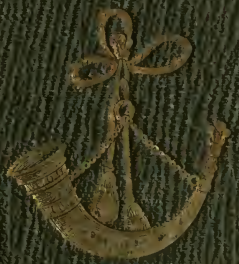


A VISIT TO SHERWOOD FOREST


PAX
BIBLIOTHECA GUEST

Miss Clarke
With Annie Collinson's very
kind regards. —

A VISIT
TO
SHERWOOD FOREST.

Lith.d by C.R.Ilayton, London.

Pub.d by C. Collinson, Mansfield

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, WEST FRONT.

A VISIT

TO

SHERWOOD FOREST,

INCLUDING THE

Abbeys of Newstead, Rufford, & Welbeck;

ANNESLEY, THORESBY,

AND

HARDWICK HALLS; BOLSOVER CASTLE,

AND

OTHER INTERESTING PLACES IN THE LOCALITY.

WITH A

CRITICAL ESSAY

On the Life and Times of Robin Hood.

ILLUSTRATED.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS;

COLLINSON, MANSFIELD;

ALLEN; SHAW AND SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

1850.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

A series of bonâ fide letters being placed in the hands of the Publisher, containing (in his estimation), an interesting and faithful description of Mansfield and the neighbourhood, with historical, statistical, and other information of some rarity and value, he thought that their publication in a cheap form with original illustrative drawings might not prove unacceptable to the inhabitants of his native town, to whom they are, in this little volume, most respectfully dedicated.

West Gate, Mansfield,
1st January, 1850.

LETTER I.

My dear ———

YOU do well to remind me that I have not yet supplied you with my promised description of the visit I recently made to that most ancient of all the Towns on the confines of the forest of "merrie Shirewood," known by the name of Mansfield, or as it was, centuries ago, more quaintly termed, "Mannysfeld in Shirewood in ye County of Nottingham."

My remembrances of this place and its neighbourhood are of the pleasantest kind; and you will not wonder if you consider the character of the district to which I was introduced, teeming as it does with wild and picturesque scenery, mouldering ruins and noble remnants of the grandeur of bye-gone ages.

I was not idle, my friend, for as I wandered over the classic locality of Sherwood's once mighty forest, and was led on from place to place each invested with the charm of historic association or legendary interest, I jotted down such memoranda as would assist in my promised narrative.

Would that I could infuse into it some portion of the enthusiasm with which I pondered over the time-hallowed scenes around me, and felt in imagination carried back to the days of our first Richards, Henrys, and Edwards, almost fancying that I could hear the huntsman's exciting shout, or the boisterous mirth and jovial songs of those heroes of our childhood, "bold Robin Hood and his merrie men!"

Ah! you may smile at these foolish fancies, but you know they are themes upon which I love to dwell; for whatever this utilitarian age may say to the contrary there *is* a charm about the character and exploits of that wonderful Outlaw, and in the customs and habits of our Ancestors when under Norman sway, the remembrance of which is well calculated to cause a thrill of delight in an English heart, and to recall vividly the romantic faith and impressions of our boyhood.

Before taking you amid the more interesting scenes of the forest, I must enter upon a hasty sketch of the present state and early history of the town of Mansfield itself, which is now situate on the border and was formerly in the very bosom of "Shirewood," and may be with justice termed the Capital of that Ancient Royalty.

It is, as you are aware, in the North division of Nottinghamshire, and one part of its extensive parish abuts upon the Scarsdale Hundred of North Derbyshire. The River Man, or Maun (from whence it derives its name) flows along the Southern and Eastern sides of the town, which is so completely surrounded by a beautiful range of undulating hills, that approach it as you will, it has an air of *coziness* and comfort, calculated to create a very favourable impression upon the mind of a stranger, nor is this impression destroyed by entering the place, which, instead of being as I once remember it,

a dull, dirty, miserable hole, is now a well lighted, well paved, pleasing little town, with a market-place and public buildings, calculated to throw those of more important towns sadly into the shade. Thanks to the public spirit of the inhabitants, and to the provisions of an act of parliament, passed, I think, in 1823, called the Mansfield Improvement Act, this spacious and elegant market-place is now looked upon by its noble own hall, savings bank, and a host of newly-erected shops, where once stood a ponderous mass of such old dilapidated buildings, as would have disgraced the meanest village.

The town was evidently a place of some importance, prior even to the Norman Conquest, for it is stated to have been a favourite hunting seat of the Kings of Mercia, be this as it may, it is quite certain that Edward the Confessor possessed a Manor here, "which paid Geld or Tax for three Carucates* or six Bovates."† "The Land being nine Plough Lands."‡ And it is also certain that under the Conqueror there were some nice little pickings here, to wit, "Two Carucates then in "demesne, &c. one Mill, one Piscary, and a Wood two miles "long and two miles broad." There were then two Churches, "and the Towns of Schegby and Sutton were Hamlets of this "great Manor, the Soke§ whereof extended into Warsop, Clune, "Carberton, Clumber, Buteby, Turesby, Thorpe, Scoteby, "Rounton, Odenstow, Grymeston, Echering, Raneby, Bod-"mescill, &c. It had likewise Soke in Wardbeck Wapentake."

* *Carucate* (from Carue a Plough) a Plough Land, or as much Land as may be tilled in a year by one plough.

† *Bovata Terræ.* As much Land as an ox can till, or about 28 acres.

‡ *Plough Land* (ancient Law term) a certain quantity of Arable Land, near a hundred acres.

§ *Soke.* (Saxon *Socnea.)* The Territory in which the chief Lord exercised his liberty of keeping Courts within his own Territory or Jurisdiction.

In 35th of Edward the third, say A. D. 1362, Richard de la Vache, Kt. is called Lord of Mansfield, and held the Manor from the King during life. He had also rent of Assize of Freeholders £17. 13s. 4d. and two Water Mills worth £8 yearly in the Town, one in Mansfield Woodhouse, and another in Sutton, members of the Manor of Mansfield.

In the 11th of Henry the sixth, (1432). "The Jury find "that Alianora the Wife of Sir Nicholas Dagworth, Knight, "had and held, the day on which she died, the Manors of "Mansfield and Lyndeby, in Shirewood, for the term of her "life, by grant of Henry, late King of England, Grandfather "of the present King, the reversion belonging to the said "King. And they say that the aforesaid Manor and Lord-"ship of Mansfield extend themselves into the divers Towns and "Hamlets following, to wit, "Mansfield, Mansfield Wood-"house, Sutton, Warsop, Scofton, Neweton, Budby, Hokenall, "Clombre, Nettleworth, Rodmerthwayt, Morhawe, Le Hill, "Hotwayt, and Hayam de Fulwood."

"And they say that at Mansfield there is not any Manor "house built, but there is there a site and that £33 rent is "received as well by the hands of divers tenants of the afore-"said Towns and Hamlets as for other rents of divers tenants "belonging to the same Manor. And that there are within "the precincts of the same Manor divers Woods, to wit, "Lyndhurst, and Dalworth, and the out woods thereof. And "there are there three mills, and there is a Court there holden "yearly, from three weeks to three weeks, and that the Leet "or view of Frankpledge is holden there twice yearly, and "there is a certain Fair there, &c." But enough of these dry details, suffice it to say, that the Manor which is Copy-hold and of the Tenure of Gavelkind, after being tossed about

by Royal favor from one Lord to another (on one occasion given by Henry the eighth to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, for his great victory over the Scots at Flodden Field); it came by descent into the hands of the present noble and venerable owner His Grace the Duke of Portland.

Several of the Norman Kings used to frequent this place, in consequence no doubt of the facilities it afforded them for enjoying the sports of the chase, both wolves and deer being found in great plenty for centuries subsequent to the Norman conquest. In consequence of these repeated Royal visits many privileges were granted from time to time to the men of Mansfield, bearing reference chiefly to grants of fairs, markets, and most important rights connected with the forest adjoining. King John built a palace near this Town, of which more anon, and it is a singular fact, that one Gamelbere, an old Saxon Knight, was allowed by William the Conqueror to retain two Carucates of Land at Cuckney, for the service of shoeing the King's palfrey "as oft as he should lie at Mansfield!" And according to an old inquisition, Sir Henry de Faulconberge held the Manor of Cuckney by the same tenure.

THE CHURCH

of Mansfield is dedicated to St. Peter, or as some authorities surmise to St. Peter and St. Paul. It is uncertain when it was first erected, but it is stated to have been nearly destroyed by fire so early as the year of grace 1304, and was shortly afterwards restored in a manner worthy of that period. It has however, since undergone so many alterations and repairs that in the present structure it would puzzle you to detect one solitary specimen of the original; the lower part of the tower now covered with stucco, is undoubtedly the oldest. The

spire is ill proportioned, being evidently stunted in its growth, two hideous modern porches protrude on the South side, and with windows of every imaginable size, shape and style, some with mullions, some without, you have a "tout ensemble" of ecclesiastical architecture now happily seldom to be met with. The interior has once been good, having some rather pretty and well proportioned specimens of the lofty pointed arch, but alas, for the depraved taste of the last century, there is scarcely a column in the Sacred Edifice but has been rudely divested either of its well moulded capital, or some other of its fair proportions, in order to make room for a lot of galleries, or those still more unsightly religious luxuries called pews! It contains North and South aisles, with a spacious nave and chancel, and in a gallery at the West end, stands an elegant and tolerably well toned organ, which was purchased by subscription in 1755.

There were formerly ten chantries attached to this church, the Lands whereof were given by Queen Mary, in fee to Christopher Granger, Clerk, the Vicar, and William Wilde, and John Chambers, the Churchwardens of the Parish, by the name of the Governors of the Lands and possessions of the Parish Church of Mansfield, (24th February, 4th and 5th Philip and Mary), to sustain one chaplain or priest.

The living, a Vicarage, is valued in the King's books at £7. 7s. 6d. present value (including the above named chaplaincy) about £700 a year, now and for many years past enjoyed by the Rev. Thomas Leeson Cursham, D. C. L. Patron The Dean of Lincoln. His Grace the Duke of Portland being lay Impropriator and Lessee of the great Tithes.

Prior to the Reformation, the windows presented some fine specimens of stained glass, including the Armorial bearings

of the Pierrepont's, D'Arcey's, Farrar's, and other families of distinction, who had been identified with the town as benefactors or residents, but alas, the destroying hand of time, or the still more ruthless one of puritanical violence has swept these memorials away, without even a vestige remaining.

Neither can I give you any better account of the monuments, tablets, and crosses which you would naturally look for in a Church of such Antiquity, for they, if ever they existed, have shared the same fate as the windows, save and except that *hid behind a pew* in the South aisle lies recumbent a stone effigy, of that pious and charitable benefactress to the town, Dame Cicely Flogan, who flourished in the days of Henry the eighth, and who, in the exuberance of her kindness left 'inter alia' (as we Lawyers say) an Estate to the Town, subject to the support of a Bull and a Boar, to be kept for the gratuitous use of the inhabitants for ever!

The Cartwrights of Ossington, from whom sprung the celebrated politician, Major Cartwright, formerly considered this their family burial place, and here repose the remains of Captain, or as he was more generally called Labrador Cartwright, brother to the Major, and whose habits and excentricities are frequently the theme of conversation among those of the "old standards," of the town who knew him, and who still remember his hawking on the forest.

THE ROYAL FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

On the South side of the Church and within the precincts of the Church yard, stands the Free Grammar School, a poor wretched looking edifice, not at all adequate in my humble judgment to the wants of a town of ten thousand inhabitants, and I cannot forbear expressing a hope *en passant* that the

Trustees will ere long take up arms against the sea of troubles which encompasses them, and out of the splendid endowment erect a School and School-house commensurate with the "spirit of the age," and worthy in every respect of the name and intentions of its noble Founder, the "good Queen Bess."

For many years this institution was of little or no advantage to the Inhabitants, but it is now conducted with becoming energy and attention by the two Masters, The Rev. A. C. Row, M. A., and Mr. Espin.

The management of the School Estates is vested in the hands of the Vicar and Churchwardens, who, as before stated, were constituted a Corporate body for possession of *Church* Lands by Philip and Mary, and were also singular enough. again constituted a Corporation by Elizabeth, for possession of *School* Lands, both these Estates have, in consequence of mismanagement and ignorance, become so intermixed as not to be distinguished, consequently only one Corporate Seal is now used, of which as a curiosity I send you a pretty wax impression.

There are other Schools in the Town, viz: "Clerkson's Charity," founded by Faith Clerkson, in 1731, for the clothing and education of poor boys and girls belonging to the parish.

This charity has long been of inestimable benefit to the poor, and the Trustees are, at the time I write, erecting a spacious School-house near the railway station, to enable them still further to increase the utility of the foundation.

Thompson's School is a neat unpretending little structure, situate in a back street called Toot-hill Lane, and was founded by a charitable individual of that name, for the education of poor boys and girls.

This good man has attained considerable celebrity in and near Mansfield, not only by the deeds of mercy with which he adorned the latter part of his chequered and remarkable life, but also from the singularity of directing that his remains should be interred, not in the burial place of his family, but beneath the wild heather of his native forest! His reason for so singular an injunction (which was fulfilled) is said to be this. Being one of the survivors of the disastrous earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, of which he published an account in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' of that date, he was on his return home, so struck with the similarity of the situation and prospect to that of the hill where he had escaped after the sudden earthquake, and from which he witnessed the succeeding awful fire, and the destruction of much of his own property, that by a whimsical fancy he resolved to be here buried.

A pleasant morning's walk brought me within the hallowed precincts of "Thompson's Grave." A group of trees encircled by a plain stone wall denote the spot, but

> "No sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
> Or storied urns record who rest below."

The prospect from this interesting spot is extremely beautiful and varied; with a back ground of noble oaks, on the right

hand and before you the wide expanse of forest with its changing carpet of brown or purple heath and golden crested gorse stretches itself for miles at the feet, bordered in the distance by the more highly cultivated rising ground, which is still surmounted by the distant hills of Yorkshire, and that part of Lincolnshire where stands the noblest of English Minsters, whilst on the other side may be seen the Churches of Sutton-in-Ashfield and Kirkby, and the lofty turrets of Hardwick Hall, rising majestically above the rich woodland seenery with which they are surrounded, completing a landscape, which of its kind, is, I think, unequalled.

As I have no wish to fatigue you with particulars of all the charitable institutions of the town, I will now give you a brief account of some of the public buildings. To begin then with the recently erected

RAILWAY STATION,

It stands upon a portion of what has long been termed the Portland Wharf, which was until lately, the terminus of the Mansfield and Pinxton Railway, but now of the Nottingham and Mansfield Branch of the Midland Railway. It is situate within a shorter distance of the market-place than any station with which I am acquainted. This makes the inhabitants the more to regret that their turn of locomotive accommodation did not arrive in the high and palmy days of railway speculation, when "thousands" were lavished upon all kinds of cunning and useless devices in architecture. Well, indeed, it would have been had the company on all occasions exercised the same rigid and laudable economy which has directed their operations here, and though not inclined to be censorious, it must be confessed that this plain brick building contrasts by

no means harmoniously with the strong bold fronts of stone around.

The passenger platform is not roofed over, but being rather elevated above the neighbouring land, commands a view of a picturesque though not extensive landscape, including the High Oakham estate, of His Grace the Duke of Portland, the Barracks, where generally repose a troop from Nottingham, and an undulating graceful range of hills to which I shall have occasion again to allude; and in the centre of a ploughed field on the summit of this range, stands the ruin of a square strong building celebrated as having been erected by a nervous gentleman, named Elliott, as an ark of safety from a virulent fever, which in the last century raged in Mansfield. Scarcely however had himself and family removed to this new residence, when they fell victims to the destroying hand, from which they had so fearfully, and as they thought securely fled. The habitation has since been known by the appropriate name of the "Folly House."

To the right as you enter the Station stands Broom House, an elegant and I believe well managed private Asylum, or Retreat, as it is more generally called. Thomas Wilson, Esq. M. D. is the respected superintendant.

THE TOWN HALL

may be considered the next building of interest, and it is precisely that kind of bold, spacious, and noble building of which almost any moderate sized town would have just cause to

be proud. There is an excellent News-room and Library connected with it, and the well proportioned front contains one of the best Assembly rooms within miles of the place. From a neat but not lofty turret shines forth the illuminated façade of a public Clock, liberally provided by the company of spirited Shareholders, who, in 1836, advanced "the needful" for the erection of this handsome building, and the adjoining Market-house, but who by the bye have hitherto received a very miserable return for their enterprise.

The Architect, who so satisfactorily justified the confidence of his employers, was Mr. James Nicholson, of Southwell, assisted, I believe, by his son Mr. W. Nicholson, of Lincoln.

Almost adjoining the Town Hall stands a very pretty little Savings Bank, well adapted to the wants of the district, and at the corner of West-gate may be seen the

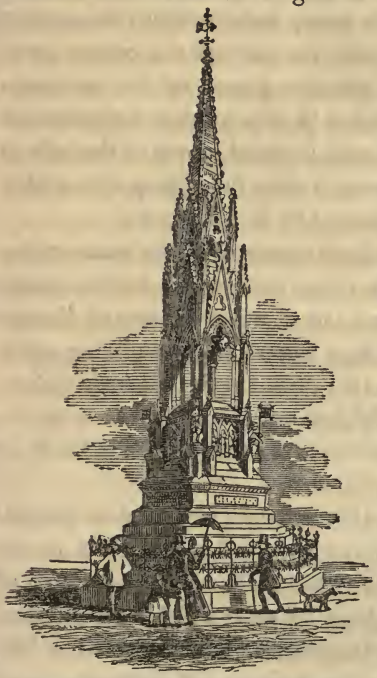
MOOT HALL,

with its handsome pediment of Armorial sculpture. This building was erected in 1752, by the Countess of Oxford, then Lady of the Manor, and maternal ancestor of the present noble Lord, the Duke of Portland. The Armorial bearings before named, are her Ladyship's Arms, who built it at her own expense, as a place wherein to transact the business of the Manor. It has long also been used for the nomination and *belting*, as the farmers call it, of "Knights of the Shire."

The Hall was originally supported upon massive stone columns, the space being left open for the use of the market people, but it was many years ago converted into a shop and private residence.

THE BENTINCK MEMORIAL.

From the funds of a general subscription, is now in course of erection in the market-place, to the memory of the lamented Lord George Bentinck. The very beautiful design is by Mr. T. C. Hine, of Nottingham, the Architect, and the building is committed to Mr. Lindley of this place. The work progresses well, and will, when finished, be an exquisite structure in itself, and a fit tribute to the indomitable courage and energetic eloquence of him who stood so boldly forward, and so ably combatted what he deeply felt to be changes fraught with hazard to the prosperity of his country.



"'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

The natural productions of Mansfield, consist of two kinds of Stone (red and white), used for building purposes, and held in high estimation for their beauty and durability; an excellent Limestone; a Clay suitable for making the coarser kinds of earthenware; and a singular deposit of fine micaceous Sand, of widely known value to iron founders for producing the finer castings. This sand is found in one of the hills to which I directed your attention from the railway station platform, and the quarry is worked by Mr. Collinson.

Connected with the trade or commerce of the town, are the various and extensive Factories stationed at intervals along the industrious River Man, and of which the firm of Messrs. Richard Greenhalgh and Sons possess three, employing nearly 500 hands in doubling cotton yarns for the lace trade of Nottingham, Buckingham, Belgium and Calais, as well as for the ribbon manufacture of Coventry, and the Orleans and Merino cloth of Bradford, &c.

The number of spindles in these three mills is about 30,000. To the courtesy of one of the partners I was indebted for an opportunity of seeing at their Field Mill, a large water wheel of 40 feet in diameter, weighing 70 tons, which with the conducting water courses at two different levels, cut out of the hard limestone rock, is a fine specimen of engineering skill and enterprise, and was completed at the cost of £2,300.

I cannot help mentioning to the honor of this firm, the praiseworthy sympathy they manifest for the whole well-being and social improvement of their work people, and I heartily wish them a continuance of the prosperity they so well deserve.

The Bleaching and Dyeing grounds of Mr. Perry; the Steam Saw Mills of Mr. Lindley the eminent Builder; the extensive Iron Foundry of Messrs. Midworth and Sons; the

Sherwood Foundry of Mr. Wakefield, and that of Messrs. Kirkland; the LaceManufactory of Mr. Marsh, are all establishments of importance and interest.

The town I understand is also much engaged in the manufacture of Silk and Cotton Hosiery, with which in fact it has been identified from a very early period, and many are the tales now told of the terrors and prevalence of that system of Luddism which prevailed to such a fearful extent some forty years ago. Previous to that time some of the first houses in the trade "took in" at Mansfield. Mr. Orton is now, I am told, the principal hosier in the place, and possesses a superior kind of machinery.

I give you a list of the few eminent

LITERARY MEN

whom this town has produced, and then for the present farewell Mansfield,—in whose grey substantial walls I have experienced much hospitality, and received much delight, and of which I shall then have given, with all humility, be it spoken, perhaps a more accurate account, though short, than any I could refer you to, yet so ample are the materials for a work of no little value, that at some future time I may endeavour, if not anticipated, to weave them into a *Complete History* of the many striking and interesting events connected with its past and present existence, and in such an undertaking I have the promise of most able assistance.

First, is William de Mannesfield, a Dominician Friar, who, in the 13th century, was held in considerable repute for his learning.

Next we have Henry Ridley, M. D., who was born here in 1653, and is celebrated as the author of several important medical works.

Dr. William Chappel,—a learned prelate, was born of poor parents, and educated partly at the Grammar School here, and partly at Christ's College, Cambridge, of which he was elected fellow. He disputed with King James when that pedantic Monarch visited Oxford, in 1624, and as may reasonably be imagined foiled his Majesty, who was afterwards pleased to remark that "he was glad that the Doctor was his subject and not another's, lest he should lose the *Throne* as well as the *Chair*." In 1638 he was appointed Bishop of Cork, but the Irish puritans persecuted him with great severity as "popishly inclined," though it is remarkable that when he was at Cambridge the high churchmen took him to be a "puritan." Having left Ireland, he died at Derby in 1649, and was buried at the village of Bilsthorpe, near Mansfield. The year before his death, this pious divine printed "Methodus Concionandi," which was translated into English soon after. He is supposed by many to have been the Author of that celebrated work the "Whole Duty of Man."

Last and not least in local estimation, comes Robert Dodsley, the eminent bookseller and author. An amiable and accomplished man, whose memory will ever be esteemed as a remarkable example of genius, springing up and advancing to usefulness and honour amidst unfavourable circumstances. He was born at Mansfield, in the year 1703, of poor parents, and though his father was then master of the Grammar School, he does not appear to have had the inclination or the power to give his son a liberal education, as the subject of this short memoir frequently alluded to in his writings and in after life.

He was apprenticed to a stocking weaver, but feeling a dislike to that employment, he induced his master to cancel his indentures, and succeeded, after some adversities in obtaining

the situation of footman in the establishment of the Honorable Mrs. Lowther. His first attempt as an author took place during the time he was in this lady's service, when he published by subscription, a volume of Poems, called the "Muse in Livery," which although perhaps destitute of any great merit, served to attract both public attention and favor.

He now entered the service of Mr. Dartineuf, a noted voluptuary, and one of the intimate friends of Pope, and here wrote an elegant little Dramatic Satire, entitled the "Toy Shop," a just and good natured rebuke on fashionable absurdities. The merits of this performance attracted the notice of Mr. Pope, who continued from that time to be his warm friend and zealous patron, and by his influence, the piece was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, in the year 1735, with very great applause. Dodsley was now enabled by his profits as an author to set up a Bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, where the same prudence and worth which gained him esteem in his former condition, now secured for himself and his establishment the countenance of many of the first literary persons of the day, including Pope, Lyttleton, Chesterfield, Johnson, and Glover, and also many persons of rank, and he shortly became of very high standing in the Metropolis. Proceeding at the same time in his career as an author, he wrote the Farce called the "King and Miller of Mansfield," founded on an old ballad, and referring to scenes with which he had been familiar in his early life. This succeeded so well, that he produced a sequel to it, entitled "Sir John Cockle at Court."

In 1741, he brought out a Musical Piece, called "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," and in 1744, animated by a spirit of adventure uncommon in his own time, he published

a collection of Plays, by old authors, in twelve volumes. In 1745 he tried to introduce on the stage a new species of Pantomime in "Rex et Pontifex."

In 1748 appeared a loyal Masque in honor of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. His next work was the well known "Economy of Human Life," in which the social duties are treated in a style intended to resemble the scriptures and other oriental writings.

Another of the more valuable works projected by Dodsley was the "Preceptor," first published in 1749, and designed to embrace what was then thought a complete course of education. In 1758, he ventured to rise to tragedy and composed "Cleone," which although spoken unfavourably of by Garrick, long drew full audiences at Covent Garden, and was highly admired by Johnson. Annexed to this Tragedy is an Ode entitled "Melpomene; or the Regions of Terrour and Pity," A selection of Fables, in prose, accompanied by a well written Essay of Fable, was one of his latest productions. Besides the above, he published a collection of his own works under the modest title of "Trifles," in 1 vol. 8vo. and "Public Virtue," a Poem, in 4to. also a "Collection of Poems by different hands," in 6 vols. 12mo. He also had the discernment to see the merit, and usher into notice, two works of certainly rather opposite character; "Tristram Shandy" and "Young's Night Thoughts." For the first, a publisher at York, to whom it was previously offered by Sterne, refused to give £30!

Never forgetting the place of his birth, he thus exclaims in one of his poems

> "O native Sherwood! happy now thy bard,
> Might these his rural notes, to future time,

Boast of tall groves, that nodding o'er thy plain
Rose to their tuneful melody. But ah!
Beneath the feeble efforts of a muse
Untutored by the lore of Greece or Rome
A stranger to the fair Castalian springs
Whence happier poets inspiration draw,
And the sweet magic of persuasive song,
The weak presumption, the fond hope expires."

After a life spent in the exercise of every social duty, and retaining the love and admiration of men of the brightest abilities and highest rank, he fell a martyr to the gout, at the house of his friend Mr. Spence, at Durham, and was interred in the abbey church-yard, where his tomb is thus inscribed:

If you have any respect
for uncommon Industry and Merit,
regard this place,
in which are deposited the Remains of
Mr. ROBERT DODSLEY:
who, as an Author, raised himself
much above what could have been expected
from one in his rank of life,
and without a learned education;
and who, as a Man, was scarce
exceeded by any in Integrity of Heart,
and Purity of Manners and Conversation.
He left this life for a better, Sept. 25, 1764,
in the 61st year of his age.

If this is but a barren list of *eminent* men, it may be well eked out by those who, for the value of their

INVENTIONS

ought to be eminent, but who have suffered the too common fate of genius, in seeing others of more plodding habits make

splendid fortunes upon the foundation of their discoveries, while themselves sink into comparative obscurity.

The Circular Saw was invented here, by Joseph Murray, who worked as a wood and iron turner, at the the rock valley mills, under the late Mr. John Brown. The very first that was produced of this now important instrument is in possession of an intelligent old man, who keeps it as a choice curiosity. It is made out of plain iron plate, measures four inches in diameter, and dates as near "sixty years since" as makes no matter.

This same Murray was son of the old servant of that name who lived at Newstead abbey for many years, and who, at length, became the faithful and favourite "old Joe Murray" of Lord Byron.

It is a singular fact, that a fellow workman of Murray's, named Joseph Tootel, was the inventor of the fluted or grooved Rollers used in cotton spinning, and now known by the name of "stretchers."

Two other inventions of great consequence to the cotton trade were made by the late John Green, a native, and respectable ironmonger of Mansfield. These are the *Inclined Plane movement* of the spindle, and the *Cone movement;* both used in the process of spinning, and neither of which have, I believe, even in this ingenious day, been superseded.

LETTER II.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

MY former letter having been rather more prolix than you may think the merits of its subject deserved, I will endeavor to make amends by now leaving the comparatively insipid records of a market town, for the consideration of one of the most interesting places in the kingdom, whether regarded as the ancestral and fondly loved domain of a mighty poet; immortalized by his repeated and ardent apostrophes in its praise and to its memory; or from being in itself, in the words of Washington Irving, "one of the finest specimens in existence of those quaint and romantic piles, half castle half convent, which remain as monuments of the olden times of England. It stands too in the midst of a legendary neighbourhood, being in the heart of Sherwood forest, and surrounded by the haunts of Robin Hood and his band of outlaws, so famous in ancient ballad and nursery tale!"

It was a fine autumnal morning, that I sallied from my pleasant quarters at Mansfield, upon this long anticipated pilgrimage, and after a walk for about four miles upon the Nottingham

turnpike road, mostly bounded by extensive woods, occasionally relieved by heathery glades, and patches of cultivation, and passing within a few score yards a place of no less celebrity than Fountain Dale, once abode of the "Saint militant" Friar Tuck,* I arrived at an inn called "The Hut" lately rebuilt in old English style, and which stands by the road side but a few yards from the entrance to Newstead park, for the accomodation of the numerous parties who arrive to visit the abbey.

Immediately in front of the park gates, stands a magnificent oak tree, a remnant of the old forest, and which was preserved from destruction by the liberality and good taste of several gentlemen of Mansfield, who purchased it of the poet's grand uncle and immediate predecessor, William, fifth, or as he is called "the wicked" Lord Byron, in order to prevent it sharing the fate which he, from pecuniary or too probably malignant motives, ruthlessly dealt out to hundreds of its noble and majestic brethren. The growth of this tree, as if conscious of its importance, has been so supremely beautiful both as regards shape, and the extent of its spreading branches, that it cannot fail to call forth admiration.

Leaving the hut and turnpike road, the way lead through the wilder portion of the park for about a mile when, as though by enchantment, a most glorious scene burst upon the view! On the right hand lay a splendid sheet of water, fringed with young woods that bow their whispering homage o'er the margin,

"Her great bright eye all silently
Up to the sky was cast,"

reflecting all the depth and brightness of the tranquil heav-

* See Appendix.

ens; aquatic wild birds studded the silvery surface, as though they had a "vested interest" in the place, and possessed a "protection order" against all molestation! A romantic waterfall and the ruins of a rustic mill, together with the gentle murmuring of the foaming falls added to the richly wooded country around, served to complete a picture upon which memory, so long as "she holds her seat," will love to dwell.

Turning to the left, the venerable abbey rises in solemn grandeur, the long and lovely ivy clinging fondly to the rich tracery of a former age. You in whom the poetic temperament is strong, would, I know, pardon any expressions of enthusiasm that I might indulge in, but such feelings have been so often and so well "done," that I leave you only to conceive what every man must feel as he gazes for the first time upon these walls, and remembers that it was here, even amid the comparative ruins of a building once dedicated to the sacred cause of religion and her twin sister charity, that the genius of Byron was first developed. Here, that he paced with youthful melancholy the halls of his illustrious ancestors, and trod the sombre walks of the long banished monks.—Feeling as he expressed

"Newstead! fast falling, once resplendent dome!
Religious shrine! repentant Henry's* pride!
Of Warriors, Monks, and Danes, the cloistered tomb
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.
Hail to thy pile! more honor'd in the fall
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate."

* Henry the second founded Newstead immediately after the murder of Thomas à Becket.

Newstead abbey was founded, by Henry the second, in or about the year 1170, as a priory of Black Canons, an order, having for their tutelary Patron St. Augustine, and professing great austerity of life and practice. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and there is still situate in a conspicuous niche of the chapel ruins, a sculptured Virgin and Child, which with many other specimens of early English sculpture is still in a beautiful state of preservation. It continued to be a priory of some importance until the time of Henry the eighth, who, in his zeal for the temporal welfare of himself, and to the consternation of the then 'religious world,' set about the wholesale destruction of the monastic institutions of the country. Newstead, whose revenues were then valued at £219. 18s. 8d. was too choice a morsel to be overlooked, and it consequently fell a victim to the Monarch's cupidity and sacrilege, and those venerable doors which had for centuries been open for the reception of the poor, the sick, and the way worn, became closed to their prayers and cries.

Being granted by the same Royal favor to Sir John Byron, who, at that time, held the distinguished and important appointment of lieutenant of the forest of Sherwood, it was most likely held by him as an official residence, at all events he converted it into one of more than ordinary splendour. During the troubles which marked the history of the great rebellion, which ended in the martyrdom of the unfortunate and pious King Charles the first, the Byrons distinguished themselves as warm adherents of royalty, and Newstead bravely sustained a siege from the parliamentarians, thus as Lord Byron sings

> "The abbey once, a regal fortress now
> Encircled by insulting rebel powers;

War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatning brow
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers."

The "roundheads" were not the men either to forgive or forget, and therefore on the death of Charles, the Byron estates, including Newstead, were placed under sequestration, in company with a host of other delinquent's estates.

During the civil war, in 1643, Charles the first marked his high sense of Sir John Byron's loyalty and devotion, by raising him to the peerage, and immediately after the restoration, Charles the second restored the sequestrated estates to their former owner, from whom they passed by descent to the late Lord Byron, who sold the abbey and estate (consisting of nearly 4000 acres) in 1815, to T. Clawton, Esq. for £140,000, who was unable to make good the purchase.

The present esteemed owner, Colonel Wildman purchased them in 1818 of Lord Byron, for about £100,000, and has since by his judicious alterations and improvements, proved himself a most worthy owner of a place at once the pride of the forest, and the admiration of thousands who have, by his courtesy, been permitted to traverse its spacious galleries and venerable halls.

Not only has the gallant Colonel laid out immense sums in its restoration and adornment, and the increase of its ornamental grounds, but he has rebuilt nearly every farm house upon the estate.

At one time the park was of immense extent, containing no less than 2700 head of deer, who could browse in uninterrupted seclusion beneath the shades of the broad spreading oaks, for which this part of the forest was renowned, but the hand which destroyed the noble timber of the estate, was influenced also by the same motives to deal death and des-

truction amongst these graceful creatures, and that to such an extent, that the carcases were for a length of time exposed for sale in Mansfield market as commonly and at as cheap a rate as forest mutton, until the whole of the noble herd was literally exterminated.

The upper lake is formed by obstructing the waters of a small river Leen, a work probably of almost equal antiquity with the abbey itself. It was the old mill dam of the Monks by which their corn mill was worked, and it possesses as many traditions and fables as every other part of this romance haunted valley.

These chiefly relate to the treasures which are supposed to lie in its depths, and to the pranks of the "wicked" old Lord, who, by the way, built the mimic fortifications on each side, a poor compensation for the destruction of the ancient timber which then surrounded it. The present rising woods were in excellent taste, planted by the late Lord Byron.

A large brazen eagle and pedestal of antique workmanship, was some years ago fished up from the bottom of the lake, and which on being cleaned, was found to contain in the hollow pedestal a number of parchment deeds and grants, bearing the seals of Edward the third, and Henry the eighth, which had, no doubt, been thus sunk by the Friars, for safety in some perilous time.

One of the deeds thus discovered, with the great Seal of England attached, is erroneously described by Washington Irving as an "indulgence," or plenary pardon, for all crimes the friars might choose to commit, &c. when in fact, it has nothing whatever of this character, and did not emanate from the Pope or Church of Rome at all; but, when Henry the fifth required money for the prosecution of his wars in

France, Chicheley, then Archbishop of Canterbury agreed to find it, by making all the monasteries and religious houses which had been impeached in the previous reign before the council at Oxford, purchase (according to their means) a *General Pardon.* The document in question is one of these pardons.

The whole are carefully treasured by Colonel Wildman, and the eagle has been transferred to Southwell minster, where in the chancel it fulfils the slightly diverted purpose of being used as a lectern, or stand for a folio bible, instead of supporting its former burden the missal.

Before visiting the interior of the abbey, it is well to enjoy a walk through the pretty grounds, which have during the past few years been tastefully arranged and enlarged by Colonel Wildman. A gently winding path which commands a fine view of the lower lake, leads to an aviary, in which are some beautiful specimens of the gold and silver pheasant, and after passing a rusticated Swiss cottage on the way to the kitchen gardens, my guide, the intelligent old gardener, with his well known civility, invited me into his own dwelling to exhibit, if not the identical mysterious and inexhaustible bottle, shewn to her Majesty at Balmoral, yet one quite as interesting and *hitherto* as inexhaustible, viz: a bottle of port wine, which belonged to a former Lord Byron, and now more than a hundred years of age! of course the crust and colour too have almost disappeared. Having passed through the kitchen gardens, which are well laid out and ornamented with neat fountains, I was next attracted by a dismal looking pond, enshrouded by some aged and venerable yews, probably as ancient as the very abbey itself, and beneath the shade of whose "melancholy boughs," the early occupants have, doubtless, oft reclined. At the head of this pond is a cold crystal

spring, which though I suppose, if these holy men are not much libelled, must have afforded the monks more pure water than they required, was certainly much esteemed and used by Lord Byron.

The dark woods in which are two leaden statues of Pan and a female Satyr, very fine specimens as works of art, are next worthy of attention, chiefly because a tree is shewn whereon Byron once carved his own name and that of his sister, with the date, all of which are still legible. Lest this interesting specimen of his Lordship's "hours of idleness" should fall a victim to that love of destruction to which we English are prone, the Colonel has very properly ordered that no one shall be allowed to go near the place without a guide. The very current story of a lady (?) having cut out and carried away one or two letters of the name is pure fiction.

These woods were planted by the "wicked Lord Byron" before his fatal duel with Mr. Chaworth, and before the indulgence of his wayward passions had brought him to the condition of a solitary, morose and savage misanthrope.

The statues used to be called by the country people the old Lord's devils, and the wood in which they stand the Devil's wood.

After crossing an interesting and picturesque part of the gardens I arrived within the precincts of the ancient chapel, near to which stands the neat marble monument, raised by Lord Byron, to denote the last resting place of his favourite dog, whose death he thus announced to his friend Hodgson.

"Boatswain is dead! he died in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him."

You are aware that it was upon the death of this favourite dog that the exquisite lines beginning

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth," &c.

were written, in addition to this epitaph, the monument bears the following inscription:

"Near this spot
are deposited the remains of one
who possessed beauty without vanity,
strength without insolence,
courage without ferocity,
and all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery,
if inscribed over human ashes
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a dog,
who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
and died at Newstead abbey, November 18, 1808."

By a will which his Lordship executed in 1811, he directed that his own body should be buried in a vault in the garden, near his faithful dog. This feeling of affection to his dumb and faithful follower, commendable in itself, seems here to have been carried beyond the bounds of reason and propriety.

The next point of attraction in these gardens is the oak tree which the poet himself planted. It has now attained a goodly size, considering the slow growth of the oak, and bids fair to become a lasting memento of the noble bard, and to be a shrine to which thousands of pilgrims will resort in future ages to do homage to his mighty genius. He planted it on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, and ever after displayed the greatest regard for its prosperity, actuated, it is said, by

an impression or fancy, that as the tree flourished so should he, "as it fares," said he, "so will fare my fortunes." When he again visited the abbey in 1807, he found his pet tree choked up with weeds and almost destroyed, which circumstance called forth those charming lines

> "Young oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
> I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
> That thy dark waving branches would flourish around
> And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine," &c.

In a note to Murray's edition of his works, it is stated that shortly after Colonel Wildman took possession, he one day noticed this tree, and said to the servant who was with him, "here is a fine young oak but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place" "I hope not, sir," replied the man, "for it is the one that my Lord was so fond of, because he set it himself." Since that time the Colonel and all around have taken every possible care of it, and strangers inquire for it as the "Byron oak," so that it promises to share in after times the celebrity of Shakspeare's mulberry, and Pope's willow.

Return we now to the abbey and consider

THE INTERIOR.

> "Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
> That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
> Thro' which the live-long day my soul did pass,
> Well-pleased, from room to room."

THE ENTRANCE HALL

Is approached by a gothic porch, the door being ornamented by a massive bronze knocker, of antique and elaborate design. This room has a low groined ceiling, and contains a Canadian canoe and two plain Egyptian granite pedestals. Next comes

THE MONK'S PARLOR, OR RECEPTION ROOM

In which is deposited the Visitors' book, containing an interesting collection of the autographs of the parties who have visited the abbey, for several years past.

The windows in this room are prettily stained, one representing a venerable figure, probably St. Paul, surmounted by a cross.

Ascending a narrow stone staircase, you are next shewn

LORD BYRON'S BED ROOM

Which is now carefully kept in the same state as it was when occupied by his Lordship. This room commands a splendid view of the lake. The posts of the bedstead are gilt, and the walls are adorned with a portrait of Charles James Fox, and several views of Cambridge, and in the dressing room adjoining, is a portrait of "old Joe Murray," pipe in hand, taken at the desire of his indulgent master. Immediately adjoining, is

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER

A dismal room, where *'tis said* the spirit of a restless Monk still at times intrudes his ghostly presence! During Lord Byron's time, was occupied by his page. The bedstead is a specimen of good carving. You now enter

THE LIBRARY

On one side of which hang four portraits, by Sir Peter Lely, viz:—The Countess of Rutland, Nell Gwynne, Mrs. Hughes, and The Earl of Rutland. There is a portrait of Sir John Byron, sometimes called Longbeard, the first lay owner of Newstead. Two portraits of Colonel Wildman and Geo. Wildman, Esq. by Lonsdale.

There is also a curious bell, found in a Budhist temple, at Ningpo, and presented to the Colonel, by his friend Captain Goldsmith, R. N. It is undoubtedly of great age and of very massive and curious design.

The light and dark oak panelling in this room has a pleasing effect. The three stained windows looking from the library into the cloisters, are some of the ancient abbey windows, and are carefully protected from injury by plate glass. The marble mantel piece with its wreaths of grapes, and the antique chairs are very pretty. From the library you pass into

THE EASTERN CORRIDOR

By a doorway surmounted by a beautiful specimen of carving, representing an elephant and warriors, with the Austrian eagle. A curious and antique ebony couch, and several beautiful King Charles' chairs, surmounted by the royal crown, stand in this corridor, from which you ascend by a few steps into the

TAPESTRY BED ROOM

A truly splendid apartment, formed by the Byrons, for the use of King Charles the second, over the marble mantel piece is a portrait of his Majesty, and over the door, is one of his royal mother, Queen Henrietta Maria. The STATE BED, is surmounted by ostrich plumes, decorated with hangings and coverlet of the most rich and costly silk tapestry all old French needle-work.

The ceiling is richly decorated with the Byron arms, in the centre of the various heraldic devices, being a beautiful representation of the sky. The Tapestry upon the walls is both "rich and rare," two of the pieces being Bacchanalian subjects, and the other an Eastern one. There is a beautiful inlaid cabinet in this room, and from the windows a fine view of Boatswain's tomb is obtained.

THE TAPESTRY DRESSING ROOM

Adjoining and communicating therewith, is hung with some of the most artistic and charming specimens of tapestry I ever saw, in six divisions, representing Time, Ceres, and other subjects. The representation of Time is a perfect picture, and demands especial observation. There is also an antique tapestry couch. It also contains a portrait of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlbro', and an unknown one, supposed to be one of the Child family.

In the lobby adjoining this room is an unfinished stained window, the work of the late lamented Lady Gardiner, and underneath is a rich ebony cabinet with marble slab. You next enter

KING EDWARD THE THIRD'S BED ROOM.

This, which is a richly panelled room, is one of the most ancient rooms of the abbey, and was used by King Edward the third on his visit to Newstead.

The mantel piece consists of rich carved oak, surmounted by a large panel of carved heads of Saracens, and others, each occupying a separate compartment, and all richly coloured in heraldic style.

Here is a beautiful cabinet, inlaid with plate glass mirrors, a dressing table with glass over, and tripod stand, all known to have been once the property of Queen Elizabeth. This room contains several valuable portraits, including the following personages:—Queen Mary of England, Mary Queen of Scots, Richard the third, Henry the fourth, Henry the eighth, the Duke D'Artois.

The first two are exquisite little gems, whilst that of the Duke D'Artois bears date so early as 1338. Another rich oak cabinet, probably of foreign workmanship, adorns this room. The bedstead consists of massive carved oak, bearing date 1630, the hangings of which, green and gold, were worked

by Mrs. Wildman and several friends, whose names are inscribed upon the borders. To this room is attached a dark panelled dressing room.

The Bed room of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, or as it is called in the abbey books

KING KENRY THE SEVENTH'S LODGINGS

is the next, with its rich tapestry of Indian subjects, and antique mantelpiece of panelled heads, similar to those in the best bed room. This room contains a crimson four-post bed, surmounted by ostrich-feather plumes, and a set of handsome carved oak chairs, the seats of which were worked by Mrs. Wildman. Over the door is a portrait of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, and in another part of the room is a portrait of one of the Byron family in a masquerade dress.

Close by is the

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX'S SITTING ROOM

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this room is the portrait of poor Boatswain, the faithful and honored friend of the noble poet. There is also a portrait of a soldier of the 7th Hussars and his charger, several Landscapes and a Sea piece. At one end is an elaborately carved cabinet, covered with figures, and containing curious drawers. Another beautiful cabinet inlaid with ebony and tortoise-shell, and a curious oak chest. We now approach

THE GRAND DRAWING ROOM

and truly a noble and imposing room it is. The richly decorated and slightly arched ceiling with massive oak framework springing boldly from beautifully carved corbels, the splendidly embossed compartments and elegant pendents, contrasted with the oak floor so bright and highly polished, that you almost fear to tread upon it, combined with the glittering effect of a large gilt lantern-shaped chandelier suspended in the centre, amid an assemblage of costly furniture and richly framed paintings, present a *coup d'œil*, at once effective and beautiful.

The East end is adorned with the following paintings:—Dogs and Stag, by Oudry, very fine. Portrait of Thomas Wildman, Esq., M. P. (father of Colonel Wildman), by Romney. Portrait of Lord Henniker, by Romney. Portrait of Sir John Gardiner over door, and on the other side, portrait of Lady Gardiner. Along the North side are portraits of George the first, Princess Dowager of Wales, (mother of George the third). George the second. Queen Mary (wife of William the third). The celebrated portrait

of Lord Byron, by Phillips. William the third and George the third, by Ramsey, and a fine portrait of the Earl of Arundel, and Boy, by Vandyck.

At the West end as a centre piece is a fine full length portrait of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, by Lonsdale, in massive gilt frame. On either side are portraits of Sir Hildebrand Oaks, by Russell, Colonel Edward Wildman, by Russell. Colonel Wildman, by Phillips. Mrs. Wildman, by Londsdale, and between the windows on the South side is a fine painting of two Sisters and Child, by Vandyck, and a portrait of James Wildman, Esq. of Chilham Castle, Kent. Beneath the painting of the Dogs and Stag stands a gilt cabinet, richly inlaid with tortoise-shell and silver, now a depository for the celebrated scull cup of Lord Byron, made as you are aware, out of the *cranium* of one of the Monks of Newstead. It is mounted in silver, and has engraved upon it the inscription, found in his published works, commencing

"Start not—nor deem my spirit fled."

The chimney-piece of this room is of beautiful Italian marble, having in the centre a spirited piece of sculpture, representing Androcles and the Lion, with two exquisite busts as jaumbs or supporters. There is a splendid gilt cabinet placed under the portrait of the Duke of Sussex, and an ebony and tortoise-shell one opposite the fire place. The antique oak chairs and richly gilt furniture not enumerated are worthy of notice, and I ought not to omit mentioning that under a glass case is a model of a monument to Leopold the first of Germany. This beautiful piece of work is of mother-of-pearl and ebony, and is exquisitely conceived.

Leaving this noble room we descend by a few polished oak steps into the West Corridor, from which you enter the

GRAND DINING HALL

a noble room, being the ancient refectory of the abbey. The chimney-piece is very beautiful, and projects boldly from the wall. The ceiling displays bold oak framework springing from shield corbels, richly decorated with armorial bearings, and the walls are ornamented with suits of ancient and modern armour, stag's antler's and buffalo horns, &c. with excellent effect. At one end is a very fine gothic screen, in three compartments, with a music gallery over it.

The doorway leading from the West corridor is of the same style, and a very beautiful specimen of carving. This room is panelled in oak to the height of ten feet and measures about fifty-four feet by twenty-four, and perhaps thirty-five feet in height.

THE BREAKFAST ROOM

adjoining, was formerly used as Lord Byron's dining room. The ceiling of this room is richly emblazoned in azure and gold, in square compartments, and is ornamented by another of those beautiful *many headed* mantel-pieces before described, save that in the centre of this one are the Armorial bearings of the Byrons, upon which may be traced in ancient letter "Sir John Byron, MD.L.VI." The chairs are covered with tapestry, illustrating many of the fables of Æsop. There is a beautiful portrait by Rembrandt, of himself; also the Infant Saviour, by Van Eyck, the finest specimen of this master to be met with in England.

Descending the staircase, you are introduced into

THE CLOISTERS

which are precisely in the same state, saving ordinary dilapidations as in the time of the Monks.

THE CHAPEL

a small dark groined room, formerly the chapter house of the abbey. In it there are three stained windows representing the twelve Apostles. Returning back to the cloisters, you are next shewn the stone coffin, which was found near the high altar, when the workmen were excavating the vault, intended by Lord Byron for himself and his dog. The coffin contained the skeleton of an Abbot, and also the identical skull before spoken of. In the centre of the cloisters stands an old gothic fountain, which formerly stood in front of the abbey.

THE SERVANTS' HALL

although not usually shewn to visitors, interested me very much, not only by its handsome groined ceiling, &c. but also from the fact of its having formerly been the Xenodochium where the charitable Monks received "the lame, the blind, the halt, and the poor," and doled out with kind and liberal hand medicine and alms, according to their need.

Upon the principal staircase, is a large painting, by Walker, representing Jacob and Rachel at the well.

Thus have I completed my pleasing, but too imperfectly executed task of describing Newstead. To do it *full* justice, would indeed require an able hand. Even Washington Irving with all his pleasant gossiping powers, has not wholly succeeded.

In the pages of her poet alone, we find the truest notes to the feeling this subject engenders harmoniously struck, and when pursuing my way to Annesley, I turned to take a parting look at the venerable abbey, some beautiful lines which Mr. Galt sent to one of the magazines as original, came forcibly to my mind, and as they are not, I believe, in any edition of Byron's works, I cannot end better than by writing them out for your perusal too.

"In the dome of my Sires as the clear moonbeam falls,
Through silence and shade o'er its desolate walls;
It shines from afar like the glories of old,
It gilds but it warms not, 'tis dazzling but cold.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days;
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays,
When the stars are on high and the dews on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

And the step that o'er echoes the grey floor of stone,
Falls sullenly now, for 'tis only my own;
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblets and dreary the hearth.

And vain was each effort to raise and recall
The brightness of old to illumine our Hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline,
And the fate of my fathers has faded to mine.

And their's was the wealth and the fullness of fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret, but renew them no more.

And ruin is fixed on my Tower and my Wall,
Too hoary to fade and too massive to fall;
It tells not of Time's, or the tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway."

ANNESLEY

After a picturesque walk through a country every footstep of

which is more or less associated with the name of Byron, I entered the wild and park-like domain of Annesley, which is contiguous to the Newstead estates, and about two miles distant from the Abbey. In the distance the eye rests upon the interesting range of hills, so famous by the Poet's

"Hills of Annesley bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood strayed;
How the Northern tempests warring,
Howl above the tufted shade.

Now no more the hours beguiling,
Former favorite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling,
Makes ye seem a heaven to me."

One, the most conspicuous of these wood-crowned heights, is more particularly interesting, from its being the scene of his parting with Miss Chaworth (previous to her marriage with a rival); a farewell, as he then thought for ever to her

———— "who was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all."

In the "Dream" the place, and most heart stirring incident are thus vividly remembered.

"I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill

Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees in circular array, so fix'd.
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him."

THE HALL

is a mansion of great antiquity, and of a most *patchwork* style of architecture. So early as the Norman conquest it is mentioned as of the fee of Ralph Fitz Herbert, and it was afterwards possessed by the Annesley's for many generations, from whom it descended by marriage to the Chaworths of Wiverton, whose last representative by name,* the ladye-love of Lord Byron, married John Musters, Esq. August, 1805.

Close to the Hall stands a venerable little church, approached from it by a shrubbery and almost connected with it by a venerable ivy mantled terrace. A number of broad spreading trees shelter the sacred edifice, and shed a solemn quietude over the silent tombs.

The interior of the Hall is rambling and irregular, like its

* John Musters, Esq. a gentleman, whose family, under the name of De Musters or De Monasteriis, was located in Nottinghamshire, according to Doomsday book, prior even to the Norman conquest; their chief residence for the last two hundred years being Colwick Hall, near Nottingham, which they purchased from the Byrons. Mr. Musters who ranked as one of the most eminent sportsmen of his day, died at Annesley, on the 8th of September last, in his 73rd year.

outward appearance; but the whole is invested by Byron with charms that no modern mansion can boast.

In the "Dream" I have before quoted from, he says

"There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:
Within an antique Oratory stood
The boy of whom I speak; * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

The "antique Oratory" has long been a perfect and disgraceful ruin; and chilling desolation now reigns through the old halls of the Chaworths, in consequence of the recent death of Mr. Musters. Every choice memento of "the bright morning star of Annesley" and her long line of ancestors, every article of furniture, antique china, paintings, &c. have just been "scattered to the four winds" by that most relentless of all dispersers the auctioneer's hammer.

William Howitt thus touchingly alludes to the life of Mrs. Musters.

"There is nothing in all the histories of mortal sorrows and broken affections more mournful and striking than the idea of this lady so bright and joyous-hearted in her youth, sitting in her latter years, alone and uninterrupted in this old house weeping over the poems which commented in burning words on the individual fortunes of herself and Lord Byron."

An elegant writer in "Tait" thus strikingly impresses the mind with the same deeply interesting but melancholy subject

"She sat in silence and her tears fell free
Over the open volume on her knee;
She sat unheeding while the hollow blast
Rushed thro' the trees, whose shadows overcast
The ancient Terrace walk. Within that room
The very aspect of decay and gloom
Seemed gathering round its inmate; yet her eye
Ne'er glanced npon its fallen luxury.
Her bloom was gone for ever, sad and pale,
As a crushed lily withering 'neath the gale;
With none to break her solitude, or view
Her tearful eye, her cheek of marble hue,
The few grey hairs amid each braided tress,
And anguish fading all her loveliness.
'Twas mournful that so sad a change should fall
Upon the Lady of that silent hall:
Was there not *one* to cheer her breaking heart,
To bid each wild and fearful dream depart;
And win her back to gladness! could it be
She was forgotten in her misery?
Forgotten! by that oft-repeated word
What bitter memories in her heart were stirred
Of *him* whose thoughts through all his wandering
Were ever turned *to her*—whom life could bring
No happiness. She thought of her own scorn
And all the wrong that Byron's name had borne;
Then wildly gazed upon each line that told
Of love rejected—cherished hope grown cold—
Of thrilling agony—enduring care—
And genius fiercely striving with despair!
Her tears were dried but a dark shadow grew
Upon her smooth white brow—'twas then she knew
How fervently he loved her—she is laid
Within her silent grave, beneath whose shade
All anguish is forgotten.—Stern decay
Hath found a home within her mansion grey;
Dark ivy clings upon the Terrace wall,

And wild plants grow around the ruined Hall;
While bending there its branches rich and green
A willow stands as if it mourned the scene.
Not often in the Court is heard the tone
Of human accents; tall weeds have overgrown
The fountain, and its cooling waters lie
Hushed as the tears that flowed in Annesley!"

In addition to the exquisite beauty of the above lines, they convey to the mind such a melancholy, yet truthful description of the present state of Annesley, that although written thirteen or fourteen years ago, I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing them for your especial edification.

Poor Mary Chaworth, well remembered is the awful night which proved the harbinger of thy lamented death!

It was on the close of a dark drizzly miserable day, in the month of October, 1831, that a mob of lawless ruffians, intoxicated, nay maddened with success, rushed with demon shouts past Sneinton church and in direction for the quiet and sequestered lane which leads to Colwick, near Nottingham. After a momentary halt, occasioned by a consultation among the ringleaders, the fatal cry was raised "*To Colwick Hall!*" That shout was received with acclamation by the multitude, and passed from mouth to mouth with oaths and threats and yells of fearful import. Along they sped, armed with broken palisades and such other weapons as the requirements of their devilish purpose could suggest, or the emergency of the moment supply.

Suddenly the noise and footsteps of the lawless intruders fell upon the ears of the few inmates of Colwick Hall; these consisted only of Mrs. Musters, her daughter, and a few domestics, who, paralysed with fear, fled at the approach of wretches from whom they had nothing to expect but

violence or murder, especially if resistance were offered to their mad career.

A few minutes, and that quiet home became a desolation, and the scene of violence, drunkenness and crime, rarely if ever surpassed. Every room was ransacked, every drawer and cabinet burst open, and when plunder had done its worst, the collected furniture was burnt upon the lawn, amid the yells and execrations of the followers of those self-styled Reformers, who, only the day before, in announcing the rejection of the Corn Bill by the House of Lords, headed their placard with Nelson's well known motto "England expects that every man will do his duty." How fearfully that glorious watchword of our greatest hero was responded to by the ignorant and the vicious, let the records of the reform riots and this fearful tragedy bear witness!

But to return. These horrible proceedings were too much for the delicate and already emaciated form of poor Mrs. Musters to withstand. In the wild excitement and terror of the moment, she with her daughter fled from the Hall, and sought refuge beneath the thick foliage of a laurel tree in the shrubbery; here trembling with cold and wet, for it rained heavily, she witnessed the sad scene of devastation, and mournfully awaited the departure of the destroyers.

From the effects of that fearful night she never entirely recovered; cold and terror hurried her to the grave, and she died at Wiverton Hall, in February, 1832, a victim to as diabolical an outrage as ever disgraced the annals of an English mob. Thus died the beloved of Byron, "a lady," says Mr. Moore, "who combined with the many worldly advantages that encircled her, much personal beauty and a disposition the most amiable and attaching."

On leaving Annesley, I next reached the rural village of

LINBY,

which bears evidence from the monastic ruins still to be found, of having some centuries ago been a place of religious importance, probably connected either with the Priory of Newstead, or the one at Lenton, near Nottingham. A May-pole still adorns this "village green," and at the north and south ends of the village stands two venerable Crosses. The one at the north end, from its exquisite workmanship and fair proportions, may be considered as fine a specimen of the village cross as can be met with in almost any part of England. The neat little church, dedicated to Saint Michael (and which contains some ancient monuments of the Chaworth family) adds much to the appearance of this rural spot, of which Washington Irving says, "the moss-grown cottages, the lowly mansions of grey stone, the gothic crosses at each end of the village, and the tall may-pole in the centre, transport us in imagination to former centuries.

Pursuing my walk a mile further, I arrived at

HUCKNALL CHURCH,

which has for ages been the last resting place of the Byron family, and where repose the ashes of the Poet, marked only by a neat marble slab, bearing the following inscription.

In the vault beneath
where many of his Ancestors and his Mother are
Buried,
lie the remains of
George Gordon Noel Byron,
Lord Byron, of Rochdale,
in the County of Lancaster,
the author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

He was born in London, on the
22nd of January, 1788.
He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the
19th of April, 1824.
Engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that
country to her ancient grandeur and renown.

His sister, the Honorable
Augusta Maria Leigh,
placed this Tablet to his Memory.

This last home of the Poet is much frequented, and the Album kept for visitors bears evidence of the heartfelt emotions of many a pilgrim to his tomb. How appropriate for instance are the following lines, composed by William Howitt, immediately after the interment.

"Rest in thy tomb, young heir of glory, rest!
Rest in thy rustic tomb, which thou shalt make
A spot of light upon thy country's breast,
Known, honoured, haunted ever for thy sake.
Thither romantic pilgrims shall betake
Themselves from distant lands.—When we are still
In centuries of sleep, thy fame shall wake
And thy great memory with deep feelings fill
These scenes which thou hast trod, and hallow every hill."

Turning now homewards, I found I had crowded too much into my day's purpose, for, still on the way objects of interest rise before the traveller rapidly as if by command of a magician's wand. Of these, Robin Hood's hills near Kirkby, deserve from their picturesque appearance, a passing notice.

Kirkby Hardwick too, ought not to be forgotten, formerly a monastery connected with Newstead abbey, or perhaps the neighbouring priory of Felley. This ancient mansion was bestowed upon George, Earl of Shrewsbury, by King Henry

the eighth, and is noticed by Leland, who calls it Hardwick upon Line. It is now the residence of John Clarke, Esq.

Here Cardinal Wolsey, the once powerful favourite of a tyrant Monarch, passed a night wearied and heart broken, immediately before his death at Leicester.

A little nearer Mansfield and a pleasing view of Sutton Hall and Works is obtained, and the beautiful sheet of water called the King's Mill Reservoir, which was made by the Duke of Portland some twelve years ago, as an auxiliary to that extensive system of irrigation, which has for years occupied his Grace's attention, and of which I shall give you further particulars shortly. The waters of this reservoir cover the once romantic dingle where stood the antique water mill and cottage, which are said to have been the scene of the humourous rencontre between the King John and the redoubtable Sir John Cockle, the Miller of Mansfield, and which was dramatized by Dodsley with so much success.

LETTER III.

HARDWICK HALL

"What! is not this my place of strength" she said,
"My spacious mansion built for me,
Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid
Since my first memory?"

IT is hardly to be expected that one neighbourhood can offer other scenes so interesting as those associated with Byron's 'strange eventful history;' scenes that ever acquire a growing charm as the lapse of years softens the errors of the man, and confirms the genius of the Poet. It is time indeed that his enemies were content to say 'after life's fitful fever he sleeps well,' and no more with narrow criticism try to bare the abysmal deeps of his great Personality.

Leaving then Abbey and Poet with all their recollections, accompany me now to Hall and Park, and Castle,

"Ancient homes of Lord and Lady,
Built for pleasure and for state."

and first upon the list is the noble building, with the title of which I have headed this letter.

Hardwick Hall is little more than six miles to the North-west of Mansfield, and one of the seats of that princely noble, the Duke of Devonshire.

Etchd by C & E Layton, London

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HARDWICK HALL

It is a substantial stone building, in pure Elizabethan style, and stands upon elevated table land, from whence there is a fine view of the long chain of romantic hills bordering upon the Peak of Derbyshire. The park, with its herds of deer, numerous fish ponds, stately oaks, and richly wooded scenery, presents many attractive features.

The present hall was built by the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, and was finished in the year 1587. It is of an oblong form studded with antique windows, and having six square towers of commanding proportions, rising at intervals sternly above the rest of the building, which is ornamented by neatly carved open work battlements adorned here and there with the noble lady's initials E. S. surmounted by a coronet. The principal front is about 390 feet in extent; a spacious and formal flower garden surrounds this entrance, and giving excellent effect to the approach. The walled yard or paddock near, with its really magnificent range of stables will excite the admiration of visitors, for they give a most exalted idea of the state or hospitality which could require offices so extensive. Gay and busy and exciting scenes must they have been which these court yards were wont to witness in the profuse and hospitable times of the extraordinary woman, by whose liberality they were erected.

A short distance from the entrance stand the noble ruins of what is termed the old Hall, only upheld from yielding to the first winter's blast by most gigantic and luxuriant ivy which clings with the vigour and affection of oft renewed youth to the smitten remnants of her dismantled turrets.

I find no satisfactory account of the time the old hall was built, but certain it is, that it was a place of great beauty and importance during the reign of Henry the eighth.

In 1203, King John transferred the Hardwick estate to Andrew Beauchamp, and it passed in 1258 to William de Steynesby, who held it by the annual surrender of *three pounds of cinnamon and one of pepper!* John de Steynesby, grandson of the above, died possessed of it 1330. Soon afterwards the family of de Hardwicke were established here, and possessed the estate for six generations.

One majestic room is now all that remains (except the outer and lower walls) of this once beautiful residence. It measures 60 feet 6 inches by 30 feet 6 inches, and is 24 feet 6 inches high, and has long been considered a model of most elegant proportions; indeed to use the words of an old writer, "the old house has one room in it of such exact proportions, and such convenient lights, that it was thought fit for a pattern of measure and contrivance to the most noble at Blenheim." This room, which is called the Giant's chamber, from two colossal figures standing there, still bears evidence of having been finished in a superb style. In the north east end was a large library, containing a pair of globes then very valuable.

This part of the brave old mansion was pulled down when the late Duke of Devonshire built what are called the grand stables at Chatsworth.

The noble stable court, (perhaps few its equal) the extensive park, that portion of the present park which lies to the west and south of the house, with its fish-ponds, paddocks, &c. all evince that the father of the Countess, John Hardwick, Esq. enjoyed a plentiful estate, and its convenient accompaniments.

Dr. White Kennet, in speaking of this residence says, "the old Hall is where the Countess was born. Before part of it was demolished it was a large house, and contained perhaps

thirty rooms capable to be made lodging-rooms, besides lower rooms for business." "It was built at three different times, the middle part is the oldest, the west or south west end the second built, the north east end the third building."

As the name of the Countess of Shrewsbury is so intimately connected with the history of this district, it may not perhaps be out of place to give a brief memoir of her life, so here it is.

Elizabeth, the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, was as previously stated, the daughter of John Hardwick, Esq. and of Elizabeth, the daughter of Thomas Leake, Esq. of Hasland, in the county of Derby. She was born in the year 1521, and when scarcely fourteen years of age, she married Robert Barley, Esq. of Barley, in the county of Derby, a young gentleman of large estates, all of which he settled absolutely upon his young wife, and therefore by his death, which happened soon afterwards without issue, she came into possession of a valuable addition to her ancestral property, on the 2nd February, 1532.

After remaining a widow about twelve years, she married Sir William Cavendish, by whom she had issue as follows, viz:

Henry Cavendish, Esq. who settled at Tutbury, Staffordshire.

William Cavendish, the first Earl of Devonshire.

Charles Cavendish, settled at Welbeck Abbey, and the father of William Baron Ogle, and Duke of Newcastle.

Frances, who married Sir Henry Pierrepont, of Holme Pierrepont, near Nottingham, from whom descended the Dukes of Kingston and Earl Manvers.

Elizabeth, who espoused Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, youngest brother to King James the first's father.*

* The issue of this marriage was the beautiful and accomplished Lady Ara-

Mary, who married Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury.

After the death of Sir William Cavendish, her Ladyship again continued in widowhood for some time, but at length married Sir William St. Lowe, captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth, and who had a large estate in Gloucestershire, which in the articles of marriage, were settled on her Ladyship and heirs, in default of issue by Sir William, and accordingly having no child by him, she lived to enjoy his whole estate, to the exclusion, not only his brothers, who were heirs male, but also his own daughters by a former wife!

During this her third widowhood, the charms of her wit and beauty captivated the then greatest subject of the realm, George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, whom she brought to terms of the greatest honor and advantage to herself as well as to her children, for he not only yielded to a considerable jointure, but also to an union of families, by taking her youngest daughter Mary, to be the wife of Gilbert, his second son, and afterwards heir; and also giving the Lady Grace, his youngest daughter to Henry, her eldest son.

On November 18, 1590, she was a fourth time left, and until death continued a widow.

There were changes of condition in the life of this Lady, that perhaps never fell to the lot of any other woman. To be four times a wife, to rise by every husband into greater wealth and higher honors, to have a numerous issue by one husband only, to have all those children live, and all, by her advice be creditably disposed of by marriage in her lifetime, and after all to live seventeen years a widow in absolute power and

bella Stuart, who was educated at Hardwick, under the care of the Countess, her grandmother, and whose affecting and melancholy history is second only to that of her kinswoman Mary Queen of Scots.

plenty, and in addition to all this, to have been as it were the founder of several of the most noble houses which now adorn the peerage, as well as the grandmother of a Princess of the blood Royal, are certainly circumstances which seem to partake more of the character of fiction than that of sober reality.

She had also the honor to be keeper to Mary Queen of Scots, for many years, and it seems probable she frequently brought her royal charge to Hardwick during that period.

She died full of years, honors, and worldly comforts, on the 13th February, 1607, and was buried in the south aisle of All Saint's church in Derby, (where she had founded an hospital for twelve poor persons) under a costly tomb which she took care to erect in her own lifetime, and whereon a remarkable epitaph was afterwards inscribed, and a recumbent marble effigy of her Ladyship placed.

Most of this Lady's biographers agree that she was of noble and commanding appearance, beautiful, accomplished, discreet and talented, although perhaps towards the latter part of her life rather inclined to be arrogant and despotic, hence her union with the Earl of Shrewsbury, (who by the bye was not all perfection himself), proved anything but a happy one. To her credit however be it said, that in their disputes, which ended in a separation, both Queen Elizabeth and Overton, Bishop of Lichfield very warmly took the Lady's part. After a careful examination of the character of this extraordinary woman I am driven to the conclusion that she was more "sinned against than sinning," and there are certainly no events connected with her life, which could in my opinion, justify any writer in speaking of her with such severity, as does one of her own sex who says,* "His," the Earl of Shrewsbury's "proud

* Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England, vol. 7.

and cruel wife whose temper could not be restrained by any power either on earth or in heaven, soon became jealous of the lovely and fascinating prisoner, and led her husband, a noble of exemplary gravity, and a grandsire, a terrible life!"

In addition to her other extraordinary propensities, the Countess was undoubtedly afflicted with what in modern times is not inaptly termed a "building mania," and she had the honor of building three of the most splendid seats that were perhaps ever raised by any one person in the same county, viz: —Hardwick Hall, of which I am now speaking, Oldcotes, near Chesterfield, now in ruins, and that prince of mansions, and gem of the Peak, Chatsworth. To assist in the erection or rather rebuilding of this latter noble edifice, she caused a great quantity of the materials to be removed from the old Hall of Hardwick, which circumstance may partly account for the extremely ruinous state of that ancient building.

To account for this Lady's rage for building, there is a tradition (recorded by Walpole) that she was told by a fortune-teller that her death should not happen while she continued building, and accordingly she expended immense sums of money in so doing; and singular enough she died in a hard frost when the workmen could not proceed with building operations!

Thus much for the history of Hardwick's noble founder, for the leading facts of which I am indebted to a copious memoir of the Cavendish family, written by the learned Dr. Kennett, once chaplain in the family, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.

Leaving the romantic foreground and interesting ruins of the ancient building,

> "Where now the spider is weaving his woof,
> Making his loom of the sculptured roof;

Where weeds have gathered and moss hath grown,
On the topmost ridge and lowest stone:

I will proceed to give you as accurate a description as I possibly can of the interior attractions of the present Hall.

Passing through a narrow gateway, you approach the west front along a wide flagged pavement, and are admitted into the

ENTRANCE, OR GREAT HALL

which is of great magnitude, and fitted up with oak wainscoting and tapestry, in admirable keeping with the rest of the internal furnishing and decorations, which as a whole, is said to be the most faithful illustration of the domestic habits of the days of Elizabeth, that any building in England affords.

This apartment contains a bust of Mary Queen of Scots, by Westmacott. On a pedestal, bearing an armorial escutcheon, is the following brief inscription:

Maria Regina Scotorum
Nata 1542,
A suis in exilium acta, 1568,
Ab hospitâ neci data, 1587.

Along the west end of the hall runs the Minstrel gallery, supported by four pillars, and forming a sort of vestibule to the entrance.

Leaving the hall, we ascend by the north staircase into

THE CHAPEL

hung with tapestry, representing some of the leading incidents connected with the life of Saint Paul, including his conversion and shipwreck. The chairs and cushions, &c. contain some rich and costly specimens of antique needlework, and as such are interesting and deserving of attention.

THE DINING HALL

is fitted up with small panels of dark oak wainscoting. Over the chimney-piece is the following motto.

"The conclusion of all thinges, is to feare God and keepe his commaundmentes," underneath are the initials E. S. surmounted by a coronet and the date 1597.

There are several portraits in this room, including the first Duke of Devonshire. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Horatio, first Lord Walpole. The Right Honorable Henry Pelham, and the Earl of Southampton, Lord Treasurer to Charles the second.

A door on the north side of this room opens into

THE CUT VELVET BED ROOM

which was formerly hung with ancient silk drapery, richly embossed with emblematical figures, in gold and silver lace and thread; but is now hung with tapestry, in good preservation, pourtraying Flemish subjects. Over the doors are specimens of the old needlework decently restored.

The arms of Cavendish, Shrewsbury, and Hardwick are emblazoned over the chimney-piece.

Returning through the dining-room, and proceeding along the gallery before alluded to, and from which there is a commanding view of the entrance hall, you enter

THE DRAWING ROOM

which is also wainscoted in beautiful dark oak panels for a considerable height, above which is some fine tapestry, representing the story of Esther and King Ahasuerus.

In this room are several portraits, including Sir William Cavendish, taken in his 42nd year, and considered fine. Charles James Fox and Countess Spencer, mother of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Over the chimney-piece are the Hardwick arms, surmounted by a coronet, and supported by two stags, underneath is the following distich.

"Sanguine, cornu, corde, oculo, pede, cervus et aure.
Nobilis at claro; pondere nobilior."

By the south door of this room you enter

THE DUKE'S BED ROOM

which is hung with splendid tapestry, representing Abraham and the angels, Isaac and Rebecca, and other scriptural subjects.

A DRESSING ROOM

adjoins, looking south, in which are some interesting specimens of the Countess of Shrewsbury's needlework.

Returning through the drawing room, you reach the

GRAND STAIRCASE

the walls of which contain some splendid specimens of tapestry, on which may readily be traced the story of Hero and Leander.

There is a curious ancient chest near the drawing room door, supposed to have belonged to George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.

On arriving at the top of the staircase, a fine old door (surmounted by the Hardwick arms) presents itself, and which enters into the

STATE ROOM, OR PRESENCE CHAMBER

a noble room, 65 feet long, 33 feet wide, and 26 feet high. The walls to the height of 15 feet are adorned with rich tapestry, representing the chief events of the Odyssey.

Above the tapestry, there is a basso relievo representation of a stag hunt, and the court of Diana. The arms of England are over the fire-place.

The furniture in this room is extremely rich, and chiefly of the time of James the second, together with some curious old chairs and stools recently restored.

At the north end of the room is a canopy of embroidered black velvet, with chair and foot-stool to match, the inside being ornamented by the Hardwick arms quartered with the Bruce's of Elgin. In front of the canopy stands a long table of Queen Elizabeth's time, beautifully inlaid.

In a spacious recess stands the state bed, with rich crimson velvet canopy, and noble ostrich plumes. The curtains are of crimson velvet and elaborately covered with gold and silver tissue, and there are also carved chairs and stools covered with the same material, to match. The whole are in a good state of preservation. We next come to the

LIBRARY

the walls and doorways of which are hung with tapestry. From the windows of this room a splendid prospect may be obtained.

The library contains a considerable number of curious and valuable works, and the walls are graced with several paintings, including the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury herself. A fine portrait of the fourth Duchess of Devonshire on horseback. (The horse was painted by Van Blooman, the landscape by Horizonte, and the portrait by Kent, in 1747). The first Duke of Devonshire when a youth, and Jeffery Hudson, the celebrated dwarf (painted by Vandyck). From this to the

GREEN ROOM

the walls of which are now hung with beautiful silk tapestry. The library and green room were originally the same height as the presence chamber.

You next enter the interesting room known as

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' ROOM

which is somewhat small, situate in one of the square towers. The prin-

cipal object of attention in this room is the Queen's bed, which being hung with black velvet, has rather a gloomy but not unpleasing appearance the hangings are richly embroidered with flowers in colored silk, by the hands of the Royal prisoner and her attendants.

Over the door are the Royal arms of Scotland, with the initials M. R., and round the whole is the inscription

"Marie Stewart, par le grace de Dieu, Royne de Scosse, Douariere de France." Crest a lion. Motto, "In my Defens."

THE BLUE ROOM

amongst other attractions, contains a representation of the marriage of Tobias, placed over the mantel-piece.

The next and perhaps most attractive room is

THE PICTURE GALLERY

which extends the whole length of the eastern front, measuring 166 feet in length, forty-one feet in width (including the window recesses) and 26 feet high.

Some very ancient tapestry (removed from the old Halls at Chatsworth and Hardwick) may be seen in this noble apartment, part of it bearing date so long since as 1478.

The windows in this gallery, although no larger than the others on the same story, are of most enormous proportions, and are altogether computed to contain 27,000 panes of glass. Hence no doubt the origin of the saying,

"Hardwick Hall,
More glass than wall."

There are two splendid chimney-pieces here, composed of black marble and alabaster, one surmounted by a piece of sculpture, representing "Pity," the other a companion-piece, representing "Justice;" they are supposed to be the work of either Stephens, a Flemish sculptor, or Valerio Vicentino, an Italian artist.

The immense number of paintings hanging in this room, consist chiefly of family portraits, a catalogue of which would far exceed my limits. The following will however, be probably found the most interesting, viz:—

Queen Elizabeth; the Countess of Shrewsbury; the beautiful Arabella Stuart; Henry the seventh and Henry the eighth; (cartoon, by Holbein); Mary Queen of Scots when young; William, first Duke of Devonshire, the same on horseback; Lord William Russell; Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; Third Earl of Burlington; Robert Boyle the Philosopher; Thomas Hobbes; Seventh Earl of Derby; Lord Treasurer Burleigh.

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BOLSOVER CASTLE

Hardwick was for many years the abode of the semi-infidel philosopher Hobbes, who having in early life been tutor in the Cavendish family, found here an asylum in his declining years, and here also after being more or less domesticated with the family for nearly seventy years, this eccentric man, who with all his philosophy, would never allow himself to be left in the dark, died, or as he himself terms it, "crept out of the world," at the advanced age of ninety-one years. He was buried at the little church of Ault Hucknall close by; an edifice, which is supposed to have been one of the ancient stone churches, built by the Saxons.

Thus much for the noble Hall of Hardwick, its history, its present state, and its associations. Having refreshed myself at the little Inn below the Hall, kept by the loquacious and obliging Mrs. Riggott, I proceeded through a highly cultivated and beautiful country to

BOLSOVER CASTLE

distant perhaps three miles from Hardwick, another ancient seat of the princely Cavendishes, now the property of the Duke of Portland, and occupied by the Rev. Hamilton Gray, the present highly esteemed and accomplished incumbent of Bolsover.

The town of Bolsover, which is about eight miles from Mansfield, is a quiet ancient looking place, and was at one time of sufficient importance to rank as a market town. It is spoken of as such so early as 1225. The market was held on Friday, but was discontinued about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The manor is copyhold, of a similar tenure to that of Mans-

field. His Grace the Duke of Portland being the present Lord.

The "Bolsover buckles," which were held in so much repute by our grandfathers, were formerly made here in great quantities. Their celebrity arose from a peculiar process of case-hardening, which not only enabled the manufacturer to impart a most brilliant polish, but also rendered them of so exceedingly good temper, that it was said a loaded cart might pass over a Bolsover buckle without injuring its shape.

The church is a plain Norman structure with a tower and low spire, and is dedicated to Saint Mary. The present value of the living being about £130 ℔ annum. In the interior are some elaborate and costly monuments to several members of the Cavendish family.

On approaching the town from the Glapwell road, the most glorious scenery lay extended before me, as all at once I found myself on the very ridge of a range of hills which fell somewhat precipitately from where I stood and formed with a corresponding range rising in the distance a long sweeping valley, of the greatest extent, variety, and beauty. To the extreme left, the noble woods and lofty turrets of the hall I had just visited rose in grandeur; the village of Heath with Sutton Hall, the seat of one of the Arkwright's formed a pleasing front; and with the vast iron districts of Staveley and Renishaw on the right, completed a magnificent panorama; the noble hills of the Peak and the Yorkshire moors extending themselves as a misty-shaded back ground along the distant horizon. The varied and glowing tints of a rich autumnal foliage although somewhat sad precursors of approaching winter added greatly to the beauty of the charming landscape.

On nearer acquaintance, the town bears evident traces of

having been at some period of its history strongly fortified. I found the Castle all I had been led to expect.

"A mighty maze but not without a plan."

There is no doubt that William de Peverell (to whom the manor was granted by his father William the Conqueror) built a Castle at Bolsover, and there is still a road, called the Peverell road, leading in direction of South Wingfield, where he possessed a manor house. The ancient Castle formed one of the strong-holds of the disaffected Barons, during part of the troublesome reign of King John, but it was at length reduced by Ferrars, Earl of Derby, who was afterwards appointed its governor.

In 1552, Edward the sixth granted a lease of the manor to Sir John Byron, and two years afterwards granted the same in fee to the Talbots, by whom it was leased in 1608 to Sir Charles Cavendish for 1000 years, at a rent of £10 ℔ annum, and in 1613, he bought the manor; the purchase deed being enrolled in chancery on the 20th August that year.

At that time the Castle was in ruins, but there was even then too much mettle in the Cavendish blood to allow it to continue so, consequently the same year Sir Charles commenced the erection of the present mansion, under the superintendance of Huntingdon Smithson, who was sent to Italy by the munificent owner expressly to collect materials for his designs. This celebrated architect, died at Bolsover in 1648, and was buried in the chancel of the church.

A great portion of the buildings then erected are now in ruins, but there is nothing particularly picturesque in their appearance, which partakes more of the effect produced by having being dismantled by careful workmen, than of succumb-

ing to the ravages of time; the massive grey walls being still as firm and free from decay as can well be imagined.

Some idea may be formed of the style and magnitude of this splendid range of buildings, from the fact, that one gallery now standing, measures 220 feet in length, by 28 feet in width. The dining room was 78 feet by 33 feet, and a lodging room 36 feet by 33 feet, the out buildings are in proportion, the whole range measuring 276 feet from the east corner of the house.

It was in these noble rooms that William, the right loyal and princely Earl of Newcastle (A. D. 1634) entertained King Charles the first and his Queen on a scale of magnificence, seldom if ever equalled in the annals of Baronial liberality, in fact, according to the Duchess of Newcastle's memoirs of her husband, it cost him no less a sum than from 14 to £15,000! The table linen alone cost £160. On this occasion, Ben Jonson was employed as a sort of master of the ceremonies to prepare the speeches and scenes, and Welbeck Abbey was set apart for their Majesty's lodgings.

Having alluded to the munificence of the first Earl of Newcastle, it may be interesting to mention the extent of his resources and the generous sacrifices he made in support of his Royal Master's cause.

From the memoirs of the Duchess, it appears that in the year 1649, when the King found it necessary to raise an army to subdue the disaffected Scotch, the Earl of Newcastle finding his Majesty's exchequer exhausted, generously lent his Majesty £10,000, and raised a troop of horse consisting of one hundred and twenty gentlemen, (which was afterwards called the Prince of Wales' troop), all well equipped, and each attended by his own servant without charge to the King.

His Lordship also fortified and garrisoned the town of Newcastle, Bolsover Castle, and other places at his own expense, and gained many advantages over the parliamentary forces. By a survey made of his estates in 1641, he possessed a rent roll of £22,393. 9s. 3d. a prodigious income for those days.

After the murder of the King, these splendid estates were placed by the parliament under a sequestration, the Earl himself having fled to Antwerp, where he chiefly resided until his return to England at the restoration.

The Duchess computes her husband's losses consequent upon those unhappy and disgraceful struggles at no less than £941,303. 0s. 0d. for which she thus accounts:

The loss of his estates during the civil war and his banishment, amounted with interest to	£403,083
Estates actually lost, producing an annual income of £5229, she estimates at	£437,220
Sold for payment of his debts.....	£56,000
Value of his woods which were cut down	£45,000
Grand total	£941,303

What a melancholy picture does this statement present, of the troubles and adversities which then so heavily oppressed our land, and how fervent ought our aspirations to be for deliverance "from all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion."

Although Bolsover Castle was strongly fortified, and well provided for by the Earl of Newcastle, it could not withstand the overpowering influence, openly and covertly, of the victorious Puritans, and it surrendered upon honorable terms to Major General Crawford, in 1644. From the account of its capture it appears to have been well manned, strongly fortified with great guns, "one whereof carried eighteen pound bullets," and was well stored with ammunition and provisions. One

hundred and twenty muskets, two mortars, nine barrels of powder, besides pikes, halberts, drakes, matches, &c. fell into the hands of the victors, who bestowed great pains in demolishing this splendid edifice, in order as well to enrich themselves as to shew their spleen against the noble and loyal owner.

After the restoration some feeble attempts were made by the Earl, by this time created the Duke of Newcastle, to repair the injuries the fabric had sustained, but with a shattered fortune and advancing years, a total restoration was not attempted. Enough was accomplished however to enable various branches of the family to reside there, but as this took place during a time in which is little worthy of record, it is sufficient to mention that this and several other estates, including Mansfield and Welbeck, descended from that noble branch of the Cavendishes through those of Holles and Harley to the present owner and Lord of the Manor, His Grace the Duke of Portland.

As before stated, the only part of the Castle now occupied is the residence of the Rev. J. H. Gray, and is not shewn to casual visitors when the family are at home. With the exception of what is termed the star chamber, there is little perhaps beyond the glorious prospects from the windows to interest the visitor.

The gardens belonging to the Castle are pretty though small, and are graced with a classically designed fountain of elaborate work, ornamented with the busts in alabaster of eight of the Roman Emperors, and a statue of Venus in the act of getting out of a bath with wet drapery in her hand, but the water which once played around the lovely goddess has long ceased to dance and sparkle at her feet.

And here I must conclude my account of Hardwick and

Bolsover, once places of almost regal splendour, and now so interesting, that no lover of either his country's history, or of the picturesque in scenery ought, if "within a day's march," to neglect visiting.

To vary the ramble, I returned to Mansfield by way of the village of Houghton, and so to the charming little valley of Pleasley Forge, where I found two spacious and noble looking cotton mills, recently erected Phœnix-like, upon the ashes of their more humble predecessors, which by a singular fatality were burnt down within a few years of each other, to the great loss of several insurance offices.

Leaving this valley with its busy mills and lakes, its stately swans and richly wooded declivities, I passed the spot celebrated as being the site of two Roman villas of considerable pretensions, which were discovered by Major Rooke, in 1786, and of which he sent an interesting account to the Antiquarian Society, (vide Archæologia, vol. 8, p. 363), but nothing is now to be seen save the ruins of a wall, which the Major in his Antiquarian zeal caused to be erected over the spot, in order to protect the remains from that total annihilation, which notwithstanding has long since been their fate.

Passing on, I soon reached the village of

MANSFIELD WOODHOUSE,

an ancient and respectable little place, a mile and a half from Mansfield, and once the seat of the Digby family, eminent for their loyalty and zeal in the service of the first Charles.

The church in this village is of great antiquity. It is dedicated to Saint Edmund, and so early as 1304 appears to have suffered by fire, after which the steeple, previously of timber, was rebuilt with stone, of which there are several quarries in

the parish consisting chiefly of that durable kind, called magnesian limestone.

On approaching the church I found to my delight that the spirit of restoration had been abroad in her purest form, the whole body of the church being in course of rebuilding in a most admirable manner.

The tower records show that in the reign of Henry the sixth, Sir Robert Plumbton held one bovate in this parish, by the service of winding a horn to frighten the wolves away from the town, which at that time was (like Mansfield) surrounded by a densely wooded forest. There is still a large tract of forest belonging to this parish, but an act of parliament has been obtained during the last session for its enclosure. The inhabitants of Mansfield are applying for similar powers with regard to that part of the forest lying within their parish, so that ere long the heath covered hills of old Sherwood will be clad with verdure, and the waving cornfields will usurp the place of the graceful ferns (filices), or the still more pleasing golden crested* *ulex Europœus*, furze, gorse, or whin, which ever you please to call it.

Thus it has remained for the utilitarians of the nineteenth century to demolish the last remnant of "merrie Shirewood," the most ancient, most extensive, and decidedly most interesting of all the royal forests.

* See Appendix, Note 2.

LETTER IV.

WATER MEADOWS, ETC.

ANXIOUS to see the ruins of King John's palace, and that splendid vestige of ancient Sherwood called Birkland, I set out at day-break in the direction of what is generally called the Flood Dyke, and by its side on a private road of the Duke of Portland's, leading from near Mansfield for several miles through his Grace's estates. It proved both a lovely and an interesting walk, inasmuch as it displayed a system of irrigation which although the work of one individual, may safely take its stand as one of the most important and comprehensive ever recorded in the annals of agricultural improvement. A man of ordinary mind and means might have shrunk from such an undertaking with dismay, but the indomitable perseverance of this noble projector, has enabled him to overcome every obstacle, and to reap the reward of a long and honorable life passed in improving his estates, and in developing the productive resources of the district.

The waters of the river Man, after turning the thousands of spindles which whirl and dance over its stream, are diverted from their natural channel by means of an artificial canal to a much higher level parallel to, but at some distance

from the bed of the river, by which means the land lying between the two streams, that is, between the natural river and artificial the one can be with the assistance of the shuttles, carriers. &c. readily irrigated at pleasure.

These are the apparently perfectly simple and successful means adopted, and it is when considered how comprehensively they are carried out, and that the land was formerly rough, boggy, and valueless, that the scheme and its effects can be thoroughly appreciated, and no lover of agriculture can look upon the now verdant meadows and luxuriant pastures which meet his gaze in long and pleasing succession, without the very highest admiration and even wonder.

His Grace first commenced this system of improvement about thirty-six years ago, and has had I believe, a staff of men locally called "the Duke's navigators," more or less employed ever since, so that at the present time his flood-meadows represent an amount of capital invested for improvement literally astonishing.

Thinking the particulars of these works might interest you, I obtained them from an authentic source by the courtesy of a friend, and now send them merely premising that, independently of the formation of the "King's Mill" dam (named in a previous letter) these beautiful works have cost upwards of one hundred pounds ℔ acre!

These then were His Grace the Duke of Portland's water meadows, in the county of Nottingham, on the 25th October, 1849.

	A.	R.	P.
In Clipstone and Clipstone Park, called Clipstone water meadows	310	2	12
In Mansfield Woodhouse, called Mansfield Woodhouse water meadows	55	1	26

	A.	R.	P.
In Mansfield and Sutton, called High Oakham water meadows	25	1	24
At Lindhurst, called Lindhurst water meadow	48	2	3
In Gleadthorpe (Warsop Parish), called Gleadthorpe water meadow	57	0	0
In Carburton, called Carburton water meadow	56	0	27
In Welbeck and Norton, called the Kennel water meadows	33	0	22
making a grand total of	586	0	34

To this statement may be added a large extent now forming at Cuckney, and a further one at Milnthorpe, in Norton township.

In the words of the Rev. J. Curtis "the value of this project is very perceptible, during its whole length a perennial fertility is maintained, and luxuriant crops of grass and clover flourish over a district where comparative sterility once reigned in absolute and apparently interminable power. If it has not already, it will in time amply repay the immense outlay incurred in its formation."

Proceeding for several miles through these verdant meadows by the lower road, which is on the edge of a charming little trout stream, I then passed through a wood of stately young oaks, called Cavendish wood, and shortly found myself close to the stack yard and buildings of the Lodge in Clipstone park (built on the site of a former mansion, part of the remains of which are incorporated with the present edifice) and used as the farm house, which with its spacious and convenient appendages, its ingenious excellent and numerous implements, is altogether an object of high and pleasing gratification. Dean Swift has observed that he is the best patriot who causes

two ears of wheat to grow where one grew before. The noble proprietor of this domain has done more—he has dispensed upon a district of rigid barrenness the grateful aspect of verdure and abundance. Nobility well deserves its honors, its privileges, its influence, and its authority, when its revenues are thus expended in "scattering blessings over a smiling land."

Leaving this interesting farm yard with its healthy, well clad labourers, majestic horses, implements in endless variety, first rate stock, its unequalled stack yard, its host of one horse carts and Dutch barns, I entered the little rural happy looking village of

CLIPSTONE.

I say happy looking, and when I tell you that the labourer's cottages have all the neatness and beauty of country villas, with their trellised porches, climbing honeysuckles and blushing roses, in addition to gardens, homesteads, and cottage cows, you will think that I use the term advisedly. This village although now a comparatively obscure hamlet, was evidently at one time a place of much importance; some writers even asserting that during the Saxon heptarchy a palace was built, and occupied by one of the Kings of Northumberland, be this as it may, it is certain that it was a Royal manor, and possessed a Royal residence, very soon after the Norman conquest, and that it was a frequent and favorite residence of King John. It was also here that the lion-hearted Richard received the congratulations of the King of Scotland on his return from the Crusades. These incidents are enough to clothe the place with more than ordinary interest. I therefore eagerly sought out all that remains of the Palace ruins, and found in an arable field surrounded by a contented flock

of forest sheep, a pile of thick and rugged walls, perforated with what were once no doubt richly traced gothic windows. This remnant still frowns upon the storm and defies its power, and may if permitted, endure for ages to come, for I found on examination that the walls are composed of small pieces of the imperishable magnesian limestone, and a concrete as hard and durable as that by which the massive foundations of the discovered Roman remains are generally cemented.

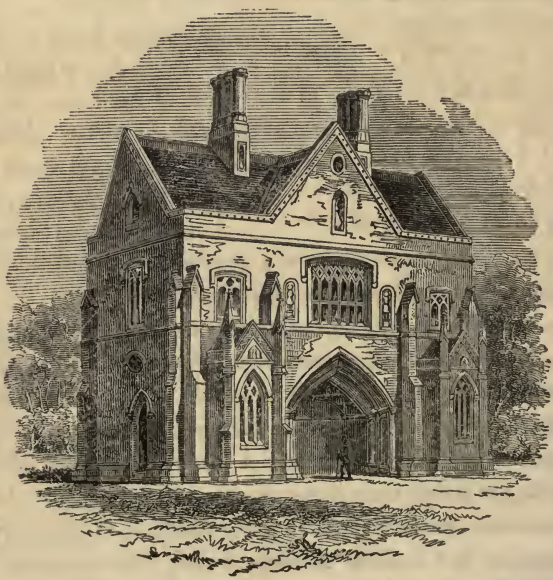
Although this place has been by some writers designated a mere "hunting box," there can be no doubt it was from its magnitude more deserving of the name of a Palace, for in addition to the incidents connected with its history already stated, I find that not only are several of the Royal grants to Nottingham and elsewhere dated from it, but also that in 1290, King Edward the first held a parliament or royal council here; and immense cellars and extensive foundations near the present ruins existed but a few years ago.

On a bold bleak eminence some distance from the "Palace" ruins, stands another structure which although of modern date, is not the least attractive feature of this district. This is a beautiful gothic Lodge recently erected, and called by the villagers "the Duke's Archway," a name by the bye hardly calculated to attract the notice its beauty will well repay. As it lay however in the most direct route for Birkland, I made a virtue of necessity and paid the Archway a visit, little expecting to find a building rich in decoration, perfect in its various styles of architecture (for it is scarcely pure gothic) admirably appropriate to its situation and purpose, and displaying that taste and refinement in details for which its eminent architects (Scott and Moffatt) are so justly celebrated.

The first stone was laid in June, 1842, and the building

was completed in 1844, under the able superintendence of Mr. Lindley, whose eminence and taste as a builder I have before had occasion to allude to. It is built of the beautiful limestone found at Mansfield Woodhouse, the surface of which being highly dressed, its countless magnesian particles glitter in the sun as if sprinkled with diamond dust.

CLIPSTONE LODGE



In the centre, as will be seen by the drawing is a noble carriage way, and on either side are comfortable dwellings, while the principal room which is over the archway, is dedicated by its noble founder to the cause of education, for the benefit of the villagers of Clipstone.

The prospects from this room are most beautiful, including

Birkland with its thousand aged oaks, the venerable church of Edwinstowe, and a wide expanse of splendid forest scenery. Some of these views have been recently taken by a London artist for His Grace, and the paintings, which are of large dimensions, adorn the walls of the school.

Placed in the very centre of the locality identified with their exploits, the Duke has happily adopted this tasteful work, to commemorate the heroes of the famous "Garland," for

"In this our spacious isle I think there is not one
But he of Robin Hood hath heard, and Little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done
Of Scarlet, George-a-Green, and Much, the miller's son;
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade."

In three niches on the south side of this elegant exterior are beautiful and characteristic statues in Caen stone, of the redoubted Outlaw himself, his friend scarcely less famous Little John, and the loving and devoted Maid Marian, or Clorinda; whilst looking northward, stand the lion-hearted Richard, the Merry Friar, and the brave and gentle minstrel Allan-a-dale. As works of mechanical art, these figures are worthy of high admiration, but most so is the happy realization of the ideal of these sylvan heroes. Four hares (symbolic of the chase) are placed at intervals, whilst over the eastern and western door-ways and surrounding the Ducal arms, are two significant mottos from the well known lines of Horace.

Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, et Sepulchri,
Immemor struis domos:

Lib. 2. Car, 18. V. 17.

Leaving the Lodge and following the course of a wide grassy road extending for miles, known as the Duke's drive, I soon entered that noble vestige of the ancient forest called Birkland, which with the adjoining wood of Bilhagh, was granted by the Crown to the Duke of Portland, in exchange for the perpetual advowson of St. Mary-le-bone. The former, containing 947½ acres, still belongs to his Grace, but the latter, which lies nearer the Thoresby estates, was conveyed by exchange to Earl Manvers, in lieu of estates at Holbeck and Bonbusk, contiguous to that of Welbeck Abbey.

In the reign of King John the Abbey of Welbeck appropriated six acres, and one Robert Lesington eight acres, and in 1290 the same Abbey obtained a grant of free warren.

By a survey made in 1609, there were found to be 21,009 oak trees in Birkland, and 28,900 in Bilhagh, and they were in general even at that time past maturity. In 104 years, that is, from 1686 to 1790, there had been cut down no less than 27,199 trees!

The indefatigable Major Rooke published "descriptions and sketches" of some remarkable oaks in this locality. From this account it appears that in cutting down some trees in the Hays of Birkland and Bilhagh, letters were found cut or stamped in the body of the trees marking the King's reign. One with the letters I. R, about one foot within the tree and the same distance from the centre. These the Major concludes were for James Rex. Another contained W. M. and a crown, about nine inches within the tree and three feet three inches from the centre, these he thinks were for William and Mary. A third contained the letter I. with an imperfect impression of a blunt radiated crown, resembling those represented in old prints on the head of King John. These were

eighteen inches within the tree, and above a foot from the centre, and the Major presumes were cut or stamped upon the outside of the tree during the reign of King John. Two of these trees were felled in 1786, the other 1791. "This extensive grove of ancient and majestic oaks," says Major Rooke, "is beautifully diversified by the slender and pendant branches of the silver-coated birch, with which this wood abounds. Many of these remarkable oaks are of great antiquity, one may venture to say a thousand years old. Several of them measure above thirty-four feet in circumference, and notwithstanding the hollowness of their trunks, their tops and lateral branches are rich in foliage."

Although the woodman's work of destruction has progressed rapidly since Major Rooke's time, many of these ancient picturesque denizens of the forest are yet left to us. Perhaps of these, the two most remarkable are the "major oak" and the "butcher's shambles," both of enormous proportions, the major being ninety feet in circumference, and his branches covering a diameter of 240 feet! The "butcher's shambles" has been said to be the identical tree wherein Robin Hood kept his venison! but this, though popularly credited, will hardly meet *your* belief, and in fact all it can legitimately boast of in this way is, that it was the depository of the mutton unlawfully slaughtered in the wood by a daring and notorious sheep stealer, who many years ago flourished at the neighbouring village of Clipstone! But though I dispel the savory legend connected with this tree, I have no wish to underrate its really surprising bulk, on which alone it may be content to rest its claims to notice.

Another, and perhaps the most interesting tree of the district, is the "parliament oak," which stands a short distance

from Birkland, on the turnpike road leading to Mansfield from Ollerton. With a massive trunk shattered and rent asunder, bereft of his noble arms, branchless, and decrepit, this patriarch of the forest, once of sufficient consequence to invite even Royalty beneath his shade, now leans for support against the sturdy props with which he has been surrounded.

This aged tree bears the distinguished name of the parliament oak, from the well authenticated fact, that beneath its wide-spreading branches King John and his Barons held a brief but earnest consultation, in consequence of intelligence having been brought to the Royal party (whilst hunting in Clipstone park) of a second revolt of the Welsh. This took place in 1212, and the first result was, according to Rapin, the execution of twenty-eight Welsh Hostages, then confined in Nottingham Castle.

Passing through the village of Edwinstowe, which is most charmingly situate within the very midst of the forest, and which boasts an ancient though recently restored church, with a tall and somewhat graceful spire, I was not long e're I reached the ancient

ABBEY OF RUFFORD

Here indeed is one of nature's sweetest solitudes, where no sound is heard save the melody of the woodland songsters, the hurried splash of the water fowl, and the low booming of the venerable corn mill at the foot of the lake, where, acccording to tradition, the holy fathers of Rufford were wont to resort for the purpose of grinding their corn.

The estates of Rufford or Rugforde, were previous to the Norman conquest, held by Ulf a Saxon Thane, but after that period, passed to Gilbert de Gaunt, nephew of the conqueror,

whose grandson Gilbert, having been created Earl of Lincoln, founded in 1148 on his Rufford estate an Abbey for monks of the Cistercian order, and in honor of the blessed Virgin Mary. It was endowed with the lands of Rufford and other estates, colonised by monks brought by the founder from Rivaulx Abbey in Yorkshire. Few remains of the holy brotherhood can now be traced save the noble building they inhabited, the history of both superiors and inferiors, abbot and monk, being, like their mortal remains, hidden in dust and obscurity.

At the period of the destruction of monastic houses by Henry the eighth, only fifteen monks were found in the Abbey, with an annual revenue of £254. After their expulsion, the Abbey, together with the estate, were granted by the King to George, Earl of Shrewsbury, in exchange for some estates in Ireland. They passed by the marriage of the grand-daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury to Sir George Saville, of Barrowby, in Lincolnshire, from whom they have descended to the present noble owner The right Honorable John Lumley Saville, eighth Earl of Scarbrough, Viscount and Baron Lumley, and Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire, who makes Rufford his principal seat, and to whom it is much indebted for its restoration and present beauty.

The interior has many attractions, amongst which is shewn the room used by George the fourth, on his visit to Rufford, when Prince Regent, and to whose honor the then noble owner made Rufford Abbey as it were an "open house," and caused the whole domain to resound with amusement, festivity, and joy. Apropos of his Royal visit to Rufford, I may tell you that the elder Dibdin was engaged as a sort of master of the ceremonies. During one of those delightful rambles in the neighbouring woods of which the Poet frequently availed him-

self, he was struck with the occupation and manner of an aged woodman, beneath whose axe a venerable oak had just fallen. This common-place incident, although trifling in itself, was not lost upon the sensitive mind of Dibdin, it in fact gave rise to his celebrated song "The Woodman's Stroke," which was first sung by the author on one of the evenings during the Prince's stay at Rufford.

Some four pleasant miles from Rufford stands the less interesting, but more splendid residence called

THORESBY

the residence of that best of landlords the generous, warm hearted Sailor-Lord, Earl Manvers.

This mansion was built by the last Duke of Kingston, on the site of the old house which was burnt down on the 4th of March, 1745. It is a brick erection, standing upon a rusticated stone basement, and the principal front is adorned with a beautiful stone portico of the Ionic order.

There is a tone of grandeur and magnificence about the interior arrangements of this residence well calculated to gratify the visitor, but both time and space will prevent me from giving you a detailed account of its respective internal attractions.

The court yards, stables, offices, &c. are unusually spacious and well arranged; and the gardens speak much in favor of the taste of the celebrated Duchess of Kingston, under whose superintendence the greater part of them were constructed; but all these appendages fall into utter insignificance when compared with the surpassing beauty of its very queen of Parks.

Severed from ancient Sherwood whilst yet in her primitive splendor, this noble domain, forming an area of about

thirteen square miles, has escaped the rude hand of the destroyer, and exists a glorious vestige of nature's unsparing handiwork and never failing beauty. Time-defying oaks and lofty beeches crowd upon the view at every turn, whilst hundreds of deer sport, recline, and browse beneath their widespread branches. The spacious and placid sheets of water lend additional and refreshing beauty to the scene, the miniature fort and full rigged vessel guarding the large lake, indicating the early predilections of Thoresby's present Lord.

The village of

BUDBY,

which as I have before stated, lies within the King's great Manor of Mansfield, is situate at the south west corner of Thoresby Park, under a thickly wooded aclivity with the river Meden gently flowing past. This village belongs solely to Lord Manvers, and is looked upon as the very model of village comfort and beauty, and in truth it well deserves the celebrity. The cottages are all built in the Swiss or Gothic style, and every attention must have been paid to the picturesque in their erection. The neat and luxuriant gardens with which they are surrounded, combine to make this pretty little town all that the most romantic and fastidious taste could wish. But why should I dwell upon one single scene, when all around is lovely! And indeed I see my space is nearly exhausted, therefore I must reserve for another letter, the last, though not least, of the attractive Mansions I have been permitted to visit, the seat of the venerable Duke of Portland.

LETTER V.

WELBECK ABBEY.

"And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

IN passing through the almost endless plantations which appear to surround this venerable seat, it is impossible not to admire both the rich beauty of the scenery, as well as the luxuriant evidences of the unprecedented zeal of his Grace and his immediate predecessor, in promoting the growth of timber. And all the country around is a wide model of that fine system of farming, for which the noble owner and his tenantry have long been celebrated.

The original Abbey was founded in the reign of King Stephen, for Præmonstratensian Canons, and was dedicated to St. James, and eventually became one of the richest Abbeys in Nottinghamshire. In 13th Henry the eighth (the year of its dissolution) its annual revenues amounted to £250. It was first purchased by Richard Whalley, from whom it passed to Sir Charles Cavendish, who, as I have before stated, was

Lith.ᵈ by C & E Layton. London.

Pub.ᵈ by C. Collinson, Mansfield.

WELBECK ABBEY.

the youngest son of the Countess of Shrewsbury. Sir Charles' son became Duke of Newcastle, and wrote the celebrated treatise upon horsemanship, and he it was who erected the beautiful riding house at Welbeck (1623) which for extent and fine proportion is not equalled probably by anything of the kind in the kingdom. From this family the present Duke of Portland is maternally descended.

Few remnants of the ancient Abbey now remain, and these are old sepulchral monuments affixed to some of the inner walls, the rest having been erected so recently as 1604; the style however is in strict accordance with its former character, and its pointed gables, clustered chimneys, battlements, turrets, and towers, all unite in giving to Welbeck Abbey a remarkable and antiquated appearance.

Pleasing and beautiful though this mansion from its situation undoubtedly is, I do not find many very remarkable reminiscences connected with its history, except that it has on several occasions been visited by Royalty.

In 1619, King James paid Sir William Cavendish a visit at Welbeck, where he was entertained with the greatest magnificence. The following year Sir William was created Baron Ogle.

In 1633, King Charles the martyr making his progress into Scotland to be crowned, did the noble proprietor the honor of resting at Welbeck, where his Majesty and Court "were received in such a manner, and with such excess of feasting as had scarcely ever been known in England." On this occasion the services of Ben Jonson were secured to write plays, or masques, the performance of which was for the amusement of the Royal party. The first of these is entitled "Love's Welcome; the King's entertainment at Welbeck, in Not-

tinghamshire, a house of the right honorable William, Earl of Newcastle, Viscount Mansfield, Baron of Bothal and Bolsover, &c. at his going into Scotland, 1633." Gifford, in speaking of this masque says, "the object was merely to introduce in a kind of anti-masque a course of *Quintain*, performed by the gentlemen of the county, neighbours of this great Earl, in the guise of rustics, in which much awkwardness was affected, and much real dexterity probably shewn." The following eulogium upon the unfortunate Monarch appears towards the conclusion of the piece, which being now rare, may not be an uninteresting extract,

"———————— such a King
As men would wish, that knew not how to hope
His like, but seeing him! A Prince, that's law
Unto himself; is good for goodness' sake—
And so becomes the rule unto his subjects;
That studies not to seem or to shew great,
But be:—not dressed for other's eyes and ears,
With visors and false rumours, but make fame
Wait on his actions, and thence speak his name."

The Welbeck gardens are much celebrated for their beauty and extent, and are well supplied with rare exotics and choice fruit.

Within the precincts of the park the following trees may be fairly classed in the catalogue of

REMARKABLE OAKS.

The Greendale oak, which has not been inaptly called the "Methuselah of trees."

Major Rooke in speaking of this tree in 1779, says, "this famous oak is thought to be above 700 years old, and from its appearance, there is every reason to suppose it has attained

to that age at least. The circumference of the trunk above the arch is 35 feet 3 inches, height of the arch 10 feet 3 inches,

width about the middle 6 feet 3 inches, height to the top branch 54 feet. The Countess of Oxford had several cabinets made of the branches and ornamented with inlaid representations of the oak." The height of this tree at the present time is about 50 feet, and its principal attraction consists in its having an archway cut through its sturdy trunk sufficiently wide as the "natives" say for a carriage to drive through!

THE PORTER OAKS,

Are so called from there having been a gate between them. The dimensions of these trees as given by Major Rooke are,—height of one 98 feet, the other 88 feet; circumference of the former at bottom 38 feet, the latter 34 feet.

THE SEVEN SISTERS

is another interesting tree, and so called from its having had seven stems or trunks issuing out of one stool in a perpendicular direction. The same authority gives the height of this tree as 88 feet, and the circumference at the bottom at 34 feet.

THE DUKE'S WALKING STICK

is described by the Major as being in height 111 feet 6 inches, solid contents 440 feet, weight, 11 tons! "It may be doubted," says he, "whether this admirable tree can be matched by any

other in the kingdom." This noble fellow has alas! long ceased to exist, and its title transferred to a fine young oak near the Abbey, straight as a pike staff, and nearly 100 feet in height, and 70 feet to the branches; this "youngster" is about 130 years old.

At the bottom end of the beautiful winding lake at Welbeck, and within sight on one side of the Abbey, and on the other of the Mansfield and Worksop turnpike road, the noble Duke is now erecting at an enormous expense, a beautiful Iron Bridge of graceful proportions, and calculated to have, from every point of view, a most imposing effect. A short distance from it is the gate and the oak tree, near which, on the 21st September, 1848, the lifeless body of Lord George Bentinck was found.

On the west side of Welbeck park is an ancient and extensive mansion called Woodhouse Hall, which is even now surrounded by a moat, and presents a venerable appearance. Thoroton says that the first Earl of Kingston, who died in 1643 resided here, and there is no doubt but it originally belonged to the neighbouring village of Cuckney, and was in fact the site of the Castle of Cuckney, erected by the founder of Welbeck Abbey. This rarely visited, but interesting residence, is now occupied by a respectable farmer.

In concluding this account of Welbeck Abbey, I would fain have expatiated upon the many noble qualities, generous impulses, and exalted virtues of its present aged and venerated owner the Duke of Portland, but the sentiments of those around him are so well expressed in an address, which was presented to his Grace some time ago, that I prefer sending you a copy of it.

To the most noble William Henry Cavendish Scott, Duke of Portland:

We, the inhabitants of Mansfield and its vicinity, in public meeting assembled, beg most warmly to congratulate your Grace upon an event which cannot but be hailed with pleasure by every one to whom your many virtues are known, namely, that of completing your eightieth year.

It is under *ordinary* circumstances highly gratifying, to see the good and the great in life, enjoying a revered and honorable old age, but when such blessings fall to the lot of one, possessing so large a share of our veneration and regard as your Grace has ever done, we feel a pleasure which language can but feebly express.

As a liberal benefactor to the district in which we reside, and as a promoter of every object calculated to soothe and alleviate the sorrows and sufferings of our poorer fellow creatures, or to advance the cause of religion and education; at once kind, charitable, and humane, your name is affectionately endeared to us; and our earnest hope is, that it may please Almighty God to continue His blessing towards you, so that you may long remain in the uninterrupted enjoyment of health and happiness, and also of that peace of mind "which passeth understanding."

Dated at Mansfield this 27th day of June, 1848.

Signed

FRAS. HALL,

Chairman.

Here then my pleasant task concludes. Hurried and imperfect as these descriptions are, they may, I hope, both gratify and amuse you; beyond this I do not aspire. For my

own part, in looking back upon my rambles; whether I think of the Sacred Edifices which the zeal and devotion of former generations raised to the service of God, or of the extent and splendour of the Baronial Halls I have attempted to describe, or of all the interesting scenes with which nature's most lovely domain "Old Sherwood" is studded, I feel more than gratified with my visit to this charming portion of our native land, and exclaim with the American Poet,

> "O what a glory doth this world put on,
> For him, who with a fervent heart, goes forth
> Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
> On duties well performed, and days well spent!
> For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
> Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teachings."

ERRATA.

Page 22, line 18, *for* Essay of Fable,
read Essay on Fable.
46, line 10, *for* Corn Bill,
read Reform Bill.
70, line 3, *for* artificial the one,
read the artificial one.

APPENDIX.

Note 1. Page 26.

ROBIN HOOD.

It will scarcely be expected that one should be able to offer an authentic narrative of the life and transactions of this extraordinary personage. The times in which he lived, the mode of life he adopted, and the silence or loss of contemporary writers are circumstances sufficiently favorable indeed to romance, but altogether inimical to historical truth. The reader must therefore be contented with such a detail however scanty or imperfect, as a zealous pursuit of the subject enables one to give; and which though it may fail to satisfy, may probably serve to amuse.

The industrious Sir John Hawkins, from whom the public had been previously taught to expect ample gratification upon the subject, acknowledges that the history of this popular hero is but little known, and all the scattered fragments concerning him could they be brought together, would fall far short of satisfying such an inquirer, as none but real and well authenticated facts will content; "we must," he says, "take the story as we find it." It is not therefore pretended that the present attempt promises more than to bring together the scattered fragments to which the historian alludes. This, however, has been done, according to the best of the compiler's information and abilities; and the result is, with a due sense of the deficiency of both, submitted to the reader's candour

Robin Hood was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of Henry the second, and about the year of Christ 1160. His extraction was noble, and his true name was *Robert Fitzoothes*, which vulgar pronunciation easily corrupted into Robin Hood. He is frequently styled, and commonly reputed to have been Earl of Huntingdon; a title to which, in the latter part of his life, at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension. In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extra-

vagant disposition; insomuch that, his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice, he sought an asylum in the woods and forests, with which immense tracts, especially in the northern parts of the kingdom, were at that time covered. Of these he chiefly affected Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire, and, according to some, Plompton-park, in Cumberland. Here he either found or was afterwards joined by a number of persons in similar circumstances,

> "Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
> Thrust from the company of awful men."

who appear to have considered and obeyed him as their chief or leader, and of whom his principal favourites, or those in whose courage and fidelity he most confided, were LITTLE JOHN, (whose surname is said to have been *Nailor)*, WILLIAM SCADLOCK (Scathelock or Scarlet), GEORGE-A-GREEN, pindar or pound-keeper of Wakefield, MUCH, a miller's son, and a certain monk or friar named TUCK. He is likewise said to have been accompanied in his retreat by a female, of whom he was enamoured, and whose real or adopted name was MARIAN.

His company, in process of time, consisted of a hundred archers; men, says Major, "most skilful in battle, whom four times that number of the boldest fellows durst not attack." His manner of recruiting was somewhat singular; for in the words of an old writer, "whersoever he hard of any that were of unusual strength and 'hardines,' he would desgyse himselfe, and, rather then fayle, go lyke a begger, to become acquaynted with them; and, after he had tryed them with fyghting; never give them over tyl he had used means to drawe them to lyve after his fashion:" a practice of which numerous instances are recorded in the more common and popular songs, where, indeed, he seldom fails to receive a sound beating. In shooting with the long bow, which they chiefly practised, "they excelled all the men of the land; though as occasion required, they had also other weapons."

In these forests, and with this company, he for many years reigned like an independent sovereign; at perpetual war, indeed, with the King of England, and all his subjects, with an exception, however, of the poor and needy, and such as were "desolate and oppressed," or stood in need of his protection. When molested, by a superior force, in one place, he retired to another, still defying the power of what was called law and government, and making his enemies pay dearly, as well for their open attacks, as for their clandestine treachery. It is not, at the same time, to be concluded that he must, in this opposition, have been guilty of manifest treason or rebellion; as he

most certainly can be justly charged with neither. An outlaw, in those times, being deprived of protection, owed no allegiance: "his hand 'was' against every man, and every man's hand against him." These forests, in short, were his territories; those who accompanied and adhered to him, his subjects:

> The world was not his friend, nor the world's law.

and what better title King Richard could pretend to the territory and people of England than Robin Hood had to the dominion of Barnsdale or Sherwood is a question humbly submitted to the consideration of the political philosopher.

The deer with which the royal forests then abounded (every Norman tyrant being, like Nimrod, "a mighty hunter before the Lord),"would afford our hero and his companions an ample supply of food throughout the year; and of fuel, for dressing their venison, or for the other purposes of life, they could evidently be in no want. The rest of their necessaries would be easily procured, partly by taking what they had occasion for from the wealthy passenger, who traversed or approached their territories, and partly by commerce with the neighbouring villages or great towns.

It may be readily imagined that such a life, during great part of the year, at least, and while it continued free from the alarms or apprehensions to which our foresters, one would suppose, must have been too frequently subject, might be sufficiently pleasant and desirable, and even deserve the compliment which is paid to it by Shakspeare, in his comedy *As you like it*, (act 1. scene 1), where on Oliver's asking, "where will the old duke live?" Charles answers, "They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England;————and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." But, on the other hand, it will be at once difficult and painful to conceive,

> ——— When they did hear
> The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
> In that their pinching cave, they could discourse
> The freezing hours away!

Their mode of life, in short, and domestic economy, of which no authentic particulars have been traditionally preserved, are more easily to be guessed at than described.

That our hero and his companions, while they lived in the woods, had recourse to robbery for their better support is neither to be concealed nor to be denied. Testimonies to this purpose, indeed would be equally endless and unnecessary. Fordun in the fourteenth century, calls him' "*ille famossisimus siccarius*," that most celebrated robber, and Major terms him and Little

John, "*famatissimi latrones,*" But it is to be remembered, according to the confession of the latter historian, that, in these exertions of power, he took away the goods of rich men only; never killing any person, unless he was attacked or resisted: that he would not suffer a woman to be maltreated; nor ever took any thing from the poor, but charitably fed them with the wealth he drew from the abbots, I disapprove, says he, of the rapine of the man; but he was the most humane and the prince of all robbers. In allusion, no doubt, to this irregular and predatory course of life, he has had the honor to be compared to the illustrious Wallace, the champion and deliverer of his country; and that, it is not a little remarkable, in the latter's own time.

Our hero, indeed, seems to have held bishops, abbots, priests, and monks, in a word, all the clergy, regular or secular, in decided aversion.

> "These byshoppes and thyse archebyshoppes,
> Ye shall them bete and bynde,"

was an injunction carefully impressed upon his followers: and, in this part of his conduct, perhaps, he may find ample justification in the accounts of the pride, avarice, uncharitablenes, and hypocrisy of a portion of the clergy of that day who were supported in pampered luxury, at the expense of those, whom the craft of the Romish priesthood retained in superstitious ignorance and irrational servility. The abbot of St. Mary's, in York, from some unknown cause, appears to have been distinguished by particular animosity; and the sheriff of Nottinghamshire, who may have been too active and officious in his endeavours to apprehend him, was the unremitted object of his vengeance.

Notwithstanding, however, the aversion in which he appears to have held the clergy of every denomination, he was a man of exemplary piety, according to the notions of that age, and retained a domestic chaplain (friar Tuck no doubt) for the diurnal celebration of the divine mysteries. This we learn from an anecdote preserved by Fordun, as an instance of those actions which the historian allows to deserve commendation. One day, as he heard mass, which he was most devoutly accustomed to do, (nor would he, in whatever necessity, suffer the office to be interrupted), he was espied by a certain sheriff and officers belonging to the King, who had frequently before molested him, in that most secret recess of the wood where he was at mass. Some of his people, who perceived what was going forward, advised him to fly with all speed, which out of reverence to the sacrament, which he was then most devoutly worshipping, he absolutely refused to do. But the rest of his men having fled for fear of death, Robin confiding solely in him whom he reverently worshipped, with a very few, who by chance were present, set upon his

enemies, whom he easily vanquished; and, being enriched with their spoils and ransom, he always held the ministers of the church and masses in greater veneration ever after, mindful of what is vulgarly said:

Him God does surely hear
Who oft to th' mass gives ear.

Having for a long series of years, maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published, offering a considerable reward for bringing him in, either dead or alive; which, however, seems to have been productive of no greater success than former attempts for that purpose. At length the infirmities of old age increasing upon him, and desirous to be relieved in a fit of sickness, by being let blood, he applied for that purpose to the prioress of Kirkley's-nunnery, in Yorkshire, his relation, (women, and particularly religious women, being in those times, somewhat better skilled in surgery than the sex is at present) by whom he was treacherously suffered to bleed to death. This event happened on the 18th of November, 1247, being the 31st year of King Henry III. and (if the date assigned to his birth be correct) about the 87th of his age. He was interred under some trees, at a short distance from the house; a stone being placed over his grave, with an inscription to his memory.

Such was the end of Robin Hood: a man who, in a barbarous age, and under a complicated tyranny, displayed a spirit of freedom and independence, which has endeared him to the common people, whose cause he maintained, (for opposition to tyranny is the cause of the people), and which in spite of the malicious endeavours of pitiful monks, by whom history was consecrated to the crimes and follies of titled ruffians and sainted idiots, to suppress all record of his patriotic exertions and virtuous acts, will render his name immortal.

"Dum juga montis aper-fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
Semper honus, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

With respect to his personal character; it is sufficiently evident that he was active, brave, prudent, patient; possessed of uncommon bodily strength, and considerable military skill; just, generous, benevolent, faithful and beloved or revered by his followers or adherents for his excellent and amiable qualities. Fordun, a priest, extols his piety, and piety by a priest, is regarded as the perfection of virtue; Major (as we have seen) pronounces him the most humane and the prince of all robbers; and Camden, whose testimony is of some weight, calls him "*prædonem mitissimum*," the gentlest of thieves.

As proofs of his universal and singular popularity: his story and exploits have been made the subject as well of various dramatic exhibitions, as of innumerable poems, rhymes, songs, and ballads: he has given rise to divers proverbs; and to swear by him, or some of his companions, appears to have been a usual practice; he may be regarded as the patron of archery: and, though not actually canonized, (a situation to which the miracles wrought in his favor, as well in his lifetime as after his death, and the supernatural powers he is, in some parts, supposed to have possessed, give him an indisputable claim), he obtained the principal distinction of sainthood, in having a festival allotted to him, and solemn games instituted in honor of his memory, which were celebrated till the latter end of the sixteenth century; not by the populace only, but by kings or princes and grave magistrates, and that as well in Scotland as in England; being considered, in the former country, of the highest political importance, and as essential to the civil and religious liberties of the people; the efforts of government to suppress them frequently producing tumult and insurrection: his bow, and one of his arrows, his chair, cap, and slipper were preserved with great care till within the last century; and not only places which afforded him security or amusement, but even the well which quenched his thirst, still retain his name: a name which, in the middle of the present century, was conferred as an honorable distinction upon the prime minister to the king of Madagascar.

After his death his company was dispersed. History is silent in particulars: all that we can, therefore, learn is, that the honor of Little John's death and grave is contended for by rival nations; that the place of his (real or reputed) burial was long "celebrous for the yielding of excellent whetstones;" and that some of his descendants, of the name of *Nailor*, which he himself bore, and they from him, were in being so late as the seventeenth century.

NOTE 2. Page 68

To the courtesy of an accomplished medical friend, the publisher is indebted for the following list of Plants growing about Mansfield Forest:

Vaccinium myrtillus.....*Bilberry*
Vaccinium Vitis Idœa .....*Red whortelberry Cow berry*
Drosera rotundifolia .....*Round leaved Sundew*
Erodium maritimum.....*Sea Storks-bill*
Ulex Europœus.....*Common Furze, Whin, or Gorse*
Ulex nanus .....*Dwarf Furze*
Genista tinctoria .....*Dyer's Green-weed, Wood-waxen*
Genista Anglica .....*Petty Whin, Needle Green-weed*
Tormentilla officinalis .....*Common Tormentil*
Tormentilla reptans .....*Trailing Tormentil*
Conyza squarrosa .....*Ploughman's Spikenard*
Gnaphalium dioicum.....*Mountain Cudweed*
Calluna vulgaris .....*Common Heath, Ling*
Erica cinerea .....*Fine leaved Heath*
Erica Tetralix .....*Cross leaved Heath*
Verbascum Thapsus .....*Mullein*
Pinus sylvestris .....*Scotch Fir*
Typha latifolia .....*Great Cat's-tail*
Eriophorum vaginatum.....*Hare's-tail, Cotton grass*
Eriophorum angustifolium .....*Common Cotton grass*
Batrychium lunaria .....*Common Moonwort*
Lycopodium clavatum .....*Club Moss, Stag's-horn Moss*
Lycopodium Selago .....*Fir Club Moss*
Lycopodium inundatum .....*Marsh Club Moss*
Cladonia rangiferina .....*Rein Deer Moss*

FINIS.

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3	4	Good and useful Tea
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		This Tea is strongly recommended to families and large consumers.
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1	6	Fine rich Jamaica, much recommended
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2lbs of rich mellow Coffee	2	6
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