scarlet coats. Then the horses were led to the doors, and to the women who stayed at home the mounts were the events of the day. The country gentlemen and farmers were of course well used to the saddle; but here and there a citizen, ambitious to be among the Yeomen, would meet with unhappy enough adventures as he got upon his nag. Little boys would begin to whoop and hurrah when, like John Gilpin, the unfortunate man tried to climb into his saddle. Also some obstinate young fellow, possessed with the notion of showing off a dashing horse, would insist on riding a vicious almost dangerous animal, which would on no account endure the sight of his flaming regimentals. At length they all get away to morning drill. The drill ends at the common breakfast hour, to be succeeded by the afternoon's drill. The evening was usually a time of pleasure, consisting sometimes of parties at private houses, and now and then, as is shown in the Magazine entry, the day was closed with a more sumptuous entertainment at the Bugle Inn. Let us hope that the feasting was not intemperate, and that the gallant Yeomen enjoyed themselves in innocent fashion, being well aware that there is a point where hilarity ends and excess begins. A brilliant Yeomanry ball, attended alike by gentle and simple, wound up this successful interlude in the ordinary life of the Isle of Wight Yeomen and farmers in the year 1799 and for some years following the close of the last century. In consequence of these festivities more marriages were made up in this short interval than during any other period of the year. An old Yeomanry sword, which may be seen suspended in some of the comfortable and picturesque farm-houses of the Isle of Wight, is probably now the only memorial of those stirring days, when the cheerful, bright old country town of Newport was given up for ten days or so, half to military exercises, half to friendly hand-shakings in the streets and to festivity.

June 19, 1886.

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

I REMEMBER once making a remark to the Dean of Westminster [Stanley], that the Isle of Wight had produced very few, if any, men of mark. 'You forget Thomas Arnold,' was his reply. It was true. Until the distinguished biographer who has done so much for the fame of Dr. Arnold recalled the fact, the name of the man who regenerated Public School Education in England, and who was one of the earliest leaders in the Broad Church movement, had never been connected in my mind with the Island. There are many who share in this forgetfulness. Hence this article, which is an attempt to draw the attention of the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight to a very notable native of this Island, and to the great work he did in Church and State.

Dean Stanley's admirable *Life of Arnold* is so well known to most readers of English literature that it is quite unnecessary to give any sketch of Arnold's career, or of his active and crowded existence. My endeavour has been to gather up the fragments of the history of his early life at East Cowes, before they are irrecoverably lost. For these scanty details I am indebted to the reminiscences of that accomplished gentlewoman, Miss Ward of West Hill who, to her benevolent interest in all that concerns the welfare of the Isle of Wight unites the freshest memory of its leading personages, with whom she has from youth upwards been so closely and intimately associated. The Ward family became landowners in the Isle of Wight through Arnold's father. When the property which has now grown into the large territorial estate of Northwood Park was in the market, William Arnold, who was the collector of customs at East Cowes, induced the late Mr. Ward to whom he was known to become the purchaser. William Arnold's third son, Thomas, was so called after his godfather, Mr. Ward. The sons of Mr. Ward were sent, as was usually the case then with the gentry of the Island, to Winchester School; this may have been the reason why Thomas Arnold became a Wykehamist. Before passing through the discipline of that famous place of education, for which in after life he expressed the utmost gratitude, Arnold, when about six years old, lost his father, who died suddenly of spasm of the heart at Slatwoods, and was buried at Whippingham, where in the church a monumental tablet to his memory may still be seen.

The early education of the child, who was born on June 13, 1795, was undertaken by his aunt, Miss Delafield, 'who took an affectionate pride in her charge.' This estimate of the biographer is borne out by the single anecdote with which Miss Ward's reminiscences have furnished me. It was the custom of this first director of Arnold's studies to put the boy upon a table, and make him recite pieces of poetry or prose before certain selected hearers. Lord Henry Seymour, who was then residing at Norris Castle, commenting upon this early display, remarked, sensibly enough, that the boy would be ruined. Any ill consequences that might have followed this injudicious exhibition of her precocious pupil on the part of the good aunt were obviated by the boy's own common sense, and his removal to Warminster School, where he was prepared for Winchester. A coincidence between his own early training and that of his friend, Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, may here be mentioned. Whately's father, so I have been told by one who was often a guest at his table, was accustomed to make his son repeat after dinner to the assembled company the impressive Quinquagesima Collect, or prayer for Charity, which the future archbishop recited with a correctness of emphasis and dignity of delivery that had been stamped on the memory of my aged informant. Lord H. Seymour's anticipation of mischief arising out of the premature display of Arnold's powers, though happily the prediction was not fulfilled, was based on sound good sense. Sir Henry Taylor, in his *Notes from Life*, cautioning parents against throwing their children too much in the way of strangers and casual visitors, says: 'When the visitors are intelligent, and the parents are not the sort of people to whom flattery is acceptable, the children may be no worse for meeting the visitors, though they should never be sent for to be *shown*.' There is still greater danger in their being exhibited. Arnold's shyness as a boy was probably a wholesome reaction against this premature display. His holidays when at Warminster and Winchester were spent in what his friend, the late Mr. Justice Coleridge, calls 'his favourite Isle of Wight.' In a letter written to the same friend, which will be found in the correspondence, Arnold says, 'Brought up myself in the Isle of Wight amid the bustle of soldiers and sailors, and familiar from a child with boats and ships, and the flags of Europe, which gave me an instinctive acquaintance with geography, I quite marvel to find in what a state of ignorance boys are at seventeen or eighteen who have lived all their days in inland country parishes or small country towns.' Traces of the intelligent interest which he took in the Island may be found in his *Thucydides*, where, discussing the inaccuracy and vagueness in the computation of distances, especially on water, he says: 'The distance from Cowes harbour to Calshot Castle, at the north of the Southampton Water, was always computed by the seamen who plied on the passage, and by the inhabitants who had it daily before their eyes, as being six miles. It is in reality, according to the Ordnance Survey, barely four, reckoning from the inner part of the harbour.' And again, in a note upon the scene of one of the lesser combats in the Peloponnesian war on the seaboard of Western Greece, he describes 'the deep ravine which divided the two armies before the battle as being probably the bed of a torrent running down into the sea between the hills, which here approach close upon the coast, like Shanklin Chine on the south-east coast of the Isle of Wight.' While a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, he wrote, as we have it on the authority of Sir J. T. Coleridge, an account of a vacation tour in the Isle of Wight, after the manner of the Anabasis. From the Arnold correspondence it appears that the family ceased to have a home in the Island about the year 1820, when his elder brother, Matthew, was drowned in the Solent, as recorded on the monument in Whippingham church. The strong attachment which he retained for his birthplace was shown during his migrations to Laleham, to Rugby, and to Fox How, by the slips of the great willow-tree in his father's grounds at Slatwoods, which he successively planted in each of these his own homes.

In 1836, six years before his death, Arnold paid a visit to the Isle of Wight, and writes to his sister, Mrs. Buckland, 'I certainly was agreeably surprised rather than disappointed by all the scenery. I admired the interior of the Island, which people affect to sneer at, but which I think is very superior to most of the scenery of common countries. As for the Sandrock Hotel it was most beautiful, and Bonchurch is the most beautiful thing I ever saw on the sea-coast on this side of Genoa. Slatwoods was deeply interesting. I thought of what Fox How might be to my children forty years hence, and of the growth of the trees in that interval, but Fox How cannot be to them what Slatwoods is to me—the only home of my childhood—while with them Laleham and Rugby will divide their affections.' With this visit Thomas Arnold's connexion with the Isle of Wight expired, and the family, which had been settled here for two generations, is at present left without a single representative in the Island.

It remains now to consider Arnold's character under the two points which have been already mentioned, viz. as a regenerator of Public School Education, and as a prime agent in the movement which has deepened, while it has broadened, the current of religious thought in England.

First, as to the work done by him in introducing moral and religious elements into the education of boys belonging to the upper middle class. Dean Stanley in his *Life of Arnold* (8th edition, London, 1858, vol. i. pp. 80, 155) has given an exhaustive account of his successful efforts in Christianizing the education of the sons of the English gentry. I may be allowed from personal experience to supplement the Dean's statements as to the irreligious tone of the teaching given in

Public, and large Grammar Schools, in this country, that great scandal in the eyes of good men, from the time of William Cowper the poet, and after him, of William Wilberforce, until Arnold broke through it.

During Arnold's most palmy days at Rugby, from 1836 to 1838, I was a scholar of what was then a very well-known Grammar School, and noted for the promising pupils it sent up to the University of Cambridge. Two bishops now upon the English bench received their education within its walls. Latin and Greek were taught most thoroughly and completely, yet no boy, unless he did so privately, ever opened the pages of the Greek Testament. We went to the parish church on Sunday morning and evening, but the benefit we derived from this excellent practice may be estimated by an extract from a long-forgotten novel, the authorship of which was attributed to one of the curates of the parish. 'There is in this town a school, and as this establishment is conducted by a D.D. and other distinguished scholars, the reader will readily suppose it a proud addition to our community. An addition it certainly is, but it is an *incubus*. The young gentlemen are sent to church, but while there, being free often from any *nominal* and always from all *actual surveillance*, they amuse themselves—the more sedate—with reading such books as they like to bring with them—the more vivacious—with such conduct as would be tolerated only between the acts in a play house.'

In justice to my old school-fellows I must quote the conclusion, 'Let me so far qualify what is said with regard to this school, which is a sore burden upon me, as to make honourable exception in favour of the few young men who seem steadily to bear up against the contagion. They are few, but they are fine fellows, and will some day be ornaments of usefulness to society.'

On looking back this statement does not appear to be very highly coloured, or much exaggerated. Our Sunday instruction consisted in learning a passage of English poetry or prose, for repetition on the Monday morning, which was generally, though not always, of a devotional tone. I remember repeating Wolfe's fine ode on Sir John Moore's burial, which was certainly more appropriate for the day than a speech of Mr. Phillips (afterwards well known for his defence of Courvoisier, Lord W. Russell's murderer) in behalf of an injured husband, who claimed damages of his wife's seducer—one of the favourite stock pieces that was set. The sentiments of this turgid specimen of Irish eloquence were thoroughly moral, so far as I can recollect, yet no one will be surprised at the shock it gave to a relative of my own, a most worthy clergyman, who on learning from me what I might have to learn, immediately wrote to the head master, begging that I might be supplied with a more improving Sunday exercise. His letter led, I believe, to the discontinuance of this strange and unbecoming discipline for a young mind.

I have no wish to lay bare the canker which was at the roots of the stately tree of public school education. The younger men of this generation need to be reminded of the debt they owe to Arnold by the contrast between now and then. The practice of preaching school sermons for the boys was begun by him. Every one who has listened, for instance, to Dr. Butler, when preaching in Harrow School chapel, must be aware what a valuable element in education the school sermon may be made in the hands of a competent and earnest man. Still the guiding principle of Arnold's rule at Rugby was the belief that religion did not consist in performing certain acts, but rather in doing everything from a religious motive.

There is a fine sonnet of poor Hartley Coleridge upon Dr. Arnold's work as a schoolmaster on which I wish I could lay my hand. In default of the poet's tribute to his worth Arnold's character as a schoolmaster may be dismissed with the judgement of one who was unhappily a stranger to those consolations of Christian faith which sustained him in his arduous task of reformation—Miss Martineau. The evidence of that gifted woman is the more satisfactory, because it proceeds from one who had no personal feeling of regard for him, and who looked upon him in the attitude of an outsider with little sympathy for his views of what was true, and right, and good. In *The History of England during the Peace* Miss Martineau says, 'At the head of Rugby School Dr. Arnold had large opportunities of testimony and action; and what he did will never be forgotten. His life was a public blessing while it lasted; and it has now become more so since his death; for his virtues and his toils are not now, as when he lived, obscured by the local and temporary strifes which always prevent men from doing justice to each other, and vitiate the noblest perspective of character, rendering prominent what need scarcely be seen, and hiding the grandest features behind mere magnified accidents.'

The prediction of Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel, that if Arnold were elected to the head mastership of Rugby he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England, has been verified; and the Isle of Wight, which still keeps the grey old Manor-house of Mottistone, built in 1557 by the Chekes, from whose stock sprang Sir John Cheke, immortalized by Milton as the tutor of Edward VI, will hold a more important position in scholastic annals, as being the birthplace of the great Christian reformer of the higher education of England in the nineteenth century.

Secondly, let us consider Arnold as one of the earliest leaders in what may be called for convenience sake the Broad Church Movement. That chapter in the history of the English Church has yet to be written. We live too near it (standing, as it were, in the very thick of the struggle) to be able to appreciate all the influences of that tide of religious thought. Besides, it would be out of place to discuss here the merits of those particular views, or their demerits, as they are esteemed by the mass of the clergy and a large majority of the religious world, whether Churchmen or Nonconformists. One fact is certain. Thomas Arnold was, if ever there was one, a Broad Churchman. Our own impartial, learned, and highly respected Diocesan, speaking at the Croydon Church Congress, said that he was sometimes called a High Churchman, sometimes a Low Churchman, sometimes a Broad Churchman. There could be no mistake as to what the late head master of Rugby and Professor of Modern History at Oxford was. No High Churchman or Evangelical has ever claimed him. The modern representatives of the school of religious teaching to which Arnold belonged are far from endorsing all his views in Church and

State. The training of a schoolmaster, and the dealing with the immature minds and unsettled purposes of boys, does not fit a man for grappling with the complications of ecclesiastical and political arrangements. It must be kept in mind that Arnold died at the comparatively early age of forty-seven. The wider knowledge of men and of affairs which he might have gained after his projected retirement from the head-mastership of Rugby would probably have modified his eagerness to speak out whatever was in his mind, and toned down the violence of the language which he often used in speaking of the subjects and events of the day. Peremptoriness of manner is the besetting weakness of the pedagogue. The ordinary aversion of the clergy for schoolmaster bishops takes its rise from this peculiarity. Still, the adherents of those broader views of religious truth, which are gradually finding acceptance among a small number of the clergy and a far larger proportion of the laity, have reason to be most grateful for Arnold's pioneering work. He presented to the world the spectacle of a clergyman of not only blameless, but also of holy, life.

The people of this generation are beginning to forget what a brand of condemnation was affixed by men of his own profession to those among their own body who held liberal opinions, whether in religion or politics. A pious Nonconformist minister was expected to be, at any rate, a political liberal; but an Anglican clergyman who pursued the same course was considered a traitor to his order. When Stanley's *Life of Arnold* first came out, with its extracts from Arnold's diary, showing in his own language 'the rush of love in his heart towards God and Christ,' a member of the House of Commons said to me, 'the great value of this book consists in its proving that a man may be a sincere Christian, while holding liberal opinions in matters political and ecclesiastical.' This estimate has proved true; a marked change has taken place in public opinion, in which Arnold's *Life and Correspondence* led the way. A stop has been placed to those cruel imputations of disloyalty to the faith professed by him that troubled the noble spirit of Frederick Denison Maurice. Bishops in their charges, and speakers at Church Congresses, now cite the names of Arnold and Maurice, in conjunction with those of Charles Simeon and John Keble, as a proof of the comprehensiveness of the Church in which they minister. Broad Churchmen are not looked upon as the Bashi-bazouks of the Church militant; they form a portion of the regular forces, and are a division of that army whose warfare is waged against sin and evil and all unrighteousness.

The clergy of the Isle of Wight need not hesitate to follow the precedent that is set them. Legh Richmond and Samuel Wilberforce at once occur to the mind as having belonged to the island clergy, and as being the representatives of the two great historic parties into which the Church of England has since the Reformation been more or less divided. Thomas Arnold, although his work in life did not lie in his native island, has a better title to citizenship from the fact of his birth, than either of those two good men. All three may be claimed as the chief ornaments of the clerical annals of the Isle of Wight at any rate in these later days. Whatever our differences of opinion, we may say with satisfaction that in their various spheres of duty they did honour to their native or adopted island.

It does not fall within the scope of this letter to review Arnold as an author. History and theology—that is, man, and man's relation to God—were his favourite studies. His great work, and the one by which he will be best remembered, is *The History of Rome.* Though unfinished, it stands a noble monument to his memory. The well-known sketches of the genius and character of Hannibal, and Hannibal's great rival, Scipio Africanus, may take rank with the masterpieces of English historical description. Arnold's highest qualities were shown more as a man of action than of books. It was not his wish to be a man of books. When Wordsworth remarked of Southey towards the close of his life that it was painful to see how completely dead he was become to all but books, Dr. Arnold said afterwards that the remark alarmed him. 'I could not help saying to myself am I in danger of becoming like him? Shall I ever lose my interest in things, and retain my interest in books only?'

This attempt to bring one of the most notable men of the island before my readers will have done its work, if it should induce any of those who have read Stanley's *Life and Corre-*

spondence of Arnold to renew their acquaintance with that most interesting biography, or if they have not read it to do so at once. The book itself ought to find a place on the shelves of every village library, with which the rural parishes of the Isle of Wight have been endowed by the munificence of Mr. Seely. More wholesome reading cannot be found than this book of Arnold's favourite pupil, written under the inspiration of that 'open loving heart' which, as Mr. Carlyle truly says in his *Essay on Biography*, 'is the beginning of all knowledge.'

December, 1877.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, KNIGHT OF THE BATH, M.P. FOR NEWPORT, I.W., 1807-1809.

Newport shares with the borough of Rye, one of the Cinque Ports, the honour of having given a seat in the Lower House of the United Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland to the great Duke of Wellington, while he was still a commoner. The duke's first appearance as a legislator was in the moribund Irish Parliament, where in 1790, having just come of age, he was returned as a member for the family borough of Trim in the county of Meath. Trim, of which the name occurs so often in Dean Swift's journals, is an Irish town—dirty, shabby, and wretched. Here stands a castle, one of the largest and most important built by the Anglo-Normans in Ireland, and also a pillar erected in honour of the Duke of Wellington, whose birthplace of Dangan Castle lies not far off. The young lieutenant-colonel who had been gazetted under the name of Wesley, which he retained till the name was changed into Wellesley by his brother the Marquis Wellesley, took part in the proceedings of the Irish Parliament of 1790, which had been studying French revolutionary politics. With a curious foreshadowing of his future career as a statesman the youthful member for Trim supported the concessions to the Roman Catholics, and opposed Parliamentary Reform. Happily better things were in store for Colonel Wellesley than the paltry squabbles of Irish squireens and their amenities of language. The outbreak of the war with revolutionary France called him away from the old Irish Parliament House, where before the Union the Irish representatives

'Sat in grand committee
How to plague and starve the city.'

In 1794 Colonel Wellesley in command of the 33rd regiment sailed from Cork for Flanders on his first active service to join the British army under the Duke of York.

In 1798, just when the barracks at Parkhurst, I.W., were erected and received their name Albany out of compliment to the Duke of York and Albany, the Earl of Mornington, better known by his subsequent title of Marquis Wellesley, Colonel Wellesley's elder brother, arrived at Calcutta. At the opening of this present century the political world and the newspapers were talking almost as much of Lord Wellesley's subsidiary system and the Mahratta War as of Buonaparte and the illness of good old George III. The restless ambition of the great Mahomedan usurper of Mysore had been stimulated by revolutionary France, and Tippoo had provoked the hostility of the English by an unjustifiable attack on one of their allies. Lord Wellesley's administration was rendered splendid by the victories of his brother Arthur, for which the inquiring reader must turn to the military annals of our Indian Empire. War is always popular in India, but Lord Wellesley had been playing that costly game with such success that he had brought our Indian Empire to the verge of bankruptcy. As it was, had he not possessed the services of so able a general as his brother, the results of his military policy might have been unfavourable. In 1805 Sir Arthur Wellesley, for he had been appointed by the king Knight Companion of the Order of the Bath, returned to England. In 1806 he was elected member for the borough of Rye, and from his seat in the House of Commons defended the administration of his brother in India. A certain Mr. Paul with the assistance of Sir Philip Francis and his friends had been busy in preparing charges against the Indian administration of the

Marquis Wellesley, contemplating nothing less than the impeachment of the Marquis and the ruin of the reputation of his brother, Sir Arthur Wellesley. Had it depended upon Francis, 'that venomous knight' (to use the language of Warren Hastings' epigram), the great soldier would have been excluded from public service just at the time when his ability, courage, perseverance, and genius were most needed by the country, and the Peninsular War, entrusted to generals of inferior capacity, might have been a continuation of our continental mistakes and miscarriages. The days of the Grenville ministry of 'All the talents,' as it was called, were being numbered. A new ministry was formed by the Duke of Portland, formerly a Whig leader, and head of the Whig seceders, who with Burke had joined Pitt after the French Revolution. Lord Hawkesbury (afterwards Lord Liverpool) was secretary for the home department, Canning for foreign affairs, Lord Castlereagh for war; Spencer Percival was Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Eldon was sworn in as Lord Chancellor; and the Duke of Richmond was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Motions were made in the House of Commons regretting the change of ministry, but were not carried.

The new ministry appealed to the country at once, and a general election took place in 1807. Tremendous and almost unprecedented were the efforts made by the ins and the outs at this general election. On both sides immense electioneering purses were made up and emptied in the old way. Wilberforce foresaw the ruinous contest for any man of ordinary fortune in Yorkshire, where Lord Harewood was going to oppose him; but Wilberforce's friends immediately subscribed £18,000, and voted that he himself should not be permitted to put down his name on the subscription list opened to support his election. Everywhere the price of boroughs rose to a terrible amount. The Opposition accused the new ministers of buying up, by means of a very large sum advanced by the king out of his privy purse, all the seats that were to be disposed of and at any price. Tierney offered £10,000 for two seats and got a refusal. Romilly, who had to pay £2.000 for his seat at the borough of Horsham, writes as follows in his *Diary of his Parliamentary Life*:—

'This buying of seats is detestable, and yet it is the only way in which one who is in my situation, who is resolved to be an independent man, can get into Parliament. To come in by a popular election, in the present state of the representation, is quite impossible; to be placed there by some great lord, and to vote as he shall direct, is to be in a state of complete dependence; and nothing hardly remains but to owe a seat to the sacrifice of a part of one's fortune.'

The members for Newport, I.W., in the short-lived and unlucky Parliament of 1806 were Isaac Covvy, Esq., and Sir John D'Oyle, Bart. These disappeared when the election of the following year came on, and the names returned stand on the list as follows: Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, Kt. of the Bath. What mysterious influence induced the electors of Newport to choose such good and true men for their representatives? The Holmes family had a preponderant influence in the Isle of Wight boroughs of Newport and of Yarmouth in those days when a brisk trade in boroughmongering was carried on; but in the absence of any definite information the burgesses of Newport may be credited with having of their own spontaneous action chosen a man of such tried merits as Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the freshly gathered laurels of Assaye, and of the victories over the Mahrattas. With equal discrimination the citizens of Newport may have discerned in the youthful Palmerston the promise of the vigorous diplomatic activity, brilliancy, and alertness, for which he was distinguished through his long political career. In the Parliament of 1806 Lord Palmerston, being then only twenty-one, had ventured to contest the representation of the University of Cambridge with Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne), who had just accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer under the Whig Government of Lord Grenville. The young candidate for political honours failed in this attempt, but was immediately returned to Parliament for the borough of Bletchingley; and subsequently in the Parliament of 1807 had the honour of being the colleague of Sir Arthur Wellesley as member for Newport, Isle of Wight.

One of the first measures with which the new House of

Commons had to deal related to Ireland. The ministry found it necessary to bring in an Irish Insurrection Bill, giving the Lord Lieutenant power to proclaim disturbed counties, authorizing magistrates to arrest persons who should be found out of their dwelling between sunset and sunrise, and requiring that the person so arrested should be tried at quarter-sessions. The Bill was brought into the House of Commons on July 9 by the newly-elected member for Newport, General Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had become secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. That this Coercion Bill was urgently needed may be inferred from the fact that the Irish patriot Grattan, of whom Sir James Mackintosh has said 'that he was one of the few public men whose private virtues are to be cited as examples to those who would follow in his public steps,' approved of the measure, which he said was necessary, for that to his knowledge there was still a French party in Ireland. The Parliamentary career of Sir Arthur Wellesley in the House of Commons was very brief, as in August of the same year he was appointed to a command in the expedition sent to Copenhagen under Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier.

After this expedition General Wellesley returned to England and resumed his duties in that most thankless of all public employments—the Irish Secretaryship. In the following February, 1808, he received in his place in the House of Commons the thanks of that House for his important share in the success of the Copenhagen expedition, by which Napoleon was deprived of the assistance of the Danish fleet, upon which he had reckoned in his plans against England. It was a terrible necessity, so the apologists for that bombardment of Copenhagen admit. Buonaparte seems to have been astonished that the English did not carry away the hardy Danish sailors as well as the ships.

In the spring of 1805 a military force was assembled at Cork, intended, it was believed, to act against the Spanish colonies of South America, Spain being through French influence at war with England. But the invasion of Portugal and Spain by Napoleon, occurring about the same time, gave a new destination to the English expedition. The people of Spain declared war against the invaders, and sent to England to ask for assistance. Juntas or local governments were formed, and peace proclaimed between Spain and England. The main strength of the Spanish patriots lay in the north in the mountainous provinces of Asturias and Galicia, which were as yet untouched by the French; and the deputies who came to England requested the employment of an English auxiliary force to effect a diversion by landing on some point on the coast of Portugal.

On June 10, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, with 9,000 men sailed from Cork to Portugal, and entering by the Mondego river, landed on the Portuguese coast, where he was joined by a detachment under General Spencer, which brought the force up to about 13,000 men. They were attacked by the French under Junot at Vimiera, and after an obstinate struggle the French retired from the field. In the hour of victory Wellesley was superseded by Sir Harry Burrard, Sir Harry on the following day by Sir Henry Dalrymple. Junot proposed an armistice, offered to give up Lisbon and all the fortresses, to evacuate Portugal, and embark with all his army for France. The convention of Cintra having been agreed upon and signed, the French quitted Portugal, the Russian fleet in the Tagus surrendered, and the forts were occupied by the Portuguese; great advantages to be repaid with censure. Sir W. Napier, in his *Peninsular War*, after cordial praise of Sir A. Wellesley in this campaign, and after a vindication of Sir Harry Burrard, concludes with the observation: 'The convention was a great and solid advantage for the allies, a blunder on the part of the French.'

Sir A. Wellesley's employment in the Peninsula having terminated, he resumed his official duties as Chief-Secretary for Ireland, and took again his seat in the House of Commons. Napoleon with an army of more than 200,000 men, having burst through the Spanish lines, and having forced the strong pass of the Somosierra, afterwards took possession of Madrid. Meantime Soult with an overwhelming force had been sent against Sir John Moore, who had advanced into Spain as far as Salamanca. This movement was followed by the disastrous retreat of the English army, the battle of Corunna, Jan. 16, 1809, in which Sir John Moore—his left arm hanging from a thread, and his heart laid bare—died the death of a soldier, caring for his country and thinking of his mother. The fortunes of Spain and Portugal appeared desperate, but the English Government made another effort in behalf of the oppressed people of those countries by sending Wellesley to the rescue.

With the Peninsular campaign of 1809 Sir A. Wellesley's connexion with the borough of Newport ceases. He resigned his office as Secretary for Ireland, gave up the weary struggle with the 'devouring Irish giant,' and on April 7 accepted the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. Leonard Thomas Worsley Holmes of Pidford House, I.W., was chosen member for Newport in his place. Sir Arthur Wellesley never sat again in the House of Commons, for on the receipt of the news of the battle of Talavera, July 27 and 28, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley was raised to the peerage by the titles of Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington.

With the abdication of Napoleon in 1814 the campaigns of that heroic army, which could go anywhere and do anything under their leader, Wellington, came to a close in Portugal, Spain, and France. To measure the achievements of that Peninsular army and its general required time and study. Not till long after the war, till after Colonel Gurwood's *Wellington Despatches* and Napier's *History* had been published, were the merits of the 'Iron Duke' fully appreciated. Party spirit, slow conception, awe of Napoleon, darkened counsel and thwarted endeavour, while the fierce and mighty struggle between France and England was being waged. If 'the talents' had remained in office England might have lost the services of the greatest of modern military captains. Before the Peninsular War a notion prevailed in France, and was held by some in England, that Sir A. Wellesley was but a Sepoy general, who might beat Indian princes and rajahs, but was altogether incapable of contending with French commanders, who had risen out of the Revolution, and who had been trained under the Emperor Napoleon Even in India persons in authority were hardly aware of the capacity of the victor of Assaye, and the leader in the storming of Seringapatam. I remember my father telling me that he, when a subaltern in the Indian army, was once in the company of many distinguished superior officers, who all of them predicted disaster for Sir Arthur Wellesley when pitted, as he was at that time of which my father spoke, against the most renowned marshals of Napoleon; and that Sir John Malcolm, who was present, was alone in maintaining that wherever Wellesley might lead, victory would ensue. It should be kept in mind that Malcolm had good reasons for forming this judgement, since 'Boy Malcolm,' as he was called, was the first secretary to the commission appointed to divide the conquered territory of Tippoo after Seringapatam had been stormed, when a young colonel bearing the name of Arthur Wellesley, who was in command of the Nizam's troops, greatly distinguished himself.

What did the good people of Newport think in those days about their member? The English people—neither Whig nor Tory, but independent men, holding their own opinions of right and wrong, and always great on great occasions—soon learned to understand that there could be no peace with Buonaparte. Probably the majority of the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight felt the same, and were hearty supporters of Wellington and his brave army. It was reserved for the illustrious poet whom the Isle of Wight may claim as her own—Lord Tennyson—to commemorate in English verse that will for ever live the great soldier 'who has kept us free.'

Posterity has pronounced its verdict upon the Duke of Wellington—

> 'Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
> Yet clearest of ambitious crime;
> Our greatest, yet with least pretence;
> Great in council, great in war,
> Foremost captain of his time,
> Rich in saving common-sense,
> And as the greatest only are
> In his simplicity sublime.'

May 21, 1887.

WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D., AND HIS LIFE AT WHIPPINGHAM, A.D. 1821–1826.

THE Isle of Wight may fairly claim Walter Farquhar Hook as one of her notable men. Although the island was not his birthplace, the 'great parish priest,' as he was called, had a stronger affection for the Garden Isle than most of her natives. When my friend and relative, the late Professor Freeman, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, was on one occasion a visitor at the Vicarage, Carisbrooke, I remember his receiving a letter from the Dean of Chichester, in which occurred words to the following effect: 'So you are staying in the Isle of Wight. In earlier years it was my heart's desire to make my home in the island, and now in my old age I am within reach of my beloved island and can even see its outline from the windows of the Deanery. Few persons realize so nearly the dreams of their youth.' Such was Hook's uniform language about his former home in the island, both in conversation and in writing, as may be seen in the very well written biography of him by Mr. Stephens.

My object is to confine myself to the few facts which may be gathered up of this good man's six years spent at his curacy of Whippingham. His father, who held other preferment, was also Rector of Whippingham. In the summer of 1821, at the prescribed age of twenty-three years and a half, Walter Farquhar Hook was ordained as his father's curate at Whippingham. He had received his education at Winchester School and at Christ Church, Oxford. At neither of these two famous seats of learning was he happy, nor did he achieve success. Winchester in those days, with its schoolboy code of tunding, and 'at top of hall,' was a very rough training for those 'manners' which, according to the admirable motto of William of Wykeham, the bishop-founder of the two Colleges of St. Mary, Winton, in Winchester and in Oxford, 'makyth man.' Oxford was much better in this respect, but young Hook, who through the influence of the Prince Regent had obtained a Christ Church studentship, was out of touch alike with its studies, pursuits, and amusements. He was an earnest student of Shakespeare especially, and of Walter Scott, and of Miss Austen's delightful novels. These sources of English undefiled, coupled with the devout reading of our version of the Bible, were in after years of the utmost service in strengthening his judgement and in contributing to the manly and dignified style of his writings, but at the time they did him no good in the examination schools. Like a man very different to himself both in disposition and in religious views, Mr. Mark Pattison, Hook's natural shyness and reserve stood in the way of his making college friendships. His university career had as little influence over him as over so many others. The ordinary undergraduate gossip about Oxford work, Oxford politics, Oxford amusements, finds no place in the letters he writes to his mother. The only Oxford honour he desired was the Newdigate prize for English verse, and in that he was beaten by Mr. Howard, afterwards Lord Carlisle. The real scaffolding upon which his character was to be raised was put up in a far humbler spot than Oxford. Whippingham, for the Royal Palace of Osborne was of course not then built, was only an ordinary Isle of Wight village. It was one of the old parishes given by William Fitz Osborn to the Abbey of Lyra, and was bounded on the north by the sea as far as King's Quay creek, by Wootton on the east, by the river Medina on the south, and by Arreton on the west. Of this widespread parish, which at that time included East Cowes, W. F. Hook was practically curate-in-charge, and was often the only inmate of the Rectory for weeks and months together. Here he began to expand and grow intellectually and morally. His constitutional aversion to social intercourse was gradually rubbed off. His quick, choleric temper, his fits of melancholy, his tendency in many ways to impulsiveness and eccentricity, were kept in check by the wholesome restraint of a settled occupation and work in life. While thoroughly enjoying this seclusion and independence, he availed himself of the hospitality of the neighbouring houses, and was a welcome guest, more especially at Northwood, the residence of Mr. Ward, and at Norris Castle, the seat at that time of Lord Henry Seymour. Quiet English country scenery had always a charm for him, and he enjoyed it to the full in the Isle of Wight.

An early bath in the Medina, which flows at the foot of the hill on which the pleasant Rectory-house and its picturesque grounds are situated, study from the early morning till the beginning of the afternoon, visits to his parishioners, evenings spent with his kind and friendly neighbours, or in the society of his dearly beloved Shakespeare, or Walter Scott, or Miss Austen; rambles prolonged on summer nights till almost early dawn to listen to the nightingale, or to watch the silvery light of the moon on the river or the sea; these formed the ordinary incidents of his daily life. They formed a marked contrast in their calm and sweet repose to the turmoil and excitement in smoky manufacturing cities that were in store for him in his after life. Often in later years did he pine for the tranquillity of his Whippingham days, and look forward to the time when he might retire to some peaceful home in or near the Isle of Wight. A letter to his mother, dated Whippingham, May 2, 1822, will give a better picture of his feelings than any words of his biographer: 'My dearest mother,—This is not Whippingham, it is Paradise. I think all the birds of England are on a visit to the island; at least, I will be bound to say that you never heard such a choir as we have here.' During all these six years at Whippingham he was an industrious student, laying up vast stores of knowledge, which were of the utmost value to him throughout the rest of his life. In order to ensure complete privacy he had a little wooden hut erected near the corner of the churchyard, in which he used to read, according to an elaborate course of study which he had laid down for himself, and which may be read in *Dean Hook's Life*, by Stephens, vol. i. pp. 64–65. He once asked his uncle, the well-known Theodore Hook, what he should call this study. 'I should call it "Walter's Cot"' was the not very brilliant reply of that ever-ready punster.

'As,' writes his biographer, 'he always looked back on Whippingham with gratitude for the leisure it had afforded him to lay deep the foundation of his theological and historical learning, so also did he regard his residence there as the period in which, more than any other, he had acquired the pastoral tone of his mind, and formed the pastoral habits of his life.' His own testimony confirmed this statement of Mr. Stephens. 'I say without hesitation,' he writes, long after he had been Vicar of Leeds, 'that the very worst training in life which a man can have is that which he receives if appointed early in life to a town parish. The strong pastoral feeling is generated in the country, and I attribute what little success I have had entirely to my country breeding.'

How well his pastoral duties were performed at Whippingham may be shown by a single fact. No direct and separate provision had been made for ministering to the wants of the people of East Cowes. Here Hook obtained the use of a sail-loft, in which he held an evening service on Sundays. His zeal was happily well supported by his youthfulness and considerable bodily strength, and he seldom, if ever, complained of fatigue. One very hot evening however in June, 1825, he arrived at Northwood rather weary and exhausted after his service in the sail-loft. His friend, Lord Henry Seymour, happened to be there and proposed that a chapel of ease should be built at East Cowes—a practical suggestion, which not long after, though not in Mr. Hook's time, was carried into effect.

The friendship of Walter Farquhar Hook with the Ward family continued long after his departure from Whippingham, and indeed was unbroken till the end of his life. To that intimacy I am indebted for my own personally slight acquaintance with this excellent specimen of a true-hearted Englishman and clergyman of the National Church. When in midsummer, 1874, Northwood Church was restored, mainly by the liberality of Miss Ward and her generous, large-hearted sisters, it was proposed to Miss Ward that no fitter person could be asked to preach the sermon at the opening service than her friend of early days, who was then Dean of Chichester. The mistress of West Hill, with her accustomed promptness and willingness to oblige, at once wrote to him. The result was his compliance with her request that he should be her guest. A large party was invited to meet the Dean at dinner on the day before the opening services at Northwood were to take place. My wife and I were among those who had the honour of an invitation, and I have a lively recollection of the fun and humour with which he bubbled over. Like many men of brilliant parts in conversation, I have been told that he was at times taciturn and reserved. On this occasion he was most animated. The remembrance of past days in the Isle of Wight, the bright and sparkling conversation and demeanour of the charming hostess, Miss Ward, had the effect of kindling up those conversational powers which from their blended seriousness and cheerful mirth were the delight of those who were admitted to his intimacy. He abounded in good stories, some relating to the old days at Whippingham, which I have not forgotten.

Mr. Dale, the eminent Nonconformist minister at Birmingham, has in his *Week-day Sermons*, pp. 136–137, said: 'I have known many eminent saints, people who loved God with a great love, trusted Him with a perfect faith, and they lived and moved and had their being in the Divine presence . . . They were brave and hopeful; and heartily enjoyed the pleasures of life, and made light of its sorrows. Some of them had humour and wit, an eye that twinkled merrily, and a laugh that pealed like a bell.' To this class belonged Walter Farquhar Hook, who in his six years' residence at Whippingham laid the foundations of the great work of his life among the sturdy people of the North, as Vicar of Leeds, which has by general acclamation entitled him to be called the most vigorous and successful parochial clergyman of his generation.

May 14, 1892.

SOCIAL LIFE IN NEWPORT, A.D. 1822.

In a paper on 'Jane Austen at Home' Mr. Kebbel writes: 'There was in those days a particular grade of society, now almost extinct, which haunted these large villages and small country towns . . . families quite unconnected with "trade," with small but sufficient incomes, who did nothing at all in life, and seemed to wish to do nothing. . . . They formed the main ingredient of those card parties and early supper parties which were the amusement of our grandfathers and grandmothers in these secluded spots, and which imparted a familiar flavour of sociability and gaiety to the country life of the period, which has now long departed from it.'

Now that such people have become scarce, or retreated into watering-places, it may fairly be called a matter of past history to call up some sketches of social life in Newport in 1822, as described in the *Vectis Magazine* for that year. The first of these sketches will be found in page 18, 'An Evening Chit-Chat Party,' where the writer meets 'five male and eight female friends,' and gives an account of the way the evening was spent; the gentlemen and ladies discuss the propriety of playing whist, vingt-un, and three-card loo. After they have settled their debate, the writer contents himself by informing the editor 'that not half the anxiety is visible in the face of a defaulter on the Stock Exchange as may be discovered by the eyes and lips of these petty Stock Jobbers.' When the cards are put away, supper is announced, —'the ladies tript first into the supper-room, without the unnecessary and tiresome forms of being elegantly requested to accept the services of some gentleman. Then in march the beaux, and arrange themselves, like the ministerial members of the House of Commons, facing the Opposition benches. I suppose this is for the convenience of everyone helping themselves, or is it etiquette of the island? (Excuse me, for I am quite a stranger.)' . . .

In another article of this magazine, page 136, 'My Uncle Jeremiah's Visit to Newport,' we have a glimpse from 'the left-hand window of the Bugle Inn,' and how some of these gentlemen contrive to while away their leisure in the day. The visitor's attention is drawn to a group of young men 'leaning against the wall of the opposite house, their arms folded on their breast, and their legs crossed over the pavement.' From the account given of their demeanour and bearing, these seem to have belonged to the class of whom the modern 'Masher' is the survival; and therefore do not afford much of interest, except in their costume, which is more varied than in these days of sombre uniformity. For instance, as the visitor stands by the window, he notices a 'tall thin figure traversing the street on his tiptoes, arrayed in a green hunting-coat, jockey hat, and gaiters.' Then follows 'a tall young man with a large ring on his finger, and broad gold lace down his over-alls.' He is a hero—'That, sir,' replied my communicant, 'is the person who taught the Americans the respect due to an Englishman in the celebrated affair of Gibraltar.' After this 'manly form' is seen a 'short stout man, in a loose great coat, which nearly reached the ground . . . his hair extremely long, and his whole appearance such as to excite the curiosity of a stranger.'—'He had not long resided here, but spent most of his time in France.' In two other articles, pp. 55 and 176, a lively writer describes how the elder gentlemen amused themselves in more sedate fashion at what he calls the 'Society House,' to which he is introduced under 'the guidance of Mentor.' 'Look well,' says this friendly guide, 'at the personage who has now entered, the one with powdered hair, of low stature, his face of sallow hue . . . he is the well-known author of "Anonymice" and other unconsidered trifles. . . . Here we were interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, who, having made his bow at the door, proceeded to the like office of prostration to every individual.' The Society House has many who drop in; among these is one of a type that never seems to die out, 'loudly descanting on the faults of the Ministers.' 'If he would look a little more to his own,' said Mentor, 'and pay less attention to politics, it would be an advantage.' The indefatigable Mentor points out to his young friend that 'Religion has also a crowd of singularities.' The 'persuasions,' to use a modern word, of the residents in Newport were sixty years ago very varied, if Mentor is to be believed. 'You see the little man with white hair and hale face; observe with what scorn he looks on the person opposite, whose listless length hangs upon two chairs.' 'The little gentleman' has an objection to the Prayer Book, and hence his scorn for the occupant of the two chairs, who is 'a true orthodox son of the Church.' 'The comely personage who so well fills yonder chair is an indulger in the beatific visions of Emanuel Swedenborg; in the room are many sectarians, men of principle and talent; some individuals of no sect at all, who absent themselves from Church service on the plea of being obliged to listen to doctrine they may not at the moment comprehend, or to hear truths they may not like.'

Besides these and others we have sketches from the 'Society House' of 'Captain Vacuum,' 'Sir Holmby Freeman,' 'Mr. Supple,' 'An Æsculapius,' who cannot forget his former services when he belonged to 'the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry'; two members of the Arian Church, 'both men of ability, but no two created beings were ever more dissimilar;' also one belonging to 'the profession of the law,' with 'a constant smile upon his face, and whose arms move with the rapidity of the paddles of a steamboat.'

In these 'sketches' we catch a sight of the gentlemen over 'their rosy wine,'—'The divine filled a bumper and, raising himself from his chair, with due reverence pronounced the words "Church and King," emptying his wine at the sacred pledge.' 'The Doctor' (he is an M.D.), 'who was on his right hand,' will only have 'The King.' A dispute arises. 'A fig for the Church,' cries out the Doctor, but all ends very pleasantly. There is an account of a more aesthetic dinner party, 'when the wine cup calls forth the best and most social qualities in man,' and the conversation turns upon the 'fine arts.'

On page 209 are 'Lines on a Pic-nic Party,' written in 'an idle hour between breakfast and dinner,' in which the poet describes 'the soft social converse, the kind wish to please.'

To sum up, these sketches in the *Vectis Magazine* leave upon the mind of the reader a pleasant impression of the social life at Newport sixty years ago. Canon Venables in his *Guide Book*, 1860, has the following paragraph: 'The character of the inhabitants has of late years, in common with almost all country towns, greatly changed. A quarter of a century since there was located at Newport and its immediate neighbourhood a considerable number of persons of independent means and high social rank. This class is almost extinct, and if any still remain they can but sigh over the memory of former years, when the state of society was so different.'

I do not see why such a lament should be raised. Many causes are everywhere at work to put a stop to the old social life of provincial towns. More wholesome and rational social intercourse is taking the place of the somewhat dull frivolity of the past. Quiet reading and household talk at home is better than gossip and 'polite conversation!'

February 14, 1885.

GEORGE CANNING, M.P. FOR NEWPORT, I.W.,

A.D. 1826.

The burgesses of what was then the close borough of Newport, I.W., did themselves a great honour when in 1826 they returned the Right Hon. George Canning, H.M. Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as their representative to the Parliament of 1826. The House of Commons which had been elected in 1820, after six sessions was dissolved. That Parliament of 1820, returned amid much turmoil and distress in the country, differed little in its composition from its predecessor. It had done some great things. The work of parliamentary reform was begun, with the enlargement of the representation of Yorkshire, and that of the abolition of slavery with the issue of the celebrated circular to the West India colonies. Our country had been ennobled in the eyes of the world by the foreign policy of Mr. Canning, which was enthusiastically sanctioned by Parliament.

The career of Canning is the most fascinating, romantic, and honourable among the annals of English parliamentary history. Snatched in his boyhood from a career that might have ended in disgrace, he was throughout his life blameless of any act betraying want of moral principle done to assist his rise. Ambition never blinded him to the true interests of his country; both abroad and at home he was a patriotic statesman. He was guilty of no tergiversation, was always loyal to the party he had adopted, and never maligned nor forgot a political friend, however great the temptation. His accomplishments were so brilliant, his graces of manner and bearing so exquisite, and his wit so dazzling, that his contemporaries were so occupied with these that they left out of sight those more sterling qualities which are more impressive to us who never saw his face. To us he is the thoughtful, earnest, calm, quiet statesman, sending forth from his office the most simple and business-like dispatches, which proved him to be, as his political opponent, Lord Holland, called him, 'the first logician in Europe.' He was a marvellous orator in days when parliamentary oratory was distinguished by wit, courtesy, scholarship, and refinement. When great principles were at stake, the utterances of Canning in the British Parliament were full of enthusiasm. When the honour of England was imperilled, his handsome features were lit up with the fire of his genius. There was the flashing eye, the indomitable valour, and the flowing utterance full of unquenchable imagination; but his favourite ideas never led him away from the steady realities of his position, or beguiled him from taking a prudent, statesmanlike view of the administration of the powers of the Government. He was the most practical of politicians. His foreign policy was one of peace, combined with honour.

He had, of course, his faults. When young he was too ready for combat, and thought more of the combat than of the cause; but as he came to know life and its seriousness better, the combat was not a thing to be sought, however manfully it might be met. He was also slightly contemptuous; it was only partial, as he was capable of the utmost reverence for those whose character he respected, as for instance the illustrious William Pitt, whose loyal adherent he was throughout his career. His powers of pungent ridicule, as shown in the poetry of *Anti-Jacobin*, were mainly exercised on the spurious liberalism of French revolutionary doctrines and its absurd affectations and follies. Sometimes he may have wounded honest and innocent persons, but he was a generous foe, and like all truly great men, benign and gentle, even in his fits of occasional waywardness. His sensitiveness no doubt shortened his days; he died Premier of England in the fifty-seventh year of his age, when, to use his own expression about William Pitt, he seemed to be destined as the pilot to weather the storm.

As for his private life, he was an excellent son to his humble mother, who died, happily for herself, before him, in March of the same year. At the age of thirty he married a lady of very large fortune, which made him independent of all sordid grasping for the emoluments of power and place. When I was a lad, I was accustomed to hear from a gentleman who was a near relative of the wife of Mr. Canning—the late General Sir John Buchan, K.C.B.—how charming and playful the great statesman was in the privacy of his family circle. He died as he had lived, a Christian man. On July 30, 1827, he waited in his capacity as Prime Minister upon the King, who was so alarmed at his appearance that he sent his own physician to him. Some friends dined with him the next day. He retired early, and never left his bed again. His illness, internal inflammation, was torturing, dreadful to witness; but there was yet much strength left, for he lived a week longer. On August 5, the Sunday before his death, he desired his daughter to read prayers, according to his custom when he could not attend church. His agony ceased sometime before his death, when mortification had set in. It was a little before four on the morning of Wednesday, August 8, 1827, when he breathed his last. Mr. Canning was fifty-six years of age, young as it seems to us in these days when our leading politicians are bordering on three-score years and ten or upwards. He was borne to the grave in Westminister Abbey on August 16, and his remains were laid at the foot of the grave of his beloved master in the science of politics—William Pitt. His family wished the funeral to be as private as the funeral of such a man could be; and they declined the attendance of several public bodies and of a multitude of private persons, but yet the streets were so thronged (in a deluge of rain) that a way was made with difficulty, and the Abbey was filled. The grief of the mourners next the coffin hardly exceeded that which was displayed on the faces of the vast crowd outside. Statues of the departed statesman representing his noble presence may be seen in many places, but the niche in history which he holds as the minister by whom peace was preserved and freedom established after the exhaustion which followed the long war with France is his only worthy monument. All the more was this felt by the country, because on adequate occasions he kept watch as vigilantly as any advocate for war could have done; for he was not the one to sacrifice the honour and influence of the country for the sake of that peace which can only be guaranteed by cherishing the resources and means of war.

The romance of Mr. Canning's career consists in the contrast between what he was and what he might have been. He was born in London, April 11, 1770. His father was the descendant of an ancient family of gentry in Bristol and Warwickshire. The line from which the statesman was descended belonged to those English settlers in Ireland who are now the objects of loathing to the Irish Nationalist party, and lived upon lands granted them by James I. Mr. Canning's father was called to the bar, but he never practised. Literature beguiled him from the pursuit of law. Under the pressure of debt he cut off the entail of his Irish estate, and married a young lady of the name of Costello. When his child was born, the father was wretched at the thought of having made his son landless; his cares had long preyed upon his health, and he died on his child's first birthday. The young widow wholly destitute went upon the stage, and afterwards married a second-rate drunken actor of the name of Reddish. An actor of the name of Moody wrote to his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning, a merchant in the city of London, that his nephew was on the high road to the gallows. This was probably an exaggeration, but no doubt his surroundings were degraded. His generous uncle allowed the boy £200 a year for his education. The boy thus rescued was first sent to Hyde Abbey School near Winchester, whence he was removed to Eton. At Eton when sixteen he with three schoolfellows produced a periodical work called the *Microcosm*. From Eton he went to Oxford, where he made the acquaintance of Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool. The two young men were born in the same year, 1770, and at Christchurch where they first met were inseparable, laughing at each others' whims—Jenkinson with his brown coat bearing the initials of the great orators, and Canning full of verse, both Latin and English. They entered Parliament at the same time in 1793 as Tories under Mr. Pitt, and to that party they adhered. The highest ability of the Earl of Liverpool as Minister of the Crown was choosing and conciliating able men, and keeping them in sufficient harmony to get through their work, if nothing more. In some points Jenkinson was the very opposite of his brilliant friend, Canning; he was extremely heavy, diligent, and upright, but with no striking ability in speech or action. It tells well for these two college friends that they were never separated in their affection for one another by the differences on public matters which occasionally arose. Jenkinson served as a good balance-wheel to Canning, when the movements of the latter might be going a little too fast. In 1797 along with Jenkinson and other Etonian and Oxford friends Canning started the *Anti-Jacobin*, and to his graceful pen the world is indebted for the most sparkling political squibs and verses that have ever been written. His playful satire on the affectations and follies of the English supposed allies of the French revolutionists and German sentimentalists can still be read with pleasure. When the subject of the Irish Union was brought before Parliament, Mr. Canning spoke at great length and with much effect in support of that measure. In 1808, when the subject of the expedition to Copenhagen attracted the attention of Parliament, the eloquence of Mr. Canning gave a decided majority to Ministers. His conduct on this occasion roused the wrath of the author of *Peter Plymley's Letters*, who wrote, 'I am sick of Mr. Canning; there's not a ha'porth of bread and cheese to all his sugar and sack.' When Parliament was dissolved in 1812 Mr. Canning was elected for Liverpool, which also returned him in 1814, 1818, and again in 1820.

In June, 1820, when the miserable and scandalous business of the conduct of Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV, was brought before Parliament, Mr. Canning, rather than take any part in it, resigned his office, and went on a tour to the continent. By this step he was supposed to have incurred the royal displeasure, and he was not one of the new members of the Government which was formed after the retirement of Lord Sidmouth in 1822. The India Company were not disposed to dispense with such a man, if the Government could get on without him, and they offered him the post of Governor-General of India in succession to Lord Hastings. Although many in England disliked Canning's aristocratical tendencies as a man, and his political bias as a statesman, he was regarded by the people generally as the foremost man in Parliament, and there was a feeling of sorrow and of shame that he should be allowed to leave England. When his preparations were made and the hour for sailing arrived, he went to Liverpool to take leave of his constituents. He was the guest of his friend, Mr. Gladstone (the father of the present Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone), at Seaforth House, situated on a flat, stretching north of the town, and overlooking the sea. Mr. Gladstone was then a lad of thirteen. We cannot help contrasting these two leaders of the House of Commons, both of them distinguished at Eton and Oxford, both of them the greatest orators in that House, yet with a style of speaking quite as different as the two men are intellectually, politically, and in their personal characteristics and sympathies. A new generation has taken its seat in the House of Commons, upon whom Mr. Canning's brilliant oratory, sparkling with graceful repartee, and full of literary point and skill, would fall dead. Lord Palmerston, who also sat for Newport, I.W., in 1810, though very inferior as a speaker to Canning, was probably the last survivor of that school of oratory. As Canning sat 'for hours' in his friend's house gazing on the expanse of the sea, the news arrived that Lord Castlereagh, then Marquis of Londonderry, and at the head of Foreign Affairs, had committed suicide on August 12 of that year. Soon afterwards an interview took place between Canning and his staunch friend, Lord Liverpool, when the Foreign Office was offered by the Premier, and with chivalrous courage accepted by Canning. Of all the departments of government this was probably the one for which he was best fitted. His dispatches were manly, lucid, and spirited, and many of his state papers are models of that kind of composition. Had a statesman of Canning's stamp been at the head of affairs, we should never have 'drifted' into the Crimean War. In his management of Foreign Affairs Mr. Canning proclaimed nothing which could plunge England or other countries into war; he resisted all revolutionary risings, and protested vigorously against despotic aggression, from whatever quarter it might arise. His policy was the preservation of peace and order, and his immediate practical purpose was to dissolve by the quietest means the Holy Alliance between the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia.

These three Potentates averred that their Alliance was 'Holy.' The epithet sounded hypocritical to the people who heard it; certain of the acts of these allied sovereigns justified the imputation. The title was adopted in opposition to the atheism of the French Revolution. And yet the Holy Alliance was a testimony that the French Revolutionists had dreamed a dream which might be fulfilled. There must be an alliance of nations, a fraternity among men, said the Revolutionary enthusiasts and fanatics. There shall be such an alliance, such a fraternity, said the monarchs. We will create it, and put ourselves at the head of it. This was an error. Had they been contented to be witnesses to the name of 'Holy' which they assumed, and acknowledged that there was a Divine Sovereign, holy and just, not merely powerful, who cared for the nations more than they did, who can tell what blessings might have followed on their attempt? But like the French Revolutionists the monarchs tried of themselves to re-construct and re-mould the social conditions of mankind, not according to the plan of man's Divine Ruler, but to suit their own interests. The monarch who under the influence of Madame de Krudener, the real originator (as E. M. Arndt, the German writer, complains), of the scheme of the Holy Alliance, had most of its idea, both in its truth and in its perversion—Alexander of Russia—died at Taganrog in 1825. With the loss of the real founder and soul of the Holy Alliance, its hollowness and hypocrisy began to appear. To Metternich and others it was a mere diplomatic invention to repress individual freedom. The great danger to which mankind is exposed from the rise of absolute monarchies, and no less, as Mr. John Stuart Mill has pointed out, from unbridled democracy, is the crushing out of all originality of speech and action. Mr. Canning with his love of rational liberty and his transparent common-sense foresaw the inroads of such a tyranny, and at once struck a blow at this Imperial confederacy. The nations of the continent of Europe began to breathe more freely. In the language of modern political phraseology Canning was a

Liberal Conservative. The claims of the Roman Catholics had been supported by Mr. Pitt. Pitt's distinguished pupil, Mr. Canning, inherited his master's opinions on this subject as on so many others. With what seems to us now to be politically inconsistent with his steady support of Roman Catholic emancipation he was opposed to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act. We may be perfectly sure that in this matter he honestly expressed his own convictions. He never sacrificed his personal honour to mere political expediency or party allegiance. His political enemies, and he had scarcely any personal foes, called him an 'adventurer.' His spirit of enterprising adventure never hurried him into base and mean desertion of the cause he had espoused, or of those with whom he was associated; never induced him to forsake principle for popularity. Mr. Canning's name is so identified with the representation of Liverpool that most persons are not aware that he sat as member for the borough of Newport in the Isle of Wight in the Parliament of 1826.

One circumstance which made the elections of 1826 memorable to those engaged in them was the excessive heat of the season. Deaths from sun-stroke were not confined to labourers in the fields and the road, but extended to persons engaged in the elections. There was difficulty in obtaining grass for horses, and even water for thirsty agents and electors. As there was an average crop of wheat, and a very abundant one of potatoes, the alarm and inconvenience caused by the drought of the summer were not of long duration. Mr. Canning did not sit long for Newport. On April 24, 1827, W. Lamb, Esq., of Brockett Hall, Herts., was elected member in place of George Canning, appointed First Lord of the Treasury. It was a busy and exciting time when Newport did itself the honour of electing the greatest orator and statesman in either House of Parliament. Extracts from the local newspapers, or from other sources of information, respecting that memorable election would be of great interest. Was the voice of George Canning heard on the hustings at Newport, and does any one of its more aged citizens remember the careworn, handsome features and enfeebled frame of George Canning as he appeared to those who in 1826 doubted whether his bodily forces could hold out against the wear and tear of political strife?

May 14, 1887.

THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

In the *County Press* of Saturday, May 18, 'Carte Blanche' mentions the fact that Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommaney served as a midshipman at the naval battle of Navarino. About a fortnight ago I had the pleasure of some conversation with an accomplished gentlewoman, the widow of a late very distinguished judge in the Superior Courts, who told me that she remembered very well seeing from the elevation of Haylands near Ryde, marked by its windmill, the channel fleet on its way to Navarino. The spectacle which these floating fortresses presented was, so my informant said, magnificent. A ship of war with its lofty, quivering masts, slender spars, and tense cordage was in those days one of the most beautiful works of human invention, 'walking the waters like a thing of life.'

More than sixty years have passed since the battle of Navarino was fought on October 20, 1827, and it is almost forgotten by the present generation; and yet it was a very eventful sea-fight, for it practically gave Greece her independence. Mr. Canning, who had been elected member for Newport, I.W., in the Parliament of 1826, sick and wearied at the close of the session of 1827, had exerted himself greatly in procuring the signature of the treaty with France and Russia concerning the affairs of Greece, which was finished in London and dispatched to Constantinople. A month was the time allowed to the Porte for consideration. To back up the instructions given to their ambassadors were squadrons of all three powers in the Levant—that of Russia being commanded by Admiral Heiden, that of France by Admiral De Rigny, and that of England by Sir Edward Codrington. The answer of the Turk to these menaces was dignified. 'God and my right,' said he in the calmest manner. 'Such is the motto of England. What better answer can we give when you intend to attack us?' Meanwhile the Egyptian fleet, which had come to reinforce the Turkish fleet, had arrived at Navarino in the Morea, the ancient Messenian Pylos, so well known to all readers of Thucydides, and one of the best harbours in the Levant. There lay the ninety-two Egyptian vessels and the Turkish fleet crowded in the harbour, and off its mouth lay the British squadron on the watch. A sort of armistice was agreed on verbally for twenty days between the Egyptian, French, and English commanders on September 25. In his wrath the Egyptian commander carried war inland, slaughtering and burning and driving the people to starvation, and even uprooting the trees that no resource might be left to the wretched inhabitants. As the spirit of the treaty of London was thus broken through, the three admirals concluded on compelling an adherence to the terms agreed upon at the conference by entering the harbour and placing themselves, ship by ship, over the imprisoned fleet. The most peremptory orders were given that not a musket should be fired unless firing should begin on the other side. They were permitted to pass the batteries and take up their position, but a boat was fired upon by the Turks, probably under the impression that she was sent to board one of their vessels. A lieutenant and several of the crew were killed. There was a discharge of musketry in return by a French and English vessel: and then a cannon shot was received by the French admiral's ship which was answered by a broadside. The action, really intended by none of the parties, was now fairly begun, and when it was ended there was nothing left of the Turkish and Egyptian fleets but fragments of wrecks strewing the waters. As the crews left their disabled vessels they set them on fire, and among the dangers of the day to the allied squadrons not the least was from these floating furnaces drifting about among a crowd of ships. The battle, which took place on October 20, lasted four hours. Of the allies the English suffered the most; but with them the loss was only seventy-five killed, and the wounded were under two hundred.

Great was the anxiety of the three admirals from the doubt as to how their conduct in this affair would be looked upon by their Governments at home. When the news of the battle of Navarino reached England Canning was dead, and Lord Goderich, the father of the present Marquis of Ripon, was Prime Minister. The Cabinet, already torn by dissensions of its own, was so unmanageable that the Premier was contemplating his resignation. To a Ministry so enfeebled, this stroke of war in the midst of peace was a source of further confusion. They were the successors of the great peace Minister, and here was an act of war perpetrated on an ally amidst declarations of peace, with a probable train of consequences of which no one could see the end. Any power but Turkey would go to war with us on the instant. If Turkey did not, it would only be through her weakness, and the first consequence of that weakness would be that Russia would seize upon Constantinople. How was Codrington to be treated? No one ventured to say that he could have done better, though nearly all deplored the event. There was a degree of chance-medley about the catastrophe, which seemed to remove the event from the scope of human control; and in cases out of the common course the wisest as well as the most generous course of a Government and of a nation is to support the reputation of their officers and agents. So Codrington and his officers received ample honours both from the Ministry and from Parliament. Even in Parliament nothing was heard from the opponents of the Government but praise of the officers whose charge it was to carry the policy of the Government into effect. Internal dissensions and not the 'untoward event' of Navarino, as some called it at the time, shattered the Ministry, which resigned, and was followed by that formed by the Duke of Wellington, who before the middle of January, 1828, became Prime Minister of England.

June 1, 1889.

CHARLES X OF FRANCE AT COWES IN AUGUST, A.D. 1830.

The French Revolution of 1830, or 'the three glorious days of July,' as that event was called, belongs to a period which can only be historical to a great many of my readers. Old men who are still alive were barely lads when that revolution happened. Events connected with what was at the time a matter of the utmost political importance turn up occasionally in memoirs which have been published of late. In the reminiscences of Miss Mary Frampton, an accomplished and sensible gentlewoman who came into the world with the American war, and departed from it on November 12, 1846, are preserved very many incidents of bygone times. This lady, in her *Journal from the year* 1779 *to the year* 1846 (London, 1885), p. 349, speaking of 'the fatal folly of the King of France, Charles X,' describes the arrival of the poor old tottering exiled king with the rest of the royal party, after he had been driven away from France.

When the vessel which bore these fugitives from their native land appeared off Cowes, Charles X was seventy-three years of age. He was the third and youngest son of the Dauphin, who died before his father, Louis XV, and he was the brother of Louis XVI. That unfortunate king's other brother, afterwards Louis XVIII, Count of Provence, who was styled 'Monsieur' during his brother's lifetime, set up for a wit, and had leanings towards the fashionable philosophy, which ended in the subversion of the French monarchy. Monseigneur d'Artois, as the youngest of these Bourbon princes was called, adopted the character of a man of fashion. Mr. Thackeray, in his *Four Georges*, speaks of this Count d'Artois as dividing with the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, in their youth the title of first gentleman of Europe. A gentleman very advanced in years, who died many years ago, and who had seen our Prince of Wales in company with the Count d'Artois, used to say that the difference between the two was very marked;

the Prince Regent was what was called a 'buck,' or a 'dandy,' while the French Prince had the manners of a high-bred finished gentleman, with that old-fashioned courtesy which has now almost passed away, at any rate in France. Mr. Thackeray says of him that 'he was a charming young prince, who danced deliciously on the tight rope.' Mr. Carlyle, in the *French Revolution*, vol. i. p. 27, has a story about him: 'He has breeches of a kind new in this world—a fabulous kind; four tall lackeys, says Mercier, as if he had seen it, hold him up in the air that he may fall into the garment without vestige of wrinkle; from which rigorous encasement the same four, in the same way, and with more of effort, have to deliver him at night.' When the gray, timeworn old man was on board the ship that carried him up the waters of the Solent, he had long bid farewell to this kind of folly, but age and experience of life had not taught him wisdom. His first flight from France was in 1789, at the time of what was called 'The First Emigration,' after the destruction of the Bastille. When on Napoleon's abdication Louis XVIII arrived at Paris, the Count d'Artois, whose title was now 'Monsieur,' was made Colonel-General of the National Guard. In March, 1815, he was obliged to leave France with the king in consequence of Buonaparte's return from Elba, but he went back after the battle of Waterloo. In February, 1820, he lost his second son, the Duc de Berri, by the hand of an assassin. His elder son, the Duc d'Angoulême, who had married his cousin, the daughter of Louis XVI, was childless. The Duc de Berri left only one daughter, but several months after his death his widow was delivered of a son, who was called by the French Legitimists after the death of his grandfather Henry V.

Louis XVIII died on September 16, 1824, and Charles X was proclaimed king. To him, as to most of the Bourbon family, neither his reverses nor his restoration had yielded wisdom. Louis XVIII, as his last hour approached, had been surrounded by the members of the royal family. 'Love each other,' said the dying monarch, 'and by your affection console yourselves for the misfortunes of our house.' 'The charter,' he continued, addressing the Count d'Artois, 'is your best inheritance, preserved, my brother, for your subjects, for yourself.' Then raising his hand to bless the Duc de Bordeaux (whom his mother had placed in the foreground), he added—'And for this child, to whom you should transmit the throne, after my son and my daughter,' as he affectionately styled the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, looking at the Duc de Bordeaux he said, 'may you be wiser and happier than your father!'

This dying advice was lost upon Charles X. At first he gained a gleam of passing popularity by issuing an ordinance abolishing the censorship of the press, which had been re-established by his predecessor only in August, the month before he died. Eventually the king's treatment of the press was the cause of his ruin. It had been said of the ancient monarchy of France that it was 'a despotism tempered by epigrams.' The keen wit of the sharpshooters of the Parisian newspaper press directed their well-aimed shafts against the person of the king, his ministers, and the bishops. Such personages were the usual targets of this guerilla warfare. The public who take in their Balaam to curse, and not to bless, expect the newspaper which represents their own particular views of politics to follow this course of acrimonious language. It goes for what it is worth, and it is the wiser course for governments to let the press alone. By repetition these attacks lose their point. The Prince Jules de Polignac, who had become the chief adviser of Charles X, was annoyed with the assaults of these modern Ishmaelites, who found in every act of the administration the raw material for epigram. Prince Polignac, whose head was full of the ideas which belonged to the age of the 'Grand Monarque,' was one of those accomplished, strong-headed politicians, who are respected by their associates as men of sincerity, conscience, and loyalty, but whom their adversaries detest with all the bitterness of party spite. He had been in England, where the Duke of Wellington entertained a warm personal friendship for him. This friendship did him no good among the sensitive and suspicious French people, who hated Wellington, and nicknamed the Polignac administration the 'Wellington ministry.' It is probable that if Polignac, who was inaccessible to the counsels of moderation, had ever obtained any opinion from the Duke of Wellington, or had guided himself by the policy of the English statesmen of that day, he would not have been the one to overthrow the monarchy of France. France was not then as now under its democratic republican form of government, divided into a number of Parliamentary groups. There were only three great political parties—the Ultra-Loyalists, a small minority; the Constitutional Royalists; and the more advanced Liberals. The combination of the two latter parties had disliked and mistrusted Charles X almost from the first. With the arrival of the Polignac ministry they joined their forces closer together, and even in the Chamber of Peers the address of the King, calling upon its members to aid him in governing the country well, was coldly received. In the Chamber of Deputies the ministry sustained a more signal defeat. A rupture was evidently at hand, and the Royalists were confident.

The final result was the memorial, which published the celebrated ordinances of Charles X and the Polignac ministry. These ordinances were three. By the first, the liberty of the periodical press was suspended; by the second, the Chamber of Deputies was dissolved; and by the third, certain provisions of the charter were set aside.

The opposition newspapers were the first to take action; they obtained an opinion from the most eminent lawyers in Paris as to the illegality of the ordinances. Afterwards they assembled to the number of forty-four, and prepared the protest, which stirred up the combat between the King and the people. 'A Frenchman,' so wrote once Mr. Thackeray, 'must have his revolution—it is his manner to knock down omnibuses in the streets, and across them to fire at troops of the line—it is a sin to baulk it.' And so on July 28, 29, and 30, the Parisians had what they called their 'three glorious days.' The Government in their blind confidence had made no arrangements for sending police and soldiers into the streets. Even the usual leave of absence asked by some officers was granted as usual. Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, commanded the garrison of Paris. Marmont, a man of great integrity and disinterestedness, was a brave and skilful soldier, who had won his marshal's 'bâton' for his conduct during the arduous engagement of the great battle of Wagram. His name appears in almost every battle fought on French soil in 1814 for the defence of his country, but after the departure of Napoleon for Elba he remained faithful to the cause of the restored dynasty of the Bourbons. He was now placed in a most difficult position; he had no warning of what was going to be done. As the event showed, there were only 6,000 men on whom he could depend, and of these nearly 2,000 were needed for the supply of the regular posts in Paris and about the King's palace at St. Cloud, so that the general had but little more than 4,000 men wherewith to defend Paris and put down revolt. The soldiers did their fighting well, but there was a sad deficiency in the food and ammunition supplied to them. They were out of heart; some of them, no doubt, would have wished themselves with those of their comrades who had fallen—with the old grenadier, one of the heroes of Austerlitz, who fell mortally wounded by a ball from the musket of a citizen, exclaiming 'I was a good Frenchman, however.' Others among the soldiery fraternized with the insurgents, who hoisted the tricoloured flag in opposition to the white flag of the Bourbons. Marmont, upon whose features despair was written, felt himself compelled to draw off his forces from the city, in order to guard the King and the royal family. During the three days of July the loss of the troops was estimated at about 250 killed and 500 wounded. On the popular side the numbers are more certainly known. The killed were 788, the wounded 4,500. The Revolution triumphed; powerful forces were behind it, and there was little to meet it. Loyalty was not quite dead, but it was chiefly found among the red-coated Swiss Guards, who were bayonetted behind the fair white façade of the Louvre. For the third and last time the King was compelled to go into exile. Had he done his part with a little more determination and energy, the result might have been different. The King indeed was old, but if the Dauphin, his son, had put himself at the head of the troops, they might have followed him to victory. As it was, the King's heir had not a word of thanks or sympathy to address to them, but on the contrary seemed to doubt whether they had done their duty.

The unhappy Charles X could not rest; he went from place to place seeing the hated tricolour everywhere along the road. He was forsaken more and more by his guard of soldiers, who could not endure to be thus dragged before the eyes of the victorious populace. His displaced ministers all dropped off, except Polignac. On the night of August 1 the King believed that all was lost, for he heard that his kinsman, the Duke of Orleans, had accepted the office of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. He hoped that the kingdom might be preserved for his grandson, the posthumous son of the Duc de Berri. The King that night abdicated, and the Dauphin resigned his claim to the throne. Again they had to learn it was too late. In vain did the famous writer, Chateaubriand, that inexplicable man whom the people claimed as their leader and followed with acclamations, make a speech in the Senate in favour of the young Prince who had no other supporters. The only notice taken was by sending Commissioners from Paris to advise the departure of the whole royal family for Cherbourg, whence they were to leave the kingdom.

The royal party moved as slowly as possible towards the coast. They lingered on their way, courting sympathy, but only met with indifference. When they arrived at the heights above Cherbourg, the vessels in the harbour carried the tricolour, all but two. These were American ships engaged to carry the King, his family, and his attendants into exile. The royal fugitives drove through the town without stopping, and immediately went on board the *Great Britain*, the soldiers on the quay presenting arms, and their officers saluting in grave silence as the exiles went on board. Capt. Dumont d'Urville (who afterwards perished by fire in the dreadful railway accident near Versailles) waited on the King to inquire whither he should have the honour of escorting him. 'To Spithead,' was the reply. The pilot who took them out of port related on his return that as the unhappy family saw the shores of 'La Belle France' grow dim and dimmer in the distance, like Mary, Queen of Scots, they sobbed and wept. The King alone preserved his calmness. In twenty-four hours from their sailing, before three p.m. on August 17 the vessels anchored at Spithead. Two of the King's suite were put on shore to proceed to London, in order to learn the pleasure of the English ministry. As it was reported that the people of Portsmouth, who were in favour of the revolution, meant to hang out the tricolour over all the harbour, the vessels moved off from their first station and were moored off Cowes.

At this stage of their history comes in the narrative of Miss Frampton, who. in her *Journal* (pp. 350, 351) has given the following details of their coming to the Isle of Wight: 'Their journey to Cherbourg was performed with extreme slowness, probably with the idea that they would still be recalled. At Cherbourg the Dauphiness and the Duchesse de Berri were robbed of their clothes, and on their arrival at Cowes were obliged to be supplied by Lady Anglesey and Lady Grantham (wife of Thomas Philip, Lord Grantham, K.G., who succeeded as Earl de Grey, 1833) for immediate use. Charles did not land at Cowes, and refused to be addressed as King by those who waited upon him there. The Duchesse de Berri was soon seen in a shop in the town. She and the Dauphiness lodged in the Fountain Inn. Mr. Weld offered Lulworth Castle as a temporary asylum, and thither they removed in steam vessels. Charles wished much to land at Lulworth Cove, but the wind did not permit. which however he could not believe till Mr. Humphrey Weld was called to him to testify to the impossibility of it. Whilst at Cowes Lady Grantham invited the French royal party to a luncheon, and Lady Listowell to tea on the day of the regatta; this the ladies declined, but the Duc de Bordeaux and his sister went to the luncheon. The French captain was invited to the great Yacht Club dinner, and made a very neat speech on his health being drunk.'

February 12, 1887.

THE WOOLFREY TOMBSTONE IN CARISBROOKE CHURCHYARD.

A TOMBSTONE at the west end of the now closed churchyard of Carisbrooke, which, were it not pointed out, would not attract the notice of the passer-by, preserves the record of a memorable ecclesiastical suit, which was fought out in the Court of Arches more than half a century ago. Whenever a controversy on the subject of 'Prayers for the Dead' arises, the leading case of Breeks *v.* Woolfrey is sure to be referred to by the disputants on either side.

The adoption of memorial services on the occasion of the lamented death of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale has started a discussion on this topic in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the course of which, while one correspondent makes the statement that 'in the case of Breeks *v.* Woolfrey the Court of Arches expressly decided that prayers for the dead were lawful in the English Church,' others more accurately contended that this well-known case did not bear out this statement.

Under these circumstances it seems well, before the events which led up to this important case have altogether faded away from the memory of the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, to give a short account of the facts, avoiding as far as possible all points of controversy. My narrative is derived in the main from what I believe to be a scarce pamphlet, entitled *Letters of Alethephilos* (printed for Samuel Lelli, Carisbrooke Road, 1839); and also from personal recollections of conversations held with the late Mr. Henry Sewell, who with his brother, R. B. Sewell, Esq., acted as solicitor in getting up the case for the prosecution; and also with the late Rev. J. B. Atkinson, the nephew of Mr. Breeks, the Vicar of Carisbrooke. For the gift of the pamphlet I am indebted to Canon Fryer, the late estimable priest of the Roman Catholic chapel at Newport, with whom I have always been on the most pleasant and friendly relations. The high-sounding Greek 'Alethephilos,' so I have always understood, was the name adopted by the priest of the Roman Catholic chapel at Cowes. Whoever this 'Lover of truth' was, he writes like a Christian gentleman, firmly holding his own without any abuse of his opponents or trace of *odium theologicum.*

From these combined sources of information it may be gathered that Mr. Joseph Woolfrey, who up to the day of his death was landlord of the Grapes Inn, Newport, departed this life on January 5, 1838, and was buried in a portion of the churchyard of Carisbrooke reserved for members of the Roman Catholic Church. The widow, Mrs. Mary Woolfrey, wished to erect a tombstone to her husband. The period was one in which the standard of good taste in the memorials of the dead was lamentably low. The tombstone itself, which is still standing, with its variegated tints of black and white paint would certainly have offended the critical eye of the late Mr. Pugin, and falls very short in design and execution of the headstones now erected in the Roman Catholic portion of the Carisbrooke Cemetery. On a painted cross, running the whole length of the stone, are inscribed the following words: 'Spes mea Christus. Pray for the soul of J. Woolfrey. It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead. 2 Macc. xii. 46. J. W. obiit 5a die Jan., 1838, ætat. 50.' These words formed the grievance. The tombstone was put up and the vicar's fee for the same duly offered and received by his agent, Mr. Breeks, himself residing at Northwood. An offer was afterwards made to refund the fee, but declined by Mrs. Woolfrey. A series of negotiations arose which are not of much importance, and the upshot was that Bishop Sumner of Winchester gave it as his opinion that the only proper course was to take proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court to compel the parties to remove the stone. 'That the Rev. Mr. Breeks is not the real author or promoter of this prosecution is well known,' writes Alethephilos; and the worthy man has his mild joke about 'none but raw Highlanders who eschew good Breeks.' The reluctance of Mr. Breeks to prosecute was justified by the result of the trial. It was wise to let sleeping dogs lie. The stone was erected over one who had lived and died a member of the Roman Catholic

Church, and who was interred in a spot reserved for his co-religionists, where a tombstone erected to the memory of Mr. Barnes with the same inscription had been standing for the last twenty-three years, and no objection had been made.

The determination to prosecute spread the matter far and wide beyond the limits of the Isle of Wight. The great religious movement which commenced with the publication of *The Tracts for the Times* was then in the full tide of its early enthusiasm. The trumpet was blown, and there came out *Tract* 72, a republication of 'Archbishop Usher on Prayers for the Dead.' Mr. Henry Sewell not long before his death did me the honour to call upon me in order to explain his position in the suit of my predecessor against the widow Woolfrey. His own wish was, so he said, to keep the doctrinal question altogether out of the proceedings, but he was overruled by those who had a theological interest in providing a legal and formal decision as to the teaching of the Church of England respecting prayers for the dead. However this may have been, in the citation, or preliminary process, issued June 28, 1838, Mrs. Woolfrey was summoned to appear and answer for having 'unlawfully and unduly' erected a tombstone in the churchyard of Carisbrooke, contrary to the consent of the incumbent, and also of placing on it an inscription contrary to the canons, &c., of the Church. Accordingly the Articles exhibited against her on the day of trial, November 19, 1838, were framed with the same double object.

The first Article charged her with placing on the headstone an inscription contrary to the discipline of the Church of England and the Articles of the said Church hereinafter recited. The second Article alleged that the headstone itself was erected without the consent of the vicar of the parish.

The Right Hon. Sir Herbert Jenner presided at the trial, and Sir John Dodson, Queen's Advocate-General, was counsel for the promoter of the suit, and Dr. Adams for the defendant. In a letter of H. and R. B. Sewell, Esqs., addressed to the Editor of the *St. James's Chronicle*, December 18, 1838, it is stated by these gentlemen that when the case opened, and before Dr. Adams, the counsel for Mrs. Woolfrey, had scarcely enforced his argument, Sir Herbert Jenner threw out an objection that the citation did not sufficiently charge the erection of the stone without lawful consent. The objection took all parties by surprise—the counsel for the defendant as well as the prosecutor. Dr. Adams said he did not intend to raise any such objection, for he considered the citation sufficient to embrace the twofold charge.

The judgement of Sir Herbert Jenner, which was delivered on December 12, 1838, was elaborate and well-considered, and as no attempt has been made to set it aside must be looked upon as final. The judge had to confront the fact that prayers for the dead were found in Edward VI's first Prayer Book, and were omitted in that King's second Prayer Book, and were not inserted in the Book of Common Prayer after the Elizabethan settlement of the Church of England. It had been said that the omission of these prayers was due to the influence of Peter Martyr, Bucer, and other Calvinistic foreign divines. No trace however could be found in the authorities on this subject as to the precise grounds upon which the omission had been made. But they all agreed that there had been no *express prohibition* of the use of prayers for the dead, and therefore it could only be taken as a prohibition by implication. It seemed then 'that there was no *express prohibition* of prayers for the dead; and there was no notion, as far as he could learn, that they necessarily implied a belief in the doctrine of purgatory; although in consequence of some persons, who were supporters of the Romish religion, having taken them as a ground for supporting their own religion, it was thought that that form should be altered, and that these prayers should be omitted in the public service, which by possibility might be used in the manner described. The whole of the authorities seemed to go no further than this—the *general discouragement* of prayers for the dead, but not the *prohibition* of them.'

With regard to the second Article, it was not alleged that Mrs. Woolfrey had erected the tombstone without the leave of the vicar, or that the proceedings were brought for *want of that leave*. And, having already pronounced his opinion that the former Articles, referring to the illegality of the inscription, were also inadmissible, the Court was bound, on the views which he took of the case, to reject the Articles entirely and to dismiss the party cited.

The suit was therefore dismissed, with costs, which, according to what I was told by Mr. Atkinson, entailed a very large expenditure upon the unfortunate vicar, who in spite of his own wish had been dragged into the suit, one proof among many others of the evil of bringing religious questions before the Courts of Law.

It would be presumptuous in me to affirm how far Sir H. Jenner's judgement would be held to justify a clergyman preaching the duty of offering up prayers for the dead, were he to be prosecuted for such an utterance from his pulpit. That must be left to ecclesiastical lawyers to decide. But certainly the answer of a newspaper, the *Church Times*, to one of its correspondents, 'That prayer for the dead is a doctrine taught by the Church of England was declared by a solemn judgement in the Court of Arches, see "Breeks *v.* Woolfrey,"' does not seem to be a legitimate inference from the language of Sir Herbert Jenner. Whatever may be our views respecting the efficacy of prayers for the dead, we may be thankful that there is no prohibition of a prayer rising to the lips of bereaved mourners as they think of one whom they have loved and lost. 'Requiescat in pace' has been inscribed upon the tombs of those who have died outside the connexion of the Church of Rome by sorrowing relatives who have been faithful children of the Church of England. Many who do not desire that the Church of England should enjoin upon its members the duty of praying for the dead will be quite prepared to sympathize with the language which Coleridge, in *Wallenstein*, puts into the mouth of one of the characters of that poem:

'Whate'er is human to the human thing
Do I allow, and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily pardon
The excess of action.'

February 6, 1892.

EXTRACT FROM THE WADHAM PAPERS,

BY A MEMBER OF THAT FAMILY.

On looking back at the past year it has occurred to me that some of your readers may object to the constant appearance of letters signed by me, and complain of that kindly indulgence which you have shown me in giving week after week insertion to these letters. At the beginning of a New Year I can only publicly repeat what I have before said privately to you, that I hope you will exercise your own excellent judgement as to how often those letters should appear. Above all too would I again express my desire to you that no other contributor to the column devoted to the Archæology and local history of the Island should have his communication crowded out in consequence of any letter of mine.

I have still materials on hand to work up into letters, which I propose to forward to you, in the hope that very soon more competent labourers than I am will enter upon the pleasant task of cultivating that interesting field of research which has been opened up in your thoughtful decision on first starting your journal not to confine it to present politics and to the ordinary news of the day, but to devote a portion of your space to the past history of the Isle of Wight. I am but a pioneer; I am neither an antiquary, nor archæologist, nor am I learned in genealogy, still less can I claim the honoured title of an historian. I have neither the skill nor the leisure to decipher the handwriting of ancient documents, and I have no Bodleian or College Library such as I could consult when at Oxford—advantages of which after the too common custom of man I did not then sufficiently avail myself. All I can say is that my heart has been in what I have written. Though an 'overer,' I have lived so many years in this Island that I have learned to love the land of my adoption, and wished to show my attachment to it and its inhabitants by pointing out to them that their Island has a history full of deep and varied interest. When Lord Eversley also did me the honour to make me chaplain to the Governor of the Island, I felt that the close connexion with the historic Castle of Carisbrooke which this appointment brought with it was a call upon me to bring into the light of the present day some passages from the almost forgotten annals of the grand old fortress. The proposal of your newspaper gave me the desired opportunity, as I should have shrunk from the expense and labour of publishing a book which few people would care to read.

One quite unexpected result of these letters has greatly surprised me, and also encouraged me to proceed with them. My private correspondence has made me aware that many in our Island community take a most intelligent interest in the annals of the Isle of Wight. From several correspondents valuable information has been received. There is one instance at hand. A member of the family of Sir. N. Wadham, who was Governor of the Isle of Wight in the reign of Henry VII, has forwarded to me an extract from certain papers still in possession of the representatives of that ancient house. These papers belonged to the late Thomas Wadham, Esq., of Frenchay House, Gloucestershire, in whom all the records of the old family had centered. This gentleman left several sons, the eldest being the Rev. John Wadham, Rector of Weston on Trent, Derbyshire. The extract, for which I have obtained permission for publication, is as follows:

'The Manor of Merrifield in the Partition was allotted to Cecily. She was first married to Roger Seymour, and afterwards to Richard Turburville, Knight. Sir Richard died 36th Edward III. Soon after his death Cecily his relict granted this Manor to Fulk de Bampyngham, Knight. It afterwards came to the family of Popham, and from them to the Wadhams by the marriage of Sir John Wadham with Elizabeth, the co-heir of Stephen Popham of this place, and of Popham in Hampshire. The family of Wadham took their name from the Lordship of Wadham in the parish of Knowston in the County of Devon.

'Their chief seat was at Edge, near Branscombe in that county, but after the marriage of John Wadham above mentioned they made Merrifield the chief place of their residence. The said Sir John Wadham by Elizabeth his wife was father of another Sir John, who succeeded him in his estate, and having married the daughter of Hugh Stukly (Stuckey ?), Esq., had issue Nicholas Wadham, Knight, who was Sheriff of the County and Dorset, 14th Henry VII. and for several years Lieutenant of the Isle of Wight, and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle. This Sir Nicholas married two wives—1st, Joan, daughter of Robert Hall, of Halsway, Esq., and had issue Lawrence, who died young, John, Nicholas, Giles, Andrew, Mary, wife of Sir Richard Chudleigh, Elizabeth, wife of Sir Richard Bampfylde of Poltimore: 2nd, Margaret, daughter of Sir John Seymour of Wolfe Hall, Wiltshire, 'sister of Jane Seymour, afterwards married to Henry VIII,' buried at Carisbrooke Church, I.W., where a monument exists to her memory.'

It may be observed that this extract confirms the statement of Sir John Oglander and Sir Richard Worsley that Margaret Wadham was sister and not aunt of the mother of Edward VI. Further investigation may perhaps clear up this point. The affinity between the families of Wadham and of Popham is attested by the coat of arms on the tomb, —the well-known wings of the Seymour family being dimidiated with the family coat of Wadham quartered with that of Popham.

I had written thus far when, on looking at your issue of January 2, my eye lighted upon the graceful compliment paid me in a letter, the signature of which brings before me my nursing mother, Queen's College, Oxford, under whose sheltering care I spent twenty years of my life, and where last November while enjoying the hospitality of its present Provost I was greeted with a welcome which has renewed my affection for my former home. The fact that the writer of this letter is a member along with myself of the 'old house,' which since the days of Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III, has been under the patronage of the Queens Consort of England, has, I cannot help thinking, led him to take too favourable an estimate of the papers I have sent to your journal. 'Queensmen,' as they are called in Oxford, have been, and I believe still are, noted for the way in which they stick to one another. They were proud of their College.

> 'All Souls Commons and New College means
> Will make a man proud as a fellow of Queen's;'

so ran an old Oxford proverb. Their honest pride in their 'Nursing Mother,' as the founder of the College called it, with pious reference to the words of the Prophet Isaiah, and inscribed the name upon the furniture and equipment of the school of learning which owed its rise to his munificence, drew the members of the house together in close bonds of friendliness. During my long residence within its walls Queen's was a north-country College, and we had all the clannishness which marks the good people of Cumberland and Westmorland, almost as much as their neighbours in Scotland. When the College was opened up (wisely in my judgement) to all comers, it might have been feared that the old associations which connected it so closely with the two Northern counties might have been rudely severed, but with their shrewd Cumbrian sagacity the authorities then in power at the College conducted the transaction from the old to the new with such an absence of any bitterness, and with so cordial a reception of those who would in the course of time step into their places, that the Common Room of Queen's has not fallen away from its old reputation of being one of the pleasantest and most sociable in Oxford. The older members are received on their occasional visits by their juniors with a cheerful welcome which puts them at once at their ease. To this kindly temper so characteristic of the 'old house,' I must attribute the flattering remarks of your correspondent. I feel assured that he is much younger than I am, for few of my contemporaries at Queen's still survive. He will remember—for the good old custom is still kept up at Queen's—how on certain stated occasions the loving cup was passed round the table with the words, *In salutem praesentium, in memoriam absentium.* In the spirit of those touching words I will wish him Godspeed to all his undertakings both for this year, which has just begun, and also for many years to come.

January 9, 1886.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT[1].

I.

William George Ward, though born in London, may fairly be reckoned among the notable men of the Isle of Wight. The family to which he belonged has been settled in this Island more than a century, and the Squire of Northwood has for four generations been among the largest landowners in the Wight. In the latter part of his life Mr. Ward resided at the family mansion, Northwood Park, Cowes, and afterwards at Weston Manor, Freshwater, where, to use the language of his affectionate biographer, 'he took a somewhat more active share in the responsibilities and the natural amenities of his position.'

During Mr. Ward's residence in the Island it was my good fortune to partake not unfrequently of his hospitality, and I have had the pleasure of joining in many most interesting and instructive conversations with one whom old Oxonians recollect as perhaps the most accomplished conversationalist of their time. When Mr. Ward was at the height of his prominence and influence at Oxford I was an undergraduate, and was only permitted to gaze at him across the gulf which in those days separated us juniors from our seniors; but, as may be well supposed, many stories were afloat about so conspicuous a personage as Ward of Balliol. Soon after coming into residence as a scholar of Queen's I had the honour of being placed on the committee of the Union Debating Society, which did not then occupy its present magnificent lodgings, but had its reading room in a front floor over the shop of Mr. Vincent, the bookseller in High Street, while its debates were held in the picture gallery of Mr. Wyatt, printseller in the same street. As a rule the members of this society when they took the degree of Master of Arts did not frequent its rooms, but Mr. Ward was an exception, for though he never came to the debating room he was most constant of all visitors to the newspaper room. His absence from the debates must have been a piece of self-denial to him who was, as the late Lord Cardwell said, 'the walking incarnation of the Union,' when that society was distinguished by the stirring debates to which the first Reform Bill gave rise, and where he took the part of 'Tory chief' when the generation of which Gladstone and Sidney Herbert were the leading lights had exchanged that mimic Parliament for the House of Commons. Early in the morning he would be seen gathering up a whole sheaf of newspapers under his arm, always including the *Record*, the organ of the Evangelical party, and, retiring to his chair, while seated on the remainder of the bundle of papers, would bury himself in the columns of the journal he was reading till roused by the arrival of some one he knew, when an animated conversation would arise on some topic of the day. This monopoly of what was held to be more than a fair share of the newspapers caused some irritation, which was brought before the committee by one of the members, who proposed that a rule should be enacted limiting the readers to one newspaper; but the proposal was wisely rejected by the majority of the committee, who held that it would be personally offensive to a most unselfish man, who, carried away by his eagerness to know all that was going on, had recourse to an expedient which might occasion inconvenience to others. Some good friend probably told him of the point that had been raised in the committee, for he soon afterwards discontinued the practice, and like the rest of the readers contented himself with one journal. Mr. Ward's bulky figure was, as might be expected, a source of mirth to the youthful wits of the University; a fragment from one of the innumerable squibs then flying about comes back to my memory, in which a gathering of the Newmanites, as the party was always called at Oxford, was described as coming up in crowds 'from ponderous Ward to fidgety Dungannon'—the late Lord Dungannon, who was remarkable for his restless movements.

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[1] William George Ward and the Oxford Movement. By Wilfrid Ward. London, 1889.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward is so good-humoured in the characteristic anecdotes which he gives of his distinguished father that he will forgive me for furnishing him with what I venture to think is an improved version of his own story (see page 28) of Mr. Ward being a candidate for a fellowship at All Souls, and which, if my memory does not betray me, was told me in the All Souls common room long after the occurrence. It was, and may be still, the custom of that famous house to invite the candidates for vacant fellowships to dinner either before or during the examination. Their demeanour at the dinner table was an admirable test of their manners and breeding, besides giving some indication as to whether they were what good old Dr. Johnson called 'clubbable.' When Mr. Ward had to pass this ordeal nothing could be more brilliant and charming than his conversation, and feeling himself at his ease in what is assuredly the most agreeable of all Oxford common rooms he released his feet from the encumbrance of shoes, as was his wont in his earlier days. One of the younger fellows of All Souls noting this stealthily kicked the shoes into a corner. When the company rose from table to go and take their coffee Mr. Ward was discovered seeking in vain after his missing shoes. It was this disregard of the proprieties of social intercourse, and not, as reported in his *Life*, the fact that he had not 'even taken the trouble to change his boots,' which weighed upon the mind of the dignified Warden of All Souls, Mr. Sneyd. Too high praise cannot be awarded to Mr. Wilfrid Ward for the thoroughness, fairness, and impartiality with which he has discharged what is a task of love and affection. The book is most fascinating, and has won the highest commendation from the very competent critics of the *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, and *Athenæum*. If any fault is to be found with the workmanship of this book, it is a certain exuberance of materials, which may induce some readers to skip various passages in a work which deserves the most careful attention and study. The recollections of Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol, are found both in the volume and also in the appendix, a repetition which could hardly be looked for in so practised a writer as Mr. Wilfrid Ward.

The centre of interest in this present volume of the *Life*, which is to be continued, is the publication of the *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and the consequences which followed that step. After taking my degree I was absent from Oxford for a short interval, studying German at Weimar, but I can add my testimony to the truth of what Mr. Ward's biographer has stated respecting the great consternation which that now wellnigh forgotten book raised both in and out of Oxford. Mr. Wilfrid Ward speaks of the interest taken in it by intellectual men of such different schools as John Stuart Mill, Comte, Dollinger, Sir W. Hamilton, and others. This I can confirm from my own experience. I was a visitor at Albyns in Essex, at that time the country seat of the late Mr. Raikes Currie, M.P. for Northampton, who belonged to the party which went by the name of 'Philosophical Radicals,' consisting of the historian Mr. Grote, Sir William Molesworth, and others. One of the guests had brought with him Ward's *Ideal*, and Mr. Currie took it upstairs with him to his room. The next morning at the breakfast table he told us that he had sat up till very late at night looking at its pages. An animated discussion followed as to its merits and demerits, and the general result was, that while no one doubted the writer's good faith and sincerity, nearly all who were present were of opinion that the book itself ought not to have been written by a clergyman of the Church of England. This was the verdict of the practical and common-sense English public interested in such questions. Mr. Gladstone, in an article which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1844, gave form and expression to the popular feeling. The article contained a stringent criticism on the method and conclusions of the *Ideal* and on Mr. Ward himself—on the ground that it ill became a clergyman of the Church of England to speak of her, even if he thought so of her, in terms so wanting in respect. So strong was the feeling against the obnoxious book that the Hebdomadal Board, consisting of the heads of houses, at that time the ruling authority in Oxford, considered it necessary to take steps against the author. In addition to the censure on Mr. Ward, the heads of colleges were ill-advised enough to attempt by a strict definition of the subscription to the thirty-nine Articles to abridge the liberties of the English Church. The excitement caused by this latter proposal was tremendous, for it became a matter no longer personal to Mr. Ward, but vital to the constitution of the Church. Protests came out against the new test, not only from the Tractarian party, but also from Liberals. The most weighty objections against the proposal were put forth by Mr. Maurice in two letters addressed to a friend. 'I do most solemnly and passionately implore you,' he wrote, 'not to be tempted by your indignation against Mr. Ward's language to join those who are entering upon the most mischievous course, it seems to me, which the Church or University could invent or desire for them.' The opposition to the new test represented by Mr. Maurice's pamphlet proved entirely successful. The clause empowering the Vice-Chancellor to exact the new declaration was withdrawn. Mr. Ward in his defence before Convocation attacked Mr. Maurice, none the less fiercely, because the latter, while abhorring Mr. Ward's wish slowly to Romanize the Church of England, had struck in to save Mr. Ward from being deprived of his degree. The withdrawal of the test narrowed the issues between the contending parties, but many who most thoroughly disapproved of the views and tone of the *Ideal* voted in the minority of 512 members of Convocation, weighty rather by names than numbers.

As I had not taken my degree of Master of Arts, I could not vote or obtain admission to the Sheldonian Theatre, which on February 13, St. Valentine's Eve, 1845, was filled with members of Convocation from all parts of England; but I can perfectly remember the excitement which prevailed among the junior members of the University while waiting to know the result of this great battle of Armageddon. Mr. Ward spoke in his own defence, and only exasperated still more his angry opponents by his speech. The time for argument was past. In that great assembly of about fifteen hundred members of Convocation, infuriated by the passions of the contending parties, action was the only course. When the Vice-Chancellor put the question there was a roar and counter-roar of *placets* and *non placets*. A scrutiny was then ordered. There were about 300 neuters, but the first resolution, the censure of the passages from the *Ideal*, was carried by 777 to 391; the second, the degradation, by a much smaller majority—569 to 511.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives an amusing and characteristic anecdote of the light-heartedness with which his father bore the decree which deprived him of his degree. Certain friends, on coming early next morning to discuss with him the state of events, found that beside a careful letter to the Vice-Chancellor and another to Roundell Palmer on the legal questions connected with this degradation he had to show them some verses on the recent proceedings, which he sung to them to the tune of some popular ballad. The first verse was something of the following kind:—

> 'A system has been now devised
> Which cannot be evaded,
> And those who don't to it conform
> Will forthwith be degraded.'

The refrain consisted of a repetition of the word 'degraded' first in the voice of Symons, the Vice-Chancellor, then in that of Jenkyns of Balliol, and so on throughout the list of the most obnoxious of the heads of houses.

August 3, 1889.

II.

The history of the Oxford movement remains to be written. Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*, Sir William Palmer's *Narrative*, and some papers by Mr. J. A. Froude in *Good Words* for 1881, throw much light from the several writers' point of view upon that remarkable stirring of the waters of religious thought, the final issues of which we are not yet able to discern. The *Life and Letters of Dr. Pusey*, in the preparation of which Canon Liddon is now engaged will no doubt clear up for the inquirer a great deal respecting the position taken up by the more conservative and less advanced leaders in the High Church revival, who checked their followers in taking the final step of joining the Church of Rome. In the meanwhile Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in his admirably executed study of the early career of his father, has laid bare the tendencies of that new current, 'which cut into the original movement at an angle and then set about turning it in a new direction.'

The list of these men of eager, acute, and resolute minds, with direct Roman tendencies, includes, besides that of

Mr. Ward himself, such names as Oakeley, Faber, Dalgairns, Seager, and J. B. Morris, to whom were afterwards added the two brothers Wilberforce, Robert and Henry, with Allies and others. The old Tractarian party, representing the combined result of the views of its three leaders, Newman, Pusey, and Keble, started on the ground of a return to the Anglicanism of Laud and the seventeenth-century divines, and maintained for the most part that the existing English Church 'was more Protestant than its Reformers' of the sixteenth century (see *Tract* 41, p. 6), and that a second Reformation was needed to undo the work of the last 150 years. The doctrines of Transubstantiation and of the sacrifice of the Mass were rejected by them, as is proved by the language of the poet of the movement—the author of the *Christian Year*:

> 'O come to our Communion Feast!
> There present in the heart,
> Not in the hands—the Eternal Priest
> Will His true self impart.'

—though Mr. Keble was afterwards unhappily induced to change these simple and beautiful words by substituting in the third line, 'As in the hands' for 'Not in the hands.' Gradually the way was paved for the altered attitude towards Rome of the as yet undivided party of the movement, by the publication of the *Remains* of Richard Hurrell Froude by Newman, the editor of the Oxford Tracts. The language used with respect to the English Reformers both by Newman and Keble in the preface to the second part of Froude's *Remains* expressed a definite view regarding the Reformation in England, very different from their earlier language about those same Reformers. Thoughtful men both within and without the University foretold that the movement was marching Romewards. Their predictions were derided. The charge was strenuously denied, and the friends of the party insisted that Tractarianism would tend more than anything else to keep men from Rome. A large proportion of the best class of undergraduates both in intellect and religious feeling were drawn into the meshes of the net from conviction and not through any arts of proselytizing, from which

Newman certainly was most honourably exempt. The effect of this influence over the minds of young men was never entirely effaced, no matter what opinions they subsequently adopted. It was, as remarked by Mr Jowett, the Master of Balliol, 'an age of young men. J. H. Newman was thirty-seven years old, Dr. Pusey a year older, and Mr. Ward ten years younger.' Not only in Oxford but in the country at large the party was making headway; the echoes of the trumpet blown by the early tract-writers reverberated through England. The *Times* newspaper, at that time a very keen observer of the gusts of popular opinion, extended its patronage to the Newmanites, who without the limits of Oxford were better known as Puseyites or Tractarians. Their fame reached the continent of Europe. I recollect a story being told of one of the leading members of the party travelling in Hungary. The official put the usual question among others as to whether he was a Catholic or a Protestant. Observing that the Oxonian hesitated in making a reply, the man in authority. using the Latin language, in which the speakers could alone make themselves intelligible to one another, replied 'Puseyista forsan.' A college tutor. deep in the counsels of the party, told me that Newman, like a wise man dreading his sudden popularity, had expressed openly his regret at the rapidity with which the High Church revival was making progress. If I remember rightly the Cardinal himself has in his *Apologia* given expression to the same feeling. As might be expected, the success of the party only raised the fears and dislike of their opponents, who suspected a deeply laid conspiracy was being hatched by an artfully conducted confederation. Among the baser sort a school of religious scandal was set up in every town and almost every village, where the congregation carefully scrutinized each tone and gesture of their pastor to see whether he was, to use their own phraseology, a traitor to the Church whose bread he was eating. In several instances the observers were abundantly justified in their suspicions. With a precipitancy which almost amounted to levity the people might see their minister officiating in his own church on one Sunday, and be told on the following Sunday that he had been admitted into the Church of Rome. The higher minded among the determined adversaries of the movement would not stoop to play the mean part of an informer. Mr. Maurice had pointed out that Dr. Pusey's tracts on Baptism were the true representative notes of the party, and exposed their tendency. Dr. Pusey retorted in substance that Mr. Maurice was self-deceived, his humility a sham, his earnestness of speech an impertinence. The alliance between those who were inclined to stand upon the old paths headed by Dr. Pusey, and the more progressive party of which Mr. J. H. Newman was the leader was cemented more closely, and justified the statement of Cardinal Newman in the *Apologia* that Dr. Pusey's joining him and his friends had given to what had been beforehand a mere gathering of sympathizers weight and authority. The movement was at its high-water mark. At Oxford it required no small amount of resolution in a young man to resist the pressure of the victors, who in all matters acted on strict party lines. Amidst all these seeming triumphs the 'collapse of the movement,' with which Mr. Wilfrid Ward's volume closes, was at hand.

In the preface Mr. Wilfrid Ward engages to supply an express description of the origin and aims of that new school of thought, which, sweeping the original party of the movement aside and taking its place, at length gained over to their side that profound religious thinker and man of genius, John Henry Newman. That engagement has been very fully and most fairly carried out by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. In the body of his book he has given us a narrative of this party of which his father was, if not the leader, yet the typical representative, such as nowhere else exists.

Mr. Ward, so his son shows us, was in reality never a loyal son of the Church of England. He was educated at Winchester, where his sensitive moral purity of disposition was shocked by the coarse vice which was allowed at that time to rear its head there, as in all the other public schools of England, before Dr. Arnold began his great work of Christianizing those places of education in which the sons of our upper and middle class were trained. His experience at school did not attach to the Church of England one in whom deep cravings after personal holiness of life were combined with the acceptance of the philosophical doctrines of Mill and Bentham. 'He came up to Oxford,' writes Professor Bonamy Price, 'a Benthamite,' and was a believer in a system which looks upon the idea of utility as the solution of all problems in the government of nations and in the life of man. He had no taste for history, and indeed had such a contempt for it that he exaggerated his own ignorance on that point. The strength of the position of the National Church rests very considerably on its connexion with the complex development of English society and English institutions. With all the English qualities of love of fair play and straightforwardness his son admits that 'theoretically, at least, he had no love of England.' He was a logical theologian, 'who looked mainly for two things—clearness and consistency of system.' The Church of England, which recognizes different shades of religious belief in its members, would not satisfy the intellect of one who longed for logical completeness, nor had the touching language of her liturgy any hold upon his affections. During the earlier years of his Oxford career he was drawn towards the Roman Breviary, with which he had become familiar from his occasional attendances at Roman Catholic services when in London at his father's house. He had early learnt to dislike the Reformers. In a letter written to Dr. Pusey he affirms that he had contemplated joining the Church of Rome before he had seriously thought of attaching himself to the Tractarian party. Only the influence of Newman, who had said as hard things of the Roman see and of its doings as any Protestant might make use of, had kept him back from entering the haven where in the end he found rest. Mr. Wilfrid Ward speaks of the fetters binding his father to the English Church being gradually unlocked. 'Fetters,' they certainly were, for there never had been any ties of regard or esteem. He dropped like a ripe plum when the tree is shaken. Dr. Pusey, followed by the High Church party, had marked their disapprobation of his views. When his wife announced to him her determination to join the Church of Rome, 'A little sooner or later makes no difference,' he said; 'I will go with you.'

Mr. Wilfrid Ward grapples with the important question as to the bearing of the Oxford movement upon those great problems of religious truth which agitate English thought at the present day, and quotes Mr. J. A. Froude's remark, 'But for the Oxford movement scepticism might have continued a harmless speculation of a few philosophers.' Mr. Wilfrid Ward's solution of the problem is very ingenious, and marked with his usual philosophical ability, but I am unable to agree with him in his conclusion that the Oxford movement did not sow the seeds of scepticism. The Oxford movement was one of the disintegrating agencies which have brought about modern Agnosticism by endeavouring to pull down other men's truth because it was not the same portion of truth as their own. The leaders of the new Romanizing school contributed to the destructive spirit of the present day. Very keen themselves in detecting the inconsistencies in the traditional belief of other parties, such as the Evangelicals, they gave them no credit for that side of Divine truth which the Evangelicals put forward. They pointed to every hasty or unguarded expression in the Reformers of the sixteenth century, without at the same time recognizing that the Reformation was a stage in God's education of the Church. They laid out of sight the Scriptural truth that God is seeking us rather than we Him. Had the leaders of the movement been aware that the source of the true power of the Christian Church rested upon the deep root of intelligent sympathy with all forms of goodness and of truth wherever they could be found, it is probable that the revolution in thought which is endeavouring to undermine Christian belief in this country might in measure have been averted. It has been reserved to another school of religious thinkers to point out to men who are discontented with mere words and phrases that by that very discontent God may be stirring them up to feel after foundations on which they may rest for ever. The antidote to the sceptical intolerance of some men of science and of letters is not to be found in an appeal to the authority of an infallible Church, but in a direct reference to that 'Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' This was not the position taken up by William George Ward. The spirit of doubt and the spirit of faith struggled together for mastery in him, as in so many other men. His Christian faith saved him from scepticism, but, as was shown in the case of his pupil, Arthur Hugh Clough, the doubts suggested by the tutor led to the sceptical development of Clough's later days. To men of devout aspirations the method of Ward and of the Oxford movement generally may be effectual in retaining men in the faith, but for those to whom sin and the need of a strength higher than our own are not realities it fails.

Though Dr. Pusey declared that 'with Ward further deterioration was impossible,' the evidence of such men as Arthur Stanley, Archbishop Tait, Dean Goulburn, and James Lonsdale, all of them holding very different views to those of Ward, proves that he was in his Oxford days from first to last a devout, loveable, self-denying, Christian man. So he remained when he became, as a Roman Catholic layman, the most ardent defender of the Papacy. No words can more justly and concisely sum up the character of William George Ward than the beautiful memorial lines of his friend and neighbour, the Poet Laureate:

'Farewell, whose living like I shall not find—
   Whose faith and works were bells of full accord—
My friend, thou most unworldly of mankind,
   Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward,
How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind!
   How loyal in the following of thy Lord!'

August 10, 1889.

THE NAMES OF THE RIVERS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

It may almost seem absurd to the dwellers in the Thames valley, or to those who can see from the windows of their home the brimming Severn or the noble pools of the Trent and Humber, to speak of the rivers of the Isle of Wight. They who have rambled by the rushing streams of Scotland and Cumberland can hardly restrain a smile when we of this 'fair Island' give to the tiny trickling threads of water which issue from our downs and run down into the Channel on either hand any other name but that of rivulet or rill. Several of these rivulets or rills do indeed widen into broad creeks or estuaries at their mouths, the rush of the tide having gradually worn away the softer strata of the valleys through which they flow, but in the earlier part of their course a boy could vault over the broadest reach with the utmost ease.

A glance at the map however shows, as Sir Henry Englefield pointed out long since, that the Isle of Wight may be divided into five basins or 'river-systems,' corresponding with the four divisions of the Island into downs, vales, slopes, and plains, with the addition of the central trough of the Medina.

1. The most extensive of these basins is that of the 'main river' or 'Eastern Yar,' which with its innumerable tributaries waters the rich vales of Arreton and Newchurch, and in the quaint language of the old topographical poet, Michael Drayton—

> 'The little inlands that do feed,
> Which with their lavish streams do furnish every need.'

2. The second or north-eastern basin is watered by several insignificant streams, the most considerable of which is that which rising at the foot of the chalk downs in Combley Wood forms the tidal estuary of the Wootton river. To the north-west of this a sluggish stream, Palmer's Brook, falls into the Solent at King's Quay. Other more considerable brooks find their way at Osborne, Barton, Quarr, and Binstead. The valley of Smallbrook from Ryde towards Ashey is a more marked depression, but the stream corresponds to its name, and is most diminutive.

3. Both these basins are flanked on the west by that of the Medina, which drains the centre of the Island, and which before it enters Newport is joined by the stream of the Lugley or Lukely flowing from the narrow chalk valley of Bowcombe.

4. The north-west basin lying between the high ground of Parkhurst forest to the east, the central downs to the south, and the hills which bound Colwell and Totland bays to the west, is watered by several small rills. Gurnard vale is the first of these, then Thorness, then the singular creek of Newtown river, an expanse like the fingers of a man's hand,

formed by the junction of several dull oozy sinuous streams, stained by the clay beds along which they creep.

5. The basin last is that to the south-west, of a triangular form lying between the chalk ridge, Kingston down, and the sea. A number of rivulets, too small to bear any name, burst forth at the meeting of the upper porous strata with the more retentive and lower strata. These threads of water drain the continuous slope from the downs to the sea in this district. The action of their waters, gradually cutting deep narrow rents through the seaward steep cliffs with their soft friable strata, has formed gullies, or 'chines' as they are locally called, which recede to some distance inland.

As is usual in the chalk formation generally, the lower beds of the chalk in the Isle of Wight, and every fissure in them are, with few exceptions, completely filled with water. All the rain and snow which fall upon the surface percolate downwards to the base, where it is stopped and accumulates until it rises to a sufficient height to flow over the adjoining land. When it has passed the line of the springs, it is necessary to sink wells, as may be seen in the famous well of Carisbrooke Castle, which at the depth of 145 feet reaches the chalk-marl, the first water-shed, so Mantell says, where the white chalk is perforated.

The names of the streams in the Isle of Wight are among its most ancient memorials. They had been assigned before the hill on which Carisbrooke Castle now stands bore the name of Wihtgaresburh, and was the scene of the battle in which the Jutes under Stuf and Wihtgar massacred the remnant of the ancient inhabitants. The names of rivers, so Mr. Ferguson has observed in his excellent little book on *River Names of Europe*, Williams and Norgate, 1862, form a striking commentary on the history of language. Professor Max Müller has pointed out, in what he very aptly calls 'the Biographies of Words,' that for practical purposes all the languages of the civilized world, both in their ancient and modern dialects, belong to three great families, the Aryan or Indo-European, the Semitic, and the Turanian. With a few trifling exceptions the whole of Europe may be claimed for the Aryan family of speech. The first wave of immigration that swept over Europe gave names to such features of nature as the rivers, long before the wandering tribes, who were the earliest immigrants, had settled down into fixed habitations and given their names to their dwelling-places and their lands. The names thus given at the outset therefore contain some of the most ancient forms of the Aryan or Indo-European speech. And, when once given, they have in many if not most cases, remained to the present day. The original names were of the utmost simplicity, rarely, if ever, containing a compound idea. These primitive names may be divided into two classes, appellative and descriptive ; or, in other words, into those which describe a river simply as the 'water' or the like, and those which refer to some special quality or property of its own. In the case of a descriptive name, it may be taken for granted that its origin is not far-fetched, but that its name is derived from something which, as the French say, 'Saute aux yeux,' or that we can see at a single glance. If a river be very rapid and impetuous, if its course be winding and tortuous, if its waters be very clear or very turbid, these are all marked features which would naturally give it a name. The starting-point of these primitive river-names may be ultimately traced back to a few primary roots belonging to the Sanscrit or ancient language of Hindoostan. Thus the streams which wander among the pleasant meadows of England, the calm waters which flow by the quaint dwellings of the thrifty Dutch, the noble rivers of 'La Belle France,' the great Loire sweeping with its eddies the district between Brittany and La Vendée, the Rhone fed by Alpine snows, the rushing torrents that roll down the classic plains of Italy, and even the mighty floods which pour into the Bay of Bengal, objects of religious veneration to the Hindoos now just as they were in the time of the Vedas three thousand years ago, all contain a few widespread and forgotten words, at the meaning of which we can but darkly guess.

The river-names of the Isle of Wight illustrate the principle upon which Mr. Ferguson has based his learned investigations. First, let us take the name Yar. It would seem at first to argue a strange poverty in the vocabulary of our river-names that in so small a territory as that of the Isle of Wight two small rivulets on opposite sides of the Island should bear the same name. The fact that there is another river called Yar in Norfolk would indeed lead the inquirer to suppose that there must be some one common parentage for this river-name. The Yar calls up on further reflection the Yarrow of Selkirkshire, so dear and familiar to all students of the poetry of William Wordsworth. But we should scarcely imagine to ourselves a relationship between our twin trickling streams of Yar and the great mass of the waters of the Garonne moving along with impetuous velocity after it has been reinforced by the streams which issue from the Pyrennees until it opens to the sea itself like a sea beyond Bordeaux. Such an affinity does however exist between these dwarf streams of Wight and their giant brother, which at Bordeaux, long the capital of English France, is twice the width of the Thames at London. This affinity was pointed out in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1860, and quoted by Canon Venables in his *Guide to the Isle of Wight.* 'The name of this river, the Yar, is an old Celtic root found in the *Gar*umna or *Gar*onne of a kindred race across the Channel.' In reality, the Yar may boast of still higher antiquity for its designation than a Celtic origin. The Sanscrit *car* and the Latin *curro,* like many other words of the same sort, branch out into two different meanings—that of going fast, and that of going round. Hence the river-names from this root have, in some cases the sense of rapidity, and in others of tortuousness. Mr. Ferguson appends a list of rivers derived from this root, which prove it to have spread far and wide.

2. The little brook of the Lugley, or Lukely, lights up the vale of Bowcombe, and forms with its sparkling waters an eye to the landscape. It may interest the good people of Carisbrooke, who delight in their clattering stream 'with silver threading, where the valleys teem with herbage fresh as dew, or fragrant hay new-mown,' to learn that the 'Light-paven Lukely' bears a name of remote pedigree. The Sanscrit *li,* to wet, moisten, spreads into many forms through the Indo-European languages. These forms for convenience' sake may be divided into two groups, the first of which is represented by the Latin *liqueo,* old Norse *leka,* Ang.-Sax. *lecan,* and the Welsh *llyn,* a lake, pool, or pond,

and the modern Scotch 'linn.' The second group is represented by the Latin *lavo*, *luo*, Ang.-Sax. *lagu*. Mr. Ferguson gives a long list of European river-names belonging to this second group. Out of these need only to be mentioned here the Lug in Herefordshire and the Lugar in Ayrshire, which makes a junction with the river of Ayr at a spot where Burns wandered forth 'when chill November's surly blast made fields and forests bare,' and composed the dirge of 'Man is made to mourn,' while his heart flowed forth in sympathy with its bleak scenery. A still more dignified member of this family than even 'stately Lugar's mossy fountain' is the lake of Lugano in the Swiss canton of Ticino on the Italian slope of the Alps. Lustre is added to the modest unobtrusive brooklet of the Lugley or Lukely from its claim of kindred, even although only on the footing of a poor relation, with the expanse of the dazzling waters of Lugano, bounded on one side with an extent of 'sea-like plain fading into the sky,' and on the other with an 'horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps.' Let no one speak contemptuously of the little rill which playfully runs among the meadows of the fair valley rightly named Bowcombe till it enlivens in its lower course the valley of Carisbrooke. Like many an obscure Christian life, it has its useful occupation. It helps to turn more than one mill, resting not till it mingles with the sea, nor indeed has its activity been extinguished when its tiny waters mingle with the vast ocean. So after the playfulness of youth comes labouring, toiling, manhood, to pass eventually into new stages of being, when it falls into the mighty encircling world-stream of everlasting life.

3. The Medina, or Mede as it is written in ancient documents. From the fact that this river divides the Isle of Wight into two equal parts it at once suggests the thought that it must be connected with the root of the common English words—mid, middle, midst. Seen in this light the Medina explains the related form of the Kentish river, the Medway, with the old English town, originally called Medwegston, shortened into Medston, and now, according to the spelling of modern scribes, Maidstone, or the town on the Medway. Probably enough the Jutish settlers in Kent and

in the Isle of Wight found in both these districts rivers bearing the name of Med, Mad, or Mede, which was still older than the vocabulary of these Teutonic invaders, and in which the Roman soldiers in Britain could trace a resemblance to their own word *medius*. This same root appears in the ancient Mediana, now the Mayenne, of France, and the Italian river, the Medoacus, now the Venetian Brenta. Thus in Gibson's *Etymological Geography* Medway is explained by 'medium flumen,' the river flowing through the middle of the county of Kent. This explanation is accepted by Mr. Ferguson, who also mentions the derivation of the famous German philologer, Grimm. This learned scholar, in his *History of the German Language*, suggests a mythological reference to the 'mead cup.' As the rivers of the Greeks and Romans streamed from the horn or the urn of the river-god, so may also the rivers and brooks of our ancestors in a similar mythic fashion have sprung from the over-turned 'mead-cup.' Mr. Ferguson with his English common-sense has fully disposed of this far-fetched interpretation of the distinguished German, whose well-known formula, bearing the title of Grimm's law, has been exposed to some severe criticism by Mr. Ferguson's brother-in-law, the late Dr. Guest, in his valuable work *Origines Celticae* (vol. i. p. 344).

The study of river-names is not, as some dull-minded people suppose, a piece of dry-as-dust antiquarianism or fanciful guessing at words; rather does it awaken many thoughts to quicken what a writer of the present day has aptly called the 'Friendship of rivers and men.' Most river-names in English are older than Stonehenge, or the most ancient 'cromlechs.' The Medina, Yar, and Lukely refer to a more distant past than the solitary long stone 'on the green hill of mote,' or the Roman villas at Carisbrooke and Brading. Some of our river-names, such as Palmer's Brook, no doubt are modern. The smaller streams readily yielded up their ancient names at the bidding of new masters. But the river that flowed onwards to the sea, and whose banks belonged to more than one owner, was allowed to retain its primaeval appellation. Each river-name carries us back to times when as yet there were no coins, no written memorials, not even bronze weapons, or iron tools, but only stone hammers or flint heads. They point to a time when in the youth of the world the flowing water seemed to have a living soul. It carried a divine, heaven-sprung energy with it. One of the most vivid pictures in the *Iliad* represents how the river Scamander, incensed with Achilles, curled its waters and called aloud on its brother stream Simois to check with united force the enemy of heroic Hector and Troy. The Psalmist of Israel, when worshipping, meditated on the beneficent workings of God's created messenger as it ran among the hills and gave drink to every beast of the field. The honour thus paid to rivers was only a due return of human gratitude for what they have done or are doing for man. Along the banks of rivers the earliest human races made their way. Their waters provided fish for the primitive settlers, their thickets sheltered the prey of the primaeval huntsmen, and their names are the workmanship of intelligent beings in their first efforts to describe the features of the natural objects with which they had to deal.

July 31, 1886.

CANINE REMAINS AT THE ROMAN VILLA AT BRADING.

In the interesting extracts relating to the discovery of certain bones of dogs during the course of the excavation of the Roman Villa near Brading (*I. W. County Press*, January 24, 1891), the writer of the articles in the *Canine World*, Mr. Hugh Dalziel, says that 'the Romans imported greyhounds from the Celts.' In confirmation of this statement it may be mentioned that the Latin word for a 'greyhound' is 'vertragus,' or 'vertagus,' which Dr. Smith in his *Latin Dictionary* pronounces to be Celtic. The 'vertragus' is mentioned by the Latin epigrammatist, Martial, 14, 200—

> 'Non sibi, sed domino, venatur *vertragus* acer,
> Illaesum leporem qui tibi dente feret.'

On these lines of the poet my friend Mr. Ferguson observes, in his learned work, *Surnames as a Science*, London, 1883, p. 17, we have an illustration 'of the way in which a name may be retained in familiar use, though the word from which it is derived has perished out of the language, though the language itself has passed out of use for more than a thousand years, and though the word itself is only used in a sort of poetical or sentimental sense. Who has not heard in verse or in prose of the "poor dog *Tray*"? And yet who ever heard, excepting in books, of a dog being called Tray, a word which conveys no meaning to an English ear? It is, I think, the ancient British name for a dog, which is not to be found in any living dialect of the Celtic, and which is only revealed to us in a casual line of a Roman poet—Martial.

'The British *vertrag* must have been something of the nature of a greyhound, though, from his bringing back the game unmangled to his master, perhaps capable of a higher training than the greyhound generally attains to.'

With regard to the exploit of the dog whose fame lies in Martial's verse, a large farmer whom I knew, a tenant of Queen's College, Oxford, had among his greyhounds one which performed the same feat of bringing the hare it had run down 'untouched by the tooth' to his master's feet. When some one rashly asked whether the faithful animal, before it belonged to our worthy friend, had received its early education from a poacher, the good man vouchsafed no reply, and smiled the smile of the just.

Mr. Ferguson continues: 'the *ver* in *vertrag* is in the Celtic tongues intensitive, and as prefixed to a word gives the sense of pre-eminence.' It is, Mr. Ferguson shows, connected with the Irish *traig*, a foot, and the Gothic, Greek, and Sanskrit verbs 'to run.' The ancient British name then for a dog, 'trag,' signified the 'runner,' and with the intensitive prefix *ver*, as in *vertrag*, the 'swift runner.' And *trag*, is I take it, the word from which *g* as usual in English becoming *y*, is formed our word 'Tray.'

The Latin word is also found in Gratius Faliscus, the author of a poem on the chase, which has been transmitted to modern times in a single MS. The word survives in the Italian 'veltro,' a greyhound, as well as in our English word 'Tray,' the name of a dog—with this difference, that in

Italian the intensitive prefix is retained, while in the English word it is dropped.

Coursing, as practised among the ancients, would form a good subject for a paper by a competent scholar who had that taste for sport which the ordinary run of scholars have not the inclination or the means to pursue. Xenophon, a soldier and a gentleman, a man humane, at least for his age, and of deep religious feelings, was a genuine sportsman, who loved the exercise and excitement of the chase. He wrote a treatise on the training and breeding of dogs, the various kinds of game, and the mode of hunting as practised among the Greeks. I never even looked into this treatise, but an Oxford friend, who was fond of coursing, told me that he had read it with pleasure.

Shakespeare, who had an eye for most things, has described the coursing of the hare in his poem of *Venus and Adonis*, as Mr. Charles Knight has shown in his 'Introductory notice to the poems,' so accurately, that it corresponds in every feature to a paper written on hunting, and especially hare-hunting, in a little volume full of ability published in 1825—*Essays and Sketches of Character*, by the late Richard Ayton, Esq.

January 31, 1891.

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