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The pele at Heaforlawe, near Alnwick, is one of the examples now in ruins. When seen from a distance, it has the appearance of a solid square of masonry on the ridge of a hill. As it is approached its characteristic features become apparent. It has had three stages; the uppermost of one has been allowed to decay, which has reduced the height to its width, and produced the squarish outline now seen. We have only to climb to the top of the frayed walls to see the wisdom of the choice of site. To the north sweep the undulating lands that are bounded by the ravines; to the east lies the great ocean; to the west are the fertile valleys near Whittingham and Rothbury; and southwards stands Alnwick Castle, with which it could easily communicate by signals or beacons. It is built of sandstone, now toned down to dove-colour; and the interstices between the stones are tinted with green and orange-brown and tiny tufts of weeds.

The tower at Biddlestone has met with a better fortune. It is in good repair. Many of our readers will remember that Walter Scott took Biddlestone Hall as his model for Baldistone Hall; described in "Rob Roy." It stands in a wild heathery country, in the heart of the western moors of the county. We may see that the first residence of the nobles, to whom this district belongs, was the strong pele now standing. As extra accommodation became requisite, additions were made to it, all of which, however, were eventually removed, leaving the pele still intact; and a large modern mansion was erected close by, new from the foundations. The upper portion of the tower thus preserved is now used as a chapel. The vaulted chamber on the ground-floor is utilized as a cellar.

At Ponteland a pele has been treated in a similar manner. Five-and-twenty years ago it formed part of a large manor-house, which has been since taken down, and once more stands, like a solitary sentinel, erect and vigilant, though scarred and grey. The house in question was used as a vicarage-house; and we may note, it is not at all uncommon to find a tower thus incorporated in a vicarage-house. Embleton Vicarage-house has a fine pele attached to it. At Shilbotell, Elsdon, and Alnham are additional

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

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# ABBEYS, CASTLES,

AND

# ANCIENT HALLS

OF

# ENGLAND AND WALES;

THEIR LEGENDARY LORE, AND POPULAR HISTORY.

By JOHN TIMBS,

AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF LONDON."



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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE design of the present work is to present to the reader in an easily accessible form, descriptive accounts of the existing ABBEYS and CASTLES of England and Wales. These are so many landmarks in the History of our country, which they narrate in many a picturesque form and monumental record, the very stones of which prate of "glorious conquests and immortal deeds," and read more solemn lessons in the religious vestiges which have been left behind. Supplementary to these memorials are the HISTORIC SITES endeared to us by a host of associations with Eminent Persons, who, by their good deeds, have shed a lustre upon their age, as "long trails of light descending down." Such are the Birth-places, the Residences, and Last Homes, of Men of Genius and Mark, which it is the pride of every Englishman to cherish as memorials of the means by which his country has attained true greatness.

"The histories of Counties," it has been well observed, "if properly written, become works of entertainment, of importance, and universality. They may be made vehicles of much general intelligence, and of such as is interesting to every reader of a liberal curiosity. What is local is often national. Books of this kind, in the hands of a sensible and judicious examiner, are the histories of ancient manners, arts, and customs."

To seize upon the most salient points in the face of each county, its manorial history, its topographical history—buildings and their inhabitants,—is the plan of the work now submitted to the reader. Commencing with the objects of interest which group within twenty miles around London, the arrangement is then topographical, starting from the point which separates the southern from the northern portion of Great Britain.

Although the complexion of the work is mostly antiquarian, it partakes only of that character in its most popular sense; and especially it

regards as of paramount interest the "Legendary Lore" of the country, so abundantly attractive to all classes of readers; for they who care nothing for their ancestors, will care little for their posterity—indeed, little for anything except themselves. In this delightful region of the Past may be garnered

"Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,  
And joy for weary hours,"

with countless evidences that

"Not dull nor barren are the winding ways  
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers."

The Study of Archæology has, within the present century, so largely contributed to the better understanding of the Records of Past Ages, that the Author has not neglected to avail himself of such valuable materials—from the Proceedings of Archæological Associations, whose gatherings tend to cherish that spirit of inquiry which is so characteristic of the present age. In such instances we have the best assurances for accuracy—those pencillings on the spot which Gray thought worth a cartload of recollections. There is another source to which the Author acknowledges his indebtedness—a class of works almost peculiar to our time, and in which we have the essence of history in a small compass, in place of the cumbrous folio County Histories of the last century.

In these volumes, then, the aim has been to furnish histories in little of the **ABBEYS, CASTLES, and ANCIENT HALLS**, with the aid of comparison, in order to insure accuracy of detail, and contribute to the interest and attractiveness of these Scenes and Stories and Episodes of our native country.



# CONTENTS.



## LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS.

	PAGE
Wonders of Old St. Paul's . . . . .	1
The Building of Westminster Abbey . . . . .	7
A Legend of Kilburn Priory . . . . .	13
The Tower, Fortress, Palace, and Prison, and its Memories . . . . .	15
Legendary Stories, and Ballads of Old London Bridge . . . . .	33
Bermondsey Abbey, and its Memories . . . . .	41
Founding the Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great . . . . .	47
Romance of Baynard's Castle . . . . .	52
The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green . . . . .	56
The Lollards at Lambeth Palace . . . . .	58
Stories of the Savoy . . . . .	63
Siege of Essex House.—Queen Elizabeth's Ring . . . . .	70
The Strange History of Lady Hatton . . . . .	77
Halliwell, or Holywell Priory, Shoreditch . . . . .	83
Stories of Old Somerset House . . . . .	85
Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, his Mysterious Death . . . . .	87
Canonbury, and Lady Elizabeth Compton . . . . .	90
"The Lady Arabella's" Fatal Marriage . . . . .	98
Newcastle House, and its Eccentric Duchess . . . . .	103
The Field of Forty Footsteps . . . . .	106
Stories of Temple Bar . . . . .	107
The Knights Templars in London . . . . .	112
The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem . . . . .	117
Queen Elizabeth, the Manor of Pleazaunce, and Greenwich Castle. . . . .	120

	PAGE
Kennington Palace, and the Princes of Wales . . . . .	128
Eltham Palace . . . . .	129
Shene, or Richmond Palace . . . . .	133
Hampton Court Palace . . . . .	139
The Palace of Nonsuch . . . . .	144
The Palace of Oatlands . . . . .	146
St. James's Palace . . . . .	148
Kensington Palace . . . . .	151
Carlton House . . . . .	152
The Archbishopal Palace, Croydon . . . . .	153
The Minorities . . . . .	155
Sion House, Isleworth . . . . .	157
Ham House, Petersham . . . . .	159
Holland House, and its Memories . . . . .	161
Osterley Park, and Sir Thomas Gresham . . . . .	165
Enfield Palace . . . . .	166
The Palace of Whitehall . . . . .	168

#### BERWICK AND NORTHUMBERLAND.

Berwick-upon-Tweed, its Castle, and Sieges . . . . .	173
Wark Castle . . . . .	177
Norham Castle . . . . .	178
Holy Island Castle and Lindisfarne . . . . .	179
Bamborough Castle . . . . .	187
Tynemouth Priory and Castle . . . . .	190
The Castle and Hermitage of Warkworth . . . . .	194
The Castle of Newcastle . . . . .	197
Dunstanborough Castle . . . . .	199
Alnwick Castle, and the House of Percy . . . . .	201

#### CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The Castle of "Merry Carlisle" . . . . .	208
Scaleby Castle . . . . .	210
The Spectre Horsemen of Southerfell . . . . .	211
Naworth Castle, Lanercost, and the Lords of Gillesland . . . . .	213

	PAGE
Kendal Castle and Queen Catherine Parr . . . . .	224
Brougham Castle . . . . .	226
Legend of Constantine's Cells . . . . .	231

DURHAM.

Durham Cathedral.—Remains of St. Cuthbert . . . . .	232
Raby Castle . . . . .	236
Barnard Castle . . . . .	240
Neville's Cross: or the Battle of Red Hills . . . . .	242
Streatham and Hilton Castles . . . . .	244
A Myth of Midridge . . . . .	247

YORKSHIRE.

Rokeby and its Lords . . . . .	249
Murder of the Monk of Whitby . . . . .	250
Scarborough Castle . . . . .	253
Middleham Castle . . . . .	255
York Castle . . . . .	258
The Grey Palmer: a Yorkshire Legend . . . . .	261
Fountains Abbey . . . . .	263
Bolton Priory . . . . .	267
Bolton Castle . . . . .	269
Kirkstall Abbey . . . . .	270
Richmond Castle . . . . .	271
Sandal Castle, and the Battle of Wakefield . . . . .	272
Pontefract Castle and Richard II. . . . .	274
Sheffield Manor and Castle, and Mary Queen of Scots . . . . .	276
Conisborough Castle . . . . .	280
Lady Anne Clifford, of Skipton Castle . . . . .	282
Knaresborough Castle, and Eugene Aram . . . . .	285
Cawood Castle.—The Fall of Wolsey . . . . .	287
Legend of Mother Shipton and her Prophecies . . . . .	290
"The Old Hall" at Waddington.—Capture of Henry VI. . . . .	293
The Lords of Wensleydale . . . . .	294
Marvels in a Chronicle of Meaux Abbey . . . . .	295

## LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

	PAGE
Furness Abbey . . . . .	298
Lancaster Castle . . . . .	300
The Abbey of Whalley . . . . .	301
Beeston Castle . . . . .	302
Chester Castle and Walls . . . . .	304
The Iron Gates, or the Cheshire Enchanter . . . . .	311

## DERBYSHIRE.

Castleton, High Peak . . . . .	313
Wingfield Manor House . . . . .	317
Beauchief Abbey. . . . .	319
A Legend of Dale Abbey. . . . .	320
Chatsworth, Hardwicke, and Haddon . . . . .	322
Bolsover Castle . . . . .	329

## NOTTINGHAMSHIRE AND LEICESTERSHIRE.

Nottingham Castle . . . . .	332
Clare Palace, the Holles Family, and the House of Clare . . . . .	335
Newark Castle . . . . .	337
Newstead Abbey, and Lord Byron . . . . .	339
The Story of Robin Hood . . . . .	350
Bunny Park, and Sir Thomas Parkyns . . . . .	357
Ashby-de-la-Zouch Castle . . . . .	360
Belvoir Castle . . . . .	361
Leicester Castle . . . . .	366
Leicester Abbey and Cardinal Wolsey . . . . .	368

## LINCOLNSHIRE.

Holy Sepulchres . . . . .	370
Thornton Abbey . . . . .	373
Somerton Castle, and King John of France. . . . .	375
Swineshead Abbey, and King John . . . . .	378

	PAGE
Stamford Castle, and Bull-running . . . . .	380
Lincoln Castle . . . . .	383
Bolingbroke Castle . . . . .	385
Croyland Abbey . . . . .	386

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Burleigh-on-the-Hill, and Jeffrey Hudson the Dwarf . . . . .	391
Oakham Castle . . . . .	393

STAFFORDSHIRE AND SHROPSHIRE.

Stafford and its Castles . . . . .	395
“Tamworth Tower and Town” . . . . .	396
Tutbury Castle, and its Curious Tenures . . . . .	399
Chartley Castle . . . . .	406
The Legend of Dieulacres Abbey . . . . .	408
Shrewsbury Castle . . . . .	409
Ludlow Castle, and its Memories . . . . .	412
The Priory of Austin Friars at Ludlow . . . . .	417

HEREFORD AND WORCESTERSHIRE.

The Castle of Wigmore, and its Lords . . . . .	419
Worcester Castle, and its Sieges . . . . .	422
Boscobel, and Charles II. . . . .	424
The Abbey of Evesham . . . . .	425
Hendlip Hall, and the Gunpowder Plot . . . . .	428
Dudley Castle . . . . .	430
The Priory of Dudley . . . . .	434
Bransil Castle Tradition . . . . .	435

WARWICKSHIRE.

Warwick Castle and Guy's Cliff . . . . .	436
Blacklow Hill.—The Fate of Gavestone . . . . .	442
Coventry Castle, and Lady Godiva . . . . .	445

	PAGE
Comb Abbey . . . . .	449
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Birthplace of Shakspeare . . . . .	450
Kenilworth Castle . . . . .	455
Priory of Kenilworth . . . . .	463
Maxstoke Castle . . . . .	464

## NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The Castle of Northampton . . . . .	467
Queen Eleanor's Cross, at Northampton . . . . .	470
Burghley House and the Lord of Burghley . . . . .	477
The Castle of Fotheringhay . . . . .	483
The Battle-field of Naseby . . . . .	487
Holnby House: Seizure of Charles I. . . . .	489
Gatesby Hall and the Gunpowder Plot . . . . .	493

## HUNTINGDON AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Kimbolton Castle . . . . .	496
Ramsey Abbey, and its Learned Monks . . . . .	499
The Isle of Ely: its Monastery and Cathedral . . . . .	502

## SUFFOLK.

Dunwich Swallowed up by the Sea . . . . .	505
St. Edmund King and Martyr: a Suffolk Legend . . . . .	506
Sacking of the Monastery of St. Edmund, Bury . . . . .	507
Framlingham Castle . . . . .	510
Wingfield Castle . . . . .	513
Castles of Orford and Clare . . . . .	515
The Roman Castle of Burgh . . . . .	517
Hadleigh—Martyrdom of Dr. Taylor . . . . .	520
Origin of Lowestoft . . . . .	525
Queen Elizabeth in Suffolk . . . . .	527

## NORFOLK.

Norwich Castle . . . . .	528
The Burning of Norwich Cathedral Priory . . . . .	530

	PAGE
Thetford Priory . . . . .	53 <sup>2</sup>
Rising Castle . . . . .	534
Castle Acre Castle, and Priory . . . . .	53 <sup>8</sup>
Bromholm Priory.—The Cross of Baldwin.—The Paston Family	539
The Priory of Our Lady of Walsingham . . . . .	54 <sup>2</sup>
Holkham Hall, and its Treasures . . . . .	54 <sup>6</sup>
Caistor Castle . . . . .	547

ESSEX.

Colchester Castle . . . . .	548
The Priory of St. Osyth . . . . .	553
The Priory of Little Dunmow, and the Flitch of Bacon Custom	559
Hedingham Castle . . . . .	566
Saffron Walden Castle and Audley End . . . . .	567
Barking Abbey.—Bow Bridge . . . . .	569
Ingatstone Hall.—Hiding-places of Priests . . . . .	57 <sup>2</sup>
Wanstead House . . . . .	575

1870  
1871  
1872  
1873  
1874  
1875  
1876  
1877  
1878  
1879  
1880

1881  
1882  
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1885  
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# ABBEYS, CASTLES, AND ANCIENT HALLS

OF

England and Wales.

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## LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS.

### Wonders of Old Saint Paul's.



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

The tower and spire rose 520 feet, or higher than the Monument placed upon the cross of the present Cathedral. It had a copper gilt bowl, nine feet in compass (large enough to hold ten bushels of corn), supporting a cross 15½ feet high, surmounted by an eagle-cock of copper gilt, 4 feet long. This steeple was taken down, and was never rebuilt. In 1561, the Cathedral was severely injured in a fire caused by the carelessness of the sexton; and it happening in a tempestuous day, the catastrophe was by him confidently affirmed to be caused by lightning, and was generally believed to the hour of his death; but he

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## The Building of Westminster Abbey.

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

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

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

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

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



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

In the time of William the Conqueror, when all English prelates were "sifted to the branne," a synod was held in the church at Westminster, by Archbishop Lanfranc (anno 1074), to examine avowedly into the qualifications and conduct of the clergy, "yet with the covert design of making room for the new-come Normans," by ejecting such of the bishops and abbots as had but little learning and influence. At this synod, Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, was charged with being "a most illiterate and foolish man, and unfit for the station he held; a very idiot, unacquainted with the French language, and incapable either to instruct the church, or counsel the king." His pastoral staff and ring were, therefore, demanded of him by Lanfranc, in the King's name; but Wulstan, grasping his staff with an unmoved countenance, made this reply: "I know, my lord archbishop, that I am entirely unfit for, and unworthy so high a station, being undeserving of the honour, and unequal to the task; however, I think it unreasonable that you should demand that staff which I never received from you, yet in some measure I submit to your sentence, and will resign it; but consider it just to make that resignation to King Edward, who conferred it on me." Then ending, he left the synod, and crossing the church to Edward's tomb, said, whilst standing before it, "Thou knowest, O holy king! how unwillingly I undertook this office, and even by force, for neither the desire of the prelates, the petition of the monks, nor the voice of the nobility prevailed, till your commands obliged me; but see, a new king, new laws; a new bishop pronounces a new sentence. Thee they accuse of a fault for making me a bishop, and me of assurance for accepting the charge." Then raising his arm, he placed the staff upon the tomb,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## A Legend of Kilburn Priory.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Its greatest antiquity must be placed at eight centuries; and all that we shall attempt is a chronological record of the Tower in the several reigns. Thus, about 1190, the Regent Bishop Longchamp surrounded the fortress with an embattled stone wall and “a broade and deepe ditch:” for breaking down part of the city wall he was deposed, and besieged in the Tower, but surrendered after one night. King John held his court here. Henry III. strengthened the White Tower, and founded the Lion Tower and other western bulwarks; and in this reign the palace-fortress was alternately held by the king and the insurgent barons. Edward I. enlarged the moat, and on the west made the last additions of military importance prior to the invention of cannon. Edward II. retired here against his subjects; and here was born his eldest daughter, Joan of the Tower. Edward III. imprisoned here many illustrious persons, including David king of Scotland, and John king of France with Philip his son. During the insurrection of Wat Tyler, King Richard II. took refuge here, with his court and nobles, six hundred persons: Richard was deposed whilst imprisoned here, in 1399. Edward IV. kept a magnificent court here. In 1460 Lord Scales was besieged here by the Yorkists, and was taken and slain in endeavouring to escape by water. Henry VI., twice imprisoned in the fortress, was murdered by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who crossed the Thames for that purpose in a small boat, at two in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 21st of May, 1471; the weapon was a knife, and the wound was in the ribs. The beheading of Lord Hastings, in 1483, by order of the Protector Gloucester; the seizure of the crown by Richard; and the murder of his nephews, Edward V. and the Duke of York,—are the next events in the annals of the fortress. Henry VII. frequently resided in the Tower, where also his queen sought refuge from “the society of her sullen and cold-hearted husband:” the king held a splendid tournament here in 1501; his queen died here in 1503. Henry VIII. often held his court in this fortress: here, in great pomp, Henry received all his wives previous to their espousals; here were beheaded his queens Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. About this time (1548), an old chronicle tells us that a great fire was caused in the Tower by a Frenchman setting on fire a barrel of gunpowder, “and so was burned himself, and no more persons.”



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Some further light was thrown upon this question in 1868. Adjoining the Bloody Tower is the *Wakefield Tower*. An opinion had long been entertained that a staircase existed in the wall between these two towers, but investigation had hitherto failed in detecting it. Between or in the thickness of the walls connecting the Bloody Tower with the Wakefield, was discovered a small passage which leads past the chamber containing the windlass for raising the portcullis, and ascends in a spiral course to the top of the ballium-wall; thence it leads into a passage which connected the Bloody Tower with the Lieutenant's lodgings, and communicated immediately with the room in which the princes are traditionally said to have been murdered. At the bottom of the staircase, the stones of which were sharp and clean, was a small cell, with a chimney-flue, which (both cell and flue) were crammed with bones and earth. The bones were at first said to be *human*, as might be expected; but upon careful examination, they were found to be entirely the bones of animals, principally deer and oxen. It has been conjectured that the

staircase may have been closed immediately after the murder; that the bodies were concealed in the flue, so closely adjoining, in order to escape the notice that their removal and burial elsewhere would occasion; and that both flue and stairs may have been at once closed up by Richard's own orders. The work is carefully executed, the openings being closed with stone, built up so as exactly to match the walls, and thus escape observation. At all events, it is very singular that a convenient staircase already made should be closed, thereby necessitating the formation of another, on the further side of the tower, to reach the chambers above. Here is fresh subject for surmise, especially as to the animal bones. In front of the foot of the stairs is an arched opening, which has all the appearance of a doorway; but there is nothing left to show how it communicated with any other building, as it is at a considerable height from the ground. The chamber in the basement of the Bloody Tower, entered by a small door immediately behind the gate on the east side, was evidently intended for the use of the guard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rogers's *Human Life*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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\* Dixon.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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\* *Dolman's Magazine.*

in stone. The Beauchamp Tower has many records preserved of noteworthy persons confined upon its walls; but it is to be regretted that several of these records have been removed from the rooms where they were incised, so that the interest of the locality is marred. This tower originally derived its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned here in 1397. It consists of three apartments, one above the other, besides a few small passages and cells; and in the ground-floor chamber have been discovered in the stonework secret passages for listening spies. This room is partly below the ground, and must have been a dismal place of imprisonment. A circular staircase leads to the other apartments, in which have been confined so many eminent persons. Many of these have here endeavoured to shorten the tedious hours by records on the stone walls, of their names and sentiments; and hard must be the heart which could look unmoved at many of the memorials: they have been cleansed by an ingenious chemical process from dirt and paint. During this operation many new names have been brought to light which have been for long hidden from plaster, &c. Amongst these is a sculptured rebus—a bell inscribed T.A. and Thomas above, the memorial of Dr. Abel, chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon. Thomas Abel was a man of learning, a great master of instrumental music, and well skilled in modern languages. He was introduced at Court, and he became domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII. When the validity of their marriage became a question, the affection which Dr. Abel bore towards his mistress, led him into the controversy to which it gave rise, and he opposed the divorce both by words and writings. By giving in to the delusion of the "Holy Maid of Kent" he incurred a misprision, and was afterwards condemned and executed in Smithfield, together with others, for denying the King's supremacy, and affirming his marriage with Queen Catherine to be valid. Couplets, maxims, allegories, and spiritual truths are sometimes added.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These inscriptions tell their own sad stories:—

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

"Thomas Miagh, whiche lieth here alon,  
That fayne wovld from hens be gon,  
By tortyre straunge mi troth was  
tryed, yet of my libertie denied. 1531, Thomas Myagh."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The economy of the Tower as a state prison presents a strange contrast with its magnificence as a royal palace. "The case of Sir Henry Wyatt," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in a paper read by him to the Archæological Institute, "father of the wit, poet, and courtier, Sir Thomas Wyatt, takes us back to the latter days of the Red and White Roses. Wyatt was a Lancastrian in politics, and under the reign of Richard the Third he spent not a little of his time in the Tower." The Wyatt Papers say—"He was imprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there had not God, who sent a crow to feed his prophet, sent this and his country's martyr a cat both to feed and to warm him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and as it were offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and, by making much of her won her love. After this she would come every day unto him divers times, and, when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was, 'he durst not better it.'—'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?'—'I may well enough,' said he, the keeper, 'you are safe for that matter; and being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise, dressed for him, from time to time, such pigeons as his accator the cat provided for him. Sir Henry Wyatt in his prosperity for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of their spaniels or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him.' The prisoner had this faithful cat painted, with a pigeon in his paws, offering it through the grated window of his dungeon."

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

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



## Legendary Stories and Ballads of Old London Bridge.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The time of night when Troy was set on fire;

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

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

That time best fits the work we have in hand.

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

We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

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

Among the numerous ballads which sprung out of the history of the Bridge is the following jesting rhyme on a hurricane, in 1615-6, which blew away the pales; we quote this to show how much has been borrowed from it by later writers:—

“Come, Christian people, all give ear,  
 Unto the grief of us,  
 Caused by the death of three children dear,  
 The which it happen'd thus:

And eke there befel an accident,  
 By fault of a carpenter's son,  
 Who to saw chips his ax-o-lent,  
 Woe worth the time may Lon——

May London say—woe worth the carpenter!  
 And all such blockhead fools;  
 Would he were hanged up like a serpent here,  
 For meddling with edge-tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark,  
 Which put out in such flames,  
 That it was known into South-wark,  
 Which lies beyond the Thames.

For loe the bridge was wondrous high,  
 With water underneath,  
 O'er which as many fishes fly  
 As birds therein do breathe.

And yet the fire consumed the brigg,  
 Not far from place of landing;  
 And though the building was full big,  
 It fell down—not with standing.

And eke into the water fell  
 So many pewter dishes,  
 That a man might have taken up very well  
 Both boil'd and roasted fishes!

And thus the bridge of London town,  
 For building that was sumptuous,  
 Was all by fire half burnt down,  
 For being too contemptuous!

Thus you have all but half my song—  
Pray list to what comes ater;  
For now I have cooled you with the fire,  
I'll warm you with the water!

I'll tell you what the river's nam'd  
While these children did slide-a:  
It was fair London's swiftest Thames,  
Which keeps both time and tide-a.

All on the tenth of January,  
To the wonder of much people,  
'Twas frozen o'er that well would bear  
Almost a country steeple!

Three children sliding there about  
Upon a place too thin,  
That so, at last, it did fall out,  
That they did all fall in.

A great lord there was, that laid with the King,  
And with the King great wager makes;  
But when he saw that he could not win,  
He sigh'd, and would have drawn stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,  
And laid a hundred pound;  
The King said it would break, and so it did,  
For three children there were drowned;

Of which one's head was from his should-  
ers stricken, whose name was John;  
Who then cried out as loud as he could,  
Oh, Lon-a, Lon-a, London.

'Oh, tut—tut—turn from my sinful race!'  
Thus did his speech decay;  
I wonder that, in such a case,  
He had no more to say.

And thus being drowned, alack, alack!  
The water ran down their throats,  
And stopped their breath three hours by the clock,  
Before they could get any boats!

Ye parents all that children have,  
And ye that have none yet,  
Preserve your children from the grave,  
And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a sermon been,  
Or else upon dry ground,  
Why then I never would have been seen,  
If that they had not been drowned!

Even as a huntsman ties his dogs,  
For fear they should go fro him;  
So tye your children with severity's clogs,  
Untie 'em—and you'll undo—'em.

God bless our noble parliament,  
 And rid them from all fears ;  
 God bless all the commons of this land,  
 And God bless—some of the peers !”

An old poet sings:—

“ Let the whole earth now all her wonders count,  
 This bridge of wonders is the paramount !”

Again, he calls it “ the Bridge of the World,” but makes us acquainted with what may be considered as an ancient satire upon it, since he says, “ If London Bridge had fewer eyes, it would see far better.” The arches of this edifice, and the dangerous passage through them, have also given rise to another quaint saying—“ London Bridge was made for wise men to go over, and fools to go under.”

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

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

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



the sickening sight; and in 1605, that of Garnet the Jesuit, as well as those of the Romish priests executed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Hentzner counted above thirty heads on the Bridge in 1593. The display was transferred to Temple Bar in the reign of Charles II.

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

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

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### Bermondsey Abbey and its Memories.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

everything in the pleasantest possible manner for the King; and he had his reward. The monastery itself, with the manor, demesne, &c., the "court leet, the view of frank-pledge, and the free-warren" were granted by Henry VIII., to Sir Robert Southwell, Master of the Rolls, who sold them to Sir Thomas Hope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford, who was the destroyer of the fine old Abbey of Bermondsey. He pulled down the conventual church and most of the other buildings, and erected a mansion on the site; and then, as if satisfied with what he had done, reconveyed the mansion, with the orchards, &c., to Sir Robert. The manor he subsequently sold to a citizen and goldsmith of London. Bermondsey Priory (converted into an Abbey late in the fourteenth century), was founded in 1082, by Alwin Child, a citizen of London, for Cluniac monks, from the monastery of La Charité de Dieu, on the Loire, which continued to supply its priors until 1372. It is worthy of note that between 1082 and 1372, the number of these priors was sixty-eight, nine of whom were promoted, and six resigned, leaving fifty-three to die while holding the office; at times two or three within a single year. The average life in office of the priors of Bermondsey, during 290 years, was but four years, three months, and five days.

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### Founding the Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### Romance of Baynard's Castle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green.

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

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



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

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

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here is a portrait of the Blind Beggar:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### The Lollards at Lambeth Palace.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## Stories of the Savoy.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### The Strange History of Lady Hatton.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“TO LADY HATTON.

“ 10 July, 1617.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### Halliwell, or Holywell Priory, Shoreditch.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### Stories of Old Somerset House.

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

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

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

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

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

Waller's adulatory incense rises still higher:—

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

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

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

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

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### Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, his Mysterious Death.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### Canonbury, and Lady Elizabeth Compton.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Also, I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 4000*l.* to buy me a pearl chain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Your loving wife,

“ELIZA COMPTON.”

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

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

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

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

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

“ Old Prior Bolton with his bolt and tun ;”

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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### "The Lady Arabella's" Fatal Marriage.

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

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

*Ballad, probably written by Mickle.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### Newcastle House, and its Eccentric Duchess.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

\* Doran’s *Their Majesties’ Servants*, vol. i. p. 253.

## The Field of Forty Footsteps.

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

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

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

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

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

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



### Stories of Temple Bar.

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

This separation of Westminster from the liberty or freedom of the

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

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

The City had often been pressed to rebuild the Bar, and had been offered by the Commissioners of Sewers 1005*l.* towards the cost, which, however, they considered inadequate. Thereupon, the King sent for the Lord Mayor, when "the City's weak state of inability," on account of the great expense of the rebuilding public works consumed in the Great Fire, was pleaded; but the King insisted on the Bar being taken down, and he promised, if the 1005*l.* proved insufficient, to supply other funds to complete the work. The destruction was accordingly commenced in 1670, and the present Bar, after the designs of Wren, was erected; but the royal promise was not performed. The Bar is of Portland stone, with statues of Charles I. and II., and James I. and his queen, Anne of Denmark, by John Bushnell; the interior is an apartment, held by Messrs. Child, the bankers, as a depository for their account books.

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

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

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

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

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

Counsellor Layer, who had conspired to assassinate King William on

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### The Knights Templars in London.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Hudibras*, pt. iii. c. 3.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### Kennington Palace, and the Princes of Wales.

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

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



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

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

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### Eltham Palace.

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

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

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

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

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

Henry VIII., in 1517 and 1527, kept his Whitsuntide and Christmas at Eltham; where, in the former year, he created Sir Edward Stanley, banneret, Lord Monteagle, for his services against the Scots at Flodden Field. Some contagious disorder raging at that time in London, none were permitted to dine in the King's hall but the officers of arms, who at the serving of the King's second course of meat, according to custom, came and proclaimed the King's style and title, and also that of the new

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### Shene, or Richmond Palace.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To conclude, a view of the Thames front of Richmond Palace represents a long line of irregular buildings, with projecting towers, octagonal and circular, crowned by ill-shaped turrets, intermixed with small chimneys, having somewhat the shape of inverted pears.

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### Hampton Court Palace.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Surrey, describing Geraldine, says:

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

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

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### The Palace of Nonsuch.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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### The Palace of Oatlands.

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

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

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

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

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

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### St. James's Palace.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Kensington Palace,

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

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

thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders—her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

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

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

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### Carlton House.

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

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



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

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

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

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### The Archiepiscopal Palace, Croydon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What is Man?

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

### The Minorities.

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

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

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

SIR JOHN PELHAM, dyed Oct. 13, 1580.

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

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

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

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

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

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### Sion House, Isleworth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### Ham House, Petersham.

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

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

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

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

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



## Holland House and its Memories.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tickell has thus elegantly apostrophised the brave old house:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### Osterley Park and Sir Thomas Gresham.

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

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

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



### Enfield Palace.

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

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

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

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

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

## The Palace of Whitehall.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Marvell.*

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

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

## BERWICK AND NORTHUMBERLAND.

### Berwick-upon-Tweed, its Castle, and Sieges.

Berwick first appears authentically in the early part of the twelfth century, during the reign of King Alexander I., when it was part of the realm of Scotland, and the capital of the district Lothian. About this time it became populous and wealthy, contained a magnificent Castle, was the chief sea-port of Scotland, and abounded with churches, hospitals, and monastic buildings, and was one of the four royal burghs (boroughs) of Scotland. There is an interesting story preserved of Cnute, a merchant of Berwick, who, early in the reign of King Malcolm IV., had acquired from his riches the name of "the Opulent." Upon the treaty entered into with England for the ransom of William the Lion, who was taken prisoner near Alnwick, in 1174, the Castle of Berwick, with the fortresses in Scotland, was surrendered to the English king, but it was restored by Richard Cœur de Lion in 1188. In 1214 King John led an army to the North to chastise his disaffected barons, and also the king of Scotland, when the town and castle of Berwick were taken by storm, and the most horrible cruelties inflicted on the inhabitants by the English soldiers; they then committed the town to the flames, the English king commencing by setting fire to the house in which he had lodged! During the competition between Baliol and Bruce for the Scottish throne, the English parliament sat in Berwick; and Edward I. gave judgment in favour of Baliol, in the hall of the Castle.

In 1296, Edward besieged the town of Berwick both by sea and land, and took both town and castle, put the garrison to the sword, and butchered the inhabitants without distinction of sex or age.

In September, 1297, the Scots, under Wallace, gained a signal victory over their invaders at Stirling bridge. The English army retreated to Berwick, though soon deserted it, but the garrison retained possession of the castle. In the following spring, on the approach of a powerful army from England, the Scots evacuated the town, after which Berwick remained in the possession of England for twenty years; during that period large sums of money were expended in fortifying the town and the Castle, and a numerous garrison was employed in its defence.

In 1318 it fell into the hands of the Scots, through the treachery of

Peter de Spalding, an English soldier, who enabled a body of troops, cautiously assembled, to scale the walls secretly by night, and to become masters of the town. The details of the next siege are very interesting. The son-in-law of Bruce had been selected as the governor of the town, and the whole army of England, headed by King Edward, and under the command of the flower of the nobility, invested the place. After their earthen mounds had been completed, the English, on St. Mary's Eve, made a simultaneous assault by land and by sea. Whilst their force, led by the bravest captains, and carrying with them, besides their usual arms, the ladders, crows, pickaxes, and other assistance for an escalade, rushed onward to the walls, with the sound of trumpets, and the display of innumerable banners, a large vessel, prepared for the purpose, was towed towards the town from the mouth of the river. She was filled with armed soldiers, a party of whom were placed in her boat, drawn up mid-mast high; whilst to the bow of the boat was fixed a species of drawbridge, which it was intended to drop upon the wall, and thus afford a passage from the vessel into the town. Yet these complicated preparations failed of success, although seconded by the greatest gallantry; and the English, after being baffled in every attempt to fix their ladders and maintain themselves upon the walls, were compelled to retire, leaving their vessel to be burnt by the Scots, who slew many of her crew, and made prisoner the engineer who superintended and directed the attack.

This unsuccessful stratagem was, after five days' active preparation, followed by another still more desperate, in which the besiegers made use of a huge machine moving upon wheels; this contained several platforms or stages, which held parties of armed soldiers, who were defended by a strong roofing of boards and hides, beneath which they could work their battering-rams with impunity. To co-operate with this unwieldy and bulky instrument, which, from its shape and covering, they called a "sow," moveable scaffolds had been constructed, of such a height as to overtop the walls, from which they proposed to storm the town; and instead of a single vessel, as on the former occasion, a squadron of ships, with their top-castles manned by picked bodies of archers, and their armed boats slung mast-high, were ready to sail with the tide, and anchor beneath the walls. But the Scots were well prepared for them. By Crab, the Flemish engineer, machines similar to the Roman catapult, moving on wheels, and of enormous strength and dimensions, were constructed and placed on the walls at the spot where it was expected "the sow" would make its approach. In addition to this they fixed a crane upon the rampart, armed with iron chains and

grappling hooks; and large masses of combustibles and fire-fagots, shaped like tuns, and composed of pitch and flax, bound strongly together with tar-ropes, were piled up in readiness for the attack. At different intervals on the walls were fixed the springalds for the discharge of their heavy darts, which carried on their barbed points little bundles of flaming tar dipped in oil or sulphur; the ramparts were lined by the archers, spearmen, and cross-bows, and to each leader was assigned a certain station, to which he could repair on a moment's warning.

The Scots cheerfully and confidently awaited the attack; to which the English moved forward in great strength, and led by the King in person, on the 13th of September. The different squadrons rushed forward, so that the ladders were fixed, the ditch filled up by fascines, and the ramparts attacked with an impetuous valour which promised to carry all before it. The Scots, after a short interval advanced with levelled spears in close array, and with a weight and resolution which effectually checked the enemy. Considerable ground had, however, been gained in the first assault; and the battle was maintained from sunrise till noon, with excessive obstinacy on both sides; but it at last concluded in favour of the resolution and endurance of the Scots, who repulsed the enemy on every quarter, and cleared their ramparts of their assailants. At this moment, by Edward's orders, the sow began its advance towards the walls; and the crane, or catapult, armed with a mass of rock, was seen straining its timbers, and taking its aim against the approaching monster. On the first discharge the stone flew far beyond; and as the conductors hurried forward the immense machine, the second missile fell short of it. A third block of granite was now got ready, and an English engineer who had been taken prisoner, was commanded on pain of death to direct the aim; whilst the sow was moving forward with a rapidity which must, in a few seconds, have brought it to the foot of the walls. All gazed on for an instant in breathless suspense—but only for an instant. The catapult was discharged—a loud booming noise in the air accompanied the progress of its deadly projectile,—and in a moment afterwards, a tremendous crash, mingled with the shrieks of the victims and the shouts of the soldiers from the walls, declared the destruction of the huge machine. It had been hit so truly, that the stone passed through the roof, shivering its timber into a thousand pieces; and crushing and mangling in a frightful manner the unhappy soldiers who manned its different platforms. As those who escaped rushed out from its broken fragments, the Scottish soldiers shouted out that the English sow had farrowed. Crab now

cast his chains and grappling-hooks over the ruins of the machine, and dragging it nearer the walls, poured down his combustibles in such quantity, that it was soon consumed to ashes. It was near night-fall; when foiled on every side, the English entirely withdrew from the assault.

Berwick then remained in the possession of the Scots until the fatal battle of Halidon Hill, an eminence almost close to the Scottish border. After this battle, which was fought in July, 1333, Berwick again fell under the dominion of the English, and so continued until November, 1355, when it was surprised in the night by the Scots. The inhabitants fled to the Castle, leaving the town to pillage; and Fordun, the Scottish historian, refers with more than ordinary exultation to "the gold and silver and infinite riches" which became the prey of his countrymen. In the following January, Edward III. invested the town with a powerful army, when the Scots being unable to retain it, agreed to capitulate, and were suffered to depart with all their effects, almost every individual soldier being made wealthy with the booty he thus obtained.

In 1378 the Castle of Berwick was taken by a small band of Scottish adventurers, who slew the constable, Sir Robert de Boynton, and kept possession of the fortress upwards of a week: it was then retaken by the Earl of Northumberland, at the head of 10,000 men, and here his eldest son, the celebrated Hotspur, afterwards governor of the place, commenced his military career.

In 1384, during a truce, the Scots repossessed themselves by night of the Castle, and burnt the town; but the offer of a sum of money soon induced the enemy to abandon the conquest. After the accession of Henry IV., the Earl, believing that Richard II. was still alive, adhered to his fortunes, and in 1405 surrendered Berwick to the Scots, who pillaged and once more burnt it. The English King, with an army of 37,000 fighting men (according to Walsingham), besieged the Castle, the Earl and his adherents having previously deserted the town, and fled to Scotland. The garrison hesitated to surrender on being summoned, but a single shot from a large piece of ordnance threw down one of the towers, which so terrified the defenders, that they instantly gave up the fortress, and all of them were either beheaded or committed to prison. In 1416 the Scots attempted the recovery of Berwick, but without success. Henry VI., after his defeat by Edward IV., at Towton in 1461, fled to Scotland, and surrendered Berwick to the Scots, who continued masters of it and the Castle for twenty-one years. In July, 1482, the town again surrendered to the English, but the Castle held out until the 24th of August following, when through the in-



trigues of the Duke of Albany, the brother of James III., both town and castle were finally surrendered to Edward IV., and were never afterwards recovered by the sister kingdom.

Berwick still remains a walled town, but the fortifications do not inclose so large a space as they did in ancient times. The modern ramparts are generally in good repair, some ruins of the old wall yet remain, and the Bell Tower is still almost entire: it formerly contained a bell to give warning of the approach of enemies. The present walls were built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There are five gates. The castle, in the reign of Elizabeth, was in complete repair, but in that of Charles I. it was in ruins. An eye-witness at the latter period describes it as "in manner circular, but dilapidated, as having had mounts, rampiers and flankers, well replenished with great ordnance, and fair houses therein, the walls and gates made beautiful with pictures of stone (statues), the work curious and delicate."

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### Wark Castle.

On the south bank of the Tweed, where it forms the boundary between England and Scotland, are the remains of Wark Castle, celebrated in Border history. In 1137, David of Scotland attempted for three weeks to take this fortress, but failed with disgrace. Stephen subsequently advanced to Wark, forcing David out of the country, who, however, on the retirement of the former, destroyed Norham, and made a second unsuccessful attempt on Wark. After his defeat at the battle of the Standard, David resumed the siege, and after a defence of unequalled bravery, hardships, and privations, the garrison capitulated, and the Castle was demolished. It was restored, and in 1341, the Governor of the fortress, Sir Edward Montagu, made a sally on the rear of the Scotch army, under King David, returning from the sack of Durham, when 200 Scots were slain, and twelve horses laden with spoil taken by Sir Edward. To revenge this attack, David invested Wark, but was repulsed in two desperate assaults, the defenders being animated by the presence of the celebrated Countess of Salisbury, to whom Edward III. personally returned his thanks in this fortress. In 1419, Wark Castle was taken, and the garrison butchered by the Scots; but was shortly afterwards retaken by the English, who crept up a sewer from the Tweed into the kitchen, and retaliated. In 1460, the fortress was again taken and demolished. In 1523, it was successfully defended against the Scots and their French auxiliaries, commanded by the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland. At this siege

Buchanan the historian and poet was present, and had to endure many hardships.

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### Norham Castle.

Nothing can be more strikingly picturesque than Sir Walter Scott's description of this famous feudal fortress, in the two opening stanzas of his *Marmion*:

“ Day set on Norham's castled steep,  
 And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,  
 And Cheviot's mountains lone ;  
 The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
 The loophole grates where captives weep,  
 The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
 In yellow lustre shone.  
 The warriors on the turrets high,  
 Moving athwart the evening sky,  
 Seemed forms of giant height ;  
 Their armour, as it caught the rays,  
 Flashed back again the western blaze,  
 In lines of dazzling light.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,  
 Now faded, as the fading ray,  
 Less bright, and less, was flung ;  
 The evening gale had scarce the power  
 To wave it on the donjon tower,  
 So heavily it hung.  
 The scouts had parted on their search,  
 The castle gates were barred ;  
 Above the gloomy portal arch,  
 Timing his footsteps to a march,  
 The warder kept his guard,  
 Low humming, as he paced along,  
 Some ancient Border gathering song.”

Norham Castle has withstood many a siege. In 1139, it was nearly destroyed by David, King of Scots, and the town reduced to ashes. He had previously, in 1136, taken possession of the Castle, in the cause of the Empress Matilda, but it was soon restored by treaty. In 1209, King John was for a few days at the fortress; and here he met William the Lion, and agreed to a treaty, which was confirmed by them here in 1211; and in 1213, King John was again at the fortress. In 1215, Norham Castle was unsuccessfully besieged for forty days by Alexander, King of Scotland, who, in 1219, with Stephen de Segrave, procurator on behalf of England and the Pope's legate, met at the Castle to settle the disputes between the two kingdoms. In 1291, Edward summoned his nobles to meet him at Norham, where he decided the claim for the Crown of Scotland in favour of the Baliols. By

others the dispute is said to have been settled in a field called Holywell Haugh, adjacent to the ford by which the English and Scottish armies made their mutual invasions before the bridge of Berwick was erected. In 1313, Norham was besieged by the Scots, but preserved by the bravery of the Governor, Sir Thomas Grey, and the timely aid of the Lords Percy and Nevill. The eastern district of the country was laid in ashes by the Scots. In 1322, Norham was retaken by Edward III.; but five years afterwards it was regained by the Scots. In 1497, in the invasion of England by James IV. of Scotland, who favoured the cause of Perkin Warbeck, Norham Castle was besieged by the King; but when reduced to the last extremity, was relieved by the approach of the gallant Earl of Surrey with an army, and James was compelled to retreat.

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### Holy Island Castle and Lindisfarne.

Holy Island is so named from its having in former times been inhabited by the monks of Lindisfarne, a monastery situated on the coast of Northumberland, nearly opposite to the Castle. To this fortress, it is supposed, the inmates of Lindisfarne were in the habit of repairing for security, in case they were threatened by the approach of an enemy. The island is separated from the mainland by a narrow neck of sand, which can be crossed by foot-passengers at low-water :

“ For with its flow and ebb, its style  
Varies from continent to isle ;  
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,  
The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;  
Twice every day the waves efface  
Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace.”

The Castle is of unknown antiquity. From its summit may be seen, at seven miles' distance northward, the town of Berwick; and at the same distance southward, the romantic rocks on which is built Bamborough Castle.

In 1647, during the Interregnum, Holy Island Castle fell into the hands of the Parliamentary forces; and it appears even for some time after the Restoration, to have either neglected or refused to acknowledge the King's authority. During the rebellion in favour of the Pretender, a most daring, and to a certain extent successful, attempt was made by two men to get possession of this stronghold for Charles Stuart. The garrison at the time consisted of a sergeant, a corporal, and ten or twelve men. The man who had undertaken the task (his name was

Launcelot Errington, of an ancient Northumbrian family) being well known in that country, went to the Castle, and after some parley with the sergeant, invited him and the men not on duty to partake of a treat on board the ship of which he was master, then lying in the harbour. This invitation was accepted, and he so plied his guests with brandy, that they were soon incapable of any opposition. The men being thus secured, he went on shore, and with Mark Errington, his nephew, returned to the Castle, knocked down the sentinel, and turned out an old gunner, the corporal, and two other soldiers, being the remainder of the garrison; and shutting the gates, hoisted the Pretender's colours, anxiously expecting the promised succour. No reinforcement coming, but on the contrary, a party of the King's troops arriving from Berwick, they were obliged to retreat over the walls of the Castle, among the rocks, hoping to conceal themselves under the sea-weeds until it was dark, and then by swimming to the mainland, to make their escape; but the tide rising, they were obliged to swim, when the soldiers firing at Launcelot, as he was climbing a rock, wounded him in the thigh. Thus disabled, he and his nephew were taken, and conveyed to Berwick jail, where he continued until his wound was cured. During this time he dug a burrow under the foundation of the prison, depositing the excavated earth in an old oven; through this burrow he and his nephew escaped, and made their way to the Tweed-side, where, finding the custom-house boat, they rowed themselves over, and pursued their journey to Bamborough Castle, near which they were concealed nine days in a pea-stack, a relation who resided in the Castle supplying them with provisions. At length, travelling in the night by secret paths, they reached Gateshead, near Newcastle, where they were secreted until they secured a passage from Sunderland to France. After the suppression of the Rebellion, when everything was quiet, they took the benefit of the general pardon.

The Abbey or Cathedral of Lindisfarne, whose history is connected with that of the Castle, stands on the mainland of Northumberland, at the extremity of the sandy tract that leads to Holy Island. At the present day Lindisfarne is an extensive, but still splendid ruin; its original appearance is thus described by Sir Walter Scott:

" In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,  
 With massive arches broad and round,  
 That rose alternate, row and row,  
 On ponderous columns, short and low,  
 Built ere the art was known,  
 By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,  
 The arcades of an alley'd walk,  
 To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls the heathen Dane  
 Had poured his impious rage in vain ;  
 And needful was such strength to these,  
 Exposed to the tempestuous seas,  
 Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,  
 Open to rovers fierce as they,  
 Which could twelve hundred years withstand  
 Winds, waves, and northern pirates' band ;  
 Not but that portion of the pile  
 Rebuilt in a later style,  
 Showed where the spoiler's hand had been ;  
 Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen  
 Had worn the pillars' carving quaint,  
 And mouldered in his niche the saint,  
 And rounded, with consuming power,  
 The pointed angles of each tower ;  
 Yet still entire the Abbey stood,  
 Like veteran worn, but unsubdued."

The name of St. Cuthbert, who was at one time Bishop of Lindisfarne, is remembered and coupled with the relics of an ancient superstition. There is a Northumbrian legend, to the effect that, on dark nights, when the sea was running high, and the winds roaring fitfully, the spirit of St. Cuthbert was heard, in the recurring lulls, forging beads for the faithful. He used to sit in the storm-mist, among the spray and sea-weeds, on a fragment of rock, on the shore of the island of Lindisfarne, and solemnly hammer away, using another fragment of rock as his anvil. A remarkable circumstance connected with the legend is, that after a storm, the shore was found strewed with the beads St. Cuthbert was said to have so forged. They are, in fact, certain portions of the fossilized remains of animals, called *crinoids*, which once inhabited the deep in myriads :

" On a rock by Lindisfarne,  
 St. Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame  
 The sea-born beads that bear his name ;  
 Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,  
 And said they might his shape behold,  
 And hear his anvil sound ;  
 A deaden'd clang—a huge dim form  
 Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm  
 And night were closing round."

Lindisfarne has a tangled history. It was the mother of the northern churches of the district of Bernicia. Oswald, King of Northumbria, gave to Bishop Aidan, a monk of Iona, the island of Lindisfarne. On Oswald's death, in 642, his head was taken to the church of this monastery. Aidan died 651, and was buried in the churchyard of his brethren. When a larger church was built there, some time after, and dedicated to St. Peter, his bones were translated into it. His successor, Finan, another Scot, built a church in the isle of Lindisfarne ; nevertheless,

after the manner of the Scots, he made it not of stone, but of hewn oak, and covered it with reeds. About 650, Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, visiting the north, dedicated the church built by Finan to St. Peter; and Eadbert, who came to the see in 688, took off the thatch, and covered it, both roof and walls, with plates of lead. Cuthbert became Bishop of Lindisfarne in 685; he died two years afterwards, and was buried in the church. Eleven years after, the monks took up the body, dressed it in new garments, laid it in a new coffin, and placed it on a pavement in the sanctuary in a tomb.

On Farne Island, nine miles from Lindisfarne, where Bishop Aidan had dwelt, Cuthbert built himself a small dwelling, with a trench about it, and the requisite cell, and an oratory, the mound which encompassed his habitation being so high that he could thence see nothing but the heaven. Two miles distant from Farne Island, on the mainland, was the royal city of Bebban Burgh (Bamborough), as we shall presently describe. On the death of St. Oswald, his hands and arms, which had been cut off by his enemies, were carried by his brother in 643 and buried in this city. In Bede's time, the hand and arm of St. Oswald remained entire and uncorrupted, being kept in a silver case as revered relics in St. Peter's church. Not far from the city, the King had a country-house, where St. Aidan had a church and chamber. St. Aidan died here, in a tent set up against the west wall, so that he expired leaning against a post that was on the outside to strengthen the wall. Bede relates that the church being twice burned down by invaders, the post each time escaped untouched: on the third rebuilding of the church, the post was removed to the inside, and preserved as a memorial of the miracle.\*

Bede calls the storied spot a semi-island, it being twice an island and twice a continent in one day; for at the flowing of the tide it is encompassed by water, and at the ebb there is an almost dry passage for horses and carriages to and from the mainland, as we have already described. Scott refers to this in his *Marmion*:

“The tide did now the flood-mark gain,  
And girted in the saint's domain.  
\* \* \* \* \*

As to the port the galley flew,  
Higher and higher rose to view  
The Castle with its batter'd walls,  
The ancient monastery's halls.”

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\* Mr. Gordon Hills: *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, 1868.

To the south-east of Holy Island lie the Ferne Islands. The largest is Home Island, and is the sequestered spot where St. Cuthbert passed the last two years of his life. The coast here is very dangerous, and lighthouses are placed on some of the islands. One of these, Longstone Island, is rendered memorable through the intrepidity of Grace Darling, who here perilled her life during the storm in September, 1838, to rescue the passengers and crew of the *Forfarshire* steamer. In St. Cuthbert's Chapel, on the Island, a monument, by Mr. Davies, the sculptor, of Newcastle, has been placed to Grace's memory: it consists of a cippus of stone, six feet in height, sculptured with the cross of St. Cuthbert, and bearing the following inscription:

To the Memory of  
 GRACE HORSLEY DARLING,  
 A Native of Bamburgh,  
 And an inhabitant  
 Of these Islands:  
 Who Died Oct. 20th, A.D. 1842,  
 Aged 26 Years.

Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,  
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute.

Oh! that winds and waves could speak  
 Of things which their united power call'd forth  
 From the pure depths of her humanity!  
 A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,  
 Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse rear'd  
 On the island-rock, her lonely dwelling place;  
 Or like the invincible rock itself that braves,  
 Age after age, the hostile elements,  
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,  
 When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,  
 Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,  
 Beating on one of those disastrous isles—  
 Half of a vessel, half—no more; the rest  
 Had vanish'd!"

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Another memorial to Grace Darling, and of the intrepidity of woman in extreme peril, has been raised in the churchyard of Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland, where lie the remains of Grace, whose great exertions at the wreck of the *Forfarshire* will long be remembered, among many other instances of her heroic humanity. Poor Grace died of consumption at an early age. She was a native of the ancient town of Bamborough, and was lodged, clothed, and educated at the school in Bamborough Castle. The trustees of this property subscribed liberally towards the expense of this monument, which is an altar-tomb,

whereon is the recumbent figure of Grace Darling, sculptured in fine Portland stone, and surmounted by a Gothic canopy. The figure is represented lying on a plaited straw mattress, bearing an oar, such as is peculiar to the Northumberland coast.

The coast is beset with perils at, and near, this point; and here, on July 19, 1843, on Goldstone Rock, two miles and a half east or seaward from Holy Island, and between the Ferne group and the mainland, the *Pegasus* steamer, on her passage from Leith to Hull, was wrecked, and forty-nine persons drowned. Among them was Mr. Elton, the tragedian, a man of spotless reputation and amiable nature, and in behalf of whose orphan family of seven children the sympathy of the public was very powerfully excited. Soon after the catastrophe, a performance for their benefit was given at the Haymarket Theatre, upon which melancholy occasion the following touching address (written for the occasion by Thomas Hood, the humorist,) was spoken by Mrs. Warner:

"Hush! not a sound! no whisper! no demur:  
No restless motion! no intrusive stir!  
But with staid presence, and a quiet breath,  
One solemn moment dedicate to death!

*(A pause.)*

For now no fancied miseries bespeak  
The panting bosom and the wetted cheek;  
No fabled tempest, or dramatic wreck,  
Nor royal sire wash'd from the mimic deck,  
And dirged by sea nymphs in his briny grave:  
Alas! deep, deep, beneath the sullen wave—  
His heart, once warm and throbbing as your own,  
Now cold and senseless as the shingle-stone!  
His lips—so eloquent!—choked up with sand!  
The bright eye glazed, and the impressive hand  
Idly entangled in the ocean weed—  
Full fathom five a father lies, indeed!  
Yes, where the roaming billows roam the while,  
Around the rocky Ferns and Holy Isle,  
Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause  
That greets deserving in the drama's cause,—  
Blind to the horrors that appal the bold,—  
To all the hoped or fear'd or prized of old,—  
To love—and love's deep agony—a-cold!  
He who could move the passions—moved by none,  
Drifts an unconscious corse!—poor Elton's race is run.

Sigh for the dead! Yet not alone for him,  
O'er whom the cormorant and gannet swim!  
Weep for the dead! yet do not merely weep  
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep!  
But like Grace Darling, in her little boat,  
Stretch forth a saving hand to those that float—  
The orphan seven! so prematurely hurl'd  
Amidst the surges of this stormy world,  
And struggling—save your pity take their part—  
With breakers huge enough to break the heart."



The following poetic episode, "The Nun of Lindisfarne," appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1834:

Young Linda sprang from a lofty line ;  
But though come of such high degree,  
The meanest that knelt at St. Cuthbert's shrine  
Was not so humble of heart as she—  
Her soul was meek exceedingly,  
She told her beads by the midnight lamp ;  
Forlorn she sat in the cloister damp,  
For the veil and the vows of a nun she had taken.  
Soft were the visions from on high  
That passed before her saintly eye ;  
Sweetly on her ravished ear  
Fell the soul of music near—  
Music more lovely than vesper hymn,  
Or the strains of starry cherubim,  
Or the witching tones of melody sent  
From sweetest earthly instrument.  
Her thoughts were radiant and sublime,  
And ever arose to the heavenly clime  
Her aspirations sought the sky  
Upon the wings of piety.  
For more divinely pure were they  
Than morning of a summer day,  
Or the snow-white cloud that sleeps upon  
The pasture-crowned top of Lebanon.

To visit this maiden of mortal birth,  
An angel of heaven came down to earth.  
He left the bright celestial dome,  
His sweet and everlasting home,  
Where choral cherubs on the wing  
Of Love are ever wandering ;  
But the glorious regions of the sky  
He floated all unheeded by ;  
Their splendours—what were they to him  
Who shone above the seraphim,  
And saw the throne of God arise  
Unveiled before his mystic eyes !

He sought the spot where the holy maid  
In vestal snow-white was arrayed—  
'Twas in the chapel dim and cold  
Of Lindisfarne's black convent old.  
Meek and solemn and demure  
Was her saintly look—and pure  
As the fountains of eternity,  
The glance of heaven in her eye.  
At the sacred altar kneeling,  
Her aspect turned up to the ceiling,  
She seemed so pallid and so lone  
A form of monumental stone.

Each nun hath heard the convent bell—  
Each nun hath hied her to her cell ;  
And the Ladye Abbess hath forsaken  
Heavenly thoughts till she awaken ;

Linda alone, with her glimmering lamp,  
 Will not forsake the chapel damp.  
 Rapt in delicious ecstacy,  
 Visions come athwart her eye ;  
 Music on her ear doth fall  
 With a tone celestial ;  
 And a thousand forms by fancy bred,  
 Like halos hover round her head.  
 But what doth Linda now behold  
 From that chapel damp and cold?  
 She sees - she sees the angel bright  
 Descending through the fields of light ;  
 For, although dark before, the sky  
 Was now lit up with a golden dye,  
 And wore a hue right heavenlye.

' Do I slumber?' quoth the maid,  
 Of this vision half afraid—  
 ' Do I slumber, do I dream?  
 Or art thou what thou dost seem—  
 One of that glorious choir who dwell  
 Round the throne of the Invisible,  
 Listening with heart-stricken awe  
 To the thunders of His law—  
 And now in the light of loveliness  
 Comest down the sons of men to bless?'

' Daughter of earth,' the angel said,  
 ' I am a spirit—thou a maid.  
 I dwell within a land divine ;  
 But my thoughts are not more pure than thine.  
 Whilome, by the command of Heaven,  
 To me thy guardianship was given ;  
 And if on earth thou couldst remain  
 Twice nine years without a stain,  
 Free from sin or sinful thought,  
 With a saint-like fervour fraught,  
 Thy inheritance should be  
 In the bowers of sanctitie,  
 Side by side for ever with me.  
 Thou hast been pure as the morning air,  
 Pure as the downy gossamer—  
 Sinful thought had never part  
 In the chambers of thy heart—  
 Then thy mansion-house of clay,  
 Linda, quit, and come away !'

Morning heard the convent bell,  
 And each nun hath left her cell ;  
 And to chapel all repair  
 To say the holy matins there.  
 At the marble altar kneeling,  
 Eyes upraised unto the ceiling,  
 With the cross her hands between,  
 Saintly Linda's form was seen,  
 Death had left his pallid trace  
 On the fair lines of her face ;  
 And her eye that wont to shine,  
 With a ray of light divine,

At the chant of matin hymn,  
 Now was curtained o'er and dim.  
 Pale as alabaster stone—  
 'Where hath Sister Linda gone?'

Quoth the Lady Abbess, in solemn mood,  
 'She hath passed away to the land of the good ;  
 For though a child of mortal birth,  
 She was too holy, far, for earth.'

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### Bamborough Castle.

About five miles eastward of Belford, in the county of Northumberland, upon an almost perpendicular rock, looking over the sea, and about 150 feet above its level, stands the Castle of Bamborough, in past ages a fortress of might, and in our own, a house of charity. A stately tower, the only original part of this once famous stronghold that now exists, appears to have been built on the remains of some ancient edifice which once, perhaps, formed one of a chain of fortresses raised by the Romans to protect this part of the coast, when they were in the possession of the northern portion of the island.

Bamborough Castle is stated to have formerly possessed great strength, in many instances becoming the place of refuge for the kings, earls, and governors of Northumberland, in troublous times. Its origin is thus narrated. In the year 547, the English Ida landed at the promontory called Flamborough Head, with forty vessels, all manned with chosen warriors. Urien, the hero of the Bards, opposed a strenuous resistance, but the Angles had strengthened themselves on the coast. Fresh reinforcements poured in ; and Ida, the "Bearer of Flame," as he was termed by the Britons, became the master and sovereign of the land which he had assailed. Ida erected a tower or fortress, which was at once his castle and his palace ; and so deeply were the Britons humiliated by this token of his power, that they gave the name of the *Shame of Bernicia* to the structure which he had raised. Ida afterwards bestowed this building upon his Queen, Bebba, from whom it was, or rather is, denominated *Bebban Burgh*, the Burgh or fortress of Bebba, commonly abbreviated into *Bamborough*. The massive keep yet stands ; and the voyager following the course of the Abbess of St. Hilda, may yet see—

"King Ida's castle, huge and square,  
 From its tall rock, look grimly down,  
 And on the swelling ocean frown."\*

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\* Palgrave's *History of England* : Anglo-Saxon Period, vol. i. chap. 2.

In the year 642, it was besieged by Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, who, not satisfied with the victories he had already gained, endeavoured to destroy the Castle itself by fire. He laid vast quantities of wood under the walls, to which he set fire, as soon as the wind was favourable; but no sooner was it in flames, than the wind changed and carrying it into his own camp, forced him to raise the siege.

In 705, Osred, son of Alfred the Great, shut himself up within its walls when pursued (after his father's death), by the rebel Edulph. The Castle suffered greatly by the fury of the Danes in 933; but was afterwards repaired, and esteemed the strongest fortress in the county. William the Second besieged this place in person, when Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, took refuge there after his treasonable acts. At the appearance of the King, the Earl made his escape, but was afterwards taken prisoner; still, however, Morel, his steward and kinsman, defended it against the King's forces. "The King had turned the siege into a blockade, and raised a fortress near it called *Malvoisin* (bad Neighbour), some time before the Earl fled. Morel still held out with such great resolution, that the King had recourse to policy, to effect that which he had failed to accomplish by force. He ordered the Earl to be led up to the walls, and a declaration to be made, that if the Castle was not surrendered, his eyes should be instantly put out. This threat succeeded; Morel no sooner beheld his kinsman in this imminent danger, than he consented to yield up the Castle to the King. For the servant's sake, probably, the incensed sovereign spared the life of the master, but kept him a prisoner in Windsor Castle, where he remained for thirty years."

In 1463, Bamborough Castle was taken and retaken several times by the Generals of Edward IV., and Henry VI.; and a little before the battle of Hexham, Sir Ralph Grey, the Governor, surrendered to the Earl of Warwick; during these conflicts, the damage done to the building was very extensive. Since this time, it has been in several instances used as a state prison. The castle is one of the oldest in the kingdom: within the keep is an ancient draw-well 145 feet deep, and cut through the solid basaltic rock into the sandstone below: it was first known to modern times in 1770, when the sand and rubbish were cleared out of its vaulted cellar or dungeon.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, after the memorable battle of Musselburgh, Sir John Foster, Warden of the Marches, was made Governor of Bamborough Castle. Sir John's grandson obtained a grant of it, and also of the manor, from James I. His descendant, Thomas, fortified both in 1715: but his relative, Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, Bishop

of Durham, purchased, and by his will, dated June 24, 1720, bequeathed them for charitable purposes: here

“ Charity hath fixed her chosen seat ;  
And Pity at the dark and stormy hour  
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,  
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,  
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,  
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,  
And snatch him, cold and speechless, from the grave.”

*Bowles.*

In 1757, the trustees for Bishop Crewe's Charity commenced the work of repair, which was wanted, on the keep or great tower of the Castle. Dr. Sharpe, one of the trustees, converted the upper parts of the building into granaries, whence, in times of scarcity, corn might be sold to the poor at a cheap rate. He also reserved to himself certain apartments for occasional residence, that he might see his charitable objects carried into effect ; and the trustees still continue to reside here in turn. Dr. Sharpe contributed to the repair of the tower, and gave property for other good work ; and he bequeathed his library, valued at more than 800*l.*

Much has been done since his time, in reclaiming the venerable fortress from ruin, and converting it into apartments for the most wise and benevolent purposes. A large room is fitted up for educating boys on the Madras System ; and a suite of rooms is allotted for the mistresses and twenty poor girls, who are lodged, clothed, and educated. Various signals are made use of to warn vessels in thick and stormy weather from that most dangerous cluster of rocks, the Fern Islands. A life-boat, and implements useful in saving crews, and vessels in distress, are always in readiness. A constant watch is kept at the top of the tower, whence signals are made to the fishermen of Holy Island, as soon as any vessel is discovered to be in distress. Owing to the size and fury of the breakers, it is generally impossible for boats to put off from the mainland in a severe storm ; but such difficulty occurs rarely in putting off from Holy Island. By these and other means many lives are saved, and an asylum is offered to shipwrecked persons in the Castle for a week, or longer. There are likewise provided instruments and tackle for raising sunken vessels, and the goods saved are deposited in the Castle. In the infirmary here 1000 persons are received during the year. The funds amount to 8000*l.* a year. Thirty beds are kept for shipwrecked sailors. To sailors on that perilous coast Bamborough Castle is what the Convent of St. Bernard is to the traveller in the Alps.

## Tynemouth Priory and Castle.

Twelve hundred years have rolled away since an Abbey was first founded on the lofty promontory at the mouth of the river Tyne—since first at Tynemouth (in the picturesque language of Ruskin) “amid the murmur of the waves and the beating of the wings of the sea-birds against the rock that was strange to them, rose the ancient hymn—

“ The sea is His and He made it,  
And His hands prepared the dry land.”

It has been inferred from inscribed stones and an altar found at Tynemouth, that it was anciently a military station of the Romans. A wooden chapel was built there, A.D., 625, by Edwin, King of Northumbria. This simple structure gave place to an edifice built of stone by Edwin's successor, St. Oswald, and a colony of monks was established adjacent to it, for the service of religion. No place, perhaps, in the island was more exposed to the devastations of the Danish pirates. On the invasion in 865 the monastery was burned, and the nuns of St. Hilda, who had fled from Hartlepool to Tynemouth for refuge, were “translated by martyrdom to Heaven.” In 870, the monastery had been partially rebuilt; in 876, it was again the scene of devastation; but it was not until the early part of the eleventh century that a monastic community was driven by the Danes for any long period from Tynemouth. The church was sheltered by the Saxon Earls of Northumberland, within their castle upon this promontory. But the site was soon to know again the daily footsteps of a monastic fraternity; and the event which hastened its restoration was the discovery of the body of the holy king and martyr, Oswin. More than four hundred years had elapsed from the time of the sepulture of St. Oswin, when (according to the legend of the twelfth century) the sceptred shade appeared one evening, after the nocturnal office, to Edmund, the sacrist of the church, in a radiant human form, of mild and pleasing aspect and noble presence; and the sacrist declared that the apparition of the holy king had directed him to search for his grave, and restore him to memory in the place where he had once held sway. The vision was readily believed. The Lady Judith, wife of Tosti, at that time Earl of Northumberland, came with the Bishop of Durham to search for St. Oswin's place of sepulture. The relics of the saint were brought to light, and in the presence of a devout company, were raised joyfully to a place of honour; and the Earl commenced the foundation of a

monastery to be attached to the church that held remains so precious. Robert de Mowbray, a noble Norman, had now succeeded to the great earldom of Northumberland, and the custody of this castle of its Saxon earls. He destined the church of Tynemouth and its possessions for the Norman Benedictine Abbey of St. Alban, and determined that a colony of monks of St. Alban's should restore the church of St. Oswin. Thither they came, bearing their staves and service-books, but no riches of the world; unarmed, and barely attended, but eager and resolved. Their founder had enriched them with churches, manors, mills, and fisheries, and had bestowed upon the parent house of St. Alban the church of Tynemouth, and under his auspices the buildings of his predecessor were completed. In 1110, the relics of St. Oswin were translated with great honour and solemnity to the new monastic church.

But, four years previously Robert de Mowbray had died, after great vicissitudes. The Castle of Tynemouth was not long after his donation to St. Alban's the scene of a memorable incident of his eventful life. He there sustained the siege of King William Rufus, to whom his power had become dangerous; and when he could no longer defend Tynemouth, he withdrew to Bamburgh, and was proceeding from thence as a fugitive to join his allies in the then recently built fortress of Newcastle, when being pursued by the forces of his enraged sovereign, he fled to the sanctuary in the church of Tynemouth; but he was violently dragged from thence, and remained in captivity until the coronation of Henry I. At this period, he had become aged, sightless, and tired of wars; he then entered his beloved monastery of St. Alban, to pass there the remainder of his days. And so, the noble Norman, once the martial representative of his sovereign and the lord of territorial wealth, assumed the monastic habit, and devoted to religion the serene evening of a life whose noon had been passed in feudal strife. So died, in 1106, Robert de Mowbray, earl and monk, the refounder of Tynemouth Priory, and he was interred in the final sanctuary of St. Alban's Abbey Church.

In the reign of Henry II. the liberties of the monastery were extended by many royal grants. Although their rule forbade them to enjoy the chase in person, they knew how to appreciate venison. The Abbot of St. Alban's and his retinue seemed to have stayed a most unreasonable time on his visitations, and to have eaten up not only their venison, but all the live stock and provisions that the monks possessed; subsequently, the stay and number of followers of the abbots on their pastoral visits to this distant cell was limited.

The changeful fortunes in the history of the priory, its priors and monks, the Scottish incursions, and its sufferings in the Wars of the Roses, would detain us beyond our limits. The condition of the priory was prosperous in the early years of the reign of Henry VIII. But a fatal change was approaching. In 1534, the lesser monasteries had been suppressed; and the unhappy monks of Tynemouth beheld the approaching dissolution of their ancient home. To conceal the rapacity of the King and his favourites, expectant of abbey lands, the monks were everywhere accused, by visitors appointed by the Crown, of unheard-of enormities. Charges of immorality or of treason were sustained by means which outraged all legal procedure, and disgraced the name of justice. The reforming zealots hungered for the fair lordships and the dedicated riches of the Church. Refractory abbots and monks were hung under their own gateways; or when very mercifully treated, were only turned forth destitute and pensionless; while obsequious monks were tempted by grants from the revenues they had lately called their own. At length the brethren of Tynemouth assemb'ed in their chapter-house to execute the deed of surrender of the noble priory. On January 12, 1539, the monastery was given up to the Crown by Robert Blakeney, last prior of Tynemouth, and eighteen monks. A life pension of 80*l.* was granted to the prior, and pensions of smaller amount were allowed to the monks. The common seal, a beautiful work of ancient art, was broken; the plate and jewels were taken for the King; the moveable property of the monastery was sold; the monastic buildings were dismantled; the church and the prior's house only were preserved, the former as a parochial church, and the latter as a residence for the farmer or purchaser of the demesne. The six bells that had sounded far over land and ocean, were taken down, and shipped for London. The lead was torn from all the roofs. The church-plate in gold, seized by the King's visitors, weighed 62 ounces; in silver, 1827 ounces:

“ Before them lay a glittering store—  
 The abbey's plundered wealth;  
 The garment of cost, and the bowl emboss'd,  
 And the wassail cup of health.”

The manuscripts that were in the library seem to have been gradually dispersed. Some few relics of its once treasured contents have, however, come down to us; one of them, a Latin psalter, that was known as “The Book of St. Oswin,” and is in a handwriting old enough to have been looked upon by the holy King, was obtained by Sir Robert Cotton, when he visited the North in the following century, and after narrowly escaping destruction in the fire of his house at Westminster,



is now in the British Museum.\* All that remains of this once magnificent Priory are some fragments at the eastern extremity of the cliff; they are of great elevation, and form a very conspicuous sea-mark; adjoining them is an excellent lighthouse. About a hundred yards west of the monastic ruins stands the Castle, now shorn of its olden features, and fitted up as a barrack.

Sir Walter Scott has left us a poetical sketch of this line of coast, as viewed by the nuns of Whitby, in their fancied voyage northward, one of the interesting incidents of his *Marmion* :—

“ And now the vessel skirts the strand  
Of mountainous Northumberland :  
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,  
And catch the nuns’ delighted eyes.  
Monkwearmouth soon behind them lay,  
And Tynemouth’s Priory and bay ;  
They marked amid her trees, the hall  
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval ;  
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods  
Rush to the sea through sounding woods ;  
They passed the tower of Widdrington,  
Mother of many a valiant son ;  
At Coquet Isle their beads they tell,  
To the good saint who owned the cell ;  
Then did the Alne attention claim,  
And Warkworth, proud of Percy’s name ;  
And next they crossed themselves to hear  
The whitening breakers sound so near,  
Where boiling through the rocks they roar  
On Dunstanborough’s caverned shore ;  
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they here,  
King Ida’s castle, rude and square,  
From its tall rock look grimly down,  
And on the swelling ocean frown ;  
Then from the coast they bore away,  
And reached the Holy Island’s bay.”

**TYNEMOUTH CASTLE** took its rise as follows. In the time of the Conqueror the peninsula on which the Priory stood was inclosed on the land side by a wall and a ditch ; the place was afterwards more completely fortified, the walls being carried round the site towards the sea, where there are cliffs which rise to the height of nearly 60 feet, as well as towards the land, and was known as *Tynemouth Castle*. In 1095, the Castle, under Robert de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland (who had revolted in consequence of receiving no reward for his victory at Alnwick, two years previously) was, after a siege of two months, taken

\* Abridged, by permission, from *Sketches of Northumbrian Castles, Churches, and Antiquities*. Third Series. By W. Sidney Gibson, Esq., F.S.A.

by William Rufus; but the Earl escaped to Bamborough Castle, which Rufus immediately invested, but being unable to take the place by siege, he commenced a blockade by building a castle called *malvoisin* (or bad neighbour), to intercept supplies from the surrounding country; when the Earl endeavouring to escape, was taken prisoner at Tynemouth, and his wife surrendered Bamborough Castle to the King, on his threatening to put out Mowbray's eyes if she refused. The Earl was carried to Windsor Castle, where he was imprisoned for thirty years. Tynemouth was garrisoned in the time of Elizabeth, and in the great Civil War was taken by the Scotch from the Royalists, who had occupied it. It was then restored and garrisoned by the Parliament, but the garrison having revolted, the place was stormed by a Parliamentary force from Newcastle, under Sir Arthur Hazelrigge; when the governor of the castle, Colonel Henry Lilburn, declaring for the King, he was beheaded. Considerable remains exist of the fortress: the gateway tower on the west, or land side, is in good condition, and the circuit of the walls appears to be entire.



### The Castle and Hermitage of Warkworth.

Among the most beautiful of the rivers in the north of England is the Coquet, which rises in the north-west part of Northumberland, and after leaving the lofty naked hills, passes eastward with a clear and rapid stream through one of the most fertile and picturesque districts of the country. About a mile from the mouth of the river, on the crown of a rock of lofty eminence, stands the Castle of Warkworth. Through the village on the northern inclination of this hill lies a pleasing, though steep approach to the Castle, than which nothing can be so magnificent and picturesque from what part soever it is viewed; and though, when entire, it was far from being destitute of strength, yet its appearance does not excite the idea of one of those rugged fortresses destined solely for war, whose gloomy towers suggest to the imagination only dungeons, chains, and executions; but rather that of such an ancient hospitable mansion as is alluded to by Milton—

“ Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold.”

The Castle and moat occupied upwards of five acres of ground. The keep, or donjon, containing a chapel and a variety of spacious apartments, stands on the north side, and is elevated on an artificial mount, from the centre of which rises a lofty observatory. The area is

inclosed by walls garnished with towers. The principal gateway has been a stately edifice, but only a few of its apartments now remain. The Castle and barony of Warkworth belonged to Roger Fitz-Richard, who held them by the service of one knight's fee of the grant of Henry II. They were at length, by John of Clavering, settled upon Edward I. They were bestowed upon Henry Percy (the ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland) by Edward III. After being several times forfeited and recovered, they were finally restored, in the twelfth year of Henry V., to Henry, fourth Earl of Northumberland, and have since continued in the possession of the House of Percy. This Castle was the favourite residence of the Percy family, and in Leland's time was *well menteyned*; but in 1672 its timber and lead were granted to one of their agents, and the principal part of it was unroofed. It is not certainly known when it was built; the gateway and outer walls are the work of a very remote age, but the keep is more recent, and was probably built by the Percies.

On the north bank of the Coquet, about half a mile west of the Castle, is Warkworth Hermitage, which has obtained great celebrity by the beautiful poem, *The Hermit of Warkworth*, written by Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, in 1777. The approach is by a narrow walk on the bank of the river, confined by lofty perpendicular rocks to about the width of four feet, which leads to the door of this holy retreat. From the summit of these rocks a grove of oaks is suspended, and from their base issues a spring of pure water, which formerly supplied the recluse:—

“The sweet sequestered vale I chose,  
These rocks and hanging grove;  
For oft beside the murmuring stream  
My love was wont to rove.”

The steps, vestibule, and chief apartments of the Hermitage are hewn out of the bosom of a freestone rock, whose face is about 20 feet high, embowered with stately trees. One tower and outward apartment are of ashlar masonry, built up against the side of the rock, and appear to have been used as a kitchen. From this building you ascend, by seventeen steps, to a little vestibule. Above the inner doorway appear the remains of an inscription from the Latin version of the Psalms, which is, in our translation, “My tears have been my food day and night.” Adjoining is a chapel, and at the east end an altar, with a niche for a crucifix, and the remains of a glory. On the right hand, near the altar, in another niche, is a table monument, with a recumbent female figure; and at the foot of this monument, and cut in the wall, is the figure of a hermit on his knees, resting his head on his right hand,

his left placed on his bosom. The whole is beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock. From the chapel is an entrance into an inner apartment, over the door of which is sculptured a shield with the Crucifixion, and several instruments of torture; here is another altar, like that in the chapel, and a recess in the wall for the reception of a bed. In this chamber is a small closet, cut in the wall, and leading to an open gallery, which commands a splendid prospect up the river. From these cells there are winding stairs cut in the rock, leading to its summit, where, it is supposed, the hermit had his garden.

It is the universal tradition, that the first hermit was one of the Bertram family, who had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and imposed this penance upon himself to expiate the murder of his brother, to which he had been goaded by motives arising from jealousy:

“ ‘Vile traitor, yield that lady up!’  
 And quick his sword he drew;  
 The stranger turn’d in sudden rage,  
 And at Sir Bertram flew.  
 With mortal hate their vigorous arms  
 Gave many a vengeful blow;  
 But Bertram’s stronger hand prevail’d,  
 And laid the stranger low.”

In the postscript to this poem, Dr. Percy asserts that the memory of the first hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the Percy family, that they afterwards maintained a chantry priest, to reside in the hermitage, and celebrate mass in the chapel, whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the dissolution of the monasteries; and then the whole salary, together with the hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted to the family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no record which fixes the date of the foundation, or gives any particular account of the first hermit.

The only document extant relating to Warkworth Hermitage is addressed to the hermit, Sir George Lancastre. This has been frequently printed. It sets forth that the Earl of Northumberland, in return for the prayers and daily recommendation of the lives and souls of certain persons, including his own, by the hermit, grants him his hermitage in Warkworth Park, a yearly stipend of twenty marks, the occupation of one little grass ground called Conygarth, the garden and orteyarde of the said armitage, the gate and pasture of twelve kye and a bull, with their calves suking, two horses “goying and being” within his park, one draught of fish every Sunday, and twenty loads of firewood from the

wodds called Shibotell Wodd,—a snug provision, showing how completely, by the date of the document, 1531, the primitive fare and mode of life of the early hermits were abandoned.

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### The Castle of Newcastle.

The date of the first building of this massive Norman fortress is variously stated, which occasioned its historian, Brand, to lament that no one has written a work entitled “The Harmony of English Historians;” to which he adds from Grose, the antiquary, this very significant note: “When the Normans found the ruins of an ancient building on the site of their intended structure, they either endeavoured to incorporate it into their work, or made use of the materials; as may be seen by many buildings of known Norman construction, wherein are fragments of Saxon architecture, or large quantities of Roman bricks; which has caused them often to be mistaken for Roman or Saxon edifices.” This, in all probability, explains the attributing of Roman origin to the keep of the Tower of London, as we have already explained at page 15.

The site of the Newcastle fortress is of historic interest. It was, probably, a fortification of the Brigantes against the Romans, and ere long came to be occupied by the military works of that great people, to whom it was of considerable value, as commanding the bridge of Hadrian, which gave the name of Pons Cælii to the now busy mercantile town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The stations then of Agricola and of Hadrian occupied the precincts to which the fortress of the Norman Conqueror afterwards gave new importance and celebrity; and from the Roman *castra* was probably derived the ancient name of the town (Monkchester), when peaceful monks succeeded to military legions; and probably, they continued to occupy the place down to the time of the Norman Conquest.

The fortress was built by Robert, eldest son of William the Conqueror (A.D. 1079-1089), on his return from an expedition into Scotland; and in contrast to some more ancient edifice, it was called *New Castle*, whence the town itself came to be named. Like other Norman castles, it is quadrangular in plan. It is nearly 100 feet in height. The walls are seventeen feet in thickness in the lower part. It contains three floors, on each of which is a principal chamber, the surrounding walls being hollowed out at different levels into staircases, galleries, mural chambers for rest, and openings for various purposes. A gallery in the thickness of the wall surrounds each of the upper chambers; and the

walls are pierced occasionally with arrow slits. The Great Hall, the largest apartment in the Castle, is in the third story, and is approached by an inner and outer staircase: from the latter it is entered under a magnificently enriched doorway. The floors of the building possess amazing solidity, and are laid in a foundation of rough masonry, probably from a depth of twelve feet. The King's Chamber, adjoining the Great Hall, contains a Norman fireplace, ornamented with the billet moulding. Another apartment is called the Well-room, as to it water was raised within the Keep, from a depth of ninety feet. The most curious part is the chamber which has been re-opened, leading from the Guard-room on the ground-floor to a sally-port on the western side of the Castle. The tortuous windings of this passage from the sally-port, placed several feet above the ground till it enters the Guard-room near one of the windows, shows how zealously and yet how skilfully our Norman ancestors protected the approaches to their stronghold.

If, however, we believe our metrical annalist, Hardyng, the Castle was not erected till the reign of William Rufus. In his *Chronicle*, 1542, sings Hardyng:

“ William Rufus builded  
 —The Newcastle upon Tyne  
 The Scottes to gaynstande and to defende  
 —he made them Westminster Hall  
 And the Castell of Newcastle withall  
 That standeth on Tyne, therein to dwell in warre  
 Against the Scottes the countree to defend.”

Scarcely had the Castle been completed, before it was converted to a purpose very different from the intention of building it, having been secured to protect the rebellion of Earl Mowbray against William Rufus, who, in 1095, marched with a great army, and took it after a short siege, together with several of the partisans of the noble traitor. William, having missed the great object of his northern journey in this Castle, sat down before that of Tynemouth, in the taking of which also he was a second time disappointed, for Earl Mowbray was found to have taken refuge in the fortress of Bamborough. After a tedious and fruitless siege of that castle, rendered by its natural situation almost impregnable, the King returned southward, but not till he had erected a castle before it to cut off all hopes of throwing in succours, and filled it with his army, whom he directed to continue the blockade. Driven, perhaps, to great straits through want of provisions, Mowbray closed with an offer of some of his faithful adherents, of whose loyalty the King had however entertained no suspicion, as he had appointed them guards of this Newcastle-upon-Tyne. These had traitorously, and with

secrecy, invited the Earl to take shelter in it. The unfortunate nobleman escaped from Bamborough, but was discovered during his flight to this Castle, on which he suddenly changed his route, and took sanctuary in the church of St. Oswin, at Tynemouth. The holy asylum could not protect so formidable an enemy to the King, for after being wounded, he was dragged out by violence from the altar, and made a prisoner.

The Castle, or more strictly speaking, Keep of the original Norman edifice, which was the stronghold of the Conqueror's representative—the fortress and often the abode of the Anglo-Norman kings—the palace of David, King of Scots, upon one of his invasions—the hall of state in which the mightiest sovereigns held their courts, sat in judgment, and maintained regal hospitality—in which King John conferred with William the Lion, king of Scotland, and Henry III. with King Alexander—in which Edward I. and Edward III. held high festival and warlike council—fell into a state of dilapidation before the reign of James I. of England; its upper chamber became roofless, and its walls dilapidated before the time of the Great Rebellion. Thenceforth, for many years, the vaulted apartment on the ground-floor served as the County Prison. The property was held on lease from the Crown by private individuals; but in 1809 it became the property of the Corporation. It was then in a deplorable state. Wretched tenements and accumulated rubbish obscured its majestic features; the beautiful apartment above the Chapel was used as a currier's workshop, and the Chapel itself as the beer-cellar of a neighbouring hostelry. The Corporation, on coming into possession, repaired the ancient edifice; and next the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle took measures for the restoration of the Keep and of its chapel more especially, believed to be rarely equalled for architectural richness and beauty.

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### Dunstanborough Castle.

The Castle of Dunstanborough, in the county of Northumberland, stood on an eminence of several square acres, sloping gently to the sea, and edged to the north and north-west with precipices, in the form of a crescent. The Castle and Manor was the seat of Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, a younger son of Henry III. From him it devolved to his son and heir, Thomas, who in the ninth year of the reign of Edward II. obtained a license from the King to fortify his manor-house, and accordingly about the same time built this Castle. The Earl,

soon after, associated with divers of the chief nobility of the kingdom for the expulsion of Piers Gavestone, who had grossly insulted him by giving the Earl the nickname of "the Stage Player." He headed the confederated Barons in order to remove the Spencers, and having assembled a considerable force at St. Albans, he sent the Bishops of Hereford, Ely, and Chichester to the King, who was then in London, requiring him to banish the Spencers, and to give him and his associates letters of indemnity. The King not only refused his demands, but raised a powerful army, giving his generals, Edmund Earl of Kent, and John Earl of Surrey, orders to pursue and arrest the Earl and his followers.

Lancaster, who had retired to his castle at Pontefract, was advised by several of the Barons of his party to march to Dunstanborough Castle; but he, fearing he should be forbidden to hold intelligence with the Scots, refused; however, on Sir Robert Clifford threatening to slay him with his own hand, he joined them; but, near Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, being met and defeated by William, Lord Latimer, and Sir Andrew Hercla, of Carlisle, at the head of a body of the country people, he and divers of his followers were taken prisoners, and conducted to his castle at Pontefract, where the King, with the two Spencers, then lay. When the Earl was brought to this place, he was in derision called King Arthur. Several circumstances attending his apprehension, trial, and execution, are thus recorded in an ancient chronicle, written in French, by William de Packington, which strongly marks the ferocity of the times:—

"And then (that is, after the defeat) went Thomas Lancaster into a chapel, denying to render himself to Harkley, and said, looking on the crucifix, Good Lord, I render myself to thee, and put me into thy mercy! They then took off his coat of mail, and put on him a raycoat, or a gown of his servants' liveries, and carried him back to York, where they threw balls of dirt at him. And of the residue of the Barons, part were pursued from place to place; to the church, though the usual place of refuge, no reverence was given; and the father pursued the son, and the son the father. The King, hearing of this defeat, came with the two Spencers, and other nobles of his adherents, to Pontefract; upon which Thomas of Lancaster was brought to Pontefract to the King, and there he was put in a tower that he had newly built towards the Abbey, and afterwards tried in the hall, and judgment pronounced on Lancaster, who then said, 'Shall I die without answer, or permission to make my defence?' Then a certain Gascoyne (or Bravo), took him away, and put a broken hat, or hood,



On his head, and set him on a lean white jade, without a bridle ; whereupon he cried out, 'King of Heaven, have mercy upon me, for the King of earth has abandoned me.' Thus he was carried, having a preaching friar for his confessor with him (while some threw dirt at him), to a hill without the town, where he kneeled down towards the east, till one Hughin de Muston obliged him to turn his face towards Scotland ; where kneeling, a villayne (a menial servant, or wicked wretch) of London, cut off his head on the 11th of April, A.D. 1321."

When the execution was over, the Prior and the monks required the body of the Earl, which having obtained of the King, they placed it on the right hand of the altar. On the same day, five Barons, and a gentleman, were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Pontefract. The sentence of the Earl of Lancaster was, that he should be drawn, hanged, and beheaded ; but in regard to his birth, the ignominious part of it was remitted. In the reign of Richard II. he was canonized, his picture set up in St. Paul's church, and the hill whereon he suffered was named St. Thomas's Hill.

The Castle continued in the Lancastrian family till the reign of Henry VI., when, after the battle of Hexham, Sir Peter de Bressey and 500 Frenchmen, taking shelter therein, were besieged by certain partisans of the House of York. After a vigorous defence, all the garrison, except Sir Peter, were made prisoners ; and the Castle, which had been much damaged by the siege, was totally dismantled. From authentic records it appears to have belonged to the Crown, in the 10th of Elizabeth ; but in the reign of James I. it was granted to Sir William Grey, baron of Wark, and confirmed by William III

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## Alnwick Castle, and the House of Percy.

This famous Castle stands to the north-west of the town of Alnwick, from which it was originally cut off by a deep ravine, on the south bank of the river Alne, which was formerly its defence against the Scot. Roman remains have been found on the site. It is at least certain that Alnwick was inhabited by the Saxons, and that the Castle, at the time of the Conquest, was the property of Gilbert Tysen, one of the most powerful chiefs of Northumberland. Tysen is thought to have contented himself, in these wild regions, with some primitive kind of timber fortress ; for the earliest traces of masonry that have been found, are

late Norman, and are attributable to Eustace Fitzjohn, who married the daughter and heir of Ivo de Vesci, who is thought to have married Tysen's daughter. The Castle consists of a cluster of semi-circular and angular bastions, surrounded by lofty walls, defended at intervals by towers, altogether occupying a space of about five acres of ground. It is divided into three courts or wards, each of which was formerly defended by a massive gate, with a portcullis, porter's lodge, and a guard-house, beneath which was a dungeon. This last remains; the only entrance to it was by a trap-door, or iron-grate, through which prisoners were lowered by means of ropes. The entrance from the town to the Castle is through the outer gate, or barbican, the massive grandeur and gigantic strength of which is very striking, and thence a splendid view of the Castle is obtained. It has been a place of great strength and importance in earlier times, and the scene of many a brave encounter. The Postern Tower, or Sally Port, is one of the sixteen towers flanking the Castle wall, and is adjacent to "Hotspur's Chair," and the "Bloody Gap." Its upper part is now used as a museum for ancient arms; its lower part is a laboratory. One of the most memorable sieges sustained by Alnwick Castle was in the reign of William Rufus, when it was gallantly defended by Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, from the assault of the Scots, under the command of Malcolm III. The garrison were on the point of surrendering, when a private soldier undertook their deliverance. He rode forth, armed, carrying the keys of the Castle dangling from his lance, and presented himself in suppliant posture before the King, as if to deliver up the keys; Malcolm advanced to receive them, and the trooper speared him through the heart. The monarch fell dead instantly, and in the confusion which ensued, the soldier sprung upon his horse, dashed through the swollen river, and reached a place of safety. Prince Edward, the king's eldest son, advancing rashly to avenge his father's death, fell mortally wounded by the enemy. The generally received name of the soldier who performed the above daring exploit is Hammond, and the spot where he swam the river is called "Hammond's Ford."

A chapel and hospital, dedicated to St. Leonard, were built by Eustace de Vesci, to the memory of Malcolm, and a certain spring hard by is called "Malcolm's Well;" the latter and the hospital were discovered in 1845. Two or three hundred yards north of the chapel is a cross, (supposed on the very spot where Malcolm was slain), which was restored in 1774, by the Duchess of Northumberland: the cross bears these inscriptions:—

Malcolm III.,  
King of Scotland,  
besieging  
Alnwick Castle,  
was slain here,  
Nov. XIII. An. MXCIII.

K. Malcolm's Cross,  
Decayed by time,  
was restored by  
His descendant,  
Elizabeth,  
Duchess of Northumberland,  
MDCLXXIV.

Eustace, called De Vesci, flourished under Henry I. and Stephen, and died in 1157. He was a likely man to have constructed a great castle, being a baron of considerable power, sheriff of Northumberland, and founder of the Abbeys of Alnwick, and, in Yorkshire, of Malton. Also, he must have felt the want of a strong place; for, in his days, in 1135, Alnwick Castle was taken by David I., King of Scotland, in the interest of the Empress Mand. Beyond question, De Vesci constructed a castle in keeping with his wealth, and worthy of the chief baron of the Border; and traces of his walls have been found.

In July, 1174, William the Lion, on his way back from an invasion of Cumberland, found himself, to his surprise, before Alnwick. William, son of Eustace De Vesci, attacked him. He was unhorsed, captured, and sent into England, and beyond sea, to prison. Eustace, son of William, succeeded in 1190, and was visited by King John, in 1201 and 1209, when the King received at the Castle the homage of Alexander, King of Scotland. Four years later, John, the King, ordered Philip de Ulecote to demolish the Castle of Alnwick—a mandate which scarcely could have been obeyed, seeing the King himself was there Jan. 28, 1213, and Jan. 11, 1216, no doubt unwelcome visits, for Eustace was a Magna Charta baron. He met his death from an arrow before Barnard Castle, in the last year of King John. Henry III. visited Alnwick in 1256; and Edward I. was the guest of John de Vesci in 1291, 1292, and 1296.

The Barons de Vesci became extinct in 1297, by the death of William, seventh Baron, when the Castle and barony were acquired, it is said, by the fraudulent exclusion of the natural son of Antony Bec, the warlike Bishop of Durham, by whom, in 1309, 3 Edward II., they were sold to Henry de Percy, the representative of a warlike family, whose advent forms an important era in the history of the Border. Percy, as the leader of the Northern barons, made Alnwick his residence, and although in possession only five years, seems to have rebuilt much of the Castle, the rest being completed by his son of the same name, laid out nearly upon the Norman lines. The Percies maintained the fortress during nearly four centuries. They received here Edward I. and Edward III. Henry Algernon, the fifth earl, is well known for his

systematic magnificence and economy. It is remarkable that this earl was the first who having borne the title, died in his bed. Henry Algernon, sixth Earl, having married unhappily, died of a broken heart, in the same month that his brother was executed for his being involved in Aske's rebellion, 1536. The hereditary honours became extinct with him; but Queen Mary created the eldest son of Sir Thomas Percy, who had been attainted, Baron Percy, and next day Earl of Northumberland, who, as a zealous Catholic, conspired with the Earl of Westmoreland against Queen Elizabeth, and was beheaded at York. His brother Henry, succeeded as eighth earl: he was discovered in the Tower, (where he had been imprisoned under suspicion of favouring the liberty of Mary Queen of Scots), shot through the heart, the pistol in the chamber, the door being barred inside. Henry, ninth earl, his son and heir, succeeded. A misunderstanding arising between him and James I., in consequence of his being implicated in the Gunpowder Plot, he was sentenced by the Star Chamber to pay a fine of 50,000*l.*, and to be imprisoned in the Tower of London during the remainder of his lifetime. The Earl delayed for some years the payment of this enormous fine, but at length his estates were seized, and 20,000*l.* having been levied, he was released. This venerable nobleman, whose attachment to literature and science, and fondness for philosophic society, which he cultivated as far as he was able during his long imprisonment, passed the remainder of his life in dignified retirement at Petworth, "the home of the Percies, Seymours, and Wyndhams, with its Hotspur's sword and its magnificent park, 'Percy to the backbone,' in Horace Walpole's words."

From this date the family ceased to reside at Alnwick, and the Castle was neglected. The Percy line ended in Elizabeth, daughter of Jocelyn, the eleventh Earl, who, in 1682, married Charles, Duke of Somerset. Of their children, two had issue, Algernon and Catherine, who married Sir William Wyndham, and eventually conveyed to that family the Percy estates at Petworth, Egremont, and Leconfield. Algernon Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and by creation Earl of Northumberland, left one child, Elizabeth Seymour, who inhabited Alnwick, and married Sir Hugh Smithson, created Duke of Northumberland, and ancestor of the present family.

A Survey in 1567\* shows Alnwick to have become almost a ruin, from which it was redeemed by the first Duke, who restored, and in part re-

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\* An entry in the minutes of this Survey informs us that the glass casements were taken down during the absence of the family, to preserve them from a accident.

built the keep, and made the exterior of the Castle sound and good, and in keeping with what remained of the ancient buildings. Thus Alnwick remained until the accession of Duke Algernon, better known as Lord Prudhoe, who, under the sound advice of Mr. Salvin, the architect, has almost rebuilt the Castle, in which he has preserved all that admitted of preservation, and adapted his new work to the period of the first and second Percy, the founders of the later Castle. The towers now afford a complete set of offices to the castle, and many of them retain their original names, use, and destination. The Constable's Tower remains chiefly in its ancient state, as a specimen how the castle was once fitted up. In the upper apartment of the tower there are arms for 1500 men, formerly the Percy tenantry: in the under apartment is deposited the ancient armour.

Alnwick Castle is storied with recollections of its eventful history, and the great men associated with it. For example, "Hotspur's Chair" is the name given to the seated recess of the Ravine Tower, to which tradition points as the favourite resort of "the gallant Hotspur, young Harry Percy." Here, it is said, he was accustomed to sit while his troops exercised in the castle-yard beneath; and from hence he could view an approaching enemy, and take timely measures for their due reception. The fortress stands on a commanding situation; and through the loopholes on either side of the stone seat, Hotspur could have a very extensive prospect over the valley of the Alne, and to the distant sea-coast.

"The Bloody Gap" is another noted site, and is between the Ravine and Record or Round Tower. Its extent is plainly to be distinguished at the present day by the variations in the masonry. "The Bloody Gap" was the terrible name given to a breach in the wall made by the Scots during the Border Wars. The date and exact event are unknown; but according to tradition, three hundred of the Scots fell within the breach vainly endeavouring to make good their entrance. Many arrows have been found in the adjacent walls so placed as to lead to the supposition that they were shot from the opposite battlements and windows of the keep, when the assailants were making "the Bloody Gap." A broad walk runs along the walls and within the battlements of this second courtyard.

A complete account of the Castle, as it now stands, with Mr. Salvin's restoration of this great fortress of the Border, with strict regard to the rules of military architecture, appeared in the *Builder*, Oct. 2, 1869, whence the following is condensed:

Entering the court, in the wall is the very curious well. Within a

pointed panel are three deep recesses, of which the centre contains the mouth of the well, the shaft of which descends in the thickness of the wall. A wooden axle crosses above it, and is fitted, in the lateral niches, with two wheels, set round with pegs, for winding up the water-buckets by hand. Above, within the panel, in a small niche, is a figure of St. James blessing the source. This curious and probably singular well was the work of the first Henry de Percy, in 1312-15; but the figure of the saint is thought to be an insertion of the last century. There is a similar arrangement over the great gate of Goderich Castle, for working the portcullis.

Alnwick Castle is probably the finest extant example of a Norman castle, having an open keep and a complete *enceinte*; for, although most of the present buildings are either of the fourteenth or the nineteenth century, the plan is certainly Norman. It seems also that the keep was never a mere shell, like Cardiff or Arundel, but was always set about with towers and provided with a handsome gatehouse. Stone statues of warriors, placed upon the parapets, were remarkable for their absurdity in the repairs of the last century. They are seen at Bothal, and in Edwardian works, both at Caernarvon and Chepstow, but by no means so freely distributed as here. They were obviously intended for ornament only, and of all the figures that of the eagle at Caernarvon is the most appropriate. No archer would or could have stood on the crest of the parapet. Most of the later figures have been very properly removed by Mr. Salvin.

Upon the battlements of both walls and towers, in various parts of the Castle, is a convenient arrangement for slinging a moveable wooden shutter in the embrasures, so as to defend the warders from a Scottish shaft, and from the scarcely less keen edge of the bleak winds of the Border. The shutter hung horizontally, like a port-lid, and could be lifted in and out if necessary. The arrangement is precisely that applied to the roller of a round towel; a perfect example is seen on the barbican. Another may be seen on the east wall of Goderich.

The officers forming the staff of Alnwick Castle, as a civil residence, in 1567, were the constable or governor; the porter of the outer gate; the griever, or executive officer, or bailiff; the receiver or auditor; the feodary, who looked up the services and tenures; the steward, learned in the law, who administered justice; the clerk of the courts, who engrossed the rolls and kept the records; and the foreign or outer bailiff, who collected the castle-guard and cornage money, and summoned the tenants and suitors. The annual payment to the whole was 58*l.* 18*s.*

Sir Bernard Burke quotes the following-brief *précis* of the nobility of the Percies: "Not more famous in arms than distinguished for its alliances, the House of Percy stands pre-eminent for the number and rank of the families which are represented by the present Duke of Northumberland; whose banner, consequently, exhibits an assemblage of nearly nine hundred armorial ensigns; among which are those of King Henry VII., of several younger branches of the Blood Royal of the Sovereign Houses of France, Castile, Leon, and Scotland, and of the Ducal Houses of Normandy and Brittany, forming a galaxy of heraldic honours altogether unparalleled."

The Ducal seats include four castles—Alnwick, Warkworth, Kelder, and Prudhoe, in Northumberland; Stanwick and Warrington Parks; Sion House, and Northumberland House.

Duke Algernon, a naval officer, and a good man of business, had travelled much, possessed a cultivated taste, and was of a truly noble and magnificent disposition. Having restored Alnwick, this great fortress of the Border, with strict regard to the rules of military architecture, he proceeded, under the advice of Canina, to fit up the interior in the style of an Italian palace. The adaptation of the fittings to the irregular plan of the rooms is so well conceived, the materials employed are so rich, and the execution of the details is so skilful, that it is difficult to regard even so great an incongruity as other than a distinguished success.

The Duke of Northumberland nominates the Bailiff of Alnwick as Constable of the Castle; and deputies from the adjacent townships attend him during the ceremony of proclaiming the July Fair, and keep watch and ward during the remainder of the night. Upon taking up the freedom of the town, the candidates pass through "Freeman's Well," a miry pool, said to be 20 feet across, and in many places from 4 to 5 feet deep. On St. Mark's day (24th April) the candidates, clad in white, with white nightcaps, mounted, and with swords by their sides, accompanied by the bailiffs and chamberlains, similarly mounted and armed, and preceded by music, proceed to this pool. They then dismount, scramble through the pool, several, perhaps, being tumbled over in the bustle; and after changing their garments, ride round the boundaries of the town. The tradition is, that the observance of this absurd custom was enjoined by King John, as a penalty for their carelessness in neglecting to keep up the roads near the town, owing to which he was bemired in a bog in the neighbourhood.

## CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

### The Castle of "Merry Carlisle."

This fortress, on account of its short distance from the Scottish Border, has naturally been the scene of many a deadly feud—the theatre of the alternate defeats of the Scots and the English. During the period of Border warfare, on account of its situation, the Governor of the Castle was always a tried and faithful soldier, and held the office of Warden of the Marches, directing the whole of the operations against the marauding Scots.

The Castle, which is built of red stone, was founded by William Rufus, who restored the city of Carlisle, after it had lain for two hundred years in ruins, in consequence of the incursions of the Danes. Richard III. made some additions to it, and Henry VIII. built the citadel. In the inner gate of this castle the old portcullis remains; and the apartments where Mary Queen of Scots was lodged, soon after her landing at Workington, are still shown.

During the reign of Elizabeth, the castle fell into a ruinous condition: three sides of the strongest tower were in a state of decay; the walls were sadly dismantled; the artillery dismantled; the bows and arrows, and the battle-axes and other weapons, old and useless; the powder reduced to two half barrels, and nearly all the stores valueless. This state of affairs, although it exhibited a great want of caution on the part of the English, was, at the same time, a proof of the success of Elizabeth in repressing the disorders of the district.

Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth, who went to Carlisle as the deputy to Lord Scroop, the Warden of the West Marches, gives this vivid description of the state of the country in his time. Speaking of his success in restoring order: "God blessed me in all my actions, and I cannot remember that I undertook anything, while I was there, but it took good effect. One memorable thing of God's mercy showed unto me was such as I have good cause to remember. I had private intelligence given me that there were two Scottish men that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Greenses relieved. This Greene dwelt within five miles of Carlisle; he had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower for his own defence in case of need. I thought to surprise the Scots on a sudden, and about two o'clock in the morning I



took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots had gotten into the strong tower, and I might see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him, I little suspecting what it meant; but Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me that if I did not suddenly prevent, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, 'Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half-hour, and he is gone to let them know that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you, and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please.'

"Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withal we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen, for without food we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company, and within a short time after, the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and after some little longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men, whom we presently set at work to get up to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof, and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and so win the tower. The Scots, perceiving their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see four hundred horse within a quarter of a mile, coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but on a sudden they staid, and stood at gaze. Then I had more to do than ever, for all our borderers came crying with full mouths: 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them, for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, our uncles, our cousins, and they are come thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could not get upon a sudden, and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood which they have spilt of ours.' I desired they would be patient awhile; and bethought myself, if I should give them their wills, there would be few or none of them (the Scots) that would escape unkilld (there were so many deadly feuds among them), and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them that if I were not there myself, they might do what pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood which should be spilt that day,

would lie very heavy on my conscience, and therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. These were ill-satisfied with their answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could, for if they staid the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay, but they returned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger, and by my means there were a great many men's lives saved that day."

The annexed verses, supposed to be sung by a Scottish female, whose lover had lost his life in some Border fray, is a further illustration of the state of the Borders, before equal laws and improved institutions had guaranteed to the people the safety of their property and the security of their firesides:

"When I first came to merry Carlisle,  
 Ne'er was a town sae sweetly seeming:  
 The white rose flaunted o'er the wall,  
 The thistled banners far were streaming.  
 When I came next by merry Carlisle,  
 O sad, sad, seemed the town, an' eerie!  
 The auld, auld men came out and wept,—  
 'O maiden, come ye to seek yere dearie?'

There's a drap of blood upon my breast,  
 An' twa in my links o' hair so yellow;  
 The ane I'll ne'er wash, an' the tither ne'er kame,  
 But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow.  
 Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,  
 Wae, wae upon that hand sae bluidie,  
 Which feasts in our richest Scottish bluid,  
 An' makes sae many a doleful widow!"

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### Scaleby Castle.

North of Carlisle are the ruins of Scaleby Castle, once a fortress of great strength, though in a flat situation. Its form was perfect till the time of the Civil Wars, when its resistance to Cromwell brought it to a state of partial demolition. Mr. Gilpin, the celebrated writer on picturesque scenery, who was born and brought up in it, has thus strikingly described its condition: "The walls of this Castle are uncommonly magnificent: they are not only of great height and thickness, and defended by a large bastion; the greatest of them is chambered within, and wrought into several recesses. A massive portcullis-gate leads to the

ruins of what was once the habitable part of the Castle, in which a large vaulted hall is the most remarkable apartment; and under it are dark and capacious dungeons. The area within the moat, which consists of several acres, was originally intended to support the cattle which should be driven thither in times of alarm. When the house was inhabited, this area was the garden; and all around, outside the moat, stood noble trees, irregularly planted round, the growth of a century. Beneath the trees ran a walk round the moat, which on one hand commanded the Castle in every point of view, and on the other looked over a country consisting of extensive meadows, bounded by lofty mountains." The highly ingenious writer proceeds to draw a view of this venerable pile, since it has undergone a second ruin, the trees being all felled, and the chambers unwindowed and nearly unroofed.

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### The Spectre Horsemen of Southerfell.

On this mountain, believed to be in the barony of Greystoke, Cumberland, a remarkable phenomenon is said to have been witnessed more than a century ago, under these circumstances:—In 1743, one Daniel Stricket, then servant to John Wren, of Wilton Hill, a shepherd, was sitting one evening after supper at the door, with his master, when they saw a man with a dog pursuing some horses on Southerfell-side, a place so steep that a horse can scarcely travel on it at all; and they seemed to run at an amazing pace, and to disappear at the lower end of the fell. Master and man resolved to go next morning to the steep side of the mountain, on which they expected to find that the horses had lost their shoes, from the rate at which they galloped, and the man his life. They went, but to their surprise they found no vestige of horses having passed that way. They said nothing about their vision for some time, fearing the ridicule of their neighbours; and this they did not fail to receive when they at length ventured to relate their story.

On the 23rd of June (on the eve of St. John's Day), in the following year (1744), Stricket, who was then servant to a Mr. Lancaster, of Blakehills, the next house to Wilton Hill, was walking a little above the house in the evening, about half-past seven, when on looking towards Southerfell, he saw a troop of men on horseback riding on the mountain-side in pretty close ranks, and at the speed of a brisk walk. He looked earnestly at this appearance for some time before he ventured to acquaint any one with what he saw, remembering the ridicule he had brought on himself by relating his former vision. At length, satisfied

of its reality, he went into the house, and told his master he had something curious to show him. The master said he supposed Stricket wanted him to look at a bonfire (it being the custom for the shepherds, on the eve of St. John, to vie with each other for the largest bonfire); however, they went out together, and before Stricket spoke of or pointed to the phenomenon, Mr. Lancaster himself observed it, and when they found they both saw alike, they summoned the rest of the family, who all came, and all saw the visionary horsemen. There were many troops, and they seemed to come from the lower part of the fell, becoming first visible at a place called Knott; they then moved in regular order in a curvilinear path along the side of the fell until they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain and disappeared. The last, or last but one in every troop, galloped to the front, and then took the swift walking pace of the rest. The spectators saw all alike these changes in relative position, and at the same time, as they found on questioning each other when any change took place. The phenomenon was also seen by every person at every cottage within a mile; and from the time that Stricket first observed it, the appearance lasted two hours and a half—namely, from half-past seven until night prevented any further view. Blakehills lay only half a mile from the place of this extraordinary appearance. Such are the circumstances as related in Clarke's *Survey of the Lakes*, 1789; and he professes to give his account in the words of Mr. Lancaster, by whom it was related to him, and on whose testimony he fully relied; he subjoins a declaration of its truth, signed by the eye-witnesses, William Lancaster and Daniel Stricket. Mr. Clarke remarks that the country abounds in fables of apparitions, but that they are never said to have been seen by more than one or two persons at a time, and then only for a moment; and remembering that Speed mentions some similar appearance to have preceded a civil war, he hazards the supposition, that the vision might prefigure the tumults of the rebellion of the following year.

Mr. Sidney Gibson, F.S.A., who has communicated the above to *Notes and Queries*, remarks, "One is reminded of the apparition said to have been witnessed above Vallombrosa, early in the fourth century. Rogers, after mentioning in the canto on 'Florence and Pisa,' in his *Italy*, that Petrarch, when an infant of seven months old, narrowly escaped drowning in a flood of the Arno, on the way from Florence to Ancisa, whither his mother was retiring with him, says, 'A most extraordinary deluge, accompanied by signs and prodigies, happened a few years afterwards. On that night, says Giovanni Villani, a hermit being at prayer in his hermitage above Vallombrosa, heard a furious

trampling as of many horses ; and crossing himself, and hurrying to the wicket, saw a multitude of infernal horsemen, all black and terrible, riding by at full speed. When, in the name of God, he demanded their purpose, one replied, ' We are going, if it be His pleasure, to drown the city of Florence for its wickedness.' This account, he adds, was given me by the Abbot of Vallombrosa, who had questioned the holy man himself."



### Naworth Castle, Lanercost, and the Lords of Gillesland.

Naworth Castle is situated amidst very picturesque scenery, about twelve miles north-east of Carlisle, in what was almost a roadless country, when Wardens of the Marches lived at Naworth, but is now within sight from the railway between Newcastle and Carlisle. Standing on an old bridge between Naworth and Lanercost, the spectator surveys a country that has many historic memories. On the north-east are the footsteps of the Romans ; for on the high moorland wastes towards Bewcastle are remains of the paved Roman road, twelve feet broad, laid with stone ; the country on the south, within a short distance from Naworth, was traversed by the Roman wall ; and lower down the river is the site of a Roman station, within the fortifications of which the Norman lords of Gillesland afterwards held their place of strength. Yonder, on the green holms of St. Mary, the grey pile and cloister of Lanercost is a venerable monument of the power that civilized a turbulent and warlike age ; and beneath the antique gateway the early benefactors of Lanercost, and many lords of the adjacent hills, passed to a holy peace, which the world could not bestow. Under that gateway, and on the bridge that now spans the broad stream of Irthing, Edward I. was frequently seen when his Scottish campaigns brought him to reside at Lanercost ; and the martial followers arrayed in his train mingled on this road with the white-robed monks, for their seclusion was invaded during months together by the rude sounds of military array—

"When on steep and on crag  
Streamed banner and flag,  
And the pennons and plumage of war."

Cumberland is not peculiar in regarding Naworth Castle as one of the most interesting monuments of the feudal age that can be found in England ; and although considerable portions of the fortress have been rebuilt, it presents a characteristic specimen of the stronghold of a great Border Warden in days

"When English lords and Scottish chiefs were foes."

This fortress of a martial race passed to the great historical house of Howard by the marriage of the famous "Belted Will" of Border story, to Lady Elizabeth Dacre, the heiress of Naworth and Gillesland, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and became the inheritance of "the Carlisle branch" of that illustrious house.

At Naworth Castle we see in the outer walls, and the massive towers that rise at the angles of its southern front, the stronghold of the Dacres of Gillesland. It was in the reign of Edward the Third that the inheritor of the ancient barony of Gillesland, forsaking the old Castle of its former lords, determined on building a stronger and more stately fortress, and came to Naworth to raise its "wood-environed tower."

In the days of the Norman lords of Gillesland no walls of stone were seen amidst the forest slopes or the rocky dells of Naworth. Soon after the Norman Conquest, Naworth and the rest of the hills and vales of Gillesland, were the inheritance of a Thane, whose stronghold was in the Roman station already mentioned, and known in modern times as Castle Steads. It looked over the vale of Irthing, at that time a wild, uncultivated, and very thinly-peopled tract of country. In the reigns of the Anglo-Norman Kings, and for a long period after, a great part of Cumberland was still covered by the primæval forest. From the lonely towers on Irthing the howl of the wolf was no doubt frequently heard; the eagle had not forsaken the crags that were still crested by the Roman watch-towers; through the unfrequented thickets of the neighbouring country the wild boar and the red deer roamed undisturbed by man; and the wild cattle might be seen in the pathless woods, and on the adjacent wastes.

Cumberland, it will be remembered, was a part of the kingdom of Scotland, when William the Conqueror made it subject to the Norman arms. It was then bestowed on Ranulph de Meschines, a valiant follower of the King, who dispossessed the native owner of Gillesland, and conferred his lands on Hubert, a companion in arms, who took the name of De Vaux—in history, de Vallibus—from the possessions of his family in Normandy. This was a time of turbulence and warfare, and the Norman grantee could with difficulty hold what the sword had won. The country was invaded and wasted by Malcolm, King of Scotland, in 1070; and a period of eighty years from that time elapsed before Cumberland was finally wrested from the Scottish power. The English, meantime, endeavoured to make good their conquests by fortifying the possessions they had gained.

One of the first acts of Henry II., on regaining Cumberland, was to

confirm to Hubert de Vaux "all the lands which Gilbert, son of Bueth, had held on the day of his death:" this comprised the lordship of Gillesland.

In the 11 Henry II., Hubert de Vallibus was succeeded by Robert, his son; and this new "lord of the hills" was a person of no small power and eminence in that reign. He bore the sword of justice as a judge-itinerant, and also served the state in martial capacities. As governor of Carlisle, he defended the Castle against the long siege of William the Lion of Scotland, in 1174. He rendered a more lasting service to posterity by founding the Priory Church of Lanercost.

Of the circumstance that led him to this good act a story has been told by county historians, which stains the character of De Vallibus, but seems to have no sufficient foundation. Probably, it was he who, before that event, built at Irthington the Castle which became the stronghold of the lords of Gillesland, the old tower at Castle Steads having, as it would seem, become unfit for the residence of a powerful baron, in a country so frequently invaded by the Scots.

But a dark tale of murder has been connected with the desertion of Castle Steads, and the foundation of Lanercost. It is said that Robert de Vallibus treacherously invited the rival lord of Gillesland to Castle Steads, and there slew him; and that by way of expiation he founded the Priory of Lanercost, and endowed it in part with the very patrimony which had been the occasion of the murder. It is further alleged that, after committing outrage on the laws, he devoted himself to the study of them, and forsook the sword. Now, it is unquestionable that the tower of Castle Steads was conferred on the monks of Lanercost, and the tradition is that the walls were rased to the ground, and the site (which was not to be again built upon) sown with salt, according to the old ecclesiastical usage in cases of blood-shedding. But although the rival claimant's blood may have been shed at Castle Steads, the Norman judge seems guiltless of it. The Priory of Lanercost was founded not later than 1169; but for years after as well as before that event he occurs in offices of trust and dignity, and in 1174 had not forsaken arms, for the city of Carlisle in that year witnessed his military prowess, as already mentioned.

In 1176, when justices itinerant were for the first time appointed to go through England, he was appointed with the office of judge for the northern counties, with the great Ranulph de Glanville, Henry's Chief Justiciary, but in his case arms never yielded to the gown. His wealth and possessions were great, and he made a noble use of them in founding Lanercost Priory, and rearing the cross in his native vale of Gillesland,

amidst a turbulent population who lived in the dark shadows of pagan superstition. The monastery has shared the fate of other monasteries in England; but Christian rites have been maintained in the vale of Gillesland from the reign of Henry II. to the present time. The founder's brief charters of donation, given under his seal to a little colony of Augustine monks, transplanted from Hexham to Lanercost, have maintained the church he founded for a period of nearly seven hundred years. As the church of the parish of Abbey Lanercost, it happily still exists; but its once glorious choir is roofless and shattered, the high tombs of its benefactors are swept by the winter's storms, and the edifice presents a dull and mournful contrast in the closed doors of its spacious nave—the only portion of the church preserved—and the ruined architecture of its choir, to the animated and solemn scene that was witnessed at Lanercost when it saw the daily worship of a large monastic fraternity—when sovereign and nobles bowed before its altars.

About the period of King John's accession, Robert de Vallibus, after a life passed in the turbulent scenes of three warlike reigns, was laid for his final rest before the altar he had "gifted for his soul's repose." His brother Ranulph succeeded to the barony of Gillesland, and died in the first of John's reign, leaving Robert his son and heir, who joined a crusade in the 6th of Henry III.: he lived to return from the spirit-stirring scenes of the Holy Land to the sequestered valleys of his native country, and to marry Margaret, daughter of William de Grey-stoke by Mary de Merlay, heiress of Morpeth. He was succeeded by his son, Hubert, who died leaving only a daughter, Maud, by whose marriage to Thomas de Multon, lord of Burgh on Solway, the barony of Gillesland became vested in that family. Thomas de Multon, who thus became lord of Gillesland, was eldest son of Thomas de Multon, justiciary of Henry III., and through his mother, the daughter and co-heiress of Hugh de Morville, inherited the great possessions of the De Morville family, whose chief seat was Kirk Oswald Castle. Thomas de Multon, husband of the heiress of De Vaux, died in 1270, and his great grandson, also a Thomas de Multon, succeeded; in whose time occurred those ravages by the Scots, in which after burning Hexham Abbey in 1296, they returned through Gillesland, and destroyed a great portion of Lanercost Priory. This Thomas de Multon died in 1313, and Margaret, his only child, inherited his great possessions. It was by an alliance with this heiress that the noble family of Dacre acquired the barony of Gillesland, and the alliance was effected in a manner worthy of that chivalrous race. Margaret de Multon was only thirteen



years of age, when she became his heiress. She had been betrothed by him to Ralph de Dacre, by a contract made between her father and William de Dacre, the father of Ralph. The wardship of the young lady was prudently claimed by Edward II., and she was entrusted to the care of Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. We are not told whether the Flower of Gillesland preferred her suitor and her native mountains to the alliance destined for her by the King; but certain it is, when she was in her seventeenth year, the young heiress was carried off in the night-time from Warwick Castle by her adventurous suitor, Ralph de Dacre, who was rewarded for his chivalrous exploit by marrying her, and acquiring her great possessions. This was in the year 1317.

Until some time in the reign of Edward III., the old Castle of Irthington was maintained as chief mansion of the barony of Gillesland. In the summer of 1335, the youthful Edward III. was in these parts with a great army collected against the Scots; and there is reason to believe that he was the guest of Ralph de Dacre, at Irthington, when the King granted him a license to fortify and castellate his mansion of Naworth, as it is described in the patent. Irthington Castle was then abandoned, and Naworth erected; and the mound on which, in Norman fashion the keep was built, is all that has remained of Irthington Castle in the memory of man. And so the new stronghold at Naworth was built to receive a garrison:

“ Stern on the angry confines Naworth rose;  
In dark woods islanded, its towers looked forth,  
And frown'd defiance on the angry North.”

The interior arrangements of Naworth all proclaimed the feudal age and their adaptation to the martial manners and rude chivalry of the Border five hundred years ago, when Lords of Marches there held sway, and surrounded by armed retainers, were wont to issue forth for the chastisement of some lawless foray, or the defence of the neighbouring country. From the time of the Plantagenets down to the dynasty of the Stuarts the inhabitants were exposed to an almost constant defensive warfare against the predatory Scots, and against the robbers who inhabited the Border lands, and were continually organized into a sort of militia for defence, originally against the Scots, and subsequently against the moss-troopers. When Naworth Castle was built, and for centuries afterwards, the country round was cultivated with difficulty, and lawlessness of manners prevailed. Even on the English side, there were clans and families whose occupation it was to plunder their neighbours; and the native peasantry of Tynedale, and of the more remote wild dales of the Border, were a race almost as barbarous in

manners. Two centuries after Naworth Castle was rebuilt, ordinances were enacted for public safety, which required that many hundreds of persons should be continually employed in the night-watches, and form a sort of *cordon* of defensive militia. The rest of the neighbours were obliged to sally forth at any hour upon occasion, and follow the fray, on pain of death. Such was the state of things from before the reign of Edward I. down to the middle of the seventeenth century; and at no period were the inhabitants of the Marches in a worse state of insecurity and lawlessness than at the close of the sixteenth century—the time when Naworth became the property of Lord William Howard—that politic and martial chieftain, both scholar and soldier, whose name has given an undying celebrity to Naworth Castle, and who has justly received the honourable distinction of “the Civilizer of the English Borders.”

The great lords resided chiefly in their castles, leaving them only when required (which, in former times, was very frequent), to attend the King in his wars, or his Parliaments. The feudal tenures and services were maintained around the ancient lords of Naworth: upon their walls—

“Was frequent heard the changing guard,  
And watchword from the sleepless ward.”

They handled the sword constantly—the pen, we may believe, but seldom if ever in their lives; their leisure was much occupied in the sports of wood and field; and they were liberal in all that pertained to hawks and hounds. Their tastes in this respect seem to have been shared by not only the dignified secular clergy of their day, but also, by the abbots and priors of some of the monasteries.

Lord William Howard was the son of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, “the most powerful and most popular man in England;” but, allured by ambition, and animated by a chivalrous feeling towards the accomplished and ill-fated Queen of Scots, the Duke, in 1568, when a year had not elapsed from his becoming for the third time a widower, formed or assented to a project for a marriage with that Princess, then the captive of the implacable Elizabeth. The story of this perilous intrigue forms a romantic and memorable feature in the sad history of the time, and it speedily conducted him to the fatal end of his father. He was sacrificed to the animosity of the jealous and artful Elizabeth, on the 2nd of June, 1572, being the first of her victims who suffered death on Tower Hill. By this tragical event Lord William Howard was made an orphan, in the ninth year of his age.

The iniquitous sacrifice of the Duke deprived Lord William of title,

dignity, and estate. The Duke, after his alliance to the Dacre family, had, however, very wisely and prudently destined his three sons for his three youthful wards, the heiresses of the great baronies and estates of Thomas Lord Dacre; and his design was fulfilled as to the two heiresses who survived, but not in his own lifetime. The youthful Lady Elizabeth Dacre was in ward to the Queen after the execution of the Duke of Norfolk; and it was well for Lord William Howard that her hand was not disposed of to some minion of the Court. Lord William and his youthful bride were born in the same year; she had been left an orphan in her seventh year, Lord William in his ninth. Brought up together, and destined for each other from childhood, it is a remarkable circumstance that, after a union of more than sixty years, he died in little more than twelve months from her death. "Their long union appears," says Mr. Henry Howard of Corby, in his *Memorials of the Howard Family*, "to have been one of the truest affection, and his regard for her seems not ever to have suffered variation or abatement."

They were married on the 28th of October, 1577, at Audley End, near Saffron Walden, Essex (the maternal estate of Thomas Howard, elder brother of Lord William), when he was about fourteen years of age, the Lady Elizabeth being some months younger; and they resided for some time on an estate called Mount Pleasant, in Enfield Chase. But they were destined ere long to experience the rancour of persecution for religion's sake. The Earl of Arundel (Lord William's eldest brother), about 1583, decided on joining the Roman Catholic Church, as did Lord William, which rendered it necessary that they should leave England. In 1582, the Earl of Arundel attempted to escape to the continent, and prepared a letter for the Queen, in which he explained his reasons for that resolution, and declared his undiminished allegiance to her as his sovereign; but being jealously watched in all his movements, he was intercepted when about to embark from the Sussex coast, and was brought a close prisoner to the Tower of London. Lord William, who had now three children to engage his solicitude, was made to share his brother's captivity. This was about Easter, 1585.

The Lady Elizabeth, on attaining full age, had received restitution of her paternal lands of Naworth and Gillesland, which she enjoyed down to the time of the imprisonment of Lord William and his brother; but they were no sooner disabled from defending their lands than, at the suit of Francis Dacre, the estates were sequestered from the heiresses, and they were involved in a costly litigation. "Mr. Francis Dacre, not omitting his advantage of time, prosecuted his cause with great violence, when both his adversaries were close prisoners, in danger of

their lives, and in so deep disgrace of the time, that scarce any friend or servant durst adventure to show themselves in their cause; nay, the counsellors refused to plead their title when they had been formally retained."

The estates of the heiress of Naworth and Gillesland were still withheld; and finally Lord William Howard, and the widow of his brother (who died a prisoner in the Tower), were compelled, in the year 1601, to purchase their own lands of the Queen for the sum of 10,000*l.* In the *Memorials of the Howard Family* it is remarked that it does not appear how the widow and Lord William managed to subsist, and meet the high charges and exactions to which they were subjected; accounts from 1619 to 1628 inclusive, show that he was still in debt, and paid ten per cent. interest for borrowed money. The accession of King James opened fairer prospects to the house of Howard, which had suffered so much, and lain so long under spoliation and forfeiture for the attachment of the Duke of Norfolk to the ill-fated mother of that monarch. On the accession of James, Lord William was restored in blood; and in company with his uncle, Henry Howard, afterwards Earl of Northampton, went into Cumberland in 1603, and met James on his entry into the kingdom. Probably Lord William was first invested by the new monarch with the office of King's Lieutenant and Warden of the Marches in 1605.

It seems that while he was deprived of his wife's patrimony, most of the timber in the parks was cut down; and by an inquisition taken in 1580, it was reported that "the faire Castle is in very great decay in all parts." Lord William was no sooner reinstated in his property than he began the repair of the old baronial stronghold, which during the long years of persecution had been neglected and deserted. This was some time before 1607, at which time, Camden, the great antiquary, visited Naworth, where he found its noble owner living the life of a scholar, as well as a soldier. Camden speaks of him as "an attentive and learned searcher into venerable antiquity;" and in another passage says, "he copied for me with his own hand the inscriptions found at Castle Steads;" alluding to the inscriptions on Roman altars and tablets collected from the neighbourhood by Lord William, in the gardens of Naworth Castle. While the repairs were in progress he resided, with his family, chiefly at his favourite hunting-seat of Thornthwaite, in Westmoreland. Of his income about this time we find some interesting particulars in an account-book, in his own handwriting, preserved at Naworth Castle. His yearly income averaged 10,000*l.* money of the present day. Lord William himself declared, twenty years later, that

his "parks, liberties, and forests, in the compass of his own territories, were as great a quantity in one place as any nobleman in England possessed." But considerable as was his income from his broad lands in so many parts of the country, his extensive alterations and repairs at Naworth, which were in progress during a period of twenty years, must have absorbed a great part of it. They greatly changed the aspect of the Castle in the inner court, and in its interior arrangements. He heightened the great hall, and enlarged its windows. He adopted for his own habitation the very remarkable chambers in the tower of the south-west angle of the fortress, which is still called "Lord William's Tower."

Shortly before the time when he began these repairs, the dismantling and destruction of the Castle of Kirk Oswald gave Lord William the opportunity of acquiring for his Castle the oak ceilings and wainscot-work of the ancient hall and chapel of Kirk Oswald, and which he applied to the same uses at Naworth. These roofs were divided into panels, each painted with an historical portrait. In the Castle chapel at Naworth, as well as in the hall, there was a curious oak ceiling; and the altar end was fitted up with wainscot in panels filled with portraits of patriarchs and ecclesiastics. All this ancient work perished in a fire in 1844; but in the chamber which Lord William used as his library, there is still the fine oak roof, in panels, elaborately carved, with bold heraldic bosses, enriched formerly by gold and colours, said to have been brought from Kirk Oswald; as were four heraldic figures, the size of life, to bear banners. Lord William enriched his oratory with sculptured figures in alabaster, brought from Kirk Oswald, and paintings on panel, thought to have been taken from Lanercost Priory Church. The original wainscot of Lord William's bedroom below has been preserved. The bedstead and furniture are new, having been made of those preserved in this chamber from Lord William's time. To these chambers, when he inhabited them, the only approach was through the warder's gallery, and this seems to have been reached only by the ancient winding stairs in the principal tower.

In the Castle, thus altered and furnished for habitation, Lord William was residing in 1620. A few years later, when all his family, sons and daughters, surrounded their noble parents at Naworth, they are said to have numbered fifty-two in family. Lord William necessarily maintained a large number of followers and domestics, and he was accustomed to move about with many retainers.

In 1617, he met King James I. at Carlisle with a large body of his armed servants; and when he came from Naworth to visit Lord Scrope,

Governor of Carlisle, he marched into the castle at the head of a body of armed followers :

“When, from beneath the greenwood tree,  
Rode forth Lord Howard’s chivalry ;  
And men-at-arms with glaive and spear,  
Brought up the chieftain’s glitt’ring rear.”

In 1624, mention occurs of a house in St. Martin’s-lane, Charing Cross, to which Lord William frequently repaired. The cost of each of his journeys to London, with from eighteen to twenty-four attendants and twelve horses, going and returning, varied from 15*l.* to 21*l.*, but was sometimes more. Of his pecuniary circumstances his accounts afford some curious traces. In 1619 he was still so straitened, from the plunder he had suffered by Queen Elizabeth, and from the cost of the Castle repairs, that he allowed himself for pocket-money only 20*s.* a month, which scanty sum he had increased in 1627 to 36*l.* a year. From that period, however, he bought more costly furniture and books, planted his estates, and was paying marriage-portions for his daughters, but still by instalments only.

In the steward’s accounts, there are several payments of 5*s.* to the barber for cutting hair and trimming my lord’s beard. A pair of silk hose cost 3*s.*: this was in 1619. A pair of gloves for my lord, 5*s.*; a pair of boots, 10*s.*; and a pair of spurs, 2*s.*; a silk belt for the sword, 2*s.*; every year, at least, two pairs of spectacles—one pair being set down at eighteenpence.

It has been already mentioned that “Lord William’s Tower”—the walls of which are enormously thick—was in his time only accessible through the long gallery paced by his armed warriors; and his chambers were guarded by two doors of great strength at and near the entrance from the gallery. The tower chamber was his bedroom; above it was his library, and beside the place of study was his private oratory. A secret chamber had been contrived between the level of the oratory and the floor below. The descent to it was behind the altar, and in the dark days of persecution, it probably more than once formed a hiding-place for priests. All the apartments, the very furniture he used, the books he read, the trusty blade he wielded for his sovereign, and the altar at which he knelt before the King of kings, were preserved so completely in their original state down to the fire, that, as Sir Walter Scott remarked, they carried back the visitor to the hour when the Warden in person might be heard ascending his turret-stair, and almost led you to expect his arrival.

Lord William Howard was diligent and successful in the discharge of his duties, and he maintained at Naworth a garrison of 140 men: his

name was a name of terror to the lawless and disobedient, "who," says Fuller, "had two enemies—the laws of the land and Lord William of Naworth." The dark and gloomy prison-vault at the basement of the south-western or principal tower of the castle, is a terrible monument of the severity experienced by prisoners,

"Doom'd in sad durance pining to abide  
The long delay of hope from Solway's further side."

Some rings remain on the walls of this dungeon.

By the epithet "Belted Will," Lord Howard is commonly known. A belt said to have been worn by him used to be shown at Naworth, and "a broad and studded belt" it was, being of leather, three or four inches broad, and covered with a couplet in German, the letters on metal studs, from which circumstance it has been imagined that some charm was attributed to this belt. The baldrick was, however, in former times worn as a distinguishing badge by persons in high station, and, therefore, does not seem likely to have furnished a distinguishing epithet: moreover, in his portraits, Lord William's belt is not prominent, but is remarkably narrow. In Cumberland, the characteristic epithet attached to his name was, "Bauld Willie," meaning "Bold William,"—a description, certainly, of the noble

"Howard, than whom knight  
Was never dubb'd more bold in fight;  
Nor, when from war and armour free,  
More fam'd for stately courtesy."

Sir Walter Scott has added a chivalric portrait of the noble chieftain's appearance in the well-known lines:

"Costly his garb,—his Flemish ruff  
Fell o'er his doublet shaped of buff,  
With satin slashed and lined;  
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,  
His cloak was all of Poland fur,  
His hose with silver twined;  
His Bilboa blade, by March-men felt,  
Hung in a broad and studded belt."

We have abridged and condensed (by permission of the author) these very interesting historiettes from a volume of *Descriptive and Historical Notices of Northumbrian Castles, Churches, and Antiquities*. Third series. By W. Sidney Gibson, Esq., F.S.A. Few antiquarian and topographical works bear a stronger impress of reality than the series, of which the above volume forms part: they have the advantage of being written amidst the scenes which they so truthfully and eloquently describe; there is, too, a graceful and poetic feeling shown in the appreciation of the scenes, characters, and incidents by which the narratives are characterized.

## Kendal Castle and Queen Catherine Parr.

A small portion of the town of Kendal, in Westmoreland, lies on the east or left bank of the river Kent, and on the same side are ruins of the old Castle of the Barons of Kendal, with two round and two square towers. This was anciently a strong fortress, defended by lofty towers and battlements, erected soon after the Norman Conquest, but now gone to decay; insomuch, that while in the front of the building the remains of turrets and bastions were seen, there was little more than a heap of ruins behind. In its original state the Castle formed a square, encompassed by a moat.

It is related, that many years since an eccentric person, who travelled the country with hardware, took up his abiding-place in a part of the Castle ruins, which barely afforded shelter from the weather. These he patched up as well as he could, and got a door and a few seats made. Numbers of persons flocked to see him in his abode. He made a claim to the remains of the Castle by pretending that he was a descendant of Catherine Parr, the widow of Lord Latimer, the last consort of King Henry VIII., who was born in this Castle. Barons and earls have taken their title from hence. Camden says, the barons were of the family of Taleboys, one of whose posterity, called William, by consent of King Henry II., took upon him the title of William of Lancaster.

The pedigree of the once eminent family of Parr, though not complete or satisfactory, boasts high distinction. Dugdale, in his Baronage, commences with Sir William Parr, who married Elizabeth de Ros, 1383; but he states the family to have been previously of Knightly degree; and a MS. pedigree in the Herald's College, also mentions Sir William as descended from a race of Knights. Sir Thomas Parr, father of Queen Catherine, died 1518; he held manors, messuages, lands, woods, and rents, in Parr, Wigan, and Sutton.

Sir Richard Baker, in his *Chronicle*, relates the following details of "How the Lady Catherine Parr escaped being burned for Heresy. She, being an earnest Protestant, had many great adversaries, by whom she was accused to the King of having heretical books found in her closet; and this was so much aggravated against her, that her enemies prevailed with the King to sign a warrant to commit her to the Tower, with a purpose to have her *burnt for heresy*. This warrant was delivered to Wriothesley, Lord Chancellor, and he by chance, or rather, indeed, by God's providence, letting it fall from him, it was taken up, and carried to the Queen, who, having read it, went soon after to visit the



King, at that time keeping his chamber, by reason of a sore leg. Being come to the King, he presently fell to talk with her about some points of religion, demanding her resolution thereon. But she knowing that his nature was not to be crossed, especially considering the case she was in, made him answer that she was a woman accompanied with many imperfections, but his Majesty was wise and judicious, of whom she must learn, as her lord and head. 'Not so, by St. Mary, (said the King,) for you are a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, and not to be instructed by us, as often we have seen heretofore.' 'Indeed, sir,' said she, 'if your Majesty have so conceived, I have been mistaken; for if heretofore I have held talk with you touching religion, it hath been to learn of your Majesty some point whereof I stood in doubt, and sometimes that with my talk I might make you forget your present infirmity.' 'And is it even so, sweetheart? (quoth the King), then we are friends;' and so, kissing her, gave her leave to depart.

"But soon after was the day appointed by the King's warrant for apprehending her, on which day the King, disposed to walk in the garden had the Queen with him; when suddenly, the Lord Chancellor, with forty of the guard, came into the garden with a purpose to apprehend her, whom as soon as the King saw, he stept to him, and calling him knave and fool, bid him avaunt out of his presence. The Queen, seeing the King so angry with the Chancellor, began to entreat for him, to whom the King said: 'Ah, poor soul, thou little knowest what he came about; of my word, sweetheart, he has been to thee a very knave.' And thus, by God's providence, was this Queen preserved, who else had tasted of as bitter a cup as any of his former wives had done."

To return to Kendal. Opposite the Castle ruins is the Castle How, or Castle Law Hill, an ancient earthwork. It consists of a circular mound, having a ditch and rampart round its base, and a shallow ditch and a breastwork surrounding its flat top, on which is an obelisk erected in commemoration of the Revolution of 1688.

Castle Dairy, a quaint old house, situated in Wildman-street, was an appendage to the Castle. On a stone outside, within a sunk panel, are incised the letters "A. G.," a cord with sundry knots being intertwined, and the date:—for Anthony Garnett then proprietor. On the upper bevelled stonework of a window, are incised QUI VADIT PLANE—VADIT SANE, and A. G. in cypher. In the portion of an apartment, the mantelshelf extends the whole breadth of the house, and is of oak panels. In one window is a quarrel, with 1567—OMNIA VANITAS—A. G.; with interlaced cord VIENDRA LE JOUR, a skull. In another window a fleur-de-lis, within a tasteful border, in cinque-cento style,

surmounted by a crown. In a bed-room upstairs is a massive carved oak bedstead, the head-board of which has carved upon it,—dexter, a mask with horns, after the Roman antique; middle, a scroll, with OMNIA VANITAS, a shield with “A. G.,” a scroll, with “viendra le jour,” and skull: sinister, mask in cinque-cento style; lower row three lions’ masks in as many panels. On a buffet carved 1562, Window, dated 1565; two oak-trees; an eagle and child, or, the face proper. On oak bosses on the ceiling heraldic shields. Some years ago, in a chest was found a Missal, and a dozen beechen roundles, gilded and painted, each with an animal, and beneath a quatrain. These roundles are said to be of the time of Henry VIII.

Kendal was made a market-town by license from Richard I., and became, by the settlement of the Flemings, in the reign of Edward III. the seat of a considerable manufacture of woollen cloths, (which took from the town the name of Kendals), and continued to be so down to quite modern times. They were a sort of forester’s green cloth:—

“Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green.”

*Shakspeare, 1 Hen. IV.*

It was the uniform of Robin Hood’s followers:—

“All the woods  
Are full of outlaws, that in Kendal-green  
Follow’d the outlaw’d Earl of Huntingdon.”

*Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, 1601.*

Fuller in his *Worthies*, being a Cambridge man, out of sympathy wishes well to the clothier of Kendal, “as the first founder of Kendal Green.”

## Brougham Castle.

At the northern extremity of Westmoreland, in a district abounding with relics of Roman times, and on the military way to Carlisle, are the venerable ruins of Brougham Castle, a famous building of the Middle Ages. Leland describes it, in his time, as an old castle on the Eden water, “that the common people there say doth sink.” The ploughmen there find in the field many square stones, tokens of old buildings, and some coins and urns. An inquisition records that the Prior of Carlisle, during the minority of John de Veteripont, suffered the walls and *bouse of Brougham* to go to decay, for want of repairing the gutters thereof. The expression house seems to infer that license had not at that time been procured to embattle it. Roger Lord Clifford, son of Isabella de Veteripont, built the greatest part of the Castle, and placed over its inner door this inscription—*This Made Roger. His grandson, Robert,*

built the eastern parts of the Castle, where his arms, with those of his wife, were cut in stone. In 1403, however, Brougham and its demesne were declared worth nothing, "because it lieth altogether waste by reason of the destruction of the country by the Scots." It was substantially repaired; for Francis, Earl of Cumberland, magnificently entertained King James at Brougham Castle three days in August, 1617, on his return from his last journey out of Scotland. About thirty years later, as recorded by an inscription, "This Brougham Castle was repaired by the Ladie Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, Baronesse Clifford, Westmerland, and Vescie, Ladie of the honour of Skipton-in-Craven, and High-Sheriffesse by inheritance of the county of Westmerland, in the year 1651 and 1652, after it had layen ruinous ever since about August 1617, when King James lay in it for a time, in his journie out of Scotland, towards London, until this time, Isa. c. LVIII. v. 12, God's name be praised."

The Countess Anne also tells us that after she had been there to direct the building, she caused her old decayed Castle of Brougham to be repaired, and also the Roman Tower, in the said old Castle; and the court-house for keeping her courts in, with some dozen or fourteen rooms to be built in it upon the old foundation. The Tower of Leagues, and the Pagan Tower, and a state-room called Greystoke Chamber, are mentioned in her Memoirs; but the room in which her father was born, her "blessed mother" died, and King James lodged in 1617, she never fails to mention, as being that in which she lay, in all her visits to this place. A garrison of foot soldiers was placed in it for a short time in August, 1659. After the death of the Countess the Castle appears to have been much neglected. Its stone, timber, and lead were sold for 100*l.* to two attorneys of Penrith, who disposed of them by public sale, the first of which was on the coronation of George I., 1714. The wainscoting was purchased by the villagers of the neighbourhood, among whom specimens of it were long preserved.

The Castle was described in 1776, as being guarded by an outward vaulted gateway, and tower with a portcullis; and at the distance of about twenty paces an inroad vaulted gateway of ribbed arches, with a portcullis, through which you entered a spacious area, defended by lofty towers.

"The side next the river is divided by three square towers; from thence, on either hand, a little wing falls back, the one leading to the gateway; the other connected with the outworks, which extend to a considerable distance along a grassy plain of pasture ground, terminated by a turret, one of the outposts of the castle. The centre of the build-

ing is a lofty square tower; the shattered turrets which form the angles, and the hanging galleries, are overgrown with shrubs. The lower apartment in the principal tower still remains entire, being a square of twenty feet, covered with a vaulted roof of stone, consisting of eight arches, of light and excellent workmanship. The groins are ornamented with various grotesque heads, and supported in the centre by an octagon pillar, about four feet in circumference, with a capital and base of Norman architecture. In the centre of each arch rings are fixed, as if designed for lamps to illuminate the vault. From the construction of this cell, and its situation in the chief tower of the fortress, it is not probable it was formed for a prison, but rather was used at the time of siege and assault, as the retreat of the chief persons of the household. All the other apartments are destroyed. The outer gateway is machicolated, and has the arms of Vaux on its tower."

The connexion of the late Lord Brougham with this famous old place is of great antiquity. The family of Brougham is of Saxon descent, and derives its surname from Burgham, afterwards Brougham, the ancient Brocavum of the Romans. "The estate of Burgham or Brougham belonged to the Brougham family before the Conquest. This is proved from the fact, that the earliest possessors had Brougham at the time of the Conquest, and continued to hold it afterwards by the tenure of drengage; a tenure by military service, but distinguished at that time from Knight's service, inasmuch as those only held their lands by drengage who had possessed them before the Conquest, and were continued to them after submitting to the Conqueror."—(Sir Bernard Burke's *Peerage*, 1865.) After the Conquest, William the Norman granted to Robert de Veteripont, or Vipont, extensive rights and territories in Westmoreland; and among others, some oppressive rights of seigniorship over the manor of Brougham, then held by Walter de Burgham. To relieve the estate of such services, Gilbert de Burgham, in the reign of King John, agreed to give up absolutely one-third part of the estate to Robert de Veteripont, and also the advowson to the rectory of Brougham. This third comprises *the land upon which the castle is built*, and the estate afterwards given by Anne Countess of Pembroke (heirress of Veteripont), to the Hospital of Poor Widows at Appleby. Brougham Castle, if not built, was much extended by Veteripont; and afterwards still more enlarged by Roger Clifford, who succeeded, by marriage, to the Veteripont possessions. The manor-house, about three-quarters of a mile from the Castle, continued in the Brougham family; and part of it, especially the gateway, is supposed to be Saxon architecture; at all events, it is the earliest Norman. In the

year 1607, Thomas Brougham, then lord of the manor of Brougham, died without issue male, and the estate was sold to one Bird, who was steward of the Clifford family; the heir male of the Brougham family, then residing at Scales Hall, in Cumberland. About 1680, John Brougham of Scales, re-purchased the estate and manor of Brougham from Bird's grandson, and entailed it for his nephew, from whom it passed by succession to the late Lord Brougham; Brougham Castle descending from the Veteriponts to the Cliffords; and from them to the Thanet family. The manor-house, now called Brougham Hall, is sometimes styled Birdnest, from its having belonged to the family of Bird. It stands upon a woody eminence upon the east side of the Lowther; and from the richness, variety, and extent of the prospect from its fine terraces, is often called "the Windsor of the North." Its hall is lofty, and lighted by fine Gothic windows, filled with painted glass, some of which is of the old stain. Nearly adjoining it is the Chapel of Brougham, dedicated to St. Wilfrid, as appears by the Rector of Brougham agreeing in 1393, to find in it "two seargies afore St. Wilfry, at his own proper costs;" at which time it was endowed with lands adjoining it; but those have since been exchanged for others contiguous to the glebe of the church. In 1658 and 1659, the Countess of Pembroke rebuilt it; and the rector of the parish performs evening service in it when the family are resident.

The late Lord Brougham was much attached to his seat at Brougham. He died at Cannes, in the south of France, in 1868, and his remains rest there; but Brougham Hall is to this day visited by tourists, eager to behold the chateau of this most remarkable man, who, with the possession of encyclopædic knowledge, combined the gift of rare eloquence, political integrity, and unceasing labours for the benefit of his species. It is to be regretted that the remains of a man of such exemplary patriotism do not rest in the country of his birth.\*

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\* An English traveller, in passing through Cannes, visited the cemetery where rest the remains of this great man; when he was much struck with the severe magnificence of the monument placed over the grave of Lord Brougham by the present lord. It is a simple but gigantic cross of granite, between 20 and 30 feet in height, with no ornament, and no inscription, only the name, birth, and death, thus;—

"HENRICVS BROUOHAM,  
NATVS MDCCLXXVIII.,  
DECESSIT MDCCCLXVIII."

Our traveller could not leave the spot without asking this question:—Has England so entirely forgotten the memory of one of her most illustrious sons? Is no memorial to be placed, either in Westminster Abbey or elsewhere, to record how much, not England alone, but the human race, owe to him?

In January, 1861, appeared Lord Brougham's comprehensive work on the British Constitution, with the following admirable Dedication to Her Majesty the Queen, in which allusion is 'gracefully made to the course adopted with respect to the second patent of the Brougham Peerage, giving the same title, but with limitation, in default of heirs male, to his brother, William Brougham, Esq., and his heirs male:—

"TO THE QUEEN.

"Madame,—I presume to lay at your Majesty's feet a work, the result of many years' diligent study, much calm reflection, and a long life's experience. It professes to record facts, institute comparisons, draw conclusions, and expound principles, often too little considered in this country by those who enjoy the inestimable blessings of our political system; and little understood in other countries by those who are endeavouring to naturalize it among themselves, and for whose success the wishes of all must be more hearty than their hopes can be sanguine.

"The subject of the book, *The British Constitution*, has a natural connexion with your Majesty's auspicious reign, which is not more adorned by the domestic virtues of the Sovereign than by the strictly constitutional exercise of her high office, redounding to the security of the Crown, the true glory of the monarch, and the happiness of the people. Entirely joining with all my fellow-citizens in feelings of gratitude towards such a ruler, I have individually a deep sense of the kindness with which your Majesty has graciously extended the honours formerly bestowed, the reasons assigned for that favour, and the precedents followed in granting it.

"With these sentiments of humble attachment and respect, I am, your Majesty's most faithful and most dutiful servant,

"BROUGHAM.

"Brougham Hall, 11th December, 1860."

We have already pointed out that Brougham has been identified as the Roman Station, *Brocarvum*. This station is in close proximity to the Castle, and has retained its outline, clearly defined. It is of large size, measuring 1060 feet by 720 feet within the inner fosse. Its defences have, probably, furnished some of the materials for the mediæval Castle. The Station is believed to have been founded by Agricola, in the second year of his northern expedition, A.D. 79; here he fixed one of his camps; various roads lead from it, the most remarkable of which from its position being that to Ambleside, which passed along the ridge of the mountains still called High-street.

Of the inscribed stones discovered at Brougham, five are preserved at Brougham Hall, four of which were found outside the Station. Two are sepulchral memorials; the third is illegible; the fourth an inscription in honour of Constantine the Great. The fifth is a votive altar; another is built into one of the dark passages of Brougham Castle.

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### Legend of Constantine's Cells.

Corby Castle crowns a noble eminence on the east side of the river Eden, and is situated about five miles to the south-east of Carlisle. The lofty banks of the river on which the south front of the Castle looks down, recede in the form of a crescent, their declivities thickly overgrown with wood. On the opposite (the Wetheral) side of the river the dark red cliffs rise to a great height; and midway between the rapid river that chafes their rocky base, and the woods that wave upon their lofty crest, are the famous caverns, known as Constantine's Cells, or the Wetheral Safeguards, the narrow windows of which are seen from the opposite side in the face of the cliff, but were probably, in former times, concealed by trees.

The Caves are at a height of 40 feet above the river, about midway in the face of the cliff. There are three chambers; they are in a row, and are about 8 feet wide, and 12 in depth. Under the name of the Chambers of Constantine, these cells were granted, with lands belonging to them, by Ranulph de Meschines, not long after the Conquest, to the Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary, at York. The legend is, that Constantine inhabited the Wetheral Cells after his defeat by Athelstan, and became ultimately a monk at Melrose. Cumberland was then held by the King of Scotland as a fief of the English Crown. The cells were maintained by the prior and monks of Wetheral, to whom they may have afforded a place of refuge and security in the days of Border warfare; for these curious caves were not likely to be discovered, or if known, to be accessible by an enemy. The memory of Constantine, King and Monk, is preserved in the dedication of the parish church at Wetheral to the Blessed Virgin, conjointly with St. Constantine. The Priory at Wetheral was built by a colony from St. Mary's. The Abbey lands became the property of the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, who found the masonry of the abbey buildings convenient for erecting prebendary houses at Carlisle; all that remains, therefore, is the massive gate and tower, which present a noble archway. A safe access to the Caves has been formed.

## DURHAM.

## Durham Cathedral.—Remains of St. Cuthbert.

The preservation of the body of St. Cuthbert, the patron Saint of Durham Cathedral,\* is a fact which has been much doubted. Upon his death, in 688, the body was at once wrapped in cerecloth, enveloping evidently the whole head; arrayed then in priestly garments, it was placed in a stone coffin, and buried on the right side of the altar in the church of Lindisfarne; eleven years afterwards, the monks seeking his bones as relics, found the body entire, swathed it in a new garment, and kept it above ground. In 875 the ecclesiastics fled from Lindisfarne, taking with them the body in a wooden coffin, and in the same coffin the head of St. Oswald and bones of Aidan, and Bishops Eata, Elfrid, and Ethelwold; their migrations ended at Chester-le-Street with their charge in 883. About A.D. 980, Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, raised the lid of the coffin, and deposited on the body a pledge of his devotion. In 995, the body of St. Cuthbert was again removed, and migrated to various places, till, after a few months, it arrived at Durham, and rested for a time in a wooden church. In 999, it was transferred to the White Church. Within the next thirty years it is that Elfred, a canon of the church, was accustomed to handle the Saint, even to *wrap him in such robes as he thought fit, to adjust his hair with an ivory comb, to cut the nails of his fingers* with scissors he had made for the purpose. In 1069, in dread of William the Conqueror's army, the body was again carried to Lindisfarne, but in the following year restored to Durham. Doubts as to the identity and incorrupti-

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\* "There is a legend, familiar as a household word to all the inhabitants of the Palatinate, which tells us how the monks were enabled to find Dunholm, which had been revealed to one of their number as the place where the body of St. Cuthbert should finally meet with repose after the long and protracted wanderings it had sustained. They had searched in vain for a place of that name, until at length they heard a woman calling loudly to a companion, to know if she had seen her *dun cow*, and her reply was, that she would find her in Dunholm. It was a sound of joy to the weary wanderers. But this legend does not occur in any of the early historians. Is it not possible that the place may have been also known by the name of *Dun-y-coed*—i.e., the wooded hill? And is it a supposition altogether improbable, that the tradition may have only an existence evolved by popular fancy to account for an appellation of which the meaning was forgotten?"—*Rev. G. Ormsby.*



bility of the body are said to have been held by the King, and some of those less interested in its preservation than the monks of Durham. If there had been any known imposture, the secret could scarcely have been maintained in the ousting of the canons and substitution of the monks, and the jealousy engendered by this event in 1063 may have had something to do with the unfavourable rumours just then current. When the White Church was pulled down in 1093, a temporary tomb of stone and marble seems to have been made in the cloister garth for its reception, and in 1104 it was translated to its final resting-place in the present cathedral.

To clear up all doubts as to the preservation of the body, an examination of its contents was made at this time. First, an outer chest was broken open with the aid of iron tools, disclosing another carefully covered on all sides with hides fastened on with iron nails; the prior and his attendant monks removed some iron bands, raised the lid of this second chest, and found a wooden coffin cased entirely in linen threefold, which those present believed to be the swathing added at Lindisfarne eleven years after his death. They now carried the coffin from behind the altar into the middle of the choir, then unwound the linen, raised the lid, and observed an inner lid, lower down in the coffin, resting on three bars, and upon the lid a copy of the Gospel of St. John; this they did not replace, but it was preserved in the church till the Reformation, and known to be in existence at Liege so late as 1769. The inner lid had a ring at each end for lifting it, and its removal exposed a linen cloth laid over the contents. Beneath the cloth, in a small linen sack, they found bones and a head, which by old writers they knew to be the relics of St. Oswald, Bede, Aidan, Eadbert, Eadfrid, and Ethelwold, with other relics, and the body of St. Cuthbert reclining on its side. After removing some of the relics, the monks lifted the body out, and laid it on a tapestry on the pavement; and when the coffin had been cleaned out, they replaced the body of St. Cuthbert in it, and carried it back to its place behind the altar. The next night the coffin was again brought out, and the body laid on the pavement, as before, and then returned to its place. Again, within a few days, the lid was taken off, to afford the incredulous Abbot a proof of all that was asserted. It is clear that on these occasions the flesh was never seen; but the investigators were satisfied with feeling through the coverings, and lifting the weight of the body. At this time a new bottom, resting on four blocks of wood, was put inside the coffin, and the body laid upon it. Next the skin, it was found wrapped in fine linen, entirely over the face and head; and so closely adhering

that the finger-nail could nowhere be inserted to raise it, except at some part of the neck. A purple face-cloth was next laid upon the head ; and the clothing was an alb, a tunic, and a dalmatic ; beneath which, at the feet, the ends of the stole were visible ; but none of this clothing did they disturb or explore. Outside the clothing were two wraps of sheets, and then the inner coffin itself in a wrap saturated with wax. These wraps were not again returned to it, but three new ones used,—first, one of silk, then one of purple cloth, and then one of fine linen. There was in the coffin a small silver altar, a chalice and paten, a pair of scissors, and a nearly square ivory comb, with a hole in the middle. From this date to the suppression of the monastery, the body of St. Cuthbert was not again disturbed, except when the coffin may have been lifted for renovations of the shrine, such as occurred in 1372.

The Commissioners for the Suppression at length made their appearance at Durham. In November, 1541, they destroyed the shrine, broke open the coffin, and broke and removed the body into the revestry ; but within a few days, upon orders received from London, or else by direction of Bishop Tunstal, they buried him “under the place where his shrine was exalted,” behind the high altar, and where a large flagstone marked the interment. In May, 1827, Dr. Raine, with three others of the cathedral clergy, and other witnesses, undertook to search for the body and relics at this spot. After the rough treatment it had received in 1541, it is wonderful how successful and convincing were the results of their search ; and Dr. Raine relates the discovery of the coffins and the bones so as effectually to establish their identity with the objects described in 1104.

Some of these objects were removed to the Cathedral library, where may now be seen the stole, the altar, and the comb then spoken of. After the examination, the bones of St. Cuthbert were placed in a new coffin ; and this, resting in the old grave, on the fragments of the older coffins, was again interred.

The miracle of the preservation of the incorruptible body of St. Cuthbert, therefore, resolves itself into the fact that it was at first carefully sealed up in cerecloth, carefully clothed and swathed ; and thus, in the soil of the church of Lindisfarne, protected from the weather, it lasted eleven years : being then still far more perfect than the monks expected, it was preserved under still more favourable circumstances, kept dry, and protected from the air, down to the Dissolution of the monasteries ; being then violently broken and buried, though in a protected soil, the more perishable parts decayed.

The exhumation of the body of Charles I. in 1813, besides that of

Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, who died in 1532; that of Edward I., described by Sir J. Ayloffe, and other instances which can be quoted, show how feasible is such case of preservation; but the discovery of the body of Bishop Lyndewoode in 1852, in the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, in Westminster Palace, is perhaps the most satisfactory one. No coffin was used for him, but simply a swathing of cerecloth, folded, in some places to ten layers, and in others to only two. Here he had lain interred since 1446, within the building, but not underground; and thus, after more than four hundred years, and with the simple precaution of a cerecloth wrapping, the body was discovered in a condition of flesh and bones, which in old times would certainly have been deemed miraculous. In no case, and certainly not in S. Cuthbert's, do the facts bear out the belief that the preservation was so life-like as his devotees supposed; but it was quite sufficiently so to kindle imaginations far less aroused than those concerned in the examination of 1104.\*

The "Sanctuary Knocker," affixed to the exterior of the north door of the nave of the Cathedral, is an interesting relic. It is thus described in Sanderson's *Antiquities*: "Near to the altar of 'our Lady of Pittic,' on the south side of the Galiley Door, was a grate, whereon the countrymen lay, when they fled thither for refuge. In ancient times, before the house was supprest, the Abbey church, the churchyard, and all the circuit thereof, was a sanctuary for all manner of men that committed any great offence: as killing a man in his own defence, or any prisoner who had broken out of prison and fled to the church-door, knocking to have it opened; also, certain men lay in two chambers over the north door for that purpose, that when any such offenders came and knocked they instantly let them in at any hour of the night; and run quickly to the Galiley Bell, and toll'd it, that whomsoever heard it might know that some had taken sanctuary. When the Prior had notice thereof, he sent orders to keep themselves within the Sanctuary—that is, within the church and churchyard; and that every one should have a gown of black cloth, with a yellow cross, called St. Cuthbert's Cross, on the left shoulder, that any one might see the privilege granted to St. Cuthbert's Shrine for offenders to fly unto, for succour and safeguard of their lives, until they could obtain their Prince's pardon; and that they should lie within the church or sanctuary on a grate made only for that purpose adjoining to the Galiley south door. They had likewise meat, drink, bedding, and other necessaries, at the cost of the house, for thirty-seven days, until the Prior and Con-

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\* Mr. Gordon Hills: *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, 1866.

vent could get them conveyed out of the diocese. This privilege was confirmed not only by King Guthrid, but by King Alured likewise."

A list of those who claimed Sanctuary has been published; the last date is September 10, 1524. The grotesque and huge knocker is a very fine specimen of Norman metal-work, and is in excellent preservation. As the head is hollow, and there are apertures at the eyes and mouth, it has been suggested that when night drew on, a light was probably placed within the head to guide the fugitive to his haven of refuge.

The splendid "Galilee" of the Cathedral has a curious history. It appears that Bishop Hugh de Puiset, (how soon after his elevation to the See we are not told), commenced a new work at the east end of the Cathedral. Marble columns and bases were brought from beyond the sea; but the walls had scarcely begun to rise when ruinous fissures appeared in them—"a manifest sign that the work was not acceptable to God or to his servant Cuthbert." The cause was, no doubt, the same defective foundation which in the course of the next century, produced the subsidence of the choir apse, and the "impending ruin" of its vault. Abandoning his first intention, Bishop Hugh, (no doubt, using the materials collected for his eastern chapel) began another "work" at the west end, "into which women might lawfully enter," so that, though they could not be allowed personally to approach the more holy places, they might derive some comfort from the distant contemplation of them. This work was the existing Galilee, so called from a reference to the "Galilee of the Gentiles." This was appropriated as a Lady Chapel, and it remained as Bishop Puiset had left it in 1195, until Bishop Langley, by will, ordered his body to be interred, 1438, in the Galilee, then fitted up and repaired, and a chantry founded in honour of the Virgin Mary.

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### Raby Castle.

Close to the town of Staindrop, famed for its church of Norman and Early English architecture, in a lovely country, is placed the stately Castle of Raby, the grand northern seat of the Duke of Cleveland; and dear to archæologists as the cradle, the old ancestral home and heritage of the mighty house of Neville. Its history was ably illustrated at the Congress of the British Archæological Association, at Durham, in the autumn of 1865, when the Rev. S. F. Hodgson read a memoir, full of industry, learning, and enthusiasm, and complete acquaintance with the subject; of which paper we avail ourselves, by permission of the reverend author.

Raby, pointing by its name to a Danish origin, is first mentioned in connexion with King Canute, who, after making his celebrated pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Cuthbert, there offered it, with Staindropshire, to the Saint. Bishop Flambard wrested the rich gift from the monastery, but restored it again on his deathbed. It continued in the peaceful possession of the monks until 1131, when they granted it for an annual rent of four pounds to Dolphin, son of Ughtred, of the blood royal of Northumberland. To him, most probably, the first foundation of the manor may be attributed. The idea that Canute's mansion stood upon the spot is without evidence, but it is, with authority, placed at Staindrop. Still, whoever the original founder may have been, Dolphin's descendant was, at all events, Dominus de Raby, when early in the thirteenth century, he married Isabel Nevill, by the death of her brother the last of that line, and sole heiress of the great Saxon house of Bulmer, lords of Brancepeth and Sheriff Hutton. From their son Geoffrey, who assumed his mother's surname, dates the history of the Nevilles. To his descendant, John Lord Neville, we owe the present Castle of Raby. He was sometime employed against the Turks, and being Lieutenant of Aquitaine, he reduced that province to quiet, which had been wasted by the wars with the Turks; and in his service in those parts, he won and had rendered to him eighty-three walled towns, castles, and forts. Late in life, he proceeded with the gradual reconstruction of Raby; and Bishop Hatfield's license to him to fortify is dated 1379. It may fairly be concluded that while some portions of the older fabric were incorporated with the new, Raby presents the work and ideas of one period. It is distinguished from the rest of the larger castles, such as Alnwick, Warkworth, Durham, Prudhoe, &c., by this—that whereas they consist of Norman cores, which have, as usual, agglomerated to themselves a heterogeneous mass of buildings of a later date, following more or less the lines of the walls of *enceinte*, we have, or rather had, in *Raby* a perfect example of a fourteenth century castle, complete in all its parts, without any appearance of earlier work or later alteration whatever.

Nearly every one who mentions Raby, points out the apparent weakness of its site. Leland says Raby is "the largest castell of Loggings in all the North Cuntery, and is of a strong building, but not set on Hill or very strong ground." But though certainly not set on a hill, it had yet originally other means of defence, of which no notice is taken, namely water, which, making the place damp, was drawn off, perhaps even before Leland's time. A careful examination shows that it must not only have completely insulated the Castle, but towards the

south expanded into something like a lake. But the real defence of Raby lay beyond the mere circuit of its own walls and waters. It was to be found in the warrior spirit of its lords, and in the Border Castles of Roxburgh, Wark, Norham, Berwick, and Bamborough, which they commanded continuously as Wardens and Governors, from the days of Robert Neville, in the thirteenth century, to the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Apart from the question of the site, the Castle itself is of great strength, and skilfully disposed. The general arrangement is as follows:—First, the centre nucleus, or castle proper, consisting of a compact mass of towers connected by short curtains; next, a spacious platform, entirely surrounding this central mass; then a low embattled wall, strengthened by a moat-house, and perhaps a barbican, as well as by numerous small square bastions rising from its exterior base, and then the moat. The south front of the Castle was, with the exception of the flanking towers at either end, nearly flat. The Duke's tower is very large and square, in fact, two towers laid together. The wedge-like projection of Bulmer's tower flanked the whole towards the east. This tower, which commemorates one of the Saxon ancestors of the Nevilles, is thought to bear a striking resemblance to an ancient *arrow-head*. No Norman or Saxon towers of the same shape are known. Canute was connected with the place. Chester was a Dane, the Danes used arrows, and thence it has been inferred the tower is Danish, and its builder was a Danish King. But the whole tower belongs to an advanced period of the fourteenth century. Next the east, or north-east front, is a very fine work, set thick with towers, broken into immense masses, and thoroughly fortress-like. Mount Raskell is the angle tower between the east and north fronts, and joins the great square of the Kitchen Tower, which is connected by a strong machicolated curtain with the vast Clifford's Tower, by far the largest in the castle, and of immense strength. We next gain the west front, which has a lofty tower of slight projection; and then we reach the great gate-house, and the courtyard, with lofty walls; and the Great Hall, lying to the east. A central tower of beautiful proportions, shuts off a smaller courtyard to the north.

We have not space to examine the many interesting points of the exterior. The Chapel, which is unquestionably the earliest part of the Castle, and thoroughly fortress-like in character, determines by its date the period when the general work of reconstruction and fortification began. Taken by itself, it seems to be about 1345. John Neville's license to fortify, however, was in 1379; while the great gate tower looks at least of 1430; but Mr. Hodgson shows, by very curious

heraldic evidence, both chapel and gatehouse to be of one man's time. Another noticeable point is the entire absence of buttresses—every tower and curtain stands in its own unaided strength; then the diversity of towers—of all the nine in the central group there are no two bear the faintest resemblance to each other; the variety and beauty of proportion in its parts, and the admirable way in which they are combined, producing as they did once a sky-line perhaps unmatched in England, are really the glories of the Castle. Modern alterations have obscured and destroyed John Neville's work in the interior. The Hall was, from the very first, a double one—that is, two halls of nearly equal height, one above the other. Mr. Hodgson, by late examination, at about ten feet below the present floor, came upon the line of the old one, which had been of wood, carried on pillars; the mutilated remains of the great fireplace, and three doorways. The upper, or Barons' Hall, was a noble room, lighted on each side by long, narrow, transomed windows, and two large traceried ones, north and south. The roof of oak, and very fine, was carried on cambered beams, each displaying the saltire on its centre. At the north end was a lofty stone music gallery, with a rich cornice; in advance of it the screens, behind which, and leading to the kitchen, pantry, and buttery, were once, most likely, three doorways. At either end of the passage was a large arched doorway, one opening upon a staircase close to the chapel door; the other upon the roof of a sort of cloister in the great court, which must have formed a promenade.

The Kitchen, though it has a certain air of rudeness, and has lost its ancient fire-places, is still a very interesting relic, and one of the most perfect things in the Castle. It occupies the whole of the interior of a large, strong, square tower; the windows are set high up in the walls, and are connected by a perforated passage of defence, provided with garderobes, which runs all round. Two pairs of very strong vaulting ribs, intersecting in the centre, carry the louvre, which is of stone, and of immense size. The lower part, twelve feet square, rises upwards of the same height above the leads, and is surmounted by an octagon fifteen feet higher still; externally it forms a very striking and effective feature. Below the Kitchen is a cellar, of the same shape and size, with a well-groined vaulted roof, carried on a central pillar. Another to the east, which has a double fireplace at one end, has a strongly ribbed circular segmental vault. The lower chamber of Buhmer's Tower had, till lately, a richly-groined vault of great strength and beauty. The Hall Tower has, inside and out, been wonderfully preserved. Vaults, windows, grilles, doorways, stairs, garderobes, are all

nearly intact; it is really the most perfect thing in the place. The Chapel, all mutilated as it is, still deserves notice. The Sanctuary, which forms the central portion of a tower, has a boldly-ribbed quadripartite vault; above it is a guard-chamber; its exterior window is masked by a very remarkable little hanging machicoulis. Of newel stairs every tower has had one; and there are other stairs within and upon the walls, and garderobes, and their passages, with which the building seems literally to have been riddled.

The Castle, as completed by John Lord Neville, has received no alterations of moment from any of his descendants. It continued their chief residence till 1570, the year of the rising of the North, when from his prominent share in that unhappy enterprise, it was forfeited, with all the rest of their estates, by Charles, the sixth and last Earl of Westmoreland, of the house of Neville. Raby is simply without a history: a sudden surprise, without bloodshed, in 1645, after its purchase by Sir Harry Vane, and a sort of attack in 1649, when some lives were lost, but of which there is no account, sum up all its claims on that head. The only serious assaults it has undergone have been in modern times by architects. Several of the smaller apartments have been hollowed out in the walls, which are of great solidity and strength. In the last century was made a carriage drive below the great Hall and Chapel, when nearly ten feet were cut off from the height of the great hall above; and the Chapel was cut in two from the bottom; all its window tracing has been torn away, its fine oak roof destroyed, the carved piscina bowl pulled out, the richly panelled work and sedilia obscured or destroyed, and other ancient portions swept away, making havoc which it is painful to describe. But these changes have not affected the outward form of Raby, the general effect of which, from its extent, grandeur, and preservation, is very imposing.

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### Barnard Castle.

On an eminence which rises with a steep ascent from the left or northern bank of the Tees, lies the town of Barnard Castle, which derived its name and origin from a Castle which was erected on a rock, west of the town, by Bernard Baliol, son of Guy Baliol, one of the followers of William the Conqueror. One of the descendants of Guy was John Baliol, King of Scotland, who was born at Castle Barnard, and founded a Hospital there. In his time the lordship passed from his family by forfeiture, and was claimed by Beke, Bishop of Durham,



as belonging to his palatinate; but the King (Edward I.), to humble this proud prelate, ultimately took the palatinate from him, and when it was restored to the See of Durham, it was without the important additions which it had gained by the forfeitures of Baliol and Bruce. The King gave the Castle and its liberties to Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, from whose heirs it passed to the Nevilles, and ultimately came into the hands of Richard III., by right of his wife, Anne Neville, the daughter of the king-making Lord Warwick. Richard appears to have done much for the improvement of the place: the boar, his cognizance, still exists in several parts of the town and fortress; and in many cases figures in relief of a boar passant taken from the Castle, are fixed in the houses. It thus came into the possession of the Crown, from which the Castle, houses, lands, and privileges, were ultimately purchased by an ancestor of the Duke of Cleveland, who is the present proprietor.

In the Rebellion of 1569, when the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland took up arms, and proclaimed their design of restoring the old religion, they called to their aid Richard Norton, of Rylstone, an ancient and powerful gentleman, with nine sons. On their banners were painted the five wounds of Christ, or a chalice, and Norton, "an old gentleman, with a reverend grey beard," bore a cross with a streamer before them: he was supported by his family and retainers, and thus surrounded, he proceeded to the head quarters of the insurgents, who, reinforced, marched to Barnard Castle, defended by Sir George Bowes, which they attacked and starved into a surrender. The rebellion being crushed, Sir George Bowes carried out martial law against the insurgents. An alderman and a priest, and above sixty others, were hanged by him in Durham alone; and according to Bowes's own boast, many others suffered in every market-town between Newcastle and Wetherby. Norton and his sons were amongst the sufferers. The existing remains of the Castle cover six acres and three quarters. The parts of chief strength stand on the brink of a steep rock, commanding a most beautiful prospect up the river. The walls seem to have been erected at different epochs, and with their apertures, bastions, and buttresses, together with a large circular tower, which stands on a cliff one hundred feet perpendicular above the river, are in parts mantled with ivy, and as contrasted with the brown rocks, figured with brushwood, and the river at the base, form an object of great picturesque effect. Indeed, the environs of the castle are remarkably beautiful, the vale of the Tees abounding with romantic land-

scapes. The outer area of Barnard Castle is now used as a pasture for sheep, and the other parts inclosed by the walls, have long been converted into orchard-grounds.

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### Neville's Cross : or the Battle of Red Hills.

At Beaurepaire (or Bear Park, as it is now called), about two miles west of Durham, on hilly ground, in some parts very steep, David II., King of Scots, encamped with his army before the celebrated battle of Red Hills—or Neville's Cross, as it was afterwards called, from an elegant stone cross, erected to record the victory of Ralph, Lord Neville. The English sovereign, Edward III., had just achieved the glorious conquest of Crecy; and the Scottish King judged this a fit opportunity for his invasion. However, the great northern Barons of England, Percy and Neville, Musgrave, Scrope, and Hastings, assembled their forces in numbers sufficient to show that though the conqueror of Crecy, with his victorious army, was absent in France, there were Englishmen enough at home to protect the frontiers of the kingdom from violation. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the prelates of Durham, Carlisle, and Lincoln, sent their retainers, and attended the rendezvous in person, to add religious enthusiasm to the patriotic zeal of the barons. Two thousand soldiers, who had been sent over to Calais to reinforce Edward III.'s army, were countermanded in this exigency, and added to the northern army.

The battle, which was fought October 17, 1346, lasted only three hours, but was uncommonly destructive. The English archers, who were in front, were at first thrown into confusion, and driven back; but being reinforced by a body of horse, repulsed their opponents, and the engagement soon became general. The Scottish army were entirely defeated, and the King himself made prisoner; though, previous to the fight, he is said to have regarded the English with contempt, and as a raw and undisciplined host, by no means competent to resist the power of his more hardy veterans.

Amid repeated charges, and the most dispiriting slaughter by the continuous discharge of the English arrows, David showed that he had the courage, though not the talents of his father (Robert Bruce). He was twice severely wounded with arrows, but continued to encourage to the last the few of his peers and officers who were still fighting around him. He scorned to ask quarter, and was taken alive with difficulty. Rymer says: "The Scotch King, though he had two spears hanging in his body, his leg desperately wounded, and being

disarmed (his sword having been beaten out of his hand), disdained captivity, and provoked the English by opprobrious language to kill him. When John Copeland, governor of Roxborough Castle, advised him to yield, he struck him on the face with his gauntlet so fiercely, that he knocked out two of his teeth. Copeland conveyed him out of the field as his prisoner. Upon Copeland's refusing to deliver up his royal captive to the Queen (Philippa), who stayed at Newcastle during the battle, the King sent for him to Calais, where he excused his refusal so handsomely, that the King sent him back with a reward of 500*l.* a-year in lands where he himself should choose it, near his own dwelling, and made him a knight-banneret."

Hume states Philippa to have assembled a body of little more than 12,000 men, and to have rode through the ranks of her army, exhorting every man to do his duty, and to take revenge on these barbarous savages. Nor could she be persuaded to leave the field till the armies were on the point of engaging.\* The Scotch have often been defeated in the great pitched battles which they have fought with the English, even though they commonly declined such engagements when the superiority of numbers was not on their side; but never did they receive a more fatal blow than the present. They were broken and chased off the field; fifteen thousand of them—some historians say twenty thousand—were slain; among whom were Edward Keith, Earl Marshal; and Sir Thomas Charteris, Chancellor; and the King himself was taken prisoner, with the Earls of Sutherland, Fife, Monteith, Carrick, Lord Douglas, and many other noblemen. "The captive King was conveyed to London, and afterwards in solemn procession to the Tower, attended by a guard of 20,000 men, and all the City companies in complete pageantry; while Philippa crossed the sea at Dover, and was received in the English camp before Calais with all the triumph due to her rank, her merit, and her success." These were, indeed, bright days of chivalry and gallantry.

Near the site of the battle, in a deep valley, is a small mount, or hillock, called the *Maiden's Bower*, on which the holy corporas cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert covered the chalice when he used to say mass, was displayed on the point of a spear by the monks of Durham, who,

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\* This statement of Queen Philippa being on the field is incorrect. "The idea," says the *Athenæum*, "only lives with the romancers who reproduced it for effect. Long ago, the accurate Lord Hailes overthrew Froissart on this question. Had Philippa been in that famous onslaught, certainly so gallant a court poet as Laurence Minot would not have forgotten it in his song celebrating the triumph."

when the victory was obtained, gave notice by signal to their brethren stationed on the great tower of the Cathedral, who immediately proclaimed it to the inhabitants of the city by singing the *Te Deum*. From that period the victory was annually commemorated in a similar manner by the choristers till the occurrence of the Civil Wars, when the custom was discontinued; but again revived on the Restoration, and observed till nearly the close of the last century.

The site of the Cross is by the roadside; it was defaced and broken down in the year 1589. The shaft was placed upon seven steps, and its height was  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards to the boss. It had eight sides; in every second side was the Neville's cross, a saltire in a scutcheon, being Lord Neville's arms; and on the socket were sculptures of the four Evangelists. On the boss were sculptures of our Saviour Christ crucified, the Blessed Virgin, and St. John the Evangelist.



### Streatham and Hilton Castles.

In the county of Durham are two stately seats, of great historical interest, and both belonging to the Bowes family. The first is *Streatham Castle*, about four miles from Barnard Castle, originally built by the Baliols, and the residence of the ancient family of Trayne, from whom it devolved to the Boweses by the marriage of Sir Adam Bowes with the heiress of Trayne. Sir William, his lineal descendant, rebuilt the castle after a Norman model about the year 1450, portions of the former castle being built upon or enclosed within the present structure. The Castle was prominent in the Rebellion of 1569, when the insurgents gaining possession, within twelve days, wrought sad destruction—tearing out the glass windows and iron stanchions, and carrying away everything that could possibly be removed, the loss by their depredations being 1200*l*. Of the early Castle many stern features are recorded; as, rings fixed in the wall with chains attached. in the dungeon, separated by an iron *grille*, from the more habitable parts. There are besides named in an inventory of the year 1586, the “Great Vaults;” and “Haddon Hole,” a lower dungeon, beneath the Great Hall, which was below the Chapel. There existed to our time a gateway, a moat, and a drawbridge; and a sort of well or deep tank, in which articles of value were secreted in times of danger and alarm.

*Hilton Castle*, the second Durham fortress, is situated near Sunderland, and a five-storied edifice of massive grandeur, its turrets decorated with corbel heads, and figures on the top, some in combatant attitudes, and

machicolations for the protection of arches. The first on actual record of the noble race who gave name to this Castle, is "Romanus, the Knight of Hilton," in 1160; and the exterior bears sumptuous heraldic evidences.

Surtees, the historian of Durham, relates a story of a certain Brownie, said to have haunted the Castle, and called the *Cauld Lad of Hilton*, belonging to a very common and numerous class of domestic spirits, and seeming to possess no very distinctive attributes. "He was seldom seen, but was heard nightly by the servants, *who slept in the great hall*. If the kitchen had been in perfect order, they heard him amusing himself by breaking plates and dishes, hurling the pewter in all directions, and throwing everything into confusion. If on the contrary the apartment had been left in disarray—a practice which the servants found it most prudent to adopt—the indefatigable goblin arranged everything with the greatest precision. This poor *esprit follet*, whose pranks were at all times perfectly harmless, was at length banished from his haunts by the usual expedient of presenting him with a suit of clothes. A green cloak and hood were laid before the kitchen fire, and the domestics sat up watching at a prudent distance. At twelve o'clock, the sprite glided gently in, stood by the glowing embers, and surveyed the garments provided for him, very attentively tried them on, and seemed delighted with his appearance, frisking about for some time, and cutting several summersets and gambadoes, till, on hearing the first cock, he twitches his mantle tight about him, and disappeared with the usual valediction :

"Here's a cloak, and here's a hood,  
The Cauld Lad of Hilton will do no more good."

"The genuine Brownie, however, is supposed to be, *ab origine*, an unembodied spirit; but the Boy of Hilton has, with an admixture of English superstition, been identified with the apparition of an unfortunate domestic, whom one of the old chiefs of Hilton slew at some very distant period in a moment of wrath or intemperance. The Baron had, it seems, on an important occasion, ordered his horse, which was not brought out so soon as he expected; he went to the stable, found the boy loitering, and seizing a hay-fork, struck him, though not intentionally, a mortal blow. The story adds that he covered his victim with straw till night, and then threw him into the pond, where the skeleton of a boy was (in confirmation of the tale) discovered in the last Baron's time."

Surtees also gives the following lines descriptive of a popular tradition relative to the family of Hilton :

" His fetters of ice the broad Baltic is breaking ;  
 In the deep glens of Denmark sweet summer is waking,  
 And blushing amidst her pavilion of snows,  
 Discloses her chalice, the bright Lapland rose.  
 The winds in the caverns of winter are bound,  
 Yet the leaves that the tempest has strew'd on the ground  
 Are whirling in magical eddies around,  
 For deep in the forest, where wild flowers are blushing,  
 Where the stream from the cistern of rock-spar is gushing,  
 The magic of Lapland the wild wind is hushing.  
 Why slumbers the storm in the caves of the north?  
 When, when shall the carrier of Odin go forth?  
 Loud, loud laugh'd the hags as the dark raven flew :  
 They had sprinkled his wings with the mirk midnight dew,  
 That was brush'd in Blockula from cypress and yew.  
     That raven in its charmed breast  
     Bears a sprite that knows no rest—  
     (When Odin's darts in darkness hurl'd,  
     Scatter'd lightnings through the world,  
     Then beneath the withering spell,  
     Harold, son of Eric, fell)—  
     Till lady, unlikely thing, I trow,  
     Print three kisses on his brow—  
     Herald of ruin, death, and flight,  
     Where will the carrier of Odin light?  
 What Syrian maid in her date-cover'd bower,  
 Lists to the lay of a gay Troubadour?  
 His song is of war, and he scarcely conceals  
 The tumult of pride that his dark bosom feels ;  
 From Antioch beleaguer'd the recreant has stray'd,  
 To kneel at the foot of an infidel maid ;  
 His mail laid aside in a minstrel's disguise,  
 He basks in the beams of a Nourjahad's eyes.  
     Yet a brighter flower in greener bower,  
     He left in the dewy west,  
     Heir of his name and his Saxon tower ;  
     And Edith's childish vest  
 Was chang'd for lovelier woman's zone ;  
 And days, and months, and years have flown  
 Since her parting sire her red lips prest.  
 And she is left an orphan child  
 In her gloomy hall by the woodland wild ;  
 To guard her tower, to tend her state,  
     Unletter'd hinds and rude.  
 Unscen the tear-drop dims her eye,  
 Her heart unheeded heaves the sigh,  
 And youth's fresh roses fade and die  
     In wan, unjoyous solitude.  
 Edith in her saddest mood  
     Has climb'd the bartizan stair ;  
 No sound comes from the stream or wood,  
     No breath disturbs the air,  
 The summer clouds are motionless,  
     And she so sad, so fair,  
 Seems like a lily rooted there,  
     In lost forgotten loneliness.  
 A gentle breeze comes from the vale,  
 And a sound of life is on the gale,

And see a raven on the wing,  
Circling round in airy ring,  
Hovering about in doleful fright—  
Where will the carrier of Odin alight?  
The raven has lit on the flagstaff high,  
That tops the dungeon tower,  
But he has caught fair Edith's eye,  
And genily, coyly, venturing nigh,  
He flutters round her bower;  
For he trusted the soft and maiden grace  
That shone in that sweet young Saxon face.  
And now he has perch'd on her willow wand,  
And tries to smooth his raven note,  
And sleek his glossy raven coat  
To court the maiden's hand.  
And now, caressing and caress'd,  
The raven is lodg'd in Edith's breast.  
" 'Tis innocence and youth that makes  
In Edith's fancy such mistakes."  
But that maiden kiss hath holy power  
O'er planet and sigillary hour;  
The elfish spell hath lost its charms,  
And a Danish knight is in Edith's arms.  
And Harold at his bride's request  
His barbarous gods forswore:  
Freyr, and Woden, and Balder, and Thor;  
And Jarrow with tapers blazing bright,  
Hail'd her gallant proselyte."

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### A Myth of Midridge.

Midridge, near Auckland, was a great place for fairies in olden times. Occasionally, a visitor used to visit the scene of their gambols, if it were but to catch a parting glance of the tiny folks, dressed in their vestments of green, as delicate as the thread of the gossamer; for well knew the lass so favoured, that ere the current year had disappeared, she would have become the happy wife of the object of her only love; and also as well ken'd the lucky lad that he too would get a weel tochered lassie, long afore his brow became wrinkled with age, or the snow-white blossoms had begun to bud forth on his pate. Woe to those, however, who dared to come by twos or by threes, with inquisitive and curious eye, within the bounds of their domain; for if caught, or only the eye of a fairy fell upon them, ill was sure to betide them through life. Still more awful, however, was the result if any were so rash as to address them, either in plain prose or rustic rhyme. The last instance of their being spoken to, is thus still handed down.

"Twas on a beautifully clear evening in August, when after calling the harvest-home, the daytale men and household servants were enjoying

themselves over strong beer, that the evening's conversation at last turned upon the fairies of the neighbouring hill, and each related his oft-told tale. At last, the senior of the mirthful party proposed to a youthful mate of his, who had dared to doubt even the existence of such creatures, that he durst not go to the hill, mounted on his master's best palfrey, and call aloud the following lines:

" Rise, little lads,  
Wi' your iron gads,  
And set the Lord o' Midridge home."

Off went the lad to the fairy hill, and there uttered loudly the above invitatory verses. Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips ere he was nearly surrounded by many hundreds of the little folks. The most robust of the fairies, Oberon, their king, wielding an enormous javelin, thus addressed the witless wight:—

" Sillie Willy, mount thy filly;  
And if it isn't weel coru'd and fed,  
I'll ha' thee afore thou gets hame to thy Midridge bed."

Well was it for Willy that his home was not far distant, and that part light was still remaining in the sky. Horrified beyond measure, he struck his spurs into the sides of his beast, who, equally alarmed, darted off as quick as lightning towards the mansion of its owner. Luckily it was one of those houses of olden time, which would admit a horse and his rider without danger; lucky also was it that at the moment they arrived, the door was standing wide open; so considering the house a safer sanctuary from the belligerent fairies than the stable, he galloped direct into the hall, to the no small amazement of all beholders, when the door was instantly closed upon his pursuing foes! As soon as Willy was able to draw his breath, and had in part overcome the effects of his fear, he related to his comrades a full and particular account of his adventure with the fairies; but from that time forward, never more could any one, either for love or money, prevail upon Willy to give the fairies of the hill an invitation to take an evening walk with him as far as the village of Midridge!

To conclude, when the fairies had departed, and it was considered safe to unbar the door, to give egress to Will and his filly, it was found, to the amazement of all beholders, that the identical iron javelin of the fairy king had pierced through the thick oaken door, which for service as well as safety, was strongly plated with iron, where it still stuck, and actually required the stoutest fellow in the company, with the aid of a smith's great fore-hammer to drive it out.—*Notes and Queries*, No. 62.



## YORKSHIRE.

## Rokeby and its Lords.

This celebrated estate, situated at the junction of the rivers Tees and Greta in a picturesque part of the North Riding of Yorkshire, is of ancient as well as modern renown. In this district may be traced the works of our Roman conquerors, and the remains of an ancient priory. The lords of Rokeby were famous as soldiers and statesmen, from the Conquest to the reign of Charles I., when the family suffered grievously in the cause of that monarch. In Rokeby, with its enchanting views and its wild traditions, Sir Walter Scott found—

"A stern, and lone, yet lovely road,  
As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode;"

And the readers of that poem, who have visited the spot from which it takes its name, must be struck with the skill with which Scott has introduced the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood (Barnard Castle), "Eglestone's gray ruins," "Mortham Tower," and the "Roman Legion." In passing from Yorkshire to Durham, over the modern arch, called "Abbey Bridge," we look down on a rocky ravine, through which the Tees forces its passage amidst irregular masses of rock, in the crevices of which trees and shrubs have taken root. Through the arch of the Abbey Bridge, on the left are seen the ruins of the Præmonstratensian Priory of Eglestone.\* The founder is unknown. It is, however, supposed to have been Ralph de Multon, in the beginning of the reign of Richard I. The church was the place of the interment of the Rokebys, and formerly contained the tombs of members of that family, as well as those of Bowes and Fitzhugh. Scott alludes to the present state of the ancient fabric, and the injuries it sustained from republican fury, with the feelings of a poet and an antiquary :

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\* The *Præmonstratensian* canons were those who followed certain rules laid down by St. Norbert, in 1120. They declared that their founder received his rules bound in gold from the hands of St. Augustine, whose apparition came to him in the night! After this distinguished visit, it was alleged that St. Norbert received another from an angel, who showed him the meadow in which he was to build his first monastery; from which circumstance it was called *Præmonstratus* (or Premonstre), meaning *Foreshewn*.

“The reverend pile lay wild and waste,  
 Profaned, dishonoured, and defaced:  
 Through storied lattices no more  
 In softened light the sunbeams pour,  
 Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich,  
 Of shrine, and monument, and niche.  
 The civil fury of the time  
 Made sport of sacrilegious crime;  
 For dark fanaticism rent  
 Altar, and screen, and ornament;  
 And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew,  
 Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz Hugh.”

The ancient castle of Rokeby, says Scott, stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood. Dr. Whitaker renders the word *Rokeby*, as the dwelling *near the Rock*.

A curious record of the Rokeby family has reached the public eye, by means of the practice now popular of printing old family Diaries.—In the diary of Sir Thomas Rokeby, Justice in the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of William III., occurs the worthy valetudinarian's doctor's bill for only two months, October and November, 1697:—“Purging pills, 2s.; leeches, 6d.; aperitive ingredients, 1s. 6d.; hystericke water, 2s.; a purging bolus, 1s. 6d.; purging pills, 1s.; Gascan powder, 4s.; vermifuge pills, a box, 3s. 4d.; a purging bolus, 1s. 6d.; purging pills, 1s.; cephalick drops, 2s. 6d.; an hysterick julep, 3s. 6d.; hysterick pills (eighty-five), 6s. 8d.; a vomitive potion, 2s. 6d.; a stomachick cordial, 2s.; a cordial potion, 1s. 8d.; vomitive salts (three doses,) 1s. 6d.; the hysterick julep, 3s. 6d.; mithridate, 1s.; the vomitive potion, 2s. 6d.; vomitive salts, 1s. 6d.; the hysterick pills, 6s. 8d.; the hysterick julep, 3s. 6d.; sal ammoniac, 6s.: 2l. 17s. 10d.” Spite of this drenching to which Sir Thomas had to subject himself, he lived to the age of sixty-seven.

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### Murder of the Monk of Whitby.

Whitby, a seaport of great antiquity, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, seems to have arisen originally from the neighbourhood of an abbey, founded by Oswy, King of Northumberland, in 867; but both abbey and town were utterly destroyed by the Danes, and lay in ruins until after the Norman Conquest, when the restoration of the edifice was begun by a humble individual named Reinfrid, in the year 1074. This man was one of three monks who, in the year preceding, set out from Evesham Abbey on a kind of pilgrimage to the north to restore monastic institutions in Northumbria. They travelled on foot,

with a little ass to carry their books and priestly garments. Having collected a goodly number of followers, Reinfrid, with his share, travelled southward to Whitby, to revive the ancient monastery of St. Hilda. Reinfrid, we are told, had formerly been a soldier in the army of William the Conqueror, and as such had been known to William de Percy, Lord of Whitby, who readily granted him and his fraternity the site of the ancient abbey. The monastery obtained its principal endowments from the Percy family, ancestors of the Dukes of Northumberland, and other branches of the noble family of Percy. The son of William de Percy, Alan, endowed it with the whole of that extensive territory now denominated Whitby Strand. The present ruins overlook the sea at the height of 240 feet. The beautiful central tower fell in 1830; the existing ruins consist of the choir, the north transept, nearly entire, and part of the west front.

In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II. (1159), the Lord of Uglebarnby, then called William de Bruce, the Lord of Sneaton, called Ralph de Percy, with a gentleman and freeholder, called Allatson, on the 16th day of October, appointed to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood or desert place named Eskdale-side, belonging to the Abbot of Whitby, whose name was Sedman. These three gentlemen met as above, with their hounds and boar-staves, and there found a great wild boar; the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where lived a monk of Whitby, who was a hermit. The boar being very sorely pursued, and dead run, fell down at the chapel-door, and presently died. The hermit succeeded in shutting the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen in the thick of the wood, being just behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door and came forth, and within they found the boar lying dead; for which the gentlemen in great fury, because their hounds were put from their game, most violently and cruelly ran at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen, perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough. But at that time the abbot being in very great favour with the King, removed them out of the sanctuary, whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged; but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. Still, the hermit being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him. They accordingly came, when the hermit being very sick and

weak, said to them, "I am sure to die of those wounds you have given me." The abbot answered, "They shall surely die for the same." But the hermit answered, "Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they be content to be enjoined the penance I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls." The gentlemen being present, bid him save their lives.

"Then," said the hermit, "you and yours shall hold your lands of the Abbot of Whitby and his successors in this manner: that upon Ascension Day, you or some of you shall come to the wood of the Stray Heads, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sunrising, and there shall the abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know how to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven stout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some of you, with a knife of one penny price. And you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour and service shall cease; and if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers, and so stake on each side with your stout stowers, that they may stand three tides without removing by the force thereof; each of you shall do, make, and execute the said service and at that very hour, every year except it be full sea at that hour; but when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me, and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow—Out on you, out on you, out on you, for this heinous crime. If you or your successors shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you or yours shall forfeit your lands to the Abbot of Whitby, or his successors. This I entreat and earnestly beg, that you may have your lives and goods preserved for this service: and I request of you to promise by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors as is aforesaid requested, and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man."

Then the hermit said, "My soul longeth for the Lord; and I do as freely forgive these men my death, as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross." And in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words [in Latin] "O Lord, into thy hands do I commit my soul, for from the chains of death hast thou redeemed me, O Lord of truth. Amen." So he yielded up the ghost, the eighth day of December, Anno Domini 1159, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen.

In the year 1129, a priory was founded here by Robert de Brus, for canons of the order of St. Austin, the importance of which, in the days of its prosperity, may be conceived from the assertion of a manuscript in the Cottonian Library, that the prior kept a most pompous house, "in-somuch that the towne, consytinge of 500 householders, had no lande, but lived all in the Abbey." Of this building a very small portion remains, near the east end of the town.

At Guisborough, near Whitby, alum was first made in England. It appears that towards the close of the sixteenth century, Thomas Chaloner (afterwards Sir Thomas), while travelling in Italy, examined some alum-works of the Pope's, and finding that it was only want of experienced workmen which prevented his working the alum on his estate near Guisborough, he endeavoured to persuade some of the Pope's workmen to accompany him to England. He succeeded; and in order to smuggle them away, he put two or three of them into casks, and in this manner conveyed to a ship which was ready to sail. The enraged Pope then thundered a curse against him, which curse is to be found in Charlton's *History of Whitby*, word for word the same as that read by Dr. Slop. Sterne also used continually to stay with his friend, John Hall Stevenson (the liegeman of his story), at Skelton Castle, near Guisborough, and there, of course, became well acquainted with the curse in question, which is familiarly known to every man in the neighbourhood. Chaloner's works have long been discontinued, and the manufacture has been transferred to Whitby.

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### Scarborough Castle.

The peculiarities of the locality of Scarborough attracted to it inhabitants at a very early period: its name, implying a fortified rock, is of Saxon derivation, and there is reason to suppose that it was previously a Roman settlement. It is situated in the recess of a bay, whence it rises in an amphitheatrical form to the summit of a cliff, or *scar*, from which it derives its name. The harbour is made by a pier forming the sweep of a large circle:

"Shooting through the deep,  
The Mole immense expands its massy arms,  
And forms a spacious haven. Loud the winds  
Murmur around, impatient of control,  
And lash, and foam, and thunder—vain their rage;  
Compacted by its hugeness, every stone  
With central firmness rests."

The bay is protected on the north and north-east by the high and steep promontory, with an ancient Castle on its summit. Scarborough has, step by step, and street by street, crept up the acclivity, the oldest streets having been formerly a part of the sands. The town itself was in ancient times defended by strong walls, a moat, and earthen mounds; and the Castle must, before the application of artillery, have been absolutely impregnable to all attacks of open violence. The ruins of this fortress are elevated more than 300 feet above the level of the sea, having at the summit an area of nineteen good green acres, terminating on three sides in a perpendicular rock, and the fourth side towards the town and bay, being a steep rocky slope.

The Castle was built in the reign of King Stephen, by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Holderness, and has been the scene of many events remarkable in our history. In 1272, Edward I. kept a splendid Court at Scarborough. Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II., sought in the Castle refuge from the exasperated barons in 1312. The Earl of Pembroke besieged Gaveston here, but several of his assaults were repulsed with great bravery; and it was the want of provisions only which compelled him, after a noble defence, to surrender himself, and he was beheaded. In 1318, Robert Bruce reduced Scarborough to ashes. In 1377, a daring Scottish freebooter, named Mercer, being committed prisoner to Scarborough Castle, his son entered the harbour, and carried away a number of merchant-vessels in triumph. In 1484, a battle off Scarborough was fought between the French and English fleets, when several ships were taken by the former. Richard III. twice visited Scarborough Castle, and made the town a county of itself, a privilege discontinued very soon afterwards. In 1536, Robert Aske, with his fanatical army, in their "Pilgrimage of Grace," made an attack upon Scarborough Castle, but was obliged to abandon the enterprise with confusion and disgrace. During Wyatt's rebellion, Thomas, second son of Lord Stafford, surprised and took the Castle by the stratagem of introducing a number of soldiers disguised as peasants; but three days afterwards it was retaken by the Earl of Westmoreland, and Stafford and three other of the leaders were executed for treason: hence the origin of the phrase, "a Scarborough warning—a word and a blow, and the blow comes first." During the Civil Wars the Castle underwent two sieges by the Parliamentary forces, the first of which lasted twelve months. It was then, like many other fortresses, dismantled by order of the Parliament.

In the neighbourhood are Castle Howard, built by Vanbrugh; and the ruins of Rivaulx Abbey, supposed to have been the first Cistercian

monastery founded in Yorkshire, its remains being of considerable extent and unusually perfect.

In Scarborough Castle was imprisoned above twelve months, for his religious opinions, George Fox, the first of the people called Quakers: his sufferings here were very great; he was released September 1, 1646.

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### Middleham Castle.

The most interesting feature of the town of Middleham, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, is its ancient Castle, built by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, younger brother of Allan, Earl of Bretagne, to whom the whole of Wensleydale was given by Conan, Earl of Bretagne and Richmond. It is remarkable that, in 1469, each of the rival kings was under durance at once—Edward IV. at Middleham, and Henry VI. in the Tower, whilst the Nevilles were wavering between the two. Both places of the royal captivity are scenes in Shakspeare's *Third Part of King Henry VI.*: Scene V., a Park near Middleham Castle; and Scene VI., A Room in the Tower. Edward IV. was confined for a time at Middleham by Warwick, after he had been taken prisoner at Wolvey: he was—

“Committed to the Bishop of York,  
Fell Warwick's brother.”

“Edward,” says Rapin, “behaved so obligingly to that prelate, that he had leave, with a small guard, to hunt now and then in the park. This first step being taken, he prevailed with one of his guards to deliver a letter to two gentlemen of the neighbourhood, wherein he pointed out to them what course they should take to free him. The gentlemen, overjoyed at the opportunity to do the King so great a service, privately assembled their friends, and lying in ambush near the park, easily carried him away.” The planning of this escape occupies Scene V. in Shakspeare's play. Edward gave Middleham Castle to his brother the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. Here the eldest of the monarch's natural children, Richard Plantagenet, was born: and of him the following traditional story is related:—When Sir Thomas Moyle was building his house at Eastwell, in Kent, he observed his principal bricklayer, whenever he left off work, to retire with a book. This circumstance raised the curiosity of Sir Thomas to know what book the man was reading, and at length found it was Latin. Upon entering into further conversation with his workman, Sir Thomas learnt from him

that he had been tolerably educated by a schoolmaster with whom he boarded in his youth; and that he did not know who his parents were till he was fifteen or sixteen years old, when he was taken to Bosworth Field, and introduced to King Richard; that the King embraced him, and told him he was his son, and moreover promised to acknowledge him in case of the fortunate event of the battle; that after the battle was lost he hastened to London, and that he might have means to live by his honest labour, put himself apprentice to a bricklayer. Upon learning this story, Sir Thomas is said to have allowed him to build a small house for himself upon his estate, and there he continued till his death, which, according to the register of the parish of Eastwell, took place in the year 1550, when he must have been eighty or eighty-one years of age. King Richard is said to have knighted his natural son at York; but Mr. Riley thinks that this alludes to the fact that at York, in 1483, Richard elevated his legitimate son Edward to the rank of Prince of Wales, with the insignia of the wreath and golden wand.

Here, also, according to Stow, the Bastard of Falconbridge was beheaded: he was admiral of the navy of Warwick, the King-maker,\* when Henry VI. was restored. He, in May, 1471, attempted to seize the Tower, where Edward's Queen and young family resided; being repulsed from London, he lived awhile by piracy, having at one time a fleet of near fifty ships at Sandwich, but was at last captured and executed at Middleham.

Richard is believed to have passed his early years at Middleham Castle, associated with the flower of English chivalry, practising exercises, bold and athletic, or sportive, with "hawk and hound, seasoned with lady's smiles," and forming early friendships, which lasted through life. One of Richard's most devoted associates at Middleham was the young Lord Lovell, whose attachment to Gloucester in after times led him into many tragical vicissitudes: he accompanied the Prince in most of his military campaigns; during the Protectorate he held the lucrative office of Chief Butler of England; bore one of his swords of justice, and walked on the King's left hand, at his coronation. After attending him to the battle of Bosworth, he is supposed to have been starved to death at his own seat, Minster Lovell, in Oxfordshire; the skeleton of a man seated in a chair, with his head reclining upon a table; being

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\* Warwick feasted daily thirty thousand persons in his castle halls: he could rally thirty thousand men under his banner, and carry them, like a troop of household servants, from camp to camp, as passion, interest, or caprice dictated.



accidentally discovered there in a chamber underground, towards the close of the seventeenth century. The Lord Lovell probably took refuge in this place of concealment after his defeat at the battle of Stoke, a large reward being offered for his apprehension; and his melancholy end is supposed to have occurred from neglect on the part of those who were entrusted with his secret.—*Lingard.*

Hardly anything else is known of the history of Middleham Castle, excepting that it was inhabited in 1609 by Sir Henry Linley. Tradition says that it was reduced to ruins by Cromwell, but there is no historical evidence to prove it. The remains stand on a rocky eminence near the town. The Castle was formerly moated round, by help of a spring in the higher ground, from which the water was conveyed.

An interesting memorial of Richard III. may be described here. This is a pyramidal structure over "King Richard's Well," in a meadow on the southern slope of Bosworth Field, about two miles and a half south by south-west of the town of Market Bosworth. It is twelve feet square, and about ten feet high, and is built of rough-hewn dark stone with wide mortar joints. It permanently marks a spot of deep historical interest, being associated with an event of memorable and great national importance; for it covers a little pool of water, of which, according to tradition and the Latin inscription contained on a stone slab (two feet two inches long by one foot one inch deep, built in the recess), both the unfortunate Monarch and his charger (and doubtless many other combatants) partook in the fight before making his last infuriated personal attack upon Henry, in which last dash of desperate bravery Richard III. fell, overpowered by numbers. This was doubtless his last draught.

The water, which tastes brackish, is only about a foot deep, reached by two steps, and does not appear to be a "well," either in the popular or scriptural sense, but may be simply a reservoir of rain-water. If it is a spring, however, it never seems to overflow and run away, although near is certainly some indication of a former channel. The stone opposite the entrance may be ancient, and was probably used to put vessels to contain the water on, and as a seat.

On the ridge above the hedge fine views may be obtained of the tower and spire of Bosworth Church and Bosworth Hall, the seat of Sir Alex. B. C. Dixie, Bart., with its park of deer and magnificent forest of oak. At the hall, and in Leicester Museum, are still seen memorials of the celebrated struggle of which this somewhat eccentric structure

acts as an humble and lonely memorial. The Latin inscription, which is said to be the production of the pen of Dr. Parr, runs thus:—

AQVA. EX. HOC. PVTEO. HAVSTA  
 SITIM. SEDAVIT  
 RICHARDVS. TERTIVS. REX. ANGLIÆ  
 CVM. HENRICO. COMITE. DE. RICHMOND  
 ACERRIME. ATQUE. INFENSISISIME. PRÆLIANS  
 ET. VITA. PARITER. AC. SCEPTRO  
 ANTE. NOCTEM. CARITVRVS  
 XI. KAL. SEP. A. D. MCCCCLXXXV.

which may be thus translated:—"With water drawn from this well Richard III., King of England, assuaged his thirst (when) fighting in the most desperate and hostile manner with Henry, Earl of Richmond, and about to lose before night his life, together with his sceptre, August 22, A.D. 1485."

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### York Castle.

As a proof of the Roman origin of the city of York, we may mention that one of the angle towers, and a portion of the old wall of *Eboracum* are preserved to this day. About five-and-twenty years ago, a portion of the Roman wall, (comprising the remains of two towers, and the foundation of one of the gates of the station,) was found buried within the ramparts; and numerous remains of monuments, coffins, urns, baths, temples, and villas, have from time to time been brought to light. Numberless tiles bearing the impress of the Sixth and Ninth Legions; fragments of Samian ware; inscriptions, and coins, from the age of Cæsar to that of Constantine, render indisputable the fact of the Roman origin of the renowned city of York, which contains more ancient relics than any other city in the kingdom.

The famous Multangular Tower, situated in the gardens of St. Mary's Abbey, is of very peculiar construction. The outside to the river is faced with a very small stone of about four inches thick, and laid in levels, like our modern brickwork; the length of the stones is not observed, but as they fell out in hewing. From the foundation, twenty courses of these small stones are laid, and over them five courses of Roman bricks, some laid lengthwise and some endwise in the wall. After these five courses of bricks, other twenty-three courses of small square stones are laid, and then five more courses of bricks; beyond which the wall is imperfect, and capped with modern building. In all this height there is no casement or loophole, but one entire and uniform wall. Since this description was written, a considerable portion of the

old Roman wall, connected with this tower, has been discovered in wonderful preservation ; as, also, a monumental stone, 21 feet long and 11 feet wide, bearing the legible inscription, " Genio loci feliciter."

Of the four Bars or Gates of York, Micklegate is the finest: it has a well-preserved Roman arch, and supports a massive pile of Gothic turrets, &c. This gate was, in all probability, erected full 1600 years ago. In the vicinity of Micklegate Bar is another very curious relic, "the greatest and most remarkable," says Drake—namely, the Sepulchral Monument of the Standard-bearer of the Ninth Legion. A Castle at York is said to have been erected by Athelstan, but it is very doubtful.

Of St. Leonard's Hospital, founded by King Athelstan, about 936, there remain the ambulatory, the chapel, and entrance-passage. The beautiful ruins of St. Mary's Abbey include the Hospitium, belonging to the Anglo-Saxon, the Anglo-Norman, and other periods. Here are preserved Roman tessellated pavements: the largest was removed in 1857, from the estate of Sir George Wombwell, Bart., at Oulston: it had evidently been the floor of a corridor in a Roman villa of considerable extent.

York, from its foundation, has never ceased to have the appearance of a fortified city. The walls of the Roman station, Eboracum, were wholly on the north bank of the Ouse. What changes they underwent in the succeeding British, Saxon, and Danish times, cannot now be ascertained. In the time of the Conqueror, they enclosed two Castles; one, as is thought, on each side of the river; but this is very doubtful. The walls are not characteristic of any particular age; but the archway of the gates appears to belong to the Norman period. The barbicans, which were, probably, added in the reign of Edward III., have been removed from three of the gates. The Castle has long since been converted into the county prison, and the courts of justice for the county. The keep, known by the name of Clifford's Tower, the Cliffords having been the ancient wardens of the castle, is generally supposed to have been built by the Conqueror, but the architecture indicates a somewhat later age. It occupies a high artificial mount, thrown up with prodigious labour, and surrounded with a massive stone wall. It corresponds with the Old Baile, on the opposite side of the Ouse; and it is generally thought to be of Roman or Saxon origin. The tower was formerly defended by a deep moat, drawbridge, and palisades; the former is circular; it terminates in machicolations, and has its outer walls strengthened with circular turrets. The Lords Clifford were, in ancient times, called castelyns or keepers of this tower; and it is certain that, either on this or some other title, the family claimed the

right of carrying the city sword before the King whenever he visited York. Richard II. is recorded to have taken his sword from his side, and given it to be borne before the mayor of York, on whom he conferred the additional title of "lord," which that officer still assumes. York was governed by a mayor as early as the time of Stephen. The neighbourhood of York was the scene of some of the bloody conflicts in the War of the Roses; and the lofty gates of the city exhibited the barbarous spectacle of the heads of Lancastrians and Yorkists alternately, as either party was victorious. The citizens were favourable to the cause of Edward, who was honourably received by them on his way to the north, whither Henry VI. and his queen had retired after the sanguinary battle of Towton: and on his return, after the battle of Hexham, he was crowned again with great solemnity, with the royal cap called "Abacot," which had been found in the spoils of his rival.

Clifford's Tower in time fell to decay; and Leland found it in a ruinous state in the reign of Henry VIII. But on the commencement of the civil wars between Charles I. and his Parliament, this tower was completely repaired and fortified. The royal arms and those of the Cliffords were placed over the entrance. On the top was made a platform, on which several pieces were mounted; a garrison was appointed for its defence, and Colonel Sir Francis Cobb was its governor during the siege of the city. Among the batteries then opened was one of Lamel Mill Hill, from whence four pieces of cannon played incessantly on Clifford's Tower and the castle. After the surrender of the city in 1644, it was dismantled of its garrison, except this tower, of which Thomas Dickenson, the Lord Mayor, a man strongly attached to the Parliamentary interest, was constituted governor. In 1683 Sir John Reresby was appointed governor of the Castle by Charles II. In the following year, on the Festival of St. George, April 23, about ten in the evening, the magazine took fire, and blew up, when the tower was reduced to a shell, as it remains to this day. Whether this explosion took place accidentally or by design is unknown; but the demolition of the "Minced Pie" was at that time a common toast in the city; and it was observed that the officers and soldiers of the garrison had previously removed their effects, and that not a single man perished by the explosion. Within the tower is a well of excellent water; and in its crumbled remains may be traced a dungeon which was so dark as not to admit the least ray of light. The outer walls, or shell of the fortress, remains, and the woody mantling of the mound reminds us of peaceful nature, however the frowning tower may call up recollections of its importance in a long succession of warlike ages. Few

scenes are, however, more impressive than such a contrast as the crumbling walls of Clifford's Tower and the flourishing verdure of the mound suggest to the reflective mind.

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### The Grey Palmer : a Yorkshire Legend.

Eight miles from the city of York, amidst picturesque scenery, on the banks of the River Wharfe, was anciently the site of a Convent of Nuns of the Cistercian order. There was a contemporary monastery of monks at Acaster Malhis; and tradition relates, that a subterranean passage afforded the inmates of these establishments access to each other. In the year 1281, the Lady Abbess of Nun Appleton called upon the Archbishop from Cawood, and the nuns of St. Mary's Abbey, to chant high mass on the Eve of St. Mark, to lay at rest the wandering spirit of Sister Hylda, which had haunted the convent, the monastery, and adjacent country, during seven long years. The peasants, adds the narrative, fled from that district, for the spirit appeared to them in their houses, or floated over their heads in passing the Wharfe.

A tempest, with loud, dismal, and portentous howlings, shook the high, craggy cliffs above Otley: fierce and more fierce it whirled along the river, and sent levin bolts and red meteors over the cloisters of Nun Appleton; showers descended like rolling sheets of water; and the Wharfe, swelling over its banks, washed rocks from their base, and lofty trees from their far-spreading roots. The holy Archbishop stood, in sacred stole, before the altar—the veiled sisters of St. Mary's stood by the choir, and the monks of Acaster Malhis waited the solemn call of the bell to raise their voices in hymns of supplication—the walls resounded with knocking at the convent gate—the portress told her beads, and crossed her breast as she said to herself, while advancing to the portal, "Here come other pilgrims of Palestine, foretold by the dreary ghost of Sister Hylda."

She turned the lock with difficulty: it seemed to deny admission to the stranger, but gave way to the arm of the portress, and a Palmer, clad in grey weeds of penitence, strode within the threshold. The thunder burst over his head, the lightnings flashed around his gigantic figure, and in a hoarse sepulchral voice, he thanked the portress for her gentle courtesy.

"By land, by sea," said the Palmer, "I have proved all that is terrible in danger, or awful in the strife of war. My arm wielded the truncheon

with gallant Richard, the chiefest knight of the Holy Rood; and the Paynims of Acre, with their mighty Soldan, have quaked in the tumult of our crusaders. The storm of the Red Sea and the rage of open ocean have rattled in mine ear. I have crossed burning sands, and met the wild lords of the desert in harness of steel; but never was my soul so appalled as by the rage of elements this horrible night. To the sinner naught is so fearful as the workings of Almighty wrath in our lower world. I have visited every shrine of penitence and prayer to purge the stains of crime from this bosom: I have trodden each weary step to the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine; I have knelt to the Saints of Spain, of Italy, and of France; I have mourned before the shrine of St. Patrick, and every saint of Ireland; in Scotland I have drunk of every miraculous fount, and holy well; and but for the swollen waters of Wharfe, I had sought the grey towers of Cawood, or the fair Abbey of Selby, to crave prayers from the pure in heart for the worst of transgressors. At holy St. Thomas's tomb, my pilgrimage ends. But for the wicked there can be no rest. The pelting hailstorm, the dark red flashes of lightning and the flooded Wharfe, opposed my course. I wandered through the dark wood—the thunder roared among the groaning oaks—the ravenous wolf rushed from his den across my path, with open jaws, ready to devour me. A spectre, more fell than the savage beast, drove him away; the croaking raven and hooting owl sung a death-warning; and the spectre shrieked in mine ear, "Grey Palmer, thy bed of dark, chill, deep earth, and thy pillow of worms, are prepared. Thy childless bride waits to embrace thee!"

Deeply sounded the bell. "Haste thee, haste thee, holy Palmer," said the portress; "the spectre of Sister Hylda bade the Lady Abbess expect thee. Haste thee to join the choral swell. Why quakes thy stately form? Haste thee, the bell hath ceased its solemn invocation."

Scarcely had the Palmer entered the chapel, when the seven hallowed tapers, which burned perpetually before the altar, expired in blue hissing flashes—the swelling choir sunk to awful silence—a gloomy light circled round the vaulted roof—and Sister Hylda, with her veil thrown back, revealed her well-known features; but pale, grim, and ghastly as she stood by the Palmer, who was recognised as Friar John.

The Archbishop raised his expressive eyes in prayer; the cold dew of horror dropped from his cheeks; but in aspirations of prayer, his courage returned, and in adjurations by the name of the Most High, he demanded of the spectre why she broke the peace of the faithful. With fearful agitation she replied: "In me behold Sister Hylda, dis-

honoured, ruined, murdered by Friar John, in the deep penance vault. He stands by my side, and bends his head lower and lower in confession of his guilt. I died unconfessed, and for seven years has my troubled, my suffering spirit walked the earth, when all were hushed in peaceful sleep but such as the lost Hylda. Your masses have earned grace for me. Seek the middle pavement-stone of the vault for the mortal relics of a soul purified and pardoned by the blood of the Redeemer. Laud and blessing to his gracious name for ever !”

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### Fountains Abbey.

“Yet still thy turrets drink the light  
Of summer evening's softest ray,  
And ivy garlands, green and bright,  
Still mantle thy decay ;  
And calm and beauteous, as of old,  
Thy wandering river glides in gold.”

*Alaric Watts.*

Among the most attractive scenery of Yorkshire is Studley Park, the seat of Earl de Grey and Ripon, in the grounds of which stand the magnificent remains of Fountains Abbey, originally founded for monks of the Cistercian order, a branch of the Benedictine, which was the most ancient of all the monastic orders.

The history of the foundation of Fountains Abbey is curious. It appears that the Cistercian abbey of Rieval, in Yorkshire, attracted great attention from the sanctity of its inmates, when some monks of the Benedictine monastery of St. Mary's, at York, became desirous of adopting the same rules, and of withdrawing from their convent; which was strongly opposed by Galfridus, their abbot, as implying a reflection on his government. After appealing to Thurstan, Archbishop of York, and experiencing considerable annoyance from the Abbot, who laid his complaint before the King, the monks at length, in the year 1132, had certain lands assigned to them by the Archbishop, about three miles west of Ripon, for the purpose of erecting a monastery on a site called Skell Dale, from a rivulet of that name which runs through it. Having chosen Richard, the prior of St. Mary's, for their Abbot, they retired to this wilderness in the depth of winter, without any house to cover them, or certainty of provisions to subsist on. In the midst of the vale stood a large elm, on which they placed a thatch of straw: under this they are said to have “slept, ate, and prayed, the Archbishop for some time supplying them with bread, and the stream with drink.” Some cleared a small spot for a garden; others formed a humble

shed, to serve as a chapel; but it is supposed that they shortly quitted the shelter of the elm for that of seven yew-trees, growing on the south side of the spot where the Abbey now stands. They were of extraordinary size, the trunk of one being upwards of 26 feet in circumference at the height of three feet from the ground; we may hence infer their great age, and the probability, according to the common tradition, of their having served the purpose of a shelter for the monks. At the close of the first winter the Cistercians found their number increase, and with it their privations, they being reduced to the necessity of eating the leaves of trees and wild herbs, boiled with a little salt; yet they neither despaired nor withheld their charity. It is recorded that one day, when the store for all the monks was only two loaves and a-half, a stranger begged a morsel of bread; and the Abbot ordered one of the loaves to be given to him, saying, "God wou'd provide for them"—a hope soon realized by the unexpected arrival of a cartload of bread, sent them by Eustace Fitz-John, owner of the neighbouring Castle of Knaresborough. For a few years they suffered severe hardships, and were on the point of leaving the place, when Hugh, Dean of York, desired that after his death his body and all his wealth should be carried to the Abbey of Fountains. This important addition to their resources was soon followed by the assignment of the whole property of Serlo and Tosti, two canons of York. Benefactions then poured in from other quarters; the Abbey was endowed with various privileges by Kings and Popes, and greatly increased both in the extent of its possessions and the number of its monks. Another account states, that the Abbey was originally built in the time of Henry Murdac, during whose rule it was destroyed by an invasion of soldiers from York; but it was afterwards restored.

In 1140, it was consumed by fire; but its restoration was commenced in 1204, when the foundations of the church were laid; and in less than forty years from that time the fabric, of which the present are the remains, was completed, John de Casacia (of Kent) being Abbot. The Abbey frequently received large donations from the great northern barons, among whom were the ancient and noble family of Percy; particularly Lord Richard de Percy, who had distinguished himself in the barons' wars in the reign of King John. He was buried in Fountains Abbey, as well as his great-nephew, Lord Henry de Percy, one of the principal commanders under King Edward the First, in his wars in Scotland. The Percy family were considered the hereditary patrons and benefactors of the Abbey. From the small beginning described above this establishment became extremely rich in land, plate, and cattle; and



when visited in 1537, previously to the dissolution of the religious houses, was found to be one of the most opulent in the country. At that time great complaint was made against Thirske, the 37th Abbot, for misconduct; and he was afterwards executed at Tyburn, in company with some other persons concerned in an insurrection in Yorkshire. Marmaduke Brodelay, or Bradley, the last Abbot, surrendered the Abbey in the year 1540, and had a pension of 105*l.* allowed him.

The Abbey, with its appendages, when complete, covered twelve acres of ground, two of which are occupied by the present ruins, perhaps the largest of the class in the kingdom. At the Dissolution, the site, with a large portion of its estates, was sold by Henry the Eighth to Sir Richard Gresham; after which they passed through various hands, till purchased by William Aislabe, Esq., of Studley Royal, who annexed the ruins to his pleasure-grounds. The Studley estate, including Fountains Abbey, devolved in 1808 to his descendant, Miss Laurence.

No depredation appears to have been wantonly committed on this venerable pile; and time has spared many traces of its former beauty and extent. The length of the church is 358 feet; the great tower at the north end of the transept is 166 feet high. There has been a central tower, which has long since fallen into decay. In addition to the church are the chapter-house, over which was formerly the library and *scriptorium*, or writing-room, the refectory, on one side of which is the reading-gallery, where the Scriptures were read to the monks during meals; the cloisters, 300 feet long, and the dormitory over them; the kitchen, with its two fireplaces, each 15 feet wide; and the cloister-garden, 120 feet square, planted with shrubs and evergreens. The cloisters, divided by columns and arches, extend across the rivulet, which is arched over to support them; and near to the south end is a circular stone basin, 6 feet in diameter. This almost subterranean solitude is dimly lighted by lancet windows, which are obscured by oaks, beeches, and firs; and the gloom is heightened by the brook beneath, which may be seen wending its way through the broken arches. Besides these large ruins, there are found among the trees and shrubs many fragments of the appendages to this celebrated monastery.

It is not known with certainty why this Abbey received the name of *Fountains*. Two reasons have been assigned: first, that the celebrated founder of the Cistercian order, St. Bernard, having been born at Fountains, in Burgundy, it was so called in honour of him. But Dr. Whitaker, an excellent authority, derives the name from *Skell*, the rivulet which flows near it, which signifies a *Fountain*; and he adds

that the first name by which the house was known was the *Abbey of Skeldale*. The monks who wrote in Latin termed it *De Fontibus*, or *Of fountain*; and the latter title was preserved.

Of late years a discovery has been made at Fountains Abbey, which is not so satisfactorily explained as its name. Several earthenware vessels have been found in removing the earth and stones from the floor: one was a brown jug, buried in the stone basement of the now destroyed choir-screen; it contained a considerable quantity of a dark substance like burned wood. These jars were laid in mortar on their sides, and then surrounded with the solid stonework, the necks extending from the wall like cannon from the side of a ship. One conjecture is, that these jars were used to burn incense; but their mouths must have been hidden when the stalls were standing. Another conjecture is, that they were intended to receive the ashes of the heart, or some other portion of the body, in case a canon attached to the church should will that any part of his remains should be so deposited. Another supposition is, that the vessels were acoustic instruments, to assist the sound; and such have been found in the walls of the Coliseum, and other ancient buildings. The more probable explanation is, that the jars were used as depositories for human remains, and were closed round with masonry and concealed.

Henry Jenkins, that remarkable instance of longevity, was often at Fountains Abbey during the residence of the last Abbot; and (according to a paper copied from an old household book of Sir Richard Graham, Bart., of Norton Conyers) Jenkins, upon going to live at Bolton, was said to be about 150 years old; and the writer of the above paper had often examined him in his sister's kitchen, when he came for alms, and found facts in chronicles agree with his account; he was then 162 or 163. He said he was sent to North Allerton with a horse-load of arrows for the battle of Flodden Field, with which a bigger boy went forward to the army, under the Earl of Surrey, King Henry VIII. being at Tournay; and he (the boy) believed himself to be then eleven or twelve years old. This was in 1513, and four or five persons of the same parish, each said to be 100, or near it, declared Jenkins to have been an old man ever since they knew him. He gave evidence in court to six score years in a tithe cause, 1667, between the Vicar of Catterick and William and Peter Mawbank, wherein he deposed that the tythes of wool, lambs, &c., mentioned in the interrogatories, were the Vicar's, and had been paid, to his knowledge, 120 years, or more. The writer was present at another cause, when Jenkins gave evidence to 120 years. The judge asked him how he

lived. He said, by thatching and salmon-fishing; that he was thatching a house when served with a subpoena in the cause, and would dub a hook with any man in Yorkshire. The writer went to see him at Ellerton-upon-Swale, and met him carrying a pitcher of water upon his head. He told him he remembered the Dissolution, and that great lamentation was made; that he had been butler to Lord Conyers, of Hornby Castle; and that Marmaduke Brodely, Lord Abbot of Fountains, did frequently visit his lord, and drink a hearty glass with him; and that his lord often sent him to inquire how the Abbot did, who always sent for him to his lodgings; and after ceremonies, as he called it, passed, ordered him, besides wassel, a quarter of a yard of roast beef for his dinner (for that the monasteries did deliver their guests meat by measure) and a great black jack of strong drink. Jenkins was the only one who, in the time of Charles II., survived to tell the tale of the Dissolution of Monasteries.



### Bolton Priory.

The picturesque remains of this once magnificent monastic establishment are situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the banks of the river Wharfe, about six miles from Skipton. The melancholy event that led to the foundation of the monastery is related by Dr. Whitaker, in his *History of the Deanery of Craven*, and is likewise the subject of a beautiful poem by Wordsworth.

A priory was founded at Embassy, about two miles from Bolton, by William de Meschines and Cecilia, his wife, in the year 1121, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. On the founders' death, they left a daughter, who adopted her mother's name, Romille, and was married to William Fitz Duncan, nephew of David, King of Scotland. They had two sons; the eldest died young; the youngest, called from the place of his birth, the Boy of Egremont, became the last hope of his widowed mother. In the deep solitude of the woods between Bolton and Barden, four miles up the river, the Wharfe suddenly contracts itself into a rocky channel little more than four feet wide, and pours through the fissure with a rapidity proportioned to its confinement. The place was then, as it is now, called the Strid, from a feat often exercised by persons of more agility than prudence, who strode from brink to brink, regardless of the destruction that awaited a faltering step. Such was the fate of young Romille, the Boy of Egremont, who inconsiderately bounding over the chasm, with a greyhound in his leash, the animal

hung back, and drew his unfortunate master into the foaming torrent. When this melancholy event was communicated to his mother, she became overwhelmed with grief, which only yielded to her devotional feeling:

"And the lady prayed in heaviness  
That looked not for relief;  
But slowly did her succour come,  
And a patience to her grief."

To perpetuate the memory of this event, she determined to remove the priory from Embassy to the nearest convenient spot, and accordingly, erected a magnificent priory at Bolton. This establishment was dissolved June 11, 1540. Part of the nave of Bolton priory is now used as the parish church; the transept and choir are in ruins; the tower and fine east Perpendicular window are of later date than any other part of the edifice, and may be said to be the expiring effort of this species of architecture previous to the Reformation. It was in the course of erection at the dissolution of the priory; the last prior having intended to erect a splendid western entrance, and he had proceeded to the height of the ancient buildings, when the Reformation divested him of his office. The remains of the church of the priory, being surrounded by bold and majestic high grounds, are scarcely seen until the tourist arrives at the spot. They stand on a bend of the Wharfe, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundation. Opposite to the east window of the priory church the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, from the top of which flows a stream forming a beautiful waterfall.

Dr. Whitaker relates that it was long a tradition among the aged people in the neighbourhood of Bolton Priory, that not long after the dissolution of the monasteries, a white doe continued to make a pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the priory churchyard, near the grave of its former owner, during divine service; after the close of which the doe returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation.

The grave was the burial-place of Emily, the only daughter of Richard Norton, of Rylstone, who fell in the Roman Catholic insurrection in the reign of Elizabeth. When yet a child, the young doe had been given to Emily by her brothers, and it had grown up under her endearment, making a return for her affection in its own mute gratitude. Her father and eight brothers being taken, were all executed, and their fate being told to the broken-hearted Emily, she assumed the garb of a pilgrim, and long wandered far from the scenes of her child-

hood, till tired with the blank of things abroad, she returned home, and was immediately recognised by the grateful doe. Upon this strange story, Wordsworth has founded his romantic poem of "The White Doe of Rylstone."

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### Bolton Castle.

In Wensleydale, in the neighbourhood of Leybourn, are the ruins of Bolton Castle, famous as the possession of the family of Scrope; the last who resided here was Emanuel, thirteenth Lord of that name, and Earl of Sunderland, who died in 1630. In the great Civil War of the seventeenth century, this Castle was a garrison for the King; and was long and gallantly defended against the arms of the Parliament, by a party of Richmondshire cavaliers, who held it until reduced to cat horseflesh, when it capitulated, November 5, 1645, and the garrison marched to Pontefract. The Committee at York ordered this fortress to be made untenable in 1647, but it does not appear that the order was carried into effect; yet from that period it has been neglected, and falling into greater dilapidation. The north-eastern tower, which had been most damaged by the fire of the besiegers, fell suddenly to the ground in 1649. Four or five families now reside in the Castle: the south-west tower is occupied from turret to basement. Close to this tower is the room in which, tradition says, "the beauteous hapless Mary of Scotland" was confined. It has two narrow windows through the thick wall: it was through the west window that she made her escape, being lowered from it by an attendant, to the ground beneath. The room has a mortar-floor, now partly broken up. The chimneys not in use are covered up, to keep out the jackdaws. One or two of the turrets are occupied by farmers. No one who has ever witnessed it can forget the magnificent prospect of hill and dale seen from the roof of Bolton Castle.

In the *Diary of Bishop Cartwright*, printed for the Camden Society, in 1843, is this entry: "I was received by the Noble Marquess (i.e., of Winchester) with all kindness imaginable at dinner, from one at noon till one in the morning; Sir Richard Shuttleworth, Mr. Dean of Ripon, Mr. Darcy, and others there." This sitting at table for twelve hours, says the Editor, is to a certain extent a confirmation of the account which Granger gives from some contemporary memoirs of the singular style in which this nobleman lived at his castle of Bolton, during the reign of James the Second: "He went to dinner at six or seven in the evening, and his meal lasted till six or seven the next morning, during

which time he eat, drank, smoked, talked, or listened to the music. The company that dined with him were at liberty to use or amuse themselves, or take a nap whenever they were so disposed; but the dishes and bottles were all the while standing upon the table. A contemporary, Abraham de la Pryme, in his manuscript *Ephemeris*, says that he "pretended to be distracted, and would make all his men rise up at midnight, and would go a-hunting with torchlight." This mode of living is said to have been affected by him in order that he might be thought unfit for public affairs at a time when things were going in a manner of which he did not approve. The Marquis put off his folly, and appeared in his true character of a man of some spirit when there was a prospect of saving the country from the effects of James's policy.

It may be interesting to know that a chest of ancient documents relating to Bolton Castle, dating from the period of its foundation, is preserved at Bolton Hall, the Yorkshire residence of the present Lord Bolton.



### Kirkstall Abbey.

At a short distance from Leeds, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in a beautiful vale, watered by the river Aire, are the picturesque remains of Kirkstall—a fragment of the monastic splendour of the twelfth century. It was of the Cistercian order, founded by Henry de Lacy, in 1157. It is now in sad decay. The gateway has been walled up, and converted into a farm-house; the roof of the aisle is entirely gone; places for six altars appear by distinct chapels; the length of the church was 224 feet; the tower, built in the time of Henry VIII., remained entire till January 27, 1779, when three sides of it were blown down, and only the fourth remains, with part of an arched chamber, leading to the cemetery, and part of the dormitory. The former garden of the monastery is still cultivated, but cells and cavities are covered with underwood; and there is a staircase to one of the turrets, from which the monks of Kirkstall feasted their eyes with the charming scenery of the district. The site of the monastery, together with some of the circumjacent estates, were granted by Henry VIII. and Edward VI., in exchange, to Archbishop Cranmer and his heirs; and were by that prelate settled upon a person named Peter Hammond, in trust for his grace's younger son. It is not supposed that the Archbishop himself ever visited this part of his acquisitions; nor is it recorded how the whole, so soon afterwards, passed out of his family. That

this did happen, however, is certain; for in the twenty-sixth year of Elizabeth we find the property granted by the Queen to Edward Downynge and Peter Asheton, and their heirs for ever. At a later period, but at what precise time neither Dr. Whitaker nor others have ascertained, the site and demesnes of Kirkstall, together with the adjoining manor of Bramley, were purchased by the Savilles of Howley; and since then they have passed, by marriage, with the other estates of that family, through the Duke of Montague, to the Brudenells, Earls of Cardigan; in whose possession the ruins, and part of the annexed grounds, now continue.

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### Richmond Castle.

To Alan Rufus, son of Hoel, Count of Bretagne, a kinsman of William the Conqueror, who accompanied him in his expedition to England, is generally attributed the foundation of both the Castle and town of Richmond; though by some authorities the town is said to have been in existence prior to the Conquest. William conferred on Alan the title of Earl of Richmond, and the estates of the Saxon earl Edwin, embracing nearly 200 manors and townships, and a jurisdiction over all Richmondshire, about a third of the North Riding. In the situation of his Castle, Earl Alan selected not only an eligible residence, but also a place of defence: its foundation was laid upon an almost perpendicular rock, on the left bank of the Swale, about 100 feet above the bed of the river. To the original buildings of the fortress additional walls, towers, and outworks were erected by the successors of the founder. The Earls of Richmond enjoyed these possessions till they fell to the Crown, on Henry, Earl of Richmond, becoming King of England by the title of Henry VII. Charles II. bestowed the title of Duke of Richmond on his son, Charles Lenox, in whose descendants the dignity continues. The walks round the Castle present a succession of varied and romantic scenery. Swaledale is in many parts skirted with bold rocks, almost covered with trees and shrubs. From the hills north-west of the town, the Castle and town seem to be situated in a valley: the ruins are still majestic; the bold Norman keep is almost entire; the walls are nearly 100 feet high and eleven feet thick. The dilapidations seem to be solely owing to the neglect of repairs.

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## Sandal Castle, and the Battle of Wakefield.

About two miles from the town of Wakefield, on the left bank of the Calder, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the large village of Sandal (*Magna*), there are the ruins of a Castle, built by the last Earl Warren, about 1320. A few years after (1333), Edward Baliol resided here, while an army was raising to establish him on the Scottish throne.

The Castle afterwards became the property of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who, aspiring to the Crown during the feeble reign of Henry VI., fell in battle before its walls. Queen Margaret, who had none of the timidity of her husband, and not much of the gentleness of her sex, seeing her son, the Prince of Wales, dispossessed of his inheritance, proceeded to the north of England with the Prince, and rallied round her the friends of the House of Lancaster. In order more effectually to raise an army, she proclaimed that all who joined her standard should have leave to plunder the country to the south of the Trent. By this means she assembled an army of 18,000 men. The Duke of York, on the other hand, left London with only four or five thousand men. As he advanced to the north, he received the mortifying news of the Queen's success, and on reaching Wakefield, he retired to Sandal Castle, there to await the arrival of his son, the Earl of March, with another army from Wales. The Queen advanced with her troops, but did not succeed in forcing the Castle. She then placed troops in ambush, on each side of Wakefield Green, under the command of Lord Clifford and the Earl of Wiltshire. She next appeared before the walls of Sandal with the main body of her army, led by the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter, provoking her enemy to battle, sometimes by menaces, at others by defiances and insults, observing, that it was disgraceful to a man who aspired to the Crown to suffer himself to be thus shut up by a woman! The Duke of York, stung by the taunts of the Queen, resolved to march out of the Castle, and drew up his men on Wakefield Green, trusting that his own courage and experience would compensate for his deficiency of numbers. He had no sooner arranged his small army than he was attacked by the Queen's troops, who had greatly the advantage. While he was pressed in front by the main body of the enemy, he was surprised by the ambuscade, in which he and 1800 of his men fell victims; within half-an-hour they were routed, and the Duke himself slain, valiantly fighting hand to hand with his enemies. The spot where he fell was afterwards enclosed by a wall,



and on it was erected a cross of stone ; this was demolished in the Civil Wars between Charles I. and his Parliament.

The Duke's second son, the Earl of Rutland, who was only sixteen or seventeen years of age, in flying from the field of battle, was overtaken by Lord Clifford, who, with more than savage ferocity, plunged a dagger into the youth's breast, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of his governor to spare the young Earl's life. Lord Clifford, afterwards, finding the body of the Duke, cut off his head, and setting upon it a paper crown, fixed it on the top of a lance, and presented it to the Queen, who ordered it to be placed on the wall of York. It was removed in February, 1461, and buried with his wife at Bisham, in Berkshire, where he had prepared a place of sepulture before the battle of Bloreheath. Drayton, in his *Queen Margaret*, speaks of Sandal as the place

"Where York himself, before his castle gate,  
Mangled with wounds, on his own earth lay dead ;  
Upon whose body Clifford down him sate,  
Stabbing the corpse, and cutting off the head,  
Crown'd it with paper, and to wreake his teene,  
Presents it so to his victorious queene."

The circumstances of this event are very closely narrated in the Third Part of Shakspeare's play of *Henry VI.* The disparity of the forces—the malignity and cruelty of Clifford in murdering the youth—and the insult to the Duke by placing a paper crown on his head—are severally noticed. The battle is powerfully described in the fourth scene :

"*York.* The army of the Queen hath got the field :  
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;  
And all my followers to the eager foe  
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,  
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starvèd wolves.  
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them ;  
But this I know—they have demean'd themselves  
Like men born to renown, by life or death.  
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,  
And thrice cried—' *Courage, father ! fight it out !*  
And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt  
In blood of those that had encountered him ;  
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
Richard cried—' *Charge, and give no foot of ground !*  
And cried—' *A crown, or else a glorious tomb !*  
A sceptre or an earthly sepulchre ?'

Lord Clifford, whose father was slain at the battle of St. Albans by the Duke of York, had sworn that he would not leave one branch of the York line standing ; and he killed so many men in the battle of Wakefield, that he was ever afterwards called *the Butcher.*

Richard III. is said to have resided at Sandal Castle some time previous to his ascending the throne. In the time of the Civil Wars, the King had a garrison here, which surrendered after three weeks' siege, to Colonel Overton, in October, 1645; and in the following year the fortress was demolished by Parliament.

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### Pontefract Castle and Richard II.

Pontefract, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, is a town of great antiquity and historical importance; and for 600 years the Castle of Pontefract was the ornament and terror of the surrounding country. After the Conquest, Ilbert de Lacy received a grant of the place. Soon after he began to build his Castle, which partook of the features of castle, fortress, and palace. He is said to have named the town *Pomfrete*, from some fancied resemblance to a place so called in Normandy, where he was born. The Castle was built on a rock: it was not commanded by any contiguous hill, and could only be taken by blockade. The wall of the castle-yard was high, and flanked by seven towers. A deep moat was cut on the western side, where were also the barbican and drawbridge; there were other gates, which might be used as watch-towers, and some of them were protected by drawbridges. The dungeons were of a frightful nature: we read of one, a room 25 feet square, without any other entrance than a hole or trap-door in the floor of the turret; so that the prisoner must have been let down into this abode of darkness, from whence there could have been no possible mode of escape. The area covered and enclosed by this immense Castle was about seven acres.

Ilbert de Lacy's vast possessions were confirmed to his son, Robert de Pontefract, by William Rufus; in 1310, they passed by marriage to Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who, in the quarrels between Edward II. and his nobles, was taken prisoner with many other barons, and brought to Pontefract Castle, which had fallen into the hands of the royal army. Here he was imprisoned for some time, tried and convicted by his peers, and hurried away to execution. He obtained the favour of dying on the block, whilst the barons, his adherents, were hanged.

Pontefract Castle was afterwards the scene of Richard the Second's imprisonment and death. The old account of the manner of his death adopted by our historians in the eighteenth century, has for some time been exploded. It is to the effect that King Richard was murdered by Sir Piers Exton, and his assistants, with battle-axes; who pursued

him about his prison, striking at him till they had despatched him, in spite of the heroic resistance of the King, who snatched a battle-axe from one of his assailants, and with it killed no less than four of them. In the year 1634, a pillar was still shown in the room which was supposed to have been the prison of Richard, in Pomfret Castle, which was hacked with the blows of the murderers, as the King fled round it.

M. Amyot has, however, satisfactorily shown that the above story is without foundation; and the contemporary historians of the death of Richard II. give a totally different account of that event. Of these Thomas of Walsingham, the Monk of Evesham, who wrote the *Life of Richard*, and the Continuator of the *Chronicle of Croyland*, all relate that Richard voluntarily starved himself to death, in his prison at Pomfret. To these must be added the testimony of Gower the poet, to the same effect, who was not only a contemporary, but had been himself patronized by Richard. Another version of this tragedy relates that his starvation was not voluntary. The Percys accuse Henry IV. of having caused Richard to perish "from hunger, thirst, and cold, after fifteen days and nights of sufferings unheard among Christians." Archbishop Scroop repeats the same charge; but the probabilities of the case appear to be strongly in favour of Richard's voluntary starvation. The story of Sir Piers Exton is disproved by there being no mark of violence visible on the skull of the body found in the tomb of King Richard in Westminster Abbey; but this testimony is of no avail, if, according to Mr. Tytler, the body buried first at Langley, and then in Westminster Abbey, is not that of King Richard; who, as he affirms, is interred in the Church of the Preaching Friars, at Stirling, in Scotland. This latter hypothesis, however, equally disproves the Exton fable. Mr. Tytler's relation is—That Richard escaped from Pomfret Castle, though the mode in which he did this is nowhere stated. That he travelled in disguise to the Scottish Isles, where he was discovered, in the kitchen of Donald, Lord of the Isles, by a jester, who had been bred up at his court. That Donald sent him to Robert III., King of Scotland, by whom he was supported as became his rank, so long as that monarch lived; that afterwards Richard was delivered to the Duke of Albany, by whom he was honourably treated; and that he finally died in the castle of Stirling, in the year 1419. This account is given by the continuator of Fordun's *Chronicle*, and a contemporary historian. But the strongest evidence in its favour is the entries in the accounts of the Chamberlain of Scotland, during the period in question, for the sums expended for the maintenance of the King for eleven years. Still, the story of Richard's escape from Pomfret, and subsequent deten-

tion in Scotland (for nineteen years), is disbelieved by the English historians, from Hall, Stow, and Holinshed, down to Rapin, Carte, and Lingard.

In 1478, Edward IV. was at Pontefract for a week. Here the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., shed the blood, without any legal trial, of Earl Rivers and his companions to clear his way to the throne. While at Pontefract, news was brought to Richard of his nephew's death. In 1486, Henry VII. stayed a few days at Pontefract. In 1536, the fortress surrendered to Robert Aske, the rebel captain-general of the Pilgrims of Grace; he forced the Archbishop of York and others at Pontefract Castle, to take the oath; received the herald of the King in state; obliged all the northern nobility to join his standard; obtained a general pardon; was invited to court, but finally hung in chains at York. In 1540 Henry VIII. was at Pontefract for several days. In 1617, James I. was entertained here; and in 1625 and 1633, Charles I. In the Civil Wars, the Castle was frequently besieged and defended by Royalists and Parliamentarians: the garrison, after having been reduced from 600 men to 100, surrendered, in 1649, to General Lambert, having first proclaimed Charles II. successor to the throne of his father, and done all to defend it that a garrison of brave men could do. In this Castle, Colonel Morris struck the first silver coin of Charles II., who was proclaimed here directly after the death of his father. Shortly after, the fortress was dismantled by order of Parliament, and all the valuable materials were sold. Little of its ruins remain, and the area is now chiefly gardens and liquorice grounds; and the cakes bear the impression of the once famous Castle.



### Sheffield Manor and Castle, and Mary Queen of Scots.

Sheffield, within the bounds of Yorkshire, but on the verge of Derbyshire, was originally founded at the junction of two rivers, the Sheaf and the Don; in the angle formed by which once stood the castle built by the Barons Furnival, Lords of Hallamshire. Three or four miles from this Castle, on the western hill, stood the town of Hallam, part of a district, the origin and history of which may be traced back to Saxon, Roman, and even British times, whilst the importance of the town of Sheffield is of comparatively recent date. The town was originally a mere village dependent on the Castle; but its mineral wealth led the early inhabitants to become manufacturers of edged tools, of which arrow-heads, spear-heads, &c., are presumed to have been a considerable

part; a bundle of arrows being at this day in the town arms, and cross arrows the badge of the ancient Cutlers' Company, in Sheffield. Hallam, when in possession of the Saxons, is said to have been destroyed by the Norman invaders, on account of their gallant resistance. The manor of Sheffield, however, appears in Domesday Book as the land of Roger de Bueli; but the greater part of it was held by him of the Countess Judith, widow of Waltheof the Saxon. Early in the reign of Henry I. it was in the possession of the Lovetot family, whose last male left an infant daughter, ward of Henry II. His successor, Richard, gave her in marriage to Gerard de Furnival, a young Norman knight, who, by that alliance, acquired the lordship of Sheffield. There is a tradition that King John, when in arms against his barons, visited Gerard de Furnival, who espoused his cause, and remained with him for some time at his Castle in Sheffield. Another only daughter, and another Maud, caused by her marriage the transfer of the lordship of Sheffield to the more noble family of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. William, Lord Furnival, died 12th April, 1383, at his house in Holborn, where now stands Furnival's Inn, leaving an only daughter, who married Sir Thomas Neville; and he, in 1406, died, leaving an only daughter, Maud, who married John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, a soldier and a statesman of considerable reputation. The vicinity of Sheffield was formerly covered with woods, and the park of the Earls of Shrewsbury extended from the Castle eastward four miles to the present village of Handsworth; while on the nearest eminence, George, the fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, built the lodge called Sheffield Manor, and he there received Cardinal Wolsey into his custody soon after his apprehension. In this lodge, Cavendish tells us, Wolsey passed a day and night, in his hopeless journey from Cawood to Leicester; that here his illness increased, and that medicine was taken, which was supposed to have accelerated his death at Leicester Abbey.

The same place acquired a greater celebrity in the reign of Elizabeth, by the imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots, who was committed by the Queen to the custody of George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. After being for some time confined in his castle of Tutbury, in Staffordshire, she was, in 1570, removed to Sheffield Castle, and shortly after to the Sheffield Manor House, or Manor Castle. She quitted Sheffield in 1584, after fourteen years of imprisonment in this neighbourhood. It was for the alleged intention of removing her hence, that Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, suffered on the scaffold; and it is remarkable that the grandson of this Duke of Norfolk, at whose trial and condemnation the Earl of Shrewsbury presided as high steward, afterwards married the

granddaughter of the Earl, and thereby became possessed of the Castle and estate.

Forty years ago little remained of Sheffield Manor House, besides a fragment of its northern end, consisting of two stories, the mere skeletons of their former state. The upper aperture was called Queen Mary's window; and it probably was so, from its commanding a fine view over the valley. The foundations to some extent were also to be traced: it appears to have been an extensive building, with a quadrangular area in the centre. Within memory, one of the towers at the entrance was standing, covered with ivy. One is, by this locality, brought into contact with the eventful history of two remarkable personages, and especially with that of Mary. In this fine country, and in such a domain, Mary was probably more at ease than she could have been among her semi-barbarous and turbulent subjects; and if religious bigotry had not stimulated a large party in this country to plot in her favour against the Protestant government, she might probably have died in peace at this place. Her barbarous death rendered her a martyr, and conferred an interest on her story which it could not otherwise have acquired. As the manor-house seems to have had no moat, and she passed much of her time there, it may be presumed that her detention was an affair of personal surveillance, rather than of coercive abstraction from the world. It is reported on the spot that the attractions of Mary raised a persecutor in the wife of her keeper (the Earl of Shrewsbury), and that the jealousy of the Countess exposed Mary to many inconveniences. This charge was so public, that the Earl, before his death, affixed his own monumental inscription in Sheffield Church, in which he exculpated himself in express terms from the accusation: the tablet remains, but is much obliterated. These details were obtained by Sir Richard Phillips when at Sheffield on his *Personal Tour*, published in the year 1828.

In the contest between Charles I. and his Parliament, Sheffield became on more than one occasion the theatre of war, and consequently experienced its casualties. Sir John Gell, with troops from Derbyshire, took military possession of the town and Castle; but the Duke of Newcastle, at the head of the royal army, having taken Rotherham by storm, and marching forward to Sheffield, the Parliamentarians fled into Derbyshire. The people of Sheffield submitted to the royal army, and a garrison was left in the fortress under the command of Major Thomas Beaumont, who held the town and Castle till, on the 1st August, after the battle of Marston Moor, in 1644, the Earl of Manchester despatched 12,000 Parliamentary infantry to attack the Castle of Sheffield. After a strong siege of some days, it was obliged to capitulate on the 10th

August. It was then demolished by order of Parliament, and though some attempts were afterwards made to restore it, there are no vestiges of it remaining above ground; but names of Castle Hill, Castle Green, and Castle Folds, still denote the site. The manor did not suffer from these hostilities, but continued to be the occasional residence of its noble owner, and afterwards of his agent, till in 1706, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, ordered it to be dismantled: the park ceased to be such except in name, its splendid and even far-famed timber was felled, and its wide range of undulating hill and dale divided into farms. The district, however, still retains its ancient names, and even a populous portion of the town itself on the east side of the river Sheaf is yet called "the Park." Of this historic ground and its associations, Mr. Holland, in his poem, *Sheffield Park*, has left this life-like picture:—

#### RUINS OF THE MANOR LODGE.

"This ruin may, great Talbot! to thy fame,  
Outlast the marble's perishable claim:  
Though worn by centuries, or by tempests rent,  
Remain till Time's last wreck, thy monument:  
But ne'er can pity, lingering near this scene,  
Forget the wrongs of Scotia's beauteous Queen;  
Nor truth erase from her historic scroll,  
How haughty Wolsey drain'd the poison'd bowl.  
—No longer here *her* regal spectre glides;  
Nor *his* sad ghost in sullen terror strides:  
Tall, rampant nettles skirt the rampart's base,  
And swains at nightfall hasten past the place.

Lone wreck of ancient splendour! where are they,  
Whose perish'd forms outstripp'd the slow decay?  
No longer heard in this once princely haunt,  
The festal merriment, or bridal chant;  
Through roofless chambers, and slow crumbling walls,  
Viol and song unheard, and midnight balls;  
Now the patched cottage in the pile is seen,  
And poverty resides where wealth has been;  
So with Palmyra's prostrate marble wrecks,  
The wretched Arab his mean dwelling decks;  
Rich polish'd stones construct the mean abodes,  
And caitiffs haunt the residence of gods.

There was—remembrance dimly paints its form,  
A lofty tower, defying long the storm;  
Wrapt in a vest of ivy, proud it stood,  
As some grey wreck that had survived the flood;  
There, angry winds in furious skirmish met,  
Swept its green cloak and mouldering parapet;  
Seem'd as with fingers rude to mock at crime,  
And pluck'd the wizard beard of hoary Time;  
The bat here claim'd hereditary right,  
The owl, its tenant, scream'd unscared at night,  
At last, like age, weigh'd down with years, it fell,  
Nor left a vestige of its fate to tell."

## Conisborough Castle.

This majestic fortress is, by some writers, considered an early British work ; and by others the most important of the few remaining strongholds of our Saxon ancestors yet to be found in this country. In our time, Conisborough has acquired a new interest from its having been chosen by Sir Walter Scott for one of the principal scenes of his romance of *Ivanhoe*.

The origin of the Castle, which is situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, is unknown. Tradition assigns it to Early British times ; whilst modern antiquaries attribute the foundation of the present structure to William, the first Earl Warren, to whom the surrounding estate was granted by William the Conqueror. It is, however, indisputable that a stronghold of some sort existed here during the times of the Saxons. Geoffrey of Monmouth, and some of our old historians, indeed, have carried back its origin to a period preceding the Saxon invasion of Britain. According to these writers, "Hengist, the first Saxon invader, being defeated in this neighbourhood, by the British commander, Aurelius Ambrosius, in the year 467, was obliged to take refuge in this castle, and hazarding a second engagement, was killed below its walls." Near the entrance to the Castle is a tumulus, which is said to cover the body of this chief ; but Mr. Sharon Turner, the eminent historian of the Anglo-Saxons, as well as other writers of authority, are of opinion that he never, at any time, penetrated into the northern counties at all.

The Conisborough estate subsequently passed from the family of Warren to Richard Earl of Cambridge, who assumed the name of Richard of Conisborough, in consequence, it is said, of the Castle having been his birth-place. After his death, it passed into the hands of his grandson, King Edward the Fourth, and remained in the possession of the Crown for more than two centuries, when it was given by James II. to Lord Dover. It afterwards became the property of the family of its present possessor, the Duke of Leeds.

The plan of the Castle, which must have been of considerable extent and importance, is irregular, though inclining in form to an oval. The entire stronghold, which crowns the summit of an elevation, was surrounded by a fosse, or ditch, still in many places forty feet deep, but now destitute of water, and full of lofty oaks and elms. Before the invention of artillery, this fortress must have been almost impregnable ; but in later times, in consequence of the superior height of the neigh-



bouring eminence on which the village of Conisborough is situated, it must have been greatly reduced in consequence, to which we may attribute its ultimate desertion. The remains, as far as they can be traced, extend about 700 feet in circumference; but the chief object of interest is the magnificent keep, or round tower, which is thus described in Gough's edition of Camden's *Britannia* :—

“ At the corner of the area, which is of an irregular form, stands the great tower or keep, placed on a small hill of its own dimensions, on which lie six vast projecting buttresses, ascending in a steep direction, to prop and support the building, and continued upwards up the side as turrets. The tower within forms a complete circle, 21 feet in diameter, the walls 14 feet thick. The ascent into the tower is by an exceedingly deep flight of steep steps,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, on the south side, leading to a doorway, over which is a circular arch crossed by a great transom stone. Within this door is the staircase, which ascends straight through the thickness of the wall, not communicating with the room on the first floor, in whose centre is the opening to the dungeon. Neither of these lower rooms is lighted except from a hole in the floor of the third story; the room in which, as well as in that above it, is finished with compact smooth stonework, both having chimney-pieces, with an arch resting on triple-clustered pillars. In the third story, or guard-chamber, is a small recess with a loop-hole, probably a bed-chamber, and in that floor above a niche for a saint or holy-water pot.”

Thence there is a flight of twenty-five stone stairs to the summit of the tower, which commands a very fine prospect. The buttresses rise higher than the walls; three contain an alcove, and in another is a broad place resembling an oven, on a level with a passage, which seems to have run round the tower. The wall is here  $10\frac{1}{2}$  feet thick, so that it diminishes 18 inches at every floor. The total height of the buttresses is 86 feet.

The village of Conisborough is of very high antiquity: by the Britons it was called *Caer Conan*, and by the Saxons *Cyning*, or *Conan Burgb*, both signifying a royal town. It must have once been a place of importance, as it is handed down that it was of a civil jurisdiction which comprised twenty-eight towns. This picturesque village lies about six miles south-west of Doncaster, in a rich and wooded country, watered by the river Don. The Castle was of old reported to have in its neighbourhood six large market-towns, 121 villages, three stone bridges, 40 water-mills, 6 noblemen's seats, 60 seats of gentlemen, 50 parks, and two navigable rivers.

## Lady Anne Clifford, of Skipton Castle.

“ Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown'd,  
 Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground,  
 Noble her blood as the currents that met  
 In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet.”

*Sir Walter Scott.*

This pious, accomplished, and munificent heiress of the Cliffords was born at Skipton Castle, on the 30th of January, 1589. She was the daughter and only surviving child of Henry, fifth Earl of Cumberland, and nearly related to the royal family of England, by the marriage of her grandfather with the niece of Henry VIII.

Under the eye of her good and amiable mother, Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, she enjoyed every advantage which precept and example could afford, and no daughter was ever more sensible of the obligations which she owed to her maternal care. She never, indeed, throughout her long life spoke of this parent but in terms of veneration for her virtues and talents, and usually with the epithet of *My blessed mother*. So much did she revere the memory of this excellent parent, that after her death, which took place in 1616 (when the subject of this sketch had become, by her marriage, Countess of Pembroke), she erected a pillar on the road between Penrith and Appleby, with a suitable inscription to commemorate their last interview, and left an annuity of four pounds to be distributed to the poor on that spot annually for ever. Rogers thus alludes to this bequest in his *Pleasures of Memory* :—

“ Most then through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued  
 Each mountain scene majestically rude ;  
 Nor there awhile, with lifted eye, revered  
 That modest stone which pious Pembroke rear'd ;  
 Which still records beyond the pencil's power,  
 The silent sorrow of a parting hour ;  
 Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,  
 Her sainted spirit most delights to trace.”

She married, first, Richard, Earl of Dorset, to whom she was much attached ; and some years after his death, which took place in 1624, she united herself to Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, an union which caused her much sorrow and anxiety, as he was a nobleman profligate in his private habits, and unprincipled in public life.

Lady Anne was in her second widowhood, which commenced in 1649, when she began that career of munificence, hospitality, and utility, which has thrown such splendour and veneration round her memory. She

had now the means of carrying her plans into execution ; and taking up her abode in the north, she set about the work of repairing the Castles of her ancestors with an enthusiasm which nothing could repress. The Castles of Skipton, Brougham, Appleby, and Pendragon, again reared their dismantled heads, and upon each of these buildings she placed a suitable inscription, ending with a quotation from Isaiah lviii. 12—  
“Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.”

The liberal and munificent spirit of the Countess, however, was not confined to the restoration of her Castles ; she had frequently declared that she would not “dwell in ceiled houses whilst the house of God laid waste,” was as diligent in repairing the churches, as the fortified mansions of her ancestors. It is said that no less than seven of these ecclesiastical structures rose from their ruins under her care and direction. She also endowed two hospitals, and might be considered, indeed, as through life, the constant friend and benefactress of the industrious poor.

With these pleasing features of charity, philanthropy, and beneficence was mingled an uncommon share of dignity and firmness of spirit ; for whilst she conversed with her almswomen as her sisters, and with her servants as her humble friends, no one knew better how, in the circle of a Court, or the splendour of a drawing-room, to support due consequence, and with dauntless independence of mind she could repel the encroachments of corrupt power.

She died on the 22nd of March, 1676, in the eighty-eighth year of her age, and was buried, by her express desire, by the side of her beloved mother, in the church of Appleby. Dr. Rainbow, Bishop of Carlisle, preached her funeral sermon from that very appropriate text in the Proverbs of Solomon, “Every wise woman buildeth her house.” He tells us that she could discourse with virtuosos, travellers, scholars, merchants, divines, statesmen, and with good housewives in any kind ; insomuch that a prime and elegant wit, Dr. Donne, is reported to have said of this lady, that ‘she knew well how to discourse of all things, from predestination to shea-silk!’—meaning that, although she was skilful in housewifery, and in such things in which women are conversant, yet her penetrating wit soared up to pry into the highest mysteries. Although she knew wool and flax, fine linen and silk, things appertaining to the spindle and the distaff, yet ‘she could open her mouth with wisdom,’ and had knowledge of the best and highest things, such as ‘make wise unto salvation.’ If she had sought fame rather than wisdom, possibly she might have ranked amongst those wits and learned

of that sex of whom Pythagoras, or Plutarch, or any of the ancients have made such honourable mention. But she affected rather to study with those noble Bereans, and those honourable women who searched the Scriptures daily; with Mary, she chose the better part, of learning the doctrine of Christ."

Skipton Castle, Camden states, was originally built by Robert de Romillé, one of the followers of the Norman Conqueror. "Of the original building," says Whitaker, "little, I think, remains besides the western door of the inner castle; but as that consists of a treble semi-circular arch supported upon square piers, it can scarcely be assigned to a later period. The rest of Romillé's work, besides a bailey and lodgings about it, must have consisted, according to the uniform style of castles in that period, of a square tower with perpendicular buttresses, of little projection at the angles, and of single round-headed lights in the walls. Every vestige, however, of such an edifice has perished, with the single exception mentioned above; and the oldest part of Skipton Castle, now remaining, consists of seven round towers, partly in the sides, and partly in the angles of the building, connected by rectilinear apartments, which form an irregular quadrangular court within. The walls are from twelve to nine feet thick; yet when the Castle was slighted by ordinance of Parliament in the last century, they were demolished in some places, as appears, half-way; and in others, almost wholly to the foundation. This part was the work of Robert de Clifford, in the beginning of Edward the Second's time; for, according to his descendant, Lady Pembroke, 'he was the chief builder of the most strong parts of Skipton Castle, which had been out of repair, and ruinous from the Earl of Albemarle's time. But the eastern part, a single range of buildings, at least sixty yards long, terminated by an octagon tower, is known to have been built by the first Earl of Cumberland, in the short space of four or five months, for the reception of the Lady Eleanor Brandon's grace,' who married his son in the twenty-seventh year of that reign. This part, which was meant for State rather than defence, was not slighted (demolished), with the main part of the Castle, and remains nearly in its original condition, as the wainscot, carved with fluted panels, and even some of the original furniture, serve to prove. The upper windows, only, appear to have been altered by the Countess of Pembroke. The 'Lady Eleanor's grace' appears to have been received by the family—who no doubt were proud of such an alliance—with the honours of royalty; and a long gallery was then considered as a necessary appendage to every princely residence."

## Knarborough Castle, and Eugene Aram.

Knarborough, eighteen miles west of York, is noted for its fortress, occupying a very elevated situation, and, on the accessible side formerly defended by a vast fosse, with strong works on the outside; the scattered ruins still showing it to have been of great extent. The Castle was founded by Serlo de Burgh, one of the followers of the Conqueror; and he was succeeded in his possession by Eustace Fitz John, the great favourite of Henry I. It afterwards came into the possession of the Crown, for King John granted it to William de Estoteville, for the service of three knights' fees. In the succeeding reign it was bestowed on the Great Justiciary Hubert de Burgh on payment of 100*l.* per annum into the Exchequer. In the reign of Edward II., it was in the family of the Vaux, or de Vallibus, but bestowed by that Prince on his favourite, Piers Gaveston, whom he created Earl of Cornwall. On his death it reverted to the Crown, and continued attached thereto till 1571, when the Castle, manor, and honour of Knarborough, were granted by Edward III. to his fourth son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

Lord Lytton has conferred fresh notoriety upon the place by making it the scene of his ingenious romance, *Eugene Aram*. "You would be at a loss (says he) to recognise now the truth of old Leland's description of that once stout and gallant bulwark of the north, when 'he numbrid 11 or 12 toures in the walles of the Castel, and one very fayre beside in the second area.' In that Castle, the four knightly murderers of the haughty Becket (the Wolsey of his age) remained for a whole year, defying the weak justice of the times. There, too, the unfortunate Richard II.—the Stuart of the Plantagenets—passed some portion of his bitter imprisonment. And there, after the battle of Marston Moor, waved the banner of the loyalists against the soldiers of Lilburn. It was made yet more touchingly memorable at that time, as you may have heard, by an instance of filial piety. The town was straitened for want of provisions; a youth, whose father was in the garrison, was accustomed nightly to get into the deep dry moat, climb up the glacis, and put provisions through a hole, where the father stood ready to receive them. He was perceived at length; the soldiers fired on him. He was taken prisoner, and sentenced to be hanged in sight of the besieged, in order to strike terror into those who might be similarly disposed to render assistance to the garrison. Fortunately, however, the disgrace was spared the memory of Lilburn and the republican arms. With great difficulty, a certain lady obtained his respite; and

after the conquest of the place, and departure of the troops, the adventurous son was released.

“The Castle then, once the residence of Piers Gaveston, of Henry III., and of John of Gaunt, was dismantled and destroyed. It is singular, by the way, that it was twice captured by men of the name of Lilburn, or Lilleburne, once in the reign of Edward II., once as I have related. On looking over historical records, we are surprised to find how often certain great names have been fatal to certain spots; and this reminiscence that we boast (at Knaresbro’) the origin of the English Sibyl, the venerable Mother Shipton. The wild rock at whose foot she is said to have been born, is worthy of the tradition.”

At the time *Eugene Aram* gave an all-absorbing interest to Knaresborough, Dr. Granville wrote these interesting remarks on St. Robert’s Cave, hard by, “where chance had lately brought to light an excavation two feet deep, and in shape like the inside of a stone coffin, made in the solid rock, with hollows at the bottom, to receive certain projecting parts of a human body—such a one having been found in a state of decay at the time of the discovery. In tossing up the earth, by which the tomb was encumbered, a small silver coin was brought to light, which none of our party could decipher, as the inscription was not very legible. The coin would probably have informed us respecting the age of this sepulture. Had such mortal remains been discovered at the period when Eugene stood arraigned for murder, no doubt he would have made good use of the circumstance in his extraordinary and very clear defence, in practically exemplifying his line of argument, that the bones found in St. Robert’s Cave need not have been those of the murdered Clark, but rather might have been those of some recluse anchorite, who there perished in due course. But ‘blood will have blood;’ and Providence willed it that the discovery which would have supplied an argument to the arraigned schoolmaster, too strong even for the law to withstand (when circumstantial evidence alone directed the jury), and which would have snatched guilt from condign punishment, should not have taken place until long after that punishment had been inflicted; and, it is hoped, after it had had time to operate salutarily by its example.

“The most successful effort made to excite sympathy in behalf of the culprit’s memory is that of Norrison Scatcherd, Esq., who, in two well-written works, endeavoured to place the history of Aram in its proper light. The author’s remarks on that interesting girl, ‘Sally Aram,’ the favourite and only affectionate child of Eugene, who followed him to Lynn, and clung to him in York Castle, whither, with a devo-

tion and fidelity, characteristic of her sex where a beloved object is concerned, Sally had attended her father, are pathetic indeed. The author concludes with a moral, deduced from the sad lesson he has composed, and does not, like a certain learned physician at one of the meetings of the Medical Section of the British Association, exclaim against the injustice of a sentence contended by the latter to have been little short of a legal murder. And why? because upon a skull deemed to be that of Eugene Aram, upon no *direct* evidence whatever,—upon evidence, indeed, which Dr. Fife, of Newcastle, said to be an able supporter of phrenology, considered to be neither moral nor loyal—certain particular manifestations were found present, and others wanting. The latter reasons, which," says Dr. Granville, "I perfectly well recollect, but being adduced sympathetically at the time, it is but justice to add, the learned author has disclaimed. But assuming even that the skull is genuine, and taking its phrenological developments to be as there stated, no ruffian was ever more deservedly hung than Eugene Aram."

*The Dropping Well*, in the neighbourhood of Harrogate, rises at the foot of a limestone rock, on the river Nid. After running about twenty yards towards the river, it spreads itself over the top of a crag about thirty feet high, from whence it falls in a shower, dropping perpendicularly very fast, and making a pleasing sound. The water is very cold, and has a petrifying quality, being impregnated with spar and other earthy matter. It soon incrusts everything on which it falls; and visitors may be supplied with petrified wood, eggs, birds'-nests, and even wigs. Leland, who travelled in England in 1536, describes this "well of a wonderful nature called the Dropping Well, for out of the great rocks by it, distilleth water continually into it. This water is cold, and of such a nature that what thing soever falleth out of the rocks into this pit, or is cast in, or groweth about the rocks, and is touched of this water, groweth into stone; or else some sand or other fine ground that is about the rocks cometh down with the continual dropping of the things in the rocks, and cleaveth on such things as it taketh, and giveth it by continuance the shape of a stone."

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### Cawood Castle.—The Fall of Wolsey.

At Cawood, a small town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the Archbishops of York had a palace, or rather Castle, as early as the tenth century. Wulstanus, sixteenth Archbishop, comprehended Cawood in his diocese, A.D. 941. The first prelate who resided here

was William de Grenfeld, Lord High Chancellor, 1305 (32 Edw. I.), who died at Cawood, and was buried in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, in York Minster, where his monument yet remains, with his effigies on brass upon it. He built the west end of the Castle about the year 1306. The Hall was erected by Archbishop Bennet; and the Gatehouse, which is the only part remaining, was built by Cardinal John Kempe, Lord High Chancellor, about the year 1426. He endorsed it with his arms: 1. three wheat-sheaves without a border; 2. three, with a border nubile; 3. three without a border, ingrailed, indented; 4. cross keys and mitre; 5. English and French arms, supported by two stags, a lion on the crest; 6. arms, as the third article; 7. arms of Canterbury; 8. the first article; 9. wheat-sheaves ingrailed as the third.

The Castle of Cawood was situate on the south bank of the Ouse, and about ten miles distant from York. Wolsey had been residing at Cawood for some months, when he was arrested on a charge of treason by Percy, Earl of Northumberland. After all his pomp and prosperity—his vast accumulations of wealth—his piles of plate, and heaps of cloth-of-gold and costly apparel, Wolsey, in March, 1530 (judging from a State manuscript of the reign of Henry VIII.), was reduced to the necessity of obtaining a loan of 1000 marks; this, too, to carry him to his exile in Yorkshire, whither his enemies had, by this date, induced the fickle, selfish, and luxurious King to banish his former favourite.

Of Wolsey's residence at Cawood, we find the following in the MS. already referred to: it is in the possession of Sir Walter le Trevelyan, Bart., F.S.A., a junior member of whose family was one of the chaplains to King Henry. Through him it may have found its way to the venerable seat at Nettlecombe, in the county of Somerset, where this MS., relating to domestic expenses and payments, has, for some centuries, been deposited. The entry is as follows:—"Item to David Vincent, by the King's warrant, for his charge, being sent to Cawood, in the north contrie, at suche time as the cardenall was sicke." As the sum charged was considerable—namely, 35*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* (more than 200*l.* present money), we may infer, perhaps, that the messenger, whom Cavendish styles his "fellow Vincent," made some stay there, watching the progress of Wolsey's illness, and sending intelligence to the King, who was more anxious for the death than the life of his victim, in order that he might seize upon the remains of his moveables. It is quite evident that the Cardinal was not, at this period, so destitute as many have supposed, and that he had carried with him a very large quantity of plate, of which the King possessed himself the moment the breath



was out of the body of its owner. Among the payments for January, 22 Henry VIII., we read, in the Trevelyan MS., that “two persons were employed three entire days in London, weighing the plate from Cawood, late the Cardinalles.” Such are the unceremonious terms used in the original memorandum, communicating a striking fact, of which we now hear for the first time.

The scene of the arrest is thus described by Cavendish:—“The Cardinal was at dinner when Northumberland arrived; the bustle occasioned by his admittance reached Wolsey’s ears, who came out of the dining-room on to the grand staircase to inquire the cause. He was there met by the Earl, who drew him aside to a window, and showed his commission, exclaiming, ‘My Lord Cardinal, I arrest you in the name of King Henry.’ The Cardinal assumed a lofty air and tone, appealing to the Court of Rome, whose servant he declared himself to be, and consequently not amenable to temporal arrest. In reply, quoth the Earl, ‘My Lord, when you presented me with this staff (showing his staff of office), you then said that with it I might arrest any person beneath the dignity of a sovereign.’ Wolsey’s countenance immediately fell, while he soberly subjoined, ‘My Lord, I submit, and surrender myself your prisoner.’”

Although prevented by Percy from taking leave of his domestics, Wolsey was followed by expressions of sorrow and attachment from many of his household, who forced their way into the apartment where the Cardinal was, and fell on their knees before him. Throughout the town of Cawood he was also hailed with cries of commiseration, and of vengeance upon his enemies.

From Cawood, as is well known, Wolsey was brought to the Earl of Shrewsbury’s seat, at Sheffield Park; and thither messengers were unexpectedly sent to convey the Cardinal to the Tower of London. The above State MS. shows that Sir William Kingston, Captain of the Guard, was sent to arrest the Cardinal, and that forty pounds were paid to Kingston in November, 1530, for the expense of the journey, as follows:—“Item, to Sir William Kingston, Knight-captain of the Kings garde, sent to Merle of Shrewsbury with divers of the King’s garde, for the conveyance of the Cardinal of Yorke to the Tower of London, in prest for their charges—xl.” The Cardinal was taken ill on the road. The Earl of Shrewsbury encouraged him to hope for recovery, but Wolsey replied, that he could not live, and discoursed learnedly about his ailment, dysentery, which he said, within eight days, if there were no change, would necessarily produce “excoriation of the entrails, or delirium, or death.” This was on the eighth day, when he

confidently expected his death; and he expired after the clock had struck eight, according to his own prediction; "the very hour," says Shakspeare, "himself had foretold would be his last." He had reached Leicester three days previously—as we shall describe in our account of Leicester Abbey.

Wolsey's misfortunes, and the conversation of some devout and mortified Carthusians, appear to have awakened the first sense of pure religion in his mind. During his retreat at Cawood, while the King was persecuting him with one refinement of ingenious cruelty after another, he was calm and composed; and here, for the first time, he seems to have exercised, or even comprehended, the character of a Christian bishop. He reconciled enemies, he preached, he visited—nay, he was humble. But this character he was not long permitted to sustain. He was preparing to be enthroned at York with a degree of magnificence which, though far inferior to his predecessors, was yet sufficient to awaken the jealousy of Henry. The final arrest at Cawood ensued.

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### Legend of Mother Shipton and her Prophecies.

One of the recent editions of the *Prophecies of Mother Shipton*, printed in 1662, contains a woodcut referring to the well-known alleged story, found in all the chap-book copies of *Mother Shipton*, of Wolsey being shown York Minster from the top of a tower, and his vow of vengeance against the witch who had prophesied that he should never get there. The earliest piece on the subject that we are acquainted with appeared in the year 1641, under the title of "The Prophesie of Mother Shipton fortelling the Death of Cardinall Wolsey and others, as also what should happen in insuing Times."

It is well known that prophecies in the Middle Ages were used as political instruments, and that they became abundant in times of great political excitement. Thus they were very numerous in the reign of Richard II., in that of Henry VI., and again in that of Henry VIII., and especially in the latter; while at most of these periods laws were made against them. They were published under feigned names, generally those of some celebrated magicians or witches, and Mother Shipton was one of these; and the older prophecies which go under her name appear to have been published about the reign of Henry VIII., when, according to the popular legend, she is said to have lived. This legend appears to have been published in the seventeenth century.

In a rude woodcut, Mother Shipton appears holding in her left hand a staff terminating in the head of a bird, bringing to mind the *gom* of the

ancient Egyptians, the implement in both instances having a mystic signification. The wand seems to have been regarded as essential to the craft of the magician from the era of the Pharaohs to long subsequent to the time when Shakspeare placed it in the hands of Prospero. But turning from the sceptre of augury to the habit of the witch, we have to notice her long loose gown, narrow white neckband or collar, and strange head-gear like a turban, with high cornuted crown, bending forward somewhat after the manner of the *cornu ducale* of the Venetian Doge and bonnet worn by Punchinello. But, though this cap be pointed, it differs essentially from that generally seen on the head of the British prophetess, which has a regular steeple crown and broad brim, as she has been depicted in old tavern signs. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1831, is a remarkable ivory carving, which was probably set in the cover of a conjuring box, and on which is displayed Friar Bacon and his brazen head, Dr. Faustus (?), and Mother Shipton; the latter wearing a conical hat, somewhat less elevated than usual, but still of orthodox fashion. And so closely has the *copatain*, or peaked hat, become connected with the fame of the Yorkshire seer, that it is looked upon almost as an attribute of the black art, and may be seen on the head of a sister riding through the air on her besom, in a curious print in a tract entitled, *The Witch of the Woodlands, or the Cobler's New Translation*.

Mother Shipton, as already stated, is generally believed to have been born at Knaresborough. Though during her lifetime she was looked upon as a witch, she yet escaped the witch's fate, and died peaceably in her bed at an extreme old age, near Clifton, in Yorkshire. A stone is said to have been erected to her memory in the churchyard of that place, with the following epitaph:

" Here lies she who never lied,  
Whose skill often has been tried :  
Her prophecies shall still survive,  
And ever keep her name alive."

Among those who consulted her was the Abbot of Beverley, to whom she foretold the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII.; his marriage with Anne Boleyn; the burning of heretics in Smithfield; and the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. She also foretold the accession of James I., adding that, with him,

" From the cold North  
Every evil should come forth."

Although other places claim to have been Shipton's birthplace, her residence is asserted, by oral tradition, to have been for many years a cottage at Winslow-cum-Shipton, in Buckinghamshire. One of her

most popular books is entitled—"The Strange and Wonderful History and Prophecies of Mother Shipton, plainly setting forth her Birth, Life, Death, and Burial. Chapter I. Of her birth and parentage. II. How Mother Shipton's mother proved with child, how she fitted the Justice, and what happened at her delivery. III. By what name Mother Shipton was christened, and how her mother went into a monastery. IV. Several pranks played by Mother Shipton in revenge of such as abused her. V. How Ursula married a young man named Tobias Shipton, and how strangely she discovered a thief. VI. Her prophecy against Cardinal Wolsey. VII. Some other prophecies of Mother Shipton relating to those times. VIII. Her prophecies in verse to the Abbot of Beverley. IX. Mother Shipton's life, death, and burial."—(Partly from a paper, by Mr. Halliwell, F.S.A.)

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### "The Old Hall" at Waddington.—Capture of Henry VI.

At Waddington, in Mytton, West Yorkshire, stands a pile of buildings known as "the Old Hall," once stately, but now much indeed despoiled of its beauty, where for some time the unfortunate King Henry VI. was concealed after the fatal battle of Hexham, in Northumberland. Quietly seated one day at dinner, in company with Dr. Manning, Dean of Windsor, the King's enemies came upon him by surprise; but he privately escaped by a back door, and fled to Bungerley Steppingstones (still partially visible in a wooden frame), where he was taken prisoner, his legs tied together under the horse's belly, and thus disgracefully conveyed to the Tower of London. He was betrayed by a monk of Abingdon. The ancient house or hall is still in existence, but now converted into a building for farming purposes. Near the village of Waddington there is a meadow still known by the name of "King Henry's Meadow."

The particulars of the King's capture are thus related in Warkworth's *Chronicle*: "Also, the same yere Kynge Henry was takene bysyde a howse of religione [*i.e.* Whalley], in Lancashire, by the mene of a blacke monke of Abyngtone [Abingdon], in a wode called Cletherwode [the wood of Clitheroe], besyde Bunger-hyppyngstones, by Thomas Talbot, sonne and heyre to Edmund Talbot of Basshalles, and Iohn Talbot, his cosyne, of Colebry [*i.e.* Salebury, in Blackburn], withe other moo; which discryvide [him] beyng at his dynere at Wadynton halle: and [he was] carryed to London on horsebacke, and his leges

bownde to the styroper." It is also stated that the Talbots and some other parties in the neighbourhood, formed plans for his apprehension, and arrested him on the first convenient opportunity, as he was crossing the ford across the river Ribble formed by the hyppyingstones at Bungerley. Waddington belonged to Sir John Tempest, of Bracewell, who was the father-in-law of Thomas Talbot. Both Sir John Tempest and Sir James Harrington, of Brierley, near Barnsley, were concerned in the King's capture, and each received one hundred marks reward; but the fact of Sir Thomas Talbot being the chief actor is shown by his having received the larger reward of 100*l*. The chief residence of the unhappy monarch during his retreat was at Bolton Hall, where his boots, his gloves, and a spoon, are still preserved. Sir Ralph Pudsey, of Bolton, had married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Tunstal, who attended the King as esquire of the body.

A grant of lands was also made by King Edward IV. to Sir James Harrington "for his services in taking prisoner, and with holding as such in diligence and valour his enemy Henry, lately called King Henry VI." This grant, which was confirmed in Parliament, embraced the castle, manor, and domain of Thurland; a park called Fayret Whyate Park, with lands, &c., in six townships of the county of Lancaster; lands at Burton in Lonsdale, co. York; and Holme, in Kendal, co. Westmoreland, the forfeited lands of Sir Richard Tunstell, and other "rebels." Mr. Henry Harrington states that the lands were afterwards lost to his family by the misfortune of Sir James and his brother being on the wrong side at Bosworth Field; after which they were both attainted for serving Richard III. and Edward IV., "and commanding the party which seized Henry VI., and conducted him to the Tower." After "the meek usurper" was deprived of his throne, he saw his friends cut off in the field, or on the scaffold; he suffered exile and a tedious imprisonment himself, and he died at last in confinement in the Tower about the month of May, 1471. His death has usually been ascribed to violence, but it was more probably owing to grief at the capture of his wife and slaughter of his son at Tewkesbury shortly before. But though Edward might silence the tongues, he could not control the thoughts or the pens of his subjects; and the writers who lived under the next dynasty not only proclaim the murder, but attribute the black deed to the advice, if not the dagger, of the youngest of the royal brothers, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. "It is a curious fact," observes Miss Strickland, "that the weapon said to have been employed in the perpetration of this disputed murder was preserved, and long regarded in the neighbourhood of Reading as a relic."

"The warden of Caversham," wrote John London, "was accustomed to show many pretty relics, among which was the holy dagger that killed King Henry." His body was exposed in St. Paul's, and then buried with little ceremony at Chertsey Abbey, but by Henry VII. was removed to Windsor, and interred in St. George's Chapel, where he was worshipped by the name of "Holy King Henry," whose red hat of velvet was thought to heal the headache of such as put it on their heads.

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### The Lords of Wensleydale.

In the reigns of the second and third Edward, Henry Scroop, a lawyer, founded a family of Peers, and built a home in Wensleydale, which, with a Castle built by his successor, were transmitted to a noble posterity in a direct line for 300 years; afterwards, through marriage, to the Paulets, Marquises of Winchester, and Dukes of Bolton Castle, and Wensleydale. Henry Scroop, in the second year of Edward II., was one of the Justices of Common Pleas; and in the tenth year of the said reign was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench. In the first year of Edward III. he was degraded for political reasons; but, says the chronicler, "paid his court so well to the new sovereign, that in three years he was re-instated in the highest office, and in seven years after, when he died, so well had he employed his opportunities, that he was possessed of many manors. His successor was Lord Scroop, Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal, builder of Bolton Castle. His son was Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York, beheaded in the Wars of the Roses; when the executioner was so appalled by the dread of decapitating an Archbishop, that he did not sever the head until after five strokes of the axe.

The Scroops were now married into the family of the Nevilles, the King-makers. Sir John Neville, of Wensleydale, kinsman of the Earl of Warwick, had Edward IV. in keeping at Middleham in the Dale, when, on pretence of hunting, Edward escaped by the help of his brother Gloucester. When Edward IV. was in the ascendant, and Henry VI. a fugitive, the latter wandered on the moors between Wensleydale and Bowland, finding shelter with the family of the Lindseys, and longing in his soliloquies that he were a shepherd:

"Oh God! methinks it were a happy life  
To be no better than a homely swain,  
To sit upon a hill as I do now—  
To carve out dials quaintly point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run."

On the same moors, and on the fells of Cumberland, the second gene-

ration following, the successor to "the bloody Cliffords" of the York and Lancaster wars, was secreted as a shepherd, and only emerged from obscurity after twenty-five years of pastoral life. When he was aged sixty, the Scotch invaded England, to be overthrown on Flodden Field. An old metrical history tells of the gathering of his forces by this Henry Clifford, the shepherd, thus:—

" From Pennighent to Rendle Hill,  
From Linto to Long Andinghame,  
And all that Craven coasts did till,  
They with the lusty Clifford came ;  
All Stainforth hundred went with him,  
With striplings strong from Wensleydale,  
And milk-bed fellows, fleshy bred,  
From Longstratts eke and Littondale."

In the next generation Wensleydale held within the grim walls of Bolton Castle a fair captive, marvellous in beauty, marvellous in her misfortunes, Mary Queen of Scots. She was allowed to join the chase; but at the cataracts far up the dale, met a disguised stranger more than once—the chivalric Duke of Norfolk—who fain would carry her out of captivity and Wensleydale. But the royal hawk of England heard of this, and ordered her prisoner to be removed to safer custody in Staffordshire.

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### Marvels in a Chronicle of Meaux Abbey.

In the East Riding of Yorkshire, about six miles north of Hull, was founded in the year 1150, the Cistercian abbey of Melsa, or Meaux, by William le Gros, third Earl of Albemarle and Lord of Holderness. In the British Museum is a folio volume, on vellum, written in Latin, at the end of the fifteenth century, which contains annals of the monastery and a chronicle of events connected with it, from its establishment to the reign of Henry VI. In this MS. are recorded certain marvellous events, somewhat in the manner of Sir Richard Baker, in his *Chronicle*.

Thus, in the reign of Stephen, who died four years after the foundation of the Abbey, "a certain soldier, by name Oswey, chanced to have obtained admission into St. Patrick's purgatory; and upon his return he gave an account of the joys and pains which he had witnessed there."

In the tenth year of Henry II. we learn that at "about the first hour there appeared in the sky three circles and two suns; and a dragon of immense size was seen in St. Osyth (Osey Island, co. Essex), sailing the air so close to the earth, that divers houses were burnt by the heat which proceeded from him."

In the twenty-third year of King Henry, "the bodies of Arthur,

some time king of the Britons, and of Wenevere his wife, were found at Glastonbury, between two stone pyramids formerly erected in the sacred cemetery. They were hidden by a hollow oak, lay about fifteen feet deep in the ground, and were distinguished by the most unmistakeable marks; for Arthur's thigh-bone, when examined, exceeded by three fingers in length the tallest man's thigh-bone that had ever been found, when measured down to the knee. Moreover, the space between his eyebrows was of the breadth of the palm of a man's hand."

Of a London fog, which occurred *circa* 1224, the chronicler says:—"While the Bishop of London (Eustace de Fauconberg, Lord Treasurer) was officiating in St. Paul's, there came on suddenly such a thickness of the clouds and darkness of the sun, accompanied by thunder and lightning and a most foul stench, that the people departed, leaving only the bishop there with one attendant."

*Circa* 1250:—"While Ottoboni, the Pope's legate, was passing through Oxford, the scholars did attack certain of his attendants to such purpose that Ottoboni was perforce compelled to take refuge in the church tower of Osney until evening, when he was released by some of the king's servants who were despatched from Abingdon. Hence followed excommunication and suspension of the University, until the abbot and monks of Osney, accompanied by the regent masters of Oxford, appeared before the legate in London barefooted and meanly clad; and even then with difficulty obtained pardon for their offence."

The following astronomical notice may be interesting as making mention of what is probably the comet which is said to return periodically at intervals of three hundred years:—"A.D. 1264 so remarkable a comet appeared as no man then living had ever seen before. Rising from the east with great brilliancy, it dragged its glittering tail to the midst of the heaven, towards the west." With this phenomenon the writer connects the death of Pope Urban IV., which happened in the same year.

The following will be read with interest, as forcibly illustrating the superstitious prejudices of the period:—"A certain Jew at Tewkesbury fell into a cesspool on his Sabbath day, and would not allow himself to be taken out, from honour to the Sabbath. For a similar reason Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, would not permit him to be dragged forth on the following day, being Sunday, out of reverence to *his* Sabbath, and so the Jew died there."

Again:—"A.D. 1307," says the author, "the Templars in France were dispersed on account of their crimes and heresies;" one charge



being that they invoked bodily and worshipped the devil and evil spirits; and another, that "they have in their possession the head of a certain Saracen, who was, as they believe, formerly the Master of their order, and the introducer of their impious ceremonies. Now this head, on the first day of their general chapter, is placed before midnight in front of an altar in a certain chapel, and adorned with very costly robes. It is then worshipped, first by the Master, then by the brethren. These latter being then solemnly asked by the Master if they believe it to be their Saviour, they answer that they do. Then the mass is sung, and terminated before morning."

In the year 1349 occurred one of those three destructive epidemics which visited this country and many other parts of Europe during the reign of Edward III. The community at Meaux Abbey suffered so severely upon the above occasion, that, as we are informed by the chronicler, the Abbot (Hugh Leven), thirty-two monks, and seven *conversi* died, the majority being carried off during the month of August; and there were only ten monks left.

"At the commencement of 1349, during Lent, six days before Easter Sunday, there occurred an earthquake throughout the whole of England, so great that our monks of Melsa, while at vespers, on arriving at the verse 'He hath put down the mighty,' in the gospel hymn, were by this same earthquake thrown so violently from their stalls that they all lay prostrate on the ground."

It appears that the monastery was not always free from the intrigues of ambition and party feeling any more than were secular communities outside its walls; for we read that in the year 1353, William de Drynghowe, the Abbot, was deposed under the following circumstances. John de Ryslay, the cellarer, having conceived a jealousy against his superior, and having determined, if possible, to supplant him, adopted the following device. He preferred a charge against the Abbot of mal-administration, and also of receiving a horse that had been stolen; and he succeeded so effectually in fixing the crime upon him that he induced the judges, who were the Abbots of Fountains and Louth Park, and one Hugh de Sancto Lupo, a monk of Citeaux, to pronounce him guilty and degrade him from his office. The cellarer was then appointed Abbot in his stead; but the injustice of the case was so evident that he found it more convenient to resign. William de Drynghowe was afterwards reinstated under the title of the seventeenth Abbot.

About the year 1360, the monastery lost considerable tracts of land, owing to inundations of the Humber and encroachments of the sea. A whole town, which then stood in the parish of Eastington, and was called "Ravenser-Odd," was utterly destroyed.

## LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

### Furness Abbey.

Furness is the name given to that irregularly-shaped district of Lancashire which is separated from the rest of the county by an arm of the Irish Sea. The scenery partakes of the romantic character of the adjoining northern counties. It is a wild and rugged region, stored with iron ore and slate, and covered with a growth of underwood, which is cut down in succession, and made into charcoal for the use of the iron furnaces. Near the sea, and in the vicinity of the above ruins, the land is moderately fertile. The estuary which separates this portion from the rest of Lancashire is continually crossed by horses and carriages at low water. In this detached district, about seven centuries since, was built the Abbey of Furness; in subsequent ages it rose high in rank and power, and the ruins of its architectural splendour are to this day entitled to the first place among the relics of antiquity in the county. The Abbey lies near Dalton-in-Furness, on the banks of a rivulet, in a narrow and fertile vale. It was founded A.D. 1127, by Stephen, then Earl of Morton (Mortain) and Bulloin (Boulogne), afterwards King of England, for Cistercian monks, removed here from Tulket, in Amounderness, but originally from Savigny, in Normandy. It was endowed with rich domains, the foundation being afterwards confirmed and secured by the charters of twelve successive monarchs, and the bulls of divers popes. The Abbot of Furness was invested with extraordinary privileges, and exercised jurisdiction over the whole district; even the military were in some degree dependent on him. A singular custom prevailed in this Abbey, distinct from every other of the same order—which was that of registering the names of such of their Abbots only as, after presiding ten years, continued and died Abbots there; this Register was called the Abbot's Mortuary. Such of the Abbots as died before the expiration of the term of ten years, or were after it translated or deposed, were not entered in the book. Thus, in the space of 277 years, the names of only ten abbots were recorded, though, according to some authors, the real number was 32 or more; but though many of them, for the reasons above-named, were omitted in the Register, they received in other respects the honour due to their rank.

The situation of the Abbey being formidable by nature, gave something of a warlike consequence to the monks; they erected a watch-tower on the summit of a commanding hill, which commences its rise near the walls of the monastery, looking over all Low Furness, and the arm of the sea immediately beneath it; thus they were enabled to prevent surprise by alarming the adjacent coast with signals on the approach of an enemy. The Abbey was dedicated to St. Mary, and its monks for some time conformed to the regulations of their order, wearing the habit of grey; but embracing St. Bernard's rigid rules, they changed their habit, and became Cistercians.

The entrance to these romantic ruins is through a light pointed arch; they are of Norman and Early English character. The church is 287 feet in length, and the walls are in some places 54 feet high, and 5 feet thick. The windows and arches are upon a scale of unusual loftiness. The east window was filled with painted glass, which has been removed, and preserved in the east window at Bowness Church, in Westmoreland. The design represents the Crucifixion, with St. George and the Virgin Mary; beneath are figures of a knight and his lady, surrounded by monks; at the top are the arms of England quartered with those of France. In the south wall of the chancel are four canopied stalls, for the use of the clergy during the service of mass. In the middle space were interred the first barons of Kendal. Towards the west end of the church are two prodigious masses of stonework—these were the sides of the vast tower, which, by its fall, choked up the intermediate space with an immense heap of rubbish. Along the nave of the church are the bases of circular columns, which were of ponderous size; in other parts are seen the remains of clustered columns. The church and cloisters were encompassed with a wall; and a space of ground containing 8½ acres was surrounded by another wall, which inclosed the abbey mills, together with the kilns and ovens, and stews for receiving fish. The ruins are of a pale red stone, dug in the neighbourhood, changed by time and weather to a dusky brown; they are everywhere covered by climbing or parasitic plants and richly-tinted foliage; while the sounds of a gurgling brook hard by lull the mind into solemn contemplation:

“ Amid yon leafy elm no turtle wails;  
No early minstrels wake the winding vales;  
No choral anthem floats the lawn along,  
For sunk in slumber is the hermit throng.  
There each alike, the long, the lately dead,  
The monk, the swain, the minstrel, make their bed;  
While o'er the graves, and from the rifts on high,  
The chattering daw, the hoarser raven cry.”

The Abbey was surrendered by Roger Pyke, the then Abbot, 28 Henry VIII., who, for his compliance, received the rectory of Dalton; and the monks, to the number of twenty-nine, had among them a grant equal to 300*l.* per annum. The dissolution of the Abbey greatly affected both the civil and domestic state of Low Furness. The large demand for provisions of all kinds, occasioned by abundant hospitality and the frequent concourse of company resorting to the Abbey, dropped at once; the boons and rents were no longer paid in kind, and agriculture became proportionally depressed.

The Abbey of Furness must, in its pristine perfection, have been one of the most extensive and important monastic establishments in the kingdom; although much of this completeness must be referred to a period subsequently to the foundation of the building, and to the accumulating wealth and power of successive abbots. Altogether, it accords with the received definition of the Abbey, which "properly means a series of buildings adapted for the accommodation and religious ceremonies of a fraternity of persons subject to the government of an Abbot or Abbess."

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### Lancaster Castle.

Lancaster is considered, from the Roman antiquities discovered, and from the termination of the name, "caster," to have been a Roman station. It is supposed to have been dismantled by the Picts after the departure of the Romans, but restored by the Anglo-Saxons of Northumbria, under whom it first gave name to the shire. The Castle was enlarged, and the town, which had previously received a charter from King John, was favoured with additional privileges in the reign of Edward III., when the fortress was in great part rebuilt; and Edward conferred the Duchy of Lancaster on his son, John of Ghent, or Gaunt, in whose favour the county was made a County Palatine. Henceforth the Castle is intimately connected with the famous name and history of its Governor, John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster."\* We read of Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, besieging this Castle in 1199; but it appears to have been maintained more for State purposes than war. In an account of a Topographical Excursion in the year 1634, the Castle is described as "the honour and grace of the whole

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\* In the Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster, Strand, London, is the Precinct of the Savoy, wherein was formerly the magnificent Town-house, or Castle of John of Gaunt. (See *Stories of the Savoy.*)

town. The stately, spacious, and Princely strong Roomes, where the Dukes of Lancaster lodged. It is of that ample receipt, and in so good repayre, that it lodgeth both the Judges and many of the Justices every Assize. It is a strong and stately Castle, and commands into the Sea."

The town stands on the slope of an eminence rising from the river Lune. The summit of the eminence is crowned by the towers of the Castle, very spacious in plan, comprehending a large courtyard, some smaller courts, and several differently-shaped towers; it is now fitted up as a county gaol and court-house. The large square keep is prodigiously strong; the gateway, defended by two semi-octangular towers, is referred to the time of Edward III., the best age of castle-building. This keep, which is called *John of Gaunt's Chair*, commands a charming prospect over the surrounding country, and especially towards the sea, where the view extends to the Isle of Man.

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### The Abbey of Whalley.

Whalley, in Lancashire, is one of the most extensive parishes in England. It is chiefly in Blackburn hundred, but extends into the West Riding of Yorkshire, and has a detached portion in the county of Chester. Before the Dissolution, this large parish was under the jurisdiction of the ancient monastery of Whalley. This Abbey was built in 1296 for the White or Cistercian monks of Scanlan, in the Wirral of Cheshire, by Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. The Abbey flourished till the Dissolution. Encouraged by Aske's rebellion, the monks resumed possession of Whalley, for which act the Abbot and one of his monks were executed for treason. Of the Abbey there are considerable remains, including two stately gateways, a building conjectured to have been the Abbot's private oratory, or chapel, and other parts less perfect. Some portions of the ruins are very good specimens of Decorated and Perpendicular English architecture. In the parish church of Whalley, which is mostly of Early English architecture, are three plain stalls, and some good wood screenwork, supposed to have been brought from the Abbey. In Aske's Rebellion, above mentioned, the people of Yorkshire took up arms on account of the Suppression of Monasteries. They styled their expedition the Pilgrimage of Grace, carried banners on which were depicted the five wounds of Christ; they demanded the driving away of base-born councillors, the suppression of heresy, and the restitution of the goods of the Church. They were headed by

Robert Aske, a gentleman of Doncaster, but were soon joined by the Archbishop of York, Lords Darcy, Latimer, Scroop, Sir Thomas Percy, and others, who seized York and Hull. The Duke of Norfolk was despatched against them, but finding them too strong, he negotiated, and induced them to disperse, by the offer of a general pardon and the redressing of their grievances. Early in 1537 a fresh insurrection broke out in the North, and another in Somersetshire, and many executions followed. Aske and others were seized, tried, and executed, as were the Abbots of Barlings, Fountains, and Jervaux, *Whalley*, Woburn, and Sawley, and the Prior of Bridlington.

The King wrote thus to the Duke of Norfolk, Feb. 12, 1537:—  
 “ We do right well approve and allow your proceedings in the displaying of our banner. And forasmuch as the same is now spread and displayed, by reason whereof, till the same shall be closed again, the course of our laws must give place to the ordinances and statutes martial, our pleasure is, that before you close up our said banner again, you shall in anywise cause such dreadful execution to be done upon a good number of the inhabitants of every town, village, and hamlet that have offended in this rebellion, as well as the *banging of them up in trees, and by the quartering of them*, and the setting of their heads and quarters in every town, great and small, and in all such other places, as they may be a fearful spectacle to all other hereafter that would practise any like matter ; which we require you to do without pity or respect.”  
 The rebellion is imputed to the “ solicitation and traitorous conspiracy of the monks and canons ;” and the Duke is directed to visit Hexham, Sawley, Newminster, Lanercost, and other abbeys and priories, and to “ cause all the monks and canons that be in any wise faulty, to be *tied up,*” &c.

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### Beeston Castle.

This stately fortress, proverbial for its great strength, is situated at Taporley, nearly in the centre of Cheshire, on an insulated sandstone rock, on one side precipitous, on the other gradually sloping. It was built in 1220, by Randal Blundeville, Earl of Chester, at a short distance from the site of Beeston Hall, which was burnt by Prince Rupert during the Civil Wars. The rock rises 365 feet from the flat country, and commands an extensive prospect, except where it is interrupted by the Peckforton Hills. The Earl, on his return from the holy wars, having got leave of the lords of the manor of Beeston, raised a tax on

all his estates, in order the better to enable him to complete this building and Chartley Castle.

Beeston was a place of no small strength. The outer court is irregular in form, inclosing an area of about five acres. The walls are prodigiously thick. A deep ditch, sunk in the solid rock, surrounds the keep, which was entered by a drawbridge, opposite two circular watch-towers still remaining.

The fortress was thus described in the year 1593: "Beeston Castle stands very loftily and proudly, upon an exceeding steep and high rock, so steep on all sides but one, that it suffers no access to it; so that though it be walled about, yet, for the most part, the wall is needless, the rock is so very high; and where the nature of the thing admitteth access, there is first a fore-gate, and a wall furnished with turrets, which inclose four or five acres, somewhat rising until it comes to the over-part of the rock, where is a great dyke or ditch, hewn out of the main rock, and within the same a goodly strong gatehouse, and a strong wall, which, when they flourished, were a convenient habitation for any great personage; in which it is a wonder to see the great labour that hath been used to have [procure] sufficient water, which was done, no doubt, with great difficulty, by a marvellous deep well cut through that huge high rock, which is so deep as that it equals in depth the rivulet which runneth not far from the said castle, through Tiverton, Hockness, and so on to Mersey."

This place has been rendered remarkable by a prediction of Leland's—"that though it was then fallen to decay, it should yet rise again in its former splendour; and this partly came to pass without any miracles, but not in the extent wherein he would have it taken, nor so as, according to the common saying, 'That it should save all England in a day.'"

In effect, Beeston Castle lay in ruins till the reign of Henry VIII. It was afterwards rebuilt, and we find it a place of strength at the period of the Civil Wars. The Beestons, who long possessed this Castle and estate, descended from the Bunburies. The site, after some changes, came into the possession of Sir Roger Mostyn, of Mostyn, in the county of Flint.

Among the more noteworthy events in the history of Beeston Castle, are—1264. The partisans of Simon de Montfort possessed themselves of the Castle; but the following year it was retaken by James de Audley for Prince Edward. In 1399 the fortress, which was garrisoned by King Richard II., surrendered, without siege, to the Duke of Lancaster, who found in it treasures valued at 200,000 marks.

This important place was seized by the Parliament in the beginning of the troubles, but was wrested from them by Colonel Sandford, who scaled the rock, and surprised the Castle; though there was such a jealousy of its having been betrayed by the Governor, that he suffered death on that account.

It was besieged by the Parliament forces in 1644, but was gallantly defended, till they retired on the approach of the Royal army. Yet it was again besieged, and taken the next year; Colonel Ballard, who commanded there with his garrison, being obliged to surrender for want of provisions. On September 27 the fatal battle of Rowton Heath, two miles from Chester, took place, when the Royalist forces were defeated; and the unhappy Charles beheld the defeat from the leads of Phœnix Tower. After the battle, the Parliamentarians laid siege to Beeston Castle, which, on November 16, 1645, surrendered to Sir William Brereton, having bravely resisted for eighteen weeks: it was then dismantled. The Castle was not given up till the defenders of it were reduced to such straits that they were forced to subsist on the flesh of cats, or what else they could find to satisfy the calls of hunger. Yet they obtained the most honourable terms, marched out with drums beating, colours flying, and lighted matches, though reduced to the number of sixty, and, according to articles, had a convoy to Flint Castle.



### Chester Castle and Walls.

Chester is situated in the north-western part of England, at a short distance from the shores of the Irish Sea, and not many miles south of Liverpool. Its position gives it a picturesque appearance: it is built on a dry rock, elevated above the stream of the Dee, which winds round two sides of it in an irregular semicircle. It is one of the most ancient cities in England:\* according to legendary story, it was founded by

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\* Many ancient customs linger in Cheshire. Rush-bearing to the churches, and then throwing the rushes on the floor, is observed. In many churches garlands are still remaining. Sand is strewed in front of a house where a wedding is held, various devices and mottoes being figured in white sand upon brown. Football and prison-bars are ancient games of the county. The wells or boines are dressed with flowers and ribands, like the well-dressing in Derby. A marlpit is opened with great ceremony. At Congleton, the good burgesses appear to have had a remarkable predilection for bear-baiting. In the reign of James I. their menagerie contained at least one bear, and a bear-ward was appointed by the Corporation for its custody. The bear having died, the Corporation sold their Bible, in 1601, in order to purchase another, which was done; and the town was no longer without a bear. How the town replaced the Bible is not told.



Leon Gawer, "a mightie strong giant," who dug caverns in the rock to be used for habitations; but the first buildings which were erected are to be attributed to King Leir. It was a place of great importance during the Roman dominion in Britain: and was the termination of *Watling-street*, the great military road which the conquerors carried from Dover across the island.

On the final departure of the Romans, the city fell under the government of the Britons; but from their hands it passed into those of the Saxons, in the year 607. Prior to the battle, the Saxon troops are said to have massacred the monks of Bangor, against whom St. Augustine had denounced divine vengeance for their errors, and who aided the Britons with their prayers. Several of the British princes, however, having collected an army, and marched to Chester, Ethelfrid, the Saxon King, was defeated in turn, and this district was not again subjected to the Anglo-Saxon power until about the year 828, when it was taken by King Egbert, and made a part of the kingdom of Mercia. Ethelwolf held his parliament at Chester, after the death of Egbert, and there received the homage of the tributary kings "from Berwick unto Kent." He was crowned at Chester in 837.

About the close of 894, an army of Danes advancing from Northumberland, took possession of Chester and seized the fortress, which was circular in form, and built of red stone. Alfred pursued them, two days besieged them, drove away all the cattle, slew every enemy who ventured beyond the encampment, and burnt and consumed all the corn of the district; and eventually the enemy were driven into North Wales.

Chester continued in ruins till it was restored about 907, by Ethelfleda, "the undegenerate daughter of the Great Alfred;" this restoration of the city, and its erection into a military position, fortified with walls and turrets, seeming to have been a part of the system which Alfred had devised, and his son Edward executed, for restraining the incursions of the Danes beyond the limits of the territory which they were allowed to occupy in England. In the reign of King Edgar, it became a station for the Saxon navy; and it is stated in the annals of the time, that Edgar sailed with a great fleet to Chester on the Dee, and that eight kings, or sub-kings as they are called, Kenneth, King of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumbria, Macchus of Anglesey and the Isles, three kings of Wales, and two others, repaired thither at his command to do him homage. But "his puerile vanity," says Mr. Sharon Turner, demanded a more painful sacrifice: "he ascended a large vessel, with his nobles and officers, and he stationed himself at the helm, while the

eight kings, who had come to do him honour, were compelled to take the seats of the watermen, and to row him down the Dee; a most arrogant insult on the feelings of others whose titular dignity was equal to his own. Edgar crowned the scene, and consummated his disgrace, by declaring to his courtiers that his successors might then call themselves Kings of England, when they could compel so many kings to give them such honour." The whole story is, however, disbelieved by some.

Harold is said to have escaped from the battle of Hastings to Chester, where he lived many years, as an anchorite, near St. John's Church.

The city of Chester was definitively bestowed at the time of the Norman Conquest, together with the earldom, upon Hugh Lupus, one of the kinsmen of William: to him the Conqueror delegated a very full power, making his a County Palatine, in which the ancient earls kept their own Parliaments, and had their own Courts of Law, in which any offence against the dignity of "the Sword of Chester" (preserved in the British Museum), was as cognizable there as the like offence would have been at Westminster against the dignity of the royal crown. The last instance of the exertion of this privilege occurred in 1597, when the baron of Kinderton's court tried and executed Hugh Stringer for murder. The value set upon human life in the reign of Edward the Confessor may be estimated by the amount of fines imposed—namely, four pounds for killing a man upon certain holidays, and forty shillings on any other day; there was also a penalty or a punishment inflicted upon persons who brewed bad ale.

King John spent several days at Chester in the year 1222. Until the final subjugation of the Welsh, the city was the usual place of rendezvous for the English army. In 1237, on the death of the seventh Earl of Chester of the Norman line, without male issue, Henry III. gave the daughters of the late Earl other lands in lieu of the earldom, being unwilling, as he said, to parcel out so great an inheritance "among distaffs." The county he bestowed on his son Edward, who did not assume the title, but conferred it on his son Edward of Carnarvon, since which time the eldest sons of the sovereigns of England have always held the title of Earls of Chester. In 1264, Chester City and Castle were taken by the forces of the Barons, under the Earl of Derby. To the Castle, August 20, 1399, King Richard II. was brought a prisoner from Hurst Castle, by Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry IV.

The inhabitants of Cheshire took a part in the rebellion of the Percies, and the greater part of the knights and esquires of the whole county, to the number of 200, with many of their retainers, fell in the battle of

Shrewsbury, July 22, 1403. In 1494 or 1495, Henry VII., his Queen, and a great retinue, arrived at Chester, and proceeded to Hawarden, attended by the Earl of Derby, with a great number of "Chester gallants." From this date to the reign of Charles I., Cheshire was not the scene of any important military transactions. In the Civil War, the city was besieged by the troops of the Parliament, but was stoutly defended by Lord Byron, the nephew of the Governor, who did not surrender till the garrison had suffered privations such as no other city had experienced in those days. Chester Castle was the scene in the close of the career of "the Great Stanley," as the seventh Earl of Derby was styled. In 1651, he set out from the Isle of Man to join Charles II., at Worcester, taking with him 300 Royalists. Before he arrived in Lancashire the King had quitted the county; and Derby, having gathered 300 more followers out of Lancashire and Chester, advanced to Wigan, where he and his 600 men were set upon in a narrow lane by 1800 dragoons under Lilburne, and Cromwell's foot militia. In the encounter, the Great Stanley received seven shots in the breastplate, many cuts and wounds, and had two horses killed under him. Twice he made his way through the enemy; but being overwhelmed with numbers, he mounted a third horse, and fought his way to the battle-field of Worcester; after which he conducted the King to the White-ladies and Boscobel; and thence made his way, with 40 others, into Cheshire. They fell in the way of a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, to whom they surrendered on terms disgracefully violated. He was tried by court-martial on a charge of high treason, and sentenced to be executed within four days at Bolton. As he lay in Chester Castle, he had nearly escaped from its leads by means of a long rope thrown up to him from outside the fortress; he fastened the rope securely, slid down, and so got to the banks of the river Dee, where a boat was waiting to convey him away. But he was discovered, seized, and conveyed back to Chester Castle, where two of his daughters had their last interview with him; and next day he was executed at Bolton, his own town, before the sorrowing people. Such a scene of religious fervour and heroic death is rarely recorded, even in liberty-loving England. About a century afterwards is recorded the last military event of importance in the annals of Chester: it was fortified in 1745 against the Pretender.

From the time of Henry III. until that of Henry VIII., the County Palatine was governed as independently as it had been by the Norman earls. Henry VIII., however, made it subordinate to the crown of England. It should here be mentioned that the Castle and its precincts

were reserved out of the charter of King Henry VII., by which the city was made a county of itself; and accordingly the Castle has ever since been used for the King's majesty's service. The inhabitants have, however, erected a Town Hall for the transaction of the public business, thenceforth removed from the Castle. The new edifice was opened with great *éclat* by the Prince of Wales, in October, 1869.

A writer of the last century observes on Chester Castle: "It being the seat of many great princes, doubtless the apartments were adequate to their magnificence. But here let the reader pause: it was the magnificence of former times, far unlike to ours, and little connected with convenience. What should we now think of a sovereign prince lying on a bed of straw, and his ground-floor legal chamber, though supported on elegant pillars, lofty columns, and graced with carved ceilings, yet wet, unwholesome beneath, and strewed with green rushes, or at the best (as sometimes were the nuptial beds), with sweet herbs or flowers, in compliment to superior dignity? Go, Yeoman of England, now free, though once a slave to feudal tenures! Go! and recline your head on your feather bed and bolster, view your boarded and varnished chamber, and envy not the repose of such Barons, or such Princes! Let us all thank Heaven, which, in the maturity of time, has taught us to make show subservient to use, and by the introduction of arts, to unite elegance with convenience."

Chester *city* is surrounded by a wall, first built by Marcius, King of the British, which now serves as a *public walk* for the inhabitants. The form of the city and its arrangement indicate its Roman origin. It has the figure which the Romans gave to their camps—an oblong; it has four gates, four principal streets, diverging at right-angles from a common centre, and extending towards the cardinal points, till each is terminated by a gate.

The circuit of the walls is about two miles. At the north-east corner is Newton's, now Phœnix, Tower, whence many a shot was fired at the Roundheads by the sturdy Royalist defenders of the city between Midsummer, 1643, when its siege began, and its surrender in February, 1646, when the garrison was feeding on the flesh of cats and dogs. Here stood King Charles, with the Mayor of Chester, and the Recorder, Sir Francis Gamull, and Alderman Cowper, upon the top leads of the tower, dolefully looking on at a battle two miles away on the heath of Rowton, where the troops of Sir Marmaduke Langdale were routed by the Commonwealth men. This tower has latterly been named Phœnix, from a sculptured figure, the ensign of one of the city guilds, which appears over its door. There are other curious towers upon the walls.

The fortress has been partially converted into a range of edifices, divided between the military barracks, the assize courts or session courts, and the gaol. Here too is an old square tower, sometimes called Julius Cæsar's and sometimes Agricola's Tower, cased with red stone. It was once a chantry, or chapel, of St. Mary; it is now a powder-magazine, which the Fenians intended to capture in their mad conspiracy for the surprise of the Chester garrison in the year 1867. At the angle of the city walls, close to the old bridge, is the large pile of the Dee Mills, famous in song and story:

" There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee,  
 He worked and sang from morn till night, none was so blithe as he;  
 And still the burden of his song for ever used to be,  
 'I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me!'"

Could this have been the wicked miller of whom we are told that "the faces of the poor he ground all in his watery mill?" The Dee Mills of Chester are as old as the Norman Conquest, and William the Conqueror's nephew, the Earl Hugh Lupus, derived a revenue from the grist that came to them. Edward the Black Prince, three centuries later, gave them to Sir Howel-y-Fwyal, a gallant Welshman, to reward him for his bravery at Poitiers. But the most curious pictures are within the city, in the quaint old-fashioned *Rozes* of its principal streets. They are formed by laying the side pavement upon the top of the lowest apartments or basement-rooms of the houses, at a height of six feet or ten feet above the roadway; so that the shops on the first floor are recessed; the second floor and upper part of each house being again brought forward, and supported on pillars of masonry; affording a complete shelter to the foot passengers in the gallery below, as in the Covent-garden Piazza, or in the original Quadrant of Regent-street, London. The projecting house-fronts, mostly of sixteenth or seventeenth century architecture, have gabled roofs, lattice-windows, and crossed beams, carved and painted.

Chester was, in the days of Marian persecution, the scene of an event which is remembered to this day. In the year 1558, Dr. Henry Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, was entrusted with the commission issued by Queen Mary, to institute prosecutions against such as should refuse to observe the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland. The Doctor stopped at Chester on his way, and at the Blue Posts Inn was visited by the Mayor, to whom, in the course of conversation, he communicated the business upon which he was engaged; opening his cloak-bag, he took out a leather box, observing with exultation, "he had that within which would lash the heretics of Ireland." The hostess acci-

dentally overheard the discourse, and having a brother who was a Protestant, she became alarmed for his safety; and with a surprising quickness of thought, she took the opportunity, whilst the Doctor was complimenting his worship down the stairs, to open the box, take out the commission, and leave instead a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost. Soon afterwards the Dean sailed for Ireland, where he arrived on the 7th of December, 1558. Being introduced to the Lord-Deputy Fitzwalter and the Privy Council, he explained the nature of his embassy, and then presented the box containing, as he thought, the commission; his lordship took it, and having lifted the lid, beheld with considerable surprise the pack of cards, with the knave on the top. The Doctor was thunderstruck, and in much confusion affirmed that a commission he certainly had, and that some artful person must have made the exchange. "Then," said his lordship, "you have nothing to do but return to London and get it renewed; meanwhile we'll shuffle the cards." This unwelcome advice the Doctor was constrained to follow, although in a disagreeable season of the year; but before he could reach Ireland a second time, Queen Mary died, and her sanguinary commission became useless. The woman whose dexterity and presence of mind had thus providentially operated, was rewarded by Elizabeth with a pension of forty pounds a year.

A terrible catastrophe occurred at Chester in 1772, when, November 5, 800 lb. weight of gunpowder exploded in a room where a puppet-show was exhibiting, and twenty-three persons were killed, and eighty others much burnt and bruised.

Among the noticeable antiquities of the city are the following.—In a narrow passage from Watergate-street is an old house, called Stanley House, or Stanley Palace, which was formerly the dwelling of the Stanleys of Alderley and Weever, in Cheshire, an offshoot, in the time of Henry V., from the Stanleys of Lathom and Knowsley. The family obtained a peerage in 1839. The mansion, now occupied by the Chester Archæological Society, is a three-gabled edifice of timber, elaborately carved; the interior, with its massive staircase, oaken floors, and panelled walls, shows the magnificence of its former inmates. It was built in 1591—that date being inscribed on its front. Bishop Lloyd's House, in Watergate-row, has a wooden front, sculptured all over with groups of Bible history, from the Garden of Eden to the Crucifixion, including the Conception of the Virgin.

"God's Providence House," with its pious motto, "God's Providence is mine inheritance," carved in front, is a memorial of the Plague, in 1662. The back part of the house has been rebuilt; the old oak front remains.

The Water Tower, at the north-west angle of the city walls, was built in 1332, by a mason who bore the significant name of Helpstone, and who was paid 100*l.* for his job. There is a higher tower upon the city wall above, connected by a steep flight of steps, and an embattled terrace, with the lower tower, up to which the tidal waters of the Dee, used to flow, so that ships could be moored to the tower by the rings and bolts fixed to its foundations. The upper tower, or keep, sometimes called Bonewaldesthorpe's, is now a museum of curiosities; the lower one exhibits a flag-staff and sometimes a flag. It bore the brunt of battle in the great siege of Chester by the army of the Commonwealth, in 1645, when towers and ramparts were severely knocked about.

But, to more peaceful times. The historical importance of the town was thus referred to in the Address presented to the Prince of Wales upon the opening of the New Town Hall, already mentioned:—

“The inauguration of this hall by your Royal Highness will be ever memorable in the annals of Chester, and it will be a source of special gratification to us that the ceremony of its dedication to the purposes of municipal government has been performed by a Prince bearing the proud and time-honoured title of those Earls who here held their court and exercised regal sway; and, while the history of our city reminds us of the origin of that title and the object of its creation, we pray that the cordial fellowship and goodwill which have so long subsisted between the neighbouring Principality and ourselves may, like the felicitous union of the title of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, ever continue.”

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### The Iron Gates, or the Cheshire Enchanter.

In the neighbourhood of Macclesfield, on Monk's Heath, is a small inn, known by the designation of the Iron Gates; the sign representing a pair of ponderous gates of that metal, opening at the bidding of a figure enveloped in a cowl, before whom kneels another, more resembling a modern yeoman than one of the twelfth or thirteenth century, to which period this legend is attributed. Behind this person is a white horse rearing, and in the background a view of Alderley Edge. The story is thus told of the tradition to which the sign relates:

“A farmer from Mobberley was riding on a white horse over the heath which skirts Alderley Edge. Of the good qualities of his steed he was justly proud; and while stooping down to adjust its mane, previously to his offering it for sale at Macclesfield, he was surprised by the sudden starting of the animal. On looking up he perceived a figure

of more than common height, enveloped in a cowl, and extending a staff of black wood across his path. The figure addressed him in a commanding voice; told him that he would seek in vain to dispose of his steed, for whom a nobler destiny was in store, and bade him meet him when the sun had set, with his horse, at the same place. He then disappeared. The farmer, resolving to put the truth of this prediction to the test, hastened on to Macclesfield fair, but no purchaser could be obtained for his horse. In vain he reduced his price to half; many admired, but no one was willing to be the possessor of so promising a steed. Summoning, therefore, all his courage, he determined to brave the worst, and at sunset reached the appointed place. The monk was punctual to his appointment. 'Follow me,' said he, and led the way by the *Golden Stone, Stormy Point*, to Saddle Bole. On their arrival at this last-named spot, the neigh of horses seemed to arise from beneath their feet. The stranger waved his wand, the earth opened and disclosed a pair of ponderous iron gates. Terrified at this, the horse plunged and threw his rider, who, kneeling at the feet of his fearful companion, prayed earnestly for mercy. The monk bade him fear nothing, but enter the cavern, and see what no mortal eye ever yet beheld. On passing the gates he found himself in a spacious cavern, on each side of which were horses resembling his own in size and colour. Near these lay soldiers accoutred in ancient armour, and in the chasms of the rock were arms, and piles of gold and silver. From one of these the enchanter took the price of the horse in ancient coin, and on the farmer asking the meaning of these subterranean armies, exclaimed: 'These are caverned warriors preserved by the good genius of England, until that eventful day when, distracted by intestine broils, England shall be thrice won and lost between sunrise and sunset. Then we, awakening from our sleep, shall rise to turn the fate of Britain. This shall be when George, the son of George, shall reign. When the forests of Delamare shall wave their arms over the slaughtered sons of Albion. Then shall the eagle drink the blood of princes from the headless *cross* (query *corse*?). Now haste thee home, for it is not in thy time these things shall be. A Cestrian shall speak it, and be believed.' The farmer left the cavern, the iron gates closed, and though often sought for, the place has never again been found."



## DERBYSHIRE.

## Castleton, High Peak.

" This castle rose in Norman William's reign,  
 And for its master own'd a royal Thane :  
 Then oft he came while herald trumpets rang,  
 And echo'd to the sword and buckler's clang ;  
 Then doughty knights their prowess oft assay'd  
 To gain a smile from some obdurate maid ;  
 Then errant champions met in combat fierce,  
 Or strove the high suspended ring to pierce :  
 Then high-born dames the happy victors crown'd,  
 While with applauding shouts the hills resound ;  
 Then blazoned banners deck'd th' embattled walls  
 And midnight revelry illum'd the halls !  
 Where are they now? No more the bending lance  
 Bears off the gauntlet. Now the warder's horn  
 No more awakes the hunters with the morn ;  
 No pennant beats the air in scutcheon'd state,  
 No gorgeous pageant crowds the massy gate :  
 The portal now admits the straggling sheep,  
 The long grass waves above the ruin'd keep ;  
 The playful breezes whistle thro' each cell,  
 Where bats and moping owls sole tenants dwell.

" Sad are the ruthless ravages of time !  
 The bulwark'd turret frowning once sublime,  
 Now totters to its basis, and displays  
 A venerable wreck of other days !"

*Wanderings of Memory.*

Castleton lies at the edge of a fine luxuriant valley of Derbyshire, which is sheltered by a circular range of mountains, that to all appearance deprives it of communication with the outer world ; leaving no visible outlet except by skirting the bases of the hills in the direction of the little stream that flows to the east, or by climbing the almost impassable fronts of the mountains to the south and to the west. Immediately behind the village to the south is a very high and steep rock, cut off from another still higher by a very deep but narrow valley, called the *Cave*, except in one point, where an extremely narrow ledge connects both hills at the very part where the rock forms a perpendicular precipitous front towards the west, of nearly 100 yards in height. In this front is the entrance to the Peak Cavern, and on the very edge of the precipice stand the ruins of the Peak Castle.

Of these ruins, the keep and part of the outer walls are all that remain ;

in fact, it seems as if the whole castle had originally consisted of little more than the keep and an inclosed area, known as the castle-yard. The summit of the hill, which is not exactly level, but of a gentle slope, is almost wholly inclosed by the Castle walls. There has been a small tower on the northern side, and a larger one at the north-west angle; but the keep itself occupies the highest and most inaccessible part of the area.

Whether this Castle was built before the Conquest, or immediately after it, will not be easily determined. In the time of Edward the Confessor, the manor or estate belonged to two proprietors, Gundeberne and Hundine; which favours the opinion of the Castle being erected before the Conquest. But we are still at a loss for assigning any use for an edifice of this kind. Placed on such a commanding eminence, and nearly inaccessible, it possessed extraordinary powers of defence; but against what foe was such a defence necessary? Again, its size would permit it only to shelter a very small army, even within the walls of the castle-yard, while the keep itself would contain very few warriors; and those few would soon be brought to capitulation for want of provisions. Some antiquaries have considered that it was built as a protection to the lead-mines; but this is a case for which we have no analogy or precedent. It may have been intended for an occasional summer residence, or when the chief wished to take the recreation of hunting, and in pursuance of the fashion of the times, he chose to build it in the manner customary for larger castles. Or, it may have been a fortress of Saxon construction, and a place of royal residence during the Heptarchy. It is, however, most probably a Norman structure, built by William Peverell, who was a natural son of William I., whom he attended to the battle of Hastings, and there distinguished himself; and to him the traditions of the neighbourhood ascribe the erection of the Castle. Its ancient appellation, "Peverell's Place in the Peke," countenances this opinion. Whatever be the truth, it is certain that Peverell possessed it at the time of the Domesday Survey, by the name of the *Castle of the Peke*, together with the honour and forest, and thirteen other lordships in this county.

Whilst the Peke Castle was in the possession of the Peverells, and most probably during the time of the second William, son of the first William Peverell, it became the scene of a splendid Tournament, which lasted three or four days; though how the knights and their followers found accommodation, unless some temporary buildings were attached to the Castle, or pavilions erected, seems hardly to be explained; but the fact is unquestionable.

Pain Peverell, Lord of Whittington, in Shropshire, had two daughters, both (as usual) very beautiful and very accomplished. The eldest, whose name was *Mellet*, inherited the martial spirit of her race, and though she was sought after by many of the young nobility of the land, she declared she would marry no one but a knight who had distinguished himself by his prowess in the field. Her father, admiring her resolution, took the accustomed mode of procuring her a husband by proclaiming a Tournament to be held at a certain time, at "Peverell's Place in the Peke," and inviting all young men of noble birth to enter the lists and make trial of their skill and valour. He promised to the victor his daughter for a wife, with his Castle of Whittington as a dowry. Many were the knights that assembled, and severe and long-disputed were the contests, for the prize was a rich one, and the honour desirable. Among the competitors was a knight of Lorraine, with a maiden shield of silver, and a peacock for his crest. This unknown hero performed prodigies of valour, unhorsing and overcoming all who opposed him, and consequently gaining the favour of the fair *Mellet*; until, as a last effort, having vanquished a knight of Burgundy and a prince of Scotland, he was hailed victor, and received the glorious prize, thus carrying the Castle of Whittington to the family of Fitzwarren.

Where the Tournament was held seems not to be ascertained. Within the walls of the Castle it could not be, for independent of want of room, the ground was too sloping to give fair play to the combatants. Some assert that it was in the valley called the Cave; but it is more likely to have taken place on the plain near the Castle, where there would be space sufficient for the *lists*, and where the inhabitants of the country round, were they ever so numerous, might find room to witness the warlike contention.

This Castle did not remain in the possession of the Peverells more than fourscore years, it being forfeited in the time of Henry II., by the then William Peverell, for his having poisoned Ranulph, Earl of Chester; and the Castle and his other property were given by the King to his son John, Earl of Mortaigne, afterwards King John, who, in 1204, appointed Hugh Neville its governor.

In 1215 the Peak Castle was in the custody of the Barons who had taken up arms against John; but it did not long remain in their possession, for William de Ferrers, the seventh Earl of Derby, took it by assault for the King, and as a reward, was made governor, which office he held for six years after the accession of Henry III.

In the fourth year of the reign of Edward II., John, Earl Warren, obtained a free grant of the Castle and Honour of the Peke, together

with the whole Forest of High Peke, to hold during his life ; and yet in the time of Edward III. this Castle and forest appear to have been part of the fortune given with Joan, his sister, on her marriage with David, son of the king of Scotland. In the same reign it reverted to the Crown, for in the forty-sixth year of Edward III. it was granted to John or Gaunt, and it now forms part of the Duchy of Lancaster. At present it is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, who, as lessee from the Crown, has the nominal appointment of the Constable of the Castle. It was used for keeping the records of the Miners' Courts, till they were removed to Tutbury Castle in the time of Elizabeth ; and an entrenchment which begins at the lower end of the valley, called the *Cave*, inclosed the town (Castleton), ending at the great cavern, and forming a semicircle : this is now called the Town Ditch, but the whole of it cannot easily be traced, many parts having been destroyed by buildings and the plough.\*

Under the hill on which this Castle stands is the celebrated Cavern of the Peak, the entrance to which is very magnificent, being in a dark and gloomy recess, formed by a chasm in the rocks, which range perpendicularly on each side to a considerable height. On the steep side of the mountain is a large opening, almost in the form of a Gothic arch, extending in width 120 feet and in height forty-two. This arch, which is formed by Nature at the bottom of a rock whose height is eighty-seven yards, is checkered with a diversity of coloured stones, from which continually drops a sparry water that petrifies. Immediately within this arch is a cavern nearly of the same height and width, and in receding depth about ninety feet ; the roof of this place, which is of solid rock, is flat, and looks dreadful over head, having nothing but the side walls to support it. Towards the farther end from the entrance, the roof comes down with a gradual slope to about two feet from the surface of water fourteen yards over, the rock in that place forming a kind of arch, under which the visitor is conveyed in a small boat ; beyond this stream is a spacious vacuity, opening in the bosom of the rocks ; and in a passage at the inner extremity of this vast cavern, the stream which flows through the bottom spreads into what is called the second water ; but this can generally be passed on foot, though at other times the assistance of the guide is requisite ; at a short distance farther is a third water, where the rock sloping, as it were, almost down to the surface of the water, puts an end to the traveller's search.

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\* Abridged from a contribution to the *Graphic and Historical Illustrator*, by A. Jewitt, pp. 293-296.

The entire length of this vast excavation is about 800 yards, and its depth from the surface of the mountain between 200 and 300. It is wholly formed in the limestone strata, which are replete with marine exuviz. Some communications with other fissures open from different parts of the Cavern. A singular effect is produced by the explosion of a small quantity of gunpowder, when wedged into the rock, in the inner part of the Cavern; the sound appearing to roll along the roof and sides like a heavy and combined peal of overwhelming thunder.



### Wingfield Manor House.

Wingfield, situated four or five miles eastward of the centre of Derbyshire, is one of the richest specimens extant of the highly ornamented embattled mansions of the time of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.; the period of the transition from the Castle to the Palace, and undoubtedly the best era of English architecture. The present manor-house, according to Camden, was built about the year 1440, by Ralph, Lord Cromwell, who was Treasurer of England; and the testimony of Camden that he was the founder, is strongly corroborated by the bags or purses of stone (alluding to the office of Treasurer which he filled) carved over the gateway leading to the quadrangle. Bags or purses are mentioned to have been carved on the manor-house of Coly Weston, in Northamptonshire, augmented by this Lord Cromwell; and there were similar ornaments carved in wood, removed about one hundred and forty years ago from Wingfield Manor.

The manor-house originally consisted of two square courts, and a noble hall, which was lighted by a beautiful octagon window, and a range of Gothic windows. Part of the chapel remains, with the great State apartment lighted by a rich Gothic window. In the thirty-third year of the reign of Henry VIII. it appears that Wingfield Manor was in the possession of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, held in his custody here the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. Her suite of apartments were traditionally on the west side of the north court, which is remembered as the most beautiful part of the building; it communicated with the great tower, whence, it is said, the ill-starred captive had sometimes an opportunity of seeing the friends approach with whom she held a secret correspondence. It is inferred that her captivity at Wingfield commenced in 1569, in which year an attempt was made by Leonard Dacre to rescue her. After which, Elizabeth becoming suspicious of the Earl of Shrewsbury, under pre-

tence of his Lordship being in ill-health, directed the Earl of Huntingdon to take care of the Queen of Scots in Shrewsbury's house: and her train was reduced to thirty persons. This change happened the year after Mary was removed from Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, to Tutbury Castle, in Staffordshire, and placed under the care of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Her captivity at Wingfield is stated to have extended to nine years; but it is improbable that so large a proportion of the time she was in the custody of this nobleman should have been spent here; for it is well known that from 1568 to 1584, she was at Buxton, Sheffield, Coventry, Tutbury, and other places; and if her confinement here continued so long, it must have been with many intervals of absence.

Wingfield continued to be the occasional residence of the Shrewsburys till the death of the Earl Gilbert, in the year 1616; after which the property was sold to Mr. Edward Halton, who, in 1666, was resident at the manor-house; and in 1817 it was still in the possession of one of the Halton family, but not then inhabited. The last of the family who resided here became its spoiler, for desiring to build himself a house at the foot of the high hill upon which the mansion stands, he pulled down and unroofed part of the fine old structure, so that the hall, with its proud emblazonry of the Shrewsbury arms and quarterings, became exposed to the decaying influences of the elements.

The mansion had been, however, previously much injured during the Civil War in the reign of Charles I.; and there are a few singular incidents in its fate. Wingfield, being possessed by the royal party, was besieged and taken by Lord Grey of Groby, and Sir John Gall, of Hopton—brave officers in the service of the Parliament; who, according to Whitelock, voted them a letter of thanks for this and other services. The assault was begun on the east side with cannon placed on Pentridge Common, and a half-moon battery, raised for its defence, was soon carried; but a breach being found impracticable, the cannon were removed to a wood on the opposite side. They soon opened a considerable breach in the wall, and captured the place. Colonel Dalby, who was the governor, was killed in the siege. He had disguised himself in the dress of a common soldier, but being seen and known by a deserter, he was shot by him in the face as he was walking in one of the stables. The hole through which the assailant introduced his murderous musket was long shown near the porter's lodge.

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## Beauchief Abbey.

To enjoy the picturesque variety of the dales of Derbyshire we must leave the cloud-capped peaks, and ramble through the cultivated meadows, luxuriant foliage, steep heathy hills, and craggy rocks, while the eye and ear are enchanted with brilliant streams. Such, indeed, is the character of the dales, especially those through which the Derwent, the Dove, and the Wye meander. In one of these sheltered valleys Beauchief Abbey gives name to its locality, Abbey Dale, not far from the partition line that separates Derbyshire from Yorkshire, at Norton, near Sheffield. It was founded in 1183, for Premonstratensian, or White Canons, by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, lord of Alfreton, said to have been one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, in expiation of whose murder the Abbey was built, and to whom, when canonized, it was dedicated. Dr. Pegge, the antiquarian writer, discountenances this tradition. His arguments, however, which are chiefly founded on the circumstance of the brother of Robert Fitz-Ranulph being afterwards in great favour with Henry II., do not appear conclusive, particularly when opposed to the authority of Dugdale, Fuller, Bishop Tanner, and others who have written on the subject. Indeed, Dr. Pegge denies that Beauchief Abbey was erected in expiation of Becket's death, or that Fitz-Ranulph had any connexion with that deed. Sir James Mackintosh names the "four knights of distinguished rank" (apparently upon the authority of Hoveden) to have been William de Tracy, Hugh de Moreville, Richard Britto, and Reginald Fitz-Urse; and adds, "the conspirators, despairing of pardon, found a distant refuge in the Castle of Knaresborough, in the town of Hugh de Moreville, and were, after some time, enjoined by the Pope to do penance for their crime by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where *they died*, and were interred before the gate of the Temple." Sir James describes the murder of Becket with harrowing minuteness: "the assassins fell on him with many strokes; and though the second brought him to the ground, they did not cease till his brains were scattered over the pavement."

The walls of Beauchief Abbey, with the exception of the west end, have long since either been removed, or have mouldered into dust, and the whole of the original plan of the once extensive pile of building cannot now be traced. The architecture is plain, but the situation among woods and hills is delightful. Though once a considerable structure, Beauchief Abbey was never proportionally wealthy. At the time of the Dissolution its revenues were estimated but at 157*l*.

With the materials furnished by its demolition was built Beauchief House upon the same estate, granted by Henry VIII. to Sir William Shelley.

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### A Legend of Dale Abbey.

Of Dale Abbey, six miles and a half east of Derby, built nearly seven centuries ago, there remains but a single fragment—the arch of the great east window of the Chapel built by the godmother of Serle de Grendon, and, what is most singular, and probably without a parallel in British antiquities, under the same roof, an inn, of the same age as the Chapel itself; and at a short distance is a hermitage, probably of the same period. The cave originally scooped out by the hermit is still entire. It is cut in a precipice which stands pleasantly elevated above the valley, and overhung with wood, in full prospect of the Abbey ruin, which was a religious house of the Premonstratensian order, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. We find a fuller account of this Abbey than of any other in Derbyshire; one of its monks having left in manuscript a history of its foundation, as related by Maud de Salicesamara, who built the Chapel belonging to the Abbey.

We are told that there lived once in the street of St. Mary, in Derby, a baker, who was known for his great charity and devotion. After having spent many years in acts of benevolence and piety, he was, in a dream, called to give a trying proof of his fidelity. He was required by the Virgin Mary to relinquish all his worldly substance; to go to Deepdale, and lead a solitary life, in the service of her Son and herself. He accordingly left all his possessions and departed, entirely ignorant of the place to which he should go. However, directing his course towards the east, and passing through the village of Stanley, he heard a woman say to a girl, "Take with thee our calves, and drive them to Deepdale, and return immediately." Regarding this as a special interposition of Providence, the baker was overwhelmed with astonishment, and said, "Tell me, good woman, where is Deepdale?" when she replied, "Go with the girl, and she, if you please, will show you the place." Upon his arrival he found it very marshy ground, and distant from any human habitation. Proceeding hence to the east, he came to a rising ground, and under the side of the hill cut in the rock a small dwelling; he built an altar towards the south, and there spent day and night in the Divine service, with hunger and cold, and thirst and want.

It happened one day that a person of great consequence, by name Ralph the son of Geremund, came hunting in his woods at Ockbrook,



and when he approached the place where the hermit lived, and saw the smoke rising from his cave, he was filled with astonishment that any one should have the rashness and effrontery to build for himself a dwelling in his woods without his permission. Going then to the place, he found a man clothed with old rags and skins, and inquiring into the cause and circumstances of his case, his anger gave way to pity; and to express his compassion, he granted the ground where his hermitage was situated, and the tithe of his mill at Burgh for his support. It is related that the old enemy of the human race then endeavoured to render him dissatisfied with his condition, but that he resolutely endured all its calamities. One of the greatest evils which he suffered was a want of water; however, from this he was relieved by discovering a spring in the valley; near this he built a cottage and an oratory in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and ended his days in the service of God.

Serle de Grendon, lord of Badeley, a knight of eminent valour, great wealth, and distinguished birth, who married, first, Margery, daughter of the above Ralph, and afterwards Maud, lady of Celson, gave to his godmother, during her life, the place of Depedale, with its appurtenances, and other lands in the neighbourhood. She had a son whom she educated for holy orders, that he might perform divine service in her chapel of Depedale, and herself resided at a short distance south of this situation. Shortly afterwards, with the consent and approbation of this venerable matron, Serle de Grendon invited canons from Kalke, and gave them the place of Depedale. The canons built here, with great labour and expense, a church and other offices: their Prior journeyed to the Court of Rome, and obtained several important privileges for them; and the place was much frequented by persons of all ranks, some of whom were large benefactors to the religious establishment.

"The devil, one night, as he chanced to sail  
In a wintry wind, by the Abbey of Dale,  
Suddenly stopp'd, and look'd with surprise,  
That a structure so fair in that valley should rise:  
When last he was there, it was lonely and still;  
And the hermitage scoop'd in the side of the hill,  
With its wretched old inmate his beads a telling,  
Were all he found of life, dweller, or dwelling.  
The hermit was seen in the rock no more;  
The nettle and dock had sprung up at the door;  
And each window the fern and the hart's tongue hung o'er.  
Within 'twas dampness and nakedness all:  
The Virgin, as fair and holy a block  
As ever yet stood in the niche of a rock,  
Had fallen to the earth, and was broke in the fall.  
The holy cell's ceiling, in idle hour,  
When haymakers sought it to 'scape from the shower,

Was scored by their forks in a thousand scars,  
 Wheels and crackers, ovals and stars.  
 But by the brook in the valley below,  
 Saint Mary of Dale! what a lordly show!  
 The Abbey's proud arches and windows bright,  
 Glitter'd and gleam'd in the full moonlight."

*Howitt's Forest Minstrel.*

However, in process of time, when the canons already mentioned had long been separated from the social conversation of men, they became corrupted by prosperity, and

"Forsook missal and mass,  
 To chant o'er a bottle, or shrive a lass;  
 No matin's bell call'd them up in the morn,  
 But the yell of the hounds and sound of the horn:  
 No penance the monk in his cell could stay,  
 But a broken leg or a rainy day:  
 The pilgrim that came to the Abbey door,  
 With the feet of the fallow deer found it nail'd o'er;  
 The pilgrim that into the kitchen was led,  
 On Sir Gilbert's venison there was fed,  
 And saw skins and antlers hang over his head."

*Howitt's Forest Minstrel.*

The King hearing of their insolent conduct, commanded them to resign everything into the hands of their patron, and to return to the place from whence they came. Depedale was not long after left desolate, for there soon came hither from Tapholme, six white canons of the Premonstratensian order.

The Abbey was surrendered in 1539, by John Staunton and sixteen monks; and eleven years after, the Abbey clock was sold for 6*s.*; the iron, glass, paving-stones, and grave-stones, for 18*l.*; and there were six bells, 47 cwt. The Abbot's bed, richly adorned, was long preserved. A place was shown to visitors where the partition wall betwixt the chapel and inn gave way to the thirsty zeal of the pious monks: for tradition honours them with the conceit of having their favourite liquor handed to them through it while at mass.



### Chatsworth, Hardwicke, and Haddon.

These three historic houses possess an undying interest even in comparison with the attractions of the sublime scenery, amidst which they are placed.

Chatsworth, the most magnificent private mansion in England—one of the few seats in the country that deserves the name of a palace—is popularly called one of the Wonders of the Peak; and in art occupies

a similar position to that claimed by the other curiosities of the district in the kingdoms of nature. How thoughtfully and nobly has the poet meditated upon these characteristics—

“ Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride  
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present  
To house and home in many a craggy rent  
Of the wild Peak: where new-born waters glide  
Through fields where thrifty occupants abide  
As in a dear and chosen banishment,  
With every semblance of entire content:  
So kind is simple Nature fairly tried!  
Yet He, whose heart in childhood gave her troth  
To pastoral dales, thin set with modest farms,  
May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,  
That not for Fancy only pomp hath charms;  
And strenuous to protect from lawless harms  
The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.”

The manor of Chatsworth, at the Norman Survey, belonged to the Crown, and was in the custody of William of Peverell, who, upon the grant of property received from the Conqueror, built for himself the fortress to this day called “the Castle of the Peak.” Chatsworth was, for many generations, the property of a family named Leche, or Leech, —one of whom, named John, was surgeon (or *leech*) to Edward III. By this family, the estate was sold in the sixteenth century to the family of Ayard, of whom it was purchased by Sir William Cavendish; since which it has been the principal country-seat of the noble family of Cavendish.

The original Chatsworth House, built by Sir William Cavendish about the middle of the sixteenth century, was a quadrangular building with turrets. Its earliest celebrity has a melancholy interest—it being one of the prisons of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, who resided here for some months in 1570, and was here in 1573, 1577, 1578, and 1581. It shared the fate of many other mansions in the Civil Wars of the Parliament and Charles I., and was by turns occupied as a fortress by both parties. In 1643 it was garrisoned by forces under Sir John Gell, on the part of the Parliament; and in December of the same year, the Earl of Newcastle, having taken Wingfield Manor, made himself master of Chatsworth House, and placed a garrison in it for the King, under the command of Colonel Eyre. In September, 1645, it was held for the Royal party by Colonel Shalcross, with a fresh garrison from Welbeck, and a skirmishing force of three hundred horse. It was then besieged by Major Mollanus with four hundred foot; but the siege was raised by the command of Colonel Gell, who ordered the Major and his party to return to Derby.

Charles Cotton, the Poet of the Peak, who resided in the neighbourhood, has written a quaint description of Chatsworth in the time of the Stuarts: he concludes thus, after describing the park and exterior of the mansion—

“ Cross the court, thro’ a fine portico,  
 Into the body of the house you go:  
 But here I may not dare to go about,  
 To give account of everything throughout,  
 The lofty hall, staircases, galleries,  
 Lodgings, apartments, closets, offices,  
 And rooms of state; for should I undertake,  
 To show what ’tis doth them so glorious make,  
 The pictures, sculptures, carving, graving, gilding,  
 ’Twould be as long in writing, as in building.”

The fourth Earl (afterwards the first Duke of Devonshire), on his retirement from the Court of James II., planned and rebuilt the mansion, upon the same site, as it in part remains. It was designed by Talman, an architect of some celebrity, and completed soon after 1706. Among the artists employed, besides Talman, were Sir Christopher Wren; Verrio, Laguerre, Ricard, and Sir James Thornhill, painters; Cibber, carver in stone; carving in wood, the Watsons, natives of Derbyshire, though they are thought to have been employed under Gibbons, who furnished the designs.

The situation is extremely beautiful. The mansion is in the Ionic style of architecture, and consists of an immense quadrangle, with two principal fronts. It stands on the east bank of the Derwent, near the bottom of a high hill, which is richly covered with wood. The main approach to the mansion is by an elegant bridge, built by Paine, and said to be from a design by Michael Angelo. The niches between the arches have four marble figures by Cibber. Northward of this bridge is “the Bower of Mary Queen of Scots.” While in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, she was sometimes at Sheffield, then transferred to Tutbury, then suddenly removed to Wingfield, and immediately after to Chatsworth. After long imprisonment and harsh treatment had ruined her health, and rendered her who once danced so gaily and so gracefully a cripple, Elizabeth was moved at length, by repeated applications, to permit her to visit the baths at Buxton. On the 26th of July, 1580, the Earl escorted his Royal charge from Chatsworth to the famous well whose waters were “able to cure all” *maladies*—“but despair;” and to that state of feeling was Mary then almost reduced.

In the magnificent park of Chatsworth, unrivalled in its varied beauty, not far from the splendid buildings which form the present house, is a small clear lake in a secluded spot, half-concealed by thick foliage. In

the centre of this piece of water is a tower, and on the platform at the top is a grassy garden, where wave several fine trees, in particular a very large and spreading yew, perhaps planted by the Royal captive's own hand; for this is the spot where she was permitted to take the air—guards on the steps which led to the retreat; guards beside the lake; guards on the path which led back to her prison; and sentinels on each side of the grated door which had admitted her, and was carefully closed upon her and her attendants.

There is a pretty fanciful balustrade all round the platform, and the view across part of the park, where deer are feeding, cattle grazing, and the river flowing merrily along, all cheerful and pleasing—but what must it have been then to Mary Stuart? Wherever she cast her mournful eyes she beheld only evidences of the impossibility of her escape; the mountains of the Peak hemmed her in, the barren moors spread desolate around her, and soldiers were pacing up and down beneath the tower from whence she gazed despondingly. Tedious, indeed, were the hours of Mary's captivity here: "All day she wrought with her *nydill*, and the diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious, and *continued* so long at it till very *pyne* made her give it over." Mary's captivity in the old house of Chatsworth extended to thirteen years; from here she wrote her second letter to Pope Pius, dated October 15, 1570.

We have space but to mention a few of the splendours of this palatial mansion. The Grand Entrance Hall is painted with the Life and Death of Julius Cæsar. The Staircase has a double flight of steps, of rock amethyst and variegated alabaster, guarded by a richly gilt balustrade. The Chapel is wainscoted with cedar, and embellished by Verrio and Laguerre. The altar, of the fluors and marbles of Derbyshire, is sculptured by Cibber. The Drawing-room is embellished by Thornhill. The State Apartments are lined with choice woods, costly cabinets, carvings, and old paintings, and hung with Gobelin tapestries of the Cartoons of Raphael. Over the door of the Antechamber is a carved pen, as Walpole said, "not distinguishable from real feather." The Second Drawing-room is hung with Gobelin tapestry. The Scarlet Room contains the bed in which George II. expired; and the chairs and footstools used at the coronation of George III. The Great Northern Staircase is of oak, richly gilt. The modern common apartments are generally called those of Mary Queen of Scots, which is an error; but they occupy the site of those inhabited by the Queen, and her bed-hangings and tapestry are in the apartment now called her bed-room. In the Library are the manuscripts and apparatus of the celebrated

chemist, Henry Cavendish. The Sculpture Gallery is lined with Devonshire marble; here are statues and busts; and two Lions, each weighing four tons, carved out of a solid block of marble, nine feet long by four feet high. The Orangery has marble bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen, and thirty orange-trees from Malmaison. In the Garden is a vast tropical conservatory, occupying above an acre and a quarter of ground, with a carriage-drive through it; and filled with stupendous palms, talipots, bananas, and flocks of tropical birds of brilliant plumage. And here, built for the Victoria Regia lily, is the hothouse designed and erected by Sir Joseph Paxton; whence sprung the gigantic Palace of Glass for the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, in the year 1851. The pleasure-grounds are upwards of eighty acres in extent, including lawns, shrubberies, and gardens. The great cascade and natural water-fall is 40 feet over precipitous rock, and the principal fountain throws up water nearly to the height of 100 feet. The walks through the grounds are some miles in extent.

The enlargement of the mansion, and other improvements at Chatsworth, were completed about a quarter of a century since, previous to the State visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, whose reception by the Duke of Devonshire was one of the most magnificent given in modern times.

In the rear of the mansion, nearly at the summit of a steep, rocky, and thickly wooded hill, stands the Hunting Tower, probably as old as the first house, and giving the ladies of those days an opportunity of enjoying the sport of the chase. It is a square building, having at each angle a round turret, which rises above the tower itself, and is surmounted by a small dome. The windows are mostly blocked up with masonry. Its use, at present, is to bear the flag of the Duke of Devonshire as Lord Lieutenant of the county.

There are yet to be told some pleasant memories of Chatsworth. Here Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, passed a great portion of his life: he died here, whilst residing in the family of his pupil, the Earl of Devonshire. His daily mode of life at Chatsworth is thus described in Dr. Kennet's *Memoirs of the Cavendish Family*: "His professed rule of health was to dedicate the morning to his exercise, and the afternoon to his studies. At his rising, therefore, he walked out, and climbed any hill within his reach; or, if the weather was not dry, he fatigued himself within doors by some exercise or other, to be in a sweat. After this he took a comfortable breakfast; and then went round the lodgings to wait upon the Earl, the Countess, and the children, and any considerable strangers, paying

some short addresses to all of them. He kept these rounds till about twelve o'clock, when he had a little dinner provided for him, which he ate always by himself, without ceremony. Soon after dinner he retired to his study, and had his candle, with ten or twelve pipes of tobacco laid by him; then, shutting his door, he fell to smoking, thinking, and writing for several hours."

Marshal Tallard, who was taken prisoner at Blenheim in 1704, and remained seven years in England, having been nobly entertained by the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, on taking his leave, said—"My Lord Duke, when I come hereafter to compute the time of my captivity in England, I shall leave out the days of my visit at Chatsworth."

HARDWICKE HALL, another seat of the Duke of Devonshire, is situated between Chesterfield and Mansfield, the approach to the mansion being by a noble avenue, and the park has some very fine oaks. The present Hall was erected for the Countess of Shrewsbury about 1590. She was the celebrated Elizabeth Hardwicke, and married no less than four times. Her first husband was Mr. Bailey, through whom she acquired property; her second, a Cavendish; she then married Sir William St. Lowe, and afterwards, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the keeper for so many years of Mary Queen of Scots. The most interesting pile is Old Hardwicke Hall, or "Mr. Hardwicke's House," which almost touches the more modern Hall. Everything in it and about it bears the impress of the proud, determined woman, who considered her father's house not a sufficient mansion for a Countess of Shrewsbury to receive royalty in, and consequently had erected the present edifice almost at its gates. Wherever you turn you are reminded of her: her initials stand in bold relief, outside the edifice, on the parapet, at every corner, and from canvas in the different rooms. This indefatigable lady built also Chatsworth, and another place in the county of Derby. The legend runs—it was foretold to her, that as long as she kept building, so long would her life be—a ruse, probably, of the architect of the day to lead her on. In accordance with this, she kept building house after house, and at last died during a hard frost, when the masons could not work.

On entering Hardwicke, the first striking object is a statue of Mary Queen of Scots, at the upper end of the Hall, bearing the following simple but touching inscription:

"*Maria, Scotorum Regina, nat. 1542;  
A suis in exilium acta, 1568;  
Ab hospitâ neci data, 1537.*"

Tradition asserts that this was one of the seats in Derbyshire which she visited, and her bed and room are shown, with her arms as Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France over the door, and her initials worked in the tapestry. The grand room in the building is the immense picture gallery, which extends the whole length of the house. Here are portraits of the Cavendishes; of the Kings and Queens of England, from Henry IV. downwards; the Court of Charles II., and all the Beauties immortalized by Sir Peter Lely; portrait of Thomas Hobbes, dated 1676; Queen Elizabeth, in the elaborate court-dress of the time, with the high standing ruff, the waist exactly in the middle of the body, the wide hoop, and embroidered petticoats; and here is an excellent equestrian portrait of the first Duke of Devonshire. The Presence Chamber is, in the lower part, hung with tapestry, and the upper part with pargetting—that is, figures in relief on plaster, coloured. At the upper end are the canopy of State, and some very curiously worked velvet chairs. The most interesting article of furniture in the apartment is an old music-table, round which many a madrigal and glee must have been sung. It is covered with mosaic work, representations of music books and musical instruments; and the artist has chronicled the notes on the open leaves of the wooden books. The tapestry in all the rooms is very fine; some of the oldest pieces were the covers of the seats and pulpit of a small chapel.

The approach to Hardwicke by the avenue is universally lauded by tourists. The park, with its hundreds of deer and its wide-spreading oaks, the silver stream with its wooded margin, and the fair greensward with the Hall itself in the distance, complete a landscape such as can rarely be enjoyed except in England.

The first appearance of Hardwicke is very imposing, more especially of the Old Hall, as approached from the west. It is seen in contrast with the New Hall, on the very crest of one of the highest and boldest ridges of the new red sandstone, looking over a beautiful valley, and commanding an extent of country rarely equalled. From the State room of the new Hall, and from the dilapidated one of the old, can be distinctly traced some of the loftiest eminences of the High and Low Peak, Barrel Edge, and the Black Rocks, near Matlock, Middleton and Tansley Moors, Stubbing Edge, and the great English Apennines, stretching far north, appear in view, with a rich and beautiful country intervening. The mansion is a lofty, oblong structure of stone, of Elizabeth's time, and has a tall square tower at each of its corners. From the avenue, the front of the mansion appears dull and cheerless;



but when the Elizabethan gateway opening upon the flower-garden has been passed, this portion of the Hall is seen to perfection.

HADDON HALL stands about two miles south of Bakewell, on a bold eminence on the east side of the river Wye, and looks over the beautiful vale of Haddon. The Hall is described as the most complete of the old castellated mansions of this country. Though not now inhabited, it is in a state of excellent repair, and is the property of the Duke of Rutland. It was erected at different periods. The most ancient part was built about the time of Edward III.; part is of the time of Henry VI.; and the most modern part was erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was originally a *barton*, or farm, appertaining to the lordship of Bakewell, given by William the Conqueror to William Peverell. It became forfeited to the Crown, and passed to the Avenell family. In the reign of Richard I. it came into the possession of Sir George Vernon by marriage; thenceforth becoming the chief residence of the Vernon family, until, by the marriage of Dorothy Vernon with Sir John Manners, second son of Thomas, first Earl of Rutland, which title he inherited, it came into the possession of the Rutland family, through whom it has descended to the present Duke of Rutland. It has some fine armorial glass in the windows, and in the Chapel is a Roman altar, dug up at Bakewell. Most of the rooms were hung with loose arras, which still remains, concealing the ill-fashioned carpentry of the doors, wooden bolts, rude bars, &c. Sir George Vernon, by his hospitality, gained the title of King of the Peak; and so lately as the time of the first Duke of Rutland (so created by Queen Anne), seven score servants were maintained, and during twelve days after Christmas the house was kept open. Haddon consists of two courts, of irregular form, approaching to squares, surrounded by suites of apartments, and was evidently designed to have a domestic, not a military, character.

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### Bolsover Castle.

Bolsover, a populous village on the eastern verge of Derbyshire, has been for ages celebrated for its Castle, which occupies the plain of a rocky hill, and is a landmark for the surrounding country. At the time of the Domesday, the manor of Bolsover belonged to William Peverell, who is supposed to have built the first Castle. Not long after the forfeiture of his property by William Peverell, the younger, for poisoning Ranulph, Earl of Chester, in 1153, we find Bolsover given with the manor by Richard I. in 1189, to his brother John, on his marriage. In

the 18th year of his reign, John issued a mandate to Bryan de L'isle, then Governor of Bolsover, to fortify the Castle, and hold it against the rebellious Barons; or, if he could not make it tenable, to demolish it. This, no doubt, was the period when the fortifications, which are yet visible about Bolsover, were established. The Castle was in the possession of the Barons in 1215, but was taken from them by assault for the King (John) by William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby. In the long and tumultuous reign of Henry III. this Castle still maintained its consequence, though it had eleven different governors in twice that term. The Earl of Richmond (father of Henry VII.) died possessed of it in 1456, together with the Castle of Hareston, both of which were granted, in 1514, to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, on the attainder of whose son it again reverted to the Crown. Shortly afterwards it was granted to Sir John Byran for fifty years. Edward VI. granted it to Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury, in whose family the manor of Bolsover remained until the time of James I., when Earl Gilbert sold it to Sir Charles Cavendish. His eldest son William, was the first Duke of Newcastle, who was appointed General of all his Majesty's forces raised north of Trent: he possessed little of the skill of a General, though he was a soldier of splendid fortune. He was sincerely attached to his royal master, Charles I., whom he entertained at Bolsover Castle, on three different occasions, in a style of princely magnificence. On the King's second visit here, when he was accompanied by his Queen, upwards of 15,000*l.* were expended. The eccentric Duchess of Newcastle tells us that Ben Jonson was employed in fitting up such scenes and speeches as he could devise; and sent for all the country to come and wait upon their Majesties.

Leland mentions the first Castle as in ruins in his time, and no vestige of it now remains. That which is now called the Castle is a domestic residence, with somewhat of a castellated appearance. It was begun about the year 1613, immediately after the purchase was made by Sir Charles Cavendish, who then removed what remained of the old Castle. It is a square, lofty, and embattled structure of brown stone, with a tower at each angle, the northern being much higher than the others. The interior has small rooms, wainscoted, and fancifully inlaid and painted; and the ceilings of the best apartments are carved and gilt. There is a small hall, the roof of which is supported by pillars; and there is a large room, called "the star-chamber." The drawing-room was formerly "the pillar parlour," from its having in the centre a stone column, from which springs an arched ceiling, while round the lower part of the shaft is placed the dining table of the right chivalric form.

Hitherto we have spoken but of that part of Bolsover Castle which was formerly denominated the Little House, to distinguish it from the more magnificent structure adjoining. This was, probably, the residence of Cavendish, a range of apartments now roofless and rent into fissures, and of which only the outside walls are standing. It was formerly thought that these buildings were erected after the Restoration by William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, son of the Sir Charles, who built what was called the Castle. Diepenbeck's view of Bolsover (1652), however, decides the point of their previous existence; and that they were built before the Civil Wars is more than probable, as otherwise there would have been no room at Bolsover for the splendid entertainment which the Earl of Newcastle (such was then his rank) gave to King Charles, the Queen, the Court, and all the gentry of the county. The Earl had previously entertained the King at Bolsover in 1633, when he went to Scotland to be crowned. The dinner on this occasion cost 4000*l.*; and Lord Clarendon speaks of it as "such an excess of feasting as had scarce ever been known in England before."

In the early part of the Civil War the Castle was garrisoned for the King, but was taken in 1644, by Major-General Crewe, who is said to have found it well manned, and fortified with great guns and strong works. During the sequestration of the Marquis of Newcastle's estates, Bolsover Castle suffered much both in its buildings and furniture, and was to have been demolished for the sake of its materials, had it not been purchased for the Marquis by his brother, Sir Charles Cavendish. The noble owner repaired the buildings after the Restoration, and occasionally made the place his residence. It now belongs to the Duke of Portland, whose family derived it in the female line from the Newcastle Cavendishes. The whole pile is wearing away. Trees grow in some of the deserted apartments, and ivy creeps along the walls; though the remains have little of the picturesqueness of decay.

## NOTTINGHAMSHIRE AND LEICESTERSHIRE.

### Nottingham Castle.

The modern building, erected scarcely two centuries ago, upon the summit of an almost perpendicular rock, 133 feet high, at the south-western extremity of the town of Nottingham, has few claims upon our attention; but the former Castle, although little more than a bastion and the main gateway remain, is of considerable historic interest. When the Danes came to Nottingham, in the year 852, they possessed themselves of a tower on this rock, where they resisted the efforts of Ethelred, King of the West Saxons, and Alfred his brother, to dislodge them; and it was only by a blockade that they could be compelled to make terms, and retire. The present mansion occupies little more than one-third of the site of the old castle, which extended northward to the verge of the moat, yet to be traced. In 1068 Nottingham was visited by William I., who ordered the Castle to be built: of it William of Newborough says: "This castle, when in its glory, was made so strong by nature and art, that it was esteemed impregnable except by famine." It was never taken by storm, and but once by surprise. It was not, however, erected all at one period. "The most beautiful and gallant part for lodging," observes Leland, "is on the north side, where Edward IV. began a right sumptuous piece of stonework, which was finished by Richard III." After the Conquest, the greater part of the country, together with the Castle, was bestowed by William I. on his natural son, William Peverell. In 1153, Nottingham was taken by Henry, son of the Empress Maud, but the garrison retired from the town to the Castle, and set fire to the place. In 1194, Nottingham Castle, after a siege of several days, was taken by Richard I. from the adherents of his rebellious brother, John Earl of Mortaigne (afterwards King of England), when Richard assembled a parliament here, and deprived John of his earldom; but on his submission, he was restored to his rank. In 1212, to Nottingham John retired, and shut himself up in the Castle, guarded only by the inhabitants and some foreign archers, having disbanded his army from distrust of the fidelity of his officers.

The old Castle must have frowned with unusual gloominess when Isabella, Queen of Edward II., and her unprincipled paramour, Mor-

timer, took up their abode in it. The Queen had rebelled against and deposed her husband. Mortimer had accomplished his death. The frail princess had recently elevated Mortimer to the Earldom of March. His encroaching arrogance was awakening in the minds of the barons a determination to curb his insolence and overgrown power. The spirit of revenge was still further excited by the execution of the King's uncle, the Earl of Kent, who appears to have been slain merely to show that there were none too high to be smitten down if he dared to make himself obnoxious to the profligate rulers. The young King, now in his eighteenth year, was growing impatient of the yoke which Mortimer, as regent, had imposed on his authority. At length he was brought to see his own danger—to look upon Mortimer as the murderer of his father and uncle, and the man who was bringing dishonour to himself and the nation by an illicit connexion with his royal mother. A parliament was summoned to meet at Nottingham about Midsummer, 1330. The Castle was occupied by the Dowager Queen and the Earl of March, attended by a guard of one hundred and eight knights, with their followers; while the King, with his Queen, Philippa, and a small retinue, took up their abode in the town. The number of their attendants, and the jealous care with which the Castle was guarded, implied suspicion in the minds of the guilty pair. Every night, the gates of the fortress were locked and the keys delivered to the Queen, who slept with them under her pillow. But with all their precautions, justice was more than a match for their villany. Sir William Montacute, under the sanction of his sovereign, summoned to his aid several nobles, on whose loyalty and good faith he could depend, and obtained the King's warrant for the apprehension of the Earl of March and others. The plot was now ripe for execution. For a time, however, the inaccessible nature of the Castle rock, and the vigilance with which the passes were guarded, appeared to be insuperable. Could Sir William Eland, the Governor of the Castle, be won over, and induced to betray the fortress into their hands? Sir William joyfully fell in with the experiment.

Everything being arranged, on the night of Friday, October 19th, 1380, Edward and his loyal associates were conducted by Sir William Eland through a secret passage in the rock to the interior of the Castle. Proceeding at once to a Chamber adjoining the Queen's apartment, they found the object of their search in close consultation with the Bishop of Lincoln and others of his party. The Earl of March was seized; Sir Hugh Turpinton and Sir John Monmouth, two of his State guards, were slain in attempting to rescue him from the King's

associates; and the Queen, hearing the tumult, and suspecting the cause, rushed into the room in an agony of terror, exclaiming, "Fair son, fair son, have pity on the gentle Mortimer!" Notwithstanding the cries and entreaties of the weeping Isabella, her beloved Earl was torn from her presence, and hurried down the secret passage by which his captors entered, and which has ever since been designated *Mortimer's Hole*. It still exists on the south-east side of the sandstone rock; it ascends from a place called Brewhouse Yard, and comes out above in the yard of the Castle. The lower part is now blocked up, but visitors may descend from the top.

With so much secrecy and despatch was this stratagem executed that the guards on the ramparts of the castle were not disturbed, and the people of Nottingham knew nothing of the enterprise till the following day, when the arrest of Mortimer and several of his adherents by the Royalists indicated that the luxurious and profligate usurpation of the Earl of March was at an end.

Mortimer was conveyed by a strong guard to the Tower of London. Edward repaired to Leicester, where he issued writs for the assembling of a new Parliament at Westminster, at which Mortimer was impeached, and convicted of high treason and other crimes. No proof in evidence of his guilt was heard, and he was condemned to die as a traitor, by being drawn and hanged on the common gallows—a sentence which was executed at "the Elms," in Smithfield, on November 29, 1330. By some he is stated to have been executed at Tyburn; but Howes describes it as "a place anciently called the Elmes, of elmes that grew there, where Mortimer was executed, and let hang two days and nights, to be seene of the people." His body was buried in the castle of Ludlow, in a chapel which he had erected, and dedicated to St. Peter ad Vincula, to commemorate his own escape from the Tower in the time of Edward II. A Parliament was subsequently held at Nottingham, which deprived the Queen of her dowry, and granted her 1000*l.* a year for life.

The Castle of Nottingham was given by James I. to Francis, Earl of Rutland, who pulled down many of the buildings, and sold the materials. But at the commencement of the Parliamentary war it was still considered a place of strength. Here Charles I. set up his standard with great ceremony. Shortly after this, Nottingham came into the hands of the Parliament, and continued to the end of the war; and when Colonel Hutchinson, its last governor, became jealous of Cromwell's intention to make himself King, he employed Captain Paulton to demolish it; for which, it is said, Cromwell never forgave the Colonel.

We have already mentioned the existing remains. About forty years ago a stone staircase below the present wall, on the north side, was discovered, to which the name of "King Richard's Steps" has been given.

Nottingham Castle has in all ages been the strongest place in the Midland Counties, and it was the bulwark of the Crown in every case of emergency. Here, in 1386, Richard II. assembled the sheriffs and judges, and ordered the former to raise troops against the Duke of Gloucester and the associated Barons, and to permit no members to be chosen for the ensuing Parliament but such as were contained in the list which he would deliver to them. But the Sheriffs declared their inability to raise men against the Barons, who were very popular; and that the people would not submit to dictation in the choice of their Representatives. The Judges, however, were less patriotic, and pronounced that the King was above the Law. In 1460, at Nottingham, Edward IV. proclaimed himself King, and had a rendezvous of his troops. In 1485, from Nottingham, where he had assembled his forces, Richard III. marched to the fatal battle of Bosworth Field.

The present "Castle" has nothing castellated in its architecture; it is a large building, classically embellished. An equestrian statue of the founder, the Duke of Newcastle, in 1680-88, cut out of one block of stone, and brought from Castle Donington, in Leicestershire, is placed in front of the mansion. In 1808 it was completely repaired; but it was nearly destroyed by fire in the Reform Bill riots of 1831.



### Clare Palace, the Holles Family, and the House of Clare.

Sir William Holles, the ancestor of the Earls of Clare, was Lord Mayor of London in the 31st year of the reign of Henry VIII., two years after which he died. He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Scopeham. By her he had three sons and a daughter. Thomas, the eldest, was a son of misfortune, and by his lavishness and improvidence the ruin of both himself and his posterity. His father left him a very fair estate, yet he lived to spend it all, and die in prison. His taking a wife from Court was part of his undoing (slips transplanted from that soil for the most part make but ill proof in the country.) Gervase Holles, in his entertaining Anecdotes of his Family, says: "I have heard it by tradition, that he was present at the coronation of

Edward VI., with a retinue of threescore and ten followers. This specious port he kept so long as he was able, and like a well-spread oak, carried a great shade even when spent to the heart." His son, William, left a grandson, Francis, who losing both father and mother when a boy, was exposed to the most wretched condition till the Earl of Clare took notice of him. "We shall hardly find in any family a greater example of fortune's mutability. For the great-grandfather of this poor boy had a revenue from his father at this day worth at the least 10,000*l.* per annum, and had been sometimes followed by a train of threescore and ten servants of his own.

"However, Sir William Holles (the Lord Mayor), like a wise merchant, did not adventure all his stock in one bottom, nor entrusted the prosperity of his posterity to the management of an eldest son only. He left to his son William the manor of Haughton, with other large estates in the counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, and Middlesex. This Sir William was born in London early in the reign of Henry VIII. He married Anne, eldest daughter and coheir of John Densell, of Densell, in Cornwall.

"After his father's decease he seated himself at Haughton, choosing that, amongst all those other manors of that opulent inheritance his father left him, to plant his habitation in. A seat both pleasant and commodious, lying between the Forest and the Clay, and partaking both of the sweet and wholesome air of the one, and of the fertility of the other, having the river Idle running through it by several cuts in several places.

"He affected to be honoured and loved amongst his neighbours, which he attained to beyond other his concurrents, by his honesty, humanity, and hospitality. It was even to a wonder, and he was usually styled the good Sir William Holles. He was the wonder of the country for a settled house and constant hospitality. The proportion he allowed during the twelve days of Christmas was a fat ox every day, with sheep and other provision answerable. Besides it was certain with him never to sit down to dinner till after one of the clock; and being asked why he always dined *so late*, he answered, 'For aught he knew, there might be a friend come twenty miles to dine with him, and he would be loth he should lose his labour.' He died at Houghton, in 1590, in his 85th year.

"He was of low stature, but of a strong and healthful constitution, so that even to his last he little felt the infirmities of old age, but usually every day, even to his last sickness, walked on foot for his exercise round about his Park at Houghton, which was between two and three miles.



His countenance was grave and comely, and his complexion ruddy and pure.

“His retinue was always answerable to his hospitality, very great, and according to the magnificence of those days, far more than was necessary. At the coronation of Edward VI., he appeared with fifty followers in their blue coats and badges; and I have heard divers affirm that knew him, how he would not come to Retford Sessions, but four miles from his home, without thirty proper fellows at his heels.” Of his two sons, Sir Gervase, the younger, was grandfather of the writer to whom we are indebted for these entertaining anecdotes of his family. His eldest son, John Holles, was created Baron Houghton, of Houghton, in the 14th year of James I., and, in the 22nd year, Earl of Clare. “For his peerage he paid the favourite Duke of Buckingham 10,000*l.* sterling. For at the entrance of King James, the sale of honours was become a trade at court; and whilst the Duke lived, scarce any man acquired any honour but such as were either his kindred, or had the fortune (or misfortune) to marry his kindred or mistresses, or paid a round sum of money for it.

“He was not a favourite at court, and the reason being asked, somebody said it was plain—‘for two sorts of men King James had never kindness, those whose hawks and dogs run as well as his own, and those who were able to speak as much reason as himself.’

“Henry, Prince of Wales, however, expressed a great love for him, and once took a progress to his house at Houghton, where the Prince continued with him many days, and found an entertainment answerable to his greatness. He was afterwards under a cloud at court, and for a long time estranged himself from it, and lived for the most part at Houghton, and at his home at Nottingham, cherishing more quiet and contented thoughts in a retired life.” He died at Clare Palace, Nottingham, in 1637, aged 73.

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### Newark Castle.

The town of Newark-upon-Trent is conjectured by some antiquaries to have been Roman, by others Saxon; but the first undoubted mention of it is in the time of Edward the Confessor. It had a noble Castle, which overlooked the river, and was built in the reign of King Stephen by Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, from whom it was taken by the King. In the time of King John it was besieged by the Barons in the interest of Louis the Dauphin. John, coming to its relief, died at Newark, A.D. 1216; though Shakspeare makes the the scene of his

death in "the Orchard of Swinstead Abbey." On the conclusion of the treaty between Henry III. (son and successor of John) and the Dauphin, some of the English adherents of the latter, fearing punishment, seized the Castle of Newark, where they were besieged by the King's guardian, the Earl of Pembroke, and obliged to surrender. The Castle was subsequently restored to the See of Lincoln, and with the exception of a short interval in the reign of Edward III., appears to have continued in its possession until the reign of Edward VI. It was at East Stoke, on the right bank of the Trent, near Newark, that in the rebellion of Lambert Simnel, A.D. 1487, the forces of that pretender, consisting of 2000 German veterans, under Martin Swart, an experienced officer, and about 6000 half-armed Irishmen, were encountered by the Royal army under Henry VII. in person. The rebels were defeated; half of them were slain, including their leader, the Earl of Lincoln, and Swart. Simnel was taken prisoner; and Lord Lovell, another leader, escaped from the fray, but was either drowned in his flight across the Trent, or was compelled to conceal himself for the rest of his days.

Cardinal Wolsey lodged at the Castle with a great retinue on his way to Southwell, in 1530. James I. arrived here on his way to London, in 1602; and on his midland progress always stayed a night or two at the Castle. Newark, in the reign of Charles I., was one of the most considerable garrisons the King had, and sustained three sieges; the garrison was from 4000 to 5000 foot, and above 500 horse, and there were plenty of cannon on the walls. In 1642, the Newark troops, 600 in number, under the command of Sir Richard Byron, effected an entrance into Nottingham (Parliamentarians), and during five days lived upon free quarters, and were then obliged to retreat. Next year, the Newarkers endeavoured to gain possession of Nottingham Castle, but being overwhelmed by numbers, were obliged to evacuate the town. After Charles's defeat at Naseby, he marched from Newark to Oxford, but was again at Newark in the same year; and it was there that he was deserted by his nephews, Rupert and Maurice, and by several of his officers. The King then being pressed by the approach of the Scots and Parliamentarians, again withdrew to Oxford. Newark was forthwith besieged by the Scots; and in May, 1646, the King surrendered himself at Southwell to the Scotch Commissioners, by whom he was conducted to the besiegers' quarters. The day after his arrival, Newark was delivered up by his orders; and the fortifications were next demolished by the Parliament. There are but few vestiges of the lines and forts now observable, although they were two miles and a quarter long.

The ancient Castle of Newark stood near the bank of the river; though now an irreparable ruin, it still presents a noble appearance. Within the exterior walls nothing remains, but the vestiges of the great hall show that it was built in later times than that assigned to the foundation of the fortress. Under the hall is a crypt, with loopholes towards the river; and there is a flight of winding steps from the crypt upwards. The south-western angle of the fortress, the western wall, washed by the river, a considerable part of the tower at the north-western angle, and parts of the north side of the building, remain. The western wall exhibits three distinct stories, or tiers of apartments. The architecture varies with the period of erection of the various parts: some of it is Norman, but other portions were probably erected just before the Civil Wars of Charles I. Part of the inner area of the Castle is used as a bowling-green, and the remaining portion has been converted into a large and commodious cattle-market.

Newark Church is one of the largest and most elegant in the kingdom; it was in great part rebuilt, it is said, by Adam Flemyng, in the time of Henry VI. and Henry VII.; but there are in it some remains of a previous edifice of Norman character. The height to the summit of the steeple is 240 feet. There are likewise in Newark some walls of an ancient Augustine Priory, and a Chapel of an ancient Hospital of the Knights Templars. In the town of Newark, also, is "Beaumont's Cross," so called from tradition assigning to it the tribute of a Duchess of Norfolk to the memory of Lord Beaumont, who died northward of Newark, in the reign of Edward IV., and was carried for interment to the burial-place of his family in Suffolk. The Cross is in the latest Gothic style. It was repaired, says the inscription, in 1778, and again in 1801.

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### Newstead Abbey, and Lord Byron.

Of the monastic ruins of Nottinghamshire, the most beautiful is Newstead, or New Place, formerly a Priory of Black or Austin Canons, founded about A.D. 1170, by Henry II., who endowed it with the church and town of Papelwick, together with large wastes about the monastery, within the forest [of Sherwood], a park of ten acres, &c., lying at a short distance from the town of Mansfield.\* At the Disso-

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\* Mansfield was the frequent residence of our early Norman kings, who enjoyed the chase in the surrounding forest of Sherwood. The celebrated ballad of the King and the Miller of Mansfield is the subject of at least two

lution Newstead came into the possession of the noble family of the Byrons, who deduce from the Conquest; and at the time of the Survey held divers manors in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, the chief seat of the early Byrons being Horistan Castle, in the latter county. In 1540, Sir John Byron, Knt., had a grant of "the Priory of Newstade, with the manor of Papelwick, a rectory of the same, with all the closes about the Priory, &c." A portion of the monastic buildings was fitted up as a residence by Sir John Byron, but the church was allowed to go to decay. Its front is an exceedingly beautiful specimen of Early English, scarcely equalled by any other specimen in elegance of composition and delicacy of execution. The south aisle of the church was incorporated with the mansion which Sir John built, while the western front was suffered to remain a picturesque ruin. The Abbey is said to have been preserved till our time, and several conveniences which belonged to its pious owners, continued in their original situation, and were yet in use. The illustrious poet, Lord Byron, who from his mother claimed descent from the royal House of Stuart, succeeded to Newstead at the age of six years. Here he passed the happiest hours of his life. When he was quite a child he was an adept at swimming and rowing.

In some lines, "On leaving Newstead Abbey," written in 1803, the leading events in the lives of the Poet's ancestors are glanced at:—

"Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;  
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;  
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle  
Have choked up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.

"Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle  
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,  
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,  
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

"No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,  
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurelled wreath;  
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan slumbers,  
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

"Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy;  
For the safety of Edward and England they fell:  
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye;  
How you fought, how you died, still her annals can tell.

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dramatic entertainments. It is said to refer to the time of Henry II., and that Sir John Cockle was the miller. The mill is five or six miles from Mansfield, of which place Dodsley, the bookseller, who emerged from the servants' hall, was a native.

"On Marston, with Rupert, 'gainst traitors contending,  
Four brothers enriched with their blood the bleak field ;  
For the rights of a monarch their country defending,  
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd."

In "An Elegy on Newstead Abbey," written in 1806:

"Newstead ! fast falling, once resplendent dome !  
Religion's shrine ! repentant Henry's pride !  
Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,  
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

"Hail to thy pile, more honour'd in thy fall  
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state ;  
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,  
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

"No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord,  
In grim array the crimson cross demand ;  
Or gay assemble round the festive board  
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band.

"Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye  
Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,  
Marking each ardent youth, ordained to die,  
A votive pilgrim to Judea's clime.

"But not from thee, dark pile ! departs the chief ;  
His feudal realm in other regions lay ;  
In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,  
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

"Yes, in thy gloomy cells and shades profound  
The monk abjur'd a world he ne'er could view ;  
Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,  
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

"A monarch bade thee from that wild arise  
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl ;  
And superstition's crimes of various dyes,  
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Years roll on years ; to ages, ages yield ;  
Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed ;  
Religion's charter their protecting shield,  
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

"One holy Henry rear'd the Gothic walls,  
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace ;  
Another Henry the kind gift recalls,  
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease."

The interest of the old place culminates in the possession of Lord Byron, and Colonel Wildman to whom his Lordship sold the estate. The embellishments which the Abbey had received from the poet-lord had more of the brilliant conception of the poet in them than of the

sober calculations of common life. In many rooms which he had superbly furnished, he had permitted so wretched a roof to remain, that in half a dozen years the rain had visited his proudest chambers, the paper had rotted on the walls, and fell upon glowing carpets and canopies, upon bedsteads of crimson and gold, clogging the wings of glittering eagles, and dimming gorgeous coronets. A tourist who visited the Abbey soon after Lord Byron had sold it, thus describes the interior:—

“The long and gloomy gallery, which, whoever views, will be strongly reminded of Lara, as, indeed, a survey of this place will awaken more than one scene in that poem, had not yet relinquished the sombre pictures ‘of its ancient race.’—In the study, which is a small chamber overlooking the garden, the books were packed up, but there remained a sofa, over which hung a sword in a gilt sheath; and at the end of the room, opposite the window, stood a pair of light fancy stands, each supporting a couple of the most perfect and finely polished skulls I ever saw, most probably selected along with the far-famed one converted into a drinking-cup, and inscribed with some well-known lines, from among a vast number taken from the burial-ground of the Abbey, and piled up in the form of a mausoleum, but re-committed to the ground. Between them hung a gilt crucifix.

“In one corner of the servants’ hall lay a stone coffin, on which were some fencing-gloves and foils: and on the wall of the ample but cheerless kitchen, was painted in large letters, ‘Waste not, want not.’

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The gardens were exactly as their late owner described them in his earliest days. With the exception of the dog’s tomb—a conspicuous and elegant object, placed on an ascent of several steps, crowned with a lambent flame, and panelled with white marble tablets, of which that containing the celebrated epitaph is the most remarkable—I do not recollect the slightest trace of culture or improvement. The late Lord, a stern and desperate character, who is never mentioned by the neighbouring peasants without a significant shake of the head, might have returned and recognised everything about him, except perhaps an additional crop of weeds. There still gloomily slept that old pond, into which he is said to have hurled his lady in one of his fits of fury, whence she was rescued by the gardener, a courageous blade, who was the Lord’s master, and chastised him for his barbarity. Here still, at the end of the garden, in a grove of oak, two towering satyrs, he with his goat and club, and Mrs. Satyr with her chubby cloven-footed brat,

placed on pedestals at the intersections of the narrow and gloomy pathways, struck for a moment, with their grim visages and shaggy forms the fear into your bosom which is felt by the neighbouring peasantry at 'th'oud laird's devils.'

"In the lake before the Abbey, the artificial rock which he constructed at a vast expense, still reared its lofty head; but the frigate which fulfilled old Mother Shipton's prophecy, by sailing over dry land from a distant part to this place, had long vanished, and the only relics of his naval whim were the rock, his ship buoys, and the venerable old Murray, who accompanied me round the premises. The dark, haughty, impetuous spirit and mad deeds of this Nobleman, the poet's uncle, I feel little doubt, by making a vivid and indelible impression on his youthful fancy, furnished some of the principal materials for the formation of his Lordship's favourite, and perpetually recurring practical hero. His manners and acts are the theme of many a winter evening in the neighbourhood. In a quarrel which arose out of a dispute between their gamekeepers, he killed his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, the lord of the adjoining manor. With that unhappy deed, however, died all family feud; and if we are to believe our noble bard, the dearest purpose of his heart would have been compassed could he have united the two races by an union with 'the sole remnant of that ancient house,' the present most amiable Mrs. Musters—the Mary of his poetry. To those who have any knowledge of the two families, nothing is more perspicuous in his lays than the deep interest with which he has again and again turned to his boyish, his first and most endearing attachment. 'The Dream' is literally their mutual history, and the scenery of Newstead can be traced in the poem. The antique oratorie, where stood—

' his steed caparisoned, and the hill  
Crowned with a peculiar diadem  
Of trees in circular array, so fixed,  
Not by the sport of nature, but of man,'

are pictures too well known to those who have seen them to be mistaken for a moment."

A still more familiar account of Newstead appeared in the autumn of 1828, when it was visited by Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Personal Tour*. "Newstead," says the author, "like most ancient erections, is situated in a valley, and was screened during my route, by some fine plantations. As I approached it, I passed the fine lake of thirty-six acres, on which Byron was wont to sail; and I saw on it three pretty pinnaces at anchor, in which the present proprietor indulges in aquatic excursions. On each side stand two mock forts, castellated, and decorated with painted guns, the fancy

of the former lord, the great-uncle of the poet. I had seen many accurate views of Newstead, but my approach to the actual building brought before me, as a still living object, Byron and his eventful history. . . .

"The house, as it now exists, proved to be everything that could delight a lover of Byron, an admirer of taste and elegance, and a devotee of antiquity, in close association with our national history and ancient religion. It was an Abbey, founded by Henry II., as one of many peace-offerings to the enraged church, for adding a martyr to its calendar, by the sacrifice of the imperious and wily Becket. It was magnificently built in the spirit of the age, and was intended in its structure and endowments to prove the repentance of the politic king. What it was, thanks to Colonel Wildman, it still is ; and in Newstead we behold a veritable Abbey of the twelfth century, nearly as it was 600 years ago.

"Colonel Wildman was a schoolfellow on the same form as Lord Byron, at Harrow school. In adolescence they were separated at college, and in manhood by their pursuits ; but they lived in friendship. If Lord Byron was constrained by circumstances to allow Newstead to be sold, the fittest person living to become its proprietor was his friend, Colonel Wildman. He was not a cold and formal purchaser of Newstead, but, animated even with the feelings of Byron, he took possession of it as a place consecrated by many circumstances of times and persons, and above all, by the attachment of his friend, Byron. The high-spirited poet, however, ill brooked the necessity of selling an estate entailed in his family since the Reformation (but lost to him and the family by the improvidence of a predecessor), and retiring into Tuscany, there indulged in those splenetic feelings which mark his later writings. His marriage had been engaged in as a prudent settlement for life ; but the hauteur of his own principles, and the scrupulosity of those of his lady, led to difference and to separation. This domestic discord being grossly discussed by public writers, added gloomy feelings to his natural impetuosity, and conspired to render his own country disagreeable.

"The domain of Newstead is nearly 4000 acres, in the middle of which stands the house, commanding a partial view of the whole. It is a large but irregular structure, and the cloisters, which are quite perfect, stand nearly in the middle. No part is destroyed except the Abbey-church ; but its western front is standing, and ranges with the front of the house. Over the cloisters is a range of corridors or galleries, which connect all the rooms of the house, and give it an ancient air. The principal front is southward, and the upper floor consists of a drawing-room 24 yards long, with a Gothic roof, and plaster compartments, finished in 1633, by early Italian artists. The floor beneath is a mag-



nificent dining-hall, furnished in the olden style; the pictures are chiefly portraits. There are some full suits of armour in the corridors, and some trophies from Waterloo in the drawing-room. In one of the cloisters is a chapel, the windows of stained glass from other parts of the building; and beneath Colonel Wildman has prepared a vault for himself and his lady.

“The arrangements of the gardens are complete. There are pleasure-grounds of five or six acres, formally arranged in terraces and straight walks, by Le Nôtre, in the style of Hampton Court and Versailles. There are, also, of kitchen gardens three acres; and a wilderness, lawn, and shrubbery of ten or twelve acres more. The whole has been accurately pictured by Byron himself, in the thirteenth canto of *Don Juan*:

“To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair,  
An old, old monastery once, and now  
Still older mansion, —of a rich and rare  
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow  
Few specimens yet left us can compare  
Withal; it lies perhaps a little low,  
Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind,  
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

“It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,  
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak  
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally  
His host, with broad arms 'gains: the thunder-stroke;  
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally  
The dappled foresters; as day awoke,  
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,  
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

“Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,  
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed  
By a river, which its soften'd way did take  
In currents through the calmer water spread  
Around: the wildfowl nestled in the brake  
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;  
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood  
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

“Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,  
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding  
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made  
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding  
Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,  
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding  
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,  
According as the skies their shadows threw.

“A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile  
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart  
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle;  
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art;

- The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,  
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,  
 Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,  
 In gazing on that venerable arch.
- " Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,  
 Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone ;  
 But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,  
 But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,  
 When each house was a fortalice—as tell  
 The annals of full many a line undone—  
 The gallant cavaliers who fought in vain  
 For those who knew not to resign or reign.
- " But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,  
 'The Virgin-Mother of the God-born child,  
 With her son in her blessed arms, look'd round ;  
 Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd ;  
 She made the earth below seem holy ground,  
 This may be superstition, weak or wild,  
 But even the faintest relics of a shrine  
 Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.
- " A mighty window, hollow in the centre,  
 Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,  
 Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,  
 Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,  
 Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,  
 The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings  
 The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire  
 Lie with their hallelujah quench'd like fire.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- " Amidst the court, a Gothic fountain play'd,  
 Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—  
 Strange faces like to men in masquerade,  
 And here perhaps a monster, there a saint ;  
 The spring rush'd through grim mouths of granite made,  
 And sparkled into basins, where it spent  
 Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,  
 Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.
- " The mansion's self was vast and venerable,  
 With more of the monastic than has been  
 Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stable,  
 The cells too, and refectory, I ween :  
 An exquisite small chapel had been able,  
 Still unimpair'd to decorate the scene ;  
 The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,  
 And spoke more of the baron than the monk.
- " Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd  
 By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,  
 Might shock a connoisseur ; but when combined,  
 Form'd a whole, which, irregular in parts,  
 Yet left a grand impression on the mind,  
 At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts :  
 We gaze upon a giant for his stature,  
 Nor judge at first if all be true to nature."

"Than this description," writes Sir Richard Phillips, "nothing in plain prose can be more precisely detailed. I walked through and around the building, *with the poem in my hand*, and the dullest architect or antiquary could not be more correct, whilst the spirit of the lines raised a sort of halo around every object. Thanks to Colonel Wildman, he is determined that, at least in his time, the description of the poet shall continue to accord with the reality."

"Night overtaking me at Newstead, the splendid hospitality of Colonel Wildman was kindly exerted, and he indulged a sentimental traveller by allowing me to sleep in Byron's bed and Byron's room. . . . The bed is elegantly surmounted with baronial coronets, but it was Byron's, and I cared nothing for the coronets. . . . This apartment is remote from the dormitories of the family, and the ascent to it is by a newel stone staircase. A stranger to personal fear and superstition, I enjoyed my berth, neither heard nor saw anything, nor ever slept more soundly. At the same time I did not forget the following lines of Byron, but I ascribed his phantasy to the alliance of superstition with the enthusiasm which directs the thoughts and faith of poets:—

" But in the noontide of the moon, and when  
The wind is winged from one point of heaven  
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then  
Is musical—a dying accent driven  
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again;  
Some deem it but the distant echo given  
Back to the night-wind by the waterfall,  
And harmonized by the old choral wall.

" Others, that some original shape or form,  
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power  
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm  
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)  
To this grey ruin with a voice to charm.  
Sad but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower:  
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such  
The fact: I've heard it—once perhaps too much!"

These Nottinghamshire woodlands are truly charming. But the Abbey itself possesses the greatest interest for the visitor. Every piece of furniture in what was Byron's bedroom remains to this day just as the poet left it. There is the bedstead, with gilded coronets; the poet's well-loved pictures of his college at the University, the portraits of Murray, his valet, and the noted pugilist "Gentleman Jackson;" near an oriel window are his writing-table, inkstand, and other relics, all enchaining the beholder of to-day as he gazes on these inanimate memorials of the past. The place has witnessed stirring events: it is full of old memories. You can imagine the cowled monks pacing the shady

walks in the noonday sun ; and Byron himself must have strolled about the park hardly less full of thought than his monkish predecessors.

Lord Byron died at Missolonghi, April 19th, 1824, at the age of thirty-seven ; and his body was brought to England and buried in the same vault as his daughter, Lady Lovelace, in Hucknall village church. A slab of white marble on the south wall records his death, and there is also the torn and faded silken escutcheon which bore the Byron arms.

Among the traditional memories that flit about Newstead, it used to be related by an old man, long resident in Hucknall, that the Hon. William Byron, of Badwell Hall, had a daughter, who clandestinely married one of her father's dog-keepers ; that they had offspring two sons, and a daughter named Sophia. The family being obliged to quit the neighbourhood of Badwell, was not heard of for many years, and the singular devotion of "the White Lady" to the memory of Lord Byron pretty clearly serves to solve the long mystery. She left an impression in the romantic neighbourhood she resided in ; and her singularity will not soon be forgotten. The day before she quitted Hucknall she copied the inscription from Lord Byron's tablet ; took off her bonnet, and wiped a string of it on the floor of the vault ; then cut a piece away carefully, wrapped it in paper, and put it into her pocket ; the last rhymes she wrote strangely foreboded, in their closing verse, the melancholy fate which was shortly to befall her :—

" But 'tis past, and now for ever  
Fancy's vision's bliss is o'er ;  
But to forget thee, Newstead—never,  
Though I shall haunt thy shades no more."

This person, Sophia Hyatt, was, through her extreme deafness, run over by a cart, at the entrance to the Maypole Inn-yard, Nottingham, on the 28th of September, 1825, and unfortunately killed. She had come that morning in a chaise from Newstead, Papplewick, or somewhere in that neighbourhood. She had, for the previous three or four years, lodged in one of the farm-houses belonging to Colonel Wildman at Newstead Abbey. No one knew exactly when she came, or what were her connexions. Many of her days were passed in rambling about the gardens and grounds of the Abbey, to which, by the kindness of Colonel Wildman, she had free access ; her dress was invariably the same ; and she was known by the servants at Newstead as "the White Lady." She had ingratiated herself by regularly feeding the Newfoundland dog, which was brought from Greece with the body of Lord Byron. On the evening before the accident which terminated her ex-

istence, she was seen to cut off a lock of the dog's hair, which she carefully placed in a handkerchief. On that same evening also, she delivered to Mrs. Wildman a sealed packet, with a request that it might not be opened till the following morning. The contents of the packet were rhymes in manuscript, written during her solitary walks, and all of them referring to the poet lord of Newstead. A letter to Mrs. Wildman was enclosed, written with some elegance and native feeling: it described her friendless situation, alluded to her pecuniary difficulties, thanked the family for their kindness to her, and stated the necessity she was under of removing for a short period from Newstead. It appeared from her statement that she had connexions in America, where her brother had died, leaving a widow and family; and she requested Colonel Wildman to arrange matters in which she was concerned. She concluded with declaring that her only happiness in the world consisted in the privilege of being allowed to wander through the domain of Newstead, and to identify the various sites commemorated in Lord Byron's poetry. A most kind and compassionate note was conveyed to her immediately, urging her either to give up her journey, or to return to Newstead as quickly as possible. We have stated the melancholy sequel. Colonel Wildman took upon himself the care of her interment, in the churchyard of Hucknall, as near as possible to the vault which contains the body of Lord Byron.

The neglect and decay of the Newstead Abbey estate has been visited with severe remarks on the conduct of one of its proprietors, the great-uncle and predecessor of our Poet. Family differences, particularly during the time of the fifth Lord Byron (the great-uncle), of eccentric and unsocial manners, suffered and even aided the dilapidations of time. The castellated stables and offices were, however, spared. Mr. Ashpitel relates that "The state of Newstead at the time the Poet succeeded to the estate is not generally known; the wicked Lord had felled all the noble oaks, destroyed the finest herds of deer, and, in short, had denuded the estate of everything he could. The hirelings of the attorney did the rest; they stripped away all the furniture, and everything the law would permit them to remove. The buildings on the east side were unroofed; the old Xenodochium, and the grand refectory, were full of hay; and the entrance-hall and monks' parlour were stables for cattle. In the only habitable part of the building, a place then used as a sort of scullery, under the only roof that kept out the wet, of all this vast pile, the fifth Lord Byron breathed his last; and to this inheritance the Poet succeeded." A Correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, No. 132, however, relates some circumstances tending to pal-

liate the above apparently reckless proceedings of the eccentric fifth lord. This Correspondent, who, in 1796 and 1797, had a seat in the chambers of an eminent conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn, relates that thither the eccentric Lord came to consult the conveyancer regarding his property, under a most painful and pitiable load of distress; but his case was past remedy; and, after some daily attendance, pouring forth his lamentations, he appears to have returned home to subside into the reckless operations reported of him. His case was this:—"Upon the marriage of his son, he, as any other father would do, granted a settlement of his property, including the Newstead Abbey estate; but by some unaccountable inadvertence or negligence of the lawyers employed, the ultimate reversion of the fee-simple of the property, instead of being left, as it should have been, in the father, as the owner of the estates, was limited to the heirs of the son. And upon his death, and failure of the issue of the marriage, the unfortunate father, *this eccentric Lord*, found himself robbed of the fee simple of his own inheritance, and left merely the naked tenant for life, without any legal power of raising money upon it, or even of cutting down a tree. It would seem, that if the lawyers were aware of the effect of the final limitation, neither father nor son appear to have been informed of it, or the result might have been corrected, and his Lordship would, probably, have kept up the estate in its proper order. As the law now stands, the estate would revert back to the father as heir of his son. Now, although this relation may not fully justify the reckless waste that appears to have been committed, it certainly is a palliative."



### The Story of Robin Hood.

Robin Hood is so distinguished by traditionary memorials in every part of Nottinghamshire, that it would be unpardonable not to mention that celebrated outlaw. The following account, by Ritson, seems to comprise the principal features in his romantic career:—

"Robin Hood was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of King Henry II. and about the year of Christ, 1160. His extraction was noble, and his true name Robert Fitzooth, 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 extravagant 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 Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire; Barnsdale, in Yorkshire; and, according to some, Plumpton Park, in Cumberland. Here he either found, or was afterwards joined by, a number of persons in similar circumstances;

“ ‘Such as the fury of ungoverned youth  
Thrust from the company of lawful men;’

who appeared 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, pinder, 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, ‘wheresoever he heard of any that were of unusual strength and hardiness, he would desgyse himself, and, rather than fayle, go lyke a begger to become acquainted 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.’ Of this practice 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, or 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 opposi-

tion, 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 Sherwood or Barnsdale, is a question humbly submitted to the consideration of the political philosopher.

“ The deer with which the royal forests then abounded. (every Norman king 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 could 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 of *As you Like it*, act i. 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.’

“ Their mode of life, in short, and domestic economy, of which no authentic particulars have been even traditionally preserved, are more easily to be guessed at than described. They have, nevertheless, been elegantly sketched by the animating pencil of an excellent though neglected poet:—

“ ‘ The merry pranks he play’d, would ask an age to tell,  
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,  
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,  
How he hath couzen’d them, that him would have betray’d ;  
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis’d,  
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surpris’d.



In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,  
 But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;  
 And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,  
 Of Scarlok, 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 out-laws, and their trade.'

Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxvi.

"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 famosissimus sicarius*,' that most celebrated robber; and Major terms him and Little John, '*famosissimi latrones*;' but it is to be remembered, according to the confession of the last 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 anything 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 honour 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.

"Robin Hood, 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, the pride, avarice, uncharitableness, and hypocrisy of the clergy of that age, will afford him ample justification. 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.’ ”

They who deride the miracles of Moses or Mahomet are at full liberty, no doubt, to reject those wrought in favour of Robin Hood. But, as a certain admirable author expresses himself, ‘an honest man and a good judgment believeth still what is told him, and that which he finds written.’

“ 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 Kirklees Nunnery in Yorkshire, his relation (women, and particularly religious women, being in those times considered 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 thirty-first year of King Henry III., and (if the date assigned to his birth be correct) about the eighty-seventh 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 eudared him to the common people, whose cause

he maintained (for all opposition to tyranny is the cause of the people), and, 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.

“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; 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 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, rimes, 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 favour, as well in his lifetime as after his death, and the supernatural powers he is, in some parts, supposed to have possessed, gave him an indisputable claim,—he obtained the principal distinction of sainthood, in having a festival allotted to him, and solemn games instituted in honour 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 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, his cap, and one of his slippers were preserved with peculiar veneration till within the present century; and not only places which afforded him security or amusement, but even the well at which he quenched his thirst still retain his name, a name which in the middle of the present century was conferred as an honourable 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 honour of Little John’s death and burial is contended for by rival nations, that his grave continued long ‘celebrious 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 last century.”

Such is Ritson's version of Robin's history, which, though very circumstantial in all its points, is open to much dispute and discussion—whether there ever did exist such a person as Robin Hood. His pedigree, a very long one, has been found in the handwriting of Dr. Stukeley, the antiquary, (but a very credulous author,) in which his descent is traced from Raff Raby, Earl of Northumberland, to Waltheof, the great Earl of that name, who married Judith, Countess of Huntingdon, the Conqueror's niece, from whom the pedigree states Robert Fitzooth, commonly called Robin Hood, the pretended Earl of Huntingdon, was descended, and that he died in 1274. Latimer, in his sixth sermon before Edward VI., tells a story about wishing to preach at a country church, when he found the door locked, and the people gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. He then adds: "Under the pretence of gathering for Robin Hood, a *traitor* and a *thief*, to put out a preacher."

"Roberdesmen" is the name of a certain class of malefactors mentioned in a law of Edward III., and it has been asked whether the term may have any allusion to "Robin Hood's Men." As early as the time of Henry III. "comaro Roberto" was applied to any common thief or robber; and to this day the term "robber" is more in common use in Nottinghamshire than in other counties.

Robin Hood has also been traced to "Robin o' th' Wood," a term equivalent to "wild man," generally given to those Saxons who fled to the woods and morasses, and long held them against their Norman enemies. The grave where he lies has still its pilgrims; the well out of which he drank still retains his name; and his bow, and some of his broad arrows (already mentioned) were, within this century, to be seen in Fountains Abbey, a place memorable by his adventure with the curtail friar. The choice of his grave is thus told in the ballad:—

"Give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;  
And where this arrow is taken up,  
There shall my grave digg'd be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,  
And another at my feet,  
And lay my bent bow by my side,  
Which was my music sweet,  
And make my grave of gravel and green,  
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,  
With a green sod under my head,  
That they may say, when I am dead,  
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

“ These words they readily promised him,  
Which did bold Robin please,  
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,  
Near to the fair Kirkleys.”

Little John, it is said, survived but to see his master buried: his grave is claimed by Scotland as well as England, but tradition inclines to the grave in the churchyard of Hathersage.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter has, however, discovered documents in our national archives, by which he proves Robin Hood to have been a yeoman in the time of Edward II.; that he fell into the King's power, when he was freeing his forest from the marauders of that day; that the King, pursuing a more lenient policy towards his refractory subjects, took Robin Hood into his service, made him one of his *Varlets porteurs de la chambre*, in his household; and Mr. Hunter has discovered the exact amount of wages that was paid him, and other circumstances, establishing the veritable existence of this hero of our childhood.

There is still a later testimony. Mr. Planché, *Somerset Herald*, has avowed himself a believer in Robin Hood, without holding “each strange tale” of that famous forester to be “devoutly true,” or being fortunate enough to discover any very important fact in support of his opinion. He has satisfied himself that the objections of the dissenters are in no instance fatal, and that in many cases they are met by very singular circumstantial evidence. Mr. Planché adduces the remarkable fact of the existence of a Robert Fitzooth, or Fitz Odo, of Loxley, in the reign of the second Henry. Indeed there was indisputable evidence, he remarks, of two Robert Fitz Odos or Fitzooths living in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the former of whom certainly, and the latter most probably, was lord of the manor of Loxley.

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### Bunny Park and Sir Thomas Parkyns.

The quiet village of Bunny, six miles south of Nottingham, has attained a celebrity in local history from its association with a noble specimen of English character, which is entitled to our special admiration. Here, at Bunny Park, were seated, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the family of Parkyns. Thomas Parkyns, of Bunny, was created baronet 18th May, 1681: he was the author of *The Inn-Play; or, Cornish Hugg Wrestler*, and father of Sir Thomas Parkyns, second baronet. Sir Thomas Boothby Parkyns, the fourth baronet, was created Lord Rancliffe in Oct. 1795.

Sir Thomas Parkyns came to his title early in life, and took possession of the family estate, Bunny Park. He was made a justice of the peace for Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, and endeavoured by all the means in his power to do good to the peasantry and indigent people around him. To this end he studied physic, for the sole purpose of benefiting the poor and his tenantry.

Sir Thomas was particularly partial to Latin sentences and quotations; but not satisfied with inlaying his writings with them, this eccentric baronet took every slight occasion to inscribe them on wayside benches, door-posts, window-seats, and other convenient tablets, of a like or an unlike nature. Upon a seat which stood by one of the Bunny roads, he caused to be engraved this truly urbane invitation to a strayer, from a man of property—

“Hic sedeat, Viator, si tu defessus es ambulando.”

Another inscription took its birth from one of the judges, while on the circuit, having ascended his pad by the help of Sir Thomas's horse-block. This was an honour not to be let slip; and the block—a block no longer—told its classic story thus:—

“Hinc *Justiciarius Dormer* equum ascendere solebat !”

Happy and long was the life which Sir Thomas Parkyns led at Bunny Park; and “a bold peasantry, its country's pride,” by his advice and example grew up gallantly around him. He gave prizes, of small value but large honour, to be wrestled for on sweet Midsummer eves, upon the green levels of Nottinghamshire; and he never felt so gratified with the scene as when he saw one of his manly tenantry, and the evening sun, go down together. He himself was no idle patron of these amusements—no delicate and timid superintendent of popular sports, as our modern wealthy men for the most part are; for he never objected to take the most sinewy man by the loins, and try a fall for the gold-laced hat he had himself contributed. His servants were all upright, muscular, fine young fellows—civil, but sinewy—respectful at the proper hours, but yet capable also, at the proper hour, of wrestling with Sir Thomas for the mastery; and never so happy or so well-approved as when one of them saw his master's two brawny legs going handsomely over his head. Sir Thomas prided himself, indeed, in having his coachman and footman (chosen, like Robin Hood's men, for having in a trial triumphed over their master), lusty young fellows, that had brought good characters for sobriety from their last places, and laid *him* on his spine!

One of our amiable baronet's whims—and Heaven had given him his

share—was an ardent love through life of curious stone coffins; of these he had a very rare, and we should rather imagine an unexampled collection, which he kept with great nicety in Bunny church.

The mere empty passion, however, for a score or two of stone coffins did not satisfy the capacious soul of the titled champion of Bunny. He loved to read a moral in everything; to find “tongues in the trees, books in the babbling brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.” The coffins ranged before him humbled him moderately; but he, full of life as he was out of doors, required strong inducements to humility within. In the field he was mighty—he wished to be tamed in the house of prayer; and he therefore caused his own monument, or “the marble effigies of Sir Thomas Parkyns,” as he called it, to “be put in the chancel of his church, that he might look upon it and say, “What is life?” In his monument, as in all things else, wrestling was not neglected. His figure was carved “in a moralizing posture, in his chancel of the church of Bunny, being the first posture of wrestling; an emblem of the divine and human struggle for the glorious mastery.” Such is the description of this remarkable “effigies,” as given by Master Francis Hoffman, a gentleman, a poet, and a friend of Sir Thomas, who wrote a copy of heroic verses in defence of the monument and its moral. There is an awkward woodcut of this singular stone in one of the old editions of Sir Thomas’s Institutes, which is worth the reader’s looking to. Sir Thomas is represented standing in his country coat, potent, and postured for the Cornish hug. On one side is a well-limbed figure, lying above the scythe of Time, with the sun rising gloriously over it, showing that the wrestler is in his pride of youth. On the other side is the same figure, stretched in its coffin, with Time standing, scythe in hand, triumphantly over it, and the sun gone down, marking the decline of life, and the fate even of the strong man! Thus did Sir Thomas Parkyns moralize in marble, and decorate with solemn emblems the quiet walls of Bunny’s simple church.

In the village is a school-house erected in 1700, for the children of Bunny and Bradmore; and a hospital, for four widows, by Dame Anne Parkyns. Bunny House was rebuilt by the last Lord Raneliffé, who bequeathed this fine estate to the present possessor, Mrs. Forteach, who has very greatly improved the property, and bettered the condition of the peasantry. The tower, and the adjoining portion of the house stand as built by Sir Thomas, the wrestler. Bunny Park contains some good scenery; its gentle swells are adorned with clumps of forest trees, and cover for game, with a fine sheet of water, and a long avenue of lofty trees.

## Ashby-de-la-Zouch Castle.

The town of Ashby, situated in a fertile vale of Leicestershire, received its additional appellation from Alan de la Zouch, who possessed the manor in the reign of Henry III.

It is said by Leland that Sir William, afterwards Lord, Hastings, when the male line of the Zouches was extinct, obtained the grant of the manor, partly by title and partly by money; and James Butler, Earl of Ormond, escheated the estate to Edward IV. by forfeiture, on adherence to his real liege lord, the deposed Henry VI. The same lord, for the repair of this fortress, took off the lead from Belvoir Castle, which had been forfeited by Lord Ros to the tyrant, for the same imputed crime as that of the Earl of Ormond. Certainly, when two Kings were proclaimed, and one had first reigned for a succession of years, whoever had the claim *de jure*, it was equally absurd as it was wicked to punish those who had conscientiously adhered to their oaths, pledged to the governing power; but those were not the days of argument, or cool and candid investigation. Hastings, however, who had likewise plundered another castle of Lord Ros, to complete his own, at length resigned all his estates, together with his life, on an accusation of high treason, got up by his former friend, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, by whose order he was seized at the council-board, and soon after beheaded. The attainder being subsequently taken off by King Henry VII., the estates were restored to the heirs, and have since descended to the Huntingdon family.

In 1474, Lord Hastings built the Castle of Ashby de la Zouch, the ruins of which now form a principal object of attraction on the south side of Ashby, having been remarkable as a temporary prison of Mary Queen of Scots.

The Castle was originally environed by three extensive Parks, all beautifully wooded:—the Great Park, which was ten miles in circumference; Brostep Park, for fallow deer; and the Little Park, for red deer. The magnificent structure continued to be, for two hundred years, the residence of the Hastings family; it was partly of brick and partly of stone, and contained many spacious apartments, and a chapel adjoining. The stately towers formed the grandest ornaments: one contained the hall, chambers, &c.; the other was the Kitchen Tower. The Queen of Scots was entrusted to the custody of Henry, third Earl of Huntingdon, at Ashby Castle, and a room now remaining is distinguished as “Mary Queen of Scots’ Room.” Anne, the Queen of



James I., and Henry, Prince of Wales, visited the Castle, as did the King, with his whole Court: they were entertained here for several days together, when thirty Poor Knights, all wearing gold chains and velvet gowns, served up the dinner. The castle was garrisoned and ably defended for King Charles I., but was at last evacuated and dismantled by capitulation. The ruins are highly interesting.

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### Belvoir Castle.

Belvoir (or Bever) Castle in situation and aspect partly resembles "majestic Windsor." It has a similar "princely brow," being placed upon an abrupt elevation of red gritstone, now covered with vegetable mould, and varied into terraces. It has been the seat of the noble family of Manners for several generations, and is one of the most elegant castellated structures in the kingdom. The fortress is described in some topographical works as being in Lincolnshire. Camden says: "in the west part of Kesteven, on the edge of Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, there stands Belvoir Castle, so called (whatever was its ancient name) from the fine prospect on a steep hill, which seems the work of art." But Mr. Nichols, an excellent authority on Leicestershire, states: "the Castle is at present in every respect considered as being within this county, with all the lands of the extra-parochial part of Belvoir thereto belonging (including the site of the Priory), consisting in the whole of 600 acres of wood, meadow, and pasture-land; upon which are now no buildings but the Castle with its offices, and the inn."

At Belvoir was formerly a Priory of four black monks, subordinate to the Abbey of St. Alban in Hertfordshire, to which it was annexed by its founder, Robert de Todeni. Dr. Stukeley, in the year 1726, saw the coffin and bones of the founder, who died in 1088, dug up in the Priory Chapel, then a stable; and on a stone was inscribed in large letters, with lead cast in them, ROBERT DE TODENE LE FUDERE. Another coffin and lid near it was likewise discovered, with the following inscription: "The Vale of Bever, barren of wood, is large and very plentiful of good corn and grass, and lieth in three shires, Leicester, Lincoln, and much of Nottinghamshire."

That Belvoir has been the site of a Castle since the Norman Conquest appears well established. Leland thinks "no rather than ye Todenein was the first inhabiter after the Conquest. Then it came to Albeneius, and from Albeny to Ros." By a general survey, taken at the death of Robert, the founder, he was in the possession of fourscore lordships;

many of which, by uninterrupted succession, continue still to be the property of the Duke of Rutland. In Lincolnshire his domains were still more numerous. In Northamptonshire he had nine lordships; one of which, Stoke, acquired the additional name of Albini when it came into the possession of his son, who succeeded to these lordships, and, like his father, was a celebrated warrior. According to Matthew Paris, he valorously distinguished himself at the battle of Tinchebrai, in Normandy, where Henry I. encountered Robert Curthose, his brother. This lord obtained from Henry the grant of an annual fair at Belvoir, to be continued for eight days.

During the turbulent reigns of Stephen and Henry II., the Castle fell into the hands of the Crown, and was granted to Ranulph, Earl of Chester; but repossession was obtained by de Albini, who died here about 1155. William de Albini, the third of that name, accompanied Richard I., during his crusading reign, into Normandy; he was also one of the sureties for King John in his treaty of peace with Philip of France. He was also engaged in the Barons' wars in the latter reign, and was taken prisoner by the King's party at Rochester Castle; when his own Castle at Belvoir fell into the royal hands. He was likewise one of the twenty-five Barons whose signatures are attached to Magna Charta, and the Charter of Forests, at Runnemed. This lord richly endowed the Priory at Belvoir, and founded and endowed a Hospital at Wassebridge, between Stamford and Lincoln, where he was buried in 1236. Isabel, of the house of Albini, now married Robert de Ros, Baron of Hamlake, and thus carried the estates into another family. He died in 1285, and his body was buried at Kirkham, his bowels before the high altar at Belvoir, and his heart at Croxton Abbey; it being the practice of that age for the corporeal remains of eminent persons to be thus distributed after death. The next owner, William de Ros, was, in 1304, allowed to impark 100 acres under the name of Bever Park, which was appropriated solely to the preservation of game.

Sir William Ros, Knight, was Lord High Treasurer to Henry IV. he died at the Castle in 1414, and bequeathed 400*l.* "for finding ten honest chaplains to pray for his soul, and the souls of his father, mother, brethren, sisters, &c." for eight years within his Chapel at Belvoir Castle. John and William Ros, the next owners, were distinguished in the wars of France: the former was slain at Anjou; the latter died in 1431, and was succeeded by his son Edmund, an infant, who on coming of age, engaged in the Wars of York and Lancaster: he was attainted, and his noble possessions parcelled out by Edward IV.; the honour, Castle, and lordship of Belvoir, with the park, and all its members, and

the rent called *Castle Guard* (then an appurtenance to Belvoir), being granted, in 1467, to Hastings, the Court corruptionist. Leland thus describes the transaction: "The Lord Ros took Henry the VI.'s part against King Edward, whereupon, his lands were confiscated, and Belver Castle given in keeping to Lord Hastings, who coming thither on a time to peruse the ground, and to lie in the Castle, was suddenly repelled by Mr. Harrington, a man of power thereabouts, and friend to the Lord Ros. Whereupon the Lord Hastings came thither another time with a strong power, and upon a raging will spoiled the Castle, defacing the roofs, and taking the leads off them. Then fell all the Castle to ruins, and the timber of the roofs uncovered, rotted away, and the soil between the walls of the last grew full of elders, and no habitation was there till that, of late days, the Earl of Rutland hath made it fairer than ever it was."

The above attainder was, however, repealed, and Edmund, Lord Ros, obtained repossession of all his estates in 1483: he died at the manor-house of Elsinges, Enfield, Middlesex, without issue in 1508: his sisters became heiresses to the estates, and Belvoir being part of the moiety of Eleanor, by her marriage with Sir Robert Manners, of Etall, in Northumberland, the Castle passed into the Manners family, who have continued to possess it until the present time. George, eldest son of the above-named Robert Manners, succeeded to his father's estates, including Belvoir. His son Thomas, Lord Ros, succeeded him, and was created by Henry VIII. a Knight, and afterwards Earl of Rutland, a title which had never before been conferred upon any person but of the blood-royal; and to him is attributed the restoration of the Castle, which had been partly demolished by Hastings, as Leland has described it. He says further: "it is a strange sighte to se be how many steppes of stone the way goith up from the village to the castel. In the castel be two faire gates; and the dungeon is a faire round tower, now turned to pleasure, as a place to walk yn, and to se al the counterye aboute, and raylid about the round (wall), and a garden (plotte) in the middle. There is also a welle of grete depth in the castelle, and the spring thereof is very good."

Henry, the second Earl of Rutland, made great additions to the Castle, and it became a noble and princely residence. In 1556, he was appointed Captain-General of all the forces then going to France, and Commander of the Fleet, by Philip and Mary. Edmund, the third Earl, Camden calls "a profound lawyer, and a man accomplished with all polite learning." The sixth Earl married two wives; by the second he had two sons, who, according to the monument, were murdered by

wicked practice and sorcery, as follows: Joan Flower, and her two daughters, who were servants at Belvoir Castle, having been dismissed the family, in revenge made use of all the enchantments, spells, and charms that were then supposed to answer their malicious purposes. Henry, the eldest son, died soon after their dismissal; but no suspicion of witchcraft arose till five years after, when the three women, who were said to have entered into a formal contract with the devil, were accused of "murdering Henry Lord Ros by witchcraft, and torturing the Lord Francis, his brother, and Lady Catherine, his sister." After various examinations before Francis, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, and other magistrates, they were committed to Lincoln gaol. Joan died at Ancaster, on her way thither, wishing the bread-and-butter she ate might choke her, if guilty. The two daughters were tried, confessed their guilt, and were executed at Lincoln, March 11, 1618-19.

George, seventh Earl, was honoured with a visit from Charles I. at Belvoir Castle, in 1634. The eighth Earl was John Manners, who attaching himself to the Parliamentarians, the Castle was attacked by the Royal army, and lost and won again and again by each party, till the Earl being "put to great straits for the maintenance of his family," petitioned the House of Peers for relief; and Lord Viscount Campden having been the principal instrument in the ruin of the "Castle, lands, and woods about Belvoyre," Parliament agreed that 1500*l.* a year be paid out of Lord Campden's estate, until 5000*l.* be levied to the Earl of Rutland.

In the Civil Wars, the Castle was defended for the King by the rector of Ashwell, co. Rutland. In 1643, about 140 men of Belvoir were defeated by Colonel Wayte, with 60 men, taking 46 prisoners and 60 horses; and in the following year Colonel Wayte attacked another party at Belvoir, where he made many prisoners. In 1644 the King slept two nights at Belvoir. In 1649 the Parliament ordered the Castle to be demolished; satisfaction was, however, made to the Earl, whose son rebuilt the Castle after the Restoration. John, the ninth Earl, preferred the Baronial retirement and rural quiet of Belvoir, to the busy Court, though he was created Marquis of Granby and Duke of Rutland. He resided almost entirely at Belvoir, where he kept up old English hospitality; and for many years before his death never went to London. He was succeeded by his son John, whose son was "the Great Marquis of Granby," who, during the Rebellion, raised a regiment of foot, became Lieutenant-General, and eminently distinguished himself in Germany; yet a few years since there was no

monumental record of his name. The third Duke was the last of the family who resided at Haddon.

Belvoir Castle was greatly altered, and the interior newly arranged by the taste of the Duchess of Rutland, and executed under the direction of James Wyatt, architect. It consists of a quadrangular court, occupying nearly the summit of the hill, and with its towers and walls is of regal stateliness. The view comprehends the whole vale of Belvoir, and the adjoining country as far as Lincoln, including twenty-two of the Duke of Rutland's manors. The interior is sumptuously furnished, and contains a valuable collection of paintings. Here is a massive golden salver, entirely composed of tributary tokens of royal and public respect for services performed by the noble family of Manners, and inscribed with the causes and dates of these honourable services. The last general repairs cost 60,000*l.* By an accidental fire in 1816, a large portion of the ancient part of the Castle was destroyed.

There have been in our time two memorable royal visits to Belvoir Castle: George IV., then Prince Regent, in 1814; and Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1843. Upon each of these occasions was observed the ceremony of presenting the Key of the Staunton Tower to the Sovereign. The Staunton Tower is the stronghold of the Castle. It was successfully defended by Sir Mauger Staunton, Lord of Staunton, against William the Norman, who, when firmly seated on the throne he had won, allowed the Lord of Staunton to keep possession of the lands he had so nobly defended; and he afterwards held the lordship of Staunton by tenure of Castle Guard. This lordship is situated seven miles from Newark, and five from Belvoir, and is stated to have been in the possession of a family of the name of Staunton for more than 1300 years. Upon each royal visit the key was presented to the Sovereign upon a velvet cushion by the Rev. Dr. Stanton, to whom it was most graciously returned.

Of the scale of living at Belvoir, we extract from a published account the following particulars of the consumption of wine and ale, wax-lights, &c., at Belvoir Castle, from December, 1839, to April, 1840, or about thirteen weeks:—Wine, 200 dozen; ale, 70 hogsheads; wax-lights, 2330; sperm oil, 630 gallons. Dined at his Grace's table, 1997 persons; in the steward's room, 2421; in the servants' hall, nursery, and kitchen department, including comers and goers, 11,312 persons. Of loaves of bread there were consumed 8333; of meat, 22,963 lbs. exclusive of game. The money value of the meat, poultry, eggs, and every kind of provision, except stores, consumed during this period, amounted to 1323*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.* The quantity of game killed

during the season over all his Grace's manors, is thus stated:—1733 hares, 987 pheasants, 2101 partridges, 28 wild ducks, 108 woodcocks, 138 snipes, 947 rabbits, 776 grouse, 23 black game, and 6 teal.

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### Leicester Castle.

Leicester, placed on the right bank of the river Soar, was known to the Romans by the name of *Ratae*, and was then a place of importance. It is of British origin, and was taken possession of and fortified by the Romans. The line of the wall has been traced upon the north, south, and east sides, the western defence being formed by the river. If, as is supposed, the fragment of Roman masonry known as the Jewry wall was really a part of the town wall, it follows that the wall was present on the west side, and there was a space between that defence and the river; and that the Castle, which occupies the south-west angle, was outside the town.

Geoffrey of Monmouth ascribes its name and foundation to the fabulous Leir, the son of Bladud, the Lear of Shakspeare. It was also a town of great importance among the Saxons, and was nearly central in the kingdom of Mercia. It is mentioned in a Saxon charter of 819, and is said to have given the title of Earl to Leofric, A.D. 716. It was taken and many of the inhabitants massacred by Ethelfrith, King of Northumberland. The town, during the Danish interregnum, was one of the five burghs; and the Castle, like those of Tamworth and Tutbury, is said to have been either founded or restored by Ethelfreda, daughter of Alfred the Great, in 913-14, though for this solid evidence is wanting. Nevertheless, that Saxon Leicester was the seat of a very important earldom is very certain, and the residence of the lords was most probably the Castle.

After the Conquest, the property was added to the Royal demesne, and the Castle was erected, or rather an old fortress was enlarged and strengthened, to keep the townsmen in check. On the Conqueror's death this Castle was seized by the Grentmaisnells, and held by them for Robert Duke of Normandie; it was, therefore, attacked and reduced to a heap of ruins by William Rufus. The actual property of the Grentmaisnells in Leicester, was one-fourth of the town; but it does not appear how this and much of the other parts were acquired by Robert, Earl of Mellent, who became Earl of Leicester, and died in 1118, in possession of the Castle and honour. Outside, but just beneath the fortress wall, was a collegiate church, of Saxon foundation, dedicated

to St. Mary. This Robert Bellomont rebuilt and enriched very considerably in 1103, and he is thought also to have completed the Castle.

Robert Bossu, the second Earl, took the part of Henry I. He also strengthened and enlarged the Castle. He was the founder of the Abbey of St. Mary de Pratis, outside the town; and, to endow this, he diminished the ecclesiastical staff, and diverted some of the lands from his father's foundation by the Castle. He died 1167.

Robert Blanchmains, his son, is reputed to have enlarged and strengthened the Castle, and his constable, Anketel Mallory, held it against Henry II. in 1175, unsuccessfully. Both Castle and town were taken, the town wall was demolished, and, it is said, between the north and east gates was never rebuilt.

Robert Fitzparnell, the fourth Earl, died childless in 1204, when Leicester Castle, and in 1206 the earldom, came to Simon de Montfort, who had married Amicia, his sister and coheir. Upon the death at Evesham of their son Simon, in 1265, and his attainder, the earldom and Castle were granted to Edmond, second son of Henry III., Earl of Leicester and Lancaster, and the Castle has since descended with the Lancaster property, and is still a part of the duchy of that name.

Henry, Earl of Lancaster and Leicester, founded the Hospital of the Newark contiguous to the Castle in 1322, and the works were completed by Henry, his son, Duke of Lancaster, in 1354. The hospital contained four acres. It reached the river, and covered the Castle on the south side, and at this time one approach to the Castle is across the Newark, through its larger and smaller gates.

The Earls and Dukes of Lancaster must have restored the Castle, as they resided here very frequently, and with their usual display. When John of Gaunt granted certain privileges to the city in 1376, he reserved the Castle and its mill, and the rents and services of the Castle court and its office of porter. In the Castle he entertained Richard II. and his Queen with great splendour in 1390.

In 1414, when Henry V. held a Parliament in the Hall of the Grey Friars, he resided at the Castle, and it was in the great hall of the Castle that was held the Parliament of 1425-6, the Commons meeting in an apartment below it; this, however, could scarcely be the case as regards the existing hall, which is on the ground level.

Henry VI. was here in 1426, and in 1444 the Castle and honour were included in his marriage settlement. In 1450 a third Parliament was held at Leicester. Edward IV. was here in 1463 and 1464, but from this period the Castle seems to have been neglected, and to have fallen into great decay.

Leland, who visited Leicester about 1512, says: "The castelle stond-  
ing nere the west bridge is at this tyme a thing of small estimation, and  
there is no apparaunce other [either] of high waulles or dykes. So that  
I think that the lodgiuges that now be there were made sins the tyme of  
the Barons' war in Henry III. tyme, and great likelyhood there is that  
the castelle was much defaced in Henry II. tyme, when the waulles of  
Liercester were defacid."—(*Abridged from a communication to the  
Buildre.*)

In the time of Charles I. the materials of the Castle were sold, and  
there are now few remains of it, except the mound, or earthwork of the  
keep, which, though broad, is less lofty than usual in the more impor-  
tant Saxon castles. It is about thirty feet high, and 100 feet diameter  
upon its circular top, which is quite flat.

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### Leicester Abbey and Cardinal Wolsey.

Leicester Abbey was founded in the year 1143, in the reign of King  
Stephen, by Robert Bossu, Earl of Leicester, for black canons of the  
Order of St. Augustine, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is  
situated in a pleasant meadow to the north of the town, watered by the  
river Soar, whence it acquired the name of *St. Mary de Pratis, or de la  
Pré*. This monastery was richly endowed with lands in thirty-six of the  
neighbouring parishes, besides various possessions in other counties, and  
enjoyed considerable privileges and immunities. Bossu, with the con-  
sent of the Lady Amicia, his wife, became a canon regular in his own  
foundation, in expiation of his rebellious conduct towards his sovereign,  
and particularly for the injuries which he had thereby brought upon  
the "goodly town of Leycestre." The monastery had liberty of pro-  
curing fuel and keeping cattle in divers other manors. Amicia, the wife  
of the founder, gave two bucks annually. Margaret de Quincey also  
gave a buck annually out of Charnwood Forest, and land at Sheepshead.  
Robert de Quincey, her husband, confirmed these grants, and added the  
tenth of all hay sold in Ade and Wyffeley, and the right shoulder of all  
the deer killed in the park of Acle.

Leicester Abbey was rendered famous as being the last residence of  
the unhappy Wolsey: within its walls was once witnessed a scene more  
humiliating to human ambition, and more instructive to human gran-  
deur, than almost any which history has produced. Here the fallen  
pride of Wolsey retreated from the insults of the world, all his visions  
of ambition were now gone; his pomp and pageantry and crowded  
levées. On this spot he told the listening monks, the sole attendants of



his dying hour, as they stood around his pallet, that he was come to lay his bones among them, and gave them a pathetic testimony to the truth and joys of religion.

On his road to London, whither he had been summoned from his Castle at Cawood, by Henry, to take his trial for high treason, he was seized with a disorder, which so increased as to oblige his resting at Leicester, where he was met at the Abbey-gate by the Abbot and his whole convent. The first ejaculation of Wolsey on meeting these holy persons, plainly shows that he was aware of his approaching end: "Father Abbot," said he, "I am come hither to lay my bones among you;" and with much difficulty he was carried upstairs, which it was fated he was never again to descend alive. The very next day the Abbot was summoned to administer the fifth sacrament of the Roman Catholic Church, called extreme unction, and the guard were desired to witness his last moments. He expired as the clock struck eight, saying, "If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs."

The remains of the Cardinal were interred in the Abbey church at Leicester, after having been viewed by the mayor and corporation (for the prevention of false rumours), and were attended to the grave by the Abbot and all his brethren. This last ceremony was performed by torchlight, the canons singing dirges, and offering orisons, at between four and five o'clock on the morning of St. Andrew's Day, November 30, 1530.

At the Dissolution, the site of the Abbey was granted to William, Marquis of Northampton. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Huntingdon was in possession of it; but in the succeeding reign it belonged to the Cavendish family, and was the seat of the Countess of Devonshire, till the period of the Civil War, during which a party of Royalists from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, under the command of Henry Hastings, afterwards Lord Loughborough, came and burnt the Abbey, leaving only the walls standing. In 1645, the town of Leicester, under Colonel Thomas Grey, on the 31st of May, was stormed by Charles I. and Prince Rupert, with great slaughter, but it was recovered on the 18th of June, in the same year, by the Parliamentarians under Fairfax.

There is a traditional story that the stone coffin in which Wolsey's remains were placed, was, after its disinterment, used as a horse-trough at an inn in or near Leicester.

## LINCOLNSHIRE.

## Holy Sepulchres.

“The bruiser of the serpent’s head, the woman’s promised seed,  
 The second in the Trinity, the food our souls to feed ;  
 The vine, the light, the door, the way, the shepherd of us all,  
 Whose manhood join’d to Deity, did ransom us from thrall ;  
 That was and is, and evermore will be the same to his—  
 That sleeps to none that wakes to him, that turns our curse to bliss ;  
 Whom yet unseen the patriarchs saw, the prophets had foretold,  
 The apostles preach’d, the saints ador’d, and martyrs do behold.  
 The same (Augustus emperor) in Palestine was born,  
 Amongst his own,—and yet his own did curse their bliss, him scorn.”

Warner.

In some of our ancient churches, as at Stanton St. John’s, Oxon, may yet be seen on the north side of the chancel, near the altar, a low arched recess, resembling in design the canopy of a tomb ; but though this recess has the aspect and bears the title of sepulchre, it was never constructed to cover the remains of mortal man, but was intended to represent the *sepulchrum domini*, wherein, on the evening of Good Friday, were placed the crucifix and pyx, and at times, according to Barnabe Googe’s English version of Naogeorgus, an effigy of the defunct Saviour :

“Another image doe they get, like one but newly deade,  
 With legges stretcht out at length, and handes upon his body spreade ;  
 And him, with pompe and sacred song, they beare unto his grave,  
 His bodie all being wrapt in lawne, and silkes and sarcenet brave.”

It was an ancient belief that the second advent of our Lord would take place on Easter Eve ; hence arose the practice of watching the sepulchre until the dawn of Easter Sunday, when the crucifix and pyx were removed with devout ceremony to the altar, and the sacred roof re-echoed the joyous declaration—*Christus resurgens*.

The purport of these Holy Sepulchres was in some instances rendered permanently apparent by a few images being carved on the front of the base representing the Roman guard who watched the shrine at Jerusalem. The curious sepulchre in Patrington church, Yorkshire, has three arches at its base, within each of which is seated a sleeping soldier, with pointed basinet and blazoned shield. This curious example is of the Decorated style of architecture, and has, about halfway up its height, a sort of shelf, on which the Saviour

appears just awakened from death; an angel with censer being placed at the head and feet. There are remains of the Holy Sepulchre in the churches of Gosberton, Heckington, Lincoln, &c., stately and sumptuous. That of Heckington has the front over the opening divided into six compartments in two stories. Under the centre pediment is the figure of Christ rising from the tomb, and at his feet, on the sides of the pediment below him, two angels looking up and worshipping him. Under a pediment on his right hand is a woman, perhaps Mary Magdalen, bringing the precious spices to embalm his body; and under the left-hand pediment another woman. With her is an angel; and two more angels, crouching, support the pediment over which Our Lord rises. The cornice above is charged with grotesque figures, blowing single and double flutes. Upon four pediments below are four soldiers, the guards or keepers of the Sepulchre, in the posture alluded to by Scripture: "For fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men." The Sepulchre in the chapel on Wakefield Bridge, Yorkshire, has a figure of the Saviour rising from the tomb, with an angel kneeling on each side, their hands clasped in fervent adoration, whilst three soldiers beneath are gazing upwards in fearful astonishment. The beautiful sepulchre in Northwold church, Norfolk, in the Perpendicular style, has lost its image of the Redeemer; but on its base are four soldiers, each divided from the other by a tree. The three seated soldiers are all that now remain of the Easter Sepulchre in Lincoln Cathedral. And a portion of the guard is all that is left of the Sepulchre, which is noted to have come from Glastonbury Abbey, and described in our account of that celebrated foundation.

Among the Sepulchres in churches is that at Hurstmonceaux, where Thomas Fienes, Lord Dacre, by will, dated Sept. 1, 1531, bequeathed his body to be buried on the north side of the high altar, appointing that a tomb should be made for placing there the Sepulchre of Our Lord. Sir Henry Colet wills to be buried at Stepney, at the Holy Sepulchre before St. Dunstan; but there are no traces of it. At Holcombe Burnell, Devonshire, near the altar, is a curious piece of imagery, in alto relievo, representing the resurrection of Our Saviour, and the terror of the Roman soldiers who guarded the Sepulchre. Weever says, the Knights Templars had a representation of Christ's Sepulchre in their chapel in Holborn, with verses brought from Jerusalem. This, of course, must have been a portable shrine; probably like those still found in collections, formed of wood set with pearl shell, and of which two examples are in the British Museum. In 1846, Mr. Crofton Croker exhibited to the British Archaeological Association the

bust of a knight from a Holy Sepulchre, stated to have been found in the Temple Church. It was a counterpart to the heads of the guard in the chapel on Wakefield Bridge.

Among the corruptions in the office of the holy communion, and the many ridiculous pieces of pageantry used in it, Bishop Burnet reckons "the laying the host in the sepulchre they made for Christ on Good Friday." Curious accounts exist of the expenses of making and painting the sepulchre, for watching it, bread and ale for those who watched it, great wax-tapers for burning before the Sepulchre, &c. Fuller says, charitably, "I could suspect some ceremony on Easter Eve, in imitation of the soldiers watching Christ's grave, but am loth to charge that age with more superstition than it was clearly guilty of."

Mr. Syer Cuming observes, that "in reviewing the subject of Easter sepulchres, we cannot help remarking on the paucity of early representations of the tomb and resurrection of Our Lord, and the quaint way in which they were set forth by ancient artists. Among the sculptures in Agincourt's *History of Art by its Monuments* is a Latin carving on ivory of the Greek school of the tenth century, on which the Holy Sepulchre appears as a round building of two stories, with conical roof, and having a door with a window above it; while four soldiers in classic habiliments, armed with spears and shields, are seated two on each side. The Saviour is not shown on the panel, the upper part being occupied by the hanging of Judas. This curious ivory is preserved in the treasury of St. Ambrose, at Milan.

In an Anglo-Saxon MS. in the Harleian collection, is an illumination where the sleeping guard at the tomb is armed with a long spear and huge convex buckler, bossed and bound with metal, and really representing a soldier of the tenth century. A remarkable relic of gilt-brass, believed to be the panel of a pyx, or receptacle for the consecrated host, was discovered several years since during the repairs of the Temple Church, and which bears in high relief three soldiers standing beneath round-topped arches. The pyx, no doubt, was intended to represent the Holy Sepulchre, and these soldiers a portion of the Roman guard, though the costume is that of the early part of the twelfth century, each wearing a conic helmet with nasal, hauberk of flat ringlets reaching below the knees, under tunics, and shoes with curved points. They have long, decorated, kite-shaped shields, with prominent bosses, a sword on the left side, and one holds a spear. It was not until the introduction of the Decorated style of architecture that representations of the Holy Sepulchre appear to have become a common feature in our churches, and evidence exists that they continued to be built, repaired,

and furnished down to the middle of the sixteenth century. The subject of the Resurrection of Our Lord then seems to have become far more popular, if we may dare to employ such an expression, than it had ever been before, and both painter and sculptor imparted to it a grandeur and variety in conception unseen in designs of an earlier era. The seventeenth century witnessed a melancholy decadence in religious treatment of the sacred history. The image of the resuscitated Redeemer was indeed still placed erect upon the canvas, but the poetry and spiritualism of art lay dead.

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### Thornton Abbey.

The peninsula in Yorkshire denominated Holderness, was given by William the Conqueror to Drugo de Buerer, a Fleming, on whom he bestowed his niece in marriage; but this inhuman lord poisoned his consort, fled from his possessions, and was succeeded in his estates by Stephen FitzOdo, lord of Albemarle, in Normandy. On the death of Stephen, his son William, surnamed le Gros, obtained possession of his estates and titles, established or enriched several religious houses, and among the rest founded Thornton monastery, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1139, as a priory of black canons, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. He died in 1180, and is supposed to have been buried here. The site of the monastery adjoins the parish of Thornton Curtis, about five miles from Barton-on-Humber, and is a noble object seen from the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway.

The establishment was at first governed by one Richard, a prior, who, together with the monks, were introduced from the monastery at Kirkham. As a priory it continued but for a short period, for having been endowed with many liberal grants, it was made an Abbey. In 1541, Henry VIII., on his return from a journey into the North, with his queen and retinue, crossed the Humber, from Hull to Barrow, and honoured the Abbey of Thornton with a ceremonious visit; when the whole monastery came out in solemn procession to meet the royal guests, and sumptuously entertained them for several days. This might probably be a skilful manœuvre of the Abbot to evade that impending storm which threatened destruction to his own, as well as every other monastic institution in the kingdom. Nor did it entirely lose its effect: Henry remembered the hospitality and other flattering attentions here paid him; for though at the Dissolution Thornton was

suppressed with the rest, the greater part of its revenues were preserved for the endowment of a College, which was established here. In the next reign it was suppressed, but some of its members were allowed pensions.

From the present remains, Thornton Abbey must have been a magnificent structure. It originally consisted of an extensive quadrangle, surrounded by a deep ditch, and an exceedingly high rampart; thus being defended against piratical attacks, to which its contiguity to the Humber and the German Ocean perhaps often exposed it. It has been affirmed that formidable pirates entered the Humber, and committed depredations in the fifteenth century. The architecture presented a curious mixture of the ecclesiastical and castellated styles. The fine gatehouse, which is late Perpendicular, forming the western and only entrance, is probably entire; it is truly majestic, and admirably calculated for defensive operations. It still exhibits a barbican, battlement, loop-holes, embattled parapets, terminating with two strong round towers, between which was originally a drawbridge. The grand entrance-arch has over it a parapet, whence a small doorway leads to a cell, probably the watchman's lodge; in the entrance are the grooves of the decayed portcullis, and fragments of two ponderous doors. The western face of this entrance has six embattled turrets rising to the summit. Between the two middle turrets stand three statues; the centre one has a royal crown above his head, another partly in armour, and the third mitred, with a pastoral staff, each figure under an enriched canopy. Above these are two or three small figures, in the attitude of prayer; and other niches in this front once also contained statues. The cells, chambers, and passages of the interior are very numerous: on the first floor is the grand banqueting-room, its bay window having its stonework still entire. There, we may suppose, in 1541, the obsequious monks entertained King Henry, with his gentle Queen, Jane Seymour. What suit and service were paid in this very room by the bare-headed fathers to their royal guest, all unconscious that the destroyer was so near—he who, surrounded by stores of wealth, was even then planning its appropriation.

The chapter-house and abbot's lodgings remain, the former a complete but beautiful ruin. Eastward of the entrance have been excavated the remains of the magnificent church. Among the tombs unearthed is one inscribed "Roberti et Julia," date 1443; who were they who in the days of the meek King Henry VI. here found repose from the feverish dream of life?

In taking down a wall in the ruins of the Abbey, a human skeleton

was found, with a table, a book, and a candlestick. It is supposed to have been the remains of the fourteenth Abbot, who, it is stated, was for some crime sentenced to be *immured* (that is, buried alive within the wall), a mode of capital punishment not uncommon in monasteries.

Thornton was part of the estate of Henry Percy, fourth Lord Alnwick, and first Earl of Northumberland, who was slain on Bramham Moor, February 29, 1407-8, after a sharp fight with the forces of Henry IV. His head, white with age, was cut off and sent to London, with that of Lord Bardolf; it was there set upon London Bridge, upon a pole; his body being divided into four parts, one of which was placed upon a gate at London, another at Lincoln, the third at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the fourth at Newcastle-upon Tyne; but in May following they were all taken down and interred. Thornton was afterwards possessed by Henry the second Earl, son of Hotspur, who, in the civil wars of York and Lancaster, distinguished himself in the latter interest. The old place has not been uniformly venerated by its possessors: one proprietor has cut down an avenue of trees, which extended from the gateway nearly to the remains of the church. But another owner evinced greater respect for Thornton by reserving among its ruins a private room for occasional retreat; he also took great interest in the remains of the venerable pile.

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### Somerton Castle and King John of France.

Somerton Castle, about eight miles from Lincoln, is reputed to have been built about 1305, by Anthony Bec, Bishop of Durham, and was most likely seized by Edward I. Here Sir Saer de Rochford, a brave soldier in the French invasions of Edward III., engaged to keep safely John, King of France, then captive in England, at the same time with David Bruce, the Scottish King. The remuneration for this service it was stipulated should be two shillings a day. The castle is in ruins, which are partly occupied as a farm-house. The extent of the remains warrants the supposition that the edifice was one of feudal character—noble and extensive. An outer and an inner moat inclosed a rectangular area; the ramparts have long since disappeared, but there are the remains of the circular towers at the four angles. Two chimneys upon the only remaining tower are believed to be coeval with the castle, and are considered to be very curious. A tower, supposed to have been erected near one of the drawbridges of the outer moat, was discovered about 1857, and was partly destroyed for the purpose of repairing

the adjacent roads! Two miles distant is Boothby Graffoe, the curate of which was once daily remunerated by John, the captive French King.

It has, however, been questioned whether this King was confined at Somerton, though the published Journal of his Expenses refers to the last year of his captivity; and a paper upon it has been contributed to the Philobiblon Society, by the Duke of Aumale, founded upon documents discovered by his Royal Highness among the archives of the House of Condé, and translated in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1856. Therein the original passage, referring to one of the localities of the King's captivity, is thus translated:—"In December, 1358, steps were taken to remove the King of France to the Castle of Somerton, in Lincolnshire." That John was confined in Lincolnshire is further proved by two circumstances. In the book of expenses above referred to there is an entry for the hiring of a house at *Lincoln* for the autumnal quarter, including expenses for work done, 16s.; and moreover, when the King's furniture, &c., was sold, on his leaving "Somerton," one William Spain, of *Lincoln*, got "the King's bench" for nothing. Such is the statement of Dr. Doran, in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., wherein another Correspondent, adds: "There is no contending the authority of Rymer's *Fœdera* (p. 131), which gives the very deed between Edward III. and William, Baron D'Eyncourt, by which John was committed to the custody of that noble, to be conveyed to the Castle of Somerton, in the county of Lincoln; and the whole account which Dr. Doran has given of the French monarch's journey and residence at Somerton, from the Duke of Aumale's work, is perfectly confirmatory of the above deeds. Still it has been stated in various publications that King John was confined at Somerton, in Somersetshire.

During the first year of his captivity John resided at the palace of the Savoy, in London, whence he was transferred to Somerton; previous to which, however, in accordance with an edict of Edward III., John had been forced to dismiss forty-two of his attendants, but he still retained about the same number around his person. Among these were two chaplains, a secretary, a clerk of the chapel, a physician, a *maitree d'hôtel*, three pages, four valets, three wardrobe-men, three furriers, six grooms, two cooks, a fruiterer, a spice-man, a barber, and a washer; besides some higher officers, and a person who appears to have been a maker of musical instruments and clocks, as well as a minstrel; and last, though not least, "Maître Jean le fol." The Somerton Castle furniture being insufficient for the above inmates, the captive King added



a number of tables, chairs, forms, and trestles, besides fittings for the stables, and stores of firewood and turf. He also fitted up his own chamber, and two others, besides the chapel, with hangings, curtains, cushions, ornamented coffers, sconces, &c., the furniture of each of these filling a separate waggon when the King left Somerton.

Large consignments of good Bordeaux wines were transmitted from France to the port of Boston for the captive King's use; as much as a hundred and forty tuns being sent at one time as a present, intended partly for his own use, and partly as a means of raising money, to keep up his royal state. One of the most costly items in the King's expenditure was sugar, together with spices, bought in London, Lincoln, and Boston, great quantities of which, we may infer, were used in confectionery; for in the household books we meet constantly with such items as eggs to clarify sugar, roses to flavour it with, and cochineal to colour it. These bon-bons appear to have cost about three shillings the pound; and especial mention is made of a large silver-gilt box, for the King to keep these sweets in.

In the article of dress John was most prodigal; and so large were the requirements of the captive King in this particular, that a regular tailoring establishment was set up in Lincoln by his order, over which one M. Tapin presided.

The King passed much of his time in novel-reading, music, chess, and backgammon. He paid for writing materials in Lincolnshire three shillings for one dozen of parchments, sixpence to ninepence for a quire of paper, one shilling for an envelope, with its silk binder, and fourpence for a bottle of ink. He had dogs—probably greyhounds—for coursing on the heaths adjoining Somerton; besides falcons and gamecocks—a charge appearing in the royal household accounts for the purchase of one of the latter birds, termed in language characteristic of the period, “un coc à faire jouter.”

On March 21, 1360, King John was removed from Somerton, and lodged in the Tower of London, the journey occupying seven days. Two months after, he was released on signing an agreement to pay to England 3,000,000 of gold crowns (or 1,500,000*l.*) for his ransom, to be paid at certain periods; and that the King's son, the Duke of Anjou, and other noble personages of France, should be sent over as hostages for the same; but they broke their parole. John felt himself bound in honour to return to the English coast, and accordingly, four days afterwards he crossed the sea once more, and placed himself at the disposal of Edward. The palace of the Savoy was appointed as his residence, where he died after a short illness in the spring of 1364.

In the locality of Somerton are several other places of historic interest. Near Lincoln is the Malandry, or House for Lepers, founded by Remigius, the first Norman Bishop, who accompanied the Conqueror; and next is the site of the Priory of St. Katherine, whence all the Bishops had to walk barefoot on the morning of installation. The Kings, in their visits to Lincoln, used to stop at St. Katherine's. James I. was the last who lodged there. Near the toll-gate stood one of the Crosses of Queen Eleanor, who died at Harby, in a house still moated round. Navenby Early English Church has an exquisitely sculptured "Easter Sepulchre," the founder's tomb. The privileges of holding fairs and markets, granted to Navenby by Edward the Confessor, were in 1291 transferred to the Dean and Chapter (now owners of the manor) for the leave given to Edward I. to deposit the head of Queen Eleanor under the altar of the Cathedral. Edward also granted from this manor ten marks annually, for a chantry priest at Harby, where the Queen died. The market-cross, erected there to her memory, has been foolishly taken down. The Templars had several preceptories in Lincolnshire, the chief being Temple Bruer, founded about 1185. The church was circular, in imitation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem; and at some distance a tower remains. The buildings were of vast extent. At Temple Bruer were all the state officers of a baronial castle, and a large band of retainers. The place was always fortified and guarded; embattled towers were erected at the entrance gate, which was also provided with a portcullis. Torksey is another place of interest. When Paulinus first preached the word to the people of Lindisse, and converted Blecca, the Governor of Lincoln, it is conjectured that Blecca and his family were baptized in the Trent, at Torksey. The place suffered from the ravages of the Danes, and under Norman feudalism, which was antagonistic to commerce, out of which Torksey had risen. The old town, according to Leland, stood south of the present one. On the Trent bank is the ruin of Torksey Hall, the west front and four turrets, and a south-end fragment; it was never fortified. It was the residence of the Jermyn family, who accompanied the Queen of Charles I. in her retreat to France. The Hall was destroyed by the Parliamentary troops in the Civil War.

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### Swineshead Abbey, and King John.

Seven miles from the seaport of Boston, in Lincolnshire, lies the rural town of Swineshead, once itself a port, the sea having flowed up to

the market-place, where was a harbour. It has a large church, containing some beautiful examples of Decorated and Perpendicular Gothic architecture. The chancel was rebuilt about twenty years since, at an expense of upwards of 1500*l.* The church has a lofty stone tower, with buttresses and enriched pinnacles at the angles, and a stone spire rising from the centre.

At Swineshead, in 1134, Robert de Greslei founded an Abbey of Cistercian monks, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Gilbert de Holland, Abbot of Swineshead, was contemporary with, and the particular friend of, St. Bernard, whose life he wrote. He died in 1280.

The name of Swineshead is familiar to every reader of English history, from its having been the resting-place of King John in the autumn of 1216, when, in his contest with the Dauphin of France, it might have been doubtful what the issue of the struggle would have been if the life of John had been prolonged. But on the 14th of October, as he was attempting to ford the Wash, at low water, from Cross-keys to the Foss-dyke, and had already got across himself, with the greater part of his army, the return of the tide suddenly swept away the carriages and horses that conveyed all his baggage and treasures: the precise spot is still called "King's Corner." The King, in an agony of vexation, proceeded to the Cistercian convent of Swineshead, and was that same night seized with a violent fever, the consequence, probably, of irritation and fatigue, but which one account attributes to an imprudent indulgence at supper of fruit and new cider. John halted at the Abbey, close to the town of Swineshead, which place he left on horseback. Although very ill, he was conveyed next day in a litter to the Castle of Sleaford, then in his possession; and thence on the 16th to the Castle of Newark, where he expired on the 18th, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of his reign. The King's death is, by Matthew Paris, attributed to a fever; but an author who lived about a century after the event, reports that John was poisoned by a monk of Swineshead.

After the Dissolution, the site of the Abbey was granted, in 1551, to Edward, Lord Clinton. There are no remains now left of this once elegant and magnificent building. It was demolished by Sir John Stockton, who died in 1610, and was buried beneath an enriched monument in the chancel of Swineshead church. The Abbey was situated about half a mile eastward of the town; the moated areas cover a large space of ground, which, with a considerable quantity of land adjoining, forms the Abbey farm. Near the site, with the materials, was erected a mansion of stone, known as Swineshead Abbey, in the garden attached to which is preserved a large slab of stone, sculptured with the whole-

length figure of a monk. The estate was the property of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, the popular Member of Parliament for Boston, where a marble statue has been erected to his memory by public subscription.

Swineshead has other antiquarian and historical associations. Near the town is a circular Danish encampment, sixty yards in diameter, surrounded by a double fosse; all remarkably perfect to the present day. This was, doubtless, a post of importance when the Danes, or Northmen, carried their ravages through England, in the time of Ethelred; and the whole country passed permanently into the Danish hands, about A.D. 877. The inner fosse, almost encircled with willows, and the whole work, except in the eye of the antiquary, is scarcely associated with the strategies of war and siege.

King John was very partial to Lincoln. Matthew Paris alludes to an old prophecy which forbade a king's wearing his crown in Lincoln, or, as some think, even entering the city. Although he makes John the first to break through the superstition, yet the same is attributed to his predecessor, Stephen, who is described by Henry of Huntingdon as entering the city fearlessly. This was soon after the great disasters of Stephen's reign; but as the succession eventually departed from this line, Lord Lytton observes that the citizens might, nevertheless, be strengthened in their credulity; and Henry II. certainly honoured it so far as to wear his crown only in the suburb of Wigford.



### Stamford Castle, and Bull-running.

Stamford is a town of Lincolnshire, of great historic interest. It was a borough before the Conquest. In the commencement of the Civil War of John, A.D. 1215, the Barons assembled here to oppose the King, and John was himself at Stamford a little before his death. Several Parliaments and Councils were held at Stamford in the Middle Ages. The town was at this time fortified with walls and towers; there was also a Castle, which was demolished in the reign of Richard III.

Here was the barbarous sport of Bull-running performed six weeks before Christmas. "The butchers of the town," says an authority of the period, "at their own charge, against the time, provide the wildest bull they can get; this bull overnight is had into some stable, or barn, belonging to the alderman; the next morning proclamation is made by the common bellman of the town, round about the same, that each one shut up their shop doors and gates, and that none, upon pain of imprisonment, offer to do any violence to strangers, for the preventing whereof

(the town being a great thoroughfare, and then being in term time) a guard is appointed for the passing of travellers through the same without hurt. That none have any iron upon their bull-clubs, or other staff, which they pursue the bull with. Which proclamation made, and the gates all shut up, the bull is turned out of the alderman's house, and then hivie, skivy, tag and rag, men, women, and children, of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the town, promiscuously running after him, with their bull-clubs spattering dirt in each other's faces, that one would think them to be so many furies started out of hell for the punishment of Cerberus, as when Theseus and Pirithous conquered the place, as Ovid describes it.

“A ragged troop of boys and girls  
Do pellow him with stones :  
With clubs, with whips, and many nips,  
They part his skin from bones.”

“And (which is the greater shame) I have seen both *senatores majorum gentium et matronæ de eodem gradu*, following this bulling business.

“I can say no more of it but only to set forth the antiquity thereof (as the tradition goes): William Earl Warren, the first lord of this town, in the time of King John, standing upon his castle-walls in Stamford, viewing the fair prospect of the river and meadow, under the same, saw two bulls a-fighting for one cow; a butcher of the town, the owner of one of these bulls, with a great mastiff dog, accidentally coming by, set his dog upon his own bull, who forced the same bull up into the town, which no sooner was come within the same, but all the butchers' dogs, both great and small, followed in pursuit of the bull, which, by this time made stark mad with the noise of the people and the fierceness of the dogs, ran over man, woman, and child, that stood in his way; this caused all the butchers and others in the town to rise up, as it were, in a tumult, making such a hideous noise that the sound thereof came into the Castle unto the ears of Earl Warren, who presently thereupon mounted on horseback, rid into the town to see the business, which then appearing (to his humour) very delightful, he gave all those meadows in which the two bulls were first found fighting (which we now call the Castle Meadows) perpetually as a common to the butchers of the town (after the first grass is eaten) to keep their cattle in till the time of slaughter: upon this condition, that, as upon that day on which the sport first began, which was (as I said before) that day six weeks before Christmas, the butchers of the town should from time to time, yearly for ever, find a mad bull for the continuance of that sport.”

Another opinion is somewhat opposed to that of our foregoing author:

“Under so many lords which the Castle at Stamford had for its masters, there is no record nor tradition of a single thing, good, bad, or indifferent, being performed in it, saving this meadow view of William Earl Warren; but this makes ample amends for historic silence, since it produced our plebeian carnival, which is of so singular a nature, that if we should except that at Tutbury, in Staffordshire (to be described hereafter), there is nothing similar to it in His Majesty’s dominions, nor, I believe, in the dominions of any other potentate on the globe—no, it stands without a rival.

“But this, like other good old customs, has lost something of its original spirit; nearly half a century ago, I remember that the greatest part of the bullards had uncouth and antic dresses, which they prepared with secret pride against the grand day; I remember that for a week before this day, their imps, as soon as it grew dark, began to extend their jaws and bawl out *boy bull boy*, with great fury, seeing him, as Shakspeare says, in their ‘mind’s eye.’

“I remember, it appears, from another account, that the bull was put up either in the barn or in the stable of the chief magistrate, whereas now the chief magistrate will not suffer him to set a foot neither in his barn, nor his stable, nor in anything that is his.

“If the doctrine of transmigration be true, nothing can be more certain than that the soul of the above Earl animated the body of Mr. Robert Ridlington, once a tanner, alderman, and mayor, of this corporation, who, to perpetuate this gallant diversion as much as in him lay, left half a crown to be paid annually to each of the five parishes, for the trouble of stopping the gates and avenues of the town, which is received on St. Thomas’s-day.”

The piece of meadow which the butchers hold by this tenure, contains about six acres of ground; but from January 13 to July 5, they cannot enter on it, for as four parts out of five belong to King’s Mill, it is during that time inclosed by the tenant of that mill, and even in the other seven months every freeman has an equal right with them to turn any cattle on it, sheep alone excepted.

“At a regular bull-baiting, as in case of bull-running, the animal having been purchased for the purpose, is brought (generally accompanied by a female) from the sequestered fields, where he has long reigned the unmolested monarch. He is secured in a stable or other building overnight, and on the following morning he is fixed to the stake by means of a leathern collar, to which is annexed a combined rope and chain of about fifteen yards in length. The points of his horns are previously muffled with an adhesive composition of tow, tallow, and pitch.

If he appear tame and dull, he is goaded to madness by sharp-pointed sticks, twisting of the tail, &c. This being accomplished, the first dog is then let loose; and to a professed bull-baiter this is the most ecstatic moment of the scene. If the bull continues too formidable for his foe, a second and a third are added, till, with pitiful roarings and bellowings, he is pinned by the nose to the ground. Though this is not the fashion of the present day at Stamford, yet it rarely happens that a 13th of November passes over without one or more dogs being let loose upon the devoted animal. This is usually done, however, when he is at large in the meadows or fields (he being now generally liberated from the town in the course of the afternoon), and without the horns being made pointless and inoffensive."

But the bull-runnings of Stamford lost much of their spirit by the "uncouth and antic dresses" being dispensed with, and the patronage of the magistrates being withheld. The expense of gates to be placed at the entrance of every principal street leading into the town, became unnecessary, as the bull in later times was confined to one street with wagons, carts, and tubs.

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### Lincoln Castle.

Lincoln, on the north bank of the Witham, was a place of considerable importance under the Romans, before which time it was a British town. It has to this day a gate, one of the most remarkable Roman remains in the kingdom, adjacent to which is a mass of the Roman wall. In the time of the Saxons it was also a flourishing place; but it suffered in the struggles of the Saxons and the Danes. William the Conqueror ordered the erection of a strong Castle here, A.D. 1086; when were demolished for the site 240 houses, one quarter of the entire number. In the reign of King Stephen, the Empress Maud was besieged here by the King, who took the city, but the Empress escaped. The Castle was shortly after surprised by some of her partisans, and being besieged by the King, who had the townsmen in his interest, was relieved by the approach of Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural brother to the Empress. Stephen, upon the approach of the relieving force, gave battle to it; but through the desertion of Alan, Earl of Richmond, he was defeated and taken, after fighting with the greatest intrepidity.

In the Civil Wars of the reign of John, the town was taken by Gilbert de Gaunt, one of the Barons in the interest of Louis, Dauphin of France, who had created him Earl of Lincoln. The Castle, however,

held out for the King, and was besieged by Gilbert, who, hearing that John was approaching from Norfolk, retreated from the place. John, however, having lost his baggage in the Wash, and died of grief, Gilbert retook the town, and reinvested the Castle. The Earl of Pembroke, regent during the minority of Henry III., advanced to relieve it, and Fulke de Brent, a chieftain of the King's party, threw himself with a reinforcement into the Castle. The besiegers, who were supported by a body of French, were attacked on both sides; and the town, in which they attempted to defend themselves, was stormed by the Earl of Pembroke. The Count of Perche, commander of the French, was slain; many of the insurgent barons and other prisoners of rank were taken, and the party of the Dauphin was crushed. This battle was fought June 4, 1218. At a subsequent period the Castle was in the hands of John of Gaunt, son of Edward III., who greatly improved it.

In the Civil War of Charles I., the inhabitants promised to support the King, but in the struggle which followed, the Royalists retreated to the Cathedral and the Castle, which were stormed in spite of a gallant resistance, on the night of May 5th, 1643, two days after the arrival of the Parliamentary army, under the Earl of Manchester.

The remains of the Castle stand on the hill, west of the Cathedral. They consist of little more than the outer wall of an extensive range of fine Norman buildings, with Perpendicular windows. The gateway, with the billet in the dripstone over the archway, and two good windows, with shafts in the jambs, are of the time of the Norman fortifications. In one of the towers of the postern is the remains of a staircase, by which access is gained to the top of the ruins. Under the place of the hall is a crypt, of Norman work, with a row of central pillars supporting the vault. At the south-west angle is part of a tower, with some rooms perfect, with Norman barrel vaults, a window, and some closets in the thickness of the wall. The Castle is very well situated on the banks of the river Trent; and the windows in that front being mostly Perpendicular period, give it the appearance of a building of that date. The greater part of the site of the Castle is now occupied by the county gaol and court-house. In one corner of the area is a small building, "Cob's Hall," supposed to have been a chapel; and in one part of the outer wall, on the north side, are the remains of a turret in the line of the Roman wall of Lindum, in which is a gateway, apparently Roman, and supposed to have been one of the gates of that station, or to have belonged to a building more ancient than the Castle.

Lincoln abounds in monastic and other remains of ancient architecture. "The Jews House" is a late Norman residence. This house



was once possessed by a Jewess, who was hanged for clipping coin in the reign of Edward I. The building called "John of Gaunt's Stables" (really the Hall of St. Mary's Guild), is Norman, mixed with Early English details. Lord Hussey, who was engaged with several noblemen and others attached to the old form of worship in a conspiracy against Henry VIII. and the Reformation, was executed from a window of this Hall. The remains of "John of Gaunt's Palace" are now occupied as two dwelling-houses. The original house was nearly demolished in 1783; but there remains an oriel window, of Early Perpendicular character, resting on a richly sculptured corbel, with ogee heads to the lights, and a good cornice, with the Tudor flowers. The pinnacles are destroyed. Abeda House, founded by William Browne, merchant of the Staple in 1493, is still standing, and is a very curious edifice; in the windows of the chapel is some ancient painted glass.

At Gainsborough are the remains of a remarkably picturesque old Hall, built in the time of Edward III., where is some decoration, which was prepared for the reception of Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine Howard, whose imprudence here was one of the principal causes of her sentence.

The Stone Bow, the Temple Bar of Lincoln, is a good gatehouse of the time of Henry VIII., in a tolerably perfect state. It consists of a large pointed arch in the centre, guarded on each side by a round tower. On the outside of each tower is a lesser gateway, or postern. On the south front, in a niche on the east, is a statue of the angel Gabriel, holding a scroll; in the western one, another of the Virgin Mary, treading on a serpent; some arms, much defaced, &c.

The cathedral, on the summit of the hill, may be seen for many miles across the flat country, its three towers having a very fine effect.

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### Bolingbroke Castle.

In the town of Bolingbroke, in Lincolnshire, was an ancient Castle, built by William de Romara, Earl of Lincoln, which afterwards came into the hands of the Lacy family, and subsequently into the possession of John of Gaunt. Henry IV., son of John, was born in this Castle, and took from it the surname of *Henry of Bolingbroke*. There are a few remains, consisting chiefly of the tower at the south-western angle of the Castle, which was quadrangular. In the Harleian MS. 6829, is the following curious account of "a Spirit," which haunted this Castle:—"One thing is not to be passed by, affirmed as a

certain truth by many of of y<sup>e</sup> Inhabitants of y<sup>e</sup> Towne upon their owne Knowledge, which is, that y<sup>e</sup> Castle is Haunted by a certain spirit in the Likeness of a Hare, which, at y<sup>e</sup> meeting of y<sup>e</sup> Auditors doeth usually runne between their legs, and sometymes overthrows them, and so passes away. They have pursued it downe into y<sup>e</sup> Castle yard, and scene it take in at a grate into a low Cellar, and have followed it thither with a light, where notwithstanding that they did most narrowly observe it (and that there was noe other passage out, but by y<sup>e</sup> doore, or windowe, y<sup>e</sup> room being all above framed of stones within, not having y<sup>e</sup> least Chinke or Crevice), yet they could never find it. And at other tymes it hath beene scene run in at the Iron-Grates below into other of y<sup>e</sup> Grottos (as thir be many of them), and they have watched the place and sent for Houndes and put in after it, but after awhile they have come crying out."

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### Croyland Abbey.

Crowland, or Croyland, on the borders of Northamptonshire, sixteen miles from Stamford, and thirteen from Peterborough, on the river Welland, was once a town of great celebrity, and the seat of one of the most rich and splendid monasteries in England; and though the present ruins can boast no greater antiquity than some part of the twelfth century—that is, from the reign of Stephen to that of John—they present one of our finest specimens of the semi- or mixed Norman architecture. Its origin and history are as follows:—Ethelbald, King of Mercia, about the beginning of the eighth century, founded a monastery at Repton, in Derbyshire; thither the son of one of his nobles, weary, at the age of twenty-four, of the turmoils of war, and the troubles of life, retired, renounced the world, became a monk, and from his piety had afterwards conferred upon him the name of St. Guthlac. Wishing to give an example of abstinence and devotion to divine things, he determined to withdraw himself from all society; and, leaving his monastery, he rambled he knew not whither, till finally committing himself in a small boat to the guidance of Providence, he resolved that wherever the boat took land he would fix his abode. He was wafted to Crowland Isle, which, like the Isle of Ely, is now no more. Here he built a hut, and here, exposed to all the temptations and troubles of a disordered imagination, he remained till his death, which happened about the year 817.

Ethelbald, anxious to honour as much as possible a saint brought up, as it were, under his own eye, and considering his landing at

**Crowland** as an almost miraculous circumstance, determined to found on that very spot a monastery to his memory. This he immediately commenced, and endowed it with the island of Crowland, and the adjoining marshes, and the fishery of the rivers Nene and Welland. He also gave three hundred pounds in silver towards the fitting up the establishment, and one hundred pounds a year, for ten years to come, with authority to the monks to build a town for their own use, and to have a right of common for themselves and for all that belonged to them.

The establishment thus begun by Ethelbald was encouraged by succeeding Kings, and all its privileges confirmed, particularly in the reign of King Egbert, in the years 827 and 833. In the former year, at Nettleton, Egbert, King of Wessex, defeated with considerable loss Wiglaf, King of Mercia, who fled to Croyland, where he was concealed three months, when, by the mediation of its Abbot, Siward, he was restored to his kingdom, on paying homage, and becoming tributary to his conqueror. When Wiglaf was King of Mercia, the infant colony and town began to flourish, and the state of Croyland became a prominent topic in the deliberations of the great council of the nation, which assembled to devise means for resisting the invasions of the Danes. In 870, at Humberstone, the Danes destroyed Bardney Abbey, slew about 300 monks, and devastated the country round. At Laundon (from the event of the battle since called Threckingham), in the above year, the Danes were defeated, and three of their kings were slain by the men of Lincolnshire; but next day, the Danes being reinforced, were victorious, and marching to Croyland, burnt the Abbey, and murdered the monks.

This once flourishing monastery, and its dependent town, was thus, about one hundred and fifty years after its foundation, destroyed by the Danes. It remained in ruins till the year 908, when it was re-founded by King Ethred, but was again destroyed by fire in 1091. In 1112 it was a second time rebuilt in a manner which gives a good idea of the prevailing practice of erecting religious houses. Thus, the report of Blesensis, Vice-Chancellor to King Henry II., among other things, relates concerning the first building of the monastery, in the year 1112, to the end that, by one single precedent, we may learn by what means and supplies so many rich and stately religious houses were built in all parts of the kingdom.

“Joffrida, the abbot,” says Camden, “obtained of the archbishops and bishops of England an indulgence to every one that helped forward so religious a work, for the third part of the penance enjoined for the

sins he had committed. With this he sent out monks everywhere to pick up money; and having enough, he appointed St. Perpetua's and Felicity's day to be that on which he would lay the foundation, to the end that the work, from some fortunate name, might be auspiciously begun. At which time the nobles and prelates, with the common people, met in great numbers, prayers being said and anthems sung. The abbot himself laid the first corner-stone on the east side; after him every nobleman, according to his degree, laid his stone; some laid money; others writings, by which they offered their lands, advowsons of churches, tenths of sheep, and other church tithes, certain measures of wheat, a certain number of workmen, or masons. On the other side, the common people, as officious with emulation and great devotion, offered some money, some one day's work every month till it should be finished; some to build whole pillars, others pedestals, and others certain parts of the walls. The abbot afterwards made a speech, commending their great bounty in contributing to so pious a work; and by way of requital, made every one of them a member of that monastery, and gave them a right to partake with them in all the spiritual blessings of that church. At last, having entertained them with a plentiful feast, he dismissed them in great joy."

After the above refounding of Crowland, however, this ill-fated Abbey was again doomed to destruction, by fire, and that in the short space of about thirty years. It was finally rebuilt about 1170, with funds raised by the sale of indulgences, and 5000 persons were present at the laying of the first stone. It has been subjected to no other vicissitudes than being dissolved by King Henry VIII., when its revenues were valued at 1083*l.*; and in the time of the Civil Wars of Charles I. it became a garrison for one or other of the contending parties; the Abbey was taken by Oliver Cromwell in 1643.

The estate was granted in 1550 to Edward, Lord Clinton. The only remains of the buildings connected with the monastery, is part of the Abbey church, which is highly interesting to the architect and antiquary. The choir, central tower, transept, and the whole of the east end are down; but there are fine remains of the nave, west front, and the north aisle, which is used as the parish church, is said to have been built by Abbot Bardney in 1247. The great western entrance has a pointed archway, and over it are the remains of the large western window. On the southern side of this front, part of the elevation shows the original part of the Abbey, wherein the Pointed forms are mixed with the Anglo-Norman character, by the intersection of the semicircular arches, and in the upper story the Pointed arch is independent of

the semicircular. The nave and aisles are said by some authors to have been erected by William de Crowland, master of the works, in the time of Abbot Upton, between 1417 and 1427.

The history of this edifice furnishes a striking instance of the uncertainty of all human labours. At one time the seat of devotion and learning, the abode of luxury and ease, possessing riches in abundance, and vessels for its use of the most costly description ;—as “ one cup of gold, and two phials of gilt-silver, modeled in the form of two angels, with enchased work upon them, and two basins of silver, wonderful in their workmanship and size, very finely enchased with soldiers in armour ; all which vessels Henry, Emperor of Germany, had formerly presented to him, and, up to the time of presenting to this Abbey, had always retained in his chapel,” with all other things perfectly corresponding thereto ;—now, except in the portion fitted up as a church, scarcely affording shelter to a rook or a daw, and the last remains of its once almost unparalleled magnificence mouldering silently, and mingling with the soil on which they stand :

“ Whilst in the progress of the long decay,  
Thrones sink to dust, and nations pass away.”

Such is the history of this famous Abbey, as long believed to have been related by Ingulfus, in his History, which is in some degree a history of the kingdom as well as the monastery of Croyland. Scarcely any of our early histories contain so many curious incidents and notices as are found in this work, and until our time its authenticity does not appear to have been decided. In the year 1826, however, a very formidable attack was made by Sir Francis Palgrave, in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 67, upon its claims to be regarded as anything better than “ an historical novel,” a mere monkish invention or forgery at a later age.

‘ Ingulf of Croyland’s ’ Chronicle is now known to have been framed with a dishonest object, and to be from first to last a monkish forgery ; its charters composed in the scriptorium, its general history a patchwork of piracies, and its special anecdotes mere inventions.

The History of Ingulfus is a clever but undoubted fiction of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, an impudent fabrication, to all appearance, by the monks of Croyland, for patching up a defective title : the genuineness and authenticity were first questioned more than a century ago ; and in the last ten or twelve years the subject has received increased attention. In the *Archæological Journal* for March, 1862, both the history and charters of Ingulfus have been disputed at con-

siderable length ; and though in some parts it is an interesting compilation, the book, as an historical authority, is almost worthless. (*Athenæum*, No. 2121.) Camden, it will be seen by the previous quotation, evidently had faith in Ingulf's Chronicle.

The curious old triangular Bridge at Croyland remains to be described. Of the four streams which formerly inclosed the island, the drainage has removed all trace of three, changing the site to quiet pastures and rich farming land ; and the Welland itself now runs wide of the village, in a new channel. The Bridge stands high and dry in the centre of the village square, lorn of three of its streams. It is more ancient than any bridge in Europe, not of Roman work. It is supposed to have been built about the year 860 : it consists of three semi-Pointed arches, meeting together in the centre, the abutments standing on the angles of an equilateral triangle. It is placed at the junction of three roads, which thus terminate at the crown of the bridge. From its steep ascent it is not used by carriages, which circumstance arises from the situation in which it is placed : and in times of flood, had it not been considerably raised on the abutments, it would have been swept away by the torrent. The steep ascents are made into steps, paved with small stones, set edgewise : at the foot of one segment sits a robed figure in stone of some Saxon monarch, supposed to be Ethelbert, with a great stone in its hand, said to be, amongst other things, a loaf. The bridge claims the qualities of boldness of design and singularity of construction as much as any bridge in Europe ; and its curious *triune* formation has led many persons to imagine that the architect intended thereby to suggest an idea of the Holy Trinity. As the lover of our national antiquities stands upon the platform, he may reflect that within the hallowed convent walls dwelt some of the earliest promoters of monastic education ; and as the eye ranges from these picturesque ruins over the neighbouring fens, it may rest upon some nobly-built churches, yet it would not willingly exchange the view of the Abbey pile for many an uninjured abiding home of the Reformed faith.

## RUTLANDSHIRE.

## Burleigh-on-the-Hill, and Jeffrey Hudson the Dwarf.

This celebrated little personage was born at Oakham, in the year 1619. John Hudson, his father, who "kept and ordered the baiting bulls for George, Duke of Buckingham," the then possessor of Burleigh-on-the-Hill, in Rutlandshire, "was a proper man," says Fuller, "broad-shouldered and chested, though his son arrived at a full ell in stature." His father was a person of lusty stature, as well as all his children, except Jeffrey, who, when seven years of age, was scarcely eighteen inches in height, yet without any deformity, and wholly proportionable. Between the age of seven and nine years, he was taken into the service of the Duchess of Buckingham, at Burleigh, where, says Fuller, "he was instantly heightened (not in stature, but) in condition, from one degree above rags into silks and satins, and had two men to attend him." Shortly afterwards he was served up in a cold pye, at an entertainment given to Charles I. and his consort Henrietta Maria, in their progress through Rutlandshire; and was then, most probably, presented to the Queen, in whose service he continued many years. At a masque, given at Court, the King's gigantic porter drew him out of his pocket, to the surprise of all the spectators. Thus favoured by royalty, the humility incident to his birth forsook him; "which made him that he did not *know himself*, and would not *know his father*; and which, by the King's command, caused justly, his second correction."

In 1630, Jeffrey was sent into France to fetch a midwife for the Queen; but on his return he had the misfortune to be taken by a Flemish pirate, who carried him a prisoner to Dunkirk: on this occasion he lost property to the value of 2500*l.* which he had received in presents from the French Court. This event furnished a subject for a short poem, in two cantos, to Sir William D'Avenant, who entitled it *Jeffereidos*, and has described our diminutive hero as engaged in a battle with a turkey-cock, from whose inflated rage he was preserved by the midwife! In this whimsical production the poet has described our dwarf as close hidden, at the time of the capture—

"Beneath a spick-  
And-almost-span-new pewter candlestick."

At Dunkirk he is threatened with the rack, and accused of being a

spy. He is next despatched to Brussels, mounted upon an "Iceland Shock," which, falling by the way, leaves him exposed to the attacks of the turkey-cock. Jeffrey drew his sword, and bravely repelled his antagonist, who

" In his look  
Express'd how much he it unkindly took,  
That wanting food, our Jeffrey would not let him,  
Enjoy awhile the privilege to eat him."

At length Jeffrey is thrown, and whilst lying prostrate,

" Faint and weak,  
The cruel foe assaults him with his beak ;"

but in this extremity the *midwife* interposes, and "delivers" him—the pun is the poet's own—from further danger.

After the commencement of the Civil War, Jeffrey became a Captain of Horse in the Royal Army, and in that capacity he accompanied the Queen to France. Whilst in that country he had the misfortune to fall into a dispute with a brother of Lord Crofts, who accounting him an object "not of his anger but contempt," accepted his challenge to fight a duel; "yet coming," says Walpole, "to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged that a real duel ensued, and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, to put them on a level, Jeffrey, with the first fire, shot his antagonist dead." For this Jeffrey was first imprisoned, and afterwards expelled the Court. He was then only thirty years old, and, according to his own affirmation, had never increased anything considerable in height since he was seven years old. New misfortunes, however, awaited him, and accelerated his growth, though at such a mature age. He was a second time made captive at sea by a Turkish Rover; and, having been conveyed to Barbary, was there sold as a slave, in which condition he passed many years, exposed to numerous hardships, much labour, and frequent beating. He now shot up in a little time to that height of stature which he remained at in his old age, about three feet and nine inches; the cause of which he ascribed to the severity he experienced during his captivity. After he had been redeemed he returned to England, and lived for some time in his native county on some small pension allowed him by the Duke of Buckingham, and other persons of rank. He afterwards removed to London, where, during the excitement occasioned by the examination into the Popish Plot, discovered or invented by Titus Oates, he was taken up as a Papist, and committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster, where he lay a considerable time. He died in 1682, shortly after his release, in the sixty-third year of his age.



Sir Walter Scott has introduced this irascible little hero into his *Peveril of the Peak*, the denouement of which romance is much forwarded by his aid. There is an original portrait of Jeffrey in the collection of Sir Ralph Woodford. Over the entrance of Bull-head-court, Newgate-street, is a small stone exhibiting, in low relief, sculptures of William Evans, the gigantic porter of Charles I.; and Jeffrey Hudson, his diminutive fellow-servant. On the stone are cut these words: "The King's Porter and the Dwarf," with the date 1660. It appears from Fuller, that Evans was full six feet and a half in height; though knock-kneed, splay-footed, and halting, "yet made he a shift to dance in an anti-mask at Court, where he drew little Jeffrey, the Dwarf, out of his pocket, first to the wonder, then to the laughter, of the beholders."

In the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, are preserved the waistcoat, breeches, and stockings (the two latter in one piece), of Jeffrey Hudson. They are of blue satin, but the waistcoat is striped and purpled with figured white silk. There is a rare tract extant, entitled "The New Yeres Gift, presented at Court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, commonly called Little Jefferie: 1686." This contains a portrait of Hudson, and a copy, "bound in a piece of Charles the First's waistcoat," was formerly in the Townley Collection, and was sold for eight guineas at the sale of Mr. Perry's library.

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### Oakham Castle.

Oakham, the county town of Rutland, in the vale of Catmoss, bears evidence of its occupation by the Romans. Its name is Saxon, and it had a Royal Hall when King Edward the Confessor made his Survey. Upon the site of this Hall was built a Castle, probably by Walcheline de Ferreris, a younger branch of the family of De Ferrars, to whom Henry II. had granted the manor, and created him Baron of Oakham. He joined King Richard I. in his crusade to the Holy Land, and was last heard of at the siege of Acre, where he died. The manor and Castle repeatedly reverted to the Crown, and were again as often granted. Among the possessors of them were Richard, King of the Romans, brother of Henry III.; De Vere, Earl of Oxford and Duke of Ireland, favourite of Richard II.; Thomas of Woodstock, uncle to the same King. Of the Castle the Hall alone remains; it is regarded as the finest domestic room in England, and in all probability it was the best portion of the Castle, which was not fortified with a keep or

bastions, as in the neighbouring Castle of Rockingham; Oakham Castle never had any defensive works, except the outer wall. At the end of the Hall was probably the King's chamber. In the time of Walcheline De Ferreris a sort of rough justice was administered in the Hall by the Baron; and here also the revelry and feasting took place; there were oaken benches for seats, boards placed upon tressels for tables, and tapestry hung at the west end, where the lord sat. The windows were unglazed; the fire was placed on a raised platform in the centre of the room, and the smoke found its way through the windows; at night wooden shutters were put to the windows. The hounds crouched by their masters' side, the hawks perched above their heads. The guests quaffed wines from Greece and Cyprus, and feasted upon lamprey and herring pies. It was the height of refinement for two guests to eat off the same plate. The only knife used was the clasp-knife, which the male guest took unsheathed from his girdle; table-napkins were used, and the company were divided by the salt-cellar.

The architecture of the Hall is late Norman, or very Early English. The interior wall and the gate of the Castle-yard are covered with horseshoes, the lord of the manor being authorized by ancient grant or custom to demand of every Peer on first passing through the lordship a shoe from one of his horses, or a sum of money to purchase one in lieu of it. Some of these shoes are gilt, and stamped with the donor's name. Amongst them are shoes given by Queen Elizabeth, by the late Duke of York, and by George IV. when Prince Regent; Queen Victoria and the Duchess of Kent. The horseshoe custom is traceable to a toll payment, but the evidence is confused.

Four possessors of Oakham were executed for high treason. These were Edmund, Earl of Kent, brother of Edward II.; Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, the supporter and victim of Richard III.; Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded 1521; and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, 1540. Another fatality remains to be mentioned. Early in the reign of Richard II., Edward Plantagenet, second Duke of York, on being created Earl of Rutland, had granted to him the Castle, town, and lordship of Oakham, and the whole forest of Rutland; his memory is deeply stained with crime; he was trampled to death at the battle of Agincourt, and his remains were brought to England, he having by his will made at Harfleur during the expedition, directed their interment in the College of Fotheringhay, which he had caused to be built.

## STAFFORDSHIRE AND SHROPSHIRE.

## Stafford and its Castles.

As the railway traveller passes along the Grand Junction line, running from Birmingham to Newton, in Lancashire, he will not fail to notice the remains of the Castle of the celebrated Barons of Stafford, placed about a mile and a half to the south-west of the town of Stafford, on the summit of a hill, which resembles a labour of art.

The history of Stafford and its Castle is involved in much obscurity. The earliest notice of the place occurs in the Saxon Chronicles, when, in the year 913, Ethelfleda, "lady of Mercia," built here "a mighty castle," to keep the Danes of the neighbourhood in check; but there are no vestiges of it, and its precise site is much disputed. Edward the Elder is likewise said by Camden to have built a tower on the north bank of the river Soar, about a year after the erection of that which his sister had founded. The next remarkable mention of Stafford occurs in Domesday, wherein it is stated that the Conqueror built a Castle here; this, however, was soon demolished, but was restored by Ralph de Stafford, a distinguished warrior in the reign of Edward III. At the period of Domesday, Stafford was a place of importance, but it was not regularly incorporated until the 7th year of the reign of King John (anno 1206). The Charter is still in a very excellent state of preservation. According to the very erroneous statements of several writers (each following in the other's wake), Stafford was incorporated one year prior to the incorporation of the City of London; but Stow quotes a Charter of King Edward the Confessor, as being extant in the Book of St. Albans, which is directed to Alfwald, the Bishop of London, the *Port-reve*, and the Burgesses of London. The Stafford Charter was confirmed by different sovereigns, and additional privileges were granted; but at length, from the filling up improperly of the vacancies in the body corporate, the charters became forfeited in the year 1826; and from a singular coincidence the Corporation seal was by some means lost about the same time. In 1827, the town of Stafford was re-incorporated, on petition, by George IV., and a new Seal was engraved from an impression of the old one, which bears the elevation of the Castle. In the Civil War of Charles I. the Royalists, after the capture of Lichfield Close by the Parliamentarians, retired to Stafford;

and an indecisive battle was fought at Hopton Heath, two or three miles from the town, March 12, 1643, in which the Earl of Northampton, the Royalist commander, was killed. The town, which was walled, was subsequently taken by the Parliamentarians, under Sir William Brereton, and the walls were so entirely demolished, that no trace of them remains. The Castle was subsequently taken and demolished, except the Keep.

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### "Tamworth Tower and Town."

Tamworth is finely situated at the confluence of the rivers Tame and Anker, in the county of Stafford. The parish is, however, divided by the Tame into two parts, one in this county, the other in Warwickshire, whence it is accounted to belong to both. The early history of the town is very eventful. In the time of the Mercians it was a royal village, and the favourite residence of their monarchs. The celebrated Offa dates a charter to the monks of Worcester in 781, from his palace at Tamworth. At this period it was fortified on three sides by a vast ditch, 45 feet in breadth, the rivers serving as a defence on the fourth side. Upon the invasion of the Danes, Tamworth was totally destroyed. Ethelfrida, however, the daughter of the illustrious Alfred, rebuilt the town in the year 913, after she had, by her foresight and valour, succeeded in freeing her brother's dominions from the grasp of the invaders. This heroic lady likewise erected a tower on a part of the artificial mount which forms the site of the present Castle; and here she generally resided until the period of her death, in 920. About two years later, Tamworth witnessed the submission of all the Mercian tribes, together with the Princes of Wales, to the sovereign power of Elfrida's brother Edward. Leland tells us that at the time of Henry VIII. "the town of Tamworth is all builded of tumber." Michael Drayton, the fine old English poet, was born in this neighbourhood on the banks of the Anker; which he celebrated in his most beautiful sonnet. Drayton is the name of a place on the western border of Staffordshire, near which is Blore heath, where the party of York, under the Earl of Salisbury, defeated the Lancastrians, commanded by Lord Audley. Queen Margaret beheld the battle from a neighbouring steeple. Drayton Bassett and Drayton Manor are the names of two of the finest seats in the county. The church at Tamworth is famous for its Saxon work, "round arches with zigzag mouldings." The monuments are many, "most of them beautiful altar-tombs, with recumbent figures of knights in armour, and their wives."

The Castle of Tamworth, an eminent baronial residence, was founded by Robert de Marmion—a name adopted by Sir Walter Scott as the title of one of his soul-stirring metrical tales:—

"They hailed Lord Marmion,  
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye,  
Of Tamworth tower and town."

*Marmion*, canto i. st. 11.

The poet, however, acknowledges the Lord Marmion of his romance to be entirely a fictitious personage. "In earlier times, indeed," continues he, "the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the Castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire. One or both of these noble possessions was held by the honourable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. This Robert being settled at Tamworth, expelled the nuns he found here to Oldbury, about four miles distant. A year after this, he gave a costly entertainment at Tamworth Castle to a party of friends, among whom was Sir Walter de Somerville, Lord of Wichover, his sworn brother. Now it happened that as he lay in his bed, St. Edith appeared to him in the habit of a veiled nun, with a crosier in her hand, and advertised him that if he did not restore the Abbey of Polesworth (which lay within the territories of his Castle at Tamworth) unto her successors, he should have an evil death, and go to hell; and that he might be more sensible of this her admonition, she smote him on the side with the point of her crosier, and so vanished away. Moreover, by this stroke being much wounded, he cried out so loudly that his friends in the house arose; and finding him extremely tormented with the pain of his wound, advised him to confess himself to a priest, and vow to restore the nuns to their former possession. Furthermore, having done so, his pain ceased, and in accomplishment of his vow (accompanied by Sir Walter de Somerville and others), he forthwith rode to Oldbury, and craving pardon of the nuns for the injury done, brought them back to Polesworth, desiring that himself and his friend, Sir William de Somerville, might be regarded their patrons; and hence burial for themselves and their heirs in this Abbey—viz., the Marmions in the Chapter House, and the Somervilles in the Cloister. However some circumstances in this story may seem fabulous, the substance of it is perfectly true, for it appears by the very words of his charter that he gave to Osanna, the Prioress."

Robert, the son and heir of Robert de Marmion, being a great adversary to the Earls of Chester, who had a noble seat at Coventry, but a little distance from the Earl's Castle, entered the Priory there, and expelling the monks, fortified it, digging in the fields adjacent divers deep ditches, lightly covered over with earth, to the intent that such as made approaches thereto, might be entrapped. Whereupon, it so happened, that as he rode out himself to view the Earl of Chester's forces, which began to draw near, he fell into one of the ditches and broke his thigh, so that a common solder presently seizing on him, *cut off his head.*

After the Castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive Barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died 20th Edward I., without male issue. Baldwin de Freville, fourth lord of Tamworth (Alexander's descendant in the reign of Richard I.), by the supposed tenure of his Castle, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of the coronation, to ride completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any one who should gainsay the King's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dimock, to whom the manor of Scivelby had descended by another of the coheireses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrers; descended, says Burton, from an ancient Saxon line, long before the Conquest. It has subsequently been in the possession of the Marquess Townshend, in right of the heiress of the Comptons.

The architecture of the present Castle is of various periods; the old Castle stood below the site of the present fortress, which, by its elevation, throws around it an air of considerable grandeur. The exterior is kept in tolerable repair. The hall is large and of ancient state, but exceedingly rude and comfortless. By Leland's account, the greater part was built since his time: his words are, "the base court and great ward of the Castle is cleane decayed, and the wall fallen downe, and therein be now but houses of office of noe notable building. The dungeon hill yet standeth, and a great round tower of stone, wherein Mr. Ferrers dwelleth, and now repaireth it." Such was its state in the time of Henry VIII. The dining and drawing rooms have fine bay-windows, and command rich views over the river, which runs at the foot of the Castle mount to the meadows and woodlands, where formerly was the park. Around the dining-room are emblazoned the arms of the Ferrers

family. In the hall was formerly a rude delineation upon the wall of the last battle between Sir John Launcelot of the Lake, a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, and another knight, named Sir Tarquin. The figures were of gigantic size, and tilting, as described in the romance; resting their spears, and pushing their horses at full speed against each other.

Tamworth is Shakspearean ground; for, on a plain near the town, the Earl of Richmond halted, on his march to Bosworth Field, thus to inspire his forces for the coming fight:—

“ This foul swine  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, for, as we learn,  
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.  
In God's name cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.”

*Richard III.*, act v. scene 3.

Tamworth possesses a very interesting memorial of our own times, a bronze statue of the late Sir Robert Peel, erected in the market-place by public subscription, in the summer of 1852. Tamworth, for which borough Sir Robert sat in parliament many years, owed this debt of gratitude to the fame of the deceased statesman, and it has been rendered with every evidence of sincerity: from the highest to the lowest, nearly everybody subscribed for the statue. It is placed with its back to London and the world, with its face directed towards the place of Sir Robert's birth; on the right is the church in which he worshipped, and on the left the palace (Drayton Manor) which he erected, but did not live long to inhabit. The sculptor of the statue is Mr. E. M. Noble, and we have the testimony of a son of Sir Robert Peel to its excellence as a work of art, whether in the general outline, the correctness of the proportions, in the resemblance of the features, or in the ease and gracefulness of the posture.

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## Tutbury Castle, and its Curious Tenures.

The Castle of Tutbury presents to the eye of the visitor little more than a straggling scene of shattered ruins. Yet, its appearance is extremely picturesque, and its site is worth more minute description. The high ground of Needwood Forest, contained between the Trent and the Dove, is brought to a termination eastward by the union of these streams upon the confines of the three shires of Derby, Stafford, and

Leicester. About five miles above this confluence, upon the right or Staffordshire bank of the Dove, stand the town and Castle of Tutbury, once, according to Leland, a residence of the Saxon lords of Mercia; and named, it is said, from the god Thoth, who presides over Tuesday, and is thought here to have been worshipped. The etymology is supported by Wednesbury; but, however this may be, Tutbury was certainly an ancient stronghold, and the site possesses in that respect unusual advantages. It is tutelar to the little town of Tutbury, with its beautiful church standing on the rise of the hill which ends abruptly on the banks of the Dove, giving an expansive prospect as far as the eye can reach, over Staffordshire and the famous Peak Hills of Derbyshire. The sharp, broken outline of tower and wall, when seen from this point, bespeaks the ravages of time and war which have reduced this once celebrated fortress to its present state of ruin.

The Castle crowns the head of a considerable ridge of new red sandstone rock, which projects from the high ground of Hanbury and Needwood, and forms an abrupt promontory above the broad and level meadows of the Dove. On the south or landward side, the hill is partially severed from its parent ridge by a cross valley, within and about which is built the ancient town of Tutbury. The natural position of the Castle is strong and well defined; it has been turned to account from a very remote period, and materially strengthened by Norman and pre-Norman art. Three of its sides are further protected by a broad and deep ditch; towards the north, where the hill projects upon the meadows, the ditch ceases, and this front, rising steeply about 100 feet, has been rendered steeper by art. Upon the south-west and west sides, the earth has been employed to form a large mound, about 40 feet high, and 70 feet across, which renders this front almost impregnable. The base-court of the castle covers about three acres; it is in plan an irregular circle. The best view of these magnificent earthworks is from the summit of the mound, which not only predominates over the court of the Castle to its east, but westward rises very steeply about 140 feet from the meadows.

The masonry which has been added to the earlier defences is composed of a group of buildings on the south front, flanked by curtains, which run west and east along the top of the bank. This curtain, now about 6 feet, was originally 20 feet high, with a rampart accessible from its flanking tower, and by a double flight of open steps from within. The east curtain is broken by a lofty rectangular mural tower, which faced the turn of the road up to the Castle, on the opposite side of the ditch: the interior wall, with a square angle-turret, only remains.



This tower is Perpendicular in style, and has evidently been blown up by gunpowder.

At the north end of this curtain is the great gatehouse, almost entirely outside the wall; the portal has side lodges. Only its south and east walls remain. From two solid cheeks of wall, the drawbridge fell across the moat; two portcullis grooves remain. The masonry has been removed, and the ditch here solidly filled up with earth.

Upon the summit of the mound is a ruined round tower, an erection of modern times, probably as a summer-house. There is said to have been an earlier building here, destroyed before the reign of Elizabeth, probably by John of Gaunt: it was called the Julius Tower, a not uncommon name for such structures. The beauty of the view from this, the highest ruin of Tutbury, amply compensates for all the danger from the gaping clefts in the wall by uncertainty of foothold. The Dove is seen winding its silvery stream in the plain beneath; while, beyond it, field over field rise to view, the distance bounded by the high hills of Matlock, which, in the spring of the year are tipped with snow.

The Castle buildings have been broken down, but what remains is as sharp and fresh as though lately executed. The outward wall and altered windows remain of the great hall; at the west end is a brick building, probably of about the time of Queen Anne, or George I. At the east end is a group of state apartments. Here are two very fine crypts, no doubt cellars, entered from the court by handsome doorways, and six or eight descending steps. They have been covered with barrel vaults, ribbed transversely and diagonally, with large carved bosses—fitting receptacles for the very best of drinks. Above there are handsome rooms, with chimney-places with mouldings set with flowers and the “hart lodged,” and what may be a conventional pomegranate. These buildings are in the best and purest Perpendicular style. In the court is a deep well, still in use.

So far as can be observed, the Castle exhibits no trace of Norman masonry. All the structures, walls, tower, gatehouse, hall, and apartments are nearly or quite of one date; and are probably the work of John of Gaunt, who resided here very frequently in regal state. This is very remarkable, because Tutbury is mentioned in Domesday; was the caput of a very important Norman honour, and the principal seat of the great Norman family of Ferrars, earls of Derby, from the Conquest to their ruin towards the close of the reign of Henry III., since which time it has been, for the most part, in the Duchy of Lancaster.

Tutbury, as mentioned in our account of Chartley, was one of the

prison-houses of Mary Queen of Scots, in a low range of buildings at the south-east angle of the Castle. It originally consisted of two large rooms, an upper and a lower one: the former has disappeared; but the square holes in the wall are visible, in which the beams of the flooring were inserted. Of the lower apartment, the walls remain; the entrance is by a descent of several steps; it had a vaulted ceiling, and the projecting ledges or supports afford by their accumulation of earth sufficient nourishment for brambles. The room is lighted by two small windows, deeply cut in the thick wall. The upper room had two large pointed windows, commanding a fine view, the extent of which, to its luckless prisoner, Mary, must have made her narrow prison more irksome and dreary. She was removed hither from Chartley and placed under the care of George, Earl of Shrewsbury, then constable of Tutbury Castle. At Chartley the Queen had been placed under the care of Sir Amias Paulet, when Anthony Babington, of Dethic, and his accomplices, attempted to rescue her: maintaining a correspondence with her by means of a hole in the wall, which they closed with a loose stone; the attempt, however, ended in their own destruction, and the removal of the Queen to Tutbury. "Like every other place of her confinement," says Mrs. Howitt, "Chartley is a ruin. Crumbling walls, trees growing where rooms once were, and inscribed with the names or initials of hundreds of visitors; tall weeds and melancholy yews, spreading around their shade—mark the spot as one fraught with many subjects of thought on the past and the present, on the changes of times, and of national character."

Tutbury was held for the King, and taken by the Parliament, in the wars of Charles I. Subsequently, by order of the House, it was reduced very nearly to the condition in which it is now seen.

"Although the temporal evidence of the splendour of the House of Ferrars has disappeared, the memory, as usual, of their ecclesiastical beneficence has been preserved. The parish church of St. Mary, once the church of the Ferrars abbey of Tutbury, still stands, scarcely a stone's cast from the Castle wall, and seems anciently to have been included within the outer defences. It was founded by Henry de Ferrars, in the reign of Rufus, and has a Norman nave, clerestory, and aisles; and its west end is one of the richest and most perfect Norman fronts in existence. This edifice, which had been much misused, has had the Norman portion restored by Mr. Street, the eminent architect, who has also added a large polygonal apse, or east end, to the chancel. This is probably the Chapel of St. Mary within the Castle, in which

(18 Edward I.), Edmund Earl of Lancaster founded a special mass.\*

Tutbury is a curious old place, with old services and customs, some of which are entitled to be called "Jocular Tenures." Thus, when John of Gaunt was lord of this castle, Sir Philip Somervile held of him the manor of Briddeshall by these services: that when his lord keepeth Christmas at his castle of Tutbury, Sir Philip, or some other knight, his deputy, shall come to Tutbury, on Christmas Eve, and be lodged in the town by the Marshal of the Earl's house; and on Christmas-day he shall go to the dresser, and carrying his lord's mess to his table, shall carve the meat to his lord, and this he shall do as well at supper as at dinner; and when his lord hath eaten, the said Sir Philip shall sit down in the same place where his lord sat, and shall be served at the table by the stewards of the Earl's house. And upon St. Stephen's Day, when he hath dined, he shall take his leave of his lord, and shall kiss him; and for this service he shall nothing take, and nothing give. These services Sir Philip performed to the Earls of Lancaster forty-eight years for the manor of Briddeshall.

Sir Philip also held the manors of Tatenhall and Drycot, in this county, by the following services: that he, or his attorney, should go to the Castle of Tutbury, upon St. Peter's day, in August, and show the steward that he is come to hunt, and take his lord's greese, or wild swine, at the cost of his lord; whereupon the steward shall cause to be delivered to Sir Philip an horse and saddle, worth 50 shillings, or that sum to provide one, and one hound; and shall likewise pay to Sir Philip, for every day to Holyrood-day, two shillings and sixpence for himself, and one shilling for his servant and hound. And the woodmasters of the forests of Needwood and Duffield, with all the parkers and foresters, are to attend upon Sir Philip, while their lord's greese is taking in the said forest, as upon their master during that time; and at the expiration thereof, Sir Philip shall deliver up the horse and barcelet (or hound), to the steward with whom he has dined on Holyrood-day at the Castle of Tutbury, he shall kiss the porter and depart.†

But the most extraordinary custom at this place was the barbarous diversion called Tutbury Bull-running, the origin of which is too curious to be omitted. During the time that the ancient Earls and Dukes of Lancaster had their abode, and kept a liberal hospitality at their honour of Tutbury, great numbers of people resorted here from all parts, for

\* From an able contribution to the *Builder*.

† Dugdale's *Baronage*, vol. ii.; Plot's *Staffordshire*, chap. 10.

whose diversion musicians were permitted to come, to pay their services. At length quarrels arose, when it was necessary to form rules for a proper regulation of these services, and a governor was appointed by the name of King, who had officers under him to see those laws executed; as appears by the charter granted to the King of the Minstrels, by John of Gaunt, dated August 22, 4th of King Richard II. In the reign of Henry VI., the Prior of Tutbury—for there was an Abbey founded here by Henry de Ferrars, for Benedictine monks, which Abbey was richly endowed, and remained in great splendour till the Reformation—gave the minstrels, who came to matins there on the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a bull to be taken on this side the river Dove, or else the Prior paid them forty pence. This custom continued after the Reformation, with alterations.

On the 16th of August, the minstrels met in a body at the house of the bailiff, where they were joined by the steward of the manor, from whence they marched, in couples, to church, the King of the Minstrels walking between the steward and the bailiff, with music playing, each of the four under-officers carrying a white wand immediately following, and then the rest of the company. Being seated in the church, prayers were read, and a sermon preached, for which each of the minstrels paid the Vicar a penny. From hence they returned in procession to the large Hall in the Castle, where the King, sitting between the bailiff and steward, made a report of such minstrels as had offended against the statutes, when the guilty were fined a small sum. Moreover, to exhort them better to mind their duty, the steward gave them a long charge; in which he expatiated largely upon the origin and excellence of music; its power upon the passions; how the use of it had always been allowed in praising and glorifying God; and although it might sometimes be demeaned by vagabonds and rogues, he maintained that such societies as theirs, legally founded and governed by strict rules, were by no means included in that statute. This charge being finished, and various forms gone through, they retired to the great hall, where an excellent dinner was provided, and the overplus given to the poor.

The next object was the taking of the bull, for which purpose the minstrels repaired to the Abbey-gate and demanded him of the Prior; afterwards they went to a barn by the town-side, where the bull was turned out with his horns cut off, his ears cropped, and his tail diminished to the very stump, his body besmeared with soap; and his nostrils filled with pepper, to increase his fury. Being then let loose, the steward proclaimed that none were to come nearer to the bull than forty feet, nor to hinder the minstrels, but to attend to their own safety. The

minstrels were to take him before sunset, on this side the river, which if they failed to do, and he escaped into Derbyshire, he still remained the lord's property. It was seldom possible to take him fairly, but if they held him long enough to cut off some of his hair, he was then brought to the market-cross, or bull-ring, and there baited; after which the minstrels were entitled to the bull.

Hence originated the rustic sport of *Bull-running*, which, before the close of the last century, had become a horrible practice. The harmony of the minstrels was changed to discord and noise; their solemn and harmless festivity into rioting and drunkenness, and the white wands of the officers into clubs and destructive weapons. In short, the sport had got to such a pitch of madness and cruelty, that not content with torturing the poor bull, the people fell in the most savage manner upon each other, so that it became a faction fight between the mobs of the two counties; and seldom a year passed without great outrages, and frequently loss of life. Happily, the Duke of Devonshire, who had become owner of the Castle and lord of the manor, abolished the inhuman custom.

The hive-skivie and tag-rag of the scene are thus noticed in a ballad of the early part of the last century:

“ Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,  
And all that were in it look'd madly;  
For some were a Bull-back, some dancing a Morrice,  
And some singing Arthur O Bradley!”

In an old play, *The Faire Maide of Clifton*, by William Sampson, 1696, this practice flourished at Tutbury; for in Act V. we read: “He'll keep more stir with the Hobby Horse, than he did with the pipers at Tedbury Bull-running.” Mundy, in his elegantly-descriptive poem of “Needwood Forest” (written in 1770), has thus glanced at the celebrities of Tutbury:

“ With awful sorrow I behold  
Yon cliff, that frowns with ruins old;  
Stout Ferrars\* there kept faithless ward,  
And Gaunt performed his castle-guard.†  
There captive Mary‡ look'd in vain  
For Norfolk and her nuptial train;

\* Robert de Ferrars joining a rebellion against Henry III., forfeited the possession of Tutbury.

† A service imposed upon those to whom castles and estates adjoining were granted.

‡ Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner in Tutbury Castle at the time of the Duke of Norfolk's intrigues. She listened to his proposals of marriage as the only means of obtaining her liberty, declaring herself otherwise averse to further matrimonial connexions.

Enrich'd with royal tears the Dove,  
 But sigh'd for freedom, not for love.  
 'Twas once the seat of festive state,  
 Where high-born dames and nobles sat;  
 While minstrels, each in order heard,  
 Their venerable songs preferr'd.  
 False memory of its state remains  
 In the rude sport of brutal swains.  
 Now serpents hiss and foxes dwell  
 Amidst the mouldering citadel:  
 And time but spares those broken towers  
 In mockery of human powers."

The steward of the manor held at Tutbury, to our time, a court called the Minstrels' Court.

### Chartley Castle.

Upon an eminence, which rises from a wide and fertile plain, environed by some of the finest scenery in the county of Stafford, lies the beautiful estate of Chartley. The property is about six miles south-east of Stafford, and two miles east of the direct London and Liverpool road, between Rugby and Stone. And, upon a clear day, may be seen by the traveller from Stone to Colwich, on the North Staffordshire Railway, the remains of the Castle which has conferred celebrity upon Chartley for six centuries past.

At the Domesday survey, Chartley was in the hands of the Conqueror, whose successor, William Rufus, gave it to Hugh, Earl of Chester. In his family the estate continued for several successions; and Ranulph, Earl of Chester, built the Castle in 1220, or the fourth year of the reign of Henry III., and its defensive strength as a fortress was severely tested in those turbulent times. After the death of Ranulph, the founder, the Castle, with his other estates, devolved on William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, and was then attached to the Royal forest of Needwood and the honour of Tutbury. But the Earl's grandson, having joined the rebellious Barons against Henry III., and been defeated at Burton Bridge, this Earl's immense possessions, now forming part of the Duchy of Lancaster, were forfeited to the Crown. The Earl, however, again possessed himself of the Castle by force; when, by command of his brother, the King, he was besieged by the Earl of Lancaster, who took the fortress after an obstinate resistance. Ferrers was subsequently pardoned; and though deprived of the Earldom of Derby, was allowed possession of his Castle.

The Chartley estate remained in this family until the time of

Henry VI., when being tied in dower, Agnes, heiress of William, carried it by marriage to Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex; and it remained in this line until the death of Robert, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general, who closed his life at the palace of Eltham, in Kent, in 1646. Thus, it is certain that Chartley was in the possession of the Earl of Essex, in the reign of Elizabeth; and it was probably the place of his retirement when he was liberated from his first imprisonment, at the end of August, 1600; perhaps here he planned the plot for which he was tried, Feb. 19, 1601, and executed on the 25th of the same month, being Ash Wednesday. In 1677, Sir Robert Shirley (son of Dorothy, sister of the last Earl of Essex) was declared Lord Ferrers of Chartley. This nobleman was afterward created Viscount Tamworth and Earl Ferrers, from whom the property descended to the present Earl.

The keep of Chartley was circular, and about fifty feet in diameter. The present remains consist chiefly of the fragments of two round towers, and part of a wall twelve feet in thickness: the loopholes are so constructed as to allow arrows to be shot into the ditch in a horizontal direction, or under the towers.

The Castle appears to have been in ruins for many years. It is recorded that Queen Elizabeth visited her favourite, the Earl of Essex, here in August, 1575, and was entertained by him in a half-timbered house, which formerly stood near the Castle, but was long since destroyed by fire. It is questionable whether Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned in this house, or in a portion of the old Castle. Certain, however, it is that the unfortunate Queen was brought to Chartley from Tutbury on Christmas-day, 1585. On the 8th of August, 1586, she was taken from Chartley to Tixhall, distant about three miles, and brought back on the 30th. She found, on her return, that her cabinet had been broken open, her papers carried off by Commissioners; and her two secretaries, Naue and Curle, taken into custody. The exact date at which Mary Queen of Scots left Chartley is not certain; but it appears she was removed thence under a plea of taking the air without the bounds of the Castle. She was then conducted by daily stages from the house of one gentleman to another, under pretence of doing her honour, without her having the remotest idea of her destination, until she found herself, on the 26th of September, within the fatal walls of Fotheringhay Castle. A bed, wrought by the Queen of Scots during her imprisonment, is shown at Chartley.

A strange traditional omen clings about the natural history of the indigenous Staffordshire cow which is preserved in the park at Chartley:

this cow is small in stature, of sand-white colour, with the ears, muzzle, and hoof tipped with black. The tradition is said to have originated in a black calf being born in the year of the battle of Burton Bridge, at which period dates the downfall of the House of Ferrers; and from this time the birth of a parti-coloured Chartley calf has been believed to foretell the death of a member of the Lord's family.

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### The Legend of Dieulacres Abbey.

At a short distance from the town of Leek, in Staffordshire, is the interesting site of the Abbey of Dieulacres or Dieuléncre, which stood in the vale of the river Churnet; but nothing of the Abbey remains standing except part of the shafts of the chapel columns. Randle Blundevill, Earl of Chester, in 1254, translated the Cistercian monks of the Abbey of Poulton, near Chester, to this place, and endowed it with the church of Leek. The following legend is recorded in *White's History of Staffordshire*, as immediately connected with the name and foundation of this Abbey. The earl dreamt that the ghost of his grandfather appeared to him, and bade him go to Cholpesdale, near Leek, and found an abbey of white monks, near to a chapel there, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; "for by it," said the ghost, "there shall be joy to thee and many others who shall be saved thereby; of this it shall be a sign when the Pope doth interdict England. But do thou, in the meantime, go to the monks of Poulton, and be a partaker of the sacrament of the Lord's supper; and, in the seventh year of that interdict, thou shalt translate those monks to the place I have appointed." Ranulph having had this vision, related it to his wife, who, hearing it, said, in French, "Dieulacres! God increase!" whereupon the earl, pleased with the expression, said it should be the name of the abbey, which he speedily founded, and furnished with monks of the Cistercian order from Poulton.

About 50 years ago the ruins of the abbey, which had been so completely buried in the earth that cattle grazed over them, were dug up, and most of the materials used in erecting barns and stables for the use of the ancient farmhouse which stands near the spot; the exterior walls of the farm-buildings were decorated with many fragments of arches and capitals, and in one of them is a stone coffin, with a crosier and sword carved upon it.

After the Dissolution of the monasteries in England by Henry VIII, the site of this Abbey, with the manor, rectory, and advowson of the



vicarage of Leek and the annexed chapels of Horton, Chedleton, and Ipstones, and all the tithes of those places, and all other property "to the said monastery of Delacres formerly belonging," were granted by letters patent, in the second year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, to Sir Ralph Bagenall, Knight, in fee, in consideration of his true, faithful, and acceptable services theretofore done "to us" in Ireland. Most of that property descended from him to Sir Nicholas Bagenall, and from him to his son, Sir Henry Bagenall, who, with Dame Eleanor his wife, by indenture dated 31st March, 1597, conveyed it to Thomas Rudyerde, of Rudyerde, Esq., under whom it has been derived or come to the present proprietors.

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### Shrewsbury Castle.

The ancient town of Shrewsbury was probably founded by the Britons of the kingdom of Powis, and it is supposed to have been established by them as a stronghold when they found Wroxeter (the *Uriconium* of the Romans) no longer tenable; the Welsh name was Pengwern. According to Domesday Book, the town had, in Edward the Confessor's time, 250 houses, with a resident burgess in each house; also it had five churches. It was included in the earldom of Shrewsbury, granted by William the Conqueror to his kinsman, Roger de Montgomery, who erected a Castle, to clear or enlarge the site of which fifty-one houses were demolished; fifty others lay waste at the time of the Domesday Survey, and forty-three were held by the Normans. The Castle was built at the entrance to the peninsula on which the town stands. There had been a Castle here previously, which was besieged A.D. 1068, by the Anglo-Saxon insurgents, and the Welsh, who burnt the town.\* The Castle and town were surrendered to Henry I. by Robert de Belesme, the third Earl, who had risen in arms in favour of Robert, Duke of Normandy, Henry's brother. After being held for several years by the Crown, the Earldom was granted by Henry, in 1126, to his second wife. Her castellan and sheriff,

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\* In 1098, Magnus III. of Norway, in ravaging Anglesey, was encountered by Hugh Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, and Hugh de Albrineis, Earl of Chester, who had recaptured the island. The death of the former affords an instance of clever marksmanship. "King Magnus shot with the bow; but Hugo the Brave was all over in armour, so that nothing was bare about him excepting one eye. King Magnus let fly an arrow at him, as also did a man who was beside the King. They both struck him at once; the one shaft hit the nose-screen of the helmet, which was bent by it on one side, and the other hit the Earl's eye, and went through his head; and that was found to be the King's."

Fitz-Alan, held the Castle for the Empress Maud against Stephen, who took it by assault in 1138, and treated the defenders with great severity. It was retaken by Henry, son of Maud, afterwards Henry II., towards the close of Stephen's reign; and the custody of the Castle was restored to Fitz-Alan. The Seal of the Corporation, engraved in 1425, exhibits a curious representation of the town. Its contests with the Welsh, and the insurgent Barons under Simon de Montfort, and its Parliaments, we have not space to detail. In 1283, a Parliament was assembled here for the trial of David, the last Prince of Wales, who was executed as a traitor.

In the early part of the reign of Henry IV. that King assembled an army here to march against Owen Glendower; and the year after, 1403, fought the famous battle of Shrewsbury against the turbulent Percies and their allies. The insurgents, under the younger Percy (Hotspur), were marching from Stafford towards Shrewsbury, which they hoped to occupy, as its command of the passage over the Severn would enable them to communicate with their ally, Glendower; but the King, who came from Lichfield, reached Shrewsbury a few hours before them. Henry set fire to the suburb adjacent to the Castle, and marched out to offer battle; but Hotspur, whose forces were weary with their march, drew off, and the battle was fought next day at Hateley Fidd, about three miles from the town. Hotspur had about 14,000 men, a considerable part of them Cheshire men, who were famous for their skill as archers. Henry's force was nearly twice as great. The engagement was very fierce, but the death of Hotspur decided the battle. The insurgents were defeated with great slaughter: the Earls of Douglas and Worcester, and Sir Richard Venables were taken; the first was released, and the last two, with some others, were beheaded without trial.

In the Wars of the Roses, Shrewsbury supported the Yorkists, and Edward IV. showed much favour to the townsmen. His second son, Richard, the younger of the two Princes murdered in the tower, was born here. The Earl of Richmond on his march, previous to the battle of Bosworth, was received into Shrewsbury with some reluctance by the magistrates, but with acclamations by the townsmen.

In the Civil Wars of Charles I. the King came to Shrewsbury, where he received liberal contributions of money and plate from the neighbouring gentry, and largely recruited his forces. The town was surprised and taken by the Parliamentarians in February 1644. There are some remains of the Castle, especially of the keep, which has been modernized; also of the walls of the inner court, the great arch of the inner gate, a lofty mound on the bank of the river; and a fort called Roushill, built by Cromwell.

Shrewsbury has been for ages famed for its pageants and festal displays. The Shrewsbury Show originated in the splendid festival of Corpus Christi, in the Church of Rome: the procession, so far back as the reign of Henry VI., was supported by several of the Guilds. After the Reformation, the religious part of the ceremony was set aside, and as a substitute, the second Monday after Trinity Sunday adopted as a day of recreation and feasting, on Kingsland, where each Company had a small inclosure, within which was a building called "an arbour," surrounded by trees, and where refreshment was liberally provided by the respective trades. The Show is continued, but the Mayor and Corporation no longer take part, and the cost is defrayed by the junior members of the various trades.

Shrewsbury was formerly famous for its painted glass works, and for its making of excellent brawn. Nor ought to be forgotten the "Shrewsbury Cakes," which Shenstone has recorded among the products of his natal ground:

"And here each season do those cakes abide,  
Whose honoured names the inventive city own,  
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known."\*

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\* Another celebrated Cake is manufactured at Shrewsbury; this is the *Simnel*, made also at Coventry, Devizes, and Bury in Lancashire. At Bury, on Mothering, or Mid-lent Sunday, when young folks go to pay their dutiful respects to their parents, they go provided with this offering. At Shrewsbury it is made in the form of a pie, the crust being coloured with saffron, and very thick. At Devizes, it has no crust, is star-shaped, and is mixed with a mass of currants, spice, and candied lemon. The common Shropshire story about the meaning of the name Simnel is well known. A happy couple had a domestic dispute as to whether they should have for their day's dinner a boiled pudding or a baked pie. Words began to run high; but meanwhile the dinner lay not dressed, and the couple were getting hungry. So they came to a compromise by first boiling and then baking the dish that was prepared. To this grand effort of double cookery the name of Simnel was given, because the husband's name was Simon and the wife's was Nell. The real history of this famous composition is very different. The name is of very great antiquity, and in Latin is called *Siminellus*: and that from a Greek word signifying sifted or fine flour of wheat, mentioned among the finest kinds of bread by Galen, the physician, who was born in A.D. 131. Other languages have words very like it for fine flour: the German *semmel*, the Italian *semolino*. Originally, therefore, it was most likely not the heavy piece of pastry that it now is, but a lighter cake, considered as a treat by people who lived on coarser fare. The word *siminellus* is frequently met with in mediæval deeds. In the year 1044, when a King of Scotland was visiting at the English Court, an order was issued for 12 *siminels* for him and his suite every day. The monks of Battel Abbey in Sussex had by their rules bread of the most nutritious and digestible kind (qui vulgo *simenel* vocatur) commonly called *simenel*. This archæological confection is unsafe when eaten to excess; for an old gentleman of the year 1595, speaking no doubt from melancholy experience, gives this warning upon the subject, "Sudden bread which bee called Simnells, bee verie unwholesome!"

## Ludlow Castle and its Memories.

This celebrated Castle, about whose history there is a sort of chivalric and poetic romance, is placed at the north-west extremity of the town of Ludlow, in a country of surpassing beauty. The fortress was built by Roger de Montgomery shortly after the Conquest; but the son of this nobleman did not long enjoy it, as he died in the prime of life. The grandson, Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, forfeited it to Henry I., having joined the party of Robert, Duke of Normandy. Henry presented it to his favourite, Fulke Fitz Warine, or de Dinan, whose name the Castle for some time bore. To him succeeded Joccas, between whom and Hugh de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, dissensions arose; and the latter was confined in one of the towers, still called Mortimer's Tower. Edward IV. repaired the Castle, as the palace of the Princes of Wales, and the appointed place for meeting his deputies, the Lords Presidents, who held in it the Court of the Marches, for transacting the business of the Principality. At his death, in 1483, his eldest son was twelve years old, keeping a mimic Court at Ludlow Castle, with a council. Ordinances for the regulation of the Prince's daily conduct were drawn up by his father shortly before his death, which prescribe his morning attendance at mass, his occupation "at school," his meals, and his sports. No man is to sit at his board but such as Earl Rivers shall allow: and at this hour of meat it is ordered "that there be read before him noble stories, as behoveth a prince to understand; and that the communication at all times, in his presence, be of virtue, honour, cunning (knowledge), wisdom, and deeds of worship, and nothing that shall move him to vice."—(*MS. in British Museum.*) The Bishop of Worcester, John Alcock, the President of the Council, was the Prince's preceptor. Here he was first proclaimed King by the title of Edward V., but after a mere nominal possession of less than three months, he and his brother, Richard Duke of York, both disappeared, and nothing is known as to their fate; but the prophetic words of the dying Edward IV. were fulfilled: "If you among yourselves in a child's reign fall at debate, many a good man shall perish, and haply he too, and ye too, ere this land shall find peace again."

Sir Henry Sidney, as Lord President of the Marches, resided at Ludlow Castle, then the principal stronghold between England and Wales. An extract from a letter in the ninth year of Elizabeth (1566), written to his son, Sir Philip Sidney, then a boy twelve years of age, at school at Shrewsbury, who was evidently in the habit of writing to his

father at Ludlow, serves as an example to parents generally how to encourage and advise their children when away from their custody or care:

“ I have received two letters from you, one written in Latine, the other in French, which I take in good part, and will (wish) you to exercise that practice of learning often ; for that will stand you in most stead in that profession of life you are born to live in. And since this is my first letter I ever did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advice, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age.

“ Let your first action be the lifting of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. . . . Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what that obedience is, you will never be able to teach others how to obey you. . . . Well (my little Philippe), this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you.

“ Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God,

“ H. SIDNEY.”

This charming letter was probably, though undated, written from Ludlow Castle. Sir Henry died here in 1586. The Queen being certified thereof, ordered Garter King-of-Arms to prepare all things appertaining to his office for his funeral. Accordingly, Garter and the other heralds coming to Worcester, ordered the corpse, robed with velvet, to be brought from Ludlow, which was solemnly conveyed into the cathedral church at Worcester, and there placed ; and after a sermon preached by one of Sir Henry's chaplains, the corpse was conveyed into a chariot covered with velvet, hung with escutcheons of his arms, &c. : and being accompanied with “ Mr. Garter,” and the other heralds, with the principal domestics of the deceased, and officers of the court of Ludlow, they proceeded on their journey to London ; and from thence to Peshurst, where, on Tuesday, 21 June, 1586, he was interred in the chancel of the church of that place, attended from his house by a noble train of lords, knights, gentlemen and ladies, something like six weeks after his death ; giving us a slight idea of the length of time consumed in those days in journeying from Ludlow to the metropolis, albeit this was a solemn and grand occasion.

It was during the time of Sir Henry's presidency that many im-

portant additions were made to the Castle of Ludlow; and here he often resided in great pomp and splendour. The young Philip was, consequently, a frequent indweller of the Castle; and the woods and hills around must have been the scene of many a hunting or hawking excursion, in which he, with his noble brothers and sisters, shared. Mr. Thomas Wright, in his *Ludlow Sketches*, says: "Sir Philip Sidney, the *preux chevalier* of his age, the poet, and lover of letters and men of letters, was no doubt a frequent resident in Ludlow Castle, and probably there collected at times around him the Spensers and the Raleighs, and the other literary stars of the day."

The stone bridge which supplies the place of a drawbridge at the Castle, is apparently of Sir Henry Sidney's time, and the great portal is of the same date. Over the archway is a small stone tablet, with a Latin inscription alluding to the ingratitude of man, which seems very curious, and must refer to some great disappointment Sir Henry met with at this time. The mere fact that much of the work he did in the Castle, at great expense to himself, and which the government ought to have paid for, but did not, has been surmised the cause of this complaint on the wall over the archway.

The next memorable circumstance in the history of Ludlow Castle is the first representation of Milton's masque of *Comus*, in 1634, when the Earl of Bridgewater was Lord President. A scene in the Masque represented the Castle and town of Ludlow. Mr. Dillon Croker, in a paper read to the British Archæological Association, in 1867, has thus ably illustrated this exquisite effusion of Milton's genius:—

"There are passages or phrases in this Masque," says Mr. Croker, "in which we may trace a similarity to the writings of Chaucer, Spenser (in his *Fairy Queen*), Shakspeare (notably in the *Tempest*), and other authors; the plot is also well known to be a striking resemblance to a scarce old play by George Peele, called *The Old Wirre's Tale*, printed at London, 1595, in which, among other parallel incidents, are exhibited two brothers wandering in quest of their sister, whom an enchanter had imprisoned. This magician had learned his art from his mother Merse, as Comus had been instructed by his mother Circe. The brothers call out on the lady's name, and echo replies. The enchanter had given her a potion, which suspends the power of reason and superinduces oblivion of herself. The brothers afterwards meet with an old man who is also skilled in magic, and by listening to his soothsayings they recover their lost sister. From this there is much reason to believe that this old drama may have furnished Milton with the idea and plan of *Comus*, the resemblance traced by Warton being even stronger than has been

asserted. Again, from Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, and from Browne's *Inner Temple Masque*, it is asserted that Milton may have taken some hints; as well as from the old English Apuleius, and it has been conjectured also that he framed *Comus* very much upon the episode of Circe in Homer's *Odyssey*, whilst another ingenious annotator contends that it is rather taken from the *Comus* of Erycius Puteanus, a tract published at Oxford, in 1634, the very year Milton's *Comus* was written.

"Sir Egerton Brydges, in his life of Milton, observes that 'Comus is the invention of a beautiful fable, enriched with shadowy beings and visionary delights; every line and word is pure poetry, and the sentiments are as exquisite as the images. It is a composition which no pen but Milton's could have produced; though Shakspeare could have written many parts of it, yet with less regularity, and of course less philosophical thought and learning, less profundity and solemnity, but, perhaps, with more buoyancy and transparent flow.' The obligation of Pope to Milton has been examined, and Warton calls him the first writer of eminence who copied *Comus*. Having alluded to the various sources from which Milton (then in his twenty-sixth year) is said to have obtained his plot, or at least some valuable suggestions, there yet remains the story for which Oldys is the earliest known authority, that Lord Brackley, then aged twelve (who performed the part of the elder brother, and was the eldest surviving son of the Earl of Bridgewater), accompanied by the Hon. Thomas Egerton (who enacted the Second Brother), with their sister, the Lady Alice (who could not have been at that time more than thirteen, and who acted the Lady), were on their way to Ludlow from the house of some relatives in Herefordshire, when they rested on their journey, and were benighted in Haywood Forest, and this incident (the Lady Alice having been even lost for a short time) furnished, it is thought, the subject of *Comus* as the Michaelmas festivity, which was acted in the great hall of the Castle, the occasion being the installation of the Earl as president over the March of Wales, to which office he was nominated in 1631, but did not proceed to his official duties until some two years later. The early edition, a small quarto of thirty-five pages, was simply entitled "A Masque, presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, on Michaelmasse night, before the Right Honorable John, Earl of Bridgewater, Viscount Brackley, Lord President of Wales. London, 1637." The names of the principal actors appear at the end of this edition. The songs were set to music by Mr. Henry Lawes, gentleman of the King's Chapel, and one of His Majesty's private musicians, who taught music in Lord Bridgewater's family. The Lady Alice, who excelled in singing, was a pupil of Lawes; she

was allotted the song of "Echo." Lawes performed the part of the attendant Spirit, and undertook the general management of the Masque. It is not known who were the original representatives of the parts of *Comus* and *Sabrina*."

Entertainments of this kind having been discouraged, *Comus* was the delight of comparatively few until 1758, when it was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, with new music by Dr. Arne. It was subsequently repeatedly presented on the stage, and was revived at Drury Lane so recently as 1864. It is worthy of note, that in 1750 it was acted and published for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter, who kept a chandler's shop at Holloway; an occasional prologue was written for this occasion by Dr. Johnson, and spoken by Garrick.

It has been surmised that Milton produced *Comus* under his father's roof at Horton, near Colnbrook, in Buckinghamshire, where the poet went to reside after leaving Cambridge: here his father had retired from practice with a competent fortune, holding his home under the Earls of Bridgewater, which may possibly have been young Milton's introduction to that noble family. Buckinghamshire, rather than Shropshire, may therefore have been his residence when he wrote *Comus*; and there is evidence to prove that he was even present at Ludlow Castle during the representation of the work.

In Ludlow Castle also Butler wrote part of *Hudibras*. During the Civil War the fortress was garrisoned for the King, but was delivered up to the Parliament in 1646. Lord Carbery's account of the expenses incurred in making the Castle habitable after the Civil War, has some entries which are valuable, as specifying the period of Butler's services as Steward of Ludlow Castle, and the nature of the services performed by the great wit. Thus we find payments made by Butler "to sundry Braziers, Pewterers, and Coopers," for "supplies of furniture;" "bottles, corks, and glasses;" "saddles and furniture for the caterer and slaughterman," &c.

The exterior of the Castle denotes in some degree its former magnificence. It rises from the point of a headland, and the foundations are ingrafted into a bare grey rock. The north front consists of square towers, with high connected walls, embattled; the old fosse and part of the rock were planted with trees in 1772. The principal entrance is by a gateway, under a low pointed arch; the enclosure is of several acres. The body of the Castle on the north-west is guarded by a deep and wide fosse. The arms of Queen Elizabeth, with those of the Earl of Pembroke, who succeeded Sir Henry Sidney in the presidency, are seen on the walls. The Keep is a vast Early Norman square tower,



110 feet high, and ivy-mantled to the top. The ground-floor contains the dungeon or prison, half underground, with three square openings communicating with the chamber above; these openings, besides being used for letting down the prisoners, are supposed to have been intended for supplies of ammunition, implements, and provisions during a siege. The Great Hall, where *Comus* was first played, is roofless and has no floor. A tower at the west end is still called Prince Arthur's Tower; and there are the remains of the old chapel. The Castle has altogether a grand and imposing aspect; and in some points of view the towers are richly clustered, with the keep in the centre. The Earl of Powis, who, previous to the accession of George I. held the Castle on a long lease, acquired the reversion in fee by purchase from the Crown in 1811.

The prospect, we have said, is charming. The old town of Ludlow—in itself an object of considerable interest—stands upon a knoll, and to the westward, on the heights of a steep line of rocks, rise the grey towers of Ludlow Castle, which at one time must have been impregnable. From this point the view is perhaps unsurpassed in all England. Eastward is Titterstone Clee Hill; on the north is Corve Dale, and a series of hills which stretch as far as the eye can see, the beautiful valley of the Teme lying immediately before you, with the Stretton Hills as a background; to the west is a line of hill and forest; while, looking back, the Teme, prettiest and tiniest (in some parts) of rivers, disappears in a narrow ravine, “formed” (says a contemporary writer) “by some convulsion of the ancient world, which cut off the knoll on which now stand the castle and town, and gave it its picturesque character.” So beautiful, indeed, is the surrounding country, that Ludlow has been called by an enthusiastic admirer—probably a Salopian—the queen of our inland watering-places.

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### The Priory of Austin Friars at Ludlow.

How the remains of the Priory of Austin Friars at Ludlow were discovered about seven years since, is thus pleasantly narrated by Mr. Beriah Botfield, F.S.A., in the *Archæologia* :—

“Tradition, the handmaid of history, has happily furnished some account of the last state of this ancient foundation. A lady, now advanced in years, but still resident at Ludlow, was amused by the interest created by digging out the old foundations, while, as she said, no one took such notice of the buildings when they were above ground. When she was quite young, and used to go to school from Letwyche, an extensive range of stone buildings, which looked like a large house, stood a little

below the road in an open space full of stones and ruins. Dividing this space from the road was a massive wall with an archway in it, and gates, through which, and between some of the ruins, there was a kind of road down to the 'ruined building.' The little stream called Whitehall Brook, rising probably from St. Julian's Well, on Gravel Hill, flowed through the fish-ponds below the Priory inclosure into the river Teme. Its course having lately been altered, it has now ceased to run as formerly. The old lady described a road leading from nearly opposite the entrance archway of the Priory to join the Cleobury Mortimer-road, near where the Gravel Hill turnpike-gate now stands. The existence of a road in that direction explains the ancient road which was cut across by the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railway at that spot, and set down, in spite of all reasons to the contrary, as a Roman road, at the time it was discovered, nearly seven years ago. The building itself was used as a kennel for Captain Waring's hounds; and the old lady perfectly remembers how he and a gay party of gentlemen and ladies, all dressed in scarlet, rode out of the archway on days when the meet was fixed at Ludlow. But, she added, at night was quite another scene. The old Priory seemed then to be reoccupied by its former inhabitants—singing and other noises were heard, as though many people lived there; and on fine nights the Prior and his brethren, all habited in white, might be seen walking along the road, still called the Friars-lane, in a stately manner, to the intense alarm of any young folks who might happen to be rambling that way too late in the evening. I tell this tale as it was told to me; but I am happy to add that the kennel was not on the site of the Priory, but in a barn immediately adjoining Old Gates Fee. The harriers, which were the hounds Captain Waring kept, were hunted by a man of the name of Maiden, who lived in that part of the old building which was still habitable. A great part of it had the roof off, and only holes where the windows were. All the remains of the old buildings were taken down by Mr. Gilley Pritchett, who laid down the land as a meadow, the turf of which soon covered the foundation of the walls. This happy accident enabled Mr. Curley, the engineer employed in levelling the ground for the new Cattle market, to trace, with remarkable accuracy, the ground-plan of the Priory and conventual buildings. In their general arrangement they correspond with other houses under the same rule."

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## HEREFORD AND WORCESTERSHIRE.

## The Castle of Wigmore, and its Lords.

OF this famous fortress, a place of great historic renown, there remains a massive ruin, situated on a rocky eminence, to the west of the town of Wigmore, on the north side of the county of Hereford. The Castle was surrounded by a moat, the remains of which are now visible, and over which was a drawbridge. The fortress was built by Ethelfleda, or Elfreda, the eldest daughter of King Alfred. At the time of the Norman Conquest, Edric, Earl of Shrewsbury, and several other nobles, made formal submission to the Conqueror, but afterwards rebelled. They were all slain, or taken prisoners, in an engagement with the King, except Edric, who fled to his castle at Wigmore, where he sustained a long siege against the forces under the command of Ranulf Mortimer and Roger de Montgomery. Edric was at length compelled to surrender, and sent prisoner to the King; and Mortimer was rewarded with the gift of Wigmore Castle and its appendages.

Through a succession of ages the Mortimer family possessed this fortress, together with vast estates, and became great and powerful; and by their ambition and intrigues, several English monarchs were made tremble on the throne. Roger, the sixth Lord of Wigmore, took an active part in favour of Henry III. against his rebellious barons. After the fatal battle of Lewes, seeing his sovereign in great distress, and nothing but ruin and misery attending himself and other loyal subjects of the King, he took no rest till he had contrived some way for their deliverance: to that end he sent a swift horse to the Prince, then prisoner with the King in the Castle at Hereford, with suggestion that he should obtain leave to ride out for recreation to a place called Widmarsh; and that upon sight of a person mounted upon a white horse upon the foot of Tulington Hill, and waving his bonnet, he should hasten towards him with all possible speed; which being accordingly done (though all the country thereabout were hither called to prevent his escape), setting spurs to the horse they escaped through them all, and arriving at the Park at Tulington, Roger met him with 500 armed men and chased them back to the gate at Hereford, making great slaughter amongst them. Having thus brought off the Prince with safety to his Castle at Wigmore, he was the chief person in raising a powerful army,

consisting chiefly of the Welsh, by which, upon August 4, 1265, he obtained a glorious victory over the insolent Montfort and his party near Evesham, in Worcestershire, when the King himself was happily set at liberty.

By others this story is related with a difference, viz.,—that Roger sent the Prince a swift horse for the purpose before mentioned, and that the Prince obtaining leave of Montfort to try if the horse were of use for the great saddle, first tired out other horses and then got on this (a boy with two swords, whom Roger had sent, being near with another horse); and so turning himself to Roger de Ros, then his keeper, and other bystanders, said, “I have been in your custody for a time, but now I bid you farewell,” rode away; and Roger, with his banner displayed, received him at a little hill called Dunmore, and so conveyed him safe to his Castle at Wigmore. He was rewarded for his faithful services with considerable grants from the Crown.

In the seventh year when all was quiet, Roger having procured knight-hood for his three sons, he at his own cost held a Tournament at Kenilworth, where he sumptuously entertained one hundred knights and as many ladies for three days—“the like thereof was never before in England.” There, it is said, originated the Round Table (so called because the place wherein they practised these feats was encircled with a wall); and upon the fourth day the Golden Lion in sign of triumph being yielded to him, he carried it with all the company to Warwick. His fame being spread into foreign countries, the Queen of Navarre sent him certain wooden bottles bound with golden bars and wax, under the pretence of wine, but which were filled with gold, and for many ages after were kept in the Abbey of Wigmore. For the love of the Queen he added a Carbuncle to his Arms.

Roger de Mortimer was created Earl of March in the reign of Edward II. He conducted the Queen and the young King, Edward III., to the Marches of Wales, where he welcomed them with magnificent festivities, accompanied with tournaments and other princely recreations at his Castles of Wigmore and Ludlow; “so likewise in his forests and his parks, and also with great costs, in tilts and other pastimes; which, as it was said, the King did not duly recompense.” Roger hereupon grew proud beyond measure. His own son, Geoffrey, called him “the King of Folly;” he also kept the Round Table of Knights, in Wales, “for a pride in imitation of King Arthur.” Roger de Mortimer was now blinded by ambition, and set no bounds to his ostentation; he scarcely took pains to conceal his intimacy with the Queen; he usurped all the offices of Government, and offended

many nobles by his haughty and defiant conduct. He was at last seized in Nottingham Castle, as already described in our account of that fortress.

Edward de Mortimer, Roger's eldest son, survived his father a few years, and left a son named Roger, who in 1354 obtained a reversal of the attainder of his grandfather; and it was declared in full parliament that the charges on which Roger had been condemned were false and his sentence unjust. He died in Burgundy in 1360 in command of the English forces in that country, and left a son, Edmund, then in his minority, who early in the reign of Richard II. was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He married the Lady Philippa Plantagenet, daughter and heir of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, by which union he gave to his descendants their title to the English Crown, the cause of so much bloodshed in the following century.

In the Parliament held in the ninth year of the reign of Richard II., 1385, his eldest son, Robert de Mortimer, fourth Earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the Crown, from his descent from Lionel, Duke of Clarence. His eldest daughter, Anne, was married to Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Cambridge, younger son of Edmund, Duke of York, and therefore the great-grandson of Edward III.

Edmund, son and heir, fifth and last Earl of March, was born at the New Forest, and being only six years old at his father's death, was committed in ward to Henry, Prince of Wales, son of Henry IV. Out of his custody he was shortly afterwards stolen away by the Lady Despencer, but being found in Chiltham Woods, he was kept afterwards under stricter guard, since he was rightful heir to the Crown of England. After having distinguished himself in the French wars, he died childless in 1424, and the male line of this branch of the Mortimer family became extinct.

The baronies of Mortimer and the other dignities and estates were inherited by his nephew, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who was put to death after the battle of Wakefield. Edward IV., when Duke of York, resided at Wigmore Castle. During the Civil Wars it was attacked and burnt by the rebels, and has remained in ruins ever since.

Gough, in his additions to Camden, has this touching reflection on Wigmore and its Lords: "It is impossible to contemplate the massive ruin of Wigmore Castle, situate on a hill in an amphitheatre of mountains, whence its owner could survey his vast estate from his square palace, with four corner towers on a keep, at the south-east corner of his double-trenched outworks, without reflecting on the instability of

the grandeur of a family whose ambition and intrigue made more than one English monarch uneasy on his throne—yet not a memorial remains of their sepulture.”

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### Worcester Castle, and its Sieges.

Lambarde, the antiquary, remarks that he never met with a place that had so great experience in the calamities of the intestine broils of the kingdom, and other casual disasters, as the city of Worcester. An early town was taken by Penda, King of Mercia; was destroyed by the Danes, and rebuilt about A.D. 894. In 1041 it was plundered and burnt to the ground by King Hardicanute. In 1088 it was unsuccessfully besieged by Bernard Neumarck; and about this year was built the Castle, by Urso d'Abitot. In 1113 the city, not excepting the Castle and the Cathedral, was consumed by fire, caused, as suspected, by the Welsh. In 1113 the city was again partially burnt. In 1139 the forces of the Empress Maud fired and plundered it. In 1149 King Stephen burnt the city, but the Castle, which had been strongly fortified, resisted his attempts; the remains of one of the forts then reared, may be seen on Red Hill, near Digley; another stood on Henwick's Hill. Eustace, Stephen's son, afterwards vigorously besieged the Castle, but was repulsed by the Count de Meulant; in revenge he fired the town. In 1151 Stephen made another assault on the Castle, but was obliged to raise the siege: the King "built castles" before it, and filled them with garrisons, but they were overthrown by Robert Earl of Leicester. In 1157 Worcester was fortified against Henry II. by Hugh Mortimer, but afterwards submitted. In 1189 the city again suffered severely from fire. In 1216 Worcester declared for Lewis the Dauphin, but was taken by Ranulph, Earl of Chester. In 1263 the city was besieged and taken by the Barons; and in the following year Henry III. was conducted here, prisoner, after the Battle of Lewes. In 1265 Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., taken prisoner at the Battle of Lewes, escaped to Worcester, where he assembled an army: he then defeated young De Montfort, at Kenilworth, and next on the heights above Worcester, defeated Simon de Montfort and his son, being both killed, and his army entirely routed. Worcester was visited several times by Edward I., who in 1282 held a Parliament here. In 1401 the city was burnt and plundered by Owen Glendower's troops. In 1485 Worcester was taken possession of by Henry VII., after the battle of Bosworth Field; 500 marks being paid as a ransom for the city. In 1534 it suffered by an earthquake; next year by the sweating

sickness; and in 1637 by a pestilence. In 1642 Worcester was besieged and taken by the Parliamentary forces. In 1651 Charles II., coming from Scotland, possessed himself of Worcester, and was there first proclaimed King in England. In the same year, Sept. 3, Cromwell defeated the Royalists at Red Hill, about a mile from the city, when 2000 were killed, and 8000 taken prisoners: most of the latter were sold as slaves to the American Colonies. Of this "crowning mercy" of Cromwell, a curious memorial exists at Worcester, in a half-timbered house at the north end of New-street, where, preceding the battle, King Charles II. resided; and whither, after the unfortunate issue, the King retreated with Lord Wilmot. He was closely pursued by Colonel Corbet, but effected his escape at the back door of the house just as his pursuer entered it. The person who inhabited the house at the time is said to have been Mr. R. Durant. The room in which the King slept was in the front of the house. Over the entrance the following inscription was placed:—"LOVE GOD. [W. B. 1577. R. D.] HONOR THE KING." The date over the door most probably marks the year of the erection, at which time it is said to have belonged to William Berkeley. Judge Berkeley was born in it, July 26, 1584. R. Durant was most probably the person who put up at least part of the inscription, "Honour the King," in allusion to the entertainment and protection he himself had afforded to his Sovereign. The King having escaped the dangers of the field, was conducted to Boscobel, and soon after escaped to France. In 1687, James II. visited Worcester, when the Mayor attended his Majesty to a Roman Catholic chapel; and, upon being asked by the King if the Corporation would not enter with him, the Mayor nobly replied, "I fear, your Majesty, we have gone too far already."

The site of the Castle which, from time to time, sustained so many sieges, and so frequently changed governors, is on the south side of the Cathedral: there are no architectural remains whatever; the last was Edgar Tower. A small part of an old ecclesiastical house, the Nunnery of Whitstane, now called "The White-ladies," still remains; and here were long preserved the bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept, the cup she drank out of, &c. at her visit in 1585. Friar-street takes its name from a house of Franciscans which formerly existed here; the Dominicans, Penitents, Black Friars, and Friars of the Holy Trinity, had likewise their establishments here.

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## Boscobel, and Charles II.

Boscobel is celebrated in English history as having been the first place of refuge in which King Charles II. took shelter after his defeat at the Battle of Worcester, as described in the preceding page. It is situated near the little town of Madeley, on the confines of Worcestershire and Shropshire, and was, at the time referred to, the residence of William Penderell, a forester or servant in husbandry to Mr. Giffard, the owner of the surrounding domain. To the fidelity of this man, his wife, his mother, and his four brothers, Richard, Humphrey, John, and George Penderell, was the fugitive king indebted for some days of concealment and safety, when even the noble and gentle who parted from him chose to remain in voluntary ignorance of the exact place of his retreat; "as they knew not what they might be forced to confess." The King fled from Worcester field, attended by Lords Derby and Wilmot and others, and arrived early next morning at White-ladies, about three quarters of a mile from Boscobel House. At this place Charles secreted himself in a wood, and in a tree (from the King's own account, a pollard oak), since termed "the Royal Oak;" at night Boscobel was his place of refuge; and that part of the house which rendered him such service is still shown. The account states that the King remained among the branches of the oak concealed, while his pursuers actually passed round and under it. But it must be remembered that the day of his flight was September 4, when the tree could scarcely have been in sufficient leaf to conceal him. The custom of wearing oak on the 29th of May was on account of his preservation in the oak; this was the King's birthday, and the day on which Charles entered London, so that the Royalists displayed the branch of oak, from the tree having been instrumental in the king's restoration. The oak at Boscobel was, after the Restoration, speedily destroyed by the zeal of the Royalists to possess relics of their sovereign's hiding-place: but another, raised from one of its acorns, is still flourishing. Charles is related to have planted in Hyde Park, as memorials of the Restoration, two acorns from the Boscobel oak, on the north side of the Serpentine; one tree only now remains.

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\* When Charles was on his flight, in disguise, from Brighthelmstone to Dieppe (says Baker, in his *Chronicle*), "the king, sitting on the deck, and directing the course, or as they call it, coursing the ship, one of the mariners, blowing tobacco in his face, the master bid him go further off the gentleman, who, murmuring, unwittingly replied, that *a cat might look upon a king.*"



"Few palaces," says a sympathizing writer, "awake more pleasing recollections of human nature in our minds than does this lowly cottage. The inhabitants were of the poorest among the poor, the humblest among the humble; death on the one hand was the certain punishment which attended their fidelity, if discovered; while on the other hand, riches, beyond anything they could have contemplated, courted their acceptance, and might have been secured by one single treacherous word; yet did this virtuous band of brothers retain their fidelity untempted and their loyalty unshaken." Boscobel is, however, a half-timbered house of two storeys.

In the year 1869, at Bridgnorth, which is only a few miles from Boscobel, a gentleman came into the possession of an interesting memorial of the history of the latter place—namely, a life-size portrait of an old lady, which, after having been sold at an auction for a few pence, was used as a fire-screen. The cleaning of the picture discovered the inscription—"Dame Penderel, Anno Dom. 1662." From the proximity of Bridgnorth and Boscobel, there can be no reasonable doubt the picture is an authentic portrait of the woman who, with her five faithful and loyal sons, aided the fugitive Charles II., and found him a hiding-place from his pursuers in the branches of an oak. The picture represents her in the ordinary costume of the period, and holding to her heart a red rose.

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### The Abbey of Evesham.

Evesham, fifteen miles south-east from Worcester, was formerly called "Eovesham," or "Eovesholme," an appellation derived from Eoves, a swineherd of Egwin, Bishop of Wiccii, who was superstitiously supposed to have had an interview with the Virgin Mary on this spot. It owes its importance to an Abbey that was founded here in 709, and dedicated to the Virgin. William of Malmesbury tells us that this spot, then called Hethome, though then barren and overgrown with brambles, had a small ancient church, probably the work of the Britons. Egwin procured for the convent several royal and apostolical privileges, with a grant of land, large donations, and twenty-two towns for its support. It was filled with Benedictine monks. It was a stately monastery as well as a mitred Abbey. The Abbots were powerful; for in 1074 the conspiracy against William I. was frustrated; the Abbot of Evesham, Bishop Wulstan, and Urso d'Abito, guarding the passes of the Severn, stopped the Earl of Hereford, and thus obtained

the day. One of the Abbots, 13th century, was styled "the Phoenix of the age." In the British Museum is a charter giving manors to this Abbey by a Norman baron: the names of the witnesses are written by the same hand as the body of the charter, their signatures being crosses before their names. The Abbey surrendered in 1539: the last abbot but one was Clement Lichfield, who built the isolated tower now almost the only relic of this once celebrated edifice. The tower called the Abbot's Tower, is a beautiful specimen of the Pointed architecture of the period immediately preceding the Reformation. It was converted into a campanile in 1745; it is 110 feet high, and 22 feet square at the base. It contains eight fine deep-toned bells, one of which has this inscription:—

" I sound the sound that doleful is,  
 To them that live amiss;  
 But sweet my sound is unto such  
 As live in joy and bliss.  
 I sweetly tolling, men do call  
 To taste on food that feeds the soul."

In the memorable battle of Evesham, 11 August, 1265, between Prince Edward (afterwards Edward I.) and Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the latter placed King Henry III., whom he had made prisoner, in the van of his army, hoping that he might be killed by his son's troops, who were fighting for his release. However, the King was recognised nearly at the first onset by the Prince, who rushed through the thickest of the battle to the assistance of his father, and soon placed him in safety. Leicester's defeat was complete, and he himself, as well as his son, fell on the field of battle.

Among the several persons of rank buried in the Abbey church by the monks before the high altar were Simon Montfort, Henry Montfort, and Hugh le Despenser.

The monks of the Abbey were twice displaced, but recovered their possessions and kept their ground till the Dissolution. Their house had no less than three successive churches; and the third, with the cloisters and offices, was so demolished in the reign of Henry VIII. as to prevent any judgment being formed of their extent. Near St. Lawrence church an old arch, a fragment of the Abbey buildings, remained; it was the principal entrance; the mouldings have sitting figures of abbots or bishops decapitated. At Evesham the learned Saxonist, Mrs. Elstob, kept a small day-school, her weekly stipend with each scholar being at first only a groat!

The Church of All Saints, at Evesham, is said to have formed part of the Abbey. The Church of St. Lawrence is now in ruins; it is a

beautiful specimen of the ornamented Gothic. In the south aisle is the chapel of Clement Lichfield; it is only 18 feet by 16, but "of such elegance and delicacy of construction as a verbal description would but very imperfectly convey to the reader's imagination." In the parish of Bengworth was a Castle belonging to the Beauchamp family, but in 1156 it was razed to the foundation by the Abbot of Evesham.

The Corporation claim prescriptive rights and privileges, but they were all confirmed by charter in the third year of the reign of James I. They had the power of trying and executing for all capital offences except high treason; and so late as 1740 a woman was burnt here for petty treason.

There is in the British Museum an unique copy of a rare tract, printed by Machlinia about 1491 A.D. It is entitled *the curious Revelation to the Monk of Evesham in the days of King Richard the First, and the year of our Lord 1196*, describing the Monk's visit to Purgatory and Paradise, under the guidance of St. Nicholas, showing how he saw an Archbishop of Canterbury, an abbess, and other people in Purgatory, what they all suffered, and what sins they suffered for, how sinners are punished, and well doers rewarded, and intended "for the comfort and profetyng of all cristyn pepulle," and supplying evidence as to the sins of English people and the condition of the country in the twelfth century. This curious tract is one of Mr. Arber's series of English Reprints, for which all students of History are bound to be grateful. "We have in the above Book, a Story as distinct from a Revelation. The Story is laid in the monastic circle at Evesham Abbey. The Revelation tells us of a Journey: it is the pilgrimage of the Soul from Death through Purgatory and Paradise to Heaven. It is such a Book as John Bunyan might have written, had he lived five centuries earlier, and been, as probably he would have become, a Monk. Only that the Author intended no such pleasant allegory, setting forth the progress of Christian life; but the making manifest of those unfailing realities, of that inevitable doom that was coming upon all, except the inevitably lost." We quote this passage from Mr. Arber's admirable Introduction to this unique printed book and its contents; in which it is set down that "beneath an uncouth text there is a direct diction and power both of Mind and Soul; that there is much that is true, but simply distorted; with much that is ludicrous and purely false; and that in all, undeniably, the best of motives and aspirations." The masterly introduction extends through twelve closely printed pages.

## Hendlip Hall and the Gunpowder Plot.

At four miles from Worcester formerly stood a spacious mansion with this name, supposed to have been built late in Elizabeth's reign by John Abingdon, the Queen's cofferer, a zealous partisan of Mary Queen of Scots. It is believed that Thomas Abingdon, the son of the builder of the Hall, was the person who took the chief trouble in fitting it up. The result was that there was scarcely an apartment which had not secret ways of going in and out: some had staircases concealed in the walls, others had places of retreat in the walls, and the chimneys double flues, and some had trap-doors, descending into hidden recesses.

"All," in the words of one who examined the house, "presented a picture of gloom, insecurity, and suspicion." Standing moreover on elevated ground, the house afforded a means of keeping a watchful look-out for the approach of the emissaries of the law, or searching after evil-doers.

Houses provided with such places of concealment existed at this period in various parts of England, in times when religion and politics made it prudent for meddling persons to get out of the way. But Hendlip was contrived for no ordinary purpose; and in some of its secret places, of which there were eleven, were discovered several of the Gunpowder conspirators. Father Garnet, who suffered for his guilty knowledge of the plot, was concealed in Hendlip, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Abingdon, for several weeks in the winter of 1605-6. A hollow in the wall of Mrs. Abingdon's bedroom was covered up, and there was a narrow crevice into which a reed was laid, so that soup and wine could be passed by her into the recess, without the fact being noticed from any other room. Suspicion did not light upon Garnet's name at first, but the confession of Catesby's servant, Bates, at length made the Government aware of his guilt. He was by this time living at Hendlip along with a lady named Anne Vaux, who devoted herself to him through a purely religious feeling; and with him was another Jesuit, named Hall. These persons spent most of their hours in the apartments occupied by the family, only resorting to places of strict concealment when strangers visited the house. When Father Garnet came to be inquired after, the Government suspecting this to be his place of retreat, and the proclamation against the Jesuits being issued, sent Sir Henry Bromley, of Holt Castle, an active justice of the peace, with the most minute orders. "In the search," says the document, "first observe the parlour where they use to dine and sup; in the east part of

that parlour it is conceived there is some vault, which to discover you must take care to draw down the wainscot, whereby the entry into the vault may be discovered. The lower parts of the house must be tried with a broach, by putting the same into the ground some foot or two to try whether there may be perceived some timber, which if there be, there must be some vault underneath it. For the upper rooms you must observe whether they be more in breadth than the lower rooms, and look in which places the rooms be enlarged; by pulling out some boards you may discover some vaults. Also, if it appear that there be some corners to the chimneys, and the same boarded, if the boards be taken away, there will appear some. If the walls seem to be thick and covered with wainscot, being tried with a gimlet, if it strike not the wall but go through, some suspicion is to be had thereof. If there be any double loft, some two or three feet, one above another, in such places any may be harboured privately. Also, if there be a loft towards the roof of the house, in which there appears no entrance out of any other place or lodging, it must of necessity be opened and looked into, for these be ordinary places of hovering (hiding)." Sir Henry was to surround the Hall with his men; to set a guard at every door; to suffer no one to come in, no one to go out, until the priests were found. The servants were to be watched by day and night, to see that they carried no food into strange places. The dining-room was to be carefully examined, and the wainscot pulled down to see if any passage lay beyond. Even the chimney stacks were to be pierced and proved.

Sir Henry searched the house from garret to cellar without discovering anything suspicious but some books, such as scholarly men might have been supposed to use. Soldiers were placed on guard in every room except the bedroom of Mrs. Abingdon, who is thought to have written the letter to Lord Monteaigle, warning him of the plot. She feigned to be angry with the searchers, and shut herself up there day and night, eating and drinking there, by which means, through the secret tube, she fed the two Jesuit fathers, squatting in their hollow in the wall upon a pile of books. But the two other fugitives were hidden in a hurry in a cupboard, where no provision was made for their food. The soldiers being in the room, nobody could go to this cupboard, and the two men were kept without food for four days. At last they could endure it no longer; a panel of the wainscot slid open, and the famished persons stepped out into the hall, half dead with hunger, and proved to be servants. Mrs. Abingdon pretended not to know them; but that would not do. Sir Henry Bromley continued to occupy the house for several days, almost in despair of further discoveries, when the confes-

sion of a conspirator, condemned at Worcester, put him on the scent for Father Hall, as for certain lying at Hendlip. It was only after a search protracted for ten days in all, that he was gratified by the voluntary surrender of both Hall and Garnet. They came forth pressed for the need of air rather than food, for marmalade and other sweetmeats were found in their den, and they had warm and nutritive drinks passed to them by the reed through the chimney, as already described. They had suffered extremely by the smallness of their hiding-place; but Garnet expressed his belief that if they could have had relief from the blockade but for half a day, so as to allow of their sending away books and furniture by which the place was hampered, they might have baffled inquiry for a quarter of a year. They were conducted to Worcester, and thence to London.

In this house was preserved a small enamelled casket, given to Wolsey by the King of France, and afterwards in the possession of Anne Boleyn: it was the property of the Abingdons. The old Hall was pulled down many years ago; it has been handsomely rebuilt by Lord Southwell, a Catholic peer.



### Dudley Castle.

Dudley is an island of Worcestershire, being entirely surrounded by Staffordshire. Here, at the Conquest, one of William's Norman followers built a Castle, and obtained upwards of forty-four of the surrounding manors. The foundation is attributed to an earlier date. Camden tells us that Doddo, or Dodo, a Mercian duke, erected a Castle here about the year 700; and another fixes the foundation about 300 years later; but neither tradition is supported by authority. In Domesday it is stated Edwin, Earl of Mercia, held this lordship in Edward the Confessor's reign. He was allowed to retain his estates and dignities after the battle of Hastings; but being betrayed and slain, upon an unsuccessful rising against the Conqueror in 1071, his estates were distributed amongst the Norman followers of William; and Dudley was bestowed on William Fitz-Ansculf, of whom Domesday says, "the said William holds Dudley, and there is his Castle." He possessed 44 manors within eight miles of the Castle, and 47 elsewhere; yet Dugdale could never discover what became of him. Fulke Paganel possessed some of his lands, and with part of them founded a monastery near Newport. His son Ralph, who succeeded him, was a partisan of the Empress Maud, and held Dudley Castle for her; when in

1138, in July or August, Stephen marched to it, burnt and plundered the neighbourhood. Ralph left six sons, the eldest of whom, Gervase, founded a Priory at Dudley, in pursuance of his father's intention, about 1161. In the rebellion of Prince Henry against his father, Henry II., in 1175, he supported the young prince, for which offence his Castle was demolished, and all his lands and goods forfeited to the Crown; but next year the King received 500 marks, as a peace-offering for the transgression.

By marriage the estate came into the hands of the Somerys; but, in the time of Roger de Someri, on his refusal to appear, when summoned, to receive the honour of knighthood, the Castle and manor were seized by Henry III., he however afterwards obtained leave to castellate his manor-house at Dudley. One of his family, John de Someri, who was knighted in 34 Edward I., was a knight of great energy and consideration in those days, having been, between the years 1300 and 1312, seven times in the Scottish wars. He was, too, a turbulent neighbour; as it was reported of him that he did so domineer in Staffordshire, that no man could enjoy the benefit of law or reason, taking upon him more authority than a King: that it was no abiding for any man thereabouts unless they did bribe him in contributing largely towards the building of his Castle at Dudley. And that he did use to beset men's houses, in that country, threatening to murder them, except they gave him what he would demand.

"In proud state  
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
Doing his evil will, nor less elate  
Than mightier heroes of a longer date."—*Byron*.\*

In the time of Edward II. the Castle and manor came to the Suttons, one of whom was summoned to Parliament as Lord Dudley (on account of holding this Castle), in whose line it continued till John Lord Dudley parted with it to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, son of that Dudley who was employed with Empson in acts of oppression by King Henry VII. The Duke wished to be considered as a descendant of the Suttons; though there was a story current of his grandfather having been a carpenter born at Dudley. It was said this carpenter was employed in the Abbey of Lewes, in Sussex, and his son Edmund was educated by the Abbot, placed at one of the inns of court, and at length pitched on as a proper assistant in his law proceedings.

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\* Twamley's *History of Dudley Castle and Priory*. 1867. From this work, admirably executed, and remarkable for its precision and condensed details, the materials of this sketch are mainly derived.

John de Sutton and his wife were destined to enjoy these estates for a short time only. For Hugh le Despenser, son of the Earl of Winchester, and the rapacious and insolent minion of Edward II., casting a wistful eye upon their fair domain, accused John de Sutton of aiding the Earl of Lancaster in his late rebellion, threw him into prison, and threatened him with death. To extricate himself from the snares of this wily favourite, he passed away to him all his right and title to the Castle, manor, and township of Dudley, and other manors, lands, and tenements. When Despenser was taken prisoner, and summarily executed, or rather murdered by the rebellious Barons, the custody of Dudley Castle was committed to William de Birmingham, he having to answer for the profits thence arising unto the King's exchequer.

After the celebrated entertainment of Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth, in 1575, she visited Dudley Castle; and in the year 1585, when for some reason Elizabeth wished to remove Mary Queen of Scots from Tutbury, Sir Amyas Pawlet, in whose custody she was, inspected the Castle to ascertain if it would be a proper place for her to be sent to. Sir Amyas writes to Sir Francis Walsingham, "finding my Lord Dudley absent, I was forced to take my lodging in one of the poorest towns that I have seen in my life; and the next day took a full view of the Castle, with the assent of my said L., who being then at Warwick, sent the keys with all expedition." The plan was abandoned, and Mary was taken to Chartley, as had been previously intended. In this reign, in 1592, Oct. 12, the Lord Dudley, in the night-time, raised above 140 persons, all weaponed with bows and arrows, forest bills, or long staves, and went to Prestwood and Ashwood; and from the latter took 341 sheep of the executors of Sir John Lyttelton, and caused them to be driven towards Dudley. With the rest of the company, numbering about 110, he entered into Mr. Lyttelton's enclosed grounds of Prestwood, and thence with great violence chased 14 kyne, one bull, and eight fat oxen, took them to Dudley Castle, and there kept them within the walls. Mr. Lyttelton having sued replevyns, three or four days after, his lordship's servants threatening to cut the bailiffs to pieces, would not suffer them to make delivery of the cattle, according to their warrant. Afterwards Lord Dudley killed and ate part of the cattle, and some of them he sent towards Coventry, with 60 men, strongly armed with calyvers, or bows and arrows, some on horseback with chasing staves, and others on foot with forest bills,—there to be sold. After they had gone about eight miles, suddenly in the night time, he raised the inhabitants of Dudley, Sedgley, Kingsswingford, Rowley, &c., to the number of 600 or 700, and all weaponed, went after these



cattle, and fetched them back to Dudley Castle, where they wasted them all.

The declining fortunes of Edward, Lord Dudley, obliged his wife to sell her jewels, and his affairs at last became so involved, and he so clogged his estates with debts, that he married his grand-daughter and heir, Frances, to Humble Ward, the only son of William Ward, jeweller to the Queen of Charles I., descended from an ancient family of that name in Norfolk; by which means the estates came into the possession of the present noble family.

At the commencement of the Civil War, Colonel Leveson held this Castle for the King, who wrote to the Lord Dudley, and others, and upon his death, to Lady Dudley, desiring them to assist the Colonel in defending it; and the warrants issued show the oppression and extortion exercised upon the inhabitants of a country during a civil war. The Castle was quietly surrendered to the Parliament; and in 1646-7, the fortress was rendered untenable, and reduced to the defenceless state in which Dr. Plot found it forty years afterwards.

From the style of the Castle it is probable that all the most ancient parts were built by John de Someri early in the fourteenth century, except the vault underneath the chapel. They consist of the keep, the south gateway, and the chapel and adjoining rooms. These, with some low buildings for offices, kitchens, &c., on the opposite side of the inner baily, or court, the whole surrounded with a moat, completed the establishment. The Keep is oblong, having at each corner a semi-circular tower, with winding staircase, all of limestone, with facings of a reddish sandstone. In the base apartment of the Keep, instead of windows are loopholes, having a flight of steps ascending to the apertures, for the use of crossbow-men. The entrance to the Keep was through a low pointed gateway, in the middle of the curtain connecting the two towers on the north side. It was defended by a portcullis from above. The chapel stood over a vault, commonly but erroneously called the dungeon. The hall was 75 feet in length, lighted by two rows of square mullioned windows, one on each side. The kitchen had two fireplaces, each 9 feet wide, large enough to roast an ox whole. In the great hall was a table 17 yards long and nearly 1 broad, cut from an oak that grew in the new park. "Certainly," says Dr. Plot, "it must be a tree of prodigious height and magnitude, out of which a table, all in one plank, could be cut, 25 yards 3 inches long, and wanting but 2 inches of a yard in breadth for the whole length; from which they were forced (it being much too long for the hall at Dudley) to cut off 7 yards 9 inches,

which is the length of the table in the hall at Corbyns hall, hard by, the ancient seat of the Corbyns."

Dudley Castle continued habitable until the year 1750, when a fire occurred in it, July 24, and it burnt on the 25th and 26th. The people could not be persuaded to go near the fire to extinguish it, on account of gunpowder said to be in the place, and it burnt until reduced to the present state of desolation. Tradition ascribes the fire to a set of coiners, to whom the Castle served as a sort of retreat, or concealment.

In the year 1799, William, the third Viscount Dudley and Ward, employed a number of workmen in removing the vast heap of limestone which filled up the area of the old Keep, the work of the Parliamentary Commissioners, and exhibited the form in which it was originally built. At the same time he raised one of its mutilated towers to its present height and appearance.



### The Priory of Dudley.

About a quarter of a mile to the west of the Castle of Dudley (says Mr. Twamley, in his *History*), are the ruins of the Clugniac Priory, founded, as before described, by Gervase Paganel, in pursuance of the intention of his father, Ralph, to found a convent here. Accordingly, in the middle of the twelfth century, he gave in perpetual alms to God, and St. James, at Dudley, the land on which the church of St. James was built, and also the churches of St. Edmund and St. Thomas at Dudley, and the churches of Northfield, Segesle, and Iggepenne, and other property. He confirmed all gifts made to the said monks of St. James, by any of his feudatory tenants (vassals). He also granted that their cattle should feed in whatever pastures his own feed in, except in his parks; and pannage (fruit growing on forest trees, proper food for pigs), throughout his forests; also a tenth of his bread, venison, and fish, whilst he resided at Dudley and Herden. The Prior of Wenlock was likewise empowered to settle the monks in a convent at Dudley, when it could support one, which power was soon after exercised. This gift the prior, with his own hand, offered upon the altar of St. Milburga, at Wenlock, before the convent; and upon the altar of St. James, at Dudley, before the monks of that place. In 1540 this Priory, as parcel of Wenlock, was granted to Sir John Dudley, afterwards Duke of Northumberland. Upon his attainder and forfeiture, it was granted by Queen Mary to Sir Edward Sutton, Lord Dudley.

About thirty years after the date of the last grant, in the church of the Priory there were several monuments of the Somerys and Suttons,

and especially one, being cross-legged and a very old one of goodly workmanship; it was strange for the stature of the person buried, for the picture which was laid over him was eight feet long, and the person of the same stature, as was the stone coffin wherein the charnel was placed. Under the arch of the monument, the gold was fresh, and in it were portions of two blue lions, so that it was a Somery, and it is presumed the first founder of the Priory. Here were also portions of other monuments defaced. The subsequent owners of the property abandoned it still further to decay and ruin, and regardless of all respect for these venerable remains, permitted different manufactures to be carried on in the midst of them. Grose, in 1776, describes the chief remains to be those of the conventual church. South of the east window, richly ornamented, was a niche and canopy for an image. The arches all appear to have been pointed. East and west of the ruins were large pools of water, seemingly the remains of a moat which once encompassed the whole monastery. The pools were drained when the present house and offices were built. The ruins were cleared of rubbish, and ivy planted, which has grown so luxuriantly, that little of the buildings can be seen.

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### Bransil Castle Tradition.

About two miles from the Herefordshire Beacon, in a romantic situation, are the shattered remains of Bransil Castle, a stronghold of great antiquity. There is a tradition that the ghost of Lord Beauchamp, who died in Italy, could never rest until his bones were delivered to the right heir of Bransil Castle; accordingly, they were sent from Italy enclosed in a small box, and were long in the possession of Mr. Sheldon, of Abberton. The tradition further states, that the old Castle of Bransil was moated round, and in that moat a black crow, presumed to be an infernal spirit, sat to guard a chest of money, till discovered by the right owner. This chest could never be moved without the mover being in possession of the bones of Lord Beauchamp.

In the same neighbourhood, in 1650, one Thomas Tailer, a peasant, found a coronet of gold, set with diamonds, as he was digging a ditch round his cottage, near Burstner's Cross. It was sold to Mr. Hill, a goldsmith in Gloucester, for 37*l.* Hill sold it to a jeweller in Lombard-street, London, for 250*l.*, and the jeweller sold the stones, which were deeply inlaid, for 1500*l.* It is supposed to have been the diadem of a British prince, who had, perhaps, fallen in a battle near here, as, from the description, it corresponded with the ancient coronets worn by the princes or chiefs of Wales.

## WARWICKSHIRE.

### Warwick Castle and Guy's Cliff.

The town of Warwick is delightfully situated on the banks of the river Avon, nearly in the centre of the county to which it gives name, and of which it is the capital. Its foundation is considered as remote as the earliest period of the Christian era. Dugdale attributes its erection to Gutheline or Kimbeline, a British king, whose son, Guiderius, greatly extended it; but being afterwards almost totally destroyed by the Picts and Scots, it lay in a ruinous condition until it was rebuilt by the renowned Caractacus. It greatly suffered from the Danish invaders, but was repaired by the Lady Ethelfleda, the daughter of King Alfred. Warwick Castle is one of the very few baronial residences now remaining which are connected with our early history; and rears its round and lofty turrets in the immediate vicinity of the town. It stands on a rocky eminence, 40 feet perpendicular height, and overhanging the river which washes its rocky base. The first fortified building on this spot was erected by the Lady Ethelfleda, who built the donjon upon an artificial mound of earth, which can still be traced in the grounds. The most ancient part of the present Castle, according to Domesday Book, was erected in the reign of Edward the Confessor; which document informs us that it was "a special stronghold for the midland part of the kingdom." In the reign of William the Norman it received considerable additions; when Turchill, then vicecomes of Warwickshire, was ordered to enlarge and repair it. The Conqueror, however, being distrustful of Turchill, committed the custody of it to one of his own followers, Henry de Newburgh, whom he created Earl of Warwick, the first of that title of the Norman line. The second earl garrisoned the Castle for King Stephen. In the reign of Henry III. this fortress was considered of such importance that security was required from Margery, the sister and heiress of Thomas de Newburgh, the sixth earl of the Norman line, that she would not marry with any person in whom the King could not place the greatest confidence. During the same reign, in the year 1265, William Mauduit, who had garrisoned the Castle for the King against the rebellious barons, was surprised by the governor of Kenilworth Castle,

who, having destroyed a part of the walls, took him, with the Countess, his wife, prisoners; and a ransom of 1900 marks was paid before their release could be obtained.

To the Newburghs succeeded the Beauchamps; Anne, daughter and heiress of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry VI., married Richard Neville, who assumed the title of Earl of Warwick in the reign of Henry VI., by right of his wife, and was called the *King-maker*.

After his death, at the battle of Barnet, the Duke of Clarence, who had married his daughter, was created Earl of Warwick by King Edward IV., and put in possession of the Castle; to which he made great additions. Upon the forfeiture of the Duke's estates, a grant of the Castle was made to the family of Dudley; and that line failing, the title of Earl of Warwick was given by James I. to Robert Rich, whose property it continued till 1759. The Castle was granted by the same King to Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, after having passed through the successive lines of Beauchamp, Neville, Plantagenet, and Dudley. Sir Fulke Greville found the Castle in a ruinous condition, and expended large sums in its restoration. Under his successor the fortress was garrisoned for the Parliament; and in 1642 it was besieged by the King's forces. Francis Lord Brook was created Earl Brook of Warwick Castle in 1746; and in 1759 Earl of Warwick. The gatehouse tower of the Castle is flanked by embattled walls, covered with ivy, having at the extremity Cæsar's Tower and Guy's Tower. The gate, between machicolated towers, leads to the great court, bounded by ramparts and turrets; on one side of the area is an artificial mound, skirted by trees and shrubs, and surmounted by an ancient tower. The "living rooms" of the Castle extend *en suite* 330 feet in length; every window in which commands extensive and diversified views. The hall has been most carefully restored; and all the armorial decorations have been painted by Willement. They refer entirely to the genealogical connexions of the present noble possessor with the ancient Earls of Warwick. Many of the rooms of the Castle are hung with tapestry, and ancestral portraits, and a collection of ancient and modern armour.

The stately building at the north-west angle, called Guy's House, was erected in 1394; it is 128 feet high, and the walls, of solid masonry, are 10 feet in thickness. Cæsar's Tower, which is supposed to be the most ancient part of the Castle, is 174 feet high. The grounds are very extensive. In a greenhouse, built for its reception, is the celebrated and magnificent marble vase, found in the ruins of Hadrian's villa at

Tivoli, and brought to England by Sir William Hamilton, who presented it to the Earl of Warwick; it holds 163 gallons. In a room attached to Cæsar's Tower are shown the sword, shield, and helmet, which, according to fabulous tradition, belonged to Guy Earl of Warwick; but it is of a medley of dates. The custody of this sword was, so late as the year 1542, granted to Edward Cresswell, with a salary of *2d. per diem*, out of the rents and profits of the Castle; his kettle, of bellmetal, 26 feet wide, to contain 120 gallons, is also preserved; for which purpose a pension was granted in the reign of Henry VIII. The Dun Cow is not mentioned till, in a seventeenth century play, in 1636, a rib of the cow was exhibited at Warwick.

A curious interest attaches to the story of the Dun Cow, mythic though it be: the origin is thus explained by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne. On the north-western edge of Shropshire is the Staple Hill, a collection of upright stones, disposed in a circle 90 feet in diameter, and bearing the name of "Michell's Fold," a title signifying the Middle Fold, or inclosure; forming, as it does, the central one between two others. It is supposed to have been the scene of burial as well as sacrifice, by the Druids; and the following legend still lingers among these stones. Here the voice of fiction declares there formerly dwelt a giant, who guarded his cow within this inclosure, like another Apis among the ancient Egyptians, a cow who yielded her milk as miraculously as the bear *Ædumla*, whom we read of in Icelandic mythology, filling every vessel that could be brought to her, until at length an old crone attempted to catch her milk in a sieve, when, furious at the insult, she broke out of the magical inclosure at Michell's Fold and wandered into Warwickshire, where her subsequent history and fate are well known under that of the Dun Cow, whose death added another wreath of laurel to the immortal Guy, Earl of Warwick.

The learned Dr. Caius, of Cambridge, says of the Cow: "I met with the head of a certain huge animal, of which the naked bone, with the bones supporting the horns, were of enormous weight, and as much as a man could well lift. The curvature of the bones of the horns is of such a projection as to point not straight downwards, but obliquely forwards. . . . Of this kind I saw another head at Warwick Castle, A.D. 1552, in the place where the arms of the great and strong Guy, formerly Earl of Warwick, are kept. . . . There is also a vertebra of the neck of the same animal, of such great size, that its circumference is not less than three Roman feet, seven inches and a half. I think also that the blade-bone, which is to be seen hung up by chains from the north gate of Coventry, belongs to the same animal

The circumference of the whole bone is not less than eleven feet four inches and a half.

“In the chapel of the great Guy, Earl of Warwick, which is situated rather more than a mile from the town of Warwick (Guy's Cliff), there is hung up a rib of the same animal, as I suppose, the girth or which in the smallest part is nine inches, the length six feet and a half. It weighs nine pounds and a half. Some of the common people fancy it to be a rib of a wild boar, killed by Guy; some a rib of a cow which haunted a ditch (? ravine) near Coventry, and injured many persons. This last opinion I judge to come nearer to the truth, since it may perhaps be the bone of a *bonasus* or *urus*. It is probable that many animals of this kind formerly lived in our England, being of old an island full of woods and forests; because, even in our boyhood, the horns of those animals were in common use at the table, on more solemn feasts, in lieu of cups; as those of the *urus* were in Germany in ancient times, according to Cæsar. They were supported on three silver feet, and had, as in Germany, a border of silver round the rim.”

To the reign of Athelstan, A.D. 926, some of our early chroniclers assign the existence of the fabulous Guy, Earl of Warwick. According to the legend, Athelstan was at war with the Danes, who had penetrated to the neighbourhood of Winchester; and it was to depend on the issue of a single combat between an English champion to be appointed, and Colbran, who, though acting as champion of the Danes, is described as being an African or Saracen, of gigantic size—whether the crown of England should be retained by Athelstan, or be transferred to Anlaf, King of Denmark, and Govelaph, King of Norway. Earl Guy, whose valour had obtained for him great renown, had at the very time just landed at Portsmouth in the garb of a palmer, having returned from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and being engaged as a champion by the King, who, without knowing him, had been directed by a vision to apply to him to undertake the matter, he succeeded in killing the Danish champion. He then privately discovered himself to the King, on whom he enjoined secrecy, retired unknown to the neighbourhood of his own Castle at Warwick, and lived the life of a hermit till his death.

What is the origin of this tradition, which cannot be traced higher than the early part of the twelfth century, it is difficult to determine. The story, as given by our early historians, and in Dugdale, who, with Leland, Camden, and some others, has received it as a true history, is inconsistent with the known circumstances of the times. And it may

be observed, that the name of the champion, Guy, the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and the African or Saracenic origin of Colbrand, point to a period subsequent to the Norman Conquest as that in which the legend received its present form.

Mr. Thomas Wright, who has investigated the history of the romance of Guy of Warwick, shows how the original myth in histories of nations has been gradually transformed in each tribe into a fabulous history of individuals (thus constituting what we call the *heroic history* of nations), and laid the groundwork of mediæval romances; and many of these have been at last taken for authentic history, and then found their way into old chronicles. He shows how this was the case in ancient Greece, as well as in mediæval Europe. He then traces in our country the change of the national and primæval myths of the Saxon race into a class of romances, which are known as Anglo-Danish, because the new plot is generally laid in the events connected with the invasion of this country by the Danes. The romance of "Guy of Warwick" belongs to this class; it is found in its earliest form in the Anglo-Norman poem of the thirteenth century, and to some degree it illustrates the locality.

Guy's Cliff is charmingly picturesque, with its rock, wood, and water. It is supposed that here was an oratory and a cell for the hermit in Saxon times; and it is certain that a hermit dwelt here in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry IV. Henry V. visited the Cliff; and here a chantry was founded by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. In this delightful retreat lived John Rous, the antiquary, as a chantry priest. Subsequently, a private gentleman built a handsome mansion here. The founder of the chapel caused a rude statue of the famous Earl Guy to be carved from the solid rock; it is about eight feet in height, and was well preserved in the seventeenth century.

Warwick is a brave old place, redolent of the fame of the Earls of Warwick at every turn; which is shown in St. Mary's Cross Church and the Beauchamp Chapel, and from the renowned

"Sir Guy of Warwicke, as was wreten  
In palmer wyse, as Colman hath it wryten;  
The battaill toke on hym for England's right,  
With the Colbrond in armes for to fight,"—

to the accomplished Sir Fulke Greville.

Lord Lytton, in his picturesque romance, the *Last of the Barons*, gives the following elaborate portrait of the King-maker in his regal state, at Warwick House, in Newgate-street, where six oxen were eaten at a breakfast, and any acquaintance might have as much roast



meat as he could prick and carry on a long dagger: This portrait is evidently a word-painting from the period:—"The Earl of Warwick was seated near a large window that opened upon an inner court, which gave communication to the river. The chamber was painted in the style of Henry III., with huge figures representing the Battle of Hastings, or rather, for there were many separate pieces, the Conquest of Saxon England; the ceiling was groined, vaulted, and emblazoned with the richest gilding and colours; the chimney-piece (a modern ornament) rose to the roof, and represented in bold reliefs, gilt and decorated, the signing of Magna Charta; the floor was strewn thick with dried rushes and odorous herbs; the furniture was scanty but rich, the low-backed chairs, of which there were but four, carved in ebony, had cushions of velvet, with fringes of massive gold; a small cupboard, or beaufet, covered with *carpetz de cuir* (carpets of gilt and painted leather) of great price, held various quaint and curious ornaments of plate, inwrought with precious stones; and beside this—a singular contrast—on a plain Gothic table lay the helmet, the gauntlets, and the battle-axe of the master. The Earl was in the lusty vigour of his age; his hair, of deepest black, was worn short, as in disdain of the effeminate fashions of the day; and fretted bare from the temples by the constant and early friction of his helmet, gave to a forehead naturally lofty a yet more majestic appearance of expanse and height; his complexion, though dark and sunburnt, glowed with rich health; the beard was closely shaven, and left, in all its remarkable beauty, the contour of the oval face and strong jaw—strong as if clasped in iron; the features were marked and aquiline, as was common to those of Norman blood; the form spare, but of prodigious width and depth of chest, the more apparent from the fashion of the short surcoat, which was thrown back, and left in broad expanse a placard, not of holiday velvet and satins, but of steel, polished as a mirror, and inlaid with gold. The Earl's great stature, from the length of his limbs, was not so observable when he sat, with his high, majestic, smooth, unwrinkled forehead, like some paladin of the rhyme of poet or romancer, and rare and harmonious combination of colossal strength with lithe and graceful lightness. The faded portrait of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, in the Rous Roll, preserved at the Heralds' College, does justice at least to the height and majesty of his stature. The portrait of Edward IV. is the only one in that long series which at all rivals the stately proportions of the king-maker."

## Blacklow Hill.—The Fate of Gaveston.

Blacklow, or probably *Black-law*, Hill, so called from its being a place of execution, is situated in the parish of Wotton, within a mile and a half of Warwick. Thither Piers Gaveston, the corrupt favourite of a weak and infatuated King, was dragged to ignominious execution, "without judgment of his peers or any course of law, by the Earls of Lancaster and Warwick, who had taken him by surprise at Deddington, in Oxfordshire." This disgraceful minion, whom Edward I. had caused to be educated together with his son, afterwards Edward II., in consideration of the great service his father had done the Crown, is described by an old historian, as "filling the Court with buffoons, parasites, minstrels, players, and alle kinde of dissolute persons, to entertaine and dissolve the King with delights and pleasures."

There are in existence two letters of Edward, First Prince of Wales, dated 1304, in one of which he entreats the Queen, and in the other the Countess of Holland, his sister, to intercede with the King for the admission of Perot de Gaveston among his attendants. Prince Edward was twenty years old at the time, and this is perhaps the earliest mention of that unhappy intimacy which dishonoured his reign, and had such fatal consequences to himself and his favourite. There is also another letter of the same year from the Prince to Sir Hugh Despencer, acknowledging a present of grapes which reached him just as he was going to breakfast, and assuring the sender that the fruit could not have arrived at a more opportune moment.

Among the many enemies which Gaveston made by his arrogance and wantonness, the most inveterate appear to have been Thomas, Earl of Lancaster; Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke; and Guy, Earl of Warwick; whom he severally stigmatized with such contemptuous nicknames as "the Stage Player," "Joseph the Jew," and "the Black Dogge of Ardern." The Player may be said to have been too cunning for him when he wiled him into Warwickshire; and right deadly was the grip of the Black Dogge, when the miserable parasite, after being hunted like a fox from one lurking-place to another, succumbed at length to his unrelenting fangs on Blacklow Hill. But the story of the sad end of the royal favourite is worth telling more fully:—"Gavestone had," says Speed, "a sharp wit in a comely shape, and briefly was such an one as we use to call *very fine*;" he possessed also great courage and skill in arms, as he had proved in the Scottish war and in

the tournaments, where he had overthrown the most distinguished of our baronial chivalry. On the other hand he was luxurious to the last degree, proud as regards himself, insolent to others, and oppressive and capricious to those in any way subjected to his control. Those whom he nicknamed were dangerous men to jest with, even if there had been nothing in the favourite's public conduct to lay hold of. But while they thus saw themselves treated with contempt, they also saw all the great enterprises neglected. They saw the King's court given up to sensuality and riot; they knew, also, that the riches of the kingdom were being converted to Gavestone's private use; that Edward, besides conferring on him the earldom of Cornwall, a dignity hitherto reserved for princes of the blood, and marrying him to his sister's daughter, gave him the funds collected for the Scottish war, and for the crusades (32,000*l.* sterling of which, by his father's dying command, ought to have been applied to the restoration and maintenance of the holy sepulchre), as well as his ancestor's jewels and treasures, even to the very crown worn by his father, which the barons not unnaturally looked upon as a symbol of the result that Edward possibly dreamed of, the declaration of Piers Gavestone for his successor.

The young Queen added her voice to the general complaint; for through Gavestone the King had been drawn on to injure her. Her appeal to her father, the French King, was followed by the Gascon knight's third banishment, in June, 1309, which, however, was merely to Ireland, and as governor. But he would not take warning; in October he returned in defiance of a known decree "that if at any time afterwards he were taken in England, he should suffer death." Edward evidently would rather lose crown, kingdom, queen, and all, than Piers Gavestone. The lords, with the "great hog," Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, at their head, looking upon the return with different eyes, met, and agreed to send respectfully to Edward, to desire that Gavestone should be delivered into their hands, or driven out of England. The King vacillated, knowing peace must be kept with the lords, yet unwilling to sacrifice his favourite. Gavestone endeavoured to defend himself in Scarborough Castle, while the King went to York to seek an army for his relief. But before any force could be collected for such a purpose, Piers Gavestone, on the 19th May, 1312, capitulated to the Earls Pembroke and Percy, who pledged their faith, it is said, that he should be kept unharmed in the Castle of Wallingford. At Deddington, a village between Oxford and Warwick, the Earl of Pembroke, who escorted him, left him for a night, under the pretext of visiting the Countess of Pembroke, who was in the neighbourhood. Gavestone

seems to have remained full of confidence, as usual, until he was roused from his sleep by the startling order to "dress himself speedily." He obeyed, descended to the court-yard, and found himself in the presence of the "black dog of Ardern." He must then have repented his wretched wit, for he knew the stern Warwick had sworn a terrible vow that he would make the minion feel the "black dog's teeth." A deeper darkness than that of night must have overshadowed the wretched Gaveston. No help was at hand. Amid the triumphant shouts of the large armed force that attended Warwick, he was set on a mule, and hurried thirty miles through the night to Warwick Castle, where his entrance was announced by a crash of martial music. He stood trembling and dismayed before the dais, whereon sate, in terrible array, his self-constituted judges, the chief barons. During their hurried consultation, a proposal was made, or a hint offered, that no blood should be shed; but a voice rang through the hall, "you have caught the fox; if you let him go, you will have to hunt him again." Let Gaveston's deserts be what they might, the faith pledged at the capitulation at Scarborough ought to have been adhered to,—but it was otherwise determined by the barons. He had been taken once more on English ground, and he must die. The unhappy man kneeled and prayed for mercy, but found none. The head of the wretched victim is said to have been struck off where a hollow in the crag at Blacklow (now Gaversike), about two miles from Warwick Castle, appeared to supply a natural block for such a purpose, just over an ancient inscription, which records the event as follows:—

" 1311.  
P. GAVESTON,  
EARL OF CORNWALL,  
BEHEADED HERE."

A cross of recent date is erected on the brow of the hill immediately adjacent, with a tablet thus inscribed:—

" In the hollow of this Rock  
Was Beheaded,  
On the 1st day of July, 1312,  
By Barons lawless as himself,  
PIERS GAVESTON, EARL OF CORNWALL,  
The Minion of a hateful King;  
In Life and Death  
A memorable Instance of Misrule."

Of the Norman Castle of Sutton Valence, in Kent, only a few ruined walls now exist. Ancient records, however, show that in the reign of Edward II. his favourite, Piers Gaveston, was confined in Sutton keep

by the barons; and thus it remained to remind them of the resistance which Englishmen made against those foreign and worthless favourites with which some of our earlier sovereigns surrounded themselves.

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### Coventry Castle, and Lady Godiva.

Coventry, a city locally in Warwickshire, but made a separate county, is nearly in the centre of England, and about 300 feet above the sea-level. It is a place of great antiquity, by some stated to be named (as Covent Garden from Convent Garden), from a spacious convent which was founded, says Leland, by King Canute, and was destroyed by the traitor Edric, in 1016. However this may be, it is certain that in the reign of Edward the Confessor, in 1044, Earl Leofric, a powerful lord of Mercia, with his wife, the Lady Godiva, founded at Coventry a magnificent Benedictine monastery, and richly endowed it. The capacious cellar of the monks still exists, measuring seventy-five yards in length by five in breadth. From the date of this religious establishment the prosperity of the town took its rise.

After the Conquest, the lordship of Coventry came to the Earls of Chester, to one of whom, Ranulph, the fortress belonged. In the Civil War of Stephen and the Empress Maud, Ranulph was one of her supporters when the Castle was taken by the King's troops. In the reign of Richard II. the city was surrounded with walls and towers for defence during the wars, though it did not experience the miseries of siege to which so many other large towns were subjected. Leland, writing in the reign of Henry VIII., says that the city was begun to be walled-in in the time of Edward II., and that it had six gates, many fair towers, and streets well built with timber. Other writers speak of thirty-two towers and twelve gates. The walls were demolished by Charles II., in consequence of the active part taken by the citizens in favour of the Parliamentary army. During the monastic ages, Coventry had a large and beautiful cathedral, which at the Reformation was levelled to the ground, and only a fragment or two now remain. There are three ancient churches, of which St. Michael's was originally built in 1133, in the reign of Henry I., and was given to the monks of Coventry by Earl Ranulph in the reign of Stephen.

One of the richest and most interesting vestiges of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century in Coventry, and perhaps in England, is St. Mary's Hall, erected in the reign of Henry VI. It has a grotesquely carved roof of oak, a gallery for minstrels, an armoury, and

chair of state, which, with the great painted window furnish a vivid idea of the manners of the age in which Coventry was the favourite resort of princes. A tapestry, made in 1450, measuring 30 feet by 10, and containing 80 figures, is a curious and beautiful specimen of the drawing, dyeing, and embroidery of that period. In the market-place was formerly a richly ornamented Gothic cross, one of the finest in the country, erected in the 16th century: it was hexagonal, 57 feet high, with 18 niches of Saints and Kings: it was built by a Lord Mayor of London, but was taken down in 1771, to gratify the bad taste of the inhabitants. When the Cathedral was standing, Coventry possessed a matchless group of churches, all within one cemetery.

Coventry has always been renowned for its exhibition of pageants and processions; and in the monastic ages it was remarkable for the magnificent and costly performance of the religious dramas called Mysteries. Of these solemn shows accounts are extant as early as 1416. They were performed on moveable street stages, chiefly by the Grey Friars, on the day of Corpus Christi. The subjects were the Nativity, Crucifixion, Doomsday, &c., and the splendour of the exhibitions was such that the King and the royal family, with the highest dignitaries of the Church, were usually present as spectators.

Of the performance of a Coventry play, the following is a lively picture:—"The morning of Corpus Christi comes, and soon after sunrise there is stir in the streets of Coventry. The old ordinances for this solemnity require that the Guilds should be at their posts at five o'clock. There is to be a solemn procession—formerly, indeed, after the performance of the pageant—and then, with hundreds of torches burning around the figures of our Lady and St. John, candlesticks and chalices of silver, banners of velvet and canopies of silk, and the members of the Trinity Guild and the Corpus Christi Guild bearing their crucifixes and candlesticks, with personations of the angel Gabriel lifting up the lily, the twelve apostles, and renowned virgins, especially St. Catherine and St. Margaret. The Reformation has, of course, destroyed much of this ceremonial; and, indeed, the spirit of it has in great part evaporated. But now, issuing from the many ways that lead to the Cross, there is heard the melody of harpers and the voice of minstrelsy; trumpets sound, banners wave, riding men come thick from their several halls; the mayor and aldermen in their robes, the city servants in proper liveries, St. George and the Dragon, and Herod on horseback. The bells ring, boughs are strewed in the streets, tapestry is hung out of the windows, officers in scarlet coats struggle in the crowd while the procession is marshalling. The crafts are getting into their ancient order;

each craft with its streamer and its men in harness. There are Fishers and Cokes,—Baxters and Milners,—Bochers,—Whittawers and Glovers,—Pynners, Tylers, and Wrightes,—Skyiners,—Barkers,—Corvysers,—Smythes,—Wevers,—Wir drawers,—Cardmakers, Sadelers, Peyntours, and Masons,—Gurdelers,—Taylours, Walkers, and Sherman,—Deysters,—Drapers,—Mercers. At length the procession is arranged. It parades through the principal lines of the city, from Bishopgate on the north to the Grey Friars' Gate on the south, and from Broadgate on the west to Gosford Gate on the east. The crowd is thronging to the wide area on the north of Trinity Church and St. Michael's, for there is the pageant to be first performed. There was a high house or carriage which stood upon six wheels; it was divided into two rooms, one above the other. In the lower room were the performers; the upper was the stage. This ponderous vehicle was painted and gilt, surmounted with burnished vanes and streamers, and decorated with imagery; it was hung round with curtains, and a painted cloth presented a picture of the subject that was to be performed. This simple stage had its machinery, too; it was fitted for the representation of an earthquake or a storm; and the pageant in most cases was concluded in the noise and flame of fireworks. It is the pageant of the company of Shearmen and Tailors which is now to be performed,—the subject the Birth of Christ and Offering of the Magi, with the Flight into Egypt and Murder of the Innocents. The eager multitudes are permitted to crowd within a reasonable distance of the car. There is a moveable scaffold erected for the more distinguished spectators. The men of the Guilds sit firm on their horses. Amidst the sound of harp and trumpet the curtains are withdrawn, and Isaiah appears prophesying the blessing which is to come upon the earth. Gabriel announces to Mary the embassy upon which he is sent from Heaven. Then a dialogue between Mary and Joseph, and the scene changes to the field where shepherds are abiding in the darkness of the night—a night so dark that they know not where their sheep may be; they are cold and in great heaviness. Then the star shines, and they hear the song of 'Gloria in excelsis Deo.' A soft melody of concealed music hushes even the whispers of the Coventry audience; and three songs are sung, such as may abide in the remembrance of the people, and be repeated by them at their Christmas festivals."

Coventry was the favourite residence of Edward the Black Prince. Here also Queen Elizabeth delighted to see the game of Hock Tuesday, which represented the massacre of the Danes by the English in 1002; and it was for her especial amusement that, in addition to a ring

for baiting bulls, another was put down for badger baiting, both which were her favourite sports.

To this day the people of Coventry have a celebrated processional show at the great Fair on the Friday in Trinity week, though this is shorn of its ancient gorgeousness. Such is the legend of the fair Godiva, who is said to have ridden on horseback naked through the city of Coventry. Many circumstances of the legend are obviously fabricated, but Leofric and Godiva are historical not fabulous persons, and belong to the reign of Canute; and an ancient inscription accompanying a picture of the pair on a window in Trinity church, Coventry, set up in the time of Richard II., may be taken as evidence that the city owed some immunities to the lady's intercession. The inscription was:

" I Luriche, for the love of thee,  
Doe make Coventre tol-free."

The legendary origin of this extraordinary exhibition is as follows:—Leofric, Earl of Mercia (in the time of Edward the Confessor), wedded Godiva, a most beautiful and devout lady, sister to one Thorold, Sheriff of Lincolnshire in those days, and founder of Spalding Abbey; as also of the stock and lineage of Thorold, Sheriff of that county, in the time of Kenulph, King of Mercia. Earl Leofric had subjected the citizens of Coventry to a very oppressive taxation, and remaining inflexible against the entreaties of his lady for the people's relief, he declared that her request should be granted only on the condition that she should ride perfectly naked through the streets of the city; a condition which he supposed to be quite impossible. But the lady's modesty being overpowered by her generosity, and the inhabitants having been enjoined to close all their shutters, she partially veiled herself with her flowing hair, made the circuit of the city on her palfrey, and thus obtained for it the exoneration and freedom which it henceforth enjoyed. The story is embellished with the incident of Peeping Tom, a prying, inquisitive tailor, who was struck blind for popping out his head as the lady passed! His effigy was long to be seen protruded from an upper window in High-street, adjoining the King's Head Tavern. The Coventry procession, as exhibited in our days, began only in the reign of Charles II., in 1677: it consists principally of Saint George of England on his charger; Lady Godiva, a female who rides in a dress of flesh-coloured silk, with flowing hair, on a grey horse; then followed the Mayor and Corporation, the whole of the city Companies, the woolcombers, Knights in armour, Jason, Bishop Blaise, &c., all in splendid dresses, with a great profusion of brilliant ribbons, plumes of feathers,



and numerous bands of music. There is in St. Mary's Hall a very curious picture, showing the Lady Godiva on horseback, enveloped in her luxuriant tresses; and O'Keefe has dramatized the incident in his farce of *Peeping Tom*.

From Noakes's *Monastery and Cathedral of Worcester*, we learn that Lady Godiva of Coventry left the Worcester monks the Bibliotheca, A.D. 1057; and the great value set upon the bequest, as well as upon books generally, at that period, is shown by its being usual to draw up a deed when a book was borrowed, and sometimes a deposit of money or plate was made as surety for the return of the book. Among the lines often written in a book to remind borrowers to return it, are the following:—

“Thys boke is one and GODES kors ys anoder:  
They that take the on, GOD gefe them the toder.”

Matthew of Westminster, who wrote in 1307, that is, 250 years after the time of Leofric, is the first who mentions the Coventry legend. Many preceding writers, who speak of Leofric and Godiva, do not mention it. A similar legend is said to be related of Briavel's Castle.

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### Comb Abbey.

About four miles east of Coventry stands Comb Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Craven, on the site of a religious house founded here by Richard de Camville in the year 1150, for monks of the Cistercian order, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Here were thirteen or fourteen religious, who were endowed in 1534 with 343*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*; the site was granted in 1547 to John, Earl of Warwick. The present mansion was chiefly erected by Lord Harrington in the reign of James I., and possesses some historical interest, through its having been the scene of some of the earliest and latest fortunes of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and Queen of Bohemia.

It was here that the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot endeavoured to seize and carry her off when a mere girl; and it was hither that she returned after all the troubles of her disastrous reign, and enjoyed the only peaceful days of her existence. Elizabeth was a Stuart, and like the rest of her family, was doomed to drink deeply of misfortune; but strictly virtuous and highly amiable, Providence seemed to concede to her what so few of her family were permitted, or indeed deserved,—a quiet termination to a stormy life. If ever the finger of an ill fate, laid on evil deeds, was, however, manifest, it was not merely in her family,

but in the families of those who were concerned in the attempt to carry her off from this place. Such were the singular fortunes connected with that circumstance, and its cause, the Gunpowder Plot, that perhaps no other spot of the strangely eventful soil of England can show more remarkable ones. Mr. W. Howitt, the writer of these remarks, adds:

“Perhaps so many portraits of the Stuart family are not to be met with in any one place, as those which were chiefly collected by the affection of Elizabeth. There is none, indeed, like the grand equestrian Vandykes of Charles I. at Warwick Castle, Windsor, and Hampton Court; but there are many of a high character, and some nowhere else to be found. These render a visit to Comb well worth making; but besides these, the Abbey contains many admirable subjects by first-rate masters: Vandyke, Rubens, Caravaggio, Lely, Kneller, Brughel, Teniers, Mirevelt, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Holbein, and Albert Dürer. Among them are fine and characteristic portraits of Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Thomas More, General Monk, Lord Strafford, Vandyke by himself, Honthorst by himself; and heads of the Saxony Reformers, by a Saxon artist. There is also a very curious old picture of a lady with a gold drinking-horn in her hand, and a Latin legend of Count Otto, who hunting in the forest and seeing this lady, asked to drink out of her horn, for he was dreadfully athirst; but on looking into it he was suspicious of the liquor, and pouring it behind him, part of it fell on his horse, and took off his hair like fire.

“The gallery is a fine old wainscoted room; the cloisters are now adorned with projecting antlers of stags, and black-jacks; there are old tapestry and old cabinets, one made of ebony, tortoiseshell, and gold; and the house altogether has the air and vestiges of old times, which must, independent of the Queen of Bohemia, give it an interest in the eyes of the lovers of old English houses, and of the traces of past generations. The paintings which were brought from Germany, were bequeathed by the Queen of Bohemia to William, Lord Craven.”

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### Stratford-on-Avon.—The Birthplace of Shakspeare.

Stratford, eight miles south-west of Warwick, although it possesses neither Castle nor Abbey to detain us, contains an historic house of surpassing interest, and is illustrious in British topography as the birthplace of Shakspeare:

“Here his first infant lays sweet Shakspeare sung,  
Here the last accents faltered on his tongue.”

The place is hallowed ground to all who take a special interest in the circumstances of the birth and death of our national poet. The several Shakspearean localities are too well known to need description here, especially the natal house in Henley-street. The Free Grammar School, founded by a native of the town in the reign of Henry VI., is celebrated as the *School of Shakspeare*. Immediately over the Guildhall is the school-room, now divided into two chambers, and having a low flat plaster ceiling in place of the arched roof. Thither, it is held, Shakspeare, born at Stratford in 1564, went about the year 1571, his schoolmaster being the curate of the neighbouring village of Luddington, Thomas Hunt. "As his 'shining morning face' first passed out of the main street into that old court through which the upper room of learning was to be reached, a new life would be opening upon him. The humble minister of religion who was his first instructor, has left no memorial of his talents or acquirements; and in a few years another master came after him, Thomas Jenkins, also unknown to fame. All praise and honour be to them; for it is impossible to imagine that the teachers of William Shakspeare were evil instructors, giving the boy husky instead of wholesome aliment."—(Mr. Charles Knight's *Memoir*.) At Stratford, then, at the free grammar-school of his own town, Shakspeare is assumed to have received, in every just sense of the word, the *education of a scholar*. This, it is true, is described by Ben Jonson as "small Latin and less Greek;" Fuller states that "his learning was very little;" and Aubrey that "he understood Latin pretty well." But the question, Mr. Knight argues, is set at rest by "the indisputable fact that the very earliest writings of Shakspeare are imbued with a spirit of classical antiquity; and that the allwise nature of the learning that manifests itself in them, whilst it offers the best proof of his familiarity with the ancient writers, is a circumstance which has misled those who never attempted to dispute the existence of the learning which was displayed in the direct pedantry of his contemporaries."

Of Shakspeare's life, immediately after his quitting Stratford, little is positively known. He is thought to have been employed in the office of an attorney, and proofs of something like a legal education are to be found in many of his plays containing law phrases, such as do not occur anything like so frequently in the dramatic productions of any of his contemporaries.

"In those days, the education of the universities commenced much earlier than at present. Boys intended for the learned professions, and more especially for the church, commonly went to Oxford and Cambridge at eleven or twelve years of age. If they were not intended for

those professions, they probably remained at the grammar-school till they were thirteen or fourteen ; and then they were fitted for being apprenticed to tradesmen, or articed to attorneys, a numerous and thriving body in those days of cheap litigation. Many also went early to the Inns of Court, which were the universities of the law, and where there was real study and discipline in direct connexion with the several societies.”—(Mr. Charles Knight’s *Memoir*.)

The name “ William Shakspeare ” occurs in a certificate of the names and arms of trained soldiers—trained militia we should now call them—in the hundred of Barlichway, in the county of Warwick, under the hand of Sir Fulke Greville (“ Friend to Sir Philip Sidney ”), Sir Edward Greville, and Thomas Spencer. Was our William Shakspeare a soldier? Why not? Jonson was a soldier, and had slain his man. Donne had served in the Low Countries. Why not Shakspeare in arms? At all events, here is a field for inquiry and speculation. The date is September 23, 1605, the year of the Gunpowder Plot ; and the lists were possibly prepared through instructions issued by Cecil in consequence of secret information as to the working of the plot in Warwickshire—the proposed head-quarters of the insurrection.—(*State Papers, edited by Mary Anne Everett Green*.)

The “ deer-stealing ” incident of Shakspeare’s early life (familiar to every reader of his works), is thus explained by one of the learned editors of his works, the Rev. Alexander Dyce :—Having fallen, we are told, into the company of some wild and disorderly young men, he was induced to assist them, on more than one occasion, in stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in the neighbourhood of Stratford. For this offence (which certainly, in those days, used to be regarded as a venial frolic) he was treated, he thought, too harshly ; and he repaid the severity by ridiculing Sir Thomas in a ballad. So bitter was its satire, that the prosecution against the writer was redoubled ; and forsaking his family and occupation, he took shelter in the metropolis from his powerful enemy. Such is the story which tradition has handed down ; and that it has some foundation in truth, cannot surely be doubted, notwithstanding what has been argued to the contrary by Malone, whose chief object in writing the life of our poet was, to shake the credibility of the facts brought forward by Rowe.

Charlecote House, the seat of the Lucys, is a noble Elizabethan mansion, situated upon the eastern bank of the Avon, which winds gracefully through the park. In the hall windows is a series of ancient arms, allusive to the various alliances of the family, and those of the

present possessor. At Thelesford, about a mile southward from Charlecote, a member of the Lucy family founded a small monastery for Trinitarian monks in the reign of Henry VIII., which at the Reformation reverted to the manor; no traces of it remain. The ancient church of Charlecote was taken down some twenty years ago and rebuilt: it was adorned by a series of several grand monuments to the different members of the Lucy family. Shakspeareans did not omit to particularize the knightly figure of the Poet's reputed prosecutor and his lady, which were here well preserved in alabaster. These monuments have been carefully removed, and are now in the new church.

The Tercentenary Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1864 has not been without its fruits. In the way of permanent Shakspearean monuments, there is much more to be seen at Stratford than formerly. The site of New Place, the house which was purchased by Shakspeare when he returned to his native town with the wealth acquired in London, and in which he breathed his last, has been converted into a sort of pleasure-ground, for the use of such of the public as are willing to pay *6d.* for the right of treading on hallowed soil. The foundations, which are all that remain of the house so ruthlessly demolished by Mr. Gastrell, are carefully preserved beneath an iron grating, and a scion of the mulberry-tree, destroyed by the same hand, stands on a conspicuous spot. The ground-plan of the house and the two gardens attached to it may thus be easily traced. A board is raised on the lawn, inscribed with a list of donors, headed by the late Prince Consort, by whom the amount (upwards of 3000*l.*) for purchasing the property was subscribed. The land, it should be observed, was transferred to trustees by Mr. Halliwell, who bought it in the first instance, and who is the presiding genius over all that concerns Shakspeare in Stratford. As for the board, it is but a temporary record, which is to give place in time to a more substantial memorial. In the house adjoining New Place, and occupied by a very intelligent gentleman, to whom the care of the grounds is confided, are several engraved portraits of Shakspeare; and likewise a curious painting of a lady, supposed to be one of that Clopton family from whom Shakspeare purchased the estate. In this house, too, are several curiosities dug up when the foundations of New Place were discovered. These were for some time kept in the house in Henley-street, which is not only visited as the poet's birthplace, but a portion of which is used as a Shakspearean Museum. Persons who visit Stratford should be aware that when the "Museum" is mentioned reference is made to the rooms in Henley-street. The removal was effected on the ground that the curiosities in question belonged rather

to the place of Shakspeare's death than to that of his birth; and if, on the one hand, the Museum has been deprived of a part of its treasures, it has, on the other, received several important additions. Among these is the collection bequeathed to Stratford by the late Mr. Fairholt, who died in 1866, comprising a curious set of "Longbeard jugs" used in the time of Shakspeare. These jugs vindicate their name by the semblance of a huge beard that flows from a face forming the beak. In the same cabinet with these is a singularly beautiful goblet carved from Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, and presented by the Corporation, who have also given two ancient maces of curious workmanship. This goblet may be regarded as a companion to Mr. Hunt's gift, the drinking-jug, which is said to have belonged to Shakspeare, and from which Garrick sipped at the festival of 1769. The friendly international greeting which was sent from Germany by the "Deutsche Hochstift" in 1864, and read at the banquet by which the birthday was celebrated, is now hung up in a frame made of wood taken from a scion of the famous mulberry-tree, and with the two miniature views of the respective birthplaces of Shakspeare and Göthe, is a very remarkable object. A set of fac-similes of the title-pages to the first edition of Shakspeare's separate plays is a comparatively recent contribution by Mr. Halliwell. The library of the Museum is small but choice, comprising nearly all the known editions, old and new, of the entire works of the poet. All the faces too that have been supposed to belong to Shakspeare are to be found among the engravings, to say nothing of the original portrait, once in the possession of the Clopton family. The services of Mr. Fairholt to the cause of Shakspeare are acknowledged by a brass tablet, which has been set up in the church.—(*Abridged from the Times.*)

During a short sojourn at Stratford, some twenty years ago, we were strongly impressed with the *genius loci*, such is the paramount influence upon all thoughtful visitors. "Hundreds of accounts of pilgrimages to Stratford—the home of Shakspeare—have been written; but the only way fully to appreciate the interest of the place is to *visit it yourself*. The town has parted with most of its ancient appearance: few old houses remain, and the modern buildings are mostly poor and unpicturesque. Still, as you walk through the streets, and in the neighbourhood, Shakspeare entirely occupies your thoughts—whether you visit the lowly house in Henley-street, wherein he is reputed to have been born; or the school-room, whither, to use his own imperishable words, he went—

“ ‘ The whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face ;’

or whether you stray among the woods and glades of Charlecote, the scenes of his wild youth; or seek the humble cottage at Shottery, where he first told his love; or the retreat of New Place, where the Poet retired to enjoy the fruits of his intellectual toil; or, last of all, under the lime-tree walk to the fine cruciform church of the Holy Trinity, through its noble aisles, to the chancel beneath which rests the Bard's hallowed dust; or to pay homage to his sculptured portrait upon the chancel-wall. These several sites are so many tangible memorials of our great Poet's life; but there is an ideal enjoyment of it in the very atmosphere of the place; and by a sort of poetical licence, you look upon the very ground as that which Shakspeare trod, and the majestic trees, the soft-flowing river, and the smiling landscapes,—the face of nature—the very scenes which he so loved to look upon,—he has left, reflected in the natural mirror of his works, an immortal legacy to all time!"



### Kenilworth Castle.

"Thy walls transferred to Leicester's favourite Earl,  
 He long, beneath thy roof, the Maiden Queen  
 And all her courtly guests with rare device  
 Of mask and emblematic scenery,  
 Tritons and sea-nymphs, and the floating isle,  
 Detain'd. Nor feats of prowess, joust or tilt  
 Of harness'd knights, or rustic revelry,  
 Were wanting; nor the dance, and sprightly mirth  
 Beneath the festive walls, with regal state,  
 And choicest luxury, served. But regal state  
 And sprightly mirth, beneath the festive roof,  
 Are now no more."

Kenilworth lies about five miles from Warwick, and the same distance from Coventry. The manor was an ancient demesne of the Crown, and had originally a Castle, which was demolished in the war of Edmund Ironside and Canute the Dane, early in the eleventh century.

In the reign of Henry I., the manor was bestowed by the King on Geoffrey de Clinton, who built a strong Castle, and founded a Monastery here. On the death of Geoffrey, the fortress descended to his son, from whom it was transferred to the Crown; and was garrisoned by Henry II. during the rebellion of his son. In the reign of Henry III. it was used as a prison; and in 1254 the King gave to Simon de Montfort, who had married Eleanor, the King's sister, the Castle in trust for life. De Montfort, now "in all but name a king," kept his Christmas in

regal state at Kenilworth. Simon soon after joined the rebellion against the King, and together with his eldest son, was killed at the battle of Evesham, in 1265. His youngest son, Simon, escaped, and with other fugitives, took shelter in Kenilworth Castle, and continued to defy the power of both the King and the legate. Next year, 1266, the Castle was besieged by the King for several months. Simon fled, and escaped to France; but the place held out for six months. Meanwhile, an assembly of clergy and laity was held at Coventry, which drew up the terms of accommodation, known as *Dictum de Kenilworth*. It provides that the liberties of the Church shall be preserved, and also the Great Charters, "which the king is bound expressly by his oath to keep." It also declares that there shall be no disherison, but instead, fines from seven years to half a year's rent; the family of De Montfort is excluded from this benefit, and all persons are forbidden, under both civil and spiritual penalties, to circulate "vain and foolish miracles" regarding Simon de Montfort, who was currently spoken of by his adherents as a saint and martyr. At length, provisions failed at Kenilworth, a pestilence broke out, and the governor surrendered the Castle to the King, who bestowed it upon his youngest son, Edward, Earl of Lancaster, afterwards created Earl of Leicester.

In 1286, a grand chivalric meeting of one hundred knights of high distinction, English and foreign, and the same number of ladies, was held at Kenilworth; and at this festival, it is said, silks were worn for the first time in England. The Earl of March was the promoter of the festival, and was the principal challenger of the tilt-yard.

In the reign of Edward II., the Castle again came into the hands of the Crown, and the King intended to make it a place of retirement for himself; but in the rebellion which soon followed, he was taken prisoner in Wales, and brought to Kenilworth; here he was compelled to sign his abdication, and was soon after privately removed to Berkeley Castle, where he was inhumanly murdered in 1327.

Edward III. restored the Castle to the Earl of Lancaster, whose granddaughter brought it in marriage to the celebrated John of Gaunt, afterwards Duke of Lancaster, who made to the Castle many additions which still retain the name of *Lancaster's Buildings*. On his death, it descended to his son, afterwards Henry IV.

During the Civil Wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, the Castle was alternately taken by the partisans of the White and Red Roses. In 1436, King Henry VI. kept his Christmas here. Very long after the termination of the Civil Wars, Queen Elizabeth bestowed Kenilworth upon her ambitious favourite, Dudley, Earl of



**Leicester.** That wealthy nobleman spared no expense in beautifying the Castle, and in making many splendid additions, called after him, *Leicester's Buildings*.

The most memorable event in the history of Kenilworth Castle, is the Royal State entertainment given by Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, who came attended by thirty-one barons, besides her ladies of the Court, who, with four hundred servants, were all lodged in the fortress. The festival continued for seventeen days, at an expense estimated at one thousand pounds a day—a very large sum in those times. The waiters upon the Court, as well as the gentlemen of the Barons, were all clothed in velvet. Ten oxen were slaughtered every morning; and the consumption of wine is said to have been sixteen hogsheads, and of beer forty hogsheads daily. An account of this singular and romantic entertainment, published at the time by an eye-witness, presents a curious picture of the luxury, plenty, and gallantry of Elizabeth's reign.

After her journey from London, which the Queen performed entirely on horseback, she stopped at Long Itchington, where she dined, and, hunting on the way, arrived at Kenilworth Castle on Saturday, July 9<sup>th</sup> 1575. Here, says the above account, "she was received by a person representing one of the ten Sibylls, comely clad in a pall of white sylk, who pronounced a proper poezie in English rime and meeter," on the happiness her presence produced, wherever it appeared; concluding with a prediction of her future eminence and success.

"On her entrance to the tilt-yard," continues the eye-witness, "a porter, tall of person and stern of countenance, wrapt also in sylk, with a club and keiz of quantitee according, in a rough speech, full of passions, in meter aptly made to the purpose," demanded the cause of all this "din and noise, and riding about, within the charge of h's office!" but upon seeing the Queen, as if he had been instantaneously stricken, he falls down upon his knees, humbly begs pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, and proclaims open gates and free passage to all.

After this pretty device, six trumpeters, "clad in long garments of sylk, who stood upon the wall of the gate, with their silvery trumpets of five foot long, sounded a tune of welcome." Here "harmonious blasters, walking upon the walls, maintained their delectable music, while her highness all along the tilt-yard rode, into the inner gate," where she was surprised "with the sight of a floating island on the large pool, on which was a beautiful female figure representing the Lady of the Lake, supported by two nymphs, surrounded by blazing torches, and many ladies clad in rich silks as attendants; whilst the genii of the lake greeted her Majesty with "a well-penned meeter" on

“the auncientee of the Castle,” and the hereditary dignity of the Earls of Leicester. This pageant was closed with a burst of cornets and other music, and a new scene was presented to view. Within the base court, and over a dry valley leading to the castle gates, “waz thear framed a fayr bridge, twenty feet wide, and seventy feet long, with seven posts that stood twelve feet asunder; and thickened between with well-proportioned turned pillars;” over which, as her Majesty passed, she was presented, by persons representing several of the heathen gods and goddesses, with various appropriate offerings, which were piled up, or hung in excellent order, on both sides the entrance and upon different posts; from Sylvanus, god of the woods, “live bitterns, curlews, godwitz, and such-like dainty byrds;” from Pomona, “applez, pearz, lemmons,” &c.; from Ceres, “sheaves of various kinds of corn (all in carz green and gold);” from Bacchus, grapes, “in clusters whyte and red;” various specimens of fish from Neptune; arms from Mars; and musical instruments from Apollo.

A Latin inscription over the Castle explained the whole: this was read to her by a poet, “in a long ceruleous garment, with a bay garland on his head and a skroll in his hand. So passing into the inner court, her Majesty (that never rides but alone) thear set down from her palfrey, was conveyed up to a chamber, when after did follo a great peal of gunz and lightning by fyr-works.” Besides these, every diversion the romantic and gallant imagination of that period could devise, was presented for the amusement of her Majesty and the court—tilts, tournaments, deer-hunting in the park, savage men, satyrs, bear and bull baitings, Italian tumblers and rope-dancers, a country bridal ceremony, prize-fighting, running at the quintain, morris dancing, and brilliant fireworks in the grandest style and perfection; during all this time the tables were loaded with the most sumptuous cheer. On the pool was a Triton riding on a mermaid eighteen feet long, and an Arion on a dolphin, who entertained the royal visitor with an excellent piece of music.

The old Coventry play of *Hock Tuesday*, founded on the massacre of the Danes in 1002, was also performed here, “by certain good-hearted men of Coventry.” In this was represented “the outrage and importable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Hunna, King Ethelred’s chieftain in wars, his counselling and contriving the plot to dispatch them; the violent encounters of the Danish and English knights on horseback, armed with spear and shield; and afterwards between hosts of footmen, which at length ended in the Danes being beaten down, overcome, and led captive by our English women; whereat her Majesty

laught, and rewarded the performers with two bucks and five marks in money. "For the greater honour of this splendid entertainment, Sir Thomas Cecil, son and heir to Lord Burghley, and four other gentlemen of note, were knighted; and in compliment to the Queen, and to evince the Earl's hospitable disposition, the historian observes "that the clock bell sank not a note all the while her highness was there: the clock stood also withal, the hands of both the tables stood firm and fast, always pointing at two o'clock, the hour of banquet."

We gather from other accounts of these Revels, that the bear-baits were much enjoyed by the Queen. Laneham, in his celebrated letter, reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, describing this courtly pastime:—"It was a sport very pleasant of those beasts; to see the bear, with his pink eyes leering after his enemies approach, the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid the assault; if he was bitten in one place how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he was taken once, then what shift with biting, clawing, with roaring, tossing, and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them; and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice, with the blood and the slaver about his visage, was a matter of godly relief."

The exhibition of a Country Bridal is chronicled more in detail by Laneham: "There were sixteen wights, riding men, and well beseen; the bridegroom in his father's tawny worsted jacket, a straw hat, with a capital crown, steeplewise on his head, a pair of harvest gloves on his hands, as a sign of good husbandry, a pen and inkhorn at his back, for he would be known to be bookish, lame of a leg, that in his youth was broken at foot-ball, well beloved of his mother, who lent him a muffler for a napkin, that was tied to his girdle for fear of losing it. It was no small sport to mark this minion in his full appointment, that, through good tuition, became as formal in his action as had he been a bridegroom indeed. The morris dancers followed, with Maid Marian, and the fool; bridesmaids as bright as a breast of bacon, of thirty years old apiece; a freckled-faced red-headed lubber, with the bride cup; the worshipful bride, thirty-five years old, of colour brown bay, not very beautiful indeed, but ugly, foul, and ill-favoured; and lastly, many other damsels for bridesmaids, that for favour, attire, for fashion and cleanliness, were as meet for such a bride as a tureen ladle for a porridge pot."

The Festival at Kenilworth Castle, given by Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, doubtless gathered all the country round to see its pageantry; and one of our editors of Shakspeare has asked, why not the boy

Shakspeare with the rest? "Many a bridal procession had gone forth from the happy cottages of Kenilworth to the porch of the old parish church, amidst song and music, with garlands of rosemary and wheatears, parents blessing, sisters smiling in tears; and then the great lord—the heartless lord, as the peasants might whisper, whose innocent wife perished untimely—is to make sport of their homely joys before the Queen. There was, perhaps, one in the crowd on that Sunday afternoon who was to see the very heaven of poetry in such simple rites—who was to picture the shepherd thus addressing his mistress in the solemnity of the troth-plight:—

‘ I take thy hand ; this hand  
As soft as dove’s down, and as white as it ;  
Or Ethiopian’s tooth, or the fann’d snow  
That’s bolted by the northern blasts twice o’er.’

“He would agree not with Master Laneham—‘By my troth ’twas a lively pastime: I believe it would have moved a man to a right merry mood, though it had been told him that his wife lay dying.’ Leicester, as we have seen, had procured abundance of the occasional rhymes of flattery to propitiate Elizabeth. This was enough. Poor Gascoigne had prepared an elaborate masque, in two acts, of Diana and her Nymphs, which for the time is a remarkable production. ‘This show,’ says the account, ‘was devised and penned by Master Gascoigne, and being prepared and ready (every actor in his garment) two or three days together, yet never came to execution. The cause whereof I cannot attribute to any other thing than to lack of opportunity and seasonable weather.’ It is easy to understand that there was some other cause of Gascoigne’s disappointment. Leicester, perhaps, scarcely dared to set the puppets moving who were to conclude the masque with these lines:—

‘ A world of wealth at will  
You henceforth shall enjoy  
In wedded state, and therewithal  
Hold up from great annoy  
The staff of your estate :  
O Queen, O worthy Queen,  
Yet never wight felt perfect bliss  
But such as wedded been.’

“But when the Queen laughed at the word marriage, the wily courtier had his impromptu device of the mock bridal. The marriages of the poor were the marriages to be made fun of. But there was a device of marriage at which Diana would weep, and all the other gods rejoice, when her Majesty should give the word. Alas! for that crowning show there was ‘lack of opportunity and seasonable weather.’”

Upon this celebrated place, taking these courtly entertainments and the tragic fate of Amy Robsart as the groundwork of the narrative, Sir Walter Scott founded his picturesque romance of *Kenilworth*, in which he gives the following animated account of the Castle:—

“The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure, upon improving which, and the domains around, the Earl of Leicester had, it is said, expended 60,000 pounds sterling, a sum equal to half a million of our present money, including seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its fine arbours and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble Castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, evidently of different ages, surrounding the inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there emblazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favourite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the Castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity—[of this tower three sides remain, with walls in some parts sixteen feet thick.]—It bore the name of Cæsar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so called. Some antiquaries ascribe its foundation to the time of Kenelph, from whom the Castle had its name, a Saxon king of Mercia, and others to an early æra after the Norman conquest. On the exterior walls frowned the scutcheon of the Clintons, by whom they were founded in the reign of Henry I., and the yet more redoubted Simon de Montfort, by whom, during the Barons’ Wars, Kenilworth was long held out against Henry III. Here Mortimer, Earl of March, famous alike for his rise and fall, had once gaily revelled, while his dethroned sovereign, Edward II., languished in its dungeons. Old John of Gaunt, “time-honoured Lancaster,” had widely extended the Castle, erecting that noble and massive pile, which yet bears the name of Lancaster Buildings; and Leicester himself had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner’s ambition. The external wall of this royal Castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the Castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance.

“Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the Castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. Of this lordly palace, where princes feasted, and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valour won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the Castle only show what their splendour once was, and impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment.”

On the departure of Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester made Kenilworth his occasional residence, till his death in 1588, when he bequeathed it to his brother, Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, and after his death to his own son, Sir Robert Dudley; but his legitimacy being questioned, Sir Robert quitted the kingdom in disgust; his castles and estates were seized by a decree of the Court of Star-Chamber, and given to Henry, son of James I.

The fortress is thus described in the account of “a Topographical Excursion in the year 1634”: “We were detain’d one hour at that famous Castle of Killingworth [Kenilworth,] where we were vsher’d vp a fayre ascent, into a large and stately Hall, of twenty Paces in length, the Roofe whereof is all of Irish wood, neatly and handsomely fram’d; In it is [are] five spacious Chimneys, answerable to soe great a Roome: we next view’d the Great Chamber for the Guard, the Chamber of Presence, the Privy Chamber, fretted above richly with Coats of Armes, and all adorn’d with fayre and rich Chimney Peeces of Alablaster, blacke Marble, and of Joyners worke in curious carued wood: and all those fayre and rich Roomes, and Lodgings in that spacious Tower not long since built; and repayr’d at a great cost by that great ffauourite of late dayes, [Robert Dudley Earle of Leicester]: the private, plaine retiring Chamber wherein our renowned Queene of ever famous memory, alwayes made choise to repose her Selfe. Also, the famous strong old Tower, called Julius Cæsars, on top whereof wee view’d the pleasant large Poole, continually sporting and playing on the Castle: the Parke, and the fforrest contiguous thereunto. But one thing more remarkable than any we had yet seene, was, the sight of the massy, heauy Armour of that famous and redoubted warriour [Guy, Earl of Warwick], whom we next hastened to.” There is a well-known print of the fortress at this period, engraved from an original drawing.

The Castle on Henry’s death, went into the possession of his brother,

Charles I., who granted it to Cary, Earl of Monmouth; but the downfall of this gigantic structure was fast approaching. During the wars it was seized by Cromwell, and by him given to some of his officers. The rapacious plunderers, who had no sort of feeling for the beautiful and majestic, soon reduced it to what it now is, a pile of ruins. They drained the lakes which once flowed over so many hundred acres, ravaged the woods, beat down the walls, dismantled the towers, choked up the fair walks, and rooted out the pleasant gardens; destroyed the park, and divided and appropriated the lands.

On the Restoration of Charles II., the estate and ruins of the Castle were granted to Lawrence, Viscount Hyde, of Kenilworth, second son of the celebrated Lord High Chancellor, created Baron of Kenilworth and Earl of Rochester; and by the marriage of a female heiress descended from him, passed in 1752, into the possession of Thomas Villiers, Baron Hyde, son of the Earl of Jersey, who was advanced, in 1776, to the dignity of Earl of Clarendon, in the possession of whose family it still remains.

A considerable portion of the ruins of this once magnificent pile having shown signs of falling, the noble owner, Lord Clarendon, who has the good taste to appreciate the interest of such memorials of the country's history, has caused to be repaired and strengthened the great hall of the Castle, Leicester's Buildings, and parts of the external walls on either side; some of the doorways, windows, and fireplaces. In the course of the repairs excavations have been made, and underground apartments, cells, and passages revealed, which had been hid for centuries. The great hall, 90 ft. by 45 ft., still retains several of its Gothic windows, and some of the towers yet rise 70 ft. high.

The ruins are in many parts mantled with ivy, which adds to their picturesque character; and are on an elevated, rocky site, commanding an extensive view of the country round. Kenilworth is a favourite resort for pic-nic parties, who, by permission of the noble owner of the estate, are enabled to appreciate the interest of this famous historic site.



### Priory of Kenilworth.

The visitor to Kenilworth, and its romantic Castle full in view, might readily overlook the ancient edifice lying a little to the left as he issues from the village, some time occupied as an ox-stall; this, together with its ruined gatehouse, is all that remains of the monastery founded in the reign of King Henry I., by Geoffrey de Clinton, for canons

regular of the Augustine order. Judging by extensive traces of foundations, the buildings composing the Monastery must have covered a wide space, and must have been a magnificent appurtenance to the Castle, the feudal and the ecclesiastical edifices being both beholden to the same founder. An interesting portion of the Monastery was brought to light by the sexton while digging a grave; and, being wholly cleared, it was found to be the base of the Chapter House, its form octagonal, with buttresses. The burialplace of the Priors was discovered at the same time, containing some slabs, which exhibit a curious variety of sculptured crosses in low relief. The gatehouse is chiefly in the Early Pointed style, with additions of two centuries later. Within is a very primitive arch, leading to a chamber adjoining the chapel: it is pointed, and, without a keystone, most unscientifically composed. The chapel itself has a Norman basement, probably of the original foundation. In the upper part are two windows, of a rare structure. Windows of a similar kind were visible in the Monastery of Black Friars, a venerable edifice in Newcastle-on-Tyne, which is said to have witnessed the homage rendered by Baliol of Scotland to King Edward I.

The interior of the chapel was utterly ruined by its desecration, the walls being encumbered by rough timber. The roof is richly decorated with bosses and sculptured heads, but it is partly demolished.

The Parish Church, adjacent to the Priory, contains a sweet chime of bells, one of which originally belonged to the Monastery. The ancient custom of duly chiming the matins and curfew is still observed here. The Church has lately been restored.

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### Maxstoke Castle.

On a plain, in a sequestered spot surrounded by trees, above a mile north of the village of Maxstoke, and three miles from Coleshill, stands this Castle, which has its history, chequered with the fortunes of its owners. This ancient structure was built by Sir William Clinton, eldest son of John Lord Clinton, in 1356, and is one of the very few remaining buildings of that interesting period. The Castle came into the possession of Humphrey Stafford, Earl of Buckingham, by exchange with John, fifth Lord Clinton, for Whiston, in Northamptonshire, and became the favourite residence of the Earl; but upon the decapitation of his son, Henry, Duke of Buckingham, for his attempt to dethrone Richard III., in 1483, the Castle was seized by the King, who visited it on his progress to Nottingham Castle, previously to the battle of



Bosworth, when he ordered all the inner buildings of Kenilworth Castle to be removed here. After the death of King Richard III., Edward, the son of the last Duke of Buckingham, was restored to his father's honours and estates. He fell a sacrifice to Cardinal Wolsey, and was beheaded in 1521; upon which event the Emperor Charles V. exclaimed, "A butcher's dog has worried to death the finest buck in England." Then sunk for ever all the splendour and princely honours of the renowned family of Stafford.

A frightful succession of calamities befel both the ancestors and descendants of Humphrey, Earl of Buckingham, as well as himself. His grandfather was murdered at Calais, his father killed at Shrewsbury, his son at St. Albans, and himself at Northampton; his grandson, and great-grandson were both executed as traitors, and he had to relinquish the rank of Lord Stafford, to which he had become entitled, and his sister was at that time the wife of a carpenter.

To return to Maxstoke. The year after the beheading of the son of the last Duke of Buckingham in 1521, the estate, again forfeited, was granted to Sir William Compton, ancestor of William, Lord Compton, who, in 1526, disposed of it to the Lord Keeper Egerton, who, two years afterwards, sold it to Thomas Dilke, Esq., in whose family the property still remains. The plan of the Castle is a parallelogram, with a hexagonal tower at each angle, inclosing an area containing the dwelling, which was partly destroyed by an accidental fire; but a great portion of the ancient edifice yet remains, and is a fine example of the architectural style of the age in which it was erected. The gatehouse in the centre of the front is approached by a stone bridge over a moat, which encompasses the Castle walls; above the entrance are sculptured the arms of Humphrey Stafford, Earl of Buckingham, impaling those of his Countess, Anne Neville, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, which are supported by two antelopes, assumed in allusion to the Earl's descent from royal blood, his mother being the daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester. The badges of the burning nave and the Stafford knot are also sculptured on the gatehouse, which was built by the Earl of Buckingham previously to his being created a Duke in 1446. The great gates put up by this nobleman are still in their original state, and are covered with plates of iron; the groove for the massive portcullis is also to be seen.

In the neighbourhood of the Castle are the remains of a Priory, founded by William Clinton, Earl of Huntingdon, in 1331, for canons regular of the order of St. Austin; it was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Michael, and All Saints. The

endowment of this Priory was ample, for it was valued in 1534 at 120*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* per annum: it was granted in 1538 to Charles, Duke of Suffolk. The ruins are rendered mournfully picturesque by the varieties of evergreen foliage that environ them in every direction.

In the same division of the county, on the borders of Leicestershire, is Caldecote, the church of which contains a monument of Mr. Abbot, who defended Caldecote Hall, and who died there in 1648. On the 28th of August, 1642, this seat, the noble mansion of the Purefoys, was attacked by Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, at the head of eighteen troops of horse, when Mr. Abbot, assisted only by eight men besides his mother and her maids, successfully defended Caldecote Hall against the assailants; and it is not known that any of the family were hurt.

Nuneaton, also in this division, is named from a Nunnery founded here in the reign of Henry II., by Robert Bossu, Earl of Leicester. Here, in 1792, as some labourers were digging in the ruins of the Nunnery, they discovered a tessellated pavement arranged in circles, containing the signs of the Zodiac, and about two feet below the floor were several stone coffins.

At Duddeston, a hamlet adjoining Birmingham, was the ancient family residence of the Holts, one of whom, according to tradition, "murdered his cook, and was afterwards compelled to adopt the *red band* in his arms." This, by the illiterate termed the "bloody hand," and by them reputed as an abatement of honour, is nothing more than the Ulster badge of dignity. The tradition adds that Sir Thomas Holt murdered the cook in a cellar at the old family mansion, by running him through with a "spit," and afterwards buried him beneath the spot where the tragedy was enacted. In the year 1850, the house where the murder is said to have been committed was levelled with the ground; and amongst persons who, from their position in society might be supposed to be better informed, considerable anxiety was expressed to ascertain whether any portion of the skeleton of the murdered cook had been discovered beneath the flooring of the cellar which tradition pointed out as the place of his interment!—*Notes and Queries*, No. 61.

## NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

## The Castle of Northampton.

Northampton, situated upon the north bank of the River Nene, is considered to have been, in the peace between Alfred and the Danes, included in the Danish territory, and to have submitted in 918 to Edward the Elder. In the reign of Ethelred II. Northampton was nearly ruined by the Danes, and about the close of the reign of Edward the Confessor it suffered from the Northumbrian army under Morcar, or from the King's troops under Harold, which, in consequence of civil dissensions, met here. After the Conquest, Simon de St. Liz, the first Earl of Northampton of that name, built a castle here, and in the following reigns several ecclesiastical councils and parliaments were held in the town. In 1144, King Stephen held his Court here, when Ranulf, Earl of Chester, was detained in prison until he had delivered up the Castle of Lincoln to the King. In 1179 was held at Northampton a parliament, to which Knights and Burgesses were summoned, as well as nobles and prelates, the first important approximation to our present Constitution. At this parliament Justices Itinerant were appointed to the six circuits in England. In 1215 the Barons, with their army, rendezvoused at Brackley the week after Easter, and there received the nobles from the King, to whom they delivered their demands; on the denial of which they elected Robert Fitzwalter their general, styling him the Marshal of the Army of God and of Holy Church, and then marched to the siege of Northampton Castle, which was successfully defended by the King's forces during fifteen days. In the year 1264, a treaty made at Brackley to settle the differences between the King and his Barons entirely failed. The King and Prince Edward then marched to Northampton Castle, which, after a desperate resistance, was taken; Simon de Montfort, William de Ferrers, with eleven other Barons and sixty Knights, were made prisoners. Towards the close of this King's reign the Castle was given to Fulke de Brent, and in a conflict between his soldiers and the townsmen, a considerable part of the town was burnt. In 1277, at Northampton, where was a Royal Mint, thirty Jews were hanged for clipping the King's coin; and in the following year 50 were hanged for having, it was pretended,

crucified a child on Good Friday. In 1316 a Parliament was held here by Edward II., at which John Poydras, the son of a tanner at Exeter, who pretended to be the real son of Edward I., and that the reigning monarch had been substituted at nurse in his stead, was tried and executed. In 1380, at a Parliament held here, 3 Richard II., was enacted the Poll Tax, the levying of which caused the insurrection under Wat Tyler.

In the commencement of the War of the Roses, a great battle was fought in Hardingstone Fields, near Northampton, 1459, July 9, in which the Lancastrians were defeated by the Earl of March, (afterwards Edward IV.,) and the "King-making" Earl of Warwick. The King, Henry VI., was taken prisoner, the Queen and the young Prince of Wales escaped with difficulty; and Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, John Beaumont, the first English Viscount, Thomas Lord Egremont, Sir Christopher Talbot, and 10,000 men, were slain by the Earl of Warwick. The King was conducted in honourable captivity to London.

In the Civil War of Charles I., Northampton was taken by Lord Brook, and fortified for the Parliament. Of the Castle, which was near the West Bridge, there are only the earthworks; and of the town walls there are no traces.

There is an episode of the Civil War in this county which presents a noble example of attachment to the Royal Crown. This occurred at Woodcroft House, at Elton, about four miles from Peterborough. The building is an early and perfect specimen of English domestic architecture. The date of its erection is of the time of the first two Edwards. Originally, this must have been a place of some strength: it was surrounded by water, except at the western approach, and the walls are four feet in thickness. Though nothing remains of an embattled parapet, there can be little doubt that it possessed such provision for defence. The round bastion at the moat end was the scene of the historical incident we are about to relate.

Mr. Michael Hudson, "an understanding and sober person of great fidelity," was, from his sincerity, called by King Charles I., "his plain-dealing chaplain." When the troubles of the War commenced, Hudson, like some others of his profession, left his benefice, under an impression that his monarch demanded his personal aid; and King Charles having, as we are told, "an especial respect for his signal loyalty and courage," entrusted him with some important secrets as regarded his own proceedings. Hudson proved himself a courageous soldier, but being apprehended by the Parliamentary forces, he suffered a tedious

confinement. Escaping from his prison in London, he joined a body of Royalists who had fled to Woodcroft House. When attacked there by the Parliamentary forces, Hudson, with some of his bravest soldiers, went up to the battlements, where they defended themselves for some time. At length they yielded upon being promised quarter; but when the rebels were admitted they broke their engagement. Hudson was forced over the battlements, and clung to one of the stone spouts. His hands being either cut off or severely hacked and bruised by the swords of the soldiers, he quitted his hold and fell into the moat underneath; desiring only to reach the land and die there, this miserable boon was denied him, as, in attempting to reach the bank, he was knocked on the head with the butt-end of a musket and drowned.

In a Note in the *Builder* journal, the Editor recapitulates, in a very interesting manner, the attractions of the town of Northampton, which is "about two hours from London by the express train, and a centre whence numerous excursions may be made, instructive, fruitful, and delightful. The county, as every one probably knows, is full of historical associations, dating from the time when the Romans constructed a chain of forts along the banks of the River Nen to the Warwickshire Avon and further, up to the year 1675, when a large part of Northampton was burnt down. Hamtune, in Saxon times, or North Hamptune, as it was called soon after the Normans came, witnessed many important events. The Danes burnt it. Great councils were held here by Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., and others. Here the Barons swore allegiance to John in the year 1199; and afterwards, when they had made the King sign Magna Charta, Northampton Castle, amongst other castles, was given up to them as security for the fulfilment of the engagement. The last Parliament assembled in Northampton ordered the poll-tax which led to Wat Tyler's rebellion. One of the great battles between the Roses was fought in the fields close to the town, when the King, Henry VI., was taken prisoner. Burghley reminds us of Queen Elizabeth, Fotheringhay of Mary Queen of Scots, Tresham's triangular Lodge at Rushton, of the Gunpowder Plot; and Naseby, of the irretrievable defeat of Charles I. by Fairfax and Cromwell. Earthworks are not wanting, and architectural remains from the time of the Anglo-Saxons to that of the Tudors are plentiful. The works left by the former in England, indeed, cannot be fully studied without taking into consideration those to be found in the neighbourhood of Northampton. The churches of Brixworth, Barton, Barnack, and Brigstock,—all beginning with B, by the way,—are most important items in the group of works which remain to us, unquestion-

ably dating from before the Norman Conquest. Northampton itself has one of the only four Round Churches in England, resulting from the Crusades, St. Sepulchre's; also a very beautiful specimen of Anglo-Norman work, St. Peter's Church, and the best remaining Eleanor Cross.

"The Round Church, St. Sepulchre's, was built by Simon de St. Liz, the second Earl of Northampton, when he returned from the first Crusade, and is very rude and ugly. Round lofty columns form the annular aisle within, and are connected by pointed arches, which may or may not be original. At present the building is in a miserable condition, without interest of any sort except its age and origin. The later church, added to the Round in the thirteenth century, as at the Temple Church, London, has been lately restored, and, we believe, added to. Stones of two colours, call them white and brown, were originally used here somewhat indiscriminately. In the restoration and rebuilding, the colours have been varied with more regularity, and the result is a specimen of what has been wickedly termed the Holy Zebra style, at present somewhat wanting in repose. Time, however, the great harmonizer, will gradually lessen its garishness. The new work includes a considerable amount of carving, some of it very well executed. The angular buttresses of the later tower here project so considerably at the bottom, and decrease so regularly, as to continue the lines of the spire down to the ground with agreeable effect.

"It is worth noting that the calculations of the probable duration of life at certain ages known as the Northampton Table, and on which, though it is now thought of little value, the present system of Life Assurance was almost founded, were made by Dr. Price from the account of burials in this town during a period of forty-five years,—1735 to 1780."

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### Queen Eleanor's Cross, at Northampton.

The origin of the memorials, popularly known as the Eleanor Crosses, is now well known. Eleanor was the half-sister of Alphonso, King of Castile, and the sole child of Ferdinand the Third and Joanna of Ponthieu, and was married in 1254, when ten years of age, to Prince Edward of England, he being in his fifteenth year. She accompanied her husband to the Holy Land, where she is said to have saved his life by sucking the wound made by a poisoned weapon. The truth of this incident has been questioned, but, whether true or not, the belief in it bespeaks the character of Eleanor for affection and womanly devotion.

"It is probable," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "that the legend of her sucking the wound is an invention of the romantic affection of a later day than hers; but if so, it serves to show what was the popular impression concerning the Princess. She was with her husband at Acre on that day when an assassin, sent by the Emir of Joppa on a pretence to treat, got access to the tent of the Prince, and while he was lying without his armour on a couch. The Prince threw out his arm to ward off the blow, and kicked out with his foot, throwing the fellow down on the floor; the latter, however, rose again, and wounded Edward in the forehead. The wound festered, the Master of the Temple recommended incision; Edward bade him cut, and, meanwhile, ordered Edmund his brother and John de Vesci to remove the Princess from the tent. This they did, she screaming all the while, and struggling hard. Edmund, with characteristic acerbity, remarked that it was better she should scream than England should mourn. It is certain she nursed her husband, but the more romantic legend does not appear until long after the event.

"Edward, in 1291, was bent on going to Scotland: the Queen had followed him, and was resting at the house of Robert de Weston, at Hardby, in Nottinghamshire, which is on the Lincolnshire side of the Trent, and but five miles from Lincoln. It was deep in autumn, some time about the second week in November, when those about the Queen found they must send for the King, and the news reached him that the soldier's wife would follow him no more. He came back and was with the Queen from the 20th of that month until the dark and mournful evening of the 28th of the same month set her free from suffering."

Crosses were erected to her memory, as Walsingham says, in "every place and town where the corpse rested (on its way from Hardby to Westminster.) The King commanded a cross of admirable workmanship to be erected to the Queen's memory, that prayers might be offered for her soul by all passengers, in which Cross he caused the Queen's image to be depicted." Although the chronicler so distinctly states the crosses to have been erected by the King's command, it is the well-grounded belief of recent writers that the Eleanor Crosses were erected at her own cost, and not as monuments of Edward's conjugal affection. The fact that all the accounts and charges for their erection were rendered to Eleanor's executors seems conclusive on this point; and we have no evidence in favour of the opinion that the works were executed by command of the King. Some Expense Rolls which have been preserved mention one cross at Lincoln, at Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, and St. Albans, all mainly the work of John de

Bello, or of Battle. There were others at Hardby, Geddington, Waltham, Cheapside, and Charing.

The Editor of the *Builder*, in his appreciative account of a recent visit to Northampton, states: "Of the fifteen crosses believed to have been originally erected, only three—those at Northampton, Geddington, and Waltham,—remain. The statues of Eleanor for the Northampton Cross, as well as for others, were by William de Hibernia, or Ireland, but seem to have been copied from the statue executed by Master William Torell, goldsmith, for the tomb in Westminster Abbey. The four statues still remaining in the Northampton Cross (all of the Queen) are graceful and dignified.

"The Northampton Cross, about a mile from the town, placed on a flight of steps that give it admirable firmness of aspect, is beautifully situated on rising ground at the side of the road, backed with trees, and with a charming view of the town in the distance on one side, it forms a picture that remains on the memory. The structure is in a fair state of repair, with the exception of the terminal, or fourth stage, but having been restored on various occasions, once at a period when less care was paid to the retention of old forms than is now the case, doubt is felt as to the correctness of some of the portions. We are disposed to think, however, that no considerable departure from the original was made.

"It is noticeable that under each statue, on four of the eight faces of the first stage, is sculptured a small projecting desk with an open book on it, for the most part defaced, but still obvious.

"It is sometimes said that these large Crosses form a class of structures, wholly peculiar to England; but this is not correct. The *Schöne Brunnen* in the market-place of Nuremberg is a remarkably fine work of the same kind, larger and more elaborate than those dedicated to the *Chère Reine*,—the beloved of all England, as Walsingham calls her. If we remember rightly, however, this particular example is of somewhat later date."

Supplementary to these details we quote portions of the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne's very interesting account of the Northampton Cross: although, to preserve continuity of the narrative, a few repetitions of facts and circumstances may be unavoidable:—

"During the reign of Henry III. the English possessions in Gascony were much disturbed, and the king found it necessary to support himself both against Simon de Montfort, who had treacherously given up some of the principal fortresses, and also against Gaston de Bearn, the chief person who opposed him. This prince had indeed gone to



implore the assistance of Alphonso, King of Castile. The royal debts were heavy; there were difficulties in raising supplies for a war; and with the prospect of the King of Castile also being in arms against the English, Henry thought it would be more prudent to attempt negotiation with him, to propose a league, and to secure his friendship by the marriage of Prince Edward, his eldest son, with Eleanor, the half-sister of the King of Castile. He accordingly sent ambassadors to the Spanish court to request her in marriage for his son Edward, upon whom he had already settled the sovereignty of Guienne. Alphonso complied with this request on condition that the prince should be sent into Spain to complete it. To this Henry, after some hesitation, assented, and in 1254 Edward proceeded to Burgos, where he was graciously received by Alphonso, who knighted him, and celebrated the marriage with great pomp. The prince and his bride returned to Bordeaux, bringing with them a charter bearing a golden seal, by which the Spanish sovereign relinquished, in favour of them and their heirs, all claims upon the province of Guienne.

“The English did not regard this alliance with any favour. They said the King knew the habits and religion of the Spaniards, who were the very refuse of mankind, hideous in their persons, contemptible in their dress, and detestable in their manners. According to the statements of Matthew Paris it was a most unpopular match, though there can be no doubt it was a source of the greatest domestic happiness to the prince. Henry left Guienne in 1254. The prince and his wife remained till the following year. The apprehensions of the English with regard to this marriage were shortly verified. For soon after Eleanor's brother and a Spanish nobleman came over as ambassadors, as it was currently supposed, under the expectation of receiving valuable presents from the King. It does not, however, appear that they were personally any great gainers by their mission.

“Eleanor landed at Dover in October (39 Henry III.), and on the 17th reached London, where she was welcomed by Henry with much kindness. He presented her with a silver alms-dish, beside pieces of arras and gold cloth, the latter being sent to her on her arrival at Dover. These, with golden fermails and brooches, were intended for the princess to present at the shrines of St. Thomas at Canterbury and St. Edward at Westminster, on her way to the metropolis. The preparations that had been made for her reception were very unpopular with the citizens, who, as the chronicler says, were deeply grieved on a careful consideration of the pleasure manifested by the King at the presence of any foreigners.

“From the year 1256 to the time when Eleanor accompanied Prince Edward to the Holy Land but little is known of her. She probably resided at Guildford, or one of the royal castles,—most likely at Guildford, as apartments were ordered to be constructed here for her use in 1268. In 1271 she sailed with her husband for the Holy Land. It is almost superfluous to mention the affectionate care she evinced over her husband whilst he was occupied in this great Crusade, for the story of her endeavour to extract the poison from the wound he had received from an assassin is too well known to require repetition. It may however be stated, as this circumstance has been disputed on slight grounds, that its truth seems fully established by the narratives of Vikes and Heminford, two contemporary historians. It was in consequence of the Crusade preached at Northampton by Ottoboni in 1268, that Edward took up the cross and passed over to the Holy Land, with one hundred and four knights, besides eighteen nobles, who assumed it from the legate at the same time. Edward returned to England on August 1, 1274, and a fortnight afterwards was crowned in Westminster. In 1286 the affairs of Guienne required his presence in that province. He remained absent three years, two months, and fifteen days. The Chronicle of Lanercost states, that whilst he was abroad on this occasion, he and his queen sitting on the bedside together, and conversing, they narrowly escaped being killed by lightning. The electric fluid, passing through a window, struck two females behind them, and caused their death.

“We hear very little of Queen Eleanor from this time until her death;—a circumstance that shows how entirely she devoted herself to her husband and her domestic duties. No doubt she accompanied him in his various movements during the protracted wars with the Welsh and the Scotch. Edward had arrived in England in August 1289. In the same month, in 1290, we find him in Northamptonshire. I will not trace, from the Itinerary of his reign that I have drawn up, his residence day by day at Silveston, Blisworth, Yardley, Northampton, Geddington, and Rockingham. I will merely state that he was at Northampton, no doubt resident in the Castle, from August 17th to August 29th, when he passed northwards to Kings Clipston, Notts. On the 20th November we find him at Hardby, where he remained until the 28th. Queen Eleanor died on the evening of the 28th, of a low and lingering fever. The latest date on which we find any mention of the king and queen as being together is when they were here in the month of August, on which occasion a messenger was paid for carrying their joint letters to Clare Earl of Gloucester. On the 28th of October there is a payment

of one mark to Henry Montpelier for syrup and other medicine, purchased at Lincoln for the queen's use. During her illness she was attended by her household physician, Master Leopard, to whom she bequeathed a legacy of twenty marks. For three days after her decease no public business was transacted. Her body was immediately opened and embalmed. I well remember reading in her Wardrobe Account, sold a few years since by auction in London, the entries relating to this process, the cost of the myrrh and frankincense, and, what struck me as more remarkable, a charge for barley for filling the body. The viscera were deposited in the cathedral of Lincoln. Her heart was conveyed by her own desire for sacred interment in the church of the Black Friars in London. The Expense Rolls of the executors give full particulars of the cost of executing the monuments erected at each of these places.

"The King himself was at Lincoln on the 2nd and 3rd of December, at Northampton on the 9th, at St. Albans on the 13th, at London the following day. The account left us by the annalist of Dunstable, of the circumstances attending the arrival of the funeral train at this monastery, represents generally what occurred at every place where the funeral procession halted. After noting the death of the queen, he says 'her body passed through our town, and rested one night. Two precious cloths, baudekyns, were given unto us. Of wax we had eight pounds and more. And when the body of the said queen was departing from Dunstable, the bier rested in the centre of the Market-place until the king's chancellor and the great men then and there present had marked a fitting place where they might afterwards erect a cross of wonderful size; our prior being present, and sprinkling holy water.'

"The Queen was buried with great magnificence, at the feet of her husband's father, in Westminster Abbey, on the 17th of December; and on the 15th her heart was deposited in the church of the Black Friars, where a chapel was afterwards built for its reception. The King remained at Westminster for a week afterwards, and then went to Ashridge, where he dwelt in melancholy seclusion for a month.

"According to the usage of the time, splendid and perpetual commemorations of her death was enjoined in several places. Her anniversary was celebrated also at Peterborough and other abbeys with great liberality.

"It has been stated by Walsingham that Crosses were erected at the spots where her body rested on its way from Hardby to London. Thus we have mention made, in the Expense Rolls, of a cross at Lincoln, at Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, and St. Albans;

all of them the work of John de Bello. These were all erected between 1291 and 1294. As the entries of payment for these works mingle them together, it is difficult to ascertain what was the cost of any one; but, proceeding by way of equal distribution, John de Battle would receive 134*l.* for the cross at Northampton, exclusive of the payments for statues, which were the work of William de Ireland, who received five marks for each of them. Robert, the son of Henry, a burgess of Northampton, received 40*l.* and sixty marks, for laying down a causeway from Northampton to the cross,—as it is said, ‘*pro animâ reginæ*,’ the construction of such a work being deemed an act of devotion. There are also payments of 25*l.* and seven marks made to Robert de Corfe and to William de Ireland for a ‘*virga*,’ a head, and ring (‘*pro virgis, capitibus, et anulis*’),—architectural terms, which involve some difficulty in explanation.

“The exquisite representations of the queen were sculptured in London by William de Ireland, ‘*imaginator*,’ or the sculptor. William de Bernak, mason, received 73*s.* 4*d.* for their carriage, and that of the head and lance of the cross, from London.

“Doubts have often been raised as to the manner in which the cross was terminated; but an entry on the accounts leads me to suppose it was finished by a figure,—most likely that of the Virgin, as William de Ireland was paid 6*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* on one occasion, for making five images for the cross at Northampton. Therefore it is evident that a figure of some kind was imposed above the four of the queen now remaining. A desire has been often expressed to see the summit completed; but as long as it is highly uncertain what was the original termination, it would be injudicious to attempt what must necessarily be a fanciful and unsanctioned restoration.

“In conclusion, it may be desirable to make a few remarks on the effigies of Queen Eleanor herself, that are so graceful in their draperies, and so replete with dignity and classical beauty. Flaxman said that the statues of Henry III. and Eleanor, in Westminster Abbey, partook of the character and grace particularly cultivated in the school of Pisano: and it is not unlikely that these statues may have been done by some of his numerous scholars. The Executorial Rolls printed by Mr. Botfield bear out this conjecture, as they state that the designer of the effigies of Eleanor at Westminster and Lincoln was William Torell, a goldsmith. Her statue was modelled in wax; and there is an entry or bringing seven hundred and twenty-six pounds from the house of Torell. This enables us to account for the resemblance that exists betwixt the queen’s effigy in Westminster Abbey and the countenance

as exhibited in this cross and that of Northampton. The features of all these figures are precisely the same. They bear indisputable marks of coming from the same chisel. This remarkable resemblance was evidently the result of all of them being sculptured by the same artist.

“Three of these crosses still remain. Those at Northampton and Waltham are included in the Expense Rolls. The one at Geddington is not mentioned: this is still in excellent preservation. As a work of art it is, however, unequal to the two others, though in itself admirable in design and workmanship. It was evidently the work of a different artist. The diapered pattern running up the shaft is singularly elegant. We must accept all of them, however, as the most faithful copies of the copper-gilt effigies at Westminster that could be executed. The placid expression that is stamped on the queen’s countenance could have been no imaginary creation; and in looking upon it we may believe we have before us as faithful a resemblance of this illustrious lady as it was possible to produce at the period. These monuments must always be regarded as the most beautiful specimens of British sculpture we possess. For refinement and serenity, for the feeling of majesty and repose they exhibit, they can scarcely be surpassed. Unquestionably, they are the faithful reflections of Eleanor herself.

“It would be difficult to conceive more suitable memorials than these to testify the feeling of regret that has pervaded all England under the recent loss it has sustained in the death of its most illustrious Prince. Those who come after us would gaze upon them as we do, but with still higher associations and deeper sentiments of admiration; because, whilst the Crosses of Eleanor call merely to remembrance her domestic graces, a monument to Prince Albert would be a memorial to declare to posterity how cherished has he ever been in his adopted country, and how sincerely beloved for his spotless character and his public virtue.”

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## Burghley House and the Lord of Burghley.

The precise locality of this fine old manorial domain is upon the northern or Lincolnshire border of the county of Northampton, at about a mile and a-half south-east of the river Welland, which here forms the boundary between the two counties.

Northamptonshire contains nearly 1,500 seats, many of them in picturesque parks or grounds, and interesting for their architectural beauty and historical associations. But the most important “proper house

and home" in the county, either as regards extent or architectural character, is Burghley House, either built or greatly improved by the Lord High Treasurer Burghley, the manor having been purchased by his father, Richard Cecil, into whose possession, however, by another statement, it came through his wife, Jane Heckington; and the Lord Treasurer writes in 1585: "My house of Burghley is of my mother's inheritance, who liveth, and is the owner thereof, and I but a farmer." A vulgar error was prevalent at one time, that the manor-house was erected wholly or in part, at the expense of Queen Elizabeth. On the death of the Lord Treasurer, in 1598, the manor devolved upon his eldest son, Thomas, the second Lord Burghley, who was made a Knight of the Garter by Elizabeth, and elevated two steps in the peerage by James I., with the title of Earl of Exeter. James I., on his journey from Scotland, in 1603, to ascend the throne of England, came to Burghley on the 23rd of April, and passed Easter Sunday there. The youngest son of the Treasurer, the celebrated Minister, Sir Robert Cecil, was created Earl of Salisbury by James the same day that his eldest brother was made Earl of Exeter; but he being created in the morning, and so before Lord Exeter, the descendants of the younger branch of the family had right of precedence over the elder.

The entrance-lodge and screen to this noble domain were built in 1801, at an expense of 5000*l.* Thorpe was the architect of Burghley. Cecil took upon himself to obtain some of the materials from Flanders, in which he was assisted by Sir Thomas Gresham. The dates on the building show Cecil's share. Shortly after his promotion to the peerage, he wrote to a friend: "My stile is Lord of *Burghley*, if you mean to know it for wrytyng, and if you list to wryte truly: *the poorest lord in England!*" Burghley is a magnificent exemplar of the architecture of the reign of Elizabeth and James I. It is built of freestone, in the form of a parallelogram; the chimneys are Doric pillars, connected at top by a frieze and cornice; surrounded by ugly piles of buildings, from which on the east side, the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian orders rise one above another, with large niches on each side. Above the Corinthian order, the uppermost of the three, are two large stone lions rampant, supporting the family arms. The spire of the Chapel rises from hence. The pillars on the opposite, or western end, are plain Doric; the windows on the north and south, pure modern Gothic. On each side is a gateway with an elliptical arch. The turrets, cupolas, and spires, at a distance, give the mansion the appearance of a town. Another beautiful feature is the fine architectural gardens. We delight in its wide and level terraces, decorated with rich stone balu-

trades, and these again with vases and statues, and connected by broad flights of stone steps—its clipped evergreen hedges—its embowered alleys—its formal, yet intricate parterres, full of curious knots of flowers—its lively and musical fountains—its steep slopes of velvet turf—its trim bowling-green—and the labyrinth and wilderness, which form an appropriate termination, and connect it with the ruder scenery without.

Burghley has a magnificent interior, containing 145 rooms. The lofty Hall has an open oak roof and carved pendants. At the south end, beneath a very fine armorial window, is a buffet of gold plate, some of which was presented to the family by King James, Queen Anne, and George I. At the north end is the Music Gallery, for 50 performers. The Chapel has some splendid carving by Gibbons, and a fretwork ceiling; arranged on each side are ten antique life-sized figures in bronze. It is related that Queen Elizabeth, when a visitor at Burghley, regularly attended divine service in this chapel, and it was her custom to place herself on the left side, nearest the altar, which has ever since been distinguished as "Queen Elizabeth's Seat." Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, when they visited the Marquis of Exeter, in the autumn of 1844, also performed their morning devotions in the Chapel. The Grand Staircase, with its vaulted roof and decorated archways, is very curious. Burghley is sumptuously furnished with State Beds: one of the most superb is Queen Elizabeth's, which has hangings of green velvet on a ground of gold tissue, and a set of chairs to correspond. The room is hung with tapestry of Actæon and Diana, Bacchus, Ariadne, and Acis and Galatæa. In the Black Chamber is an old bed of black satin, superbly embroidered with flowers, and lined with gold-colour. The room is hung with fine old tapestry, has a carved chimney-piece by Gibbons, and a window of armorial glass. The State Dressing-room has a coved ceiling, decorated by Verrio, and is hung with tapestry. The New State Bedchamber has a state bed, said to be the most superb in Europe, with hangings of 250 yards of velvet and 900 yards of satin; and a mythological ceiling by Verrio. The Jewel Chamber is of cedar, oak, and walnut. In the Dining-room are two silver cisterns, one weighing 3400, and the other 656 ounces, besides some superb coronation plate. The Kitchen is one of the *curiosities* of the mansion: it is very lofty, and has a groined ceiling, of earlier style even than the mansion built by the great Lord Burghley; at one end is a large painting of a carcase of beef, as the true ensign armorial of English hospitality. Burghley has a very fine collection of paintings by old masters. Among the family pictures is a

large work by Lawrence, and known in the collection as "The Cottager's Daughter," containing three portraits—the Earl of Exeter, the Countess Sarah, and Lady Sophia. When the Earl was a minor, Mr. Henry Cecil, he married the beautiful Emma Vernon; he lost his money by gambling; and he got rid of his wife, after fifteen years of wedlock, by a divorce, in 1791. After the separation, the Earl, his uncle, advised him to retire into the country for some time, and pass as a private gentleman. Mr. Cecil accordingly fixed his residence at Bolas, in a remote part of Shropshire, at a small inn, where for some months he assumed the name of Jones. He took a dislike to the situation, and sought out a farmhouse, where he might board and lodge. Some families refused to receive him; but at length, by the liberality of his offers, and the knowledge of his possessing money, a farmer had rooms fitted up for his accommodation. Here he continued to reside for two years; but time hanging heavy on his hands, he purchased some land, on which he built himself a house. The farmer (Mr. Hoggins,) at whose house Mr. Cecil resided, had a daughter, about seventeen years of age, whose rustic beauty threw into the shade all that he had ever beheld in the circle of fashion. Although placed in a humble sphere, Mr. Cecil perceived that her beauty would adorn and her virtue shed a lustre on the most elevated station. He therefore frankly told the farmer and his wife that he was desirous of marrying their daughter; and the celebration of their nuptials was accordingly consummated in October, 1791. Already two children were born, it is reported, of this marriage (but, if so, they must have died early,) when in 1793, a search after the hidden heir of the then dying Earl of Exeter, resulted in the discovery at Bolas. The Earl died, his nephew succeeded, and his wife accompanied him to Burghley, unconscious of her being a Countess. Mr. Cecil (now Earl of Exeter), taking his wife with him, set out on his journey, and called at the seats of several noblemen, at which places, to the great astonishment of his wife (now, of course, a Countess), they were welcomed in the most friendly manner. At length they arrived at Burghley, where they were received with acclamations. As soon as he had settled his affairs, the Earl of Exeter returned into Shropshire, discovered his rank to his wife's father and mother, placed them in the house he had built there, and settled on them an income of 700*l.* per annum. He afterwards took his Countess with him to London, and introduced her to his family connexions, by whom she was respected, admired, adored, until it pleased the great Disposer of Events to call the spirit to a life of more lasting happiness.



Upon the above most interesting subject Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate (a son of the Rev. Dr. Tennyson, rector of Somersby, Lincolnshire), has produced the following beautiful ballad-form composition:—

**THE LORD OF BURGHELEY.**

“ In her ear he whispers gaily  
‘ If my heart by signs can tell,  
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,  
And I think thou know’st me well.’  
She replies in accents fainter,  
‘ There is none I love like thee.’  
He is but a landscape painter,\*  
And a village maiden she :  
He to lips that fondly falter,  
Presses his without reproof ;  
Leads her to the village altar,  
And they leave their father’s roof.  
‘ I can make no marriage present,  
Little can I give my wife,  
Love will make our cottage pleasant,  
And I love thee more than life.’  
Then by park and lodges going,  
See the lordly castles stand ;  
Summer woods about them blowing,  
Made a murmur in the land.  
From deep thought himself he rouses,  
Says to her that loves him well,  
‘ Let us see these handsome houses,  
Where the wealthy nobles dwell.’  
So she goes by him attended,  
Hears him lovingly converse,  
Sees whatever fair and splendid  
Lay betwixt his home and hers ;  
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,  
Parks and order’d gardens great,  
Ancient homes of lord and lady,  
Built for pleasure and for state.  
All he shows her makes him dearer,  
Evermore she seems to gaze  
On that cottage growing nearer,  
Where the twain will spend their days.  
O but she will love him truly !  
He shall have a cheerful home ;  
She will order all things duly,  
When beneath his roof they come.”

They came to a majestic mansion, where the domestics bowed before the young lover, whose wife then, for the first time, discovered his rank.

“ All at once the colour flushes  
Her sweet face from brow to chin ;  
As it were with shame she blushes,  
And her spirit changed within.

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\* This is poetical license.

Then her countenance all over  
 Pale again as death did prove ;  
 But he clasped her like a lover,  
 And he cheered her soul with love.  
 So she strove against her weakness,  
 Though at times her spirit sank,  
 Shaped her heart with woman's meekness,  
 To all duties of her rank.  
 And a gentle consort made he,  
 And her gentle mind was such,  
 That she grew a noble lady,  
 And the people loved her much.  
 But a trouble weighed upon her,  
 And perplexed her night and morn,  
 With the burden of an honour  
 Unto which she was not born.  
 Faint she grew and ever fainter,  
 As she murmured, ' Oh that he  
 Were once more that landscape-painter,  
 Which did win my heart from me !'  
 So she drooped, and drooped before him,  
 Fading slowly from his side,  
 Three fair children first she bore him,  
 Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping, late and early,  
 Walking up and pacing down,  
 Deeply mourned the Lord of Burghley,  
 Burghley House by Stamford town.  
 And he came to look upon her,  
 And he look'd at her and said,  
 ' Bring the dress and put it on her,  
 That she wore when she was wed.'  
 Then her people, softly treading,  
 Bore to earth her body, drest  
 In the dress that she was wed in,  
 That her spirit might have rest."

The Countess survived for four years, and was the mother of three sons and a daughter, when she died in 1797, at the age of about twenty-four, and of something like *ennui*, and a consciousness, it is said, of want of qualification for the station which she occupied. Her lord was not an inconsolable widower. He married, for the third time, with Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Burrell, sister of the first Lord Gwydyr, and relict of the Duke of Hamilton. The Shropshire farmer's daughter was a most estimable lady. Through *her* daughter, who married the Hon. Mr. Pierrepont, whose only daughter became the wife of the late Lord Charles Wellesley, the Shropshire blood of the stout yeoman, Hoggins, flows in the veins of the future Duke of Wellington. Reality, after all, is as wonderful as romance.—*Athenæum*, No. 2181.

## The Castle of Fotheringhay.

This celebrated seat of the House of York, on the north bank of the river Nen, in Northamptonshire, was formerly built by Simon de St. Liz, or by the second Earl of Northampton, early in the twelfth century. Here was born Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Oct. 2, 1452.

Edmund of Langley, on taking possession, found Fotheringhay so much dilapidated as to induce him to rebuild the greater part of it, in ground-plan the form of a *fetterlock*. The *fetterlock*, inclosing a falcon, was afterwards the favourite device of the family. Whilst they were contending for the crown, the falcon was represented as endeavouring to expand its wings, and force open the lock. When the family had actually ascended the throne, the falcon was represented as *free*, and the lock *open*.

The Castle is most memorable as the last of the prison-houses of Mary Queen of Scots; and here she closed her life of bitter suffering and sorrow, February 8, 1587. We quote the sad scene from Mignet's touching History. The unfortunate Queen having been informed by the Earl of Shrewsbury, that she was to die "about eight o'clock on the morning of the morrow," on the Earl retiring, she devoted her last hours to consoling her servant, and making her withdraw at nearly two o'clock in the morning when she had finished writing. Feeling somewhat fatigued, and wishing to preserve or restore her strength for the final moment, she went to bed. Her women continued praying; and, during the last repose of her body, though her eyes were closed it was evident, from the slight motion of her lips, and a sort of rapture spread over her countenance, that she was addressing herself to Him on whom alone her hopes now rested. At daybreak, she arose, saying she had only two hours to live. She picked out one of her handkerchiefs with a fringe of gold, as a bandage for her eyes on the scaffold, and dressed herself with a stern magnificence. Having assembled her servants, she made Bourgoin, her physician, read over to them her will, which she then signed; and afterwards gave them the letters, papers, and presents, of which they were to be the bearers to the princes of her family and her friends on the Continent. She had already distributed to them, on the previous evening, her rings, jewels, furniture and dresses; and she now gave them the purses which she had prepared for them, and in which she had enclosed, in small sums, the five thousand crowns which remained over to her. With finished grace, and with affecting kind-

ness, she mingled her consolations with her gifts, and strengthened them for the affliction into which her death would soon throw them. "You could not see," says an eye-witness, "any change, neither in her face, nor in her speech, nor in her general appearance; she seemed to be giving orders about her affairs just as if she were merely going to change her residence from one house to another."

She now retired to her oratory, where she was for some time engaged in reading the prayers for the dead. A loud knocking at the door interrupted these funeral orisons; she bade the intruders wait a few minutes.

"Shortly afterwards, eight o'clock having struck, there was a fresh knocking at the door, which this time was opened. The sheriff entered, with a white wand in his hand, advanced close to Mary, who had not yet moved her head, and pronounced these few words: 'Madam, the lords await you, and have sent me to you.' 'Yes,' replied Mary, rising from her knees, 'let us go.' Just as she was moving away, Bourgoin handed to her the ivory crucifix which stood on the altar; she kissed it, and ordered it to be carried before her. Not being able to support herself alone, on account of the weakness of her limbs, she walked, leaning on two of her own servants, to the extremity of her apartments. Having arrived at that point, they, with peculiar delicacy, which she felt and approved, desired not to lead her themselves to execution, but entrusted her to the support of two of Paulet's servants, and followed her in tears. On reaching the staircase, where the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent awaited Mary Stuart, and by which she had to descend into the lower hall, at the end of which the scaffold had been raised, they were refused the consolation of accompanying her further. In spite of their supplications and lamentations they were separated from her; not without difficulty, for they threw themselves at her feet, kissed her hands, clung to her dress, and would not quit her. When they had succeeded in removing them, she resumed her course with a mild and noble air, the crucifix in one hand and a prayer-book in the other, dressed in the widow's garb, which she used to wear on days of great solemnity. She evinced the dignity of a queen, along with the calm composure of a Christian. At the foot of the staircase she met her *maitre-d'hôtel*, Andrew Melvil, who had been permitted to take leave of her, and who, seeing her thus walking to her execution, fell on his knees, and, with his countenance bathed in tears, expressed his bitter affliction. Mary embraced him, thanked him for his constant fidelity, and enjoined him to report exactly to her son all that he knew, and all that he was about to witness. 'It will be,' said Melvil, 'the most sor-

rowful message I ever carried, to announce that the queen, my sovereign and dear mistress, is dead.' 'Thou shouldst rather rejoice, good Melvil,' she replied, employing for the first time this familiar mode of address, 'that Mary Stuart has arrived at the close of her misfortunes. Thou knowest that this world is only vanity, and full of troubles and misery. Bear these tidings, that I die firm in my religion, a true Catholic, a true Scotchwoman, a true Frenchwoman. May God forgive those who have sought my death. The Judge of the secret thoughts and actions of men knows that I have always desired the union of Scotland and England. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have never done anything that could prejudice the welfare of the kingdom, or his quality as king, nor derogated in any respect from our sovereign prerogative.'"

The sentence was then read to her. She made a short speech, in which she repeated the words so frequently in her mouth, "I am queen born, not subject to the laws," and declared that she had never sought the life of her cousin Elizabeth. She then began to recite in Latin the Psalms of penitence and mercy, a pious exercise rudely interrupted by the Dean of Peterborough and the Earl of Kent.

"Her prayer ended, she arose. The terrible moment had arrived, and the executioner approached to assist her in removing a portion of her dress, but she motioned him away, saying, with a smile, that she had never had such *valets-de-chambre*. She then called Jean Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, who had remained all the time on their knees at the foot of the scaffold, and she began to undress herself with their assistance, remarking that she was not accustomed to do so before so many people. The afflicted girls performed this last sad office in tears. To prevent the utterance of their grief, she placed her finger on their lips, and reminded them that she had promised in their name that they would show more firmness. 'Instead of weeping, rejoice,' she said; 'I am very happy to leave this world, and in so good a cause.' She then laid down her cloak, and took off her veil, retaining only a petticoat of red taffety, flowered with velvet. Then seating herself on the chair, she gave her blessing to her weeping servants. The executioner having asked her pardon on his knees, she told him that she pardoned everybody. She embraced Elizabeth Curll and Jean Kennedy, and gave them her blessing, making the sign of the cross over them: and after Jean Kennedy had bandaged her eyes, she desired them to withdraw, which they did weeping. At the same time she knelt down with great courage, and still holding the crucifix in her hands, stretched out her neck to the executioner. She then said aloud, and with the most ardent feeling of

confidence, 'My God, I have hoped in you; I commit myself to your hands.' She imagined that she would have been struck in the mode usual in France, in an upright posture, and with the sword. The two masters of the works perceiving her mistake, informed her of it, and assisted her to lay her head on the block, which she did without ceasing to pray. There was a universal feeling of compassion at the sight of this lamentable misfortune, this heroic courage, this admirable sweetness. The executioner himself was moved, and aimed with an unsteady hand: the axe, instead of falling on the neck, struck the back of the head, and wounded her, yet she made no movement, nor uttered a complaint. It was only on repeating the blow that the executioner struck off her head, which he held up, saying, 'God save Queen Elizabeth.' 'Thus,' added Dr. Fletcher, 'may all her enemies perish.'" It is added, that when the fatal blow was struck, "her face was, for a moment, so much altered that few could remember her by her dead face, and her lips stirred up and down a quarter of an hour after her head was cut off."—(Ellis's *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 117.)

During her imprisonment here, Queen Mary wrote on a sheet of paper, in a large rambling hand, some verses in French, of which the following is a literal translation :

"Alas! what am I, and in what estate?  
 A wretched corse, bereaved of its heart,  
 An empty shadow, lost, unfortunate;  
 To die is now in life my only part.  
 For, to my greatness, let your envy rest,  
 In use no taste for grandeur now is found;  
 Consum'd by grief, with heavy ills oppress'd,  
 Your wishes and desires will soon be crown'd.  
 And you, my friend, who still have held me dear,  
 Bethink you that when health and heart are fled,  
 And every hope of future good is dead,  
 'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here;  
 And that this punishment on earth is given,  
 That my pure soul may rise to endless bliss in heaven."

Immediately before her execution, Queen Mary repeated a Latin prayer, composed by herself, and which has been set to a beautiful plaintive air, by Dr. Harington, of Bath: it may be thus paraphrased:

"In this last solemn and tremendous hour,  
 My Lord, my Saviour, I invoke Thy power!  
 In these sad pangs of anguish and of death,  
 Receive, O Lord, Thy suppliant's parting breath!  
 - Before Thy hallowed cross, she prostrate lies,  
 O hear her prayers, commiserate her sighs!  
 Extend Thy arms of mercy and of love,  
 And bear her to Thy peaceful realms above."

The relics of the ill-fated Queen, her prison-houses, and memorials of her captivity, are very numerous. The Lauder family, of Grange and Fountain Hall, possess her *Memento Mori* watch, they having inherited it from their ancestors, the Setoun family. It was given by Queen Mary to Mary Setoun, of the house of Wintoun, one of the four Marys, maids of honour to the Scottish Queen. This very curious relic must have been intended to be placed on a *prie-dieu*, or small altar in a private oratory; for it is too heavy to have been carried in any way attached to the person. The watch is of the form of a skull: on the forehead is the figure of Death, standing between a palace and a cottage; around is this legend from Horace: "*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.*" On the hind part of the skull is a figure of Time, with another legend from Horace: "*Tempus edax rerum tuque invidiosa vetustas.*" The upper part of the skull bears representations of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and of the Crucifixion, each with Latin legends; and between these scenes is open-work, to let out the sound when the watch strikes the hours upon a small silver bell, which fills the hollow of the skull, and receives the works within it when the watch is shut.

The Athol family possesses another interesting memorial of the unfortunate Queen in the Royal Harp, presented by her to the daughter of George Gardyn, after a magnificent hunt and banquet given to her Majesty by the Earl of Athol, in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, now also honoured as the abode of royalty. This harp had in front of the upper arm the Queen's portrait, and the arms of Scotland, both in gold. On the right side, in the circular space, near the upper end of the forearm, was placed a jewel of considerable value; and on the opposite side, in a similar circular space, was fixed another precious stone; of all which it was despoiled in the Rebellion, 1745.

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### The Battle-field of Naseby.

The village of Naseby, in the north-western portion of Northamptonshire, stands upon an eminence, supposed to be *the highest ground in England*; and a field about a mile northward is celebrated in history as the site of the battle which determined the fate of the Royal cause, on the 14th of June, 1645.

King Charles I. had, a fortnight before, taken Leicester by storm, and marching southward by Harborough to Daventry, compelled Fairfax to raise the siege of Oxford, in order to oppose him. On the

approach of the Parliamentary forces, under Fairfax and Cromwell, to Northampton, Charles retreated to the neighbourhood of Harborough, but finding his enemies close in pursuit, he determined to turn upon them. The battle was fought at Naseby, and each side mustered about 8000 or 9000 men. The right wing of each army, the Royalists under Rupert, and the Parliamentarians under Cromwell, was victorious; but while Rupert wasted his advantage by an inconsiderate pursuit, Cromwell decided the day by charging the Royalist centre in the flank and rear. The victory was decisive: the Royalists had 800 killed and wounded, the Parliamentarians rather more; but they took 4000 prisoners and all the artillery, besides other spoils of the greatest importance.

Such is the outline of this decisive and memorable conflict. In the autumn of 1827, Sir Richard Phillips *walked over the battle-field*, and his observations supplement the historical details, and add considerably to their interest. "The Parliament forces," says Sir Richard, "were in possession of Naseby, and the Royal army advanced up the rising ground to attack and dislodge them. The heat of the battle was in the ascent towards the trees. Cromwell practised among these hills as Wellington did at Waterloo—he concealed his masses behind the acclivities; and the assailants were surprised, and easily repulsed with great loss. Charles fled, and was pursued through Harborough even to Leicester, a distance of twenty-five miles. The women and baggage of his army were captured about six miles from the field; and in retaliation for a similar slaughter of parliament women in Cornwall, these women (the officers' wives, and even some ladies of rank), were in a merciless and atrocious manner put at once to the sword. I was shown the place on my way to Harborough—and we may hope that the crime was committed without the knowledge of superiors in the fury of the pursuit, perhaps by men who had lost their wives in the Cornish affair. It was, however, a cowardly and cruel retaliation, and disgraceful to the great cause for which at the time the Parliament forces were contending.

"At Naseby, they still show the table at which the council of the Parliament officers deliberated before the battle; and close to which rises the spring that originates the Welland. On the same hill rises also the famous Avon, the Nen, and the Swift, all following in different directions, and thereby proving that Naseby is the highest land in several adjoining counties. I distinguished from it Mount Sorrel at thirty miles distance, and all the high lands within forty or fifty miles. I collected but one bullet on the field; but I was told that tourists and



antiquaries have made every relic scarce. The lordship had recently been divided and inclosed, so that in the next generation hedges and trees will disguise the site of the lately open field where the battle was fought. An elegant pillar has been erected on the field with the following appropriate inscription:—

“TO COMMEMORATE THE GREAT AND DECISIVE BATTLE FOUGHT ON THIS FIELD, ON THE 14 JUNE, 1645, BETWEEN THE ROYALIST ARMY, COMMANDED BY HIS MAJESTY KING CHARLES I., AND THE PARLIAMENT FORCE, HEADED BY THE GENERALS FAIRFAX AND CROMWELL; WHICH TERMINATED FATALLY FOR THE ROYAL CAUSE, AND LED TO THE SUBVERSION OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR, AND THE CONSTITUTION, AND FOR YEARS PLUNGED THIS NATION INTO THE HORRORS OF ANARCHY AND CIVIL WAR—LEAVING A USEFUL LESSON TO BRITISH KINGS, NEVER TO EXCEED THE BOUNDS OF THEIR JUST PREROGATIVE—AND TO BRITISH SUBJECTS, NEVER TO SWERVE FROM THE ALLEGIANCE DUE TO THEIR LEGITIMATE MONARCH.”

After King Charles had surrendered himself to the Scots, at Newark, and been delivered into the hands of the Parliamentary Commissioners, he was brought to Holmby, about six miles north-west of Northampton, as described in the next page.

It has been suggested that the bones of those who fell at Naseby were collected some years after the battle, and transferred to the church of Rothwell, probably soon after the Revolution. The flower of England fell at Naseby; and it is thought that the bones were gathered from the trenches in which the bodies were probably laid, and carried to the crypt, where they were piled in regular order, layers of skulls alternating with layers of bones. All are the bones of male adults, and belong to one generation, and there are said to have been originally 30,000 skulls. In addition to Naseby, Bosworth field, in the adjoining county, might have contributed its thousands. The suggestion has its probabilities, but the identity is involved in much doubt.

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## Holmby House: Seizure of Charles I.

Of Holdenby, or Holmby House, on a rising ground about six miles north-west of Northampton, there exist but the gates and some out-buildings. Still the site will ever be memorable as almost the closing scene in the unkingship of the ill-fated Charles I. The mansion was built by Sir Christopher Hatton, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, with much magnificence, in contrast with which the eventful scene we are about to describe presents a saddening effect.

After the King had surrendered himself to the Scots at Newark,

through the arrangement made by the Scottish Army with the English Parliament, he was conducted to Holmby House, where he assumed, though always under the surveillance of the Commissioners of the Parliament, something of the sovereign state. He gave receptions to the country gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and accepted the homage rendered him by the common people; but his chief time appears to have been divided between the bowling-green of Althorpe, the correspondence or conversation with his adherents, and his favourite chess-board. It was not long, however, that he was permitted to enjoy this calm. Ere a few months had passed, his confidential friends were dismissed, and his chaplains denied admittance. The struggle pending between the Army and the Parliament to decide whose captive he was to be, soon approached a crisis. The Army, conscious of its increasing power, determined to assert its authority. By means of a petition conveyed to the King, in which the army-leaders hinted at restoring him "to his honour, crown, and dignity," they had contrived to inspire his Majesty with some confidence in their intentions, and he fell with facility into the plot they had arranged for getting him into their hands.

It happened then, one afternoon, when the King was playing bowls on the green at Althorpe, that the attention of the Commissioners who accompanied him was directed to a strange soldier in the uniform of Fairfax's regiment, who mingled in the throng of spectators and evinced no little curiosity as to what was passing. At length, Colonel Greaves, who commanded the slender garrison of Holmby, accosted the man, and inquired what was going on in the Army? and, to encourage him, bade him not be afraid. The soldier confidently answered that he was "not afraid of him or of any man in the kingdom," and then proceeded in a tone of authority to inveigh against the Parliament. There had run a rumour that a large body of cavalry was in the neighbourhood, and the Colonel asked the stranger whether he had heard of them. "I have done more than hear of them," said the man, "for I saw them yesterday within thirty miles of Holmby." At this a whisper circulated; the mysterious visitor was regarded with apprehension; the King left his recreation; the guards at Holmby House were doubled; and the Earl of Dumfermling, who was present, started off to London to apprise the Parliament that his Majesty was carried away against his will.

A few hours later a squadron of fifty horse, led by the suspicious stranger just spoken of, drew up before the house. Upon being asked who commanded them, they answered "All command!" Their leader, who proved to be one Joyce, a cornet, requested to speak with the

Commissioners, to whom he pretended that, hearing there was an intention to steal the King away, the Army had sent this body of cavalry to protect him. He was permitted to place his guards, and the Commissioners promised that he should shortly receive their commands.

Late at night Joyce and the cavalry again appeared. This time the Cornet demanded to speak with the King. The Commissioners appear to have held him for some time in parley, as he afterwards complained that they kept him in discourse till the King was asleep. All this while the soldiers within were fraternizing with the new-comers, and instead of opposing them, flung open the gates for their admittance. Joyce then set sentinels at the chamber-doors of the Commissioners, and made his way with two or three more to the King's sleeping-room, knocked at the door, and demanded admittance. The grooms of the chamber inquired if the Commissioners approved of this intrusion. Joyce rudely answered, "No," and went on to say that he had ordered a guard to be stationed at their bedroom doors, and that his instructions were from those who feared them not. The noise of this conversation awoke the King, who rose out of his bed and caused the door to be opened; whereupon Joyce and two or three of his companions came into the chamber with their hats off and pistols in their hands. The Cornet commenced his business by an apology for disturbing his Majesty's sleep, but said he had imperative commands to remove him to the Army without delay. The King demanded that the Commissioners should be sent for. The soldier told him that the Commissioners had nothing now to do but to return back to the Parliament. The King then asked for a sight of the instructions the Cornet held for securing his person. Joyce said his commission came from "the soldiery of the Army." The King objected, "that is no lawful authority," and added, "I pray, Mr. Joyce, deal ingenuously with me, and tell me whence are your instructions." The Cornet, turning round and pointing to his troopers, who were drawn up in the courtyard, said, "There, Sir, there are my instructions." Upon which the King observed, with a smile, "Well, I must confess they are written in very fair characters, legible enough without spelling. But what if I refuse to go along with you? I trust you would not compel your King. You must satisfy me that I shall be treated with honour and respect, and that I shall not be forced in anything against my conscience and dignity, though I hope that my resolution is so constant that no force can cause me to do a base thing." The Cornet again pressed his Majesty to accompany him, declaring that no prejudice was intended, but, on the contrary, much good.

The officers of Holmby and the Commissioners now protested loudly against the removal of the King, and called upon the troopers to maintain the authority of Parliament, putting it to them whether they agreed with what Cornet Joyce had said and done. They replied with one voice, "All! All!" Hearing this, Major-General Brown, who was in command of the garrison at Holmby with Colonel Greaves, remarked that he did not think there were two of the company who knew what had passed. "Let all," he continued, "who are willing the King should stay with the Commissioners of Parliament now speak." The whole band exclaimed "None! none!" Then said the Major-General, "I have done!" and the men replied, "We know well enough what we do."

The King, after breakfast, got into his coach, and, attended by a few servants, was conducted by Cornet Joyce to Hinchinbrook, near Huntingdon, the house of Colonel Edward Montague, where he was entertained with great respect and satisfaction. Immediately upon this astounding abduction of the sovereign being known, Fairfax despatched Colonel Whalley with two regiments of horse to escort his Majesty back to Holmby; but the King, who evidently was not without hopes of better treatment from the Army than he had of late experienced from the Commissioners, positively refused to go back. Whalley assured him that he had an express command to see all things well settled again about his Majesty, which could not be effected but by his returning to Holmby. The King was obdurate, and the Colonel desisted from pressing further. On the following day Cromwell, Fairfax, Ireton, and other officers had an interview with him in the garden of Sir John Cutts, at Childerly. His Majesty put the question to Cromwell and Fairfax whether it was by their conjoint or single authority that he was brought from Holmby, and they both disowning it, he remarked—"Unless you hang up Joyce, I will not believe what you say." It was soon apparent that Cornet Joyce was safe from a court martial. He offered, indeed, to appeal to a general rendezvous of the Army, adding, "And, if three or even four parts of the Army do not approve of my proceedings, I will be content to be hanged at the head of my regiment." "Ay," observed the King, "you must have had the countenance of some persons in authority, for you would never of yourself have ventured on such a treason."

And thus ended the seizure of the King at Holmby, an act which was a mystery to his contemporaries, but which in all probability was the bold invention of Cromwell and Ireton, that the Army might become masters of the Sovereign; and which they had cleverly paved the way

for by leading the King to believe the Army leaders were willing to unite with him against the Presbyterian party. Cornet Joyce got the whole credit of the daring enterprise, Cromwell denying it was with his concurrence, and using such caution that the King's friends ascribed to him the sending of the two regiments of cavalry under Whalley for the immediate protection of the Monarch's person, and to lead him back to Holmby.

These very interesting details of the circumstances, evidently drawn from the conflicting statements of Clarendon, Herbert, "The True and Impartial Narrative," Holmes, Whitelock, and the Parliamentary History, are appended to a clever picture of the seizure at Holmby, painted by John Gilbert, and engraved in the *Illustrated London News*, June 15, 1861. The scene is the royal bedchamber: the King having raised himself up in the bed, is holding the colloquy with Joyce.

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### Catesby Hall and the Gunpowder Plot.

At Ashby St. Leger, near Daventry, remains to this day the gatehouse of the ancient manor of the Catesby family, of whom Robert Catesby was the contriver of the Gunpowder Plot, and is stated to have inveigled, by his persuasive eloquence, several of the other twelve conspirators. They are believed to have met in the room over the gateway, and the apartment is by the villagers of the neighbourhood called the "Plot Room." Of the thirteen conspirators five only were engaged in the plot at its commencement; four (probably six) had at one time been Protestants; some took no active part, but furnished part of the money; and three Jesuits, who were privy to the design, counselled and encouraged the conspirators. Catesby was shot with Thomas Percy, by the sheriffs' officers, in attempting to escape at Holbeach, shortly after the discovery of the treason.

Guido or Guy Fawkes was a soldier of fortune in the Spanish service; he was a native of Yorkshire, and a schoolfellow of Bishop Morton at York. In the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, are preserved the rusty and shattered remains of the lantern which Fawkes carried when he was seized. It is of iron, and a dark lantern; the movement for inclosing the light being precisely the same as in those in use at the present day: the top, squeezed up and broken, is preserved with it, as is also the socket for the candle. The horn or glass which once filled the door is quite gone. On a brass plate affixed to one side of the lantern, the following Latin inscription is engraved in script hand:—

“*Laterna illa ipsa quæ usus est et cum quâ deprehensus Guido Faux in Cryptâ subterraneâ ubi domo Parliamenti difflanda operam debet. Ex dono Rob. Heywood, nuper Academix procuratoris, Apr. 4<sup>o</sup>, 1641.*” And the following is written on a piece of paper, and deposited in the glass case with the lantern, along with two or three prints and papers relating to the Powder Plot :

“The very lantern that was taken from Guy Fawkes when he was about to blow up the Parliament House. It was given to the University in 1641, according to the inscription on it, by Robert Heywood, Proctor of the University ”

It is constantly asserted by Roman Catholic writers that the priests and others who were executed in the reigns of James I. and Elizabeth were martyrs to the faith ; and the inference they would draw is, that the Church of England is as open to the charge of persecution as the Church of Rome. It is certain, however, that Elizabeth's advisers did not consider that they were putting men to death for religion ; whilst, on the other hand, the martyrs under Queen Mary were committed to the flames as heretics, not as traitors or offenders against the laws of the land. They were put to death according to the mode prescribed in cases of heresy ; whereas the Papists were both tried and executed for treason, which is an offence against the State. The only way in which it can be said that such persons suffered for religion is this, viz. that their religion led them into treason. From the year 1570 to 1600, Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant religion were constantly exposed to the machinations of the active partisans of the Roman See, who were encouraged by the Pope himself. Every Pontiff pursued the same course. There was a settled purpose at Rome, and indeed throughout the whole Romish confederacy, to dethrone Elizabeth and overturn the Anglican Church. Nor is it a libel on the Church of Rome to say, that in all these proceedings she acted on recognised principles—principles which had received the solemn sanction of her councils. To root out heresy by any means within their reach was deemed, or, at all events, was asserted to be, a sacred duty incumbent on all the members of the Church of Rome. The doctrine may be denied in the present day, when circumstances, we hope, do not admit of its being carried into practice ; but, unquestionably, it was not merely believed as an article of faith in the days of Elizabeth, for attempts were constantly made to enforce the infamous bull of excommunication of Pius V., from which the treasons in the reigns of Elizabeth and James naturally flowed. James I. succeeded to the throne at a period when the eyes of Romanists were fastened on England as their prey. A conspiracy was in agitation

before the death of Elizabeth; and the confessions and examinations of the gunpowder conspirators show that a plot was partly contrived before James's accession.

Catesby Hall is otherwise noted than for its association with the Gunpowder Plot. The house formerly belonged to Sir Richard Catesby, one of the three favourites who ruled the kingdom under Richard III., the others being Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Viscount Lovell, on whom the following humorous distich was made:—

“The Rat, the Cat, and Lovell our Dog,  
Rule all England under the Hog;”

alluding to the King's adoption of a boar as one of the supporters of the Royal arms. After the Battle of Bosworth, this Sir William Catesby was beheaded at Leicester, and his lands escheated; but Henry VII. (1496) restored them to Catesby's son George, from whom they descended, in course of time, to Sir William Catesby, who was convicted, during the reign of Elizabeth (1581), of harbouring Jesuits here, and celebrating mass. His son and successor was the above conspirator, Robert Catesby, who had severely suffered in the last reign for recusancy, and in revenge had been long engaged in endeavouring to bring about an invasion of England by the Spaniards. Several of the conspirators were recent converts to Romanism. Such was Catesby; he had been engaged in Essex's insurrection, as had some of the others. Fawkes had but recently returned from abroad, and he appears to have been a mere soldier of fortune, the hired servant of the rest, who were all gentlemen of property.

“This plot is usually spoken of as unprecedented in its nature, but such is not the case: Swedish history furnishes two instances of gunpowder plots, real or pretended. Christian II. made such a plot the pretext for his barbarous executions at Stockholm in 1520; and in 1533 the regency of Lubeck engaged some Germans to blow up Gustavus Vasa, while holding the diet, but the plan was discovered on the very eve of its execution.”—*Annals of England*, vol. ii. p. 341.

## HUNTINGDON AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

## Kimbolton Castle.

This famous Castle, though ill-naturedly termed by Horace Walpole an ugly place, and by dull topographers an "antient stone building," has fortunately found a more genial and appreciative writer to chronicle the chequered history of the personages who have resided here, and illustrate the autographic treasures deposited within its walls, and known as the Kimbolton Papers. At the commencement of the year 1861, Mr. Hepworth Dixon visited the Duke of Manchester at Kimbolton Castle, and, under peculiar advantages, drew a vivid and characteristic picture of the place, printed in the *Athenæum* for January, 1861, and of which we have taken the liberty to avail ourselves for the following descriptive information:—

"Kimbolton Castle, seat of the Duke of Manchester, stands at the head of our great flat or fen country, and is the centre of all the histories and legends of the shire of Huntingdon. Though pulled about and rebuilt by Sir John Vanbrugh, the Castle has still a grand antique and feudal air. The memories which hang about it are in the last degree romantic and imposing. There Queen Katherine of Arragon died. There the Civil Wars took shape. Yet Kimbolton is not more rich in grand traditions than in historical pictures and in historical papers. All the Montagus hang upon its walls,—Judges, Ambassadors, Earls, and Dukes. The originals of very many of Walpole's Letters are in its library. In the same presses are many unpublished letters of Joseph Addison—of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough—and of Sir John Vanbrugh, together with the originals of a great mass of correspondence with authors, artists, generals, statesmen, ministers, and kings. On this rich mine of anecdote and gossip (says Mr. Dixon) I shall draw—with the Duke's permission; but my first concern is with the more poetical legends of Queen Katherine and Queen Katherine's ghost.

"Kimbolton is perhaps the only house now left in England in which you still live and move, distinguished as the scene of an act in one of Shakspeare's plays. Where now is the royal palace of Northampton?



—where the baronial halls of Warkworth? Time has trodden under foot the pride of Langley and Ely House. The Tower has become a barrack, Bridewell a jail. Ivy has eaten into the stone of Pomfret. Flint has fallen into the Dee. Westminster Abbey, indeed, remains much as when Shakspeare opened the Great Contention of York and Lancaster with the dead hero of Agincourt lying there in state; and the Temple Gardens have much the same shape as when he made Plantagenet pluck the white rose, Somerset the red; but for a genuine Shakspearian house, in which men still live and love, still dress and dine, to which guests come and go, in which children frisk and sport, where shall we look beyond the walls of Kimbolton Castle?

“Of this Shakspearian pile Queen Katherine is the glory and the fear. The room in which she died remains. The chest in which she kept her clothes and jewels, her own cipher on the lid, still lies at the foot of the grand staircase, in the gallery leading to the seat she occupied in the private chapel. Her spirit, the people of the Castle say, still haunts the rooms and corridors in the dull gloaming or at silent midnight. In the Library, among a mass of loose notes and anecdotes set down in a handwriting unknown to me, but of the last century, I one day found a story of her in her early happy time, which is, I think, singularly pretty and romantic. Has it ever been in print?

“The legend told in this unknown hand—whether truth or fable—runs in this wise:—In the bright days of Katherine’s wedded love, long before Hal had become troubled in his conscience by

‘The gospel light that shone in Boleyn’s eyes,’

Montagu, her Master of the Horse, fell crazily in love with her. Not daring to breathe in her chaste ear one word, or even hint this passion for her by a glance or sigh, the young gallant stifled

‘The mighty hunger of the heart,’

only permitting himself, from time to time, the sweet reward of a gentle, as he thought imperceptible, pressure of the Queen’s hand as she vaulted to her mare for a ride, or descended after her sport with the falcon. That tender touch, as light as love, as secret as an unborn hope, sent the warm soft blood of youth careering through his veins; but the passionate and poetic joy was too pure to last. Katherine felt the fire that touched her fingers; and as the cold Spanish training, which allows no pressure of hands between the sexes, or indeed any of those exquisite and innocent familiarities by which the approach of love is signalled from heart to heart in more favoured lands, gave her no clue to the strange

behaviour of her Gentleman of the Horse, she ran with the thoughtless gaiety of a child to ask counsel of the King.

"Tell me, sir," says the Queen, "what a gentleman in this country means when he squeezes a lady's hand?"

"Ha, ha!" roars the King, "but you must first tell me, chick, does any gentleman squeeze your hand?"

"Yes, sweetheart," says the innocent Queen; "my Gentleman of the Horse."

Montagu went away to the wars. An attack was about to be made on the enemy's lines, and the desperate young Englishman begged to have the privilege of fighting in the front. Gashed with pikes, he was carried to his tent; and in the blood in which his life was fast oozing away he wrote these words to the Queen—

'Madam, I die of your love.'

"When the poor Queen herself, many years after the date of this remarkable incident, came to Kimbolton Castle to die, it was the property of the Wingfields, not of the Montagus. The present family were not her jailers, nor are they thought to be in any way obnoxious to the regal shade. To them the legend of her haunting spirit is a beautiful adornment of their home.

"There are, in popular belief, two ghosts at the Castle and the surrounding Park: one of the unhappy Queen; one of the stern Judge, Sir John Popham, whose fine old portrait hangs in the great hall. Katherine of Arragon is said to haunt the house, to float through and through the galleries, and to people the dark void spaces with a mysterious awe; Sir John to sit astride the Park wall or lie in wait for rogues and poachers under the great elms. The poetical interest centres in the Queen."

Mr. Dixon thus describes the Queen's Chamber, the room in which she died, where a panel leads to what is called her hiding-places. "Mere dreams, no doubt, but people here believe them. They say the ghost glides about after dark, robed in her long white dress, and with the royal crown upon her head, through the great hall, and along the corridor to the private chapel, or up the grand staircase, past the Pellegrini cartoons."

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## Ramsay Abbey, and its Learned Monks.

Ramsay, ten miles from Huntingdon, derives its origin from a Benedictine Abbey, founded on an island or dry spot in the marshes, called Ram's ey—*i.e.* Ram's Island, in the reign of Edgar, A.D. 969, on

land given by Ailwine, duke or earl of the East Angles, and founded at the instigation of Oswald, successively Bishop of Worcester and Archbishop of York. The Abbey obtained great wealth and repute. Many of the abbots and monks were men of considerable learning. A school, almost coeval with the Abbey itself, was established within its walls, and became one of the most celebrated seats of learning in England during the latter part of the tenth century, under the direction of Abbo, one of the foreign monks whom Oswald had brought hither from Fleury. The library was celebrated for its collection of Hebrew books, previously belonging to the synagogues at Stamford and Huntingdon, and purchased at the confiscation of the Jews' property in England, in the reign of Edward I., by Gregory Huntingdon, a monk of the Abbey: Robert Dodford, another monk, was also eminent for his attainments in Hebrew; and a third, Robert Holbeach, of the time of Henry IV., profiting by the labour of his predecessors, compiled a Hebrew Lexicon. The Reformation broke up the library, and interrupted the studies that had distinguished this secluded spot in the dark ages. The Abbots of Ramsey were mitred. The only remains of the Abbey, which stood not far from the church, are the ruined gateway, a rich specimen of Decorated English architecture, but in a very dilapidated condition; and a statue of Earl Ailwine, the founder, supposed to be one of the most ancient pieces of sculpture extant.

St. Ives, six miles east of Huntingdon, derives its name from Ives or St. Ives, a Norman ecclesiastic, said to have visited England as a missionary about A.D. 600, and whose supposed remains were discovered here some centuries afterwards. On the spot where they were found, the Abbots of Ramsey, to whom the manor belonged, first built a church, and then a Priory, subordinate to Ramsey Abbey, which priory remained till the Dissolution. The dove-house and barn of the ancient Priory are yet standing.\*

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\* An incident, illustrative of the age, took place at Warboys, in this county, near the close of the sixteenth century. The children of Robert Throckmorton, Esq., having been afflicted by fits of a peculiar kind, and the lady of Sir Henry Cromwell having died after experiencing similar fits, a family named Samwell, consisting of an old man, and his wife and daughter, (Agnes,) were charged with bewitching them; and having been found guilty at the Lent Assizes, A.D. 1593, were executed. They are traditionally known as "the Witches of Warboys." Sir Henry Cromwell, to whom as lord of the manor their goods were forfeited, gave them as an endowment for ever for preaching an annual sermon at Huntingdon, against the sin of witchcraft; and the sermon continued to be preached long after the statutes against witchcraft were repealed.

## Castles of Cambridge and Ely.

The first well authenticated fact relating to the history of Cambridge is the burning of it, together with the monasteries of Ely, Soham, and Thorney, and the slaughtering of the monks by the Danes, in revenge for the death of Leofric. In 875 Cambridge was the head-quarters of the Danes, under Guthrum, who remained there a twelvemonth. In 1010 Cambridge was again destroyed by the Danes. Whilst the Isle of Ely was held against William the Conqueror by the English nobility, that monarch built a Castle at Cambridge—Grose says in the first year of his reign: Ordericus Vitalis says in 1068. In 1088, Cambridge shared the fate of the county in being laid waste with fire and sword in the cause of Robert Curthose. King John was at Cambridge on the 16th of September, 1216, about a month before his death. On his departure he entrusted the defence of the Castle to Jules de Brent, but it was soon after taken by the Barons; and after the King's death a Council was held at Cambridge between the Barons and Louis the Dauphin. In 1249 we have the first notice of great discord between the townsmen of Cambridge and the scholars of the University. Upon the first symptoms of an approaching war between King Charles and his Parliament, the University of Cambridge demonstrated their loyalty; but in 1643, Cromwell, who had twice represented the borough, took possession of the town for the Parliament, and put in it a garrison of 1000 men. In August 1645, the King appeared with his Army before it, and the heads of the University voted their plate to be melted down for the King's use;—but we have no account of any siege or assault upon the town; nor does anything occur which connects it with the civil history of the country from that to the present time. The Castle, which is said to have been erected on the site of a Danish fortress, was suffered to go to decay at least as early as the reign of Henry IV.; all that remains of the ancient buildings is the gatehouse.

Among the troubles of Ely, we find that in 1018 the monks who went to the battle of Assendune to pray for their countrymen, were all massacred by the Danes. And in 1037, at Ely, died in prison, Alfred, the eldest son of Ethelred II., whose eyes had been put out by order of Harold I.

When William the Conqueror invaded England, the most obstinate resistance which he experienced was in the Isle of Ely. William, designing to take the Isle, built a Castle at Wisbeach and a fortress at Reche, and invested the Isle by land and water, but was forced to retire. Hereward le Wake, son of Leofric lord of Brunne (Bourne?)

in Lincolnshire, had been banished in early life for his violent temper; and having signalized his valour in foreign parts, was in Flanders when the battle of Hastings was fought in 1066. Hearing that his paternal inheritance had been given to a Norman and his mother ill-used, he returned to England, and commenced hostilities against the usurper of his patrimony. The Isle of Ely was his central station, and he built on it a wooden Castle, which long retained his name. William surrounded the island with his fleet and army, attempting to make a passage through the fens by solid roads in some parts and bridges in others; and either awed by the superstition of the times, or wishing to make it subservient to his interests, he got a witch to march at the head of his Army and try the effect of her incantations against Hereward. The Anglo-Saxon, no way daunted, set fire to the reeds and other vegetation of the fens, and the witch and the troops who followed her perished in the flames. The actions of Hereward became the theme of popular songs, and the Conqueror's own Secretary, stated to be Ingulphus, has penned his eulogium. During his warfare against the Normans, his camp was the refuge of the friends of Saxon independence. Morcar, Earl of Northumbria, Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, Ellgwin, Bishop of Durham, and others repaired to him. The defence of the Isle lasted till 1074, and the Conqueror penetrated at last only by virtue of a compact with the monks of Ely, whose land beyond the island he had seized. Hereward, unsubdued, contrived to make his peace with the King, obtained the restoration of his inheritance, and died quietly in his bed.

In the Civil Wars of Stephen and the Empress Maud, the Bishop of Ely, who supported the latter, built a wooden Castle at Ely, and fortified the Castle of Aldreth, (in Haddenham parish,) which appears to have commanded one of the approaches to the Isle. In 1140 it was attacked by the army of King Stephen, who went himself with a fleet of small vessels to Aldreth, entered the island, and marched to Ely; but it was retaken, about the year 1142, by the Bishop; and two years after the Earl of Essex, having gone over to the Empress Maud, had the Castles of Aldreth and Ely for his charge. He committed many depredations on the King's demesnes, and lost his life at the siege of Burwell Castle. The Isle afterwards suffered much from the ravage of war, and from famine and pestilence, the consequence of these hostilities.

In the Civil War between John and his Barons, the Isle was twice ravaged by the King's troops: first, under Walter de Baneck, with a party of Brabanters, who entered the Isle opposite Herebie, and plundered

the monastery. Afterwards it was attacked by Fulk de Brent, the King's favourite, who had been appointed governor of Cambridge Castle, and his confederates. This was about the year 1216. About the same time, the Barons took Cambridge Castle, and the King marching into Cambridgeshire, did, as Holinshed expresses it, "hurt enough;" but on the King's retreat, the Barons recovered the Isle of Ely, except one Castle, probably that at Ely. In the troubles which marked the close of the reign of Henry III., the Isle was again the scene of contest. It was taken and fortified by the Barons, who ravaged the county, and took and plundered Cambridge, and established themselves in the Isle of Ely, which they fortified. In 1266-7, the King, joined at Cambridge by Prince Edward, with a Scottish army of 30,000 men, marched his forces to Windsor, when the Barons entered the town, burnt the King's house, and threatened Barnwell Priory, but their patrons the Peeches saved it. Prince Edward took the Isle of Ely almost without opposition.

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### The Isle of Ely: its Monastery and Cathedral.

According to Bede, the word Ely, which was given to the large district of fens in which the city is situated, as well as the city itself, is derived from Elgee or Elig, an *eel*, and consequently has reference to the abundance of eels in the neighbourhood. But most antiquaries derive the appellation from Helig, a British name for the willow, which grows in great numbers in the Isle, and hence it was called *Willow Island*. "Such secluded and inaccessible retreats were commonly chosen by the Saxons for security when the open parts of the country were overrun with armies. The 'hardy outlaw,' Hereward, the last of the Saxons who held out against William of Normandy, retreated upon Ely; and a party of the Barons, after the loss of the battle of Evesham, here made their last resistance to Edward."—(*Mackenzie Walcott, M.A.*)

Ely is a city and county of itself, and the seat of a bishop's see. The foundation of its magnificent Cathedral is due to the piety of St. Etheldreda, who was born at a small village called Exning, near Newmarket, about the year 630. The early part of her life she devoted to the cloister. About the year 652 she married, at the solicitation of her parents, Toubert, a nobleman of East Anglia. By this marriage, the Isle of Ely fell to her as a dowry; and thither, on the death of Toubert, which occurred about three years after their espousal, she retired to her former pious meditations. She subsequently married Egfride, son of the King of Northumberland, and, by this alliance,

eventually became Queen. She then withdrew from Court, with the sanction of the King, took up her abode in the Abbey of Goldington, took the veil, and at length retired to Ely, and laid the foundation of her church and monastery, over which she reigned Abbess about six years. Her pious life and gentle sway endeared her to all around her; and she died universally honoured, A.D. 679, leaving the Isle of Ely as an endowment to this convent. Her sister Sexberga succeeded her, and lived twenty years as Abbess. This lady was followed by her daughter Erminilda, who was succeeded by her daughter Werberga. Little is known after this of the heads of the convent for a number of years.

During the repeated incursions of the Danes the monastery was ruined; it was pillaged, its sacred walls were destroyed, and its inmates put to the sword. At this period the Danes were enabled to sail their ships close up to the walls of the town, the river being much deeper; in fact, it is supposed to have been an arm of the sea. One of the oldest songs extant is a war lyric of these Northmen, which relates that they heard the monks of Ely singing their hymns as they were sailing round the walls at night. The site is rendered famous by the old ballad of King Canute:—

“ Merrily sang the monks within Ely  
When Canute the King rowed there; y;  
(Row me, Knights, the shore along,  
And listen to these monks' song.”)

About the year 970 it was rebuilt by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, who converted it into a monastery, and provided it with monks, to which King Edgar and many succeeding monarchs gave great privileges and grants of land, so that the Abbey, in process of time, became one of the richest in England. The charter of King Edgar was confirmed by Canute and Edward the Confessor, and subsequently by the Pope. The Isle was gallantly defended against William the Conqueror; but after repeated attacks the inhabitants were obliged to surrender. Many of them were put to the sword, and most of the valuable furniture and jewels of the monastery were seized; but through the firmness of Theodwin, who had been made Abbot, the property was restored. The monastery was successively governed by nine Abbots; the ninth being Simeon, the founder of the present structure—that is to say, of the choir, transepts, central tower, and a portion of the nave. These portions were begun A.D. 1083; but Simeon did not live to see them finished. They were completed by his successor, Abbot Richard. Of this work it is ascertained that little more than the lowest story of the transept remains.

Richard, the eleventh Abbot, wishing to free himself of the Bishop of Lincoln, within whose diocese his monastery was situated, and not liking so powerful a superior, made great interest with King Henry I. to get Ely erected into a bishopric, and spared neither purse nor prayers to bring this about. He even brought the Bishop of Lincoln to consent to it, by giving him and his successors the manors of Bugden, Biggleswade, and Spalding, which belonged to the Abbey, in lieu of his jurisdiction; but he lived not to taste the fruits of his industry and ambition, for he died before his Abbey was erected into a see; his successor was the first Bishop of Ely. The lands of the monastery were divided between the bishopric and the monks, and the monastery was governed by the Lord Prior. But the great privileges the Bishops enjoyed during a long succession of years were almost wholly taken away or much restricted during the reign of Henry VIII., who granted a charter to convert the conventual church into a cathedral. The structure is the workmanship of many different periods, and displays a singular mixture of various styles of architecture, but, taken as a whole, it is a noble work. The most ancient part, as we have seen, is the transept, which was erected in the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I.

From the roof of King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, the distinctive west tower (270 feet high) and central lantern of the present cathedral are plainly discernible. The western transept forms a magnificent vestibule to the church. Unhappily, the northern portion has either fallen or been demolished: it was perfect until the Reformation. The interior is truly magnificent, with its perspective of a

“ Pile, large and massy, for decoration built;  
 With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld  
 By naked rafters, intricately crossed,  
 Like leafless underboughs, 'mid some thick grove,  
 All withered by the depth of shade above.”

Among the relics is one of the latter part of the seventh century, part of the sepulchral cross of Ovin, Steward to Queen Etheldreda.

At a short distance south from the cathedral are the buildings of the old conventual church, in a wonderful state of preservation, having perfect all the characteristics of the age in which it is recorded to have been erected by St. Etheldreda, in 673.





## SUFFOLK.

## Dunwich Swallowed up by the Sea.

Dunwich, in ancient times a city with six or eight churches, but now a mere village, three miles and a half from Southwold, stands upon elevated ground on the Suffolk coast, washed by the German Ocean. It was once an important, opulent, and commercial city; but unlike the ruined cities whose fragments attest their former grandeur, Dunwich is wasted, desolated, and void. Its palaces and temples are no more, and its environs present an aspect lonely, stern, and wild. From the discovery of Roman coins here, it has been set down as a Roman station. With respect to its ecclesiastical history, we learn that Felix, the Burgundian Bishop, whom Sigebert, King of the East Angles, brought here to reconvert his subjects to Christianity, fixed his episcopal see at Dunwich in the year 636. The see was, however, divided, and Dunwich had the Suffolk portion only. In Domesday Book, Dunwich was valued as paying  $\frac{5}{12}l.$  a year to the King, and 60,000 herrings. In King Stephen's time the ships at Orford paid toll to Dunwich, which, in the time of Henry II., is said to have been stored with riches of all sorts. King John granted it a charter, and the wrecks at sea; and to the burgesses the liberty of marrying their sons and daughters as they would. Here were certainly six if not eight parish churches, besides three chantries, the Temple Church, which, probably, belonged to the Templars, and afterwards to the Hospitallers; two houses of Franciscan and Dominican friars, each with churches. The Franciscan walls remain within an inclosure of seven acres, with the arches of two entrance-gates, the group of ruins covered with ivy.

The city being seated upon a hill of loam and loose sand, on a coast destitute of rock, the buildings successively yielded to the encroachments of the sea. In the reign of Henry III. it made so great a breach that the King wrote to the Barons of Suffolk to assist the inhabitants in stopping the destruction. The church of St. Felix and the cell of monks were lost very early, and before the 23rd year of the reign of Edward III., upwards of 400 houses, with certain shops and windmills, were devoured by the sea. St. Leonard's church was next over-

thrown; and in the 14th century, St. Martin's and St. Nicholas were also destroyed by the waves. In the 16th century two chapels were overthrown, with two gates, and not one quarter of the town was left standing. In 1677 the sea reached the market-place. In 1702 St. Peter's church was divested of its lead, timber, bells, &c., and the walls tumbled over the cliffs as the waves undermined them. In 1816 the encroachment was still proceeding, when the borough consisted of only forty-two houses, and *half a church*. The place was wholly disfranchised by the Reform Bill of 1832.



### St. Edmund King and Martyr: a Suffolk Legend.

In the ninth century the Danes had acquired considerable skill in the art of war, and during their invasion of England, in the year 870, they displayed more than their usual ferocity. Lincolnshire was attacked by them; and here, according to the traditions of the country, they were resisted with more conduct and valour than in other parts of England. Three Danish Kings were slain in one battle. But fresh reinforcements of the invaders more than supplied the loss; and five kings and the like number of Jarls or Earls, poured their barbarian hordes into the country. Great numbers of the inhabitants were slain; and the monasteries of Croyland, Medhamstede (afterwards Peterborough), Marney, Ramsey, and Ely, were laid in ruins. Their attacks had a settled plan of strategy and operation, which was to post their forces across the island, and also to occupy the best stations on the seacoast; thence they now attacked East Anglia. At this period the East Angles were governed by Edmund, a King of singular virtue and piety, and who defended his people with great bravery. But the King was overpowered by numbers, defeated, and made captive. It is said that this event took place at Hoxne, in Suffolk, on the banks of the Waveney, not far from Eye. The catastrophe is picturesquely related by Sir Francis Palgrave, in his charming Anglo-Saxon History. "Being hotly pursued by his foes, the King fled to Hoxne, and attempted to conceal himself by crouching beneath a bridge, now called *Goldbridge*. The glittering of his *golden* spurs discovered him to a newly-married couple, who were returning home by moonlight, and they betrayed him to the Danes. Edmund, as he was dragged from his hiding-place, pronounced a malediction upon all who should afterwards pass this bridge on their way to be married; and so much regard is paid to this tradition by the

good folks of Hoxne, that now, (1831,) or at least within the last twenty years, no bride or bridegroom would venture along the forbidden path. A particular account of Edmund's death was given by his sword-bearer, who, having attained a very advanced age, was wont to repeat the sad story at the court of Athelstane. Edmund was fettered and manacled, and treated with every species of cruelty and indignity. The Danes offered him his life on condition that he denied his faith; but, firmly refusing, he was first cruelly scourged, then pierced with arrows, which were also shot at him as a mark: he continued steadfast amidst his sufferings, until his head was struck off by Inguair and Ubba, and the head was thrown into a thicket.

Hence Edmund was revered as a saint and martyr, and is still retained in the Church Calendar. The ancient service contains the following legend of the discovery of his remains. A party of his friends having ventured in search of them, "they went seeking all together, and constantly calling, as is the wont of those who oft go into woods, 'Where art thou, comrade?' and to them answered the head, 'Here, here, here.' They all were answered as often as any of them called, until they all came through the wood calling to it. There lay the grey wolf that guarded the head, and with his two feet had the head embraced, greedy and hungry, and for God durst not taste the head, and held it against wild beasts. Then were they astonished at the wolf's guardianship, and carried the holy head with them, thanking the Almighty for all His wonders. But the wolf followed forth with the head until they came to the town, as if he were tame, and after that turned into the woods again." The remains were removed to a town originally called Badrichesworth, and there interred, the place being in consequence called Bury St. Edmund's—a monastery having been founded there to his honour by King Canute. "Of this building, once the most sumptuous in England, only a few fragments remain; but the name of Edmund, transmitted from generation to generation in the families of Norfolk and Suffolk, attests the respect anciently rendered in East Anglia to the martyred Sovereign."

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### Sacking of the Monastery of St. Edmund, Bury.

The final disasters of his reign were thickly gathering about the King, Edward II. The whole kingdom was in confusion; and whilst the Queen and nobles were in arms against the king, the burgesses and populace exhibited in the most lawless manner their dislike of some of

the principal ecclesiastical corporations. The monasteries of St. Albans, Abingdon, and Bury St. Edmunds, suffered greatly.

Queen Isabella, in 1326, landed in Essex on the 24th of September, with her son Prince Edward. She came to Bury St. Edmunds on Michaelmas day, and thence set out on that expedition against the King which, within four months, deprived him of his crown. His son, Edward III., was declared King on the 20th January, 1327. Eight days before this, on the 12th of January, the discontented burgesses of Bury St. Edmunds assembled at the Guildhall, and determined on extorting from the monastery some change in the administration of the affairs of the town and the property of the convent, which they had long wished to obtain.

The very next day they took forcible possession of the monastery, committing vast destruction in it on that and the two following days. They continued in possession no less than ten months, keeping the monks in constant terror by frequent ravages; but the chief ravages after the first three days were early in February, when they imprisoned the Abbot; in May, when the secular clergy were conspicuously leading the rioters; and in October, when the complete destruction of the monastery seemed resolved upon, and for several days it was given up to the flames, the people carrying off the lead from the roof as it fell down molten into the gutters, and using tortoises and other appliances to ascend to the top, to remove this valuable material. At length, the presence of the sheriff put a period to the destruction, which had been so complete that they found no shelter for their horses except in the parlour of the monks. The King's judges soon arrived, and made such short work of their business that on the 14th of December nineteen of the rioters were hanged. For several years the convent was engaged in lawsuits for the recovery of damages, of which very full particulars are preserved, till finally they got a verdict against the townspeople for 140,000*l.*; which proved so ruinous to them that the King himself arranged with the convent to remit it altogether.

In the narrative of the first attack on the monastery, the progress of the spoliators is very clearly described. In the ravages the mob were split into so many gangs, all operating at once, and the destruction became general. In the first attack the rioters, about three thousand in number, having first broken the great gates and effected an entrance, destroyed the doors and part of the sub-cellary, drew out the spigots from the casks, and let the beer run out to the ground. Thence entering the cloister, they broke the lockers, carrols, and closets in it, and carried off the books and muniments. Afterwards they entered the chamber of

the prior, took thence vessels of silver and jewels, and broke the chests and closets of the sacristan, which they emptied of their valuable contents and muniments, and consumed his wine. Thence they visited the infirmary and chamberlain's department, carrying off everything of value, and greatly disturbing the infirm monks. Next they broke into the treasury of the church, and spoiled it of a vast amount of gold and silver vessels, money, jewels, charters, and muniments. At a second visit to the vestry they carried off a quantity of the richest tunics, copes, chasubles, and dalmatics; thuribles, festival or processional crosses, golden chalices and cups, and even took the "Corpus Dei" in its golden cup from the altar of the church. They also plundered the refectory. During the summer they took away all the arras from the wardrobe of the Abbot, carried away in the Abbot's carts the victuals of the convent, broke the conduit, and cut off the water-supply, took down the church doors, and destroyed the glass windows of the church.

For the last attack, on Sunday the 18th of October, they entered the presbytery of the church after vespers, but were driven out by the monks. They then rang the bell in the Tolhouse of the town, and the fire-bell in St. James's tower, and so collecting an immense multitude, they burnt the great gates of the Abbey, with the chamber of the janitor and master of the horse, the common stable, the chambers of the cellarer and sub-cellarer, of the seneschal and his clerk, the brewery, cattle-shed, piggery, mill, bakery, hay-house, bakery of the Abbot; Priory stable, with its gates and all the appendages; the great hall, with the kitchen, and with the chamber of the master of the guests, and the chapel of St. Lawrence; the whole department of the chamberlain and sub-chamberlain, with all its appendages; the great edifice formerly of John de Soham, with many appendages; part of the great hall of the priory; the great hall of the infirmary; a certain solemn mansion, called Bradfield, with the hall, chamber, and kitchen, which the King occupied so frequently; the chamber of the sacrist, with his *vinarium*, or wine store; the tower adjoining the Prior's house; the whole home of the Convent without the great wall of the great court; besides, within the great court, the entire almonry, from the great gates of the court, with a penthouse for the distribution of bread, as far as the hall of pleas, which they also burnt; the chamber of the queen, with the larder of the Abbot and his granary; the granary of the sub-cellarer, with his gate and the chapel built over it: the chamber of the cook in the larder of the convent, the pitancery, and chamber of the precentor.

The existing records of the monastery of St. Edmund, Bury, are, however, so numerous that vast information could be obtained beyond what has been attempted to arrange in this very interesting paper, in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association*, by Mr. Gordon Hills.

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### Framlingham Castle.

“ Castle of ancient days ! in times long gone  
 Thy lofty halls in royal splendour shone !  
 Thou stood’st a monument of strength sublime,  
 A giant laughing at the threats of time !  
 Strange scenes have pass’d within thy walls, and strange  
 Have been thy fate through many a chance and change !  
 Thy towers have heard the war-cry, and the shout  
 Of friends within, and answering foes without,  
 Have rung to sounds of revelry, while mirth  
 Held her carousal, when the sons of earth,  
 Sported with joy, till even he could bring  
 No fresh delight upon his drooping wing.”

*James Bird.*

This noble fortress is said to have been founded by Redwald, or Redowold, one of the most powerful kings of the East Angles, between A.D. 599 and 624. It belonged to St. Edmund, one of the Saxon monarchs of East Anglia, who, upon the invasion of the Danes in 870, fled from Dunwich or Thetford to this Castle, from which being driven, and overtaken at Hegilsdon (now Hoxne, a distance of twelve miles from Framlingham), where he yielded, and was there martyred, because he would not renounce his faith in Christ, by the Danes binding him to a tree, and shooting him to death with arrows. His body, after many years, was removed to a place called Bederies-gueord, now St. Edmundsbury. The Castle remained in the hands of the Danes fifty years, until they were subdued by the Saxons.

William the Conqueror and his son Rufus retained the Castle in their possession: the third son of William, Henry I., granted it, with the manor of Framlingham, to Roger Bigod, in whose family it continued till Roger Bigod, the last of his race, a man more turbulent than any of his predecessors, but who was compelled to resign it to King Edward I. When the British Archæological Association inspected the fortress in 1865, Mr. R. M. Phipson considered it probable that the old Saxon Castle was pulled down by King Henry II.; and he quotes various accounts of wages paid expressly for its removal. The walls themselves are equally decisive on this point, since nothing appears of an older date than the Norman architecture. The Rev. Mr. Hartshorne

is of opinion that the whole of the upper part of the building was erected upon old foundations; and entries upon the Court Rolls of the Exchequer prove that the Castle was built about 1170.

Edward II. gave it to his half-brother, Thomas Plantagenet, surnamed De Brotherton, from whom it descended to Thomas de Mowbray, twelfth Baron Mowbray, created Duke of Norfolk 29th September, 1397. From the Mowbrays it descended to the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, Sir Robert Howard having married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk. His son, John Howard, was created Earl Marshal and Duke of Norfolk, June 28, 1483. He was slain at Bosworth Field, 1485; and his son Thomas, Earl of Surrey, being attainted, the Castle fell into the hands of King Henry VII., who granted it to John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, from whom it again returned to the Howards. Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, being attainted, it was seized by the King, who, dying the same year, his successor, Edward VI., granted it to his sister, the Princess, afterwards Queen Mary. King James I. granted it to Thomas Howard, first Baron Howard de Walden, youngest son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, created Earl of Suffolk July 21, 1603; but his lordship making Audley Inn his seat, the Castle fell into decay, and his son Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, sold it, in 1635, with the domains, to Sir Robert Hitcham, Knight, Senior Sergeant to James I., who bequeathed it, August 10, 1636, to the master and scholars of Pembroke College, in trust for certain charitable uses; since which time the Castle has remained in a dismantled state.

The defences consisted of an outer and an inner moat; the latter running close to the walls, except on the west side, where the broad expanse of the mere probably afforded sufficient protection. The outer wall is all that remains of the ancient building. The greatest changes were probably made by the Dukes of Norfolk, who built the church at Framlingham, in the reign of Henry VIII.; and it was probably at that period that nearly all the walls above the present surface were built. Mr. Hartshorne is of opinion that there was a keep to the Castle, and that it stood in the south-west angle. With respect to the disposition of the space inside the walls, it appears that the sill of the chapel was on the right of a person entering by the main gateway, and that the dining-hall joined it. The capacious opening in the fireplace of this apartment is still visible, and the circular chimney-shaft is in good preservation. By examination of the outside walls, it is thought that the barbican was erected in the reign of Henry VIII. The work is dilapidated, but the seats for the warders are in good preservation.

Several passages in the walls in different directions are thought to be connected with the ventilation of the guard-rooms in the upper part of the towers, and others were made by the bond-timber wrought into the wall. The tasteful brick chimneys upon the towers have the ornamental bricks, not moulded, but cut into the elaborate pattern they are made to assume. It is probable that the bricks were cut before they were built, and that this was done to avoid the difficulty of moulding. Mr. Green, of Framlingham, possessed a carving of a coat of arms upon solid oak or chestnut, between seven and eight feet long, supposed to have been heretofore a fixture in the Castle, and intended to commemorate the marriage of John Mowbray, fourth Duke of Norfolk, with Elizabeth, daughter of John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, *circa* 1461.

Mr. Bird, whose poem we have already quoted, has told in fervid verse the historic renown of this venerable and majestic ruin:—

“Heir of antiquity!—fair castled town,  
 Rare spot of beauty, grandeur, and renown,  
 Seat of East Anglian Kings!—proud child of fame,  
 Hallowed by time, illustrious Framlinghame!  
 I touch my lyre, delighted thus to bring  
 To thee my heart’s full homage while I sing.  
 And thou, old Castle—thy bold turrets high,  
 Have shed their deep enchantment to mine eye,  
 Though years have chang’d thee, I have gazed intent  
 In silent joy on tower and battlement.  
 Where all thy time-worn glories met my sight;  
 Then have I felt such rapture, such delight,  
 That, had the splendour of thy daies of yore  
 Flash’d on my view I had not loved thee more.  
 Scene of immortal deeds, thy walls have rung  
 To pealing shouts from many a warrior’s tongue;  
 When first thy founder, Redwald of the spear,  
 Manned thy high tower, defied his foemen near,  
 When, girt with strength, East Anglia’s King of old,  
 The sainted Edmund, sought thy sheltering hold,  
 When the proud Dane, fierce Hinguar, in his ire,  
 Besieged the King, and wrapped thy walls in fire.  
 While Edmund fled, but left thee with his name  
 Linked, and for ever, to the chain of fame;  
 Thou wast then great! and long, in other years  
 Thy grandeur shone—thy portraiture appears,  
 From history’s pencil like a summer night,  
 With much of shadow, but with more of light.

Pile of departed days! my verse records  
 Thy time of glory, thy illustrious lords,  
 Thy fearless Bigods—Brotherton—De Vere,  
 And kings who held therein their pride, or fear,  
 And gallant Howards, ’neath whose ducal sway  
 Proud rose thy towers, thy rugged heights were gay



With glittering banners, costly trophies rent  
 From men in war, or tilt, or tournament,  
 With all the pomp and splendour that could grace  
 The name and honour of that warlike race.  
 Howard ! the rich, the noble, and the great,  
 Most brave, unhappy, most unfortunate !  
 Kings were thy courtiers—Queens have sued to share  
 Thy wealth, thy triumphs—e'en thy name to bear.  
 Tyrants have bowed thy children to the dust,  
 Some for their worth, and some who broke their trust !  
 And there was *one* among thy race who died,  
 To Henry's shame, his country's boast and pride ;  
 Immortal Surrey ! offspring of the Muse !  
 Bold as the lions, gentle as the dews  
 That fall on flow'rs to wake their odorous breath,  
 And shield their blossoms from the tomb of death.  
 Surrey ! thy fate was wept by countless eyes,  
 A nation's woe assailed the pitying skies,  
 When thy pure spirit left this scene of strife,  
 And soar'd to Him who breath'd it into life ;  
 Thy funeral knell peal'd o'er the world—thy fall  
 Was mourn'd by hearts that lov'd thee—mourn'd by all—  
 All, save thy murderers—thou hast won thy crown ;  
 And thou, fair Framlingham ! a bright renown.  
 Yes, thy rich temple holds the stately tomb,  
 Where sleeps the Poet in his lasting home.  
 Immortal Surrey ! hero, bard divine,  
 Pride, grace, and glory of brave Norfolk's line.  
 Departed spirit !—oh, I love to hold  
 Communion sweet, with lofty minds of old,  
 To catch a spark of that celestial fire  
 Which glows and kindles in thy rapturous lyre,  
 Though varying themes demand my future lays,  
 Yet thus my soul a willing homage pays  
 To that bright glory which illumines thy name,  
 Though nought can raise the splendour of thy fame !"

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### Wingfield Castle.

About six miles north-east of Eye, in Suffolk, is the village of Wingfield, the seat of an ancient family, who, it is supposed, took their name from the place. There are pedigrees of the Wingfields, which would give them possession of the Castle of Wingfield before the Norman Conquest, but there is nothing to establish the fact. Early in the reign of Edward III. it was the seat of Richard de Brew, who had a grant for a fair to be held there ; and it probably first became the residence of the Wingfield family in the time of Sir John Wingfield, a soldier of high character in the martial reign of Edward III., and chief counsellor of the Black Prince.

About 1362, the widowed brother, the executor of this valorous

Knight, agreeably to his bequest, built a college here for a provost and several priests, dedicating it to St. Mary, St. John the Baptist, and St. Andrew. By the marriage of Catherine, daughter and heiress of the said Sir John, to Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, the manor and extensive estate attached to it passed into the hands of that family, which makes such a striking figure in the page of English history. In the collegiate church was buried, in 1450, "the Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole," to whom, in conjunction with Beaufort, Cardinal of Winchester, was attributed the murder of the good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester. Shakspeare, in the Second Part of *Henry the Sixth*, not only describes Suffolk and Beaufort

"As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death,"

but paints in vivid colours the shocking end of both these noblemen, and particularly the terrors of a guilty conscience in the case of Beaufort, who

"Dies and makes no sign."

Close upon this horrid deed followed Suffolk's tragical and untimely fate. Having been accused of high treason, and (that charge failing) of divers misdemeanours, the public hatred pressing heavily upon him, he was sentenced by King Henry VI. to five years' banishment. He then quitted his Castle at Wingfield, and embarked at Ipswich, intending to sail for France; but he was intercepted in his passage by the hired captain of a vessel, seized in Dover roads, and beheaded "on the long-boat's side." His head and body, being thrown into the sea, were cast upon the sands, where they were found, and brought to Wingfield for interment. His duchess was Alice,\* daughter and heiress of the poet, Geoffrey Chaucer. His son and successor, John de la Pole, the restored Duke of Suffolk, who married Elizabeth, sister of King Edward IV., was buried at Wingfield in 1491.

The Castle stands low, without any earthworks for its defence. The south front, which is the principal entrance, is still entire; the gateway,

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\* This lady was married, first to John Philip, who died without issue, and afterwards to the above Duke of Suffolk, by whom she had three children. She died in 1475, and her issue having failed, the descendants of Chaucer are presumed to be extinct. The eldest son of the Duchess of Suffolk married the Princess Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV., whose eldest son, created Earl of Lincoln, was declared by Richard III., heir apparent to the throne, in the event of the death of the Prince of Wales without issue; "so that," observes Sir Harris Nicolas, "there was strong possibility of the great-grandson of the Poet succeeding to the crown." The Earl of Lincoln was slain at the battle of Stoke in 1487.—Note to Bell's *English Poets*.

on each side of which are the arms of De la Pole, with those of Wingfield, cut in stone, is flanked by lofty polygonal towers, which, together with the walls, are machicolated. The west side is a farm-house.

It appears that the Wingfields branched off, and removed to Letheringham and Easton, in the same county. Sir Anthony Wingfield, who flourished in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., was Captain of the Guard, Vice-Chamberlain, Knight of the Garter, and a Member of the Privy Council. Under Henry, it is said, there were eight or nine Knights of the Garter of this family. Camden says of the Wingfields, they were "famous for their knighthood and ancient nobility." King Edward employed Sir Anthony to assist in the execution of his will, for which he bequeathed him a legacy of 200*l.* His descendant of the same name was created a baronet by King Charles I. in 1627. The estate of Wingfield was for many years in the Catlyn family; it afterwards devolved to the heirs of Thomas Leman, Esq., and thence to Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart. There may be little in Wingfield Castle, as a structure, to interest the reader; but the chequered fates and fortunes of its early noble but often turbulent inmates are historical evidences of the troubles that beset greatness.

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### Castles of Orford and Clare.

At Orford, twenty-one miles from Ipswich, there was a royal Castle in the time of Henry III., who granted a charter to the town, which was previously a borough by prescription. It is now, like Dunwich, a mere village. Only the keep of the Castle remains; it is a polygon of eighteen sides, with walls 90 feet high, and has square towers in its circuit, which overtop the rest of the building; the architecture is Norman, and it was erected by Glanville, Earl of Suffolk.

Clare, eighteen miles south-west from Bury, was one of the ninety-five manors in the county of Suffolk bestowed by the Conqueror upon Richard Fitzgerald. His grandson, Richard, the first Earl of Hertford, fixed his principal seat at Clare, and thenceforth the family took the surname of De Clare; and in the Latin documents of the time the several members were styled *Clarensis*. The name of the lordship thus becoming the family name, it is easy to see how in common usage the formal epithet *Clarensis* soon became Clarence, and why Lionel, the son of Edward III., upon his marriage with Elizabeth de Burgh, the grand-niece and heiress of the last Gilbertus Clarensis, should choose as the title for his dukedom the surname of the great

family of which he had now become the representative. The King of Arms, called Clarenceux—or, in Latin, *Clarentius*—was, as it is very reasonably conjectured, originally a herald retained by a Duke of Clarence.

On the south side of the town of Clare are the vestiges of the old Castle erected by the Earls of Clare; the site may be traced, and it appears to have comprehended an area of about twenty acres. The mound on which the Keep stood, and some fragments of the walls of the Keep, yet remain. Near the ruins of the Castle are the remains of a Priory of regular canons of St. Augustine; part of the buildings are occupied as a dwelling, and the chapel is converted into a barn.

Clarence is beyond all doubt the district comprehending and lying around the town and castle of Clare, in Suffolk, and not as some have fancifully supposed, the town of Chiarenza, in the Morea. Some of the Crusaders did, indeed, acquire titles of honour derived from places in eastern lands, but certainly no such place ever gave its name to an honorary feud held of the Crown of England, nor, indeed, has *ever* any English Sovereign to this day bestowed a territorial title derived from a place beyond the limits of his own nominal dominions; the latest creations of the kind being the Earldoms of Albemarle and Tankerville, respectively bestowed by William III. and George I., who were both nominally Kings of Great Britain, *France*, and Ireland. In ancient times every English title (with the exception of Aumerle or Albemarle, which exception is only an apparent one) was either personal, or derived from some place in England. The ancient Earls of Albemarle were not English peers by virtue of that earldom, but by virtue of the tenure of land in England, though being the holders of a Norman earldom, they were known in England by a higher designation; just as some of the Barons of Umfravill were styled even in writs of summons, by their superior Scottish title of Earl of Angus. If these Earls had not held English fees, they would not have been peers of England any more than were the ancient Earls of Tankerville and Eu. In later times, the strictness of the feudal law was so far relaxed that two or three English peers were created with territorial titles derived from places in the Duchy of Normandy.”—(Communication to *Notes and Queries*, No. 228).\*

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\* The following is the passage referred to above, describing the ancient town of Clarentza,—“One of the most prominent objects was Castle Tornese, an old Venetian fort, now a ruin, but in former days affording protection to the town of Chiarenza or Clarentza, which, by a strange decree of fortune, has given the Ville of Clarence to our Royal Family. It would appear that at the time when the Latin Conquerors of Constantinople divided the Western

At the Castle were found, in the autumn of 1866, during some railway excavations, an elegant pectoral Cross and Chain of gold, believed to have belonged to Lionel, Duke of Clarence. On the cross, which has been enamelled, is carved a crucifix; there are four pearls in the angles of the cross, and the reverse is adorned with "pounced" work. The Cross and Chain are now the property of her Majesty the Queen.

At the visit of the Archæological Institute to Clare, in 1869, a curious circumstance was noted respecting Clare Church. In the *Atbenæum* report of the meeting it is remarked that "Dowsing, who is so often quoted as an illustration of the iconoclasm of Cromwell, said 'the thing that is not.' He writes, 'in the church of Clare I destroyed one thousand images in niches.' It is a tall Perpendicular church, with not a niche in it. He says also, I destroyed 'the sun and the moon.' I do not know how many suns and how many moons the good people of Clare required in the olden time; but there is a sun and there is a moon still in the east window. Mr. Bloxam, who, I believe, is an authority, averred that the yellow glass in the east window was of the reign of Elizabeth. If Dowsing's attack on Clare church was so 'thorough,' how could he have left the monogram of the Virgin that is still on the finely carved wooden pew or chapel that remains? The glass that remains is more than in many places of which we have not such a detailed account of the destruction."

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### The Roman Castle of Burgh.

This ancient Roman encampment lies on the borders of Suffolk, and on the east side of the river Waveney, near its confluence with the Yare. Its extent is 642 feet long by 400 feet broad; the walls are about 14 feet high, and 9 feet thick. The east side of the walls is furnished

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Empire amongst their leading chieftains, Clarentza, with the district around it, and which comprised almost all ancient Elis, was formed into a Duchy, and fell to the lot of one of the victorious nobles, who transmitted the title and dukedom to his descendants, until the male line failed, and the heiress of Clarence married into the Hainault family. By this union, Philippa, the consort of Edward III., became the representative of the Dukes of Clarence; and on this account was Prince Lionel invested with the title, which has since remained in our Royal Family. It is certainly singular that a wretched village in Greece should have bestowed its name upon the British Monarch." According to the above account, Clarentia is a corruption of Clarentza, and perhaps took its name in honour of the son of the warlike Edward; but as to "a wretched village in Greece" bestowing its name upon the British Monarch, the writer must be aware, according to his own account, that in ancient times Clarentza was no more a poor village than Clare is what it was when the wassail-bowl cheered the baronial hall of its now mouldering castle.

with circular watch towers, and is almost perfect; but the walls on the north and south sides are partly in ruins; the west wall, if ever there was one, has entirely disappeared. The site of the encampment is slightly elevated towards the west, and the interior is irregular, which may be accounted for on the supposition that the small eminences are occasioned by the ruins of former edifices. The whole area of the inclosure was about four acres and three quarters. The walls are of rubble masonry, faced with alternate courses of bricks and flints; and on the tops of the towers, which are attached to the walls, are holes two feet in diameter and two feet deep, supposed to have been intended for the insertion of temporary watch towers, probably of wood.

On the east side the four circular towers are fourteen feet in diameter. Two of them are placed at the angles, where the walls are rounded, and two at equal distances from the angles. An opening has been left in the centre of the wall, which is considered by Mr. King to be the *Porta Decumana*, but by Mr. Ives the *Porta Prætoria*. The north and south sides are also defended by towers of rubble masonry. The foundation on which the Romans built these walls was a thick bed of chalk-lime, well rammed down, and the whole covered with a layer of earth and sand, to harden the mass, and exclude the water; this was covered with two-inch oak plank, placed transversely on the foundation, and over this was a bed of coarse mortar, on which was roughly spread the first layer of stones. The mortar appears to be composed of lime and coarse sand, unsifted, mixed with gravel and small pebbles, or shingles. Hot grouting is supposed to have been used, which will account for the tenacity of the mortar. The bricks at Burgh Castle are of a fine red colour and very close texture. They are one foot and a half long, one foot broad, and one inch and a half thick. We give these details minutely, as the Castle presents one of the finest specimens of this kind of construction which our Roman conquerors have left us.

The west side of this station was, probably, defended in ancient times by the sea, which is now, however, at some distance, the river Waveney being at present the western boundary. The fact of the sea having receded is proved by an old map, supposed to have appeared in the year 1000. A copy of this map was made in the time of Elizabeth, and is preserved in the archives of the Corporation of Yarmouth. In confirmation of this circumstance, there have been discovered at Burgh Castle parts of anchors, rings, and other large pieces of iron.

This station may have been founded by Ostorius Scapula, an officer of the Roman army, who, on being appointed Governor of Britain, in the year 50, gained a decisive victory over the Iceniens, who attempted

to prevent his building a chain of forts between the Severn and the Avon, or Nen. His success against the natives enabled him to reduce part of the island into the form of a province. He obtained triumphal honours, and died in the year 51. to the great joy of the Britons, from great fatigue, before he had held the command for a single year. Such, it is believed, was the founder of this great Roman work of defence.

The *Prætorium*, or General's Tent, is placed by some at the south-west corner of the station. Others consider it to be an additional work by the Saxons or Normans, similar to the Saxon keep at the south-east corner of the *Castrum* (or camp) at Pevensey, in Sussex. The towers are thought to have been added after the walls. There are some remains of a fosse on the south side. This was the Roman *Garianonum*, which, in its perfect state, is engraved in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, voce *Burgh Castle*.

It is calculated that the Castle was capable of containing one whole cohort and a half, with their allies. Several Roman coins and other antiquities have been discovered here. The oldest is a copper coin of Domitian. A coin of Gratian, of silver, and some coins of Constantine have also been found. Some silver and gold coins were given by a former possessor of the place to Dr. Moore, Bishop of Norwich. Besides these, coins were found both in the inclosure and in a field contiguous to the Castle. There have been found coarse urns, a silver spoon with a pointed handle, bones of cattle, coals, burnt wheat, rings, keys, fibulæ (buckles), and a spear-head. The field is supposed to have been the burial-place.

The earliest modern notice of Burgh Castle is in the reign of Sigebert, 636, when Furseus, an Irish monk, having collected a company of religious persons, settled at this spot. In the time of Edward the Confessor, Bishop Stigand held it by socage. The Castle was afterwards held by Hubert de Burgh, from whom the present name is probably derived. He was formerly seneschal of Poitou, and with Peter de Roches, Bishop of Winchester ("a man well skilled in war"), shared between them the rule of the kingdom for a while. He was frequently employed in foreign embassies by King John, and strenuously supported his cause against the Barons. He was the chief ruler of the kingdom during the early years of Henry III., held a number of the most important offices, as Constable of Dover and Burgh Castles, and sheriff of several counties, and received the earldom of Kent. But at length he fell into disgrace, was deprived of power, and obliged to surrender several strong castles—among which was that of Burgh, in the reign of Henry III., who gave it to the monastery of Bromholde,

in the county of Norfolk. It afterwards came into the possession of laymen.

The massive remains of Burgh Castle attest to this day the strong fortresses which nearly two thousand years ago were erected on the Suffolk coast. Reculver and Richborough, and Lymne, in Kent, and Pevensey, in Sussex, are especially interesting, as evidently built to guard a tract of country almost coinciding in limits with those of the famous incorporation of the Cinque Ports, and thus rendering probable the Roman origin of that peculiar system for the defence of the seaboard.

“Castles and towers,—Burgi as they were called by the Romans—were constantly garrisoned by armed men. The stations were so near to each other, that if a beacon was lighted on any one of the bulwarks, the warriors who garrisoned the next station were able to see and to repeat the signal almost at the same instant, and the next onwards did the same, by which they announced that some danger was impending, so that in a very short time all the soldiers who guarded the line of wall could be assembled. The coast was protected with equal care against any invading enemy; and the ancient maritime stations, Garianonum and Portus Rutupis (Burgh Castle, in Suffolk, and Richborough, in Kent) may be instanced as specimens of Roman skill and industry.”—*Sir F. Palgrave's History of England—Anglo-Saxon Period.*

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### Hadleigh—Martyrdom of Dr. Taylor.

Hadleigh, in Suffolk, nine miles west of Ipswich, is said to have been the burial-place of Guthrum the Dane, to whom Alfred ceded East Anglia. It is also memorable as the place of the Martyrdom of Dr. Rowland Taylor, burned in the persecution under Queen Mary, on what was commonly, but improperly, called Aldham Common, near the town, February 9th, 1555. Dr. Taylor was rector of Hadleigh from the year 1544 to 1554. Of his great and pious character it is scarcely possible to speak in terms too laudatory; he was, in fact, the perfect model of a parish priest, and literally went about doing good. Of his sufferings and martyrdom, Dr. Drake, in his *Winter Nights*, has left this very touching account:—

It was not to be expected, therefore, that when the bigoted Mary ascended the throne of these realms, a man so gifted, at the same time so popular as was Dr. Taylor, should long escape the arm of persecution. Scarcely had this sanguinary woman commenced her reign, when



an attempt was made to celebrate Mass by force in the parish church of Hadleigh; and in endeavouring to resist this profanation, which was planned and conducted by two of his parishioners, named Foster and Clerke, assisted by one Averth, rector of Aldham, whom they had hired for the purpose, Dr. Taylor became, of course, obnoxious to the ruling powers; an event foreseen, and no doubt calculated upon by the instigators of the mischief.

A citation to appear before Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and then Lord Chancellor of England, was, on the information of these wretches, the immediate result of the transaction. And though the friends and relatives of the Doctor earnestly advised his non-compliance, and recommended him instantly to fly, he resisted their solicitations, observing, that though he fully expected imprisonment, and a cruel death, he was determined, in a cause so good and righteous, not to shrink from his duty. "Oh! what will ye have me to do? (he exclaimed), I am old, and have already lived too long to see these terrible and most wicked days. Fly you, and do as your conscience leadeth you; I am fully determined, with God's grace, to go to the Bishop, and to his beard to tell him that he doth naught."

Accordingly, tearing himself from his weeping friends and flock, and accompanied by one faithful servant, he hastened to London, where, after enduring with the utmost patience and magnanimity the virulence and abuse of Gardiner, and replying to all his accusations with a truth of reasoning which, unfortunately, served but to increase the malice of his enemies, he was committed a prisoner to the King's Bench, and endured a confinement there of nearly two years.

During this long period, however, which was chiefly occupied by Dr. Taylor in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and in preaching to and exhorting his fellow prisoners, he had three further conferences with his persecutors. The second, which was held in the Arches at Bow-church, a few weeks after his commitment, terminated in his being deprived of his benefice, as a married man. The third, which did not take place until January 22nd, 1555, and was carried on not only with the Bishop of Winchester, but with other episcopal commissioners, ended, after a long debate, in which the piety, erudition, sound sense, and christian forbearance of the sufferer was pre-eminently conspicuous, in his re-commitment to prison, under a threat of having judgment passed upon him within a week.

This judgment was accordingly pronounced at a fourth conference on the 28th of the same month, the Bishops of Winchester, Norwich, London, Salisbury, and Durham, being present; when, on the Doctor

again declining to submit himself to the Roman Pontiff, he was condemned to death, and the day following removed to the Poultry Compter. Here, on the 4th of February, he was visited by Bonner, Bishop of London, who, attended by his chaplain and the necessary officers, came to degrade him. Refusing, however, to comply with this ceremony, which consisted in his putting on the vestures, or mass garments, he was compelled to submit by force, and when the Bishop, as usual, closed this disgusting mummerly with his curse, Taylor nobly replied—"Though you do curse me, yet God doth bless me. I have the witness of my conscience, that ye have done me wrong and violence; and yet I pray God, if it be his will, forgive you."

It was on the morning of the 5th of February, 1555, at the early hour of two o'clock, that the sheriff of London, arriving at the Compter, demanded the person of Dr. Taylor, in order that he might commence his pilgrimage towards Hadle'gh, the destined place of his martyrdom. It was very dark, and they led him without lights, though not unobserved, to an inn near Aldgate. His wife (and I shall here adopt the language of John Fox, which in this place, as in many others, is remarkable for its pathos and simplicity), "his wife, suspecting that her husband should that night be carried away, watched all night in St. Botolph's church porch, beside Aldgate, having with her two children, the one named Elizabeth, of thirteen years of age, whom, being left without father or mother, Dr. Taylor had brought up of alms, from three years old; the other named Mary, Dr. Taylor's own daughter."

Now when the Sheriff and his company came against St. Botolph's church, Elizabeth cried, saying, "O my dear father; mother, mother, here is my father led away." Then cried his wife, "Rowland, Rowland, where art thou?" for it was a very dark morning, that the one could not see the other. Dr. Taylor answered, "Dear wife, I am here," and stayed. The sheriff's men would have led him forth; but the sheriff said, "Stay a little, masters, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife," and so they stayed.

Then came she to him, and he took his daughter Mary in his arms; and he, his wife, and Elizabeth kneeled down, and said the Lord's Prayer. At which sight the sheriff wept apace, and so did divers others of the company. After they had prayed, he rose up and kissed his wife, and shook her by the hand, and said, "Farewell, my dear wife, be of good comfort, for I am quiet in conscience. God shall stir up a father for my children." And then he kissed his daughter Mary, and said, "God bless thee, and make thee his servant;"

and kissing Elizabeth he said, "God bless thee. I pray you all stand strong and steadfast unto Christ and his word, and keep you from idolatry." Then said his wife, "God be with thee, dear Rowland; I will, with God's grace, meet thee at Hadleigh."

At eleven o'clock the same morning Dr. Taylor left Aldgate, accompanied by the sheriff of Essex, and four yeomen of the guard, and after once more taking an affectionate leave of his son and servant, who met him at the gates of the inn, he proceeded to Brentwood, where, in order to prevent his being recognised, they compelled him to wear a mask, or close hood, having apertures for the eyes and mouth. Nothing, however, could depress the spirits or abate the fortitude of this intrepid sufferer in the cause of truth; for not only was he patient and resigned, but, at the same time, happy and cheerful, as if a banquet or a bridal, and not a stake, were to be the termination of his journey.

When within two miles of Hadleigh, appearing more than commonly cheerful, the sheriff was induced to inquire the cause. "I am now (replied the Doctor) almost at home. I lack not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my father's house." He then demanded if they should go through Hadleigh; and being answered in the affirmative, he returned thanks to God, exclaiming, "Then shall I once more, ere I die, see my flock, whom, thou Lord knowest, I have most dearly loved, and truly taught."

At the foot of the bridge leading into the town there waited for him a poor man with five small children, who, when they saw the Doctor, fell down upon their knees, the man crying with a loud voice, "O dear father and good shepherd, Dr. Taylor, God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children." The whole town, indeed, seemed to feel and deplore its loss in a similar manner, the streets being lined with men, women, and children, who, when they beheld their beloved pastor led to death, burst into a flood of tears, calling to each other, and saying, "There goeth our good shepherd from us, that so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us! Oh! merciful God, strengthen him and comfort him;" whilst ever in reply the blessed sufferer, deeply touched by the sorrows of his flock, kept exclaiming—"I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood." Such in fact was the sympathy, such the lamentation expressed by all ranks for his approaching fate, that the sheriff and his attendants were, as Fox declares, "wonderfully astonished," and though active in threatening and rebuking, found it utterly impossible to suppress the emotions of the people.

The Doctor was now about to address the agitated spectators, when one of the yeomen of the guard thrust his staff into his mouth; and the sheriff, on being appealed to, bade him remember his promise, alluding, as is conjectured, to a pledge extorted from him by the council, under the penalty of having his tongue cut out, that he would not address the people at his death. "Well," said the Doctor, with his wonted patience and resignation, "the promise must be kept;" and then, sitting down, he called to one *Soyce*, whom he had seen in the crowd, and requested him to pull off his boots; adding, with an air of pleasantry, "thou hast long looked for them, and thou shalt now take them for thy labour."

He then rose up, stripped off his clothes unto his shirt, and gave them to the poor; when trusting that a few farewell words to his flock might be tolerated, he said with a loud voice, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's Holy word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book, the Holy Bible; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood."

When he had finished his devotions he went to the stake, kissed it, and placing himself in the pitch barrel which had been prepared for him, he stood upright therein, with his back against the stake, his hands folded together, his eyes lifted to heaven, and his mind absorbed in continual prayer.

They now bound him with chains, and the sheriff calling to one *Richard Doningham*, a butcher, ordered him to set up the faggots; but he declined it, alleging that he was lame, and unable to lift a faggot; and though threatened with imprisonment if he continued to hesitate, he steadily and fearlessly refused to comply.

The sheriff was therefore obliged to look elsewhere, and at length pitched upon four men, perhaps better calculated than any other for the office they were destined to perform—viz., one *Mullein*, of *Kersey*, a man, says *Fox*, fit to be a hangman; *Soyce*, whom we have formerly mentioned, and who was notorious as a drunkard; *Warwick*, who had been deprived of one of his ears for sedition; and *Robert King*, a man of loose character, and who had come hither with a quantity of gunpowder, which, whether it were intended to shorten or increase the torments of the sufferer, can alone be known to Him from whom no secrets are concealed.

While these men were diligently, and, it is to be apprehended, cheerfully employed in piling up their wood, *Warwick* wantonly and cruelly threw a faggot at the Doctor, which struck him on the head, and likewise cut his face, so that the blood ran copiously down—an act of savage

ferocity which merely drew from their victim this mild reproach : " Oh, friend, I have harm enough, what need of that ? " Nor were these diabolical insults confined to those among them of the lowest rank ; for when this blessed martyr was saying the psalm " Miserere " in English, Sir John Shelton, who was standing by, struck him on the lips, exclaiming at the same time, " Ye knave, speak Latin, or I will make thee."

They at length set fire to the faggots ; when Dr. Taylor, holding up both his hands, called upon his God, and said, " Merciful Father of Heaven, for Jesus Christ, my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into thy hands." In this attitude he continued, without either crying or moving, until Soyce striking him forcibly on the head with his halbert, his brains fell out, and the corse dropped down into the fire.

Thus perished midway in the race of piety and utility, all that was mortal of one of the best and most strenuous defenders of the Protestant Church of England : a man who, in all the relations of life, and in all the vicissitudes of the most turbulent periods, in the hour of adversity as in that of prosperity, practised what he preached.

A stone with this inscription was set up to mark the spot whereon he suffered :

" 1555. Dr. Taylor, in defending that was gode, at this  
plas left his blode."

" There is nothing, (says Bishop Heber) more beautiful in the whole beautiful ' Book of Martyrs ' than the account which Fox has given of Rowland Taylor, whether in the discharge of his duty as a parish priest or in the more arduous moments when he was called on to bear his cross in the cause of religion. His warmth of heart, his simplicity of manners, the total absence of the false stimulants of enthusiasm or pride, and the abundant overflow of bitter and holier feelings, are delineated, no less than his courage in death and the buoyant cheerfulness with which he encountered it, with a spirit only inferior to the eloquence and dignity of the *Phædon*."



### Origin of Lowestoft.

Lowestoft, the most easterly point of land in England, is a town of great antiquity, which it contests with Yarmouth. The ancient Lowestoft, however, is supposed to have been washed away at an early period by the ocean ; for there was to be seen, till the 25th year of Henry VIII., the remains of a blockhouse upon an insulated spot, left

dry at low water, about four furlongs east of the present beach. The origin of its name, too, has given rise to various conjectures: but the most popular opinion is, that it is derived from Lodbrog, a Danish prince, who was murdered near the mouth of the Yare; and most of our ancient annalists ascribe to this most foul deed the first invasion of England by the Danes.

Lodbrog, King of Denmark, was very fond of hawking; and one day, while enjoying that sport, his favourite bird happened to fall into the sea. The monarch, anxious to save the hawk, leaped into the first boat that presented itself, and put off to its assistance. A storm suddenly arose, and carried him, after encountering imminent dangers, up the mouth of the Yare, as far as Reedham in Suffolk. The inhabitants of the country, having discovered the stranger, conducted him to Edmund, who then kept his court at Caistor, only ten miles distant. The King received him with great kindness and respect, entertained him in a manner suitable to his rank, and directed Bern, his own falconer, to accompany his guest, whenever he chose to take his favourite diversion. The skill and success of the royal visitor in hawking excited Edmund's admiration, and inflamed Bern with such jealousy, that one day, when they were sporting together in the woods, he seized the opportunity, murdered him, and buried the body. Lodbrog's absence for three days occasioned considerable alarm. His favourite greyhound was observed to come home for food, fawning upon Edmund and his courtiers whenever he was compelled to visit them, and to retire as soon as he had satisfied his wants. On the fourth day he was followed by some of them, whom he conducted to the body of his master. Edmund instituted an inquiry into the affair, when, from the ferocity of the dog to Bern, and other circumstances, the murderer was discovered, and condemned by the King to be turned adrift alone, without oars or sails, in the same boat which brought Lodbrog to East Anglia. The skiff was wafted in safety to the Danish coast, where it was known to be the one in which Lodbrog left the country. Bern was seized, carried to Inguar and Hubba, the sons of the King, and questioned by them concerning their father. The villain replied, that Lodbrog had been cast upon the shore of England, and there put to death by Edmund's command. Inflamed with rage, the sons resolved on revenge; and speedily raising an army of near 20,000 men to invade his dominions, set sail, and landed safely at Berwick-upon-Tweed, when, after committing the greatest devastations, they marched southwards to Thetford, King Edmund's capital, and after a sanguinary battle, obtained possession of that place.

King Edmund, according to the old chronicles, they killed and be-

headed—but, by a miracle, the head, which had been thrown into a wood, was preserved by a wolf, who politely handed it to the persons in search of it, and the moment it came in contact with the body it united so closely that the juncture was not visible, except when closely examined. The wolf remained a harmless spectator of the scene; and as we are informed by all the ancient historians, after gravely attending the funeral at Hoxne, peaceably retired to his native woods. This happened about forty days after the death of the saint. Many miracles were worked by the body, which at length was removed to a church constructed at Beodericworth, which, increasing in celebrity, was afterwards called Bury St. Edmunds.

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### Queen Elizabeth in Suffolk.

Great interest attaches to Queen Elizabeth's royal progress through Suffolk in 1561 and 1578. Of the latter, Churchyard writes, "Albeit they had small warning . . . of the coming of the Queen's Majesty into both those shires (Norfolk and Suffolk), the gentlemen had made such ready provision, that all the velvets and silks that might be laid hand on were taken up and bought for any money, and soon converted to such garments and suits of robes that the shew thereof might have beautified the greatest triumphs that was in England these many years. For, as I heard, there were 200 young gentlemen clad all in white velvet, and 300 of the graver sort apparelled in black velvet coats and fair chains, all ready at one instant and place, with 1500 serving-men more on horseback, well and bravely mounted in good order, ready to receive the Queen's Highness into Suffolk, which surely was a comely troop, and a noble sight to behold. And all these waited on the Sheriff, Sir William Spring, during the Queen's Majesty's abode in those parts, and to the very confines of Suffolk. But before her Highness passed into Norfolk there was in Suffolk such sumptuous feastings and banquets as seldom in any part of the world hath been seen before." In her first progress (in 1561) the Queen passed five days at Ipswich, and visited the Waldegraves at Smalbridge, in Bury, and the Tollemaches at Helmingham. In the progress of 1578 the houses she visited were Melford Hall; Lawshall Hall (where she dined); Hawstead Place, the residence of Sir William Drury; Sir William Spring (the High Sheriff) at Lavenham; Sir Thomas Kitson at Hengrave; Sir Arthur Higham at Barrow; Mr. Rookwood at Euston, and others; while Sir Robert Jermyn feasted the French ambassadors at Rushbrooke.

## NORFOLK.

## Norwich Castle.

Norwich is built on an eminence, with the River Wensum flowing at its feet, and spreads over a large site, with openings planted with trees, and towers of churches surmounting each block of building, thus recalling old Fuller's description :—"Norwich (as you please) either a city in an orchard, or an orchard in a city." It is not mentioned in history before the time of the earlier Danish invasions. It appears to have risen gradually from the decay of Caistor or Castor St. Edmunds, now a small village, about three miles south of Norwich, but anciently a British, and subsequently a Roman town under the name of *Venta Icenorum*. An old d'stich records that

"Castor was a city when Norwich was none,  
And Norwich was built of Castor stone."

During the existence of the separate kingdom of the East Angles, their kings had erected upon what was then a promontory on the shore of the estuary of the sea, and is now the Castle Hill, a royal fortress. The town grew around the Castle, and, in the time of Edward the Confessor, had 1320 burgesses and twenty-five parish churches; and it may be questioned if at this time it was exceeded in wealth and population by any place in England except London, and perhaps York.

The Castle, which stands on a lofty eminence in the centre of the town, bears evidence of Norman construction, built on the site of a strongly fortified place which existed long before that period, and is attributed to Uffa, the first King of East Anglia, about 575; and the fact of lands granted in 677 to the monastery of Ely being charged with castle guard to Norwich Castle is strong in support of the above conclusion. Mr. Harrod has examined the question of the site with great care, and considers the earthworks to be British. The fortress was built early in the Conqueror's reign. The hill was encircled with walls and towers, of which some remained in 1581.

Its history is interesting. In the Conqueror's time it was entrusted to Ralf de Gunder, Earl of Norfolk; but he rebelling against the King, in 1075, and being defeated, took shipping at Norwich, and fled into



**Bretagne.** His wife, who valiantly defended the Castle, was obliged to capitulate. The constablership of the Castle, with the Earldom of Norfolk, was then conferred on Roger Bigot, or Bigod, to whom, on strong presumptive evidence, the erection of the present keep has been ascribed. On the accession of William Rufus, the city was damaged by this Earl Roger Bigod, who held the Castle for Robert of Normandy, William's eldest brother. On the peace of 1091, Roger was pardoned, and retained his office. In his time, and probably by his encouragement, the bishopric of the East Angles was removed from Thetford to Norwich, and the foundations of the Cathedral were laid. The Conquest and the rebellion of Guader had materially injured the town, for at the Domesday Survey the number of burgesses was only half the number of those in the Confessor's time. Henry I. granted the citizens a charter, and soon after this the Flemings began to settle here, and introduced the worsted manufacture. The Castle remained (except for a short interval in the reign of Stephen) in the hands of the Bigod family, until the reign of Henry III. Hugh Bigod, being in the interest of young Henry, son of Henry II., took the city by assault in 1174, with the aid of a body of Flemish troops. Henry II., to reward the loyalty of the citizens, who had resisted this attack, restored or confirmed their privileges by a charter, which is still extant, and which is one of the oldest in the kingdom.

In the time of King John, Roger Bigod having joined the insurgent Barons, Norwich Castle was seized by the King. Soon after John's death, it was taken by the Dauphin Louis, but on the peace which followed his departure, it was restored to the Bigod family, by one of whom, about 1224, it was surrendered to the Crown. It was subsequently committed to the charge of the Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, and made the common prison. The area originally comprehended 23 acres. The keep, the only part remaining, is 110 feet 3 inches from east to west, and from north to south 92 feet 10 inches; height to the battlements 69 feet 10 inches; it has been recased, but in barbarous taste. When the Archæological Institute visited Norwich in 1847, the Castle was described as "Norman structure, recently re-cased in what was called twenty years ago, good old Norman; but now we know a good deal better, and can see the gross defects of this restoration. Some good old genuine Norman work remains within, sufficient to create a wish that the Castle itself had been let alone. Norwich Castle was of a very different character."

## The Burning of Norwich Cathedral Priory.

In the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus* of the Corporation of London, it is related that in August, 1272, there happened at Norwich a certain most grievous misfortune, and among Christians unheard of for an age : That the Cathedral Church in honour of the Holy Trinity, there anciently founded, was completely destroyed by fire, wilfully placed, with all the houses of the monks constructed within the cloisters. And this was occasioned by the Prior of the monastery ; for with his assent messengers and servants of the monks often entered the city, abusing and wounding men and women within and without their houses, and doing much evil. The Prior endeavoured to draw away men of the commons from the city. The monks had every year a fair, and it happened this year that about the Feast of the Holy Trinity the citizens coming with their merchandize had, for the most part, returned home at the end of the fair, when the servants of the monks wickedly assaulted those who remained, abusing, wounding, and killing certain of them ; and for this they never made any redress, but persevering in their malice and wickedness, perpetrated all sorts of evil against the citizens, who, not being able to bear it any longer, assembled, and prepared to arm themselves to repel force by force. When the most detestable Prior understood this, he caused to come from Yarmouth who in the time of trouble in the kingdom had been robbers, ravishers, and malefactors ; all these came by water to the monastery, ascending the belfrey where the bells were hung, furnishing it with arms like a camp, and thence they fired with bows and catapults, so that no one was able to pass near the monastery without being wounded. The citizens, seeing their violence, supposed those persons were manifestly evil-doers against the peace of our lord the King, who had made a hostile camp in their city. They, therefore, gathered together, ordering men to apprehend and lead them to the King's Justice, furnished themselves ; when these persons approached the closed gate of the court, not being able to enter by reason of the array of men-at-arms who defended it, raised a fire, and fiercely burned the gate. As the fire waxed stronger, the belfrey was burned, and all the houses of the monks, and also, as some say, the Cathedral Church, so that all which could be burned was reduced to ashes, except a certain chapel which remains uninjured. The monks, however, and all who were able, taking to flight, got away, but certain men were killed.

The King (Henry III.), when he heard these most horrid rumours,

was greatly grieved; and in fury and vehement wrath proceeded to the city, and when he had arrived, he caused the suspected citizens to be apprehended and incarcerated in the Castle. And he caused men remaining without the city to be summoned, desiring on their oaths to know the truth of this affair; and when they presented themselves before the King's Justices for this purpose, the Bishop of the place, Roger by name, came forward, not falling short of the wickedness and cruelty of his Prior, neither considering his religious vows nor his own dignity, but lacking all religion and pity, desiring as far as he could to condemn the citizens to death, he before the whole people excommunicated all who for favour, pay, religion, or pity, should spare any of the citizens from undergoing trial; so that, after his opinion had been declared, the King would extend favour to none, although he was entreated by many religious men within and without the city. And no allowance was then made to the citizens, on the ground that the Prior and his accomplices were the origin and cause of all that misfortune, nor by reason of the losses or evils which the citizens had suffered by means of the Prior and his men; but the only inquiry made was, *Who took part in this conflict?* And all who were convicted of this were by the jurors condemned to death; and Laurence de Broke, a justice at Newgate for a gaol delivery, who was there present acting as Judge, condemned about thirty young men belonging to the city to a most cruel death—namely, to be drawn, hung, and their bodies burnt after death. A certain priest also, and two clerks, were clearly convicted of robbing in the church, and they were sent to the Bishop to be judged according to the custom of Holy Church.

Afterwards, by a most truthful inquest of forty knights, who remained near the city, it appears that the church was burned by that accursed Prior, and not by the fire of the citizens; for he had secretly caused smiths to go up into the tower of the church, who made there weapons and darts to be cast by them with catapults into the city; and when these smiths saw the belfry on fire they fled, and did not extinguish their own fire; and as this fire increased, the tower caught fire and burned the church.

It appeared also that the most wicked Prior proposed to *burn the whole city*; for which purpose, by his accomplices, he caused fire to be raised in three parts of the place. Certain of the citizens, however, wishing to avenge that evil, increased it very grievously, for they burned with the same fire the gate of the Priory.

The wicked Prior was also convicted of homicide, of robbery, and innumerable other cruelties and iniquities, perpetrated by him per-

sonally, or by his iniquitous accomplices. Therefore, the King caused him to be apprehended, and gave him into the hands of his Bishop, who being far too favourable to him, purged himself after the ecclesiastical manner, and so that most wicked man (with shame be it said) remained unpunished for the crime laid to his charge. Subsequently, within the next half-year, divine vengeance overtaking him, as the authority believes, he miserably died.

This circumstantial account of the fire varies considerably from that of Cotton as to its actual causes. He says, on the Feast of St. Lawrence the citizens encircled and besieged the monastery, and when by assault they were unable to obtain ingress, they fired the great gates of the monastery, and beyond it a parochial church, which, with all the ornaments, books, and images, and everything contained therein, they burned. They also fired the great house of the almonry, and the gates of the church; also the great belfrey, which, together with the bells, was immediately destroyed. Certain of them also, without the tower of St. George, with catapults, threw fire into the great belfrey, which was above the choir, and by this fire they burned the whole church, except the chapel of the Blessed Mary, which was miraculously preserved. The dormitory, refectory, strangers' hall, infirmary, with the chapel, and almost all the edifices of the court, were consumed by fire.

The difference between this account and the London narrative is amusing enough. Cotton's (says Mr. Harrod) is, of course, the monkish history of it.

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### Thetford Priory.

Thetford was, in ancient times, the metropolis of the East Angles: it had eight monasteries, twenty churches, and other religious foundations. When the Danes invaded England in the reign of Ethelred I., they fixed their head-quarters, A.D. 870, at Thetford, which they sacked. There appears to have been an Abbey near the town at a very early period, for King Edred, the grandson of Alfred the Great, ordered a great slaughter to be made of Thetforda (as it was then called), in revenge of the Abbot whom they had formerly slain. The town was fired by the Danes A.D. 1004, and again in 1010. In the reign of William the Conqueror the bishopric of East Angles was transferred to it from North Elmham, but was transferred to Norwich in 1094. After this a Cluniac Priory was founded here by Roger Bigod; and twelve Cluniac monks, with Malgod the Prior arrived at Thetford in 1104, amidst great rejoicing, and for three years, laboured hard at the build-

ings of the monastery adjacent to the church of Saint Mary the Great. Malgod was then recalled, and Stephen, sent from Lewes, replaced him; and disapproving of the site, with the approbation of the founder and the King, the establishment was removed to the Norfolk side of the Ouse, the site on which it now stands. The founder died in 1107, and had directed his body to be buried in the monastery; but the Bishop obtained it for his own foundation at Norwich, it being a valuable source of revenue, by masses, offerings, and commemorations of so great and wealthy a man as the founder. In 1114, the monks removed to their new monastery. Matthew Paris tells a strange story of the Prior in 1248; he was a Savoyard by birth, and a monk of Clugny, and declared himself a kinsman of the Queen: he invited his brothers, Bernard, a Knight, and Guiscard, a clerk, to come to his house at Thetford: there he remained, according to custom, the whole night, till cockcrow, eating and drinking with them, forgetting his matin devotions; and seldom was he present at mass, or even little masses, or at canonical hours. These gluttonous persons swallowed up all the food of the monks in the Charybdis of the belly, and, afterwards, when well gorged, loaded them with insults. Meanwhile, a strife arose between the Prior and one of his monks, whom the former swore should proceed on a pilgrimage with the scrip and wallet, when the demoniac monk drew a knife and plunged it into the Prior's belly. The wounded Prior, with the death-rattle in his throat, endeavoured to rouse the monks, but in vain, when the monk again rushed upon him, and buried the knife up to the handle in his lifeless body. The assassin was secured, and committed to prison. When the crime came to the knowledge of the King (Henry III.), worried by the continued complaints of the Queen, he ordered the murderer to be chained, and, after being deprived of his eyes, to be thrown into the lowest dungeon in the castle of Norwich. These occurrences were talked of by an enemy of the monks as an opprobrium to religious men, one of whom said, in reply, "Amongst the angels the Lord found a rebel; amongst the seven deacons a deviator from the right path; and amongst the Apostles a traitor; God forbid that the sin of one man or of a few should redound to the disgrace of such a numerous community."

The Convent had fallen into a bad state. Still, the Bigods and the Mowbrays were buried there; and then the Howards, many of which noble family sleep within these hallowed walls. Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, strove hard to save the Priory from suppression, but in vain: the Surrender deed was executed by the Prior and twelve monks, and the site and possession were given to the Duke, who removed the bones

and tombs of some of his family from Thetford to Framlingham, and the building was then abandoned to decay. A small etching, by Hollar, shows the ruins as they existed in his time. Gough tells us how the edifice was destroyed by rapacious tenants. Mr. Harrod, F.S.A., in 1854, was enabled, by excavations by subscription, to verify points, to construct a large plan of this noble Priory. Among other noteworthy results was the identification in the choir of the tomb of John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1475; this had been mistaken for the tomb of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk ("Jockey of Norfolk"), killed on Bosworth Field. In the large hall was the famous picture of the Blessed Virgin, purchased for this Priory by the Lady Maude de Saxmundham, a lay sister of the Convent. In the Scriptorium, the erudite monk Brame may have toiled in recording the marvels wrought at his favourite shrine; but he is not over-credulous when he remarks: "There were many of saints beside those named, whose names and merits God knows, but we, *out of regard for truth*, should not presume to mention"

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### Rising Castle.

Of the history of these noble ruins, Mr. Harrod brought together a large mass of materials in 1850, for his truthful *Gleanings among the Castles and Convents of Norfolk*.\* The village above which the Castle stands lies north-east of Lynn, in a dreary country. The Castle is in the midst of stupendous earthworks, a fine specimen of Norman castramentation. Rising was, at the Conquest, part of the lordship of Snettisham, and, with other possessions, was forfeited by Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury. The Conqueror bestowed them upon his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux; and on his rebellion against William Rufus, they were granted to William d'Albini, from whom they descended to his son, who married Adeliza, the widow of Henry I., and to whom the erection of the Castle is usually attributed, before 1176; but the edifice appears to enclose a fragment of a more ancient building. By tenure of this Castle the descendants of the founder enjoyed a third part of the customs of the port of Lynn until the 27th Henry III., when the people of Lynn besieged the Earl in his Castle, and compelled him to relieve them from his claim. An old traditional saying declares that "Rising was a sea-port town when Lynn was but a marsh." The trade was considerable, and the town was incorporated,

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\* To this work of patient and discriminative research we are largely indebted for the details of our Norfolk Sketches.

but the harbour being choked up with sand, was deserted, and the place fell to decay. Rising received the elective franchise in the time of William and Mary; but the number of voters having diminished to two or three, the franchise was taken away by the Reform Act.

The descent of the Castle and Manor of Rising would occupy more space than is at our command. One of its possessors was Robert de Montalt, a man of note as a warrior and statesman, who had a remarkable lawsuit with the Corporation of Lynn, arising out of his claims of the tollbooth and tolls. It was commenced 6 Edward II. An assault on Robert and his men had been committed or permitted upon his being in Lynn, when Nicholas de Northampton, with others, with banners unfurled, insulted the said Robert and his men, pursuing him to his dwelling-house, which they besieged, broke down the doors, beat him and his men, and carried away certain arms, swords, spurs, a gilt zone, purses with money, and jewels to the value of 40*l.* The defendants led away and imprisoned his men, confined him for two days, and then compelled him by fear of death to release all actions against the Mayor, to give up the right of appointing a bailiff, to leave the profits for twenty years to them, &c. They afterwards carried him to the market-place, and there compelled him, in the presence of a multitude of persons, to enter into these compacts. The damage of the said Robert de Montalt being laid at 100,000 marks. Judgment was given in his favour, and damages 6000*l.* awarded, which, or a composition of 4000*l.*, they were compelled to pay by instalments, and the town was heavily taxed to raise these sums.

But the fact of the greatest interest in the annals of Rising, that which casts a lurid light on the history of this Castle, was its possession by the "she-wolf of France," Isabella, Queen Dowager of England. Rising has been usually pointed out as the place of her *imprisonment and death*. After Mortimer's execution, on 29th November, in the fourth year of Edward III., we are told that "the Queen Mother was deprived of her enormous jointure, and shut up in the Castle of Rising, where she spent the remaining twenty-seven years of her life in obscurity." Edward, however, paid her a respectful visit at least once a year, and allowed her 3000*l.*, and afterwards 4000*l.*, for her annual expense. It is remarkable that Blomefield, who repeats the story of her twenty-seven years' imprisonment, and death at this place, prints, but a few pages further on, Letters Patent under her hand, dated from her "Castle of Hertford," in the 20th year of Edward III. Miss Strickland quotes and adopts the account of Froissart much to the same effect, adding that "Castle Rising was the place where Queen

Isabella was destined to spend the long years of her widowhood ;" that "during the first two years her seclusion was most rigorous, but in 1332 her condition was ameliorated," and quotes a notice of a "Pilgrimage to Walsingham" from the Lynn Records. Miss Strickland's account concludes thus: "Isabella died at Castle Rising, August 22, 1358, aged sixty-three. She chose the Church of the Grey Friars, where the mangled remains of her paramour, Mortimer, had been buried eight-and-twenty years previously, for the place of her interment ; and carrying her characteristic hypocrisy even to the grave, she was buried with the heart of her murdered husband on her breast. King Edward issued a precept to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, November 20, to cleanse the streets from dirt and all impurities, and to gravel Bishopsgate Street, Aldgate, against the coming of the body of his dearest mother, Queen Isabella, and directs the officers of Exchequer to disburse 9*l.* for that purpose. Isabella was interred in the choir of the Grey Friars within Newgate, and had a fine alabaster tomb erected to her memory."—(*Lives of the Queens of England*, vol. i.)

Such is one account of this miserable woman's end ; but Mr. A. H. Swatman, in 1850, expressed his belief that she was not a prisoner at Rising, for that he found she occasionally travelled to other parts of the kingdom, even to London ; that she had been at Northampton, Walsingham, and Langley ; and that the King, her son, visited her with his Queen in the eighth year of his reign, and again in the following year, when many presents of pipes of wine, barrels of sturgeon, falcons, and other things were made by the Commonalty of Lynn for the King's entertainment ; and that the absence of all notice on the Lynn rolls of preparations for her funeral, led him to the conclusion that she did not die at Rising.

Mr. Harrod quotes a series of extracts from Patent Rolls, which are new materials in the Queen's life ; but we must pass on to 1344, when Queen Isabella was with the King and Queen at the Palace of Norwich, where the King celebrated his birthday ; as were the Earls of Derby, Warwick, Arundel, Northampton, Suffolk, and many more barons and knights ; and there they had an enormous pie, wondrously large ! [*Chronicle of a Norfolk Priory*, (qu. Langley ?) of which only a very modern copy exists, in the Harleian MSS. 2188.] She obtained the next year, for the city of Norwich, a grant of the fee of the Castle and other privileges. The Charter was sealed by the King at Hertford (one of her own castles). Finally, we have an Inquisition taken at Salisbury, after her death, which states that she died at the *Castle of Hertford*, the 23rd of August, in the 32nd Edward III.



Mr. Bond, F.S.A., of the British Museum, next communicated additional information relating to Queen Isabella to the Society of Antiquaries: this being the Queen's Household Book, from October, 1357, to her death, during all which period she was at Hertford Castle; the entries are continued until the household was broken up, in December, 1358.

Rising Castle (which in general style is Norman, and having a resemblance to that of Norwich Castle) is erected within a nearly circular space, enclosed by a large bank and ditch; the entrance being by passing over a bridge, and through a Norman gatehouse. Of the numerous buildings that once filled the space within the lofty bank—towers, chapels, halls, galleries, stables, granaries, &c.—nothing now remains but the great tower, or keep (which has walls three yards thick), the chapel, and the gatehouse; and part of the Constable's lodgings, a brick building of Henry the Seventh's time: the walls and towers, which formerly crowned the bank, are gone. The great hall, gallery, and chamber, where Queen Isabella entertained her son and his Court, are nearly gone. The Castle, like many of our Norman fortresses, must have been suffered to fall to decay at a very early period; for, about the 22nd Edward IV., it was reported that there was never a house in the Castle able to keep out the rain-water, wind, or snow. In Elizabeth's reign the viewers stated that for spear and shield, for which the Castle was originally erected, it might with considerable repairs, be maintained.

The Norman windows of the great tower do not appear to have ever been glazed, but furnished with shutters within. The fireplace was a low arch with no flue, and the smoke must, therefore, have made its way through a lantern in the roof. There is an apartment which Mr. Harrod considers may have been intended for the private room of the Lord of the Castle, if he were driven into this last hold of the great tower, such as occurred in the reign of Henry III.; and most gloomy and dismal must this tower have been when roofs and floors shut out the light of day; the effect of it is massive, stern, and appropriate. Mr. Harrod concludes his learned Essay with the following lines, little doubting that many generations may yet appreciate its beauties, and study amidst its walls the history of those early days they recall and illustrate:

"Thou grey magician, with thy potent wand,  
Evok'st the shades of the illustrious dead!  
The mists dissolve—uprise the slumbering years—  
On come the knightly riders, cap-a-pie—  
The herald calls,—hark to the clash of spears!  
To Beauty's Queen each hero bends the knee;  
Dreams of the past, how exquisite ye be—  
Offspring of heavenly faith and rare antiquity!"

## Castle Acre Castle, and Priory.

In the village of Castle Acre, about four miles from Swaffham, on the north side of the river Nar, are seen the earthworks and the mouldering, ivy-clad walls of this ancient fortress. The site was granted by the Conqueror to William de Warenne, by whom, or his son, the Castle was erected, and it remained in this family till the early part of the fifteenth century. But it had fallen to ruin in the reign of Edward III., when the site of the Castle and ditches were mere feeding-grounds for cattle, valued, with the herbage, at 5*s.* per annum. William de Warenne married Gundreda, a daughter of the Conqueror: it is stated that she died at this Castle in 1085, but this is not at all certain; she was buried at Lewes. It is certain, however, that Castle Acre Castle was frequently the residence of the De Warennes, and that kingly visits were paid to them there. Edward I. visited Acre several times; the last time in 1297, fifty years after which the Castle was a ruin. The present remains are two earthworks, horseshoe and circular. Of the great gate but little exists; it was massive and unadorned. A few foundations of the habitable portions of the Castle are but just discernible. Mr. Harrod, in excavating, reached, at a considerable depth, the walls of the great tower; it was very small, but the north and west walls were thirteen feet thick. The main street of the village is still called Bailey Street: it was in the jurisdiction of the Constable of the Castle; and here resided the numerous dependents, the armourers, and other traders whose business was almost exclusively connected with the Castle; and similar exempt jurisdictions are to be found in almost every town having an ancient castle. At Durham, the houses in Bailey Street were originally held by military tenants, bound by their tenure to defend the Castle.

Bailey Street, at Acre, was protected at its north and south extremities by a gateway, with tower. The northern one only remains. Almost every house in the neighbourhood has some of the stone-work of the Castle or the Priory in its walls.

There is no doubt of the fortress having been erected by the Warennes; but did they construct the enormous earthworks? Mr. Harrod considers they are not Norman, but Roman, the occupation of the site by the Romans being established, and Roman pottery and coins of Vespasian, Constantine, &c., have been found here. Evidence is then quoted to show that the walls and earthworks were the works of different people, and that the Normans availed themselves of these sites in consequence of their strength. "And here," says Mr. Harrod, "we see the

variety of interest afforded by the study of archæology. Here is a castle, of which all interesting architectural features have been destroyed; but probably from that very cause our attention is drawn to the remarkable character of the earthworks, and a view of the subject is presented to our notice, which may hereafter be of great use in the investigation of other remains of a similar kind."

We must now glance at the Priory. Earl Warenne founded a priory of Cluniac monks in his Castle at Acre, and made it a cell to Lewes Priory. He died in 1089. The second Earl, finding the site "too little and inconvenient," gave the monks two orchards, all the plough-land from the same to his Castle, the moor under it, &c., and the Priory was rebuilt on its present site. One curious execution of a deed of gift to this monastery is noted. The wax was put to the grant, and the parties *bit the wax*, instead of affixing a seal. There are considerable remains of this religious house. The ruins of the west front of the church, and the towers at the angles, are of enriched Norman architecture. The central doorway has fine zigzag and other mouldings. The large west Perpendicular window has been much mutilated. Some large columns of the nave—only one perfect—the walls of the transepts, remnants of conventual buildings, of the Prior's house, and the barn of the monastery—remain. The site within the walls contains nearly thirty acres. The views of the ruins are very picturesque.

Castle Acre has many objects of interest for the archæologist; among which is the Friary, founded in the reign of Edward III. There are in the town several hostelries which belonged to the Priory.

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### Bromholm Priory.—The Cross of Baldwin.—The Paston Family.

This Priory was founded for seven or eight Cluniac monks at Bromholm, in 1113. It was considerably enlarged early in the thirteenth century. The handsome chapter-house and dormitory were built through the acquisition of a valuable relic, of which Matthew Paris gives a particular account. "In the same year divine miracles became of frequent occurrence at Bromholm, to the glory and honour of the life-giving Cross on which the Saviour of the world suffered for the redemption of the human race; and since Britain, a place in the middle of the ocean, was thought worthy by the Divine bounty to be blessed with such a treasure, it is proper, nay, most proper, to impress on the mind of descendants by what series of events that Cross was brought from distant regions into Britain.

“Baldwin, Count of Flanders, was from a Count made Emperor of Constantinople, at which place he reigned with vigour for many years. It happened at one time that he was dreadfully harassed by the infidel kings, against whom he marched without deliberation, and on this occasion neglected to take with him the Cross of our Lord and other relics which always used to be carried before him by the patriarch and bishops whenever he was about to engage in battle against the enemies of the Cross, and the carelessness he found out on that day by dreadful experience; for when he rashly rushed on the enemy with his small army, paying no regard to the multitude of his enemies, who exceeded his own army tenfold, in a very short time he and all his men were surrounded by the enemies of Christ, and were all slain or made prisoners, and the few who escaped out of the whole number knew nothing of what had happened to the Emperor, or whither he had gone.

“There was at that time a certain chaplain of English extraction, who, with his clerks, performed divine service in the Emperor’s chapel, and he was one of those who had the charge of the Emperor’s relics, rings, and other effects. He, therefore, when he heard of the death (for all told him he was killed) of his lord the Emperor, left the city of Constantinople privately, with the aforesaid relics, rings, and many other things, and came to England. On his arrival there, he went to St. Albans, and sold to a certain monk there a Cross set with silver and gold, besides two figures of St. Margaret, and some gold rings and jewels, all which things are now held in great veneration at the monastery of St. Albans. The said chaplain then drew from his mantle a wooden Cross, and showed it to some of the monks, and declared on his oath that it was undoubtedly a piece of the Cross on which the Saviour of the world was suspended for the redemption of the human race; but as his assertions *were disbelieved at that place*, he departed, taking with him this priceless treasure, although it was not known. This said chaplain had two young children, about whose support, and for the preservation of whom he was most anxious, for which purpose he offered the aforesaid Cross to several monasteries, on condition that he and his children should be received among the brethren of the monastery; and having endured repulse from the rich in many places, he at length came to a chapel in the county of Norfolk, called Bromholm, very poor, *and altogether destitute of buildings*. There he sent for the Prior and some of the brethren, and showed them the above-mentioned Cross, which was constructed of two pieces of wood, placed across one another, and almost as wide as the hand of a man: he then humbly implored them to receive him into their order, with the Cross, and the other relics

which he had with him, as well as his two children. The Prior and his brethren then were overjoyed to possess such a treasure, and by the intervention of the Lord, who always protects honourable poverty, put faith in the words of the monk; then they with due reverence, received the Cross of our Lord, and carried it into their oratory, and with all devotion preserved it in the most honourable place there.

“In the year (1223) then, as has been before stated, divine miracles began to be wrought in that monastery, to the praise and glory of the life-giving Cross; for there the dead were restored to life, the blind received their sight, and the lame their power of walking, the skin of the lepers was made clean, and those possessed of devils were released from them; and any sick person who approached the aforesaid Cross with faith, went away safe and sound. This said Cross is frequently worshipped, not only by the English people, but also by those from distant countries, and those who have heard of the divine miracles connected with it.”

“Such,” says Mr. Harrod, “were the circumstances of this acquisition, and such the cause of the prosperity of Bromholm.” The extraordinary absence of anything like reasonable identity, even with the Cross of Baldwin, will be immediately apparent, and it would be difficult to believe it possible that monks and people would have been so readily deluded, but that in our own times we have winking Virgins, and the extravagant farce of “Our Lady of Salsette.” “It was, moreover, confirmed,” says Capgrave, “by remarkable miracles, no less than thirty-nine persons being raised from the dead. Who could doubt after this?”

The Paston family were great patrons of this monastery. In 1466, Sir John Paston died in London, in the midst of his fruitless efforts to recover Caistor from the Duke of Norfolk, who had seized it in a most scandalous manner. His body was brought to Bromholm for interment, and there exists an admirable sketch of the information contained in a Roll of Expenses: “For three continuous days one man was engaged in no other occupation than that of slaying beasts, and provision was made of 13 barrels of beer, 27 barrels of ale, one barrel of beer of the greatest assyze, and a runlet of red wine of 15 gallons.” All these, however, copious as they seem, proved inadequate to the demand; for the account goes on to state that 5 combs of malt at one time and 10 at another were brewed up expressly for the occasion. Meat, too, was in proportion to the liquor; the country round about must have been swept of geese, chickens, capons, and such small gear, all which, with the 1300 eggs, 20 gallons of milk and 8 of cream, and the 41 pigs and 49 calves, and 10 “nete,” slain and devoured, give a fearful picture of

the scene of festivity the Abbey walls at that time beheld. Amongst such provisions the article of bread bears nearly the same proportion as in Falstaff's bill of fare. The one halfpenny-worth of the staff of life to the inordinate quantity of sack was acted over again in Bromholm Priory; but then, on the other hand, in matter of consumption, the torches, the many pounds weight of wax to burn over the grave, and the separate candle of enormous stature and girth, form prodigious items." No less than 20*l.* was changed from gold into smaller coin that it might be showered amongst the attendant throng, and 26 marks in copper had been used for the same object in London before the procession began to move. A barber was occupied five days in smartening up the monks for the ceremony; and "the reke of the torches at the dirge" was so great that the glazier had to remove two panes to permit the fumes to escape. The prior had a cope called a "frogge of worstede" presented to him on the occasion, and the tomb was covered with cloth of gold.

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### The Priory of Our Lady of Walsingham.

A ballad in the Pepysian Collection, at Cambridge, composed about 1460, gives a tradition of the foundation of this celebrated Priory—a chapel built

"A thousand complete, sixty and one,  
The tyme of Saint Edwarde, King of this region."

But this is mere tradition. The far-famed Chapel of the Virgin was founded by the widow of Richoldie, the mother of Geoffrey de Favraches. By deed, Geoffrey, on the day he departed on pilgrimage for Jerusalem, granted to God and St. Mary, and to Edwy, his clerk, *the chapel which his mother, Richeldis, had built at Walsingham, together with other possessions, to the intent that Edwy should found a Priory there.* It became one of the richest in the world; and Roger Ascham, when visiting Cologne, in 1550, remarks: "The three Kings be not so rich, I believe, as was the Lady at Walsingham." Almost from the foundation of the Priory there was one unceasing movement of pilgrims to and from Walsingham. The Virgin's milk, and other attractions, were from time to time added; but the image of the Virgin, in the small chapel, "in all respects like to the *Santa Casa* at Nazareth, where the Virgin was saluted by the angel Gabriel," was the original, and continued to the dissolution of the Priory, object of the pilgrims' visits to the Chapel or shrine of "Our Lady of Walsingham," which were even

more frequent than those to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, and the possessions of the Priory were augmented by large endowments or costly presents. Foreigners of all nations came hither on pilgrimage; and several Kings and Queens of England, among them Henry VIII., in the commencement of his reign, paid their devotions here. The King is said by Spelman, the antiquary, to have walked to Walsingham barefoot from Baseham, a distance of about three miles, it being an essential condition that the pilgrim should walk his journey barefoot. Henry presented a valuable necklace to the image. Of this costly present, as well as the other valuable appendages, Cromwell, doubtless, took good care, when he seized the image, and burnt it at Chelsea. It is supposed that Henry, tempted by the riches and splendour of the religious house at Walsingham, precipitated their fall. Erasmus, who visited it in 1511, has derided the riches of the chapel. The monks persuaded the people that the Milky Way in the heavens was a miraculous indication of the road to this place, whence it came to be called by some "the Walsingham way." Erasmus describes the church and chapel in the following terms:—

"*Ogygius.* The church is graceful and elegant; but the Virgin does not occupy it; she cedes it out of deference to her Son. She has *her own church*, that she may be at her Son's right hand.

"*Mendemus.* On his right hand? To which point, then, looks her Son?

"*Og.* Well thought of. When he looks to the west, he has his mother on his right hand. When he turns to the sun rising, she is on the left. Yet she does not even occupy this; for the building is unfinished, and it is a place exposed on all sides, with open doors and open windows, and near at hand is the Ocean, the Father of the winds.

"*Me.* It is hard. Where then does the Virgin dwell?

"*Og.* Within the church, which I have called unfinished, is a small chapel made of wainscot, and admitting the devotees on each side by a narrow little door. The light is small, indeed, scarcely any but from the wax-lights. A most grateful fragrance meets the nostrils."

The pilgrims who arrived at Walsingham entered the sacred precinct by a low narrow wicket. It was purposely made difficult to pass, as a precaution against the robberies which were frequently committed at the shrine. On the gate in which the wicket opened was nailed a copper image of a knight on horseback, whose miraculous preservation on the spot by the Virgin formed the subject of one of the numerous legendary stories with which the place abounded. To the east of the gate, within, stood a small chapel, where the pilgrim was allowed, for

money, to kiss a gigantic bone, said to have been the finger-bone of St. Peter. After this he was conducted to a building thatched with reeds and straw, inclosing two *wells*, in high repute for indigestion and headaches; and also for the more rare virtue of insuring to the votary, within certain limits, whatever he might wish for at the time of *drinking their waters*. The building itself was said to have been transported through the air many centuries before, in a deep snow; and as a proof of it, the visitor's attention was gravely pointed to an old bear-skin attached to one of the beams. These "tweyne wells," called also "the Wishing Wells," an anonymous ballad speaks of:—

"A chappel of Saynt Laurence standeth now there  
Fast by, tweyne wallys, experience do thus and lore;  
There she (the widow) thought to have sette this chappel,  
Which was begun by our Ladie's counsel.  
All night the wedowe permayning in this prayer  
Our blessed Laydie with blessed ininystrys,  
Herself being her chief artificer,  
Arrered thys sayde house with angells handys,  
And not only rered it but sette it there it is,  
That is *tweyne hundred foot* more in distannce  
From the first place folks make remembrance."

The Chapel of the Virgin we have described. The celebrated image of Our Lady stood within it on the right of the altar. The interior was kept highly perfumed, and illuminated solely by tapers, which dimly revealed the sacred image, surrounded by the gold and jewels of the shrine. The pilgrim knelt awhile on the steps of the altar in prayer, and then he deposited his offering upon it, and passed on. What he gave was instantly taken up by a priest who stood in readiness, to prevent the next comer from stealing it while depositing his own offering. At an altar, apparently in the outer chapel, was exhibited the celebrated relic of the Virgin's milk. It was inclosed in crystal, to prevent the contamination of lips,

"Whose kiss  
Had been pollution, aught so chaste;"

and set in a crucifix. The pilgrims knelt on the steps of the altar to kiss it, and, after the ceremony, the priest held out a board to receive their offerings, like that with which tolls were collected at the foot of bridges. The sacred relic itself, Erasmus says, was occasionally like chalk mixed with the whites of eggs, and was quite solid. The image of the Virgin and her Son, as they made their salute, also appeared to Erasmus and his friend to give them a nod of approbation.

An incident of a personal kind illustrates the bigotry and intolerance



which prevailed at these places. After the ceremony of kissing the sacred milk, Erasmus requested his friend to inquire for him, in the mildest manner, what was the evidence that it was indeed the true milk. The priest appeared at first not to notice the question, but on its being repeated, his countenance assumed an expression of astonishment and ferocity, and in a tone of thunder, he asked if they had not authentic inscription of the fact. From the violence of his manner, they expected every instant to have been thrust out as heretics, and were glad to make their peace by a present of money. The inscription which he referred to was found, after much search, fixed high upon a wall, where it was scarcely legible. They contrived, however, to read it, but found it to contain merely a history of this precious relic from the tenth century, when it was purchased by an old woman near Constantinople, with an assurance, from which arose its fame, that all other portions of the Virgin's milk had fallen on the ground before they were collected, while this was taken directly from her breast.

Mr. Harrod notes that the relative estimation in which each of the attractions was held by pilgrims, may be judged from the offerings made in the year before the value was taken by order of Henry VIII., in 1534. In the Chapel of the blessed Virgin Mary, 20*l.* 1*s.* At the sacred Milk of the blessed Virgin, 2*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* In the Chapel of St. Laurence, 8*l.* 9*s.* 1½*d.*

“The immense value of the treasures gathered about the altars has been already alluded to; they included the silver statue, on horseback, of Bartholomew Lord Burghersh, K.G., ordered by his will, in 1369, to be offered to our Lady; and King Henry VII., in his lifetime, gave a kneeling figure of himself in silver-gilt. The Visitors of Henry VIII., as may be imagined, took especial care of these treasures.”

There are some fine remains of the Convent: a richly ornamented door, supposed to have formed the east end of the conventual church; the western entrance gateway to the monastery; the walls, with windows and arches of the refectory; a Norman arch with zigzag mouldings; part of the cloisters, incorporated with the mansion of the Rev. D. H. Warner, remain. About his pleasure-grounds are scattered detached portions of these monastic remains. The joint excavations of Mr. H. I. L. Warner and Mr. Harrod have brought to light the west end of the church, of the Early English period, or Early Decorated. The refectory and dormitory crypt are pure Decorated, the west end having a noble window. The east end is early Perpendicular. The results in the choir are its red and yellow glazed tile pavement, buttresses, and crypt.

## Holkham Hall, and its Treasures.

Holkham, situate on the northern coast of Norfolk, although of modern construction, is famous for possessing historic collections of the highest interest and importance. Here are deposited the manuscripts of the great Lord Coke, in the possession of his descendant, the Earl of Leicester, his representative through the female issue of Lord Leicester, the male heir of the Chief-Justice. The mansion was commenced in 1734, by the Earl of Leicester, from designs taken from Palladio and Inigo Jones, with the assistance of the Earl of Burlington and Mr. Kent. It was completed by the Countess Dowager of Leicester, in 1760, and was long celebrated for its magnificence and hospitality as the residence of the patriotic Thomas William Coke. The Grand Hall is very beautiful and imposing. The chair-seats in the Yellow Dressing-room are of needlework, by the hand of Lady Leicester. In addition to the grandeur of its exterior, it is considered as superior to most of the superb mansions in the kingdom in its commodious arrangements for the purposes of state and comfort. Here are pictures by Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, and Guido; the celebrated portrait of the Duke d'Areberg on horseback, by Vandyke; more Claudes than in any other collection, including the very fine one of Apollo slaying Marsyas; and Domenichino's Landscape, with Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac. Among the sculpture is a Diana, the sending of which out of Rome caused the Earl of Leicester to be placed under arrest.

In the Library, which is equally rich in printed books and MSS., are some of the earliest specimens of typography. Here is one of the finest collections, or, indeed, libraries, of manuscripts anywhere preserved: certainly, the finest in any private individual's possession. It partly consists of the Chief-Justice's papers; the rest, the bulk of it, was collected by the accomplished nobleman who built the mansion, the last male heir of the great lawyer. He had spent many years abroad, where he collected a vast number of valuable manuscripts. Many of the finest *codices* of the Greek, Latin, and old Italian classics are to found in this superb collection. Among others are no less than thirteen of Livy, a favourite author of Lord Leicester, whom he had made some progress in editing, when he learned that Drachenborchius, the German critic, had proceeded further in the same task, and to him Lord Leicester generously handed the treasures of his library. The excellent edition of that commentator makes constant reference to the

Holkham manuscripts, under the name of MSS. *Lovelliana*, from the title of Lovell; Lord Leicester not having then been promoted to the Earldom. The late Mr. Coke had the whole of the MSS. unfolded, bound, and arranged, after they had lain half a century neglected, and were verging on decay. This labour occupied Mr. Roscoe ten years, who has to each work prefixed, in his own fair handwriting, a short account of the particular MS., with the bibliography appertaining to it. On the whole it may be affirmed, that no creation of modern taste and opulence in this part of the island surpasses Holkham.

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### Caistor Castle.

This fortress is one of the four principal castles of Norfolk. It is situated about two miles from Yarmouth, is built of brick, and is thought to be one of the oldest brick edifices in the kingdom. Others ascribe its erection to Sir John Fastolfe, an officer who served with great distinction in the French wars of Henry V. and VI. It afterwards came into the possession of Sir John Paston,\* and was twice besieged in the Wars of the Roses. An embattled tower at the north-west corner, one hundred feet high, and the north and west walls, remain: but the south end and east sides are levelled with the ground. Caistor was a place of importance, thought to be a Roman cavalry station, and the abode of the Kings of East Anglia, probably in a castle of much earlier date than the above, where Edmund kept his court, as already mentioned in our account of Lowestoft.

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\* One of the writers of the celebrated *Paston Letters*, the authenticity of which has been established as "a faithful guide through the dark period to which they relate."

## ESSEX.

## Colchester Castle.

Colchester, the county town of Essex, there is strong evidence to show, was originally both a British and Roman city, being most probably on the site of the Camalodunum of the Romans, which was burnt in the insurrection under Boadicea. There are few places in England where more Roman antiquities have been found. Morant, in his *History of Essex*, mentions "bushels" of coins of Claudius, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, and their several successors. The town walls, the Castle, and many of the churches and other ancient buildings, are chiefly built of the Roman brick; and vases, urns, lamps, rings, bracelets, and tessellated pavements have been found here in great numbers.

There is a tradition to the effect that Coel, the second of that name, a British prince, who was invested by the Romans with the government of the district of which Camalodunum was the chief station, taking advantage of the distracted state of the Roman empire, assumed independence, and gave to his capital the name of *Caer-Coel*; and he is supposed to have become tributary to Carausius and other usurpers of the Imperial dominion, to which they threw off their allegiance in Britain. Constantius Chlorus, afterwards Emperor, who had been associated in the purple, under Diocletian and Maximian, then embarked at Boulogne, to chastise the rebels and reduce Britain to its former state of dependence. Having landed, he commenced the siege of *Caer-Coel*, as being the focus of the insurrection. The resistance opposed to his arms was so determined that the siege was protracted to the unusual period of three years, and even then seemed very distant from a successful termination. In this state of affairs Constantius beheld Helena, Coel's daughter, who was born in *Caer-Coel*, and who possessed the most fascinating charms, as well as uncommon endowments of mind. Struck with her beauty, and interested by her acquirements, Constantius became enamoured of the British Princess, and hesitated not to make peace with Coel, on condition of receiving the accomplished Helena as his bride. At this point, the tradition branches off in different directions; one account asserting that the marriage was immediately

celebrated with becoming splendour; another, that Helena was the mistress of Constantius before she became his wife. Both, however, affirm that Constantine, surnamed the Great, was the issue of this intercourse, whom Henry of Huntingdon styles King of Colecestre; and that he also was born at Caer-Coel, about 275. Gibbon denies that a British king was the father of Helena, and gives that honour to an innkeeper; and William of Malmesbury, on what ground is not known, asserts that Helena was a "tender of cattle." At the same time the historian observes, the legality of her marriage may be defended against those who have represented her as the concubine of Constantius. The real birthplace of Constantine, the first Roman emperor that openly avowed Christianity, is supposed to have been at Naissus, in Dacia. After her departure from Britain, Helena made a journey to Jerusalem, where she is said to have discovered the Cross on which the Saviour was crucified: and to this circumstance the arms of Colchester, which display a cross between three coronets, are attributed.

The history of the Castle was very ably illustrated by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, at the Congress of the British Archæological Association, held at Colchester in the year 1865, from which we quote the most interesting points of the construction of the Castle and its history. Although its position "presents nothing remarkable in a defensive view, yet it has some peculiarities of an architectural nature that entitle it to a careful examination. The keep, and there remains nothing besides, was formerly surrounded by a fosse and palisade, the usual method of fortification at the time these military buildings were erected. The fosse may have either been the work of the Romans or of a very much later period, as it would equally suit their system of castrametation, or the practice of the Normans. Viewed by itself it has very little evidence in the inquiry as to when the Castle itself was built. If traditionary accounts are of any value, what has been written about the extent of the fosse would make it appear more probable that it was executed by the Romans than their successors.

"The admixture of Roman brick with flints and cement stone imparts to the Castle a rugged effect. The keep, which is rectangular, is 171 feet 8 inches from north to south, and 128 feet 8 inches from east to west in its widest dimensions, thus exhibiting a greater size and larger area within its extreme outward walls than the White Tower of London, Castle Rising, Bamborough, Rochester, or any other castle in England. Its altitude is below all of them, and was never much more than is seen at present.

"The angles of the buttresses throughout are built with Roman brick,

or an imitation of it, nearly half their height. They are generally used horizontally, but sometimes endwise and herring-bone fashion. This irregularity of construction, together with the disfigurements made by an ignorant owner, who purchased the Castle in 1683, for the sake of pulling it down and selling the materials, give the whole building a rough and dilapidated appearance. The best material employed throughout the entire district, when bricks are not used, consists of flint and Harwich cement stone. In this Castle they are used with some of the dressings of Caen stone, or of the shelly oolite from Barnack, near Stamford.

“It is clear that the Castle was erected before 1130, since in this year there is a payment entered on the Great Roll of the Pipe, of one marc of silver being paid to Eraddus the mason. There being no other building in Colchester then in the hands of the Crown, this outlay must consequently have been expended upon the Castle. No further mention of it occurs until 1170; when there appears an entry on the same records for works which cost forty-seven shillings. Again in 1180 the *turris*, as it is termed, being the keep, was repaired at an outlay of upwards of ten pounds. These entries upon the accounts of the sheriff of the county make it conclusive that the whole building had, by this time, been finished, but began to require reparation.

“The gateway of the keep, ornamented with roll mouldings and their nebule ornament, has a portcullis. It is the principal feature of architecture in the building, and is of the period at which we have arrived. A large gateway at St. Osyth Priory is very like it in mouldings and proportions, though the one at Colchester is earlier.

“There does not appear any entry of importance during the reign of King John either on the Pipe or Close Rolls. However, in 1219, the Bishop of London, who was then farmer of the town, received a precept from Henry III. to select two legal and discreet men, who should erect a palisade round the Castle in lieu of the one recently blown down.

“This building is historically memorable for two assaults that it underwent in the thirteenth century. The first was made by Saher de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, in 1215, by whom it was captured. After a few days' siege, it was, however, retaken by King John. In the following year it fell into the hands of Louis, son of Philip II. of France. At this time the Dauphin, partly on the invitation of the English nobility, in consequence of their hatred of John, landed at Dover, and ultimately succeeded in obtaining possession of Rochester, Guildford, Heveningham, and Colchester. His tenure was, however, but brief. The barons gained their liberties without foreign assistance, and the

Dauphin was driven out of the Castles he had taken with so little difficulty.

“Colchester Castle was never of the same altitude as other Norman fortresses met with in England and elsewhere. This is another feature of its peculiarity. Though the keep is the largest, it is also the lowest that now exists. Its vaulting, too, is more extensive than is met with in other castles. This gives it internally a degree of apparent spaciousness and of real solidity that is not of frequent occurrence. In fact, this species of waggon vaulting is rarely seen, except in the basements of military buildings. The walls average 12 feet in thickness.

“In a document printed by Dugdale, in his *Monasticon*, there occurs a passage which must for ever set a controverted question at rest. The writer of the *Genealogy of Tintern Abbey* speaks of Rohesia, the daughter of Hasoul de Harcourt. She married for her first husband, Richard, the son of Earl Gilbert, who was amongst the most leading of the Conqueror's followers. Her second husband was Eudo le Dapifer, who is here spoken of as the builder of the Castle of Colchester and the founder of the Abbey of St. John. Between the accession of Henry I. in 1100, and the death of Eudo Dapifer in 1120, there was ample time for him to construct the Castle. Still more time if the reign of William Rufus is included, which would widen the conjectural period of its erection nearly thirteen years more, and extend the interval during which the building must be confined between 1087 and 1120. It is not improbable that it was built in his reign.

“It is recorded in the history of the foundation of St. John's Abbey, that it was set out in the presence of Maurice Bishop of London in 1096, or the ninth year of the reign of William II.; that the first stone was laid by Eudo Dapifer after Easter the following year, the second by Rohesia his wife, and the third by Earl Gilbert her brother. The same account that furnishes these particulars also states how Eudo became invested with the honour of dapifer or seneschal, or, as the office may perhaps now be termed, royal chamberlain. William Fitz Osborn, who had previously held it, placed before the king on a particular feast day, in virtue of his duty, a goose which was so badly roasted that the blood came out when it was pressed. Being very deservedly reprobated by the King for such an act of negligence, with difficulty stomaching the royal abuse, and unwillingly shedding tears, he stretched forth his hand for punishment, when immediately Eudo thrust out his own, and in his stead received the monarch's angry blow. Fitz Osborn, exasperated, retired from office; but he, however, asked that he should be succeeded by Eudo; and thus, it is said, in consequence of his

father's deserts as well as his own, with the request of Fitz Osborn, Eudo received the appointment.

“When the Conqueror was lying under his last sickness at Caen, Eudo, though promoted, was not unmindful that upon William's decease another person might succeed as dapifer; therefore, he passed over into Normandy, and applied to the future king to be confirmed in his office at his father's death. He really deserved it from his hands; for he promptly supported him, when the event happened, by preparing the English nobility for his succession to the throne. Nor in his elevation did he forget the people of Colchester. After his visit to Normandy he returned to the town at the earliest moment, and devoted himself to their service. He both fully inquired into and relieved their grievances. They, in turn, confessed their obligation, and solicited the King that they might be placed under the protection of such a benefactor. Had William II. granted a charter during his reign, undoubtedly Eudo's influence would have obtained the fullest privileges for the men of Colchester. His name ought for ever to be enshrined in the grateful memories of the inhabitants, since it is associated with the brightest period of the town.”

His remains were carried, after his decease, from the Castle of Preux, in Normandy, and honourably interred, 1120, in the Abbey founded by his piety. Of that monument of his devotion, little belonging to his time exists; but the Castle he built testifies his former power, and a most interesting building must always appeal, not more forcibly for preservation to the people of Colchester than to England itself, as an ancient landmark of history.

A recent writer has made the startling assertion that Colchester Castle was once a temple of Claudius, that the vaulted room, commonly called a Chapel, was the podium in front of the adytum of the temple, whilst the building itself is the oldest and the noblest monument of the Romans in Great Britain. Mr. Hartshorne does not, however, assent to these ideas. There is abundant evidence to show the Roman occupation in the reign of Claudius; but there is none to prove its antiquity as a settlement earlier than the nation made on the southern coast at Pevensey, Lyme, Dover, and Richborough. Roman settlement in Colchester is shown not by its name alone. It is visible in some of the *materials* of which the Castle is built; but no portion whatever of the present structure can be attributed to a period before the Conquest, nor can it be assigned to any other than the Norman period, or considered otherwise than a Norman castle.

When the Catholic religion regained a temporary predominance over



the Reformation under Mary I., the persecution was very severe in Essex, twenty-one persons (five of them women) were burnt at Colchester, and one died in prison; and two persons (one a woman) were burnt at Stratford.

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### The Priory of St. Osyth.

The county of Essex, at the Reformation, possessed several religious houses, of which there are some remains. At the time of the Suppression there were seven of the greatest monasteries, of which that at Chich, ten miles south-east of Colchester, was the third in rank. It was a noble foundation for Augustine Canons, and lay near the sea-coast, opposite to Mersey Island, the parish being anciently part of the royal domains. Canute granted it to Godwin, and the great Earl gave it to Christ Church, in Canterbury, with the licence of Edward the Confessor. It must have been taken from that Church at or soon after the Conquest, for, at the time of the Domesday survey, the Manor belonged to the Bishop of London, and formed part of the endowment of the monastery.

St. Osyth was very celebrated in Essex. There are many histories of her life, but the most voluminous is that in Latin, by Capgrave, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1516. St. Osyth, according to this life, was the daughter of Frithwald or Redwald, the first Christian King of the East Angles, and of Wilburga, his wife, daughter of Penda, King of the Mercians. She was, when very young, entrusted to the care of St. Modwen, at Pollesworth, in Warwickshire. While there she was sent with a book from St. Edith, sister of King Alfred, to St. Modwen, and fell off a bridge into a river and was drowned. She remained in the river three days, and was restored to life by the prayers of St. Modwen.

St. Osyth having returned to her parents, was betrothed by them to Sighere, King of Essex; but before the marriage was consummated she took the veil, and Sighere gave her his village of Chich, and built a nunnery there, of which she was abbess. The house was of the order of Maturines. In the month of October, 653, a band of Danes landed in the neighbourhood of Chich, and ravaged the country. St. Osyth refused to worship their gods, and the leader of the Danes ordered her head to be cut off. The saint took up her head in her hands, and proceeded to the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, about one-third of a mile, stopping at the door of the Church, which was closed. She

struck it with her blood-stained hand, and fell prostrate. On the spot where the saint suffered, a fountain of clear water gushed forth, said to be a cure for many diseases. There is no reason to doubt the legend,—which is confirmed by Essex tradition—that the scene of St. Osyth's martyrdom was in the Nun's Wood, and that the old fountain which still remains there, and takes its name from the murdered nun, is the stream which ran in the days of the Heptarchy, and is probably destined to flow on to the end of time.

The body of St. Osyth was at first buried in the Church of Chich, which was founded by her, but soon removed by her father and mother to Aylesbury. Many miracles were performed at her shrine, and after forty-six years, by miraculous interposition, the body was translated to Chich, and deposited in the Church there with great solemnity. A long account of the miracles performed at the shrine of the saint, or through her interposition, is given in the life in the *Legenda*.

The Nunnery founded by St. Osyth is supposed to have been the most ancient monastic establishment in Essex. It was no doubt destroyed by the Danes at the time of St. Osyth's death, for no trace of it appears in the records extant before the Conquest or in *Domesday Book*. The Church founded at Chich by St. Osyth in honour of St. Peter and St. Paul was on the site of the Church now standing.

St. Osyth was held in great veneration. Matthew Paris has a story how a certain husbandman, named Thurcillus, who lived at Tidstude, a village in Essex, was taken into purgatory, hell, and paradise, by St. James and other saints; and when he had come to the most holy and pleasant place in all paradise, he saw St. Catherine, St. Margaret, and St. Osyth. This is said to have happened in the reign of King John, A.D. 1206.

In those days (says Aubrey), when they went to bed, they did rake up the fire and make a  $\times$  in the ashes, and pray to God and St. Sythe to deliver them from fire and from water, and from all misadventure.

According to a local tradition, on one night in every year St. Osyth revisits the scene of her martyrdom, walking with her head in her hands. This legend probably gave rise to the sign of the Good Woman at Widford, of whom it used to be said that she was the only good woman in Essex.

In the reign of Henry I. the Bishop of London, Richard de Belmeis, or Beauvays, built a religious house of regular canons of St. Augustine at Chich, in honour of the two great Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and of St. Osyth, Virgin and Martyr; and in the year 1120 ob-

tained the Manor of Chich, which then belonged to the see of London, from the Church of St. Paul, giving in exchange for it fourteen pounds of land in Lodeswoode, and six pounds of land in Southminster. By this charter the Bishop granted to the canons several extraordinary privileges and immunities.

Bishop Belmeis caused the arm of St. Osyth to be translated to the church with great solemnity in the presence of William de Corbill, the first Prior of the house, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and other Bishops, remitting twenty days' penance to all that came to worship it; and relaxing every year seven days' penance to all who should devoutly come thither to celebrate her festival, which was held on the 7th August.

It is said by William of Malmesbury that it was the wish and intention of the Bishop to have thrown aside the dignity and splendour of the episcopal see, and to have retired as a brother into the Priory. He died, however, before carrying his intention into effect, and the monks or canons of St. Osyth buried his body within the walls of the monastery, under a marble monument.

The first Abbot of St. Osyth was William de Corbill or Corboise, who was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury in the year 1123, and soon after built Christ Church, Canterbury. At the death of Henry I., he espoused the cause of Stephen, Earl of Blois, and crowned him King.

Among the benefactions, King Henry II.'s charter, in addition to confirming previous charters, confirmed the right of the canons to elect their own Abbot, and gave them free warren in the lands of Chich, Birche, and Stowmarket, with the liberty to keep two harriers and four foxhounds, for hunting the hare and fox. He also granted to them a free market at Chich, which was held down to the year 1317; for in that year a presentment was made at Colchester that the Abbot of St. Osyth held a market in the village of St. Osyth, every Sunday, to the great injury of the town of Colchester.

The Church of St. Osyth having been given to the canons by Bishop Belmeis, and the tithes having been appropriated to them, they served the cure by one of themselves. On 9th February, 1401. *temp.* Henry IV., Sir William Sawtre, priest of St. Osyth, was burnt alive for heresy.

The Priory was surrendered to the King in 1539 by Prior Colchester and sixteen monks. It was granted to Thomas Cromwell, one of the most eminent statesmen under Henry VIII. The King rewarded the zeal of his minister by the gift of about thirty monastic

manors and valuable estates in Essex and other counties; and among others by patent of the 31st Henry VIII. he obtained the grant of the dissolved Monastery of St. Osyth, and all the houses, buildings, church, and other appurtenances thereunto belonging, and also the manors or lordships. On the attainder of Cromwell, however, his possessions again reverted to the Crown.

William Barlow, who was very active in promoting the destruction of monasteries, was originally a canon of St. Osyth. He fled from England on the accession of Mary; but when Elizabeth came to the throne he was promoted to the see of Chichester. The Priory with other considerable estates was, in the 5th Edward VI., granted to Sir Thomas Darcy, who was in the same year created Baron Darcy of Chich, and made K.G. He paid to the King for the grant 3974*l.* 9*s.* 4½*d.* Lord Darcy is said to have been descended from the ancient family of the same name.

John, his son and successor, entertained Queen Elizabeth at St. Osyth, when the royal festivity was interrupted by "as great thunder and lightning as any man had ever heard, from about eight or nine till past ten, then great rain till midnight, insomuch that the people thought that the world was at an end and the day of doom come, it was so terrible."

From the Dissolution until the death of Darcy Earl Rivers, the Priory was the principal seat and residence of the Darcy family. The Priory estates passed by the Earl's death into the Savage family; but the house was not inhabited until the time of the Earl of Rochford, about eighty years after this period. It is from this time probably that the Priory began to fall into decay. The third Earl is supposed to have pulled down part of the ruins of the Priory, and to have built with the materials the modern mansion, part of which is still standing. The third and fourth Earls made the Priory their ordinary residence.

Lord Rochford is said to have brought, in 1768, from Lombardy, some Lombardy poplar-trees, of which four or five are still standing in the park. They are supposed to have been the first planted in England.

George III., on two occasions, when he went to inspect the camp at Colchester, stayed at St. Osyth as the guest of the fourth Earl. The King presented two fine portraits of himself and Queen Charlotte to Lord Rochford in their coronation robes, by Allan Ramsay. Lord Rochford was one of the only men of note mentioned by Junius in his letters with commendation. If we may believe the statements of an anonymous writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he was privy to the authorship of those letters. The writer says that an intimate friend of

his lordship was kept waiting outside by him one evening, and that when Lord Rochford came in he apologized for his absence, saying that it had been caused by an affair of the utmost importance, adding that he would hear no more of Junius. The writer gives no date, but says that after that time no letters were published.

This Earl was a personal friend of George II. and III., and was for many years in their service. In 1738 he was appointed Lord of the Bed-chamber to George II.; in 1748, Vice-Admiral of the Coast of Essex; in 1756, Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County; and at George II.'s death he was Groom of the Stole, and as such was entitled to the furniture of the room in which the King died. Some pictures of which the Earl became thus possessed are still at the Priory, and the bed-quilt until recently did duty as an altar-cloth in the parish church.

The estate some years ago passed into the hands of the present owner, Mr. Johnson. The ancient buildings covered a great extent. The ruins are scattered in rich profusion in all directions round the modern dwelling-house—arches, towers, and picturesque remains meet the eye in every direction. During the last hundred years the ruins are said to have furnished materials for repairing houses in the village, and even for mending the roads. Fortunately, the noble gate tower and the Abbot's Tower are still in very good preservation.

The greater part of the existing remains were built by Abbot John Vyntoner, the last Abbot but one, in the early part of the sixteenth century. From the fact that Cromwell chose it for himself out of all the spoils of the monasteries, which he had at his entire disposal, it is evident that the Priory must have been a magnificent building at the time of its dissolution. There is very little of an earlier date. The Norman archway on the Bury, part of another Norman arch at the back of the existing house, some old walls, and the crypt or chapel, are the only remains of the first building. There is no trace of an abbey church, so that probably the monks used the parish church. The gate-house, the abbot's tower, the clock tower, and the beautiful oriel window in front of the house, were evidently erected at the commencement of the sixteenth century.

The window is filled with heraldic and other devices, and at the top are two dates—A.D. mccccxxvii., and A.D. 1527. The initials and rebus of Abbot Vyntoner are many times repeated in the window. The two shields before the dates are curious examples of the monograms of that early date. A vine growing out of a tun is on several shields, but the most curious rebus of the Abbot is on the east side of the window.

A vine surrounds a shield, on which is a crosier passed through a mitre, and issuing out of a tun, with the initials I.V. on either side of the crosier. The portcullis, the royal arms, the three crowns, the arms of the Priory—in one instance with a sword—the head of St. Osyth, the cross keys and sword, to designate the apostles Peter and Paul, the Papal arms, the five wounds of our Saviour, and the monogram of the Virgin Mary, occur frequently, while other shields, such as those charged with a white heart, with three combs, with four water bougets for Bouchier, with a mullet for De Vere, may represent the arms of benefactors to the Abbey. Some very handsome old oak panels, which evidently came from the old Priory, are of the same time and the work of the same abbot. His rebus, more elaborate, a grape vine growing from a tun, is very often repeated, and the vine is carved on nearly every panel.

We have condensed the foregoing details of this important religious house from a paper read by Mr. Watney to the Essex Archæological Society, at their meeting at Colchester, in July, 1869. The materials for this paper have evidently been assembled with great discrimination and appreciative acquaintance with the history of the Priory and its locality.

Mr. C. F. Haywood, at the above-named meeting of the Essex Archæological Society, made these supplemental descriptive notes:—

Among the remains there are none of the Saxon period, but some of the Norman date, and some beautiful Early English near the large tower. The tower gateway, which is the principal entrance to the Priory, is a noble structure, covered with rich tracery, niches, and ornaments, and is one of the most interesting portions of the remaining ancient buildings. To the east of the gateway are three lofty towers, commanding extensive views of the surrounding country. The quadrangle of the Priory is almost entire, but some of the buildings are of modern date. On one side of the quadrangle is a range of old buildings in the Tudor style, and having several sharp pointed gables and an octagonal observatory rising from the centre. Among the ruins in the garden, on the north side of the present mansion, is a pier—evidently a portion of the ancient buildings—with a Latin inscription upon it, of which the following is the translation:—

“This ancient wall which you see, is preserved to declare the bounds of this reverend monastery; and you may rejoice at the happiness of your time between the mirth and pleasantness of this place, now that superstition has been banished from this stately mansion, which was consecrated to barrenness and sloth. 1760.”

The parish church is situate near the Priory, on the south side, and

is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. It is a large and stately building, having a nave and lofty north and south aisles and chancel, with a north aisle or chapel, and a large square tower containing six bells. The principal objects of interest in the building are several defaced monuments belonging to the Darcy family.

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### The Priory of Little Dunmow, and the Flich of Bacon Custom.

In a corn-field, about four miles distant from the town of Dunmow, are the venerable remains of the Priory Church of Little Dunmow. It was formerly the eastern end of the south aisle of a magnificent collegiate church, erected for the joint use of the parish, and of a religious house, founded A.D. 1104, by Juga, sister of Ralph Bayard, for a Prior of eleven canons of the order of St. Augustine, and consecrated by Maurice, Bishop of London. At the Suppression, this monastery was given to Robert, Earl of Sussex, by Henry VIII.; but it was subsequently in the possession of several different families. Here the fair Matilda lies buried, who, better known as Maid Marian, shared the fortunes of Robin Hood. According to Mr. Steevens, Bishop Percy, and Drayton, the name of Marian was originally assumed by "a lady of high degree," who was murdered at Dunmow Priory.

In this Priory was a custom which is believed to have originated with Robert Fitz-Walter, in the reign of Henry III., that "he which repenteth him not of his marriage, sleeping or waking, in a yeere and a day, might lawfully fetch a gammon of bacon." To this custom we shall presently return.

In the chancel, upon an altar-tomb, is the fair alabaster *effigies* of the celebrated Matilda. On the head, which reposes upon a cushion, is a covering like a woollen nightcap. She has a collar of SS; a necklace of pendants falling from a richly-embroidered neckerchief, a rich girdle and long robes, the sleeves close to the wrists, and slit there. Her fingers are loaded with rings. At the head were two angels, now mutilated, and a dog on each side of her feet. According to the Chronicle of Dugdale, in the *Monasticon*, she was buried across two columns, in the south part of the choir; but her effigy, with its slab, is now placed upon a grey altar-tomb, decorated with shields with quatrefoils.

The lady's history has been already related at pages 52 and 53; but the following account of her death differs from that given in

the former of these pages. When her husband was again outlawed by King John, she shared his misfortune, and at his death took refuge in Dunmow Priory (which appears to have been enriched by some member of her family), trusting to spend the residue of her days in peace.

The tyrant, however, who had never forgotten her bravery in Sherwood Forest, despatched a gallant knight, one Robert de Medewe (the common ancestor of the present Earl Manvers), with a token to the fair recluse—a poisoned bracelet. Ignorant of the accursed deed he went to perform, Sir Robert arrived at the Priory, and was respectfully and cordially received. Matilda had lost the bloom and vivacity of youth, but her mien was stately, and her person still imposing. The rough warrior felt the flame of love kindling in his bosom, but he strove to stifle it, and bidding the lady a hasty adieu, speedily departed. Whilst on the road to London, his fond feelings waxed stronger and stronger the farther he proceeded from the object of them; and at length, being unable any longer to curb his passion, he turned his horse's head, and retraced his way. It was night when he reached the Priory, but the light of many tapers streamed through the windows of the adjoining church on the weary soldier, and the solemn dirge of death awoke the slumbering echoes. With fearful forebodings, he entered the house of prayer, and there, in the chancel, on a bier and covered with flowers, was stretched the lifeless body of the unfortunate Matilda. The bracelet was on her wrist, it had eaten its way to the bone, and the fiery poison had dried her life-blood. The flesh was very pale, but a heavenly smile irradiated her countenance: the priests were standing around, weeping, and the "Dies iræ" died away on their quivering lips when the warrior entered. He flung himself on the lady's corpse, invoking a thousand maledictions upon his own head. No persuasions could induce him to return to the camp and Court, but, resigning his mail for the cowl and gown, he became a faithful brother of the order of St. Augustine.

Facing the monument of this hapless lady, is another erected to the memory of Walter, first of the name, who died A.D. 1198, and was buried with Matilda Bohun, his second wife, in the choir. Sir Walter is clad in *plate* armour, beneath which is a leathern shirt; the legs are broken off at the knees; the lady wears a tiara decorated with lace, earrings, and a necklace; their heads repose on cushions, and their hands are raised in the supplicatory attitude. On the north side of the chancel is a mural monument to the memory of Sir James Hallet, Knight; and near it stands the *Chair*, in which the happy couple who obtained the flitch of bacon, were carried on men's shoulders round



the site of the Priory. Probably, it was the usual seat of the old Abbots: it is in good condition, considering that several centuries have glided away since it assumed its present form.\*

The last Prior of Dunmow, Geoffrey Shether, was confirmed in 1518. A memorial of him is preserved in the British Museum, in his book of household expenses, from the 23rd to 26th of Henry VIII. That he was a thrifty farmer is evident from many payments for the "sowing of Lente corne," "thresshyng of whete," "mendyng of the plowys," "spreddyng of dung," "mowynge," &c. Nor did Geoffrey forget the conventual beer; he pays twelve pence to "ij men for keypyng of rokys fro my barley," and three shillings to "a woman for dryying of malt." At harvest-time he employed a large number of the labouring poor, both men and women. The Priory land yielded a goodly crop; and Prior Geoffrey expended in harvest wages seven pounds eight shillings and fourpence, which seems to have so rejoiced his heart that he bought new "harvest bowlys," and expended fourteenpence for "harvest dysshes," for the merry feast. Perhaps, to do honour to his higher guests, he also purchased "iiij botteles of wyn xvid." He delighted in the songs and music of the minstrels, and found pleasure in the disport and jests of fools and players. Sometimes they came singly, but often in little companies, to the Prior's hall, where they were well received and always dismissed with "a rewarde." Nor must we overlook the payments to "the Lorde of Mysrulle of Dunmow."

If Prior Geoffrey loved mirth, he was not neglectful of the poor: he gave constantly "almes," "maundy money," &c. What became of the Priory after the Dissolution is doubtful; perhaps, like many others, he sank into obscurity and indigence, and instead of his "venyson," his "botelle of red wyn," and his "creem and strawberries," which his household book tells us he sometimes enjoyed, he had to learn the rigour of a more monastic but less agreeable regimen.—*Notes and Queries*, 1855.

The history of the Bacon Custom is thus briefly told:—The Flitch of Bacon is one of those numerous old local customs of which the origin seems to be entirely forgotten. All we really know is, that at an early period the custom existed, in the Priory of Little Dunmow, of delivering a Flitch or a Gammon of Bacon to any couple who claimed it, and could swear, a year and a day after their marriage, that during that time they had never offended each other in deed or word, or ever wished

\* Contribution to the *Graphic Illustrator*, 1834.

themselves unmarried again. It was probably a custom attached to the tenure of the manor, and it was continued after the Priory was dissolved, and the land had passed into secular hands. Three cases of the gift of the flitch are recorded as having occurred before the Dissolution of the Priory; but we probably owe the knowledge of these to mere accident or caprice, and they do not prove, as some seem to think, that it was not given much more frequently. On the contrary, we can only account for the great celebrity which the custom at this place enjoyed throughout England at a very early period, by assuming that the prize was frequently claimed and adjudicated. So early, indeed, as the middle of the fourteenth century, the author of the celebrated satirical poem of *Piers Ploughman*, who lived on the borders of Wales, mentions the custom in a manner that implies a general knowledge of it among his readers; and most readers of the present time will remember how, about half a century later, Chaucer put an allusion to it in the mouth of his "Wife of Bath," implying that it was then a matter of common notoriety in the West of England. About the middle of the fifteenth century—that is, in the reign of Henry VI.—we have another curious allusion to this custom in an English theological poem. The writer, speaking of the general corruptions of the time, which affected even domestic life, says quaintly:

" I can fynd no man now that wille enquire  
The parfyte wais unto Dunmow;  
For they repent hem within a yere,  
And many within a weke, and sooner, men trow;  
That cawsith the wais to be rough and over-grow,  
That no man may fynd either path or gap;  
The world is turnyd to another shape.

" Beef and moton wylle serve welle enow;  
And for to fetch so ferre a lytil bacon flyk,  
Which hath long hanggid, rusty, and tow;  
And the way, I telle you, is combrous and thyk;  
And thou might stombe, and take the crye.\*  
Therefore bide at home, whatsoever hap,  
Tylle the world be turnyd into another shape."

It was about the date of this poem, in the 23rd Henry VI. (1445), that the first recorded award of the Flitch of Bacon took place: it was then delivered to Richard Wright, yeoman, of Bradbourghe, in Norfolk. In the 7th Edward IV. (1467), Stephen Samuel, a husbandman, of Little Easton, in Essex, received a gammon of bacon; and a gammon was similarly given, in 1510, to Thomas Fuller, of Coggeshall.

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\* Break thy neck.

According to the old ceremonial at Dunmow, the party claiming the bacon—who was styled the Pilgrim—was to take the oath in rhyme, kneeling on two sharp stones in the churchyard, the Convent attending, and using a variety of ceremonies. The oath is as follows:—

" We do swear by custom of confession  
That we ne'er made nuptial transgression ;  
Nor since we were married man and wife,  
By household brawls or contentious strife,  
Or otherwise—bed or at board,  
Offended each other in deed or word ;  
Or since the parish clerk said amen,  
Wished ourselves unmarried again ;  
Or in a twelvemonth and a day  
Repented in thought or any way,  
But continued true and in desire,  
As when we joined in holy quire."

When this oath was taken by each couple, it was the duty of the officer who administered it to reply:—

" Since to these conditions, without any fear,  
Of your own accord you do freely swear,  
A whole sitch of bacon you shall receive,  
And bear it hence with love and good leave ;  
For this our custom at Dunmow well known,  
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own."

Then the Pilgrim was taken on men's shoulders, and carried, first, about the Priory churchyard, and afterwards through the village, attended by the monks of the Convent, the bacon being borne in triumph before them. The ceremonial was continued with little alteration after the Dissolution of the monastery, but the adjudication then took place in the court-baron of the lord of the manor. A case occurred in 1701, when two couples obtained each a gammon of bacon. The first claimants on this occasion were William Parsley, butcher, of Much Easton, in Essex, and his wife; and the second, John Reynolds, steward to Sir Charles Barrington, of Hatfield Broad Oak, and his wife. They took the usual oath, kneeling on two stones, in the churchyard; but the jury consisted only of five maidens, without any of the other sex, and four of the maidens appear by their names to have been sisters. In 1761, the bacon was claimed by Thomas Shakeshaft, weaver, of Weathersfield, in Essex, and his wife. A special court-baron was held for the investigation of the case, a widow being the lady of the manor; and six maidens and six bachelors were duly enrolled as the jury. The claimants had been married seven years, and no objection having been found to their claims, they went through the usual

formalities, and received a gammon of bacon. This case appears to have made great noise in the country, and no less than five thousand persons are said to have been present, the road being literally blocked up by the various vehicles from the town of Great Dunmow to the Priory. It is said that on this occasion the successful candidates realized a considerable sum of money by selling slices of the bacon to those who had come to witness the celebration. This procession was represented in a large print, engraved by C. Mosley, after a painting taken on the spot by David Osborne: this print—a Hogarthian scene—is now scarce, and fetches a high price.

From this time the custom appears to have become obsolete; even the stones on which the claimants knelt on taking the oath, were carried away; and the old Chair, of carved oak, in which the successful couple were borne, alone remains in the Priory church. The *John Bull* newspaper, Oct. 8, 1837, speaks of the renewal of the observance at a meeting of the Saffron Walden and Dunmow Agricultural Society. It is reported in the neighbourhood that when our excellent Queen had been married a year and a day, the then lord of the manor privately offered the fitch of bacon to her Majesty, who declined the compliment; but be this true or not, the same generosity was not extended to the less elevated claimants. In 1855, on July 15th, the custom was observed at the instigation of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, who subscribed handsomely towards the expenses, besides providing the fitch, and eventually gave a second. The honour fell upon Mr. Barlow, a builder, of Chipping Ongar; and the second fitch was adjudged to a couple from London—the Chevalier de Chatelain and his wife. As the lord of the manor of Little Dunmow refused to allow the revival of the custom there, it was held at Great Dunmow. But it met with great opposition even there, headed by the clergy of the neighbourhood; though it was very popular generally. The weather proved wet; but the adjudication took place in the Town-hall. The jury consisted of six maidens and six bachelors; Mr. Ainsworth presided; there were two sets of claimants and their witnesses, and counsel for claimants and opposition; but they were declared worthy of the prize. In 1861, just a century after the last gift of the bacon at the Manorial Court, a claim was made by a Mr. and Mrs. Hurrell, owners and occupiers of a farm at Felsted, adjoining Little Dunmow; but the lord of the manor refused to revive the custom. This caused much discontent in the parish, which was only appeased by an intimation that if the claimants would drive over to Easton Park, on the 16th of July, where a rural fête was to take place, they would there receive a gammon of bacon, on going through the old ceremonial. On

the day appointed, a multitude of persons assembled before the Town Hall in Great Dunmow, with music, and when the two claimants appeared, they were escorted in triumph to the Park, and the gammon of bacon was carried before them. About three thousand persons witnessed the proceeding, which consisted in taking the old Oath and receiving the bacon, without the jury or trial. The opposition of the lord of the manor to any revival of the old custom in Little Dunmow continued until the year 1869, when it was revived on Aug. 16, the court being held in a marquee; but this was not strictly a revival of an ancient and interesting usage.

Such is an outline of the general history of this "jocular tenure," the course of which has not always run smoothly. Thus, it appears that in 1772, June 12, an Essex couple made their public entry into Dunmow, escorted by a great concourse of persons, and demanded the gammon of bacon, declaring themselves ready to take the usual oath; but the Priory gates were found fast nailed, and all admittance refused, by order of the lord of the manor; and Gough, writing in 1809, mentioned the custom as abolished, "on account of the abuse of it in these loose principled times."

The Oath was sometimes in prose, and less strict than that at Dunmow: this was certainly done as early as the 10th year of King Edward III., when the manor was held by Sir Philip de Somerville. The Oath was taken on a book laid above the bacon, and was as follows: "Here ye, Sir Philippe de Somervile, Lord of Whichenovre, maynteyner and gyver of this Baconne, that I, *A*, sithe I wedded *B*, my wife, and sythe I hadd hyr in my kepyng, and at my wylle, by a yere and a day, after our marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other, farer ne fowler, rycher ne pouner, ne for none descended of greater lynage, slepyng ne waking, at noo tyme. And yf the seyde *B* wer sole, and I sole, I would take her to be my wyfe, before all the wymen of the worlde of what condicions soever they be, good or evylle, as helpe me God and his Seyntys, and the flesh and all fleshes."

It is observable that this Whichenovre Flich was to be hanging in the hall of the manor, "redy arrayed all times of the yere, butt in Lent." It was to be given to every man or woman married, "after the day and the yere of their marriage be past: and to be given to everyche mane of religion, archbishop, bishop, prior, or other religious, and to everyche preest, after the year and day of their profession finished, or of their dignity reseved."

This observance was not, however, confined entirely to Dunmow and

Whichenoure, for it prevailed in Bretagne, at the Abbey of St. Melaine, near Rennes, where, for six hundred years, a sitch of bacon was given to the first couple who had been married a year and a day without having quarrelled or grumbled at each other, or repented of their union.

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### Hedingham Castle.

This Anglo-Norman fortress, which gives name to the parish in which it stands, was built by the De Veres, to which family the lordship of Hedingham was given by the Conqueror. The architecture, which is very similar to that of Rochester Castle, leads to the supposition that it was erected about the same time as that fortress—viz., towards the close of the eleventh, or the beginning of the twelfth century. Maud, wife of King Stephen, is said to have died here. In the Civil Wars of the reign of King John, the Castle was held by Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, for the Barons, but was taken A.D. 1216 by the King. It was retaken in the beginning of the reign of Henry III. by Louis, Dauphin of France, but recovered by the Earl of Pembroke for the young King. In the reign of Henry VII. that prince was sumptuously entertained here by John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who had suffered severely for his attachment to the Lancastrian cause, and had been one of the chief instruments in placing the crown on Henry's head. As the King was departing, he observed that the Earl, to do him honour, had put liveries on his retainers; and in return for his hospitality, the King compelled him to compound by a fine of 15,000 marks for breaking a statute recently passed, forbidding such a practice.

The De Veres retained the Castle until A.D. 1625. It has since passed through various hands. The Keep is the only part remaining; it is one of the finest and best preserved Norman Keeps in the kingdom. The walls are above 100 feet high, from  $11\frac{1}{2}$  to  $12\frac{1}{2}$  feet thick at the bottom, and from  $9\frac{1}{2}$  to 10 feet thick at the top; the eastern wall is at least a foot thicker than the others, having been so built, it is conjectured, to withstand the violent easterly winds. The building is a parallelogram of 55 feet on the east and west sides, and 62 feet on the north and south. At each angle, on the top, there was formerly an embattled turret; two of the turrets remain; the parapet, now destroyed, was also embattled. The Castle is built with irregular flints, or stones, embedded in grouting or fluid mortar, and is cased on the outside with squared stone, very neatly and regularly put together.

It has five storeys, including the ground-floor and platform. The principal entrance is on the first storey, and on the west side, with a flight of stairs leading up to it. Entrances to the ground-floor were made with great labour in 1720. The whole building is worthy of inspection; it has some fine Norman enrichments in the interior.

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### Saffron Walden Castle and Audley End.

Walden, or Saffron Walden, lies near the north-eastern extremity of Essex, and is named from *Weald*, a wood and *den*, or valley; its prefix *Saffron* is derived from the great quantity of that plant formerly cultivated in the neighbourhood; but this culture has been long abandoned. At the period of the Domesday Survey, the lordship of Walden was possessed by a Norman, Geoffrey de Magnaville, one of the companions of the Conqueror. This nobleman erected at Walden a Castle, which, judging from the remains of it, must have been of great strength. These remains occupy the highest part of the town, and consist of some parts of the walls and towers, built with flint bound together by a very hard cement. Geoffrey, the grandson of the founder of the Castle, having deserted the party of Stephen for that of the Empress Maud, obtained of her permission to remove the market from the neighbouring town of Newport (now a village) to Walden. Having been, however, seized by Stephen, he could only obtain his freedom by the delivery of his castles, Walden being one of them, to the King.

The same nobleman founded here in 1136 a Benedictine Priory, which was, some years later, raised to the rank of an Abbey, and obtained several valuable benefactions. At the Dissolution, the site was granted to Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor, and the title of Lord Audley of Walden was conferred upon him. On the site and grounds of the monastery, enlarged by a subsequent addition of 200 acres, stand the present mansion and park of Audley End.

“Lord Audley is a singular instance,” says Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Keepers of the Great Seal*, “of a statesman, in the reign of Henry VIII., remaining long in favour and in office, and dying a natural death. Reckoning from the time when he was made Speaker of the House of Commons, he had been employed by Henry constantly since the fall of Wolsey—under six Queens—avoiding the peril of acknowledging the Pope on the one hand, or offending against the Six

Articles on the other. He enjoyed great power, amassed immense wealth, was raised to the highest honours and dignities, and reaped what he considered a full recompence. According to a desire expressed in his will, he was buried in a chapel he had erected at Saffron Walden, where a splendid monument was raised to him, with a poetical epitaph, which there is some reason to suppose that, in imitation of his immediate predecessor, he had himself composed. He was highly connected by marriage, having for his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset; and his daughter and heiress, after having been married to a younger son of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, becoming the second wife of Thomas Duke of Norfolk; their son being the ancestor of the Howards, Earls of Suffolk and Berkshire; 'famous in his day,' says Dugdale, 'for building on the ruins of the Abbey of Walden that stately fabric, now known by the name of Audley End (in memory of this Lord Audley), not to be equalled excepting Hampton Court, by any in this realm.' "

Audley End is the seat of Lord Braybrooke, whose father, 3rd Baron of Braybrooke, edited the *Diary of Samuel Pepys*, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reign of Charles II., and the *Private Correspondence of Jane Lady Cornwallis*, 1613 to 1644. The mansion, originally more extensive than at present, is still one of the finest in the county; it is said to have cost at its erection 190,000*l.* The house contains some interesting historical portraits, and other pictures.

On a green, near the town, is a singular relic of other times, called the Maze; it consists of concentric circles, with four outworks cut in chalk, which here rises to the surface; its origin and use are unknown. Dr. Stukeley conjectures it to have been a British *cursum* or place of exercise for the soldiery. A short distance from the town are the remains of an ancient encampment, of an oblong form, called Pell Ditches, or Rope Ditches.

We have referred to the extensive culture of Saffron at Walden, in former times. Hakluyt, when he visited the place, was told that a pilgrim brought Saffron from the Levant into England in the reign of Edward III. The first root of Saffron he had found means to conceal in his staff, made hollow for that purpose; and so, continues Hakluyt, "he brought the root into this realm with venture of life; for if he had been taken, by the law of the country from whence it came, he had died for the fact." It was a costly plant at Walden, for we find the Corporation paying five guineas for a pound of Saffron to present to Queen Elizabeth, upon her visit to the town. It is a curious old place, which Stukeley thus describes; "A narrow tongue of land shook itself



out like a promontory, encompassed with a valley in the form of a horse-shoe, enclosed by distant and most delightful hills. On the bottom of the tongue stand the ruins of a Castle, and on the top or extremity the church, round which, and on the side of the hill and in the valley, is the town built, so that the bottom of the church is as high as the town, and seen above the tops of the houses." Many of these are of quaint forms, with gabled fronts, and old customs linger here. May Day is kept with garlands of flowers, in the centre of which is placed a doll, dressed in white, according to certain traditional regulations. The doll represents the Virgin Mary, and is a relic of the ages of Romanism.

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### Barking Abbey.—Bow Bridge.

Barking, seven miles east of London, on the river Roding, running into the Thames, had a magnificent Abbey, one of the earliest of our monastic institutions; but it is erroneously said to have been the first convent for females established in the kingdom. It was founded about 675, by St. Erkenwold, Bishop of London, in honour of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, his mother, for Benedictine nuns. St. Ethelburgh, the founder's sister, and first Abbess, afterwards became the patron saint of the convent. The day dedicated to her service was October 11, and in the Abbey accounts mention occurs of the annual store of provision of "wheat and milk for Frimité upon St. Alburg's Day." The site of the conventual buildings, with the demesne lands of the Abbey, were granted by King Edward VI. in 1551, to Edward Fynes, Lord Clinton. Scarcely any remains of the Abbey exist, except fragments of walls. At the entrance of Barking Churchyard is an embattled gatehouse, called Fire-Bell Gate, from its having once contained a bell, which Mr. Lysons imagines to have been used as a curfew-bell.

St. Erkenwold died at the Abbey of Barking, and upon the removal of his body to London for interment, the procession was stopped at Ilford and Stratford ferry by the river flood there; but the Chronicles record the intervention of a miracle, by which a safe and easy passage was procured for the corpse of the holy man and its attendants.

The passage, however, became dangerous and difficult to other persons, many losing their lives, or being thoroughly wetted, which happened to be the case of Queen Maud, who turned the road, and caused the bridge and causeway to be built at her own charge. Such was the origin of the first "Bow Bridge:" it is described as a "rare piece of worke, for before the time the like had never beene scene in England."

Matilda gave manors and a mill to the Abbess of Barking for the repair of this bridge and highway: the bridge had originally on it a chapel erected by order of the pious Matilda.

After Gilbert de Montfichet built the Abbey of Stratford-in-the-Marshes, the Abbot bought the "manors and mil," and covenanted for the repairs, which he entrusted to one Godfrey Pratt for "certaine loaves of bread daily;" but at length he neglected his charge, and the bridges fell into decay. Lysons, however, states that Hugh, not Godfrey Pratt, in the reign of King John, by aid of passengers, kept the bridge in repair; and at his death his son did the same, and obtained a toll, stated by Morant to have been "for every cart carrying corn, wood, coal, &c., one penny; of one carrying tassel, twopence; and of one carrying a dead Jew, eightpence." But our law records show that in the reign of Edward II. the Abbot of Stratford, the Master of London Bridge, and the Master of St. Thomas of Acre, are charged with the repair of the Bridges (*i.e.*, Bow-bridge, and the Chancel-bridge), as holding the mills and other property originally given by Queen Matilda to the Abbess of Barking, for their support and maintenance. It was finally agreed between the Abbess of Barking and the Abbot of West Ham, that the latter should repair the Bridges ever after, upon receiving a sum of money from the former. Pratt's claim for toll was rigidly enforced; for "he put staples and bars upon the bridges, &c., and refused to permit carts or horse even to pass, unless they were nobility, whom, through fear, he quietly permitted to pass." The remainder of these proceedings was occasioned by the refusal of the Abbot of Stratford to repair this great work of the pious Queen; and he did not acknowledge his liability till 8th Edward II. The question was finally settled in 1690, from which period the landowners "continued the charge of the bridge and causeway at Stratford for the free and uninterrupted use of the public, as was originally intended by the royal founder." [The old bridge has been removed, and a new one erected in its place in 1835-9.]

The adjoining village of Stratford, on the London side of the bridge, appears to have received the addition of the word *atte-Boghe*, or *atte-Bowe*, to its name, in consequence of the erection of this bridge; and to distinguish it from a place of the same name on the opposite side of the river. Chaucer, in his description of Dame Eglantine, the Prioress, has:

"Frenche she spake full fayre and fetisly,  
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,  
For Frenche of Paris was to her unknow,"

Among the many miracles wrought in Barking monastery, Bede relates the following during a plague:—"When the mortality, ravaging all around, had also seized on that part of this monastery where the men resided, and they were daily hurried away to meet their God, the careful mother of the Society often inquired in the convent of the sisters, where they would have their bodies buried, and where a churchyard should be made when the same pestilence should fall upon that part of the monastery in which God's female servants were divided from the men, and they should be snatched away out of the world by the same destruction. Receiving no certain reply, though she often put the question to the sisters, she and all of them received a most certain answer from heaven. For one night, when the morning psalm was ended, and those servants of Christ were gone out of the oratory to the tombs of the brothers who had departed this life before them, and were singing the usual praises to the Lord, on a sudden a light from heaven, like a great sheet, came down upon them all, and struck them with so much terror that they, in consternation, left off singing. But that resplendent light, which seemed to exceed the sun at noon-day, soon after rising from that place, removed to the south side of the monastery—that is, to the westward of the oratory—and having continued there some time, and scattered those parts in the sight of them all, withdrew itself again up to heaven, leaving conviction in the minds of all that the same light, which was to lead or to receive the souls of those servants of God into heaven, was intended to show the place in which their bodies were to rest, and await the day of the resurrection. This light was so great, that one of the eldest of the brothers, who at the same time was in their oratory with another younger than himself, related in the morning, that the rays of light which came in at the crannies of the doors and windows seemed to exceed the utmost brightness of daylight itself.

"There was in the same monastery a boy, not above three years old, called Esion, who, by reason of his infant years, was bred up among the virgins dedicated to God, and there to pursue his studies. The child being seized by the pestilence, when he was at the last gasp, called three times upon one of the virgins consecrated to God, directing his words to her by her own name, as if she had been present—"Eadgith! Eadgith! Eadgith!" and thus ending his temporal life, entered into that which is eternal. The virgin whom he called was immediately seized, where she was, with the same distemper, and departing this life the same day on which she had been called, followed him that called her into the heavenly country.

"Likewise, one of those same servants of God, being ill of the same

disease, and reduced to extremity, began on a sudden, about midnight, to cry out to them that attended her, desiring that they would put out the candle that was lighted there; which, when she had often repeated, and yet no one did it, at last she said: 'I know you think I speak this in a raving fit, but let me inform you that it is not so; for I tell you that I see this house filled with so much light, that your candle there seems to me to be dark.' And when still no one regarded what she said, or returned any answer, she added: 'Let the candle burn as long as you will, but take notice that it is not my light, for my light will come to me at the dawn of the day.' Then she began to tell that a certain man of God, who had died that same year, had appeared to her, telling her that at the break of day she should depart to the heavenly light. The truth of which was made out by the virgin's dying as soon as the day appeared."

About two miles from Barking, on the road to Dagenham, is Eastbury House, built about the reign of Edward VI.: it is a very fine specimen of the Tudor style of domestic architecture; the whole is of brick, unmixed with stone, and the chimney-stacks and pinnacles at the corners of the gables are fine examples of moulded brickwork. It is supposed to have been built by Sir W. Denham, to whom Edward VI. granted the estate. An unfounded tradition formerly prevailed in the neighbourhood, that the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot was owing to a mistake in delivering a letter which was designed for Lord Montague to an inhabitant of Eastbury House, named Montague.

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### Ingatestone Hall.—Hiding-places of Priests.

This curious old place, with a strange history, is twenty-four miles from London, and was anciently a grange or summer residence belonging to the Abbey of Barking. It came with the estate into possession of the noble family of Petre, in the reign of Henry VIII., and continued to be occupied as their family seat from that period until the middle of the last century. The Hall, originally built on the plan of a double square, had outer and inner courts, with a stately towered entrance to the main building. This gateway and the entire outer court have been destroyed, leaving only three sides of the inner court: yet this fragment of the original mansion affords ample residence for several families. It is in plan the form of the lower half of the letter H, and formed a portion of the principal part of the house; the family and domestics occupying the right or south wing, and the guests and visitors the left or north

wing; the great hall being the centre. The south front is broken up by picturesque gables, and the north presents a nearly unbroken front, and opens to a spacious lawn and garden, with gravel-walks a quarter of a mile in length.

Few persons may be aware of the existence of "secret chambers" in any of the old mansions of this country, particularly in those erected or occupied by the followers of the old faith, which were intended for priests' hiding-places, which the state of the law formerly rendered necessary. It appears that late in the sixteenth and early in the seventeenth centuries, the celebration of mass in this country was strictly forbidden; indeed, on the discovery of an offender the penalty was death. The Rev. E. Genings was hanged, drawn, and quartered on the 10th December, 1591, before the door of Mr. Wells's house, in Gray's Inn Fields, for having said mass in a *chamber* of the said house on the previous 8th of November. Hence the necessity for great privacy. It was illegal to use the chapel; the priest, therefore, celebrated mass secretly "in a chamber" opening from which was a hiding-place to which he could retreat, and where, in a trunk, the vestments, altar-furniture, missal, crucifix, and sacred vessels were kept. In Challoner's *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, it is said that "Father S. J. was forced to be concealed all day under so close a confinement that he scarce durst for months together walk out so much as into the garden of the house where he was harboured."

The "secret chamber" at Ingatestone Hall was entered from a small room in the middle floor over one of the projections of the south front. It is a small room attached to what was probably the host's bedroom; or, at all events, to this day, the apartment, hung with some fine tapestry, is in good preservation. In the south-east corner of this small room, on taking up a carpet, the floor-boards were found to be decayed, and under them was found a second layer of boards, about a foot lower down. When these boards were removed, a hole, or trap-door, about two feet square, and a twelve-step ladder to descend into a room beneath, was disclosed. The ladder can scarcely be original: the construction does not carry one back more than a century; the age of the chamber itself goes back to the reign of James I. By comparison with ladders of the sixteenth and even the seventeenth centuries, this ladder is slightly made; the sides only are of oak, notched to receive the steps, which are nailed. The steps are more worn than the use of the chamber at the assumed period would warrant. The existence of this retreat must have been familiar to the heads of the family for several generations: indeed, evidence of this was afforded by a packing-case directed

“For the Right Honble. the Lady Petre, at Ingatstone Hall, in Essex:” the wood was very much decayed, and the writing was in a formal and antiquated style. The Petre family left Ingatstone Hall between the years 1770 and 1780.

The “hiding-place” measures fourteen feet in length, two feet one inch in width, and ten feet in height. Its floor-level is the natural ground line: the floor is composed of nine inches of remarkably dry sand, so as to exclude damp or moisture. The Hall itself is of the age of Henry VII.; but it is difficult to determine whether the chamber is coeval therewith, or the work of the next century. The style of the brickwork of the party-wall is very similar to that of the main walls, with this difference, that the bricks in the latter, with few exceptions, are two and a quarter inches in thickness; while those in the former agree only in this respect to the height of four feet, above which the majority of them are two and a half inches in thickness. The top of the party-wall gathered over in six courses, receives a “double-floor” sixteen inches thick over the “hiding-place;” while the rest of the room above is a single floor measuring only seven inches—a circumstance affording strong evidence that the “secret chamber” is an addition to the original structure. A cursory examination of the sand composing the floor brought to light a few bones, small enough to be those of a bird, and in all probability the remains of food supplied to some unfortunate occupant during confinement.

The most interesting relic is the chest, in which no doubt were deposited the vestments, crucifix, altar-furniture, and sacred vessels. Care was taken that the apartment should be perfectly dry; the chest was, moreover, kept off the floor by two pieces of oak for bearers. The wood of the chest appears to be yew, and is only three quarters of an inch in thickness, very carefully put together, and entirely covered with leather, turned over the edge inside and glued down. The chest was further lined with strong linen, securely nailed, and the outside edges ironbound; five iron bands pass round the skirt-way, two others lengthwise, and two girt it horizontally. The metal is thin, hard hammered, one and one eighth and one and quarter inches in breadth, and, as it were, woven alternately under and over, and thickly nailed. The nails are clenched at the back, and each of the cross-bands is made into a hinge, so that the lid hangs upon five hinges. There are two hasped locks, each riveted on by three long staples, made ornamental by chisel-cuts on the face; a projecting rib, formed like the letter S, encircles the keyholes; and there is a third means of fastening adapted for a padlock in the centre. At the ends are long thin handles of quaint

character, like the rest. Against the end wall is firmly stuck a small, rudely modelled clay candle-holder.

We have abridged these details from a communication to *Notes and Queries*, No. 293, by Mr. Henry Tuck, who some time resided at the Hall, and took especial interest in its history and contents. At Ingatestone, too, is The Hyde, late the seat of Mr. John Disney, who here assembled a most interesting collection of antiquities, principally mediæval, known as the *Museum Disneianum*, an illustrated account of which, in folio, has been published.

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### Wanstead House.

The ancient manor of Wanstead, granted by Edward VI. to Robert, Lord Rich, was sold by him to the Earl of Leicester, who, in 1568, entertained Queen Elizabeth at the manor-house for several days; and also solemnized his marriage here with the Countess of Essex. The estate reverting to the Crown, King James gave it to Sir Henry Mildmay, who, having been one of the judges of King Charles I., the property was again forfeited. King Charles II. gave it to the Duke of York, who sold it to Sir Robert Brooke. Of his representatives it was purchased by Sir Josiah Child, whose son Richard, Earl of Tylney, built here a magnificent mansion about 1715, from designs by Colin Campbell.\* It was cased with Portland stone, was 260 feet in length, and 70 feet in depth, and was one of the noblest houses in all Europe. It had a noble portico of six Corinthian columns, with a double flight of steps. The great Hall was fifty-three feet by forty-five, the ceiling painted by Kent with representations of Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night. In this Hall were antique statues of Agrippina and Domitian; and four statues of Poetry, Painting, Music, and Architecture. The principal apartments were right and left of the Hall; the back room, extending the whole length of the house, was hung with tapestry of Telemachus and Calypso, and the Battles of Alexander. The back front contained some noble apartments, including a saloon thirty feet square, in which were antique statues of Apollo and Bacchus, and a

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\* About this time (1717) the "tall Maypole," which "once o'erlooked the Strand," was taken down, when it was found to measure 100 feet. It was obtained by Sir Isaac Newton, and borne on a carriage, for timber, to Wanstead, the seat of the Earl of Sidney, where, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Pound Breton, it was placed in the Park, for the erection of a large telescope, the largest then in the world, presented by a French gentleman to the Royal Society.—*Notes and Queries*, No. 9.

statue of Flora by Wilton. The principal apartments were hung with pictures; and a breakfast-room contained fine prints pasted on a straw-coloured paper, with engraved borders.

The gardens and grounds were ornamented with fine sculptures; a circular piece of water, seemingly equal to the length of the house; the river Roding, formed into canals; walks and wildernesses, and a curious grotto. In the Park were abundance of deer, and some fine timber.

Wanstead House was for several years, during the minority of Miss Long, occupied by the emigrants of the Royal House of Bourbon. It was afterwards repaired, and became the residence of its rich heiress, Miss Long, who in 1812 was married to William Tylney Pole Long Wellesley, Esq. Within ten years the magnificent mansion was dismantled, and the sale of its splendid furniture was commenced June 10, 1822; and the house was taken down and the materials sold.

Mrs. Long Wellesley died in 1825, and Mr. Pole Wellesley (who succeeded his father as Earl of Mornington in 1845) married secondly, in 1825, the third daughter of Colonel Thomas Paterson. The death of this lady in the year 1869 was thus commented on in the *Athenæum* journal:—

“The Countess of Mornington, widow of the notorious William Pole Tylney Long Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, who died recently in her 76th year, adds an incident to the Romance of the Peerage. After the ruin into which the reckless Earl’s affairs fell, some forty years ago, this lady was for a brief time an inmate of St. George’s Workhouse, and more than once had to apply at police courts for temporary relief. Yet she might have called monarchs “*cousins*.” She was descended from the grandest and greatest of all the Plantagenets. Her mother (wife of Col. Paterson), Ann Porterfield of that ilk, came through Boyd, Cunningham, Glencairn, and Hamilton, from Mary Stuart, daughter of King James the Second of Scotland, and seventh in descent from Edward the First of England. The earldom of Mornington, extinct in the elder line of the Wellesleys, has lapsed to the Duke of Wellington.”





## Havering Bower, or Havering-atte-Bower.

This small Essex village, three miles north of Romford, is famous in royal records from a remote period. It was a seat of some of our Saxon kings, and a favourite one of Edward the Confessor, who took great delight in the place, as being woody, solitary, and fit for devotion. "It so abounded," says the old legend, "with warbling nightingales, that they disturbed him in his devotions. He, therefore, earnestly prayed for their absence; since which time never nightingale was heard to sing in the Park, but many without the pales, as in other places." The little parish, though near London, has abundance of parks and woodlands, and is as quiet and peaceful as any in Old England; and the sweet notes of the nightingale are still heard at Havering, chattering their Maker's praise amid the shady groves of this pretty village. Some portion of the walls of the Confessor's palace was standing in our time. The Park, containing about 1000 acres, is now let on lease by the Crown.

Havering was named the Bower, from some fine bower or shady place, like Rosamond's Bower at Woodstock. It is a charming spot, having an extensive prospect over a great part of Essex, Herts, Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey, and of the river Thames.

Besides the Confessor's Palace, there was another called Pergo, that seems to have been always the jointure-house of a Queen-consort. Here died Joan, Queen of Henry IV. It was certainly one of the royal seats in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for during her progress into Suffolk in 1570, she sojourned here some days. The Palace was some time the seat of Lord Archer, and was pulled down in 1770.

In the parish register of Havering, is an entry which exhibits a curious fact, showing the common and ordinary use of the word *Sack*. In November 1717, was voted by vestry, that "a pint of Sack be allowed to y<sup>e</sup> Minister y<sup>t</sup> officiates y<sup>e</sup> Lord's Day y<sup>l</sup>a Winter Season." Yet, in the last century, the editors of Shakspeare were full of conjecture as to what this word sack applied.



## Tilbury Fort.

Of this noted place, in the parish of West Tilbury, an ancient town in Essex, opposite Gravesend, we hear more than of the Roman origin of the locality. Here the four Roman proconsular ways crossed each other; and in the year 620, this was the see of Bishop Ceadda, or St. Chad, who converted the East Saxons.

Tilbury is a regular fortification, constructed for the purpose of commanding the navigation of the river Thames, and it has been termed "the Key of London." It was originally formed as a mere block-house in the time of Henry VIII.; but, after the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, had advanced into the Thames and Medway in 1667, Charles II. converted it into a regular fortification, to which considerable additions have since been made. It is surrounded by a deep and wide fosse, which may be filled with water when necessary; and its ramparts present formidable batteries of heavy cannon towards the river. Its chief strength on the land side consists in its being able to lay the whole tract under water. On the side next the river is a strong curtain, with a noble Water-gate in the middle. The Fort has been dismantled, and some parts are to be rebuilt.

But the historic renown of Tilbury culminates in the chivalrous visit of Queen Elizabeth to the Fort, in the year 1588, when the Spaniards were expected to attack England with their "Invincible Armada;" and a camp was formed here, where a body of more than 18,000 men under the Earl of Leicester, was posted; and a bridge of boats was established, both as a means of communication, and also, if necessary, to block up the river.

At the camp, which was on the spot where a windmill subsequently stood, Queen Elizabeth addressed the army commanded by her favourite Leicester, in the following celebrated speech:—"We have been persuaded by some, that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you, I do not live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my choicest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you, as you see at this time, not for any recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of battaile, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down, for my God, and for my Kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the bodie but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a

King—and of a King of England, too! and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm, to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and recorder of everie of your virtues in the field. I know, already, for your forwardness, you have deserved crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my Lieutenant-General (Leicester) shall be in my stead, than whom prince never commanded more noble or worthie subject; not doubting, but, by your obedience to my General, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my Kingdoms, and my people.” The loyalty of the Roman Catholic party in England at this period has been much doubted; but it has been observed that “as to any general imputation of disloyalty, the English Catholic nobles cleared themselves from such a charge in the day of the Spanish Armada, when Catholics and Protestants stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks at Tilbury; and a Catholic commanded the fleet which sent Philip’s galleys to the bottom.”

We may readily understand how such speeches, at such a time, from such a commander, must have excited the enthusiasm of the armed listeners; how every man must have felt himself a citizen of a country that would surely prove to be what its opponents denominated their Armada—invincible. Altogether, the men of England under arms at the time amounted to 130,000, exclusive of the levies of the city of London, which sent forth a body of picked men 10,000 strong, an army in themselves of the first order for courage, skill, and equipments, and who were honoured, as they deserved, by the care of the Queen’s own person. The English naval force amounted to 181 ships, with 17,472 sailors.

Philip had a pompous account of his “most unhappy Armada” printed in Latin and other languages; and Cardinal Allen wrote in English, an “Admonition to the Nobility and People of England and Ireland,” exhorting them to rise in aid of the Spaniards, and denouncing the Queen as the most infamous of human beings. On the failure of the Expedition, every effort was made to suppress this pamphlet.

“It was a pleasant sight,” says old Stow, “to behold the soldiers as they marched towards Tilbury, their cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures, dancing and leaping wheresoever they came; and in the camp their utmost felicity was hope of fight with the enemy; where oftentimes divers rumours rose of their foes’ approach, and that present battles would be given them; then were they joyful at such news, as if lusty giants were to run a race.”

# INDEX

TO

## THE FIRST VOLUME.

---

- "A CAT may look at a King," 424  
     Abbot of Meaux and the Cellarier, 297  
 Abingdon, Mrs., and the Gunpowder Conspirators, 428, 429  
 Accession of Queen Victoria, at Kensington Palace, 152  
 Addison and the Earl of Warwick at Holland House, 161  
 Aikin, Miss, her *Life of Addison*, 162  
 Alchemy at Old Somerset House, 85  
 Alnwick Castle and the House of Percy, 201  
 Alnwick Castle repaired by Algernon, Duke of Northumberland, 204  
 Amy Robsart, Story of, 461  
 Anne, Countess of Pembroke, repairs Brougham Castle, 227  
 Apparition above Vallombrosa, 212  
 Apparitions at Holland House, 163  
 Arabella, Lady, her Fatal Marriage, 98  
 Archbishoppal Palace at Croydon, 153  
 Archbishops of Canterbury at Croydon Palace, 154  
 Arms and Armour at Carlton House, 158  
 Arms and Armour in the Tower, 18  
 Arthur, King, Remains of, 296  
 Arundel, Archbishop, at Lambeth Palace, 60  
 Ashby-de-la-Zouch Castle, 360  
 Aske, Robert, and the Pilgrims of Grace, 276, 301
- Aske and other Rebels hung and quartered, in 1537, 302  
 Asylum for Shipwrecked Persons at Bamborough Castle, 189  
 Audley End, 568  
 Austin Friars Priory at Ludlow, 417
- B**ALLAD on Old London Bridge, 38  
 Bamborough Castle, Sieges of, 187, 188  
 Bankes's Horse, at Old St. Paul's, 6  
 Barking Abbey, 569  
 Barnard Castle, 240  
 Bartholomew Fair, Origin of, 51  
 Bartholomew the Great, Priory of, 51  
 Baynard's Castle and Bayswater, 55  
 Baynard's Castle in the Great Fire, 54  
 Baynard's Castle, Romance of, 52  
 Bastard of Falconbridge beheaded, 256  
 Bear-baiting at Kenilworth, 459  
 Beauchamp Tower, Memories of, 26, 30  
 Beauchief Abbey, 319  
 Becket, Thomas à, at Lambeth Palace, 62  
 Beeston Castle, 302  
 Beeston Castle, Sieges of, 303, 304  
 Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green, Ballad of, 56  
 Bell-tower, Tower of London, 22, 23, 24

- "Beited Will," at Naworth, 223  
 Belvoir Castle, 361  
 Belvoir Castle, Royal Visits to, 364, 365  
 Bermondsey Abbey and its Memo-  
 ries, 41  
 Bermondsey Priory, 47  
 Berwick Castle, 173, 176, 177  
 Berwick, early History of, 173  
 Berwick and its Sieges, 173, 174, 175  
 Bird's *Framlingham Castle*, 510, 511  
 Blacklow Hill and the fate of Gave-  
 ston, 442  
 Black Prince returning from Poitiers, 63  
 Bloody Tower of London, 18, 20  
 Boleyn, Anne, in the Tower, 30  
 Bolingbroke Castle, 385  
 Bolton Abbey, 267  
 Bolton Castle, 269  
 Bolsover Castle, 329  
 Border Fray in Cumberland, 210  
 Boscobel and Charles II., 424  
 Bowes, Sir George, and Martial Law, 241  
 Bow Bridge, History of, 570  
 Bransil Castle Tradition, 435  
 Braybrooke, Bishop, at Old St. Paul's, 6  
 Braybrooke, Lord, Editor of *Pepys's Diary*, 568  
 Bromholm Priory, 539  
 Brougham Castle built by Roger, Lord Clifford, 226  
 Brougham Family, The, 228, 229  
 Brougham Hall, 230, 231  
 Brougham, Lord, Death and Burial of at Cannes, 229  
 Brougham, Lord, his Letter to Queen Victoria, 230  
 Buckingham, Duke of, at Baynard's Castle, 53  
 Buckingham Family, Vicissitudes of, 464  
 Building a Monastery at Skell Dale, 263  
 Building of Westminster Abbey, 7  
 Bull-running at Tutbury, 403  
 Bull-running and Bear-baiting at Stamford, 380  
 Bunny Park and Sir Thomas Parkyns, 357  
 Burgh, Roman Castle of, 517  
 Burghley House and the Lord of Burghley, 477—479  
 Burleigh-on-the-Hill, 391  
 Burning of Norwich Cathedral Priory, 530  
 Byron, Lord, Burial-place of, 348  
 Byrons, the, at Newstead, 340  
 Byron, the poet Lord, 340  
 CAISTOR Castle, 547  
     Caldecote Hall, 466  
 Camalodunum of the Romans, 548—552  
 Cambridge Castle, 500  
 Camden describes Nonsuch, 145  
 Canning, Elizabeth, Story of, 167  
 Canonbury House and its tenants, 91, 95  
 Canonbury and Lady Elizabeth Compton, 90  
 Canonbury Tower, 95  
 Canute and the Monastery at Westminster, 8  
 Carlisle Castle, 208  
 Carlton House described by Walpole, 152  
 Cary, Robert, Earl of Monmouth, his Account of Carlisle, 208  
 Castle Acre Castle and Priory, 538  
 Castle Dairy at Kendal, 225  
 Castleton, High Peak, 313  
 Catesby Hall and the Gunpowder Plot, 493  
 Catesby Hall, *temp.* Richard III., 495  
 Caxton's Works at Ham House, 160  
*Cauld Lad of Hilton, the*, 245  
 Cavern of the Peak, 316  
 Cawood Castle, 287, 290  
 Chair of Dunmow Priory, 563  
 Charlecote House and the Lucys, 452  
 Charles I. at Greenwich Palace, 127  
 Charles I. at Hampton Court Palace, 141  
 Charles I. at Richmond Palace, 136, 137  
 Charles I., Seizure of, at Holmby House, 490

- Charles II. born at St. James's Palace, 149  
 Charles II. at Worcester, 423  
 Chester Castle, 305, 307, 308  
 Chartley Castle, 406  
 Chartley Cow, Tradition of, 407  
 Chatsworth House and Park, 320  
 Chaucer at the Savoy, 65  
 Chester city, Antiquities of, 310  
 Chester, early History of, 305  
 Chester, Legendary Story of, 304  
 Chester, new Town Hall, 311  
 Chester, Phoenix Tower at, 308  
 Chester, Sovereigns at, 306  
 Chester Walks and Rows, 308, 309  
 Chester Water-Tower, 311  
 Chicheley, Archbishop, at Lambeth Palace, 61  
 Child, Sir Francis, builds Osterley, 166  
 Clare Castle, 515  
 Clare Palace and the Holles Family, 335  
 Clarence, Origin of, 516  
 Clifford, Lord, "the Butcher," 273  
 Clifford, Lady Anne, of Skipton Castle, 272  
 Clifford's Tower, York, 259  
 Cobham, Lord, Raleigh's, Death of, 157  
 Cockpit at Westminster, 170  
 Coke and Lady Hatton, 77  
 Colchester Castle a Temple of Claudius, 552  
 Colchester Castle, 547  
 Colechurch, Peter of, builds London Bridge of Stone, 36  
 Comb Abbey, 449  
 Comet, in 1264, 293  
 Compton, Lady Elizabeth, 92  
 Comus, Milton's Masque of, its History, 414-416  
 Conisborough Castle, 280  
 Constantine's Cells, near Carlisle, 231  
 "Cottager's Daughter," The, and Mr. Cecil, 480  
 Country Bridal at Kenilworth, 459  
 Coventry Castle and Lady Godiva, 443  
 Coventry Play described, 446  
 Cowley and the Savoy, 69  
 Crewe, Bishop, his Charity at Bam-  
 borough Castle, 189  
 Cromwell dies at Whitehall, 170  
 "Cross of Baldwin," 540  
 Crosses, Queen Eleanor's, 471  
 Croydon Palace, 153  
 Croydon Park, 155  
 Croyland Abbey, 386  
 Croyland Abbey refounded, 379  
 Croyland, Triangular Bridge at, 390
- D**ACRE Family, the, 219  
     Dale Abbey, Legend of, 320  
 Dance of Death at Old St. Paul's, 6  
 Danbury House and Eastbury House, 572  
 D'Avenant, Sir William, his *Jeffe-  
 reidos*, 391  
 Dean Cole and the Marian Persecution, 309  
 "Defender of the Faith," Origin of, 156  
 Despencer at Dudley Castle, 432  
 De Veres of Hedingham Castle, 56  
 De Vesci, Castle built by, 203  
 Deerstealing Tradition and Shakspeare, 452  
 Denmark House in the Strand, 86  
 Dials, Curious, at Whitehall, 172  
*Dictum de Kenilworth*, 456  
 Dieulacres Abbey, Legend of, 408  
 Dimock and the Coronation Cham-  
 pion Custom, 398  
 Dixon, Mr. Hepworth, his Visit to  
     Kimbolton Castle, 496  
 Doctor's Bill, Remarkable, 250  
 Dole at Lambeth Palace-gate, 62  
 Dowsing, the Iconoclast, 517  
 Dudley Castle, 430  
 Dudley, John, Duke of Northumber-  
     land, in the Tower, 30  
 Dudley Priory, 434  
 Dun Cow, the Legend of, 438  
 Dunmow Priory expenses, 561  
 Dunmow Priory, Little, 559  
 Dunstanborough Castle, 199  
 Dunwich swallowed up by the Sea, 505  
 Durham Cathedral, Remains of St.  
     Cuthbert, 232  
 Durham Sanctuary Knecker, 235

- EARTHENWARE** Vessels discovered at Fountains Abbey, 266
- Earthquake in 1349, 297
- Easter Sepulchres, 372
- Edgar, the Eight Kings on the Dee, 305
- Edward the Confessor, Funeral of, 10
- Edward the Confessor's Palace at Havering, 577
- Edward the Confessor's Palace, Westminster, 8
- Edward II. and III., at Kenilworth, 456
- Edward III. and the Black Prince at Kennington, 128
- Edward III. at Wark Castle, 177
- Edward IV. at Eltham Palace, 131
- Edward IV. at Middleham Castle, 255
- Edward VI. born at Hampton Court, 141
- Eleanor's, Queen, Cross at Northampton, 470, 472
- Elizabeth Woodville on Old London Bridge, 44, 45
- Elizabeth of York at Bermondsey, 43
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Burghley House, 479
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Chartley Castle, 407
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Croydon Palace, 154
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Dudley Castle, 432
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Eltham Palace, 132
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Enfield Chace, 167
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Greenwich, 125
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Kenilworth Castle, 457
- Elizabeth, Queen, dies at Richmond Palace, 135
- Elizabeth, Queen, visits Saffron Walden, 568
- Elizabeth, Queen, in Suffolk, 527
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Tilbury Fort, 578
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Whitehall, 168
- Eltham Palace, its Remains, 132, 133
- Eltham Palace, 129
- Elton, the Tragedian, Loss of, 184
- Ely, Isle of, its Monastery and Cathedral, 502, 503
- Enfield Palace, 166
- Epitaph, Eccentric, 155
- Essex, Earl of, executed, 74
- Essex House, Siege of, 70
- Ethelbald at Croyland Abbey, 386
- Eugene Aram, Story of, 285
- Evesham Abbey, 425
- Evesham, Battle of, 426
- FAIR** Geraldine, Story of, 143
- Farne Island in Bede's time, 182
- Falstaff, Sir John, 547
- Fatal Marriage of "The Lady Arabella," 98
- Fees, Prisoners', at the Tower, 21
- Ferne Islands and St. Cuthbert, 183
- Field of Forty Footsteps, the, 107
- Flich of Bacon Custom at Little Dunmow, 559, 561
- Forfarshire*, Wreck of the, 183
- Fotheringhay Castle, 483
- Fountains Abbey, 263
- Fox, C. J., at Holland House, 161
- Fox, the Quaker, imprisoned in Scarborough Castle, 255
- Framlingham Castle, 510
- Freeman's Well Custom at Alnwick, 207
- Funeral of Queen Elizabeth, 138
- Funeral of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, 89
- Furness Abbey, 298
- GALILEE** in Durham Cathedral, 236
- Gaveston, Piers, Beheading of, 442, 443, 444
- Gaveston, Piers, at Scarborough Castle, 254
- George I. and II. at St. James's Palace, 151
- Gibson, Mr. Sidney, his Account of Naworth, Lanercost, and the Lords of Gillesland, 213-233
- Gillesland, the Lords of, 214
- Gloucester, Duke of, at Baynard's Castle, 53
- Gloster, Duke of, at Middleham Castle, 255
- Godfrey, Sir Edmund Berry, Mysterious Death of, 87

- Godiva, Lady, at Coventry, 447, 448  
 Gold Cross and Chain found at  
   Clare, 517  
 Goldsmith, Oliver, at Canonbury, 96  
 Gondomar and Lady Hatton, 81  
 Good Woman Sign, Origin of, 534  
 Granville, Dr., on Eugene Aram's  
   Skull, 287  
 "Great Stanley," the, in Chester  
   Castle, 307  
 Grace Darling, Memorials of, 183  
 Greenwich Castle, 127  
 Greenwich, Early History of, 120  
 Gresham, Sir Thomas, at Osterley  
   Park, 165  
 Guy, Earl of Warwick, 439, 440  
 Grey, Lady Jane, in the Tower, 27  
 Grey Palmer, a Yorkshire Legend,  
   261  
 Grotto at Oatlands, 147  
 Guido Fawkes and his Lantern, 493  
 Gundulf, Bishop, 15  
 Gunpowder Conspirators at Comb  
   Abbey, 449  
 Gunpowder Conspirators seized at  
   Hendlip, 428  
 Guy's House and Cæsar's Tower,  
   Warwick, 437  
 Gwynn, Nell, and Charles II., 170
- H**ADDON Hall, 329  
   Hadleigh, Dr. Taylor burnt  
   at, 520-525  
 Hall, Double, of Raby Castle, 239  
 Hall of Hampton Court Palace, 143  
 Ham House, Pictures and Curiosities  
   at, 159, 160  
 Ham House, Petersham, built, 159  
 Ham House and the Dysart Family,  
   159  
 Hampton Court Palace, 139  
 Hardwicke Hall, 328  
 Harôld, an Anchorite at Chester, 306  
 Harrod's *Gleanings among the Castles  
   and Convents of Norfolk*, 534  
 Hartshorne, Rev. Mr., his Account of  
   Queen Eleanor's Cross at North-  
   ampton, 477  
 Hartshorne, Rev. Mr., his History of  
   Colchester Castle, 549  
 Hatton, Sir Christopher, Tomb of, 5
- Hatton House, Coke and Lady  
   Hatton, 80  
 Hatton, Lady, Strange History of, 77  
 Havering-atte-Bower, 577  
 Heckington Sepulchre, 371  
 Hedingham Castle, 566  
 Hendlip Hall, 428  
 Henry of Oatlands, 148  
 Henry, Prince of Wales, at Richmond,  
   136  
 Henry IV., V., and VI. at Eltham  
   Palace, 131  
 Henry VI., Capture of, at Wadding-  
   ton, 292  
 Henry VII. at Richmond Palace, 134  
 Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn mar-  
   ried at Whitehall, 168  
 Henry VIII. at Eltham Palace, 131  
 Henry VIII. born at Greenwich, 122  
 Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour  
   at Thornton Abbey, 374  
 Hentzner's Portrait of Queen Eliza-  
   beth, 125  
 Hermitage of Warkworth, 197  
 Hilton Castle, 244  
 Hilton Family, Tradition of, by Sur-  
   tees, 245  
 Hobbes and Tallard at Chatsworth,  
   326  
 Hock Tuesday, 447, 458  
 Hodgson, Rev. S. A., his Memoir of  
   Raby Castle, 236-240  
 Holbein's Gatehouse at Whitehall,  
   168  
 Holkham Hall and its Treasures, 546  
 Holland, Lord, dies at Holland House,  
   161  
 Holland House designed by Thorpe,  
   168  
 Holles Family, The, 335  
 Holles, Sir William, the Good, 336  
 Holmby House, and Seizure of Charles  
   I., 489  
 Holt Family, Tradition of, 466  
 Holy Island Castle, 179, 180  
 Holy Sepulchres, 370  
 Holywell Priory, Shoreditch, 83  
 Hood, Thomas, Lines by, 184  
 Horseshoe Custom at Oakham Castle,  
   394  
 Hotspur's Chair and the Bloody Gap  
   at Alnwick, 202, 205



- "House of Delight" at Greenwich, 127
- Howard, Lord William, "Belted Will," 218, 221
- Howard, Queen Catherine, at Sion, 157
- Hudibras partly written at Ludlow Castle, 416
- Hudson, Jeffrey, the Dwarf, 391
- Humphrey, Duke, at Greenwich, 121
- Hurstonmoucaux Sepulchre, 371
- I**NGATESTONE Hall — Hiding-places of Priests, 572—575
- Ingulfus's History a Fiction, 389
- Inscriptions in the Tower, 28, 29
- Irongates, or the Cheshire Enchanter, 311
- Irthington Castle, 217
- Isabella, Queen Dowager, at Castle Rising, 535, 536
- Isabella, Queen of Edward II. and Mortimer, at Nottingham Castle, 332
- Islington, Old, 90
- J**AMES I. at Brougham Castle, 227
- Jenkins, Henry, Great Age of, 266
- John of Eltham, 130
- John of Gaunt at the Savoy, 63, 65
- John, King, dies at Swineshead, 379
- John, King, seizes Norwich Castle, 529
- John, King of France, at the Savoy, 64, 376
- John, King of France, in the Tower of London, 377
- John, King, and Matilda Fitzwalter, 560
- Jones, Inigo, at Old Somerset House, 87
- Joyce, Cornet, and Charles I., at Holmby, 491—493
- K**ATHERINE, Princess, and Old London Bridge, 42
- Kendal Castle and Queen Catherine Parr, 224
- Kendal Green Cloth, 226
- Kenilworth Castle, 455
- Kenilworth Priory, 463
- Kennington Palace and the Princes of Wales, 128
- Kennington and its Royal Owners, 129
- Kennington Palace, 151
- Kilburn Priory, Legend of, 13
- Kimbolton Castle, Legend of, 496
- King Richard's Well, Bosworth Field, 257
- Kirk Oswald Castle described, 221
- Kirkstall Abbey, 270
- Kitchen of Raby Castle, 239
- Knaresborough Castle, 285
- Knaresborough, Dropping Well at, 287
- Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, 117
- Knights Templars in London, 112
- L**AMBETH and "the Lady Arabella," 99
- Lambeth Palace, 58
- Lancaster Castle and John of Gaunt, 300
- Lancaster, Thomas, Execution of, 200
- Lanercost Priory, 215
- Lanfranc and Wulstan at Westminster, 9
- Legend of Constantine's Cells, 231
- Legend of Kilburn Priory, 13
- Leicester Abbey, and Cardinal Wolsey, 368
- Leicester Castle, 366
- Leicester's Festival to Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth, 459
- Letter, curious, of Lady Elizabeth Compton, 92
- Library at Holkham Hall, 547
- Lincoln Castle, 383
- Lincoln, Jew's House at, 384
- Lincoln, King John at, 380
- Lincoln Stone Bow, 385
- Lindisfarne Monastery, 179
- Living at Belvoir Castle, 365
- Lodbrog, the Dane, and Lowestoft, 526
- Lollards, the, at Lambeth Palace, 58
- "London Bridge is broken down," 35

- London Bridge, Old, Legends and Ballads of, 33  
 "Lord of Burghley," by Tennyson, 481  
 Lord William's Tower at Naworth, 222  
 Lovell, Lord, and Richard, Duke of Gloucester, 256  
 Lovell, Sir Thomas, at Halliwell Priory, 83, 84  
 Lowestoft, Origin of, 525  
 Ludlow Castle, and its Memories, 414  
 Ludlow, Scenery of, 417  
 Lyndewode, Bishop, and St. Stephen's Chapel, 235  
 Lytton, Lord, his *Last of the Barons*, 440
- M**ACAULAY describes the Death of Charles II., 170  
 Magnus III. of Norway and sharp shot, 409  
 Maiden's Bower, the, 243  
 Malcolm's Well at Alnwick, 202  
 Manners Family, Belvoir Castle, 364  
 Mansfield, Miller of, 339  
 Margaret, Queen, at the Battle of Wakefield, 272  
*Marmion*, by Scott, 178  
 Marmion and Scrivelsby Manor, 397  
 Marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleves, 124  
 Mary, Queen of Scots, at Carlisle Castle, 208  
 Mary, Queen of Scots, at Chartley, 407  
 Mary, Queen of Scots, at Chatsworth, 324  
 Mary, Queen of Scots, at Fotheringhay, 483, 484  
 Mary, Queen of Scots, at Tutbury, 401, 405  
 Mary, Queen of Scots, at Sheffield Manor, 277, 278  
 Masquerade, first in England, 124  
 Matilda Fitzwalter, Story of, 52, 559  
 Maxstoke Castle and the Dilke Family, 464, 465  
 Meaux Abbey, Chronicle of, 295  
 Medal of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey's Murder, 90  
 "Merry Carlisle" Castle, 208  
 Middleham Castle, 255  
 Miller of Dee, Ballad of, 309  
 Minorities, Origin of, 155  
 Miracles at Barking Abbey, related by Bede, 571  
 Miracle of St. Cuthbert, 234  
 Monk, Gen., plans the Restoration at St. James's Palace, 149  
 Monk of Whitby, Murder of, 250  
 Montague Fields and the Forty Foot-steps, 106  
 Montague, Lord, and the mad Duchess of Newcastle, 105  
 Montfichet Castle, 56  
 Mornington, Countess of, 576  
 Mortimer, Execution of, 334  
 Mortimer Family and Wigmore Castle, 419  
 Mortimer's Hole, Nottingham Castle, 334  
 Mount in Richmond Park, 137  
 Mystery performed at Ely House, 85  
 Myth of Midridge, 247  
 Multangular Tower in York, 258  
 Murder of the Monk of Whitby, 250—253
- N**ASEBY Battle-field, 487, 488  
 Naworth Castle described, 217, 220  
 Naworth Castle and Lanercost, 213  
 Newark Castle, 337, 339  
 Neville's Cross, Battle of, 242, 244  
 Neville Family and Rugby Castle, 236  
 Newark Church and Beaumont Cross, 339  
 Newcastle, Duke of, at Nottingham Castle, 335  
 Newcastle, the Castle of, 197  
 Newcastle House and its eccentric Duchess, 103, 104  
 Newstead Abbey described, 243, 350  
 Newstead Abbey, from *Don Juan*, 345  
 Newstead Abbey, Elegy on, 341  
 Newstead Abbey and Lord Byron, 339  
 Nonsuch Palace, described by Evelyn and Pepys, 144—147  
 Norham Castle, and its Siege, 178

Norman Castle of Newcastle, 198  
 Northampton Castle, 467  
 Northampton and its History, 469  
 Northampton Family and Canonbury,  
 94  
 Norton, Richard, of Rylstone, and the  
 Rebellion of 1569, 241  
 Norwich Castle, 528  
 Norwich Cathedral Priory, Burning  
 of, 530  
 Nottingham Castle, 332  
 Nottingham, Lady, and the Essex  
 Ring, 76  
 Nun of Lindisfarne, The, 185

**OAKHAM** Castle, 391  
 Oath, Flitch of Bacon, at Dun-  
 mow, 563, 565  
 Oatlands, Palace, 146  
 Orford Castle, 515  
 Orleans, Charles of, in the Tower, 30  
 Osterley Park and Sir Thomas Gra-  
 ham, 165  
 Ottoboni, the Pope's Legate, at Ox-  
 ford, 296  
 Our Lady of Walsingham, Priory of,  
 542  
 Overs, John, the Ferryman, and his  
 Daughter, 32, 33

**PAINTED** Chamber at Westmin-  
 ster, 9  
 Parkyns, Sir Thomas, the Wrestler,  
 357  
 Parr Family, the, 224  
 Parr, Lady Catherine, how she es-  
 caped being burnt for Heresy, 224  
*Paston Letters, the*, 544  
 Parton, Sir John, 547  
 Paul's Cross, 4  
 Paul's Walk, 5  
 Peak Castle, 313  
 Peel, Sir Robert, Statue of, at Tam-  
 worth, 399  
*Pegasus*, Wreck of the, 184  
 Penances on Old London Bridge, 37  
 Penderells, and the Escape of Charles  
 II., 424, 425  
 Pepys and the Duchess of Newcastle,  
 103

Pepys seeking for Treasure in the  
 Tower, 31  
 Percy Family and Fountains Abbey,  
 264  
 Percies, The, at Alnwick, 253  
 Peverells, The, of the Peak, 314  
 Pillar on Naseby Battle-field, 489  
 Placentia Palace at Greenwich, 121  
 Plantagenet, Richard, born, 255  
 Poisoned Bracelet and Matilda Fitz-  
 Walter, 560  
 Pontefract Castle, 274  
 Pretender, the Old, at St. James's  
 Palace, 149  
 Priests' Hiding-places, 572—575  
 Primrose Hill and Godfrey's Murder,  
 88, 89  
 Princes in the Tower of London, Mur-  
 der of, 19  
 Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, 118,  
 119  
 Prisoners in the Tower of London, 22,  
 23

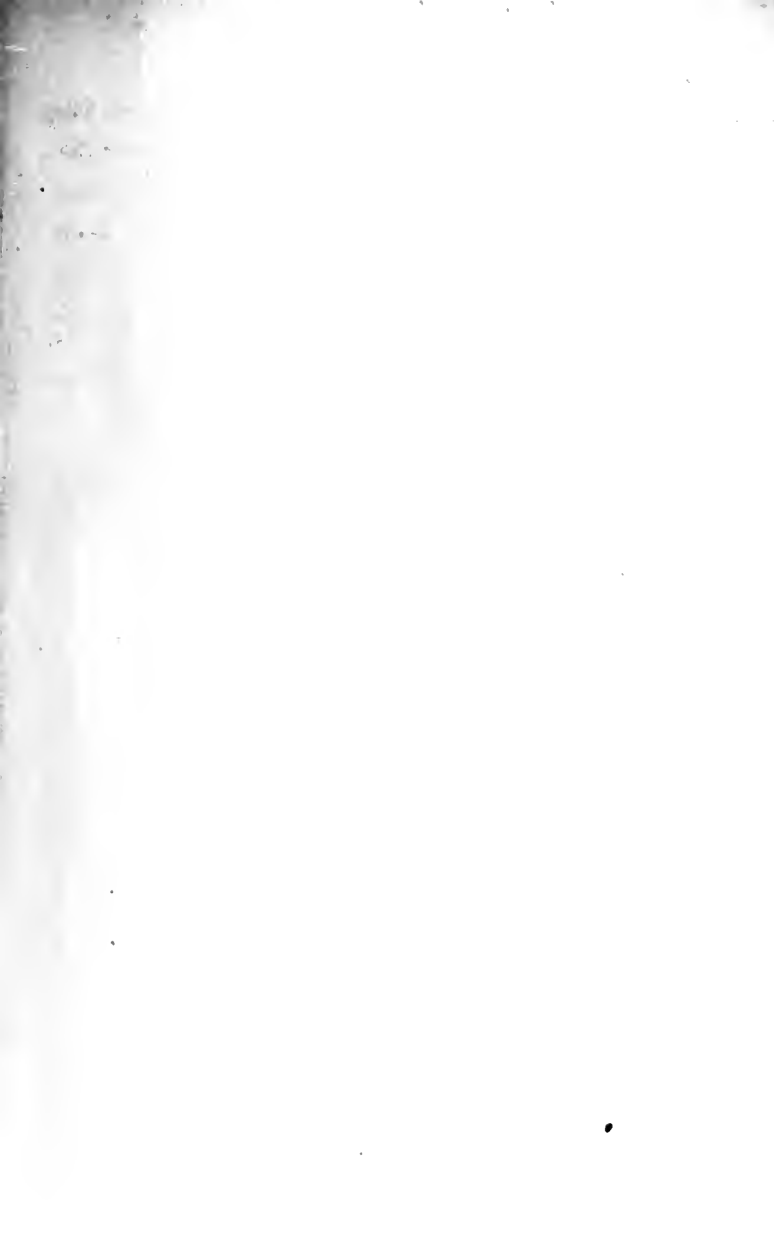
**QUEEN MARY** dies at St. James's  
 Palace, 149

**RABY** Castle, History of, 236  
 Rahere founds the Priory of St.  
 Bartholomew, 47  
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, in the Tower,  
 24, 25  
 Ramsey Abbey and its learned Monks,  
 429  
 Ravenser-Odd swallowed up by the  
 Sea, 297  
 Regency of George IV. at Carlton  
 House, 153  
 Restoration Oaks in Hyde Park, 424  
*Revelation to the Monk of Evesham*, 427  
 Revolution Memorial at Kendal, 225  
 Richard II. improves Barnard Castle,  
 241  
 Richard II. at Eltham Palace, 130  
 Richard II. at Nottingham Castle, 335  
 Richard II. at Pontefract Castle, 274  
 Richmond Castle, 271  
 Richmond Palace built, 134, 135  
 Ring sent by Queen Elizabeth to  
 Essex, 71

- Rising Castle, 534  
 Robin Hood's Grave, 356  
 Robin Hood, Story of, 350  
 Robin Hood, who was he? 357  
 Rokeby and its Lords, 249  
 Roman Bricks in Colchester Castle, 550  
 Roman Castle of Burgh, 519  
 Romille, the Boy of Egremont, 267  
 Ros, Lord, and Belvoir Castle, 362, 363  
 Round Church, Northampton, 470  
 Round Table, Origin of, 420  
 Royal Tombs at Westminster Abbey, 11  
 Rush-bearing in Cheshire, 304
- S**AFFRON Walden Castle, 567  
   Saffron, Culture of, at Saffron Walden, 568  
 St. Albans Abbey Church, 191  
 St. Cuthbert at Lindisfarne, 181  
 St. Cuthbert, Relics of, 232—234  
 St. Edmund King and Martyr, a Suffolk Legend, 506  
 St. Edmund's Monastery, Sacking of, 507  
 St. James's Palace founded, 148  
 St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, 119  
 St. Liz, Earl of Northampton, 467  
 St. Oswin, Legend of, 190, 192  
 St. Osyth Priory, Ruins of, 553, 558  
 St. Paul's Cathedral, Old, London, founded, 1  
 St. Paul's, Old, John of Gaunt at, 2  
 St. Paul's, Old, Miracles at, 4  
 St. Paul's, Old, Richard II. at, 2  
 St. Paul's, Old, Tombs in, 5  
 St. Paul, the Patron Saint of London, 3  
 St. Peter's Chapel, in the Tower, 18  
 Sandal Castle, 272  
 Savoy Chapel Marriages, 69  
 Savoy Gate in the Strand, 70  
 Savoy Palace, Pillage of the, 65—67  
 Savoy, Stories of the, 63  
 Scaleby Castle, 210  
 Scarborough Castle, 253  
 Scots, the, besiege Berwick, 173, 174, 175
- Scott's description of Kenilworth Castle, 462  
 Shakspeare, Birthplace of, 450  
 Shakspeare's Birth, Tercentenary of, 453  
 Shakspearian Relics at Stratford, 453, 454  
 Sheffield Castle, Siege of, 278  
 Sheffield Manor and Castle, 276  
*Sheffield Park*, a Poem, 279  
 Shene, or Richmond Palace, 133  
 Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood, 351  
 Shipton, Mother, Legend of, and her Prophecies, 290  
 Shops and Signs on Old London Bridge, 40  
 Shrewsbury, Battle of, 410  
 Shrewsbury Cakes, 411  
 Shrewsbury Castle, 409  
 Shrewsbury Show, 411  
 Sidney, Sir Henry, Letter to his son Sir Philip Sidney, 413  
 Siege of Essex House, 70  
 Simnel Cakes, History of, 411  
 Simon de Montfort at Kenilworth, 455  
 Sion House, Northumberland Family at, 158  
 Sion Nunnery, 157  
 Skipton Castle, 282, 284  
 Somerset, Duke of, builds Sion House, 157  
 Somerset House, Old, Stories of, 86  
 Somerset, Protector, Execution of, 158  
 Somerton Castle and King John of France, 375  
 "Sorores Minores," Abbey of, 156  
 Spectre Horsemen of Southerfell, 211  
 Spencer, Rich., at Canonbury House, 91  
 Spenser at Essex House, 70  
 Stafford and its Castles, 395  
 Stanford Castle and Bull-running, 380  
 Statutes of Eltham, 130  
 Stoke Poges and Lady Hatton, 82  
 Stories of the Savoy, 63  
 Stories of Old Somerset House, 85  
 Stories of Temple Bar, 107  
 Strand Maypole, The, 575  
 Stratford-on-Avon, 460  
 Streatham Castle, 244  
 Stuart Family, Portraits of, 450

- Stuart Family, Portraits of, at Sion, 159  
 Swineshead Abbey and King John, 378  
 "Sword of Chester," the, 306
- TAMWORTH** Tower and Town, 396, 397  
 Taylor, Dr. Rowland, Martyrdom of, 520—525  
 Templars in England, History of, 116, 117  
 Templars in France, 296  
 Temple Bar rebuilt by Wren, 108  
 Temple Bar, Ceremony at, 111  
 Temple Bar, Stories of, 107  
 Temple Bruer and Torksey, 378  
 Temple and Budgeell at Old London Bridge, 41  
 Temple Church in London, 113  
 Thetford Priory, 533  
 Thorney Island, Westminster, 7  
 Thornton Abbey, 373  
 Tilbury Fort, 578, 579  
 Torture in the Tower of London, 29  
 Tournament at Richmond Palace, 134  
 Tower, Keep or White Tower of London, 15  
 Tower, Palace and Prison, and its Memories, 15  
 Traitors' Gate, Tower of London, 20  
 Traitors' Heads on Old London Bridge, 40  
 Traitors' Heads on Temple Bar, 128—111  
 Treasures at Walsingham, 545  
 Tutbury Castle and its Tenures, 399  
 Tutbury, St. Mary's Church of, 402  
 Twamley's *History of Dudley Castle and Priory*, 431  
 Tynemouth Castle, Siege of, 193  
 Tynemouth Priory and Castle, 190
- VERSES** and Prayer by Mary, Queen of Scots, 486  
 Veteriponts at Brougham Castle, 228, 229  
 Victoria, Queen, at Burghley House, 479
- Victoria, Queen, born at Kensington Palace, 151  
 "Virgin's Milk," at Walsingham, 544
- WADDINGTON**, Old Hall at, 292  
 Wakefield, Battle of, 272  
 Wakefield Sepulchre, 371  
 Wakefield Tower of London, 19  
 Walsingham, Pilgrimages to, 543  
 Walworth, Sir William, Keeper of Croydon Park, 154  
 Wanstead House, 575  
 Wark Castle, 177  
 Warkworth Castle, 194  
*Warkworth, the Hermit of*, 195  
 Warren, Earl, at Stamford Castle, 381  
 Warwick Castle and Guy's Cliff, 436, 440  
 Warwick, the King-maker, 437, 440  
 Warwick Vase, The, 437  
 Wat Tyler's Mob plunders the Temple, 115  
 Watch and Harp of Mary, Queen of Scots, 487  
 Watney, Mr., his Account of St. Osyth's Priory, 553—558  
 Wax Effigy of Queen Elizabeth, 138  
 Wellesley Pole, Mr., and Wanstead House, 578  
 Wensleydale, the Lords of, 294  
 Westminster Abbey built, 7  
 Westminster Abbey Church rebuilt, 11  
 Whalley Abbey, 301  
 "Whig Party" at Holland House, 163  
 Whitby, Nuns of, in *Marmion*, 193  
*White Doe of Rylstone*, by Wordsworth, Origin of, 268  
 Whitehall attacked by Wyatt's Rebels, 168  
 Whitehall Banqueting Houses, 168, 169  
 Whitehall, Charles I. executed at, 169  
 Whitehall, Charles II. dies at, 170  
 Whitehall, Cromwell at, 169  
 Whitehall, Fires and Floods at, 171  
 Whitehall, James II. at, 171  
 Whitehall, Palace of, 168  
 White Lady, the, at Hucknall, 348  
 White Ladies at Worcester, 423  
 White Tower, the, 17

- Wigmore Castle, and its Lords, 419  
 Wildman, Colonel, at Newstead, 341,  
 344  
 William III. and Queen Anne at  
 Hampton Court, 142  
 William III. and Queen Caroline at  
 Kensington Palace, 151  
 William III. at St. James's Palace, 149  
 Winchester, Marquis of, at Bolton  
 Castle, 270  
 Wingfield Castle, 513  
 Wingfield in the Civil Wars, 318  
 Wingfield Manor House, 317  
 "Wishing Wells" at Walsingham,  
 544  
 Witches of Warboys, the, 499  
 Wolsey, Cardinal, Arrest of, 289  
 Wolsey, Cardinal, at Cawood Castle,  
 288  
 Wolsey, Cardinal, Death of, 290, 369  
 Wolsey, Cardinal, founds Hampton  
 Court Palace, 139  
 Wolsey, Cardinal, at Leicester Abbey,  
 368  
 Wolsey, Cardinal, at Newark Castle,  
 338  
 Wolsey, Cardinal, at Sheffield Manor,  
 276  
 Wolsey, Cardinal, at Whitehall, 168  
 Wonders of Old St. Paul's, 1—7  
 Woodcroft House in the Civil Wars,  
 468  
 Worcester Castle and its Sieges, 422  
 Wrestler, Sir Thomas Parkyns, 357,  
 358  
 Wyatt, Sir Thomas, in the Tower,  
 31  
  
**Y**ORK Castle, 258  
 York, Duchess of, at Oatlands,  
 147  
 York, Richard Duke of, at the Battle  
 of Wakefield, 272, 273.







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