

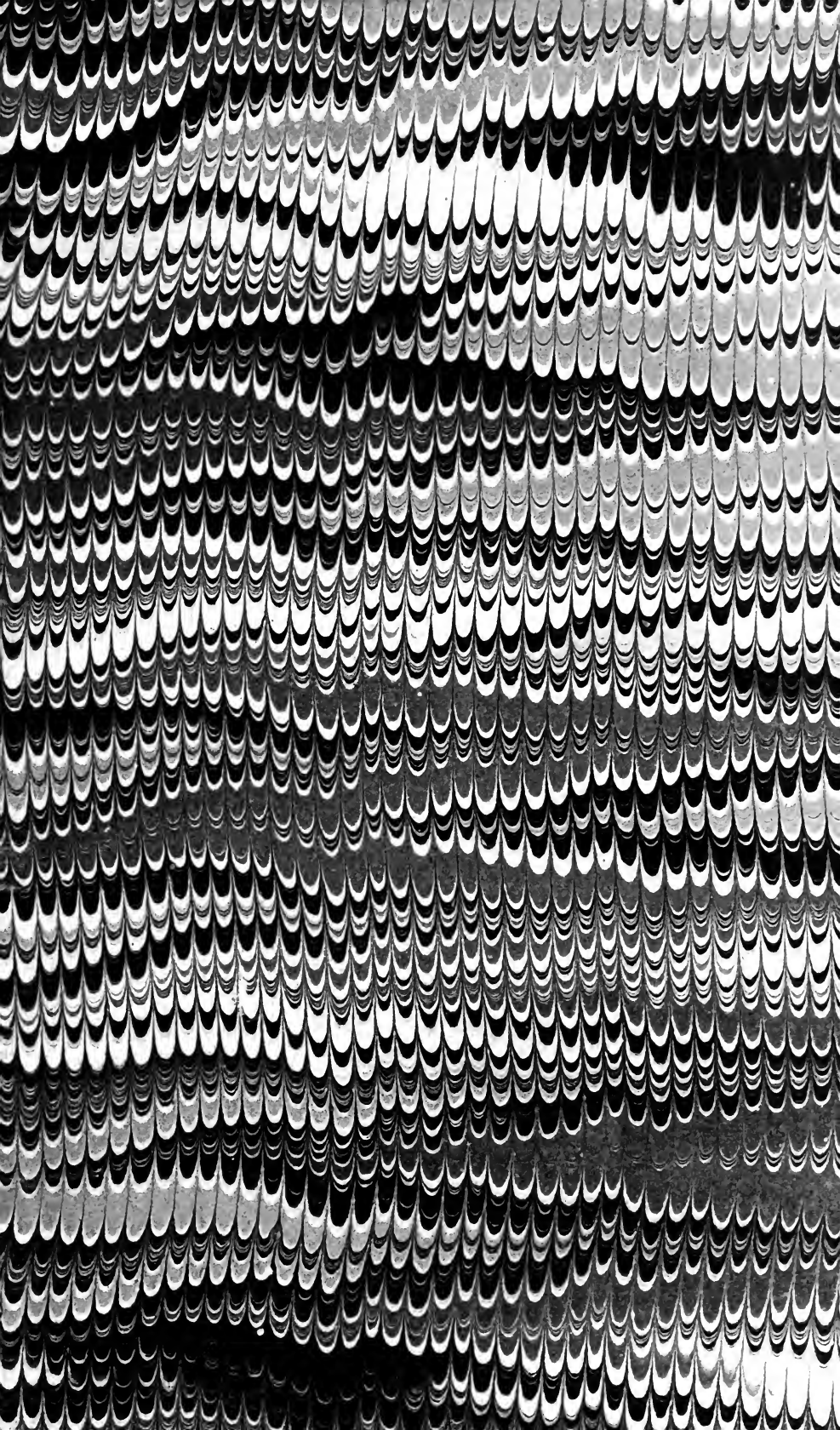




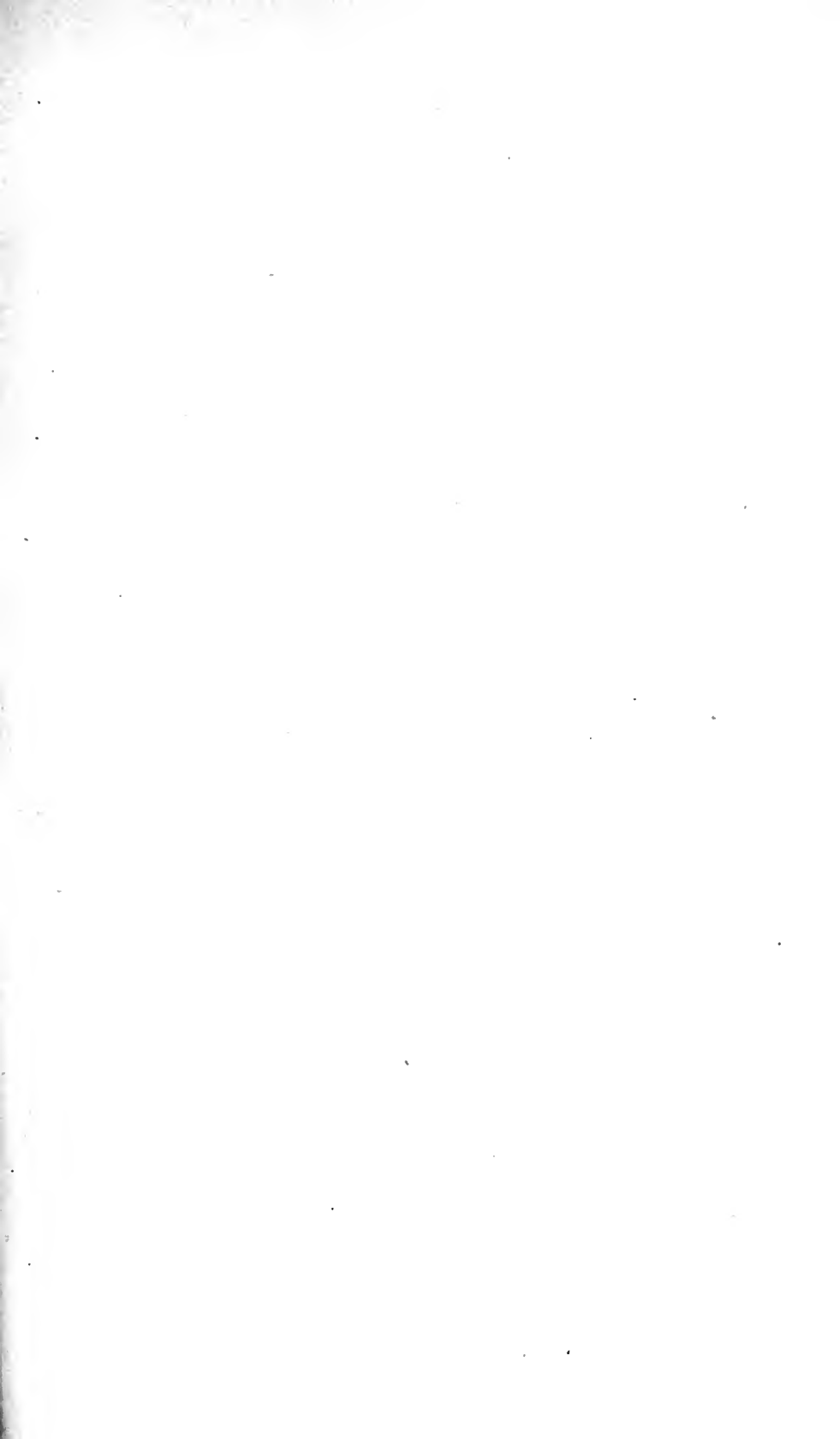
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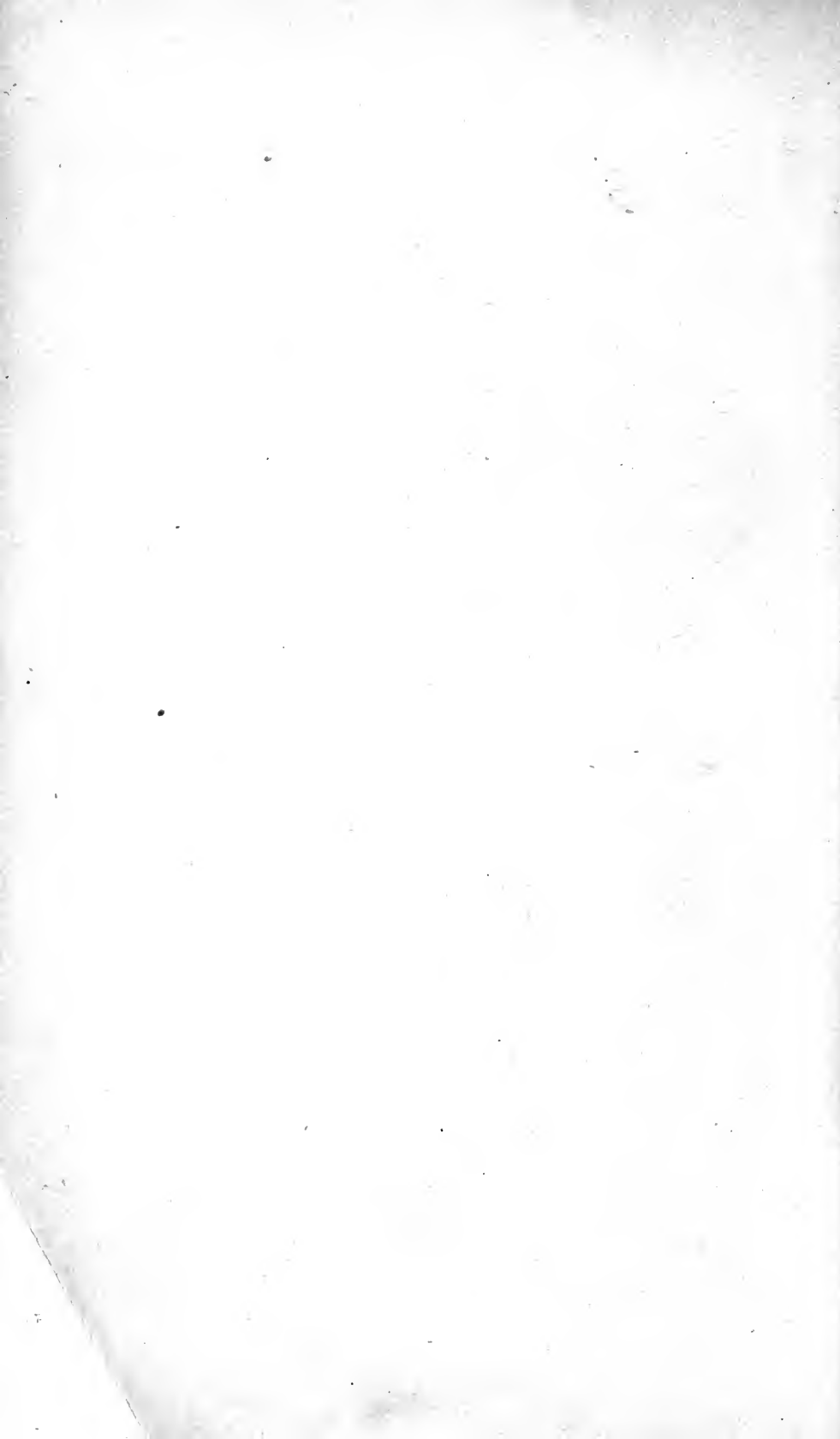
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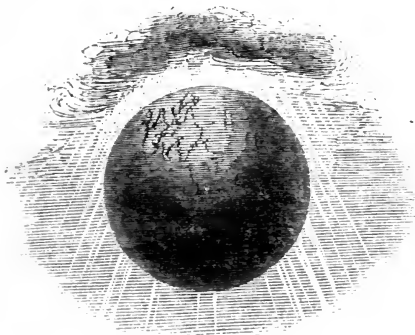


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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
Antiquarian and Picturesque
TOUR
IN THE
NORTHERN COUNTIES OF ENGLAND
AND IN
SCOTLAND.

BY THE REVEREND
THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, D.D.

CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

VOL. I.

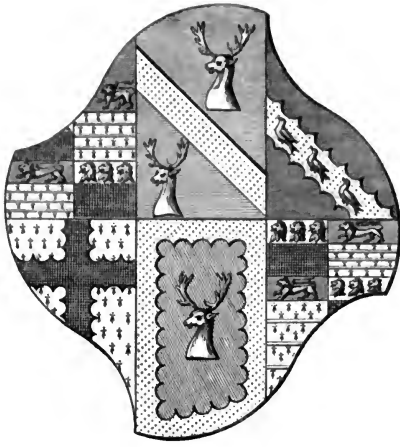


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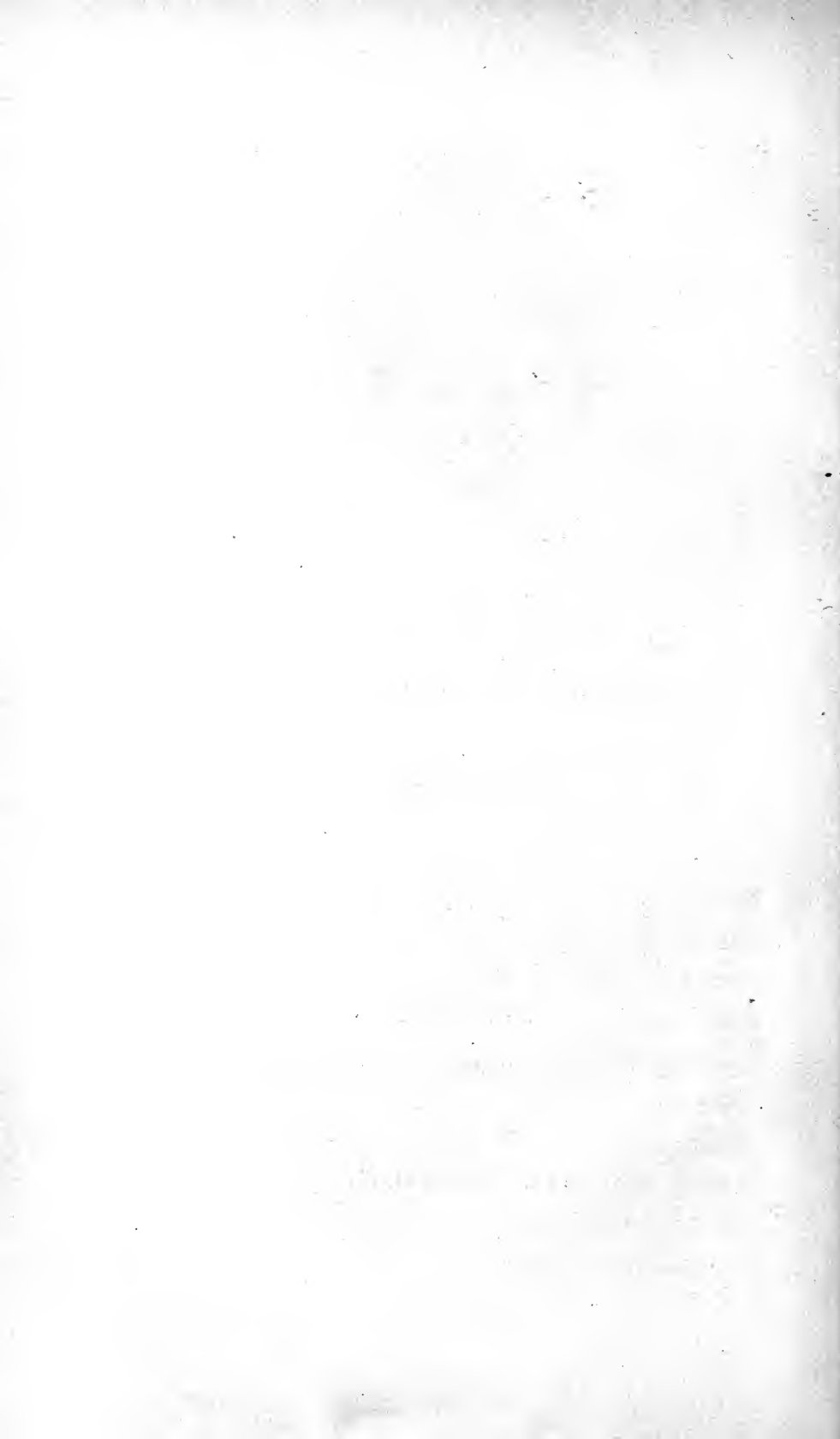
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BY
THE AUTHOR.





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PREFACE.

It has not been from the want of frequent and urgent entreaty that the present work has been so long in making its appearance before the public. Every encouragement which could have been held out from friends in the North, and every incitement which could have been given from friends in the South, have helped to urge me forward to the undertaking of this *Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour*. Add to this, there has been a latent, and I hope honourable pride, to do that for my *own* which I have done for *another* country.

But in a work of such magnitude and cost, involving so much of personal exertion and contingent expense—it was fitting to give the matter a second and a due consideration; and to reflect maturely before I acted decidedly. Several years, not altogether passed without sorrow and solicitude, have occasionally distracted my resolutions and retarded my efforts: for in a journey like the present, which has comprehended a circuit of *seventeen hundred miles*, unless the start be decided and buoyant, the prosecution of it will be languid, and the return perhaps abrupt. It cannot also be dissembled (to keep down the elastic vigour of a traveller who meditates the eventual publication of his labours) that the “*auld lang syne*” days of the *Bibliomanía* appear to be fast receding in splendour and attraction. In no one public pursuit is there a more capricious taste manifested than in that for *Books*. Twenty years ago, an *editio princeps* of an ancient classical writer produced a sensation amounting to little short of enthusiastic veneration; and the possession of a genuine *large-paper* Dutch Classic, of the Hemsterhuis or Burmann school, was contended for with so many lusty strokes, as sometimes almost to endanger the bodily condition

of the combatant. At *that* time the French laughed at us for our exclusive love of their old black-letter Chronicles and Romances. Now, we turn our backs without hesitation or remorse upon *editiones principes* and *large-paper* Amsterdam quartos,—while our Gallic neighbours are become absolutely frenzied in the acquisition of Verards and Pigouchets. When will all this *pirouetting* cease? Or is the age of BOOK-CHIVALRY gone, never to return?

Still, the field, in the point of view in which I felt disposed to scan it, appeared to me to be new, varied, and productive; and if I have more than ordinarily qualified, or merged, the *first* epithet of my Tour into the *second* or *third*, it has been in deference to the present prevailing taste, which it were as hopeless to resist, as it may be bold to question. If, on the one hand, by appearing again, in yet gayer costume, to gather flowers and fruits in the same vocation, I have spared no expense, and grudged no toil, so, on the other, I hope to be cheered for my enthusiasm, and commended for my patriotic ardour. The experienced Reader need hardly be informed, that, in an attempt of this kind, it were folly to anticipate an abundance of pecuniary reward.

And yet, it were impossible, as indeed it would be ungrateful, to deny, that, in the course of this extended "Tour" I have met with every encouragement which could arise from a ready and social reception, and from laborious and effectual aid. The hospitality of the *mansion* (for which the North is proverbially distinguished) has been in many instances only secondary to the assistance derived in researches among the stores of *Public Libraries* and *Museums*. The most joyous dreams of early life could scarcely have led to the expectation of such civilities and kindnesses as those which it has been my fortunate lot to experience; and although this journey was carried on during one of the most untoward seasons ever remembered in Scotland, yet, from the beginning to the end, my path may be fairly said to have been strewn with flowers. To particularize were nugatory and ill-judged. As I have thrown all my feelings into my narrative, so no individual, I would fondly hope, will have cause to complain of attentions slighted, or of kindnesses overlooked. In such a succession of the most cordial hospitalities, the only difficulty has been in varying the theme of thanksgiving.

Were I to bespeak the attention of the reader in anything like a *Précis* of the contents of the following pages, I might in part direct it to those accounts of the magnificent *Cathedrals* in the North of England which involve some of the most curious and interesting details of ECCLESIASTICAL BIOGRAPHY; which sometimes invest the mitre with a sort of undying halo; and rank our Archbishops and Bishops among the most enterprising, intelligent, honourable, and beneficent public actors and politicians of the day.

I had intended to subjoin a brief chapter on the *Ecclesiastical Architecture* of Scotland; but two considerations forbade its execution. The first, that I was not able to visit some of its more distinguished ruins, such as those at Elgin, Dunfermline, Dunblane, Dunkeld, Linlithgow, and at other places; the second, that no material truth or novel feature could be elicited by the examination. The ecclesiastical edifices of the North, from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, are, in plan and ornament, precisely those of the South. The circular headed Norman arch of the twelfth century is nearly similar in both countries. The following specimen

however, from one of the early arches of *Dunfermline Abbey*, may challenge competition with any of its Southern neighbours ; while the head of an intersecting arch, in the ruins of *Kelso Abbey*, exhibits great beauty as well as singularity of ornament.



THE BORDER HISTORY, which belongs more particularly to Northumberland, is one of great interest; occasionally exhibiting the *Percys, Nevilles, and Greys*, as clothed with the power and renown of potentates. The achievements of these heroes have all the vivid colouring of romance. They lived in an age, and for an age, of which however no renewal can be desired. The use of gunpowder, which shook or battered down their ponderous castles, was conducive in the end to the softening of their characteristic ferocity. The realities of Ridpath* have all the charm of fiction; while some of the ballads of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* attest a period of insubordination of mingled interest and astonishment.

It were perhaps impossible, now and then, not to vary the stream of *text* with a few little rivulets of historical anecdote subjoined in the *notes*. There is no country of which the civil history is more abundantly diversified and enriched with such anecdotes, than that of Scotland. Mountains, lakes, waterfalls, deserted or densely populated towns, are scattered in a

* See the character of this work at page 416, *post*.

measure all over the globe ; but it is the peculiarities of such *national character* as we see in the NORTH, that help to give our descriptions of the first-named objects a livelier and a more winning charm.

I feel to be in duty bound to repeat here what has been already observed by me in the PROSPECTUS of this work : “ A stranger to Scotland, I had hardly planted my foot upon its soil, when it seemed to take firm and deep root. Her mountains, passes, glens, lakes, and waterfalls — the thickly scattered ruins of castles, built sometimes upon rocks of granite, beetling over the ever-restless wave—the ocean, like a broad blue belt, encircling her indented shores—the numerous and magnificent steam-boats borne upon its yielding bosom, with the shouts of commerce, and the rush of interminable vessels, that cover and ever agitate the surfaces of the *Forth*, the *Clyde*, and the *Tay*—all these, and much more of a similar description, may be supposed to furnish vivid and interesting materials for the pages of a work like the present.

“ But, while it has been impossible for me to neglect such objects of picturesque attraction,

I hope to have introduced topics which may be said to come more immediately home to “men’s bosoms and businesses.” The social warmth and friendly offices constantly manifested towards me in Scotland, have strong and lasting claims upon my remembrance and gratitude. I found friends in strangers; and generous hearts beating in almost every new alliance. Some of the most *splendid ornaments* of this work owe their existence to the prompt and liberal munificence of SCOTCH FRIENDS. In public as well as private Libraries, it was impossible to be more fortunate in attentions received and assistance granted; and if these pages afford not evidence of the value of such aid—as well by the beauty of decoration, as by the importance of information—I have been labouring unto no commendable purpose.

Scotland has a thousand trumpet-tongued evidences of her former struggles for independence and glory. Her earlier historians, although inferior in weight and importance to those of England, are nevertheless numerous and trustworthy; and it will be found that I have sometimes strayed from the broad beaten road of history, to gather a curious fact, or

to illustrate a doubtful point, from the strain of some of her rhyming Chroniclers. Her Barbour, Wyntoun, and Blind Harry, are among the brightest feathers in her historical bonnet. Yet in spite even of the *Caledonia* of George Chalmers,* a body of SCOTCH HISTORY is still a great national desideratum.

On ONE score this volume may entitle me to the prompt and hearty thanks of my Scotch friends. It is the *first* book, on so large and expensive a scale of embellishment, of which a full seven-eighths of the engravings have been executed by the BURINS of *Edinburgh and Glasgow Artists*. Among these embellishments there will be doubtless found varying shades of merit; but I predict for some of the younger hands which have achieved them, a long career of honourable prosperity. In diligence, skill, and moderation of charge, here will be found instances of surpassing merit and worth. In

* This stupendous work, the achievement of one mortal Scotchman, is called by its author "the fruits of the agreeable amusements of many evenings." What ATTIC NIGHTS are these! It is a thousand pities that the materials left behind by the Author, have not found patronage sufficient for their publicity; the more so, as these complete the work. The three volumes already extant cry aloud for a general INDEX.

my zeal to do them justice, I have perhaps too frequently exceeded the limits of a sober discretion ; as will appear on examining the illustrations of *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, *Edinburgh*, *Glasgow*, and *St. Andrew's* : but as the copper-plates will have been DESTROYED on the completion of the number of copies of the work, this superabundance of illustration may be at once pardoned and endured. Wherever I have gone, indigenous Art, both in the pencil and burin, have rewarded my enquiries.

Such is THE COMPANION to those volumes of *a Continental Tour*, which have long ago experienced the favourable patronage of the public. In labour, anxiety, and cost, these volumes have greatly exceeded all that have gone before them ; and midst the fluctuating fashions and capricious pursuits of modern literature, it is, to their author, no small consolation that the matter here developed will be as useful and interesting to distant periods, as to the age in which he lives.

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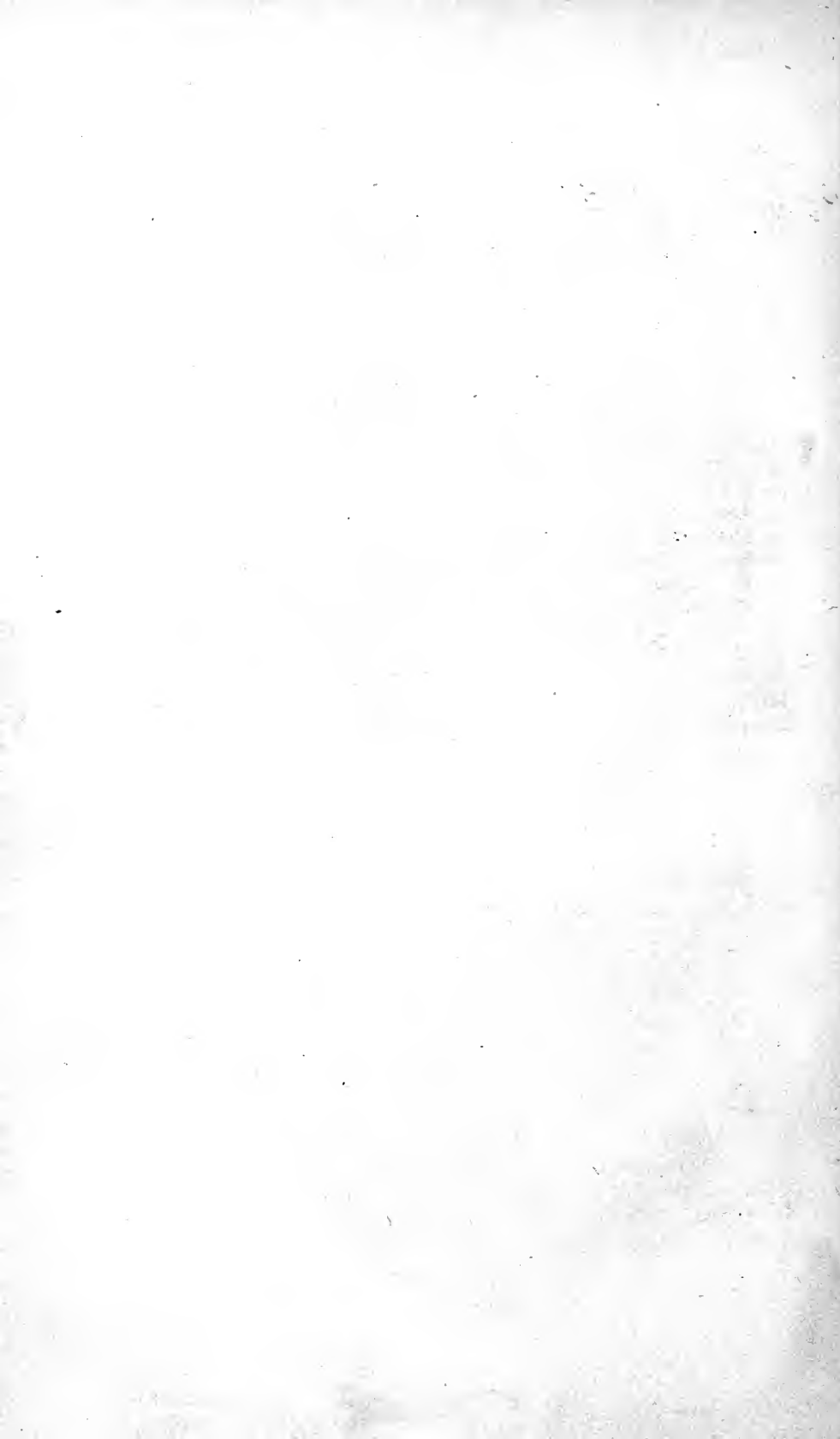
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NEWCASTLE.—Shipping: Salmon: Coals: Beer: the Streets: Castle: the New Town, or the Buildings of Mr. Grainger: old Wainscot carvings: the Roman Wall: Town Wall and Gates: Public Institutions: the Library and Public Rooms: Antiquarian Society: Private Libraries: St. Nicholas Church. *Plates*.—1. Arms of the Typographical Club: 2. Old Beer House, now pulled down: 3. House on Sandhill, from which the late Earl Eldon eloped with his Lady: 4. The Dolphin House, supposed to be the oldest in the town: 5. Castle Garth Stairs: 6. Old Street Scenery: 7. Silver Sugar-basin, in the possession of J. Trotter Brockett, Esq.: 8. Old Houses near the Castle, about to be taken down: 9. Grey Street, with the triumphal Pillar to Earl Grey (Frontispiece to the First Volume): 10. Old Wainscot Carvings, in the Merchants' House: 11. The Tyne River-god.

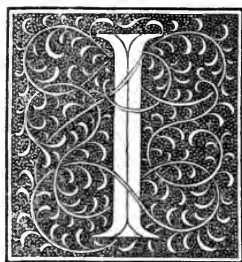
CHAPTER X.

NEWCASTLE TO CARLISLE.—Railroad: Hexham: Battle of Hexham: Chesters: Border-Country: Ridpath's Border History: Battle of Ancram Moor: the Border Chieftains: Naworth Castle: Belted Will Howard: Moss Troopers: Carlisle: the Cathedral. *Plates*: 1. Tunnel in the Railroad: 2. The Bridge across the river Gelt, over which the Railroad is carried.



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

West Front.



F the route here chosen for visiting the *Modern Athens* (as the courtesy of recent travellers has designated the northern capital) be not the shortest, it has been, at least to me, the most sweet and attractive; for, during its progress, I have revisited old towns, old books, and old friends—enlarging and correcting memoranda made some twenty years ago, and, more gratifying still, finding several

acquaintances yet spared, in so considerable a space of time, the ordinary visitation of mortality. It is true I have found *hiatuses*, in the removal of those whose places no time can supply; and whom neither prosperity the most unbounded, nor occupation the most unceasing, can ever make me forget. The very first day on which I started on my journey, was one that filled me with seriousness and sadness. The heavens were bright, the sun was warm, and the air pure and exhilarating; but could these reanimate the ashes of ONE, who, on that day I first learned, had been “gathered to his fathers?”*

* SIR FRANCIS FREELING, BART. The first intelligence of his death was communicated to me by my friend the Rev. George Adam Browne, one of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, on my quitting that university for Huntingdon. Sir Francis had died on the preceding morning, July 10. To say that I was not prepared for such an event, would be to say what was not true; for, on my last interview with him, the symptoms of approaching dissolution were very strong in his countenance, figure, and general bearing. Indeed, as far back as Christmas, when, in imitation of the representations in old MSS. and printed books I dropped on one knee (as previously concerted) to tender the *presentation copy* of my “REMINISCENCES” to him, it was apparently with an effort that he smiled on its reception; a painful effort, to one, whose graciousness of manner was at once natural and striking.

Sir Francis may be said to have maintained a long as well as painful struggle with that enemy, who, upon all occasions, is sure in the end to be victorious. The strength of his constitution enabled him to hold out for nearly eighteen months; and his attention to business continued almost to the last. In regard to myself, he was particularly anxious about the success of this *Northern Tour*; his letters being full of lively encouragement and friendly support. Indeed, his correspondence with me (we had been correspondents twenty-six years!) continued to the last—up to the 4th of July, scarcely a week before his demise. On the 17th of May, he wrote

I will hope, however, for the reader's sake, that, upon the whole, my enthusiasm has suffered little

thus, full of the seriousness of his situation :—" Pray for me, that I may be enabled to bear it with patience and resignation. It is grievous to suffer as I do." His last letter (July 4th, half-past six A.M.) concluded with these impressive words:—" I lament the increased weakness since I last wrote: the absence of "nature's balm"—seven nights now in succession!—and much of faintness—but GOD'S WILL BE DONE! It is a miracle that I have been preserved so long. May I not be insensible to past blessings, or impatient under present sufferings and debilities. In all seasons, Yours faithfully, F. FREELING."

And "faithful," indeed, he was to me "in all seasons," whether of joy or of affliction. His sympathies, in each, were equally ardent and natural. There was no hesitating lukewarmness, no cold or neutral tint about him, in what he thought, said, wrote, and did. It all came direct from the heart—unqualified, impassioned; and, with his old and tried friends, was as delightful as irresistible. Yet no man, in the important situation which he so long, so ably, so honourably, and so beneficially filled, ever committed himself so little, or provoked such little hostility. There was *one* feature in the executive administration of his office, which was eminently conspicuous. No person had occasion to write to him *twice* upon any point of pressing business. His answers were prompt, courteous, and satisfactory. He might have been called the *first replier* in Europe. Of his public situation, which he filled nearly forty years (having reduced to order and to system what was before chaotic and confused), I am necessarily incompetent to speak at large; and yet I speak neither unauthorized nor vain words when I assert, on the testimony of others rather than myself, that he died leaving his Country his DEBTOR. To form something like a correct notion of the value of his services, it may be stated that the total NET produce of the revenue which he managed, was, in the last three years (1794-6) of his *predecessor's* time, 1,435,918*l.*; in the last three years of his *own* time, 4,180,888*l.* It is true, that an increased population and extended commerce do very much to promote the wealth of all situations subject to a public impost; but I should apprehend that no small portion of this great increase of revenue must have arisen from the superior

diminution; and that the vivid tints which usually encircle the descriptions of earlier life have yet preserved their characteristic properties. I do not think that, from the summit of Ben Lomond, or 'midst the ruins of St. Andrew's, I could have contemplated the surrounding objects which presented themselves with livelier emotions, twenty years ago, than I have done within a few months past. But it is time to set out upon this NORTHERN "*Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour.*"

My first resting-place, from the vicarage of Exning, whence I started, was at PETERBOROUGH, with my old and respected friend the Rev. Dr. James, prebendary of the cathedral. Here the kind attentions and hospitable treatment of "mine host" and his numerous friends had well nigh made me forget that there was a distance of many hundred miles to be accomplished; and that, 'midst a succession of ample and joyous repasts, there was danger of undermining the physical capabilities for such a journey. On entering the town of Peterborough, a very extraordinary, and, to me, novel, sight presented itself. It was the great annual fair; and the streets were literally strewn and covered with timber of every description. Oak, beech, elm, maple, and ash, were displayed in every possible management of the chief executive officer; and that officer was, and is, the Secretary. My late friend found all about him *brick*, and left it *marble*.

For myself, individually, I must ever consider his loss irreparable. The affectionate warmth of his heart was without bounds; and life is now ebbing away too fast with me, to indulge even the idle dream of anticipating a successor to fill in my bosom the large and unvarying place which THE DECEASED always occupied.

shape for agricultural purposes, covering the area of the street, so that a space of only sixteen feet was allowed for carriages to pass. The local act, indeed, allows only twelve feet; but my friend (who is also a magistrate) told me that they could not avoid stretching the twelve to sixteen feet; for, even as it was, the mail, a day or two preceding, was inevitably detained a quarter of an hour,—the guard blowing angry blasts for carriages and carts to get on, and not to impede the progress of “the royal mail.”

I know not why, but the whole had the air of a foreign town. I had never before witnessed such a sight; a sight, however, peculiarly gratifying, because highly necessary to the farmers, who throng in numbers to witness the removals of their bargains, in the shape of posts, rails, gates, hurdles, props, and the whole *materia* of a rural life. The surrounding country being flat, and the floods from the river Nin frequent—add to which trespassers and marauders for prey being always upon the migration—they stand in need of embankments and fences such as these annual fairs supply; and materials of the best quality and workmanship are obtainable at very moderate prices:—so that it is a season of comfort and rejoicing as well as of bustle and noise. On the last day of the fair, I saw what appeared to me to be a large trunk of elm, about ten feet long, and nearly two feet in diameter. It was sawn into planks; but so skilfully and delicately had the workmen performed their task, that the *severance* was imperceptible. “What do you ask for this trunk?” I observed. “It is sawn into

planks ; take it, sir, for twenty shillings," replied the owner. " But *how* am I to take it, my friend ? " " Ha, sir, *that's the job !*" rejoined he. It should be added, that the facilities of water carriage abound throughout the town and neighbouring country.

We go from the living to the dead : from active to still life ; from the market-place to THE CATHEDRAL. I know not why, or how it is, but this cathedral has always been an object of affectionate veneration with me. It has less *pretension*, considering its size, than perhaps any cathedral in England. There is always a dull, monotonous, prison-like air about it, which marks the generality of the edifices of the Norman period ; but it has also a uniform look, the whole being of a piece, and in keeping. I speak of the nave and transepts, which, as Mr. Britton observes, seem to be built " for eternity." * A good deal of the *surface* of this massive interior underwent, like many other cathedrals during the seventeenth century, pretty severe trial, when devoted to stabling for the horses and troops of Cromwell. In the immediate vicinity, and in a place called the *Vineyard*, they shew you the house in which Cromwell was detained, on a bed of sickness, for a whole fortnight ; in consequence of having struck his head against the arch or top of the stone entrance. It was at first supposed he was dead, as he fell prostrate from his horse. He was then setting out on his campaign of devastation and bloodshed ; and fortunate had it been, both for cathedrals and wor-

* " Solidity and massiveness of construction characterize the interior of this church. It seems to have been designed for eternity." (BRITTON, p. 69.)

shippers therein, had that campaign been frustrated by such an event.*

Let us first survey the exterior, and more particularly the grand western entrance, the pride of the building—which cannot fail to strike with awe-

* Peterborough was one of the first spots unfortunately marked for Cromwell's *visitation*. Croyland having soon been disposed of under his predatory troops, what follows is thus related in the pages of Gunton, on the authority of an eye-witness:—"The first that came was a foot regiment, under one Colonel *Hubbart's* command: upon whose arrival some persons of the town, fearing what happened afterward, desire the chief commander to take care the soldiers did no injury to the church. This he promises to do, and gave orders to have the church doors all locked up. Some two days after, comes a regiment of horse, under Colonel *Cromwel*, a name as fatal to ministers as it had been to monasteries before. The next day after their arrival, early in the morning, these break open the church doors, pull down the organs, of which there were two pair. The greater pair, that stood upon a high loft, over the entrance into the quire, was thence thrown down upon the ground, and there stamped and trampled on, and broke in pieces, with such a strange, furious, and frantic zeal as can't be well conceived but by those that saw it. Then the soldiers enter the quire, and there their first business was, to tear in pieces all the *Common Prayer Books* that could be found. The *Great Bible*, indeed, that lay upon a brass eagle, for reading the lessons, had the good hap to escape with the loss only of the Apocrypha." (*Gunton*, p. 333.) But the reader may make himself acquainted with a few more of the "frantic" vagaries of this canting and destructive crew, in the following pages, in the account of the monuments.

The "tender mercies" of Cromwell at last subsided into the passing of an act (19th Aug. 1651), whereby the cathedral and the churchyard were to be "employed and made use of by the inhabitants of the said city and borough (of Peterborough), in all times to come, for the *public worship and service of God*, and for a *work-house*, to employ the poorer sort of people in *manufactures*; the said inhabitants at their own costs and charges repairing and maintaining the same"!!!

mingled pleasure on the first view of it from the entrance. To those, however, who deem themselves competent to behold with critical eyes the western entrance of *Rheims* (of which that of Peterborough is a copy upon an enlarged scale), it must be confessed that the *English* western façade yields to that of France in comeliness of proportion, and elaboration of ornament. Of course I am speaking of the *three arches* which are common to the fronts of both cathedrals. Those attached to Peterborough* have, in my humble estimation, two faults: they are too lofty, and are of a uniform height; while those of Rheims present us with the central arch beautifully pointed, and boldly projecting, with the side arches in subordinate altitude. The ornamental sculpture within the arches of Rheims Cathedral leaves that of Peterborough at an immeasurable distance behind; while the upper portion of the French edifice sparkles with such an accumulation of rich detail, and intricate and fanciful figures and foliage—surmounted by a row of sculptured figures representing the ancient kings of France†—as places it above all competition with its northern rival. However, I will give that “rival” all the justice that is its due.

Above this western front there are not fewer

* This western front is probably of a century and a half later date than the oldest part of the cathedral, and a century later than the nave. A near and elaborate view of the upper part of the central arch, by the exquisite burin of Henry Le Keux, may be seen in Mr. Britton's work.

† Even yet I do not forget the beautiful, if not heavenly evening, on quitting Rheims; and, from an elevated position, seeing the full moon rise over the rich and varied tracery and silver-grey tinted sides, of that most interesting cathedral.

than *five* elevations, in the character of spires and towers; those at the north and south extremities not being in keeping with the rest as to time and taste. The grand central tower, of which the s.e. portion betrays, within, evident marks of approaching decrepitude, should be surmounted (if the foundation and the funds would bear it) by another stage, seventy-five feet high, or by a crocketed and banded spire of a hundred feet. What an effect at a distance! What an effect at hand! This central tower is about one hundred and eighty feet in height; and the northern one, to the right of the western entrance, and left in an unfinished state, is within sixty feet as high. The spires, with their accessories, strike me as being mean and *petite*; while the back tower, which is unfinished, groups very oddly with its four brethren in a finished state. However, accident furnished an opportunity, or the means of viewing this entire front, with its five towers—call them as you will—in a position so novel and imposing—so unlike anything the beholder had before contemplated*—so unearthly, and presenting altogether, as it were, the porch of a New Jerusalem—that, on my first view, I was irresistibly impelled to engage the pencil of the artist upon it; and how faithfully that artist (Mr. Harraden) has fulfilled his task, may be seen from the vignette which graces the head of this chapter. The garden of the dean, from

* A mere accident, as Dean Turton informed me, supplied this most extraordinary view,—by the felling of a tree. In Mr. Britton's account may be seen an elaborately engraved portion of the upper part of the "steeple, pinnacles, &c., of the south-western tower:" but from whence, save in a balloon, could such a partial and elevated view have been taken?

an obscure corner of which that vignette was taken, supplies us with the following picturesque view of the *North Transept*,* executed by the same pencil; and engraved, like the preceding, by a northern burin.



* Mr. Britton has two different views of this transept; the one nearer, and more partial, from the east; the other embracing the entire length of the cathedral.

What gives such pleasing repose and picturesque solemnity to the whole of the exterior of this cathedral, is, its uniformly grey tint, over a massiveness of surface of four hundred and eighty feet in length, by four score in width across the nave. Its length is only exceeded by those of York, Ely, Winchester, Lincoln, and Canterbury. The immediate precincts, especially to the north, are quite delightful, from the cleanliness and good taste which prevail throughout. The Dean's garden is a species of earthly Paradise; one portion yielding fruit in abundance, and of every variety; the other, fragrant and shrubby, and bright and rich from a greensward begemmed with violets and daisies, yielding softly and soothingly to the pressure of its occupier's foot. It is here that the amiable, gentlemanly, and truly learned Dr. Turton, the present Dean,

— “thinks down hours to minutes;”

and, some twenty years after he shall have put a *Tudorian* front to his deanery, let him have, as old Fuller says, his “*ora pro nobis*,” in some conspicuous part of the cathedral, when he shall have reached the extremity of his earthly pilgrimage. The entire precinct or greensward, round the cathedral, is extremely creditable to its conservators, be they who they may. We must not enter till the attention of the spectator be especially directed to what might have been designated the *Ladye-Chapel*, at the eastern extremity, of which the exterior is built in the purest style of the latter end of the fifteenth century.* The figures on the summit of

* Peterborough was fortunate in some of its abbots before the Reformation, who, as Browne Willis says, “were great builders.”

the buttresses are, however, unworthy of what is beneath them. Some of them seem vested with judges' wigs, as if in the act of delivering charges to the grand jury.

We proceed to the interior; and fortunate will that visitor be who enters it at a moment, as I entered it, when the *Twelfth Mass of Mozart* ("Plead thou my cause") was in full force, sung by a pretty-well organized choir. I looked at nothing to the right or the left; but paced the transepts, my ears only drinking in the almost heavenly harmony of that incomparable piece of music. It ceased, and I looked around me; and the first object I gazed upon was the too predominant tint of yellow ochre in which the nave is coated. Why is there no act of parliament, or no edict of a committee of national taste, to restrain the prodigal use of the *breeches ball*? Why is flaunting yellow, or cold staring white, to desecrate a cathedral's interior? Yet I could not help observing, with unmixed satisfaction, the perfectly sound, smooth, and walk-inviting state of the pavement. It has no superior throughout the kingdom.* The roof, of wood, is

Godfrey of Croyland, and Robert Kirton, the forty-fourth and last abbot but one, were of this meritorious class. The latter, says my authority, "built the goodly building at the east end, round the old church, now [1730] known by the name of the LIBRARY." This building was erected about the years 1507-17; but since Willis's time, the library (as will be presently found) has been removed.

* It is a comfort to contrast all this cleanliness and soundness of condition with what is said of the interior of this cathedral a little upwards of a century ago, by Browne Willis. After telling us how unmercifully it had been used by Henry VIII. (whose alienations of its property were as frightful as unjust), and even by Edward VI.





YOY SEE OLD SCARLEITS PICTVRE STAND ON HIE * * *
 BYT AT YOVR FEETE HERE DOTI HIS BODY LYE * *
 HIS GRAVESTONE DOTI HIS AGE AND DEATH TIME SHOW
 HIS OFFICE BY HEIS TOKEN YOY MAY KNOW * * *
 SECOND TO NONE FOR STRENGTH AND STVRDY LYMM *
 A SCARE BABE MIGHTY VOICE WITH VISAGE GRIM *
 HEE HAD INTERD TWO QUEENES WITHIN HIS PLACE *
 AND THIS TOWNES HOVSE HOLDERS IN HIS LIFES SPACE
 TWICE OVER: BYT AT LENCH HIS OWN TURN CAME * *
 WHAT HEE FOR OTHERS DID FOR HIM THE SAME * * *
 WAS DONE: NO DOVBT HIS SOVLE DOTI LIVE FORAYE
 IN HEAVEN: THO HERE HIS BODY CLAD IN CLAY .



painted with fanciful subjects, being a *restoration* of its previous condition; but the effect is harsh and glaring, and the figures are too small for exact perception at such an elevation.* The circular pattern over the altar is very much preferable.

Who stands aloft, with his sturdy front, shewing his badge of office, just above the western door to the right, painted in distemper? Look, gentle reader, at the **OPPOSITE PLATE**, and you shall see and read too: only let me here add, that old Scarlett's jacket and trunk hose are of a brownish red, his stockings blue, his shoes black, tied with blue ribbands, and the soles of his shoes red. The cap upon his head is also red. The ground of the coat-armour is red. The verses (for we may not, I fear, call them poetry) are

and Queen Elizabeth, which might account for the little attention paid to it, he adds, "I cannot but say, that it is ill kept in repair, and lies very slovenly inside, and several of the windows are stopt up with bricks, and the glazing in others sadly broken, &c. &c., as is also the pavement, insomuch that scarce any cathedral in England is more neglected." (*Survey of Cathedrals*, 1730, 4to. p. 504.) What follows will excite a smile, when the *present condition* of the cathedral is borne in mind:—"It is not to be doubted, but this church will, like other cathedrals, be put into most decent repair, which is much to be wish'd; for the stone work on the outside appears beautiful, and looks very magnificent, saluting the countrey all about at great distances; and the zeal which the city has for their cathedral is much to be commended, as is their extraordinary veneration for our excellent constitution the worship of the Church of England." Let us hope the words of Browne Willis yet apply to the living inhabitants of Peterborough, though the following concluding sentence may not be so strictly apposite:—"They being here remarkable in not tolerating any *dissenting meeting* of any sort, an happiness (adds the antiquary) that no other city in England can boast of."

* The nave is about eighty feet high.

quaint, terse, and original ; and the “two queens” alluded to, are Katharine, wife of Henry VIII. and Mary Queen of Scots.* “OLD SCARLEIT” lived to reach his ninety-eighth year, having, as the inscription testifies, buried two generations of parishioners, and dying in 1591.

There is *one feature* in the interior of this cathedral which gives it a peculiar and lively interest ; not only from that which meets the eye, but which, at the same time, weighs upon the understanding and the heart. I mean, THE SCREEN and the CHOIR. They are from the design of Edward Blore, Esq. now architect of Westminster Abbey, and of St. James’s

* Katharine died at Kimbolton Castle, in Huntingdonshire, in 1535, and was buried in the cathedral. What was curious, her *hearse*, placed upon her grave, on the north side of the choir, between two pillars, near the high altar, was her only monument. It was covered with a black velvet pall, crossed with a white cloth of silver,—stript afterwards for one of meaner value : remaining till 1643, with her Spanish escutcheons upon it, says Willis. It was then, as might be expected, stolen by the crew of Oliver Cromwell. It should seem, from Gunton, that on some one’s representing to Henry VIII. “how well it became his greatness to erect a fair monument to the memory of his queen Katharine, he answered ; ‘Yes, he would leave her one of the goodliest monuments in Christendom :’ meaning THIS CHURCH : for he had then in his thoughts the demolishing of abbeys, which shortly after followed.”—p. 330. The body of the unfortunate Mary, which, strange to say, lay at Fotheringay Castle, where she was beheaded, a full half year before it received interment in this cathedral, lay on the opposite south side, between two pillars ; but twenty-five years afterwards, her son, our James I. took it up for interment in Westminster Abbey. Gunton is copious and communicative upon the interment and removal of her body. See page 335, where the spoliation of these two royal tombs, with some other acts of disgusting profaneness, are described with painful minuteness.

and Buckingham Palaces. The choir presents us with one of the most beautiful and perfect elevations imaginable, of the style of the fourteenth century ; and, as before alluded to, with a striking proof of what right patriotic feelings, and a generous spirit in a few leading individuals, can accomplish. This screen, with the organ-gallery and choir, were raised and completed at the moderate expense of £5000 ; of which sum the late Earl Fitzwilliam nobly contributed £500.* It was also wrought by local workmen. To my eye, its only drawbacks are, its execution in *clunch* instead of *stone*, and its being placed almost flat upon the floor of the nave, with the slight elevation of *one* step only. There should have been *five* steps at the least. The armorial bearings, facing the nave, are partial and coloured ; but one wishes to see them cut in stone, its own proper material ; as such garish colours disturb, if I may so speak, the tranquillity and chasteness of the general exterior. To the right of the door, as you enter the choir, there is a brass plate with an elaborate inscription ; but from which of the signs of the zodiac in the heavens this plate fell upon the earth, to maintain its present *distinguished* position, I am not disposed to take the pains of enquiring.

If the *Screen* be at once an object of attraction

* The list of contributions may be seen in Mr. Britton's account of this cathedral, p. 26. The Dean and Chapter collectively gave £1000, and of these, individually, Dr. Spencer Madan gave £400, and the Bishop and Dean £200 each in addition. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, who had once been Dean of Peterborough, (comfort for the present Dean !) also gave £200. There is an excellent line-engraving of the Screen, from the pencil of Mr. Moore, one of the pupils of Mr. Blore.

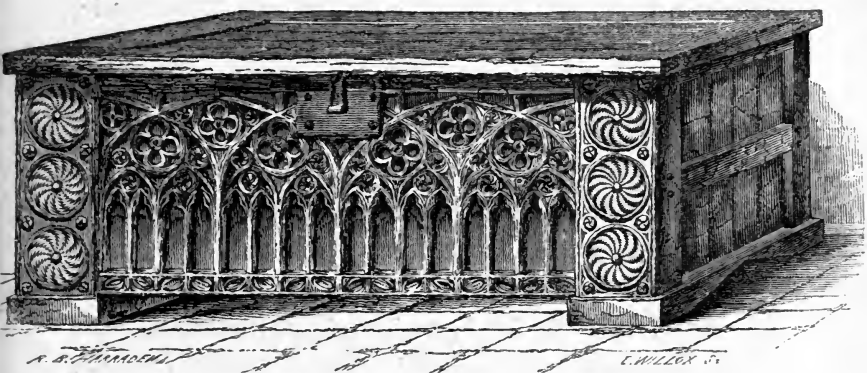
and a monument of modern taste and provincial liberality, let us not forget THE CHOIR, equally a similar object of beauty and admiration. It is strikingly grand; but I wish Mr. Blore would allow the oak, in which it is executed, to receive a slight coat of oil or varnish, in the absence of that best of all polish which is supplied by elbow-labour. There is a dry and dirtyish look upon the surface of the whole, which is an absolute drawback from its general beauty and harmony. The choir is, I understand, a faithful copy of its predecessor, as far as the disposition of its leading features is considered; but surely the pulpit is ill-placed in its present position,* and the bishop's throne is disproportionably elevated?

The altar was once a proud feature within this choir. According to Gunton, who saw it before its demolition by Cromwell's savages, and who describes it as "the admiration of strangers and travellers," it had "a stately screen, well wrought, painted, and gilt, which rose up as high almost as the roof of the church, in a row of three lofty spires, with other lesser spires growing out of each of them.† This,

* I attended the service, to hear, for the second time, Mozart's 12th Mass, of which my friend Dr. James was so obliging as to bespeak the performance: but the pew, a little beyond the pulpit to the left, was in so retreating a position, and the pulpit stood so forward, as to cause me to hear the whole very indistinctly and unsatisfactorily. And thus I am persuaded it would be with the sermon.

† Page 334. A *plate* of this screen, as the third of those prefixed to Gunton's history, is here referred to: at once attesting the truth of the beauty of the screen, and the impious violence by which such an object could have been destroyed. Gunton was a native of Peterborough, and a prebendary of the cathedral. He lived (says Bishop Patrick) "almost all his days here, whereby he

now," continues my author, "had no imagery work upon it, or any thing else that might justly give offence; and yet, because it bore the name of the *High Altar*, was pulled all down with ropes, layed low and levell with the ground." On quitting it, and turning towards the south transept, I enquired for THE VESTRY,—for old books, old trunks or chests,* and old furniture. "We have nothing," said the vestryman, "older than this chest, which is thought to be a pretty thing."



had the advantage of being perfectly acquainted with many things about which he writes: particularly the monuments in the church, broken down in the late sacrilegious times, whose inscriptions, when he was but a boy, as he himself writes, he hath often read and also transcribed." The most valuable part of his book is the supplement, of which he was not the author.

* There is no pencil which delineates old furniture, of every description, like that of WILLIAM TWOPENNY, Esq. barrister at law. The known diffidence of this gentleman compels me to be thus brief in the notice of his felicitous attainments in this branch of art.

That portion, which is called the *Ladye-Chapel*, and which enfilades the outer part of the choir, and was a library in Bishop Kennet's time, is perfection, within and without. The interior exhibits the fan-tail roof. I remarked to my friend Dr. James, that the buttresses appeared to be too solid and ponderous for so comparatively low a building. He replied, that, probably the insecurity of the foundation rendered it necessary. Had the buttresses been opened, ("percés au jour," as it is prettily called in the French language) it were difficult to conceive any thing more beautifully perfect than this exterior. The windows, with the battlement or ballustrade, above, are models for imitation; but there is one central window frightfully disfigured by stained glass. John Knox would have directed a volley of grape-shot to be discharged for its demolition. It were certainly an act of kindness quietly and soberly to get rid of such a casement.

But it is time to enter the LIBRARY; the more so, as its exterior has considerable attraction; and as the furniture of the interior* was supplied chiefly

* In Browne Willis's time, (1730) it was "stored with abundance of choice books, and other valuable curiosities, through the generosity of the present (White Kennet) worthy bishop, who is daily enriching it with his excellent collections." Indeed, the same antiquarian prelate (where now be the *Kennets*, *Nicholsons*, *Tanners*, and *Gibsons*, which once used to grace the prelatical bench, and add to the stores of their country's antiquities?) "being a most curious and learned antiquary, kindly communicated to Browne Willis several valuable materials towards illustrating the accounts of Peterboro' Cathedral, and other churches, published by him."—p. 477, 310. In Gunton's *Peterborough*, (p. 173–224) there are not fewer than fifty-one pages devoted to an "Ancient Catalogue of a

by WHITE KENNET—a name dear to antiquarians—and who was first Dean, and afterwards Bishop, of Peterborough. The political tergiversations of the earlier life of this learned antiquary are, perhaps, easily forgiven by the bibliomaniac—when he opens the matchless quarto volume which contains *Tell Truth's New Year's Gift*, &c. 1593; *The Passionate Maniac*; *Euphue's Shadow*; *The Battaille of the Senses*, &c. by T. L. (I suppose *Thomas Lodge*), 1592; *The Deaf Man's Dialogue*; *Endimion*, *The Man in the Moone*, played before the *Queene's Maiestie at Greenwich, on Candlemas Day, at night, by the chyldren of Paules*, 1592. These tracts are bound in one volume, in old vellum binding. But should the heart of the lover and treasurer of rare old English poetry not melt and relent, when he embraces the foregoing volume, there can be no doubt of such a result if he be fortunate enough to lay his hand upon *Phaer's nine*

Library in this monastery, which, no date annexed to it, must be left to conjecture when it might be taken." It consists entirely of MSS. mostly theological, as might be expected: but there is no very despicable sprinkling of ancient classical lore, apparently all Latin. Of the *Lives of Saints, Founders, and Bishops*, there is a large and curious assortment: with a French romance of *Guy de Burgoyne*, and the *Feats of Osuel*: qu. Otuel? For a sight of this latter, original, text, the editor of the third Abbotsford Club Book, (*the Romances of Rowland and Vernagn, and Otuel*; *Edinb.* 1836, 4to.) would give not a little; as he is quite unacquainted with its existence. See p. iv. "Preliminary Remarks" of that beautiful volume. Such a catalogue of MSS. of which not ONE is now left within its ancient precincts, makes us sigh at the mutations and perishableness of all earthly treasures. I will hope, however, that many of them have crept into other repositories.

first books of the Æneid, (comprising, in fact, ten) 1562, 4to.; *Drant's Horace*, 1567, 4to.; and *Golding's Ovid's Metamorphoses*, 1567, 4to.: all in one volume, of matchless size and condition. An old marked price, (perhaps the original) in ink, is 'vjs. vjd.' A later mark, in pencil, very like one of Osborne's, is '3s. 6d.'—marks, now-a-days, sufficient to set the old, as well as the new, "blood dancing in the veins!"

But this is surely irregular, as well as a little rhapsodical; and we must say a word or two about the exterior, as well as enter upon a more methodical examination of the interior, of this Library. Its exterior is peculiarly, and it may be said prettily, situated; it occupies nearly the whole of the opening of the central arch of the western front; and an external staircase conducts us to it. This exterior (of which the almost prodigal liberality of Mr. Britton has treated us with a view, executed to perfection by the unrivalled burin of John Le Keux) is surrounded by, if not embedded in, ornamental sculpture the most frivolous and capricious; and which the eye of taste, without being very fastidious, may wish far away. The period of this structure is of the end of the fifteenth century. The ceiling is of coeval wood, and its dimensions are in good proportion. I must not however omit to make special as well as honourable mention of the assistance derived from the active services of the Rev. Herbert Marsh, son of the Bishop, and one of the prebendaries; who kindly and invariably accompanied me, in my researches in the

library, for two successive days. Mr. Marsh is the very individual for a librarian; which, to him, is a merely honorary office; and he fills it in a manner to entitle him to the best thanks of the chapter. He has zeal, taste, and the happiest aptitude for the fulfilment of all the duties of an efficient librarian. Koburger warms, and Wynkyn de Worde inspires him. His activity is equal to his kindness; and the thorough *gusto* with which he enters upon any particular point of bibliography, knotty or smooth, cannot fail to be at once admitted and admired. I had only to express a wish to see a book, and whether that book were tall or short, longitudinally or perpendicularly placed—at the summit, or at the bottom, of the shelves—it was before me in a trice!

I soon discovered that the books had not been frequently molested. A coat of cathedral dust was upon most of their exteriors, which Mr. Marsh's mingled compassion and indignation soon dispersed; and had it not been for his good sense, as well as sympathy, half of Bishop Kennet's treasures had been well nigh scorched to a cinder, by a blazing western sun, which darted its unobstructed rays through a gothic bay window of no stinted dimensions. Mr. Marsh has softened the sun's fierceness by enveloping the whole window in a blind, which draws up and down, as may be needful, and of the benefit of which I was made duly sensible on more occasions than one. The book-binder has a good deal to do here: but we may as well briefly describe a few of the more desirable treasures.

There are no MSS.; and the only semblance of an ancient one are some verses, apparently of the time of Chaucer, which are written upon vellum, on two small, and very sombre and mutilated, fragments; marked 'Φ. 5.55.' The greater part of the contents of these dingy fragments is utterly illegible. What can be made out, is here presented to the reader: the scription being in a bold gothic character:—

“ That hym were better to be dede
 And he can tho'—other rede,
 Bot on his Asse azent he caste
 His trusse and hiethe hym hōwarde faste
 And when that he come home to bedde
 He told his wife how that he spedde
 Both finalli to speke izte more
 Vnto this lorde he drade hym sore,
 So that a worde ne durste he sein,
 And thvs vpon the morowe azene
 In the manere as I record
 Forthe with his ass and with his corde,
 Togeder wodde as he did ere
 He gothe, and when that he come thare
 Vnto the place where he wolde.
 He hath his asse anone beholde
 Which had gadred alle aboute
 Of stickes here and there a rowte,
 And leide hem redy to his honde
 Whereof he made his trusse and bonde
 Ffro day to day in this wise.”

If I am unable to direct the reader's attention to MSS. properly so considered, it is in my power to call it to a very curious manuscript effusion, written

in the fly-leaf of an edition of the *French Academie*, 1586, 4to. ; which is as follows :—

“ *Rex* and *Grex* are like of sound.
 But *Dux* doth *rex* and *grex* confound.
 If *Cru*x of *dux* might have ith fill, [*sic*]
 Then *rex* of *grex* might have his will.
Five subsidies then to *Tlenn* should turne,
 And *grex* would laugh that now doth mourne.
Rex, thy *Gre*x doth mourne and much complaine,
 That *dux* bears *cru*x, and *cru*x not *dux* again.”

*Fidei cotricula cru*x.

As the hand-writing is of the time of Charles II, the “*Dux*” was, in all probability, the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

Here are some of the earliest printed pieces of *Sir David Lyndsay* : his *Dialog of Experience and a Courtier* ; Paris, 1558, 8vo. :—end of the 4th book, *Quod Lyndesay*. It is followed by his *Dream*, 1558, A to D, in eights ; next, the tragedy of *Father David*, fresh title, eight leaves ; then, fresh title, *The Papyngo*, 1558 ; aa, bb, in eights. On reverse of a. v. ‘*Finis.*’ A sound clean copy. There is the reprint of the first treatise, “*with certain other pithie posies of works invented by the said knight,*” 1566, 4to. ; printed by Thomas Purfoot and William Pickering, with wood-cuts, ending with the *Deploration of Queen Magdalene*.* On the last page of this copy, at the end, we have the

* I have a loose memorandum, thus : which I know not how to dove-tail with the above. “Eight pages of preface, with three additional pieces after the ‘*Deploration of Magdalene.*’ No date at the end ; but printed in Purfoot’s large type : no cuts.”

following not uninteresting MS. note :—" *William Rastall's book, haberdasher. Anno Dom. 1605. Bought of Mrs. Stow, the Cronikler (s) wife.*" The sum (perhaps small enough) is not specified. There is a reprint of this edition, in the Scotch dialect, (which the preceding does not seem to be in) of the date of 1568,—according to a MS. entry—in 4to. Here is an edition of *Boccas and Sydracke*, 4to.; printed by Thomas Godfray, "at the cost and charge of Robert Saltwood, monk of St. Austin's, at Canterbury:" device, at the back, of the arms of Canterbury on the second quartering of the shield. A perfect, but cropt, copy. What is rather curious, there is a duplicate copy, *uncut*; but sadly imperfect.

Here is a copy, in a stained and tender condition, of the *Duke of Somerset's Expedition into Scotland*, written by William Patten, and printed by Grafton, 1548, 12mo. See the *Library Companion*, p. 275, second edition; where all the mysterious gossip, and essential adjuncts, appertaining to this rare book, are duly marshalled. It is capable of being made a desirable volume, and no time should be lost in so doing, as it is a book not only of great scarcity, but of considerable historical importance. The Duke of Somerset led a strong and victorious army into Scotland, to compel the union of the unfortunate Mary with our Edward VI. The Earl of Arran, one of Mary's guardians, opposed him. The battle of Pinkie, near Edinburgh, was fought; and ten thousand Scots were left dead upon the field and in the rout. The affrighted Mary betook herself abroad,

to become the consort of Francis II.* To return to our books. Here is a curious volume, which I do not remember to have seen before, called *Descriptions of Passions and Pursuits*, with many very singular wood-cuts, and some from Fox's Martyrology. The beginning is imperfect, on 'B i;' ending with five stanzas after the "Description of Doom." There are eighteen stanzas of Problems.

Here are (as there are every where) some pieces of Nashe and Dekker,† but nothing in the shape of

* "Pinkie, or Pinkey; noted for the fatal overthrow of the Scots, under their regent, the Earl of Arran, on September 10th, 1547, by the protector, Duke of Somerset. Ten thousand Scots fell that day: and by this *rough courtship*, Mary Stuart, then in her minority; was frightened into the arms of the Dauphin of France, instead of sharing the crown of England with her amiable cousin, Edward VI." —PENNANT: *Tour in Scotland*, 1769; p. 60-1. Somerset was Earl of Hertford when he entered Scotland in 1544, for the prosecution of a predatory and bloody warfare, which seemed to be equally without excuse and without object. He fought the battle of Pinkey so ill, that the Scots, if a manœuvre of the Earl of Angus had not been misconstrued into a flight, must, in the end, have cut him to pieces. The road, for ten miles, was strewn with dead bodies and soldiers' habiliments. See Rev. Mr. Morton's *Monastic Annals of Tiviotdale*, 1832, 4to.—p. 99. Patten, the author of the above highly curious volume—which was reprinted in *Fragments of Scot's History*, 1798—seems to have dismissed the MS. "out of the Parsonage of St. Mary Hill, in London, this xxviii of January, 1548." The Peterborough copy should be well bound in morocco forthwith.

† Of the former, his *Trimming*, by Richard Lichfielde. The preface is curious enough. The title is wanting, beginning on A 2. It is bound with seventeen other tracts, which should be taken to pieces and separately bound. Among them, is *Dekker's Band, Ruff and Cuff; Bell-man's Night Walk, &c.; Pappé with a Hatchett; Gentle Craft; Counter Scuffle; Martin Mar Prelate, &c.*

a sacred volume, worth particular detail, if we except a portion of the Bible, in a small thick octavo, beginning with the tenth chapter of the first book of Kings, and ending with the thirty-second chapter of Job : Esther and Job following Esdras. A full page has thirty-three lines. Here is also an imperfect Latin and English New Testament, in double columns, 4to. beginning with the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, and ending with the fifteenth chapter of Revelations. The Latin is in Roman, the English in black letter. Here is also a work of a religious complexion, called, *The World possessed with Devills* : 1. Of the devills let loose : 2. Of black devills : 3. Of white devills ; 1583, 12mo. Its dullness prevented all progress in reading.

Thus much, or rather perhaps thus little, for the LIBRARY* attached to this cathedral. It is, how-

* I cannot, however, allow this "much, or this little," to pass, without subjoining a book-aneecdote of a very delectable description. There was, and yet may be, an ancient history of the Church of Peterborough, written in the Latin tongue, in the reign of Henry II, or Henry III, by one *Hugo*, surnamed *Candidus*, or *White* ; but latterly and vulgarly denominated the BOOK OF SWAPHAM ; because one Robert Swapham was absurdly supposed to have been its author. The anecdote is thus told by Bishop Patrick : "One book indeed, and but one, still remains, which was happily redeemed from the fire by the then chaunter of the church, Mr. Humfry Austin ; who, knowing the great value of it, first hid it (in February 1642) under a seat in the quire ; and when it was found by a soldier, on the 22nd April, 1643, (when all the seats there were pulled down) rescued it again, by the offer of 'ten shillings for that old Latin Bible,' as he called it, after which he pretended to enquire. The name of the *Bible*, by the help of *the ten shillings*, preserved this precious treasure from the flames, whither it was going, as Mr. Austin hath left upon record, in the beginning of the book, with a

ever, upon the whole, a useful and creditable collection of books ; and neither time nor cost should be spared in putting the more curious and valuable volumes into safe and sound condition, by appropriate bindings. Let us now return, for a few minutes, and for the last time, into the Cathedral ; and gaze upon a few *printed surfaces*, impressed upon a less perishable substance than that of paper : and, as we gaze and read, apply the lessons, to be learned therefrom, to our individual benefit. Of course, the reader is hence expecting some account of the *Monumental Inscriptions*. Alas ! for the Cromwellian persecution, in the shape of the most indiscriminate and ruthless devastation among the MONUMENTS which once graced the walls of this cathedral ! Never were the mattock, axe, and hammer, more furiously, constantly, and successfully applied to the demolition of the sculptor's art, both within and without, than they were on Cromwell's merciless visitation of this place. John Knox, at St. Andrew's, could hardly have chuckled louder

copy of the soldier's acknowledgment, that he had given him satisfaction for it, in the following words :—*'I pray let this scripture-book alone, for he hath paid me for it, and therefore I would desire you to let it alone. By me, Henry Topcliffe, souldier under Captain Cromwell, Colonel Cromwell's son : therefore I pray let it alone.'*—*Gunton's History*. It was not my good fortune to meet with this curiosity during my examination of the library. It is almost marvellous how so learned and cautious a man as Bishop Patrick should indirectly give credence to the wild stories connected with the earlier life of Hugo Candidus ; who, he says, "once vomited fifteen basons full of blood in one week." Doubtless a good deal will depend upon the *size of the bason*.

than Cromwell must have done on the consummation of such sacrilegious mischief. The indignation of my fellow-labourer, Mr. Britton, is properly excited upon this subject; and his quotation from the *Mercurius Rusticus, or the Country's Complaint*, 1646, 4to. is as curious as instructive.*

We are largely indebted to Browne Willis for his preservation of many of the monumental inscriptions of this church, "picked up by him when he was on the spot, Anno 1718, and also what he could gather out of the Hattonian MS. when he was indulged with the favour of perusing it."† Few of these inscrip-

* *Antiquities of Peterborough Cathedral*, p. 37, &c.

† Browne Willis goes on to observe: "And this I the rather chuse to do, because not a fourth part of the inscriptions, which remained in Mr. Gunton's time, are inserted in his history; neither has any author engaged to give us them." He adds, that Le Neve, who took all the inscriptions in the cathedrals of Ely and Oxford, took only *five* in that of Peterborough: for which reason "he more readily proceeds to publish them in general."—"But the best monuments, the RECORDS OF THE CHURCH, out of which a more complete history might have been gathered, are never to be recovered; being torn in pieces, or burnt, by the more than *Gothish* barbarity of those ignorant people, who took upon them the glorious name of Reformers: an account of which is given by a faithful hand, in the conclusion of the Supplement to this Work."—BISHOP PATRICK; *Pref. to Gunton's Peterborough*, 1686; folio. Of course there are good, bad, and indifferent epitaphs in Willis's list of those in Peterborough Cathedral; but the author is entitled to our thanks for his perseverance—and perhaps few volumes would be more acceptable to the thinking, as well as curious, part of the community, than one of well-chosen epitaphs throughout the cathedrals of Great Britain. Canterbury, St. Paul's and Westminster, would alone furnish an instructive homily.

tions are interesting to the general reader ; but the learned antiquary will not fail to be struck with several Latin ones, which (as was very common in those days) exhibit *puns* upon the names of the deceased. Thus, we have the following upon *Lucia Duport*, a maiden lady, who died in 1665, at the age of sixty-one :

Dum sapiens Virgo vigilâsti ardente *Lucernâ*
 Expectans Sponsum nocte dieque tuum ;
 Præluxisti aliis, et *Lampas* in orbe fuisti,
 Moribus et Vitâ *Lucida* Virgo tuâ,
 Nunc quoniam in terris tibi *lux* brevis occidit, ergo
 Æternâ in Cœlis *Lucia luce* micas.

Miss Duport was the sister of the dean, who erected this tablet to her memory. But the most elaborate Latin specimen of this *nominal punning*, (if I may use the expression) is the epitaph upon *Richard Worme, Esq.* a native of Peterborough, who died in 1589, in his fifty-ninth year. I subjoin the latter portion of this epitaph :

Vermis edat *Vermem* ? credas cum *Vermibus* ecce est
Vermis, sic *Vermis Vermibus* esca manet.
Vermis edat *Vermem* ? haud credas, non *Vermibus* ipse est
Vermis, nec *Vermis Vermibus* esca manet.
 Sic est, sic non est, verum est hunc esse beatum
Vermibus atque suis, *Vermibus* absque suis.

Enough of this strain. For quaintness and conceit, in our own tongue, take the following. In the body of the church, on a grey marble, near the

seventh pillar, is the following : the deceased having been a midwife :

Heare lyeth the body of Jane Parker, the wife of Valentine Parker : she departed this life Sep. 19, 1653.

Here lyeth a Midwife *brought to bed,*
 Deliveresse *delivered ;*
 Her body being *Churched* here,
 Her soul gives thanks in yonder sphere.

The following is also epigrammatic, but in a more elevated and touching tone. The deceased was a *Lady Ormes* :*

Mistake not, Reader, I thee crave,
 This is an *Altar*, not a *Grave* ;
 Where fire rak'd up in ashes lies,
 And hearts are made the sacrifice ;
 Till time and truth, her worth and fame,
 Revive her embers into flame.

For rough, bold, and quaint epitaphian rhymes, I refer my reader to the verses under the figure of *old Scarlett*, in the plate, p. 13. Here, as almost every-

* “ The entire monument, of two arches, containing two men in armour, and two women praying at desks, with seven sons and three daughters, was completed in 1640, *before* the demise of Sir Humphrey and Lady Frances Ormes, together with their eldest son, Humphrey Ormes :—“ who lived to see the destruction of what was to continue their memories.”—*Willis*, p. 488-9. The author of the *Supplement to Gunton's Peterborough*, at page 336, thus remarks upon this melancholy act of spoliation :—“ Which two words, *altar* and *sacrifice*, 'tis said, did so provoke the zealots' indignation, that they resolved to make the *tomb* itself a sacrifice ; and with axes, poleaxes, and hammers, destroy and break down all that curious monument ; save only two pilasters still remaining, which shew and testifie the elegancy of the rest of the work. Thus it hapned that the good

where, are verses upon the departure of *Infants* : a theme, at once fruitful and impressive, from the obvious illustrations suggested. The following couplet, upon the daughter of a Mr. Austin, January 17, 1666, is striking :

*Here lyes a Babe, that only cry'd
In Baptism to be washed from sin,—and dyed.**

It is barely possible for a reflecting mind to quit the precincts of a cathedral, without casting its thoughts abroad respecting the private histories of those who once grasped the crosier, or maintained the hospitalities of the priory. In regard to the former, it does not appear that any very distinguished character presents itself to our notice, if we except the name of RICHARD CUMBERLAND, author of the *De Legibus Naturæ*, and grandfather to the well-

old knight, who was a constant frequenter of God's publick worship three times a day, outlived his own monument; and lived to see himself carried *in effigie*, on a souldier's back, to the publick market-place, there to be sported withall; a crew of souldiers going before in procession, some with surplices, some with organ-pipes, to make up the solemnity."

* Of all the monumental inscriptions, suggested by the innocency of departed infants, perhaps few are more moving, as well as quaint, than the following, on a tomb in the public burial-ground at *Copenhagen*—of which the late Earl Spencer, when on a visit there, in 1822, was so obliging as to furnish me with the following transcript :

JOHNNY.

Beneath, a sleeping infant lies,
To earth his body's sent;
More glorious he'll hereafter rise,
But not more innocent.
When the Archangel's trump shall blow,
And Souls to Bodies join,
Millions shall wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.

known Richard Cumberland of a recent period,—among the brightest dramatists and philologists of the age. The bishop died in 1718. The name of PARSONS, the predecessor of the present venerable diocesan, is held in high respect at the academic seat of learning* whence he was transferred to Peterborough; but his retention of the see was of short duration. They show you the punt, if not the very group of osiers, amongst which the late Bishop lingered, with his rod in hand, along the course of the river, enjoying the luxuries of angling: for, like Paley, Bishop Parsons was keenly devoted to this seductive diversion. It is no idle or hollow compliment to the present occupier of the see, to affirm that, in intellectual perspicacity, and vigorous pursuit of biblical researches, the name of MARSH has no equal amongst its predecessors.† Bishop Marsh is now in his eighty-second year, and necessarily in such a state of repose, if not imbecility, as to render all farther activity hopeless.

* Oxford. Dr. Parsons was Master of Baliol College; a high churchman, and, if possible, a higher Tory. His parts were rather solid than shining. His scholarship might have equalled that of his friend Dr. Tournay; but he had not his close, grappling powers of argument: nor was his knowledge so varied, or brought so readily into the ordinary circle of disquisition.

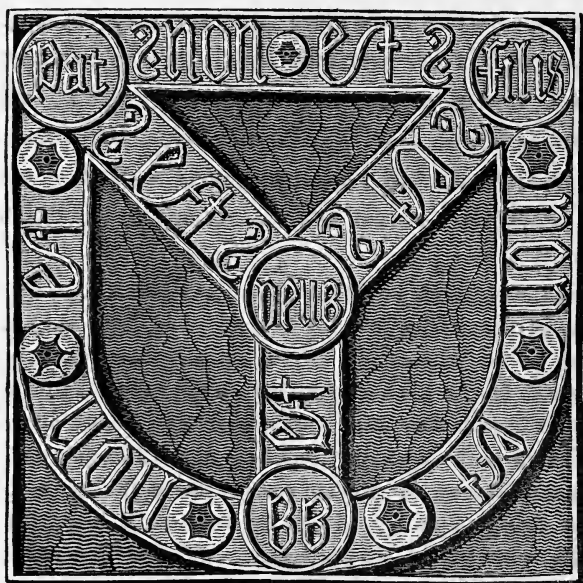
† It is not because the individual is living, of whom I thus speak, that I am induced to award my humble meed of praise in the manner above awarded; but because those who have read Bishop Marsh's controversial pamphlets with the late Dr. Milner, of Cambridge,—a man, whose head was not only covered with the knobs or organs of mathematical ratiocination, in all its varieties, but who was, in fact, a subtle and formidable disputant,—those, I say, who

What, since the Reformation, have been deans, were formerly abbots; and, amongst the latter, what name equals that of KIRTON? To the enterprize, activity, liberal spirit, and exquisite taste, of this Prior, we owe the eastern termination of the cathedral,—the residence now in part occupied by the Bishop,—and the gate (doubtless with many former adjuncts) now leading to the deanery. That demoralising spirit of desecration, which equally accompanied the reformers of the sixteenth and the fanatics of the seventeenth century, has left but too evident traces upon the surface of what Abbot Kirton erected. Of his own favourite chamber, built in the abbatial residence, and called *Heaven-gate chamber*,* not a vestige remains. In Kirton's

have read such proofs of Bishop Marsh's attainments, will agree with me in pronouncing them to be perfect of their species. To me, and, I think, to posterity, his theological labours upon Michaelis will seem to furnish the best materials wherewith to build the monument of an imperishable fame. Many years have passed away since I enjoyed the author's society; and he is now, I fear, in a condition to be almost equally insensible of censure and of praise.

* See *Rymer's Fœd.* vol. xiv. p. 733,—where it is called *hevyn-gate*. The appellative is not uncommon. When at Vienna, I lodged at the Hungarian Crown hotel, in a street called "*Himmelfort*," which also means Heaven-gate. The advantage which a *chamber*, so called, has over a street so called, is obvious enough; as approximating it more closely to the propriety of the epithet. Society, friends, discourse, goodly hangings, commodious garniture of every description,—BOOKS,—sweet interchange of virtuous sentiment.... but enough, to prove a superiority over brawling uproar or revolutionary devastation... of which evidences are too frequent and too fatal *without*. Abbot Kirton, of all the men of his day, was among the most communicative, social, and spirit-stirring. If his heart was

time, as it appears to me, the cathedral of Peterborough had attained the very plentitude of its architectural glory. This excellent man (who seems to have taken a leaf out of the book of a brother abbot, named John of Whetamstead, of St. Alban's*) was advanced to the priorship in 1496, and died in 1528. Some of his capriccios, or ornaments about his buildings, were singular enough; as the ensuing testifies.



ample, so was his purse. Gunton, and all his followers, seem to revel in chronicling the outward proofs of his zeal, taste, and right feeling. Such men are born to be blessings, not only to their particular communities, but to the public and the world at large. Of the face and figure of this renowned Abbot, we know nothing. When I entered the very curious old hall, and ascended the staircase of the bishop's palace—formerly that abbot's residence—it seemed as if his SPIRIT yet animated the locality!

* Whetamsted, or *Wheatamstead*, was twice elected Abbot of

The inscription is thus : on the left, *Pater* ; on the right, *Filius* ; in the centre, *Deus* ; at the bottom, SS, for *Sanctus Spiritus* ; surrounding inscription, *Est*, and *Non est* : being one of those quaint caprices in which our forefathers delighted.*

Who, that has one genuine drop of antiquarian blood in his veins, would allow himself to tarry even forty-eight hours within the precincts of the cathedral of Peterborough, without paying a visit to the shrine of *John Ingulph* ?—in other words, to the ABBEY OF CROYLAND, of which that distinguished personage was at once the abbot and historian ? Accordingly, it seemed almost an act of religious duty to make a pilgrimage to such a shrine ; and the most pleasant, as well as prompt, mode of performing it, was to be conveyed thither by quadrupedical means. A carriage and pair conveyed myself, my daughter, and two friends thither ; and although the distance does not exceed eight miles, we had to pay some smart tolls for the gratification of our curiosity.

St. Alban's: the first time in 1420, the second in 1460. He was adored by the monks and surrounding gentry. His additions, or decorations of the abbey church, were many and splendid. His own tomb aspires to heaven. It is thirty-five feet high ; and the canopy, which covers the resting-place of the body, presents a specimen of fret-work, cut out of hard stone, so minute, delicate, and harmoniously perfect, as to give the appearance of the petrification of Brussels lace. The *wheat-sheaf* is studded all over this lofty and magnificent tomb, in allusion to the name of the departed : a great name and a good.

* I am indebted to Mr. Clifton, bookseller at Peterborough, for the use of the above wood-cut, which will be seen in his useful *Guide*, or *Epitome of Gunton's History*, 1826, 8vo.

“You found our *roads* excellent?” said the mayor to me, on dining with him on the day of our excursion. “Yes, sir,” replied I; “and your *tolls* keep pace with them.” We did not return from Croyland under a less penalty than five shillings.

From earliest manhood—and especially from the perusal of *Henry's History of England**—I had fixed my antiquarian affections upon Croyland and its illustrious historian; and in one of the lectures upon English literature which I delivered at the Royal Institution,† I took occasion to dwell largely upon the celebrity of the abbey over which Ingulph once presided. Leaving the fabulous history of its earlier years to be solved from the rude carvings on the great western door, which seem to have made a

* See vol. vi. p. 123, &c. Ingulph wrote the history of the Abbey of Croyland, from its foundation in 664, to his own time, 1091: his text appears in the volume of Gale and Fell's Collection, which was edited by Fell, together with a continuation of the same history. It may not be uninteresting to add, that there was once a MS. of Ingulph's history, in which was a transcription of the only laws ever promulgated by William the Conqueror, in Norman-French. The MS. is now considered to be destroyed. This version, however, is thought by Ritson to be the work of some monk of later times. The laws themselves would have been undoubtedly proclaimed in the Saxon tongue.

† See *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, p. 240. The eighth lecture contained some notice of this eminent character; but for a just appreciation of his worth, as an historian, consult the magnificent work of the *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules*, vol. XI. p. xlii:—“Ingulph avoit tout vu en bon connoisseur, et, ce qu'il rapporte, il l'écrit en homme lettré, judicieux, et vrai:” and yet more particularly the animated eulogium upon him in a note (*a*) at page 153 of the same volume.

desperate struggle to survive the ravages of time, I set out upon this pilgrimage with feelings which it were difficult to describe. Ingulph had been the secretary of William the Conqueror.* His talents for monastic government were equalled by his pen as a writer. At that time the Latin language was confined to the Church: the court speaking Norman-French, and the common people the Saxon tongue. Fortunately for posterity, Ingulph wrote the history of his abbey in the Latin language,—“into which (says my old favourite, Dr. Henry) he hath introduced much of the general history of the kingdom, with a variety of curious anecdotes, which are nowhere else to be found;” but if the reader happen to possess the splendid and curious work, referred to in the preceding note, he will find that in the pages of Ingulph are to be discovered many very

* The fact is, that when William the Conqueror came over here, in the time of Edward the Confessor, he took a great fancy to our Ingulph, who had then scarcely attained the age of manhood. On returning here as conqueror over Harold, and, consequently monarch of the country, he sought his favourite, made him his prime secretary, and subsequently raised him to the abbotcy of Croyland, one of the richest monastic establishments in the kingdom. Ingulph was a Londoner (A.D. 1030) by birth, and afterwards a student at Oxford, where he applied to the study of Aristotle, and (as he says) “clothed himself down to the heel in the first and second rhetoric of Tully.” If, instead of applying his vigorous understanding to the ordinary dull details of monastic history, our Ingulph had favoured posterity with something like the *Annals of his Time*, or *Memoirs of the Court of William*, it had doubtless been a treasure which such a posterity would have abundantly valued.

interesting facts and passages connected with the magical history of the *Table Ronde*: vol. xi. præf. p. xliii.

But for the "pilgrimage." The road was indeed smooth and sound. The country, flat and expansive; an ocean of cornfields—intersected very frequently with broad, draining dykes, assuming at times the imposing character of canals. The soil seemed to be rich as well as loamy: but the sun had withdrawn his beams; a gloomy sullen sky canopied our heads; a stiff breeze occasionally came whistling along, from the distant fens, and the day was altogether sad and repulsive. Perhaps such a day were better suited for such a visit; for external desolation loses half its proper effect midst the splendour of sunshine and the gaiety of checquered clouds. Yet I will own, as I entered Croyland, that it seemed as if I was about to visit "the last man"—the last human habitation—and the last temple of religious worship. Such a spot, as that of Croyland, is rarely found.* Although the huge central tower of Peterborough Cathedral be sufficiently palpable in the distance, yet it should seem as if the village and inhabitants of the place had nothing to do with the world around them...

" — penitus toto divisos orbe."

The fowler and the fisherman,—the grazier and the dairy-man,—are the chief occupiers of this "ultima

* The reader may consult the history of this abbey, by Gough, in the *Bibl. Topog. Britan.* and in a more compressed form, with four plates, in *Mr. Britton's Architectural Antiquities*, vol. iv.

thule." Rescued as they now seem to be from the waste of waters by which their forefathers were surrounded, they wake, walk, and ramble, in a sort of dreamy abstraction; and life seems to wear away as if cows, geese, and wild fowl, were the only objects of human pursuit. Yet, even here, the spirit of modern improvement is advancing . . . together with population, its invariable attendant.

But the *Bridge* and the *Abbey* of Croyland will ever redeem this spot, as dear to the intellectual antiquary. The former is unique in its construction; having three arches, which unite in one point, over each of which is a public road. The passing and repassing of inhabitants, at this spot, from every quarter, at a time when the waters covered much of the town, and most of the country, rendered three roads of essential importance; and to build *one* bridge was necessarily less expensive than to build *three*. The arches are of stone, of admirable workmanship, and of the middle of the fourteenth century. The illustrative pages of Mr. Britton* will place the reader in immediate contact with this curious and precious relic of antiquity. Alas, for the ABBEY! Yet whoever shall gaze with a cultivated eye upon what may be called that magnificent "shadow of a shade," the fragment of its western window, †—bereft of its mullions,—stript of every entire ornament,—but leav-

* *Architectural Antiquities*, vol. iv. p. 101.

† This will be pretty well understood and appreciated by a view of the fine bold line engraving of what remains of the tower and the window, published, I believe, by the Society of Antiquaries, some fifty years ago.

ing sufficient within the external arch to shew what were its former glories—whoever, I say, contemplates this relic with a steady as well as enthusiastic eye, will, as he sighs over its departed grandeur, admit that, when entire, its beauty could not have been eclipsed by that of any similar ornament in the kingdom. Larger and loftier windows there were, and are, in abundance ; but the richness and peculiarity of its ornaments almost bid defiance to rivalry. We enter the interior. It is well nigh a waste. Desolation seems to dwell therein, as “within the walls of Belclutha.”* The nave and the south transept exhibit only the massiveness of the walls and arches of the upper windows. The northern transept is still devoted to the purpose of divine worship ; and though deal pews, and a deal pulpit, executed with the most scrupulous attention to *rectangular* beauty, do not impress the visitor with any very stirring emotions, yet it is gratifying to witness that *some* portion of this sacred edifice is rescued from desecration ; and that the public voice of “praise and thanksgiving” is yet heard within its precincts. If the spirit of INGULPH yet haunt its once beloved spot, it cannot fail to be well pleased with such a sound—although elicited from the ritual of a Reformed Church.

* “I have seen the walls of Belclutha, but they were desolate.”



PETERBOROUGH TO LINCOLN.



FORWARD! is the motto attached to more than one coat-armour; and it is a motto which should be always present in the "mind's eye" of every traveller who has objects to accomplish which require both time and opportunity to realize.

"Up and be doing," says the wisest of all mortal men; and although good fellowship and dainty fare be sufficiently operative with all travellers, sentimental or uneducated, yet it became absolutely necessary to break away from the *Capua* of my first station, Peterborough. It became absolutely necessary to bid adieu to the cordial comforts which awaited and

attended me during my stay there of four days. Painful as could not fail to be the effort, it was imperative to put it in force; and sweet voices and friendly hands were heard and felt, as the post-chaise drew up to the door of my host, on our separation for my journey to LINCOLN; making a halt of three days to see the wonders of *Belvoir Castle*, *Belton*, *Syston*, and *Newark*. That "halt" was at my old-young friend's, the Rector of Carlton Scroop;* situate to the right, and about midway between Grantham and Newark. When we arrived at Peterborough, the weather was intensely hot; but scarcely within twenty-four hours after, there was a thunder-storm, succeeded by a coolness of atmosphere, which, for the five succeeding months, may be said to have brought nothing but rain, and wind, and cold weather. During my whole journey, and till my return, there was no such thing as one continuous week of sultry or even serene weather: and this, from the sixteenth of July to the ninth of December.

Yet that day was a pleasant one, as far as sunshine and soft zephyrs went, when we bade adieu to our amiable host and hostess within the cathedral's precincts. Dr. James's house, attached to one of the abbatial walls, had been—anything the antiquary pleases... a dormitory, a refectory, a library. Be it what it might, it is exceedingly questionable if, since those "days of yore," there have ever been more

† Rev. Henry Schneider, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge. See *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, p. 762; note.

kind-heartedness, and a more genuine spirit of hospitality, within the same walls. Sure I am, that more youthful feminine beauty never dwelt therein than in the form and expression of the young and gentle *Annette*. On our route to Stamford, the first place where we changed horses, we necessarily passed *Milton* and *Castor*. I saw only the park lodge of the former, which is rather an elegant structure; but the gate attached to it is unworthy of its adjunct. The trees looked healthy and luxuriant, and the ground was gently undulating. To the left, on an eminence, is *Thorpe House*, built by Inigo Jones; but it is smothered on one side with the stabling, a usual accompaniment and disfigurement of old houses. The more ancient timber seems to have disappeared. "It is at CASTOR (said my late host) that you must stop your horses, and look about you." There was, indeed, every inducement so to do. Castor, or rather its church, stands upon an eminence; and the tower is full of antiquarian attraction,—the upper layer of the stone projecting over the sides, and mixing downwards with it, (as at Wakefield) being in the fashion of what are called the machiolating parts of a castle. It is scarcely a much younger structure than Peterborough Cathedral, to which it belongs, and of which the bishop is the patron.* There is a

* The surrender of this church, with all its domains and revenues, into the hands of the Abbot of Peterborough, towards the middle of the twelfth century, is minutely and prettily told in the Supplement to Gunton's History; see p. 277, &c. By a royal letter of Charles I. (in the fourteenth year of his reign), to the Dean and Pre-

beautiful old wooden door in the south porch, with an inscription in Roman capital letters; but as you enter the church, the "eye-balls are seared" by the brutal adoption of the breeches-ball tint! Whatever *now* be the prevalent custom of *Palm-Sunday*, observable in this church,* one would think that, in past times, there had been something very extraordinary connected with *Plough-Monday*; for a more gigantic specimen of that prime agricultural instrument does not exist, than in the north transept of this church:—there being a plough which extends from one side of the transept to the other, perhaps twenty feet in length.

boundaries of Peterborough Cathedral, it should seem that the manors of *Castor* and *Sutton* were at that time considered to be worth a net revenue of £560 per annum: "over and above the rents reserved upon them." By which I suspect the mitre of Peterborough to be garnished with no goodlier gem than that which is furnished by the rents and proceeds of the church and manor of *CASTOR*.

* I gather the account of the following most curious relic of former times, observable in this church, from *Paterson's Book of Roads*. "A very curious ceremony respecting a peculiar tenure, takes place at this church every *Palm-Sunday*. A person enters the church-yard with a green silk purse, containing two shillings and a silver penny, tied at the end of a cart-whip, which he cracks three times in the porch, and continues there till the second lesson begins, when he goes into the church, and cracks the whip again three times over the clergyman's head. After kneeling before the desk during the reading of the lesson, he presents the minister with the purse, and then, returning to the choir, he waits the remainder of the service." This custom was lately noticed by the Bishop of Lincoln, in the House of Lords; but a clause in an act of parliament to suppress it, was not suffered to pass; on account of its being supposed to effect private rights. The Chancellor, Lord Cottenham, thought however the custom should be discontinued.

An hour devoted to the interior and exterior of this church, will not be thrown away. The capitals of the pillars, supporting the tower, are very curious. Among them is a representation of a combat between two men, with nasal head-pieces and conical shields; at hand there is a man, apparently weeping, and bearing two swords, as if to supply the want from a broken one. The whole may be of the twelfth century. In the north transept is a stone coffin, having the lid carried without, in the south side of the church-yard. In the church-yard, also, there is an altar, or font,—perhaps of the year 1150,—which ought to be deposited within: nor could I notice, without something like a shuddering sensation, the shameful state of a part of the church-yard, after interment. The resident clergyman, the curate, was described to me as being “a very old gentleman, and now become indifferent to such matters:” but my friend Mr. Marsh, (the son of the bishop, who is the rector of this interesting spot) will not, I am persuaded, allow a repetition of such a nuisance. I should think the exterior of the body and the transept of Castor Church to be of about the early part of the fourteenth century. The whole village swarms with Roman antiquities—as, indeed, what village does not? Castor (derived from *Castrum*) was undoubtedly a Roman station.

STAMFORD is much improved since my first visit to it in 1813. The stone is of a beautiful tint and quality. Hence, to Grantham, is a somewhat tedious and uninteresting stage of upwards of twenty miles; but on my way thither, and within some four miles of it, it was my good fortune to meet my old friend

the Rev. Henry Taylor, the Rector of *Stoke Rochford*, whom I had known as Curate of Kensington for nineteen years, and to whom the late Rev. Thomas Rennell* (Vicar of Kensington) had presented the living, by virtue of his turn as one of the Prebendaries of Salisbury Cathedral. Our meeting was as cordial as unexpected. "You must come and see my *little cathedral*," said my friend; and within twenty minutes I was pacing its nave:—disfigured, from sad and inevitable necessity, by deal pews and a deal pulpit, in all the revolting severity of rectangular starchness. The church, consisting of a nave and two aisles, may be considered both beautiful and spacious, it having once palpably been of more capacious dimensions. An ancient monument of stone, close to the north entrance door, much struck me. It consists of the figures of a *De Neville*, Knight, and his lady, lying on the pavement, within a square frame-work, with a piece of drapery, in the form of a quilt, covering them. This coverlid extends from the shoulders of both to the ancles, the feet peeping out at bottom. The bodies should seem to be naked, and the man has a helmet on his head. This strange and rude piece of sculpture is probably of the middle of the fourteenth century. It is within a sort of ante-chapel, as is another monument of the *Montagu* family, repaired and re-gilt in 1641. There is also an old tomb, with a recent inscription in brass; which latter I could have wished away. The parsonage-house is roomy and comfortable; and the contiguous lodge of the

* *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, p. 792-9.

squire, a Mr. Turner, is in unimpeachable taste. Altogether, this meeting, with its accessories, was most agreeable ; giving me fresh spirits to resume my journey ; and within half an hour the horses stopped at the head inn of Grantham, apparently exhausted with fatigue. I should add, that, about four miles on this side of Grantham, to the right, just as I turned out of the by-road leading to my friend's church, there is a most beautiful tower, of moderate dimensions, close to the road's side ; and it were well if living architects, in their fondness for this species of architecture, would copy the one in question with scrupulous fidelity. London and its vicinity would then have less of wretched taste to offend the eye of the critic.

I WAS NOW IN THE LAND OF CHURCHES : and that of GRANTHAM was considered as the sovereign. It is situate in what may be called a valley, so that it is not seen till you near it upon an adjacent hill. Whatever it loses by its situation, it gains on a nearer approach. The crocketed spire seems suspended in the air ; and of such delicate shape and dimensions, that one wonders how it has survived the storms of nearly four centuries. The tower is perhaps too slender for its altitude. The united height of tower and spire, about 260 feet, places it at the head of all parish churches in England, with the exception of that of *Louth*, in the same county ; which exceeds it by about twenty feet. But the dominant charms of this structure must be confined to the tower and spire. The interior is, undoubtedly, very spacious, but it wants *elevation*, and, as the

Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cust (Rector of Belton) afterwards justly observed to me, "there ought to have been a *Clerestory*." This interior is, however, a most commodious one for the purposes of divine worship. The organ is large, and well placed, and the galleries (those awful invaders of the simplicity and chaste effect of primitive architecture!) are admirably arranged. Nothing impedes the view of the altar; but, alas! that altar is here in most woful plight. The coverlid of the table, whether velvet or cloth it were difficult to ascertain, is scarcely fit for the meanest purpose. The prayer-books presented "a sorry sight;" while the large window above is half hid by the intrusion of the commonest wooden boards, upon which the Commandments are inscribed: while the upper part of the stained glass is in the most deplorable taste.

There was, however, more than negative consolation in examining, hard by, an old font, very rich and curious, in high relief sculpture, illustrative of the office of Baptism: nor must I omit to notice a very singular monument, close to it, to which a clerk's desk is attached. But could I forget my old friend THE LIBRARY,—of which particular mention had been made, some twenty years ago, in certain *Decameron* pages.* It was impossible. Again I mounted the narrow staircase, and again I visited the same desolate and deserted spot. The windows were yet broken; the floor was yet cracked and uneven; the chains, clanking to the rushing

* See *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 416; note.

blast, yet dangling about the books ;—but the *Polyglot of Walton* was gone! . . . and no doubt reposing in a more genial temperature. A fine large paper copy of a folio law book, (in all probability printed by Rastell) imperfect at beginning and end, seemed to tell the tale of other times, when margins were left inviolate, and bindings were embossed with brass, and rivetted by clasps. The town of Grantham is a rambling and uninteresting one, and the houses are all flaunting in the attire of red brick.

From Grantham to the rectory of Carlton-Scroop, —our head quarters for three days,—it is but a short seven miles ; and we arrived in good time for dinner, and to digest the plan of our future operations. My friend had the means to conduct me in safety, behind a stout gig-horse, to the respective quarters I wished to visit. In our way to his house, our eyes were soon fastened upon the elevated situation of *Syston*,* that seems to look down in a most lordly manner upon the village of *Belton*, of which the EARL OF BROWNLOW may be considered the guardian and the great man. It was impossible to pass through a prettier village ; almost every substantial house having been recently moulded into the form of Elizabethan, or of very little later, architecture. The material is, if I remember rightly, stone. Reverting to our plans, it was resolved that Belton, Syston, and Belvoir Castle, should occupy one long and entire morning. We rose, if not quite with the lark, yet in time to

* There is a private aqua-tint plate, or view of its situation, of which I possess a copy ; so that, at first glance, I recognized the lofty mansion.

pay our respects at Belton Rectory, the residence of the Hon. and Rev. Richard Cust, (Earl Brownlow's brother)—at the distance of four miles—by ten o'clock. And what a residence! "What a rectory!" exclaimed my young friend; "but we ought not to envy." There was no need: for my friend's quarters were snug, in excellent condition, well stored in larder and cellar comforts, and only standing in need of . . . to render it in all respects attractive. His windows in front want something like architraves . . . but "Rome was not built in a day."

The reader must go back to Belton, and to its truly elegant, and sweetly situated, Rectory. A small serpentine stream—the *Witham*—intersects the grounds, which are gently undulating, and well covered with goodly trees:—

Quà pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitem consociare amant
Ramis.

And then the limited, but well laid out dress-garden in front, where stately holyoaks, and thick clustering roses, alternately catch and cheer the sight. The house (of which the owner is the architect) is a recent structure, admirably adapted, on a scale not too extended, to answer every purpose of domestic comfort. Still, however, like the residence of the Rector of Carlton Scroop, it seemed to stand in need of . . . Mr. Cust was so obliging as to chaperone us round the village, to the church, and to the residence of his brother, the Earl. It was, in all respects, a most gratifying little excursion. On a nearer acquaintance with the village, the houses seemed to

be more interesting and appropriate: all evidently conformable to the master-direction of the noble landlord. The trellised rose or honeysuckle usually adorned their fronts. It was agreed to visit the small, but ancient church, where the ashes of the BROWNLOW ANCESTRY repose. In fact, from its extreme smallness, owing to the scanty population—which occupies but few benches and pews—this church may be considered the MAUSOLEUM of Earl Brownlow's family. On entrance, the antiquary will be well pleased to see a fine sturdy specimen of the Norman shaft of a pillar, on the support of which the whole roof should seem to depend. Two recesses, or oratories, or chapels, repositories for the dead, (call them as you will) face the visitor on his entrance. In one of these stands the matchless piece of sculpture of *Canova's* figure of RELIGION: being the exact model for a colossal statue, twenty-five feet high, to have been placed upon the summit of a chapel at Rome; a plan which was never carried into effect. Here, the figure is quite lofty enough; measuring six feet nine inches in height: but, placed upon a pedestal, looking scarcely above six feet. It is the most enchanting and spirit-moving figure I ever beheld: but I own that I could have wished the *gilt radii*, encircling the head, away. They are intrusive; discomposing the simplicity and solemnity of all the other parts of the figure. The right hand is raised to heaven, and the left arm receives a cross, which leans against it. Such hands and arms must not be looked for at our National Gallery. They are breathing life, of the most exquisite form

and execution. The head and countenance should seem to belong to such accessories, for nothing can be sweeter than the contour and expression of both.

Some there are who might consider the head and hands rather too small for the figure, but this were surely hypercritical. The figure is profusely draped over the bosom, down to the extremities, but the beauty of the form is carefully preserved throughout. The right leg should seem, however, to be so thickly and closely invested with drapery, as to render a step forward absolutely impracticable. "Take it for all in all," it were useless to look abroad for its rival in this country. It is all over sweetness and piety, mingled with reverential awe. It is itself a temple, where devotional ardour may be kindled, and holy resolutions formed. When you leave such a spot, to mingle with the gross and annoying realities of life, your soul seems to be cast down and disquieted, "and your spirit to be vexed within you." You feel something like an indescribable inspiration, on looking long and steadily upon the statue of Religion chiselled by Canova. Below it is an impassioned inscription, by the present Earl Brownlow, to the memory of his first Countess.

In the adjacent recess there is a piece of monumental sculpture of a very different character, and description. It is that of Sir John Brownlow, Bart. and his wife, executed in 1679. The upper halves of the figures only are seen, with something like the pediment of a balcony below. This affectionate couple are shaking hands with each other, in the most hearty manner, as if one of the parties had just re-

turned from a long absence ; and it is joyous to behold them in such good humour with each other. The head-dresses, rigidly faithful to the time, help to increase the interest taken on a contemplation of this "loving couple."

From the church, the worthy Rector was so good as to conduct us to the house, through the garden. The day was unpropitious to appreciate the latter correctly, for the clouds began to gather, the winds to blow, and the external beauties of nature seemed likely to be soon enveloped in rain and mist. I would now be understood to speak of the flower-garden and conservatory, of which the laying out of the former was by the present Earl's first wife, and the latter was the work, and may be well deemed the boast, of Sir Jeffry Wyatville. Nothing can be more sweetly conceived and perfectly executed. The trellis-work is at once tasteful in form and delicate in execution. Here are "flowers of all hue," from the graceful convolvulus, in its varied and deepening tints, to the pigmy pink.* Here they fill up the interstices, with a sort of crowded and bespan-gled gaiety, which cannot be surpassed : and then, how the ground-surface is gemmed with everything which may rivet the attention, and delight the imagination !—for here you shall fancy the fairies to resort by moonlight ; now skimming over the pel-lucid fountain in the centre, now revelling upon the adjacent lawn, and now reposing within the resplendent *cactus*, protected by its curtains of scarlet velvet, and its fringes of deep virgin gold. Larger and

* *Elata Coronata.*

more costly flower-gardens I have seen ; but none of a more tasteful arrangement, or composed of more interesting materials.

We proceed to the House. Its roof and battlement (the latter judiciously restored by the present Earl) are of the style as well as the time of Louis XIV. It is throughout a roomy, comfortable, family mansion. All the chambers are well assorted together, and the entrance-hall is spacious, without being preposterously large. There are some good family pictures, amongst which the Rt. Hon. John Brownlow, Viscount Tyrconnel, by Jervase, does not make the figure which, from the eulogy of Pope, one would be led to expect. I had never before seen a production of Jervase ; and it is well that it is not placed by the side of Sir Joshua's full-length portrait of the Speaker Brownlow. There is a whole-length figure of William III. in the room adjoining that in which he slept, and where his bed and its furniture, eighteen feet in height, quickly arrest the attention,—of which I do not remember any engraving. His majesty stands, on looking, to the right of a table, with both arms extended towards the crown, which lies upon it. The whole is painted in a low and somewhat ochery tone ; but it is the most animated and intellectual head of the monarch with which I am acquainted. He is, for once, without armour, and without a truncheon. Here are some good Sir Godfrey Knellers ; and above stairs a small head of Henry VII. in oil, upon panel, of remarkable delicacy and force of expression. It is evidently from life, and must be deemed of considerable interest and value. There is also an excellent Flemish

picture of an old man laughing, on discovering that some one had made away with the contents of a pie, on which he should seem to have fixed his affections.

The *chapel*, of cedar, is chaste and correct throughout; while the stately old red velvet chairs are worthy of cardinals to occupy. The dining-room, much superior to that in its immediate vicinity, is at once spacious and commodious. We will conclude with the *Library*. It is one of the prettiest book-depôts imaginable; containing some admirable volumes of VIRTU and antiquities—all with good mellow-toned backs—such as comfort, while they attract, the eye of a bibliomaniac. Here is a noble MS. of the *Légende Dorée*, of the date of 1488, in two folio volumes, enriched with sparkling illuminations: of which I had hoped to have gratified the reader by a fac-simile of the decapitation of St. John . . . treated quite in a *sui generis* style: but the gratification was not allowed me.

Here is a fine old illuminated missal, perhaps of 1310; but the generality of book-collectors may prefer opening a copy of *Holland's Heroologia*, 1600, folio: being a presentation-copy, by the author himself,

To the Right Worsh. Mr. Richard Brownlow, Esquire. In memorie of divers his deceased honorable and Reverend friends in this Book.

HE. HOLLAND humbly presents this Booke.

*Vivit post funera virtus.**

* One would have supposed that, if any copy of this very beautiful, but very faithless, work, had the engravings *without* the text at the backs of the portraits, it would have been THIS copy. But it is not so. See the note in *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. i. p. 281, re-

The late Mr. Clark of Bond Street, the bookseller, had a good deal to do with the arrangement of this library; and it has been well done. If its noble owner will only place a few Etruscan vases on the summit of the bookcases, the effect need not be more perfect. Mr. Cust readily admitted the suggestion to be orthodox.

“Away, away to the mountain’s brow!”—and in three minutes we are off for SYSTON, close at hand, the residence of *Sir John Thorold, Bart.* who has just attained his age of manhood. His grandfather was the builder of the mansion, and the founder of the library. When a young man, and tingling all over with bibliomaniacal excitement, how often have I seen, and inserted with crow-quill, the name of *Thorold*, as that of a purchaser of precious tomes! What a figure it cut at the sale of the Pinelli library! And how often did the son of that founder, the late occupant, invite me to a month’s residence with him, midst the *Editiones Primariæ* and *large paper* copies of other days! But *that* was not to be; and yet, from a recent event,* such a visit had been doubly delectable. Sir Robert Heron, one of the trustees of the property till the present baronet should attain his majority, was so obliging as to facilitate every wish expressed; and having long

specting Mariette’s copy divested of letter-press; with a notice of the several collections where the original pictures were to be found.

* I had united the late Sir John Thorold to Mrs. Dalton, widow, —his first love, and second wife,—by special license, at the house of the lady’s brother, in Portman Square.

been in possession of the aqua-tint print of the interior of the library,* I felt most anxious for the verification of so interesting a scene. On quitting Belton Park, we began quickly to ascend, and, unfortunately, the wind ascended or rose with us. Violent gusts betrayed an approaching storm; and as we continued to mount precipitously, we began to have too convincing proofs of the deluge in which we should be shortly submerged. The horse preserved his footing, sharp and slippery as were the different ascents; and we neared the residence at a moment when the elements seemed to have lashed themselves into a whirlwind. The sun was veiled in darkness, and the distant landscape shrouded in rain. It might have been called an approach to the temple of the winds, so loftily is the house situated, and so loudly did the blast blow. But perseverance is a virtue; and my friend, who held the reins and plied the whip, told me to "take courage, for no danger was at hand: his *Bucey*† was a safe creature, and knew his voice." Whereupon he gave a shout, and cracked his whip, which brought the animal smoking and breathless to the front door. Both animal and human beings were equally glad to take shelter from the increasing violence of the storm.

* There are *two* aqua-tint prints: the one a view of the house at some distance; the other, the interior of the library. Of these prints, the *latter* is more effective. I possess it coloured. I indulge a fond, and, I trust, not futile, hope, that the present Baronet will give us an impression of this latter print, executed in the line manner, as a prefix to a beautifully printed catalogue of his LIBRARY . . which well merits an exclusive notice.

† Quasi "*Bucephalum*" dicemus.

The front façade of Syston house is imposing, from its extreme length, which includes a noble conservatory, surrounded by a luxuriant garden. The house stands on the very summit of the hill, for so would the grandfather of the present baronet ordain it: in studied opposition to the site of the previous mansion, which, agreeably to the fashion of the more olden time, was placed in the valley below. Syston, indeed, with some slight adaptation of poetical expression, may be said, like the Andes in Mr. Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, to

“ Look from his throne of clouds o'er half the *shire*.”

For the first quarter of an hour, we could see nothing of the immense stretch of landscape before us, which was obscured by rain. But, had the sun shone ever so brightly, there was, to me, “metal more attractive” within. Hurrying through the hall, dining room, and drawing-room, (which latter is beautifully arranged and beautifully furnished, full of light and pleasantsomeness) I hurried to the LIBRARY. It is perhaps one of the most splendid and *taking* book repositories in Europe. I know of no library of which the taste of the architecture, and the splendour of the furniture, exceeds it: vases, bronzes, gilt architraves, a painted ceiling, and an encircling gallery, presenting that sort of *coup-d'œil* which can scarcely be surpassed. Its length is sixty feet; its breadth, to the extreme termination of the central bay window, thirty-two; and its height, to the top of the circular lantern, thirty. These are noble and well-proportioned dimensions; and although I have

seen longer and broader libraries, I know of none of which the *tout-ensemble* is more striking and more resplendent.

The sun has got the mastery of the clouds. The wind is lulled; and a broad and bright stream of sunshine envelopes the glittering landscape before us. The BOOKS brighten, and seem to put on a look of joyaunce. They are worthy of the furniture about them, and richly repay a careful survey and minute examination: both of which I bestowed upon them for the better part of an hour. I had long known of this library by report; but fame, so usually apt to exaggerate, had not even rendered it justice. The *Editiones Primariæ* were necessarily my first object of attack; and rarely have I encountered a more powerful and serrated phalanx. I singled out one of the most efficient chieftains,—the CAPITAL-LETTERED CALLIMACHUS, and admiration and delight increased on every gaze. It is not necessary to particularize at length, but at the head of the *Aldine* corps,* I place the largest and finest copy I ever saw of the *Greek Septuagint* of 1518. Indeed, I may say, that it is the ONLY real *large paper* copy of the book with which I am acquainted; and I speak from a tolerably long and intimate acquaintance with this noble volume.† I had only to express

* Why it was, I know not; but for several years past, and particularly some fifteen years ago, the late Sir John Thorold was in the habit of "throwing out" many Aldine volumes of great beauty and marginal amplitude. *Could* such have been replaced?

† This fine book was obtained of Messrs. Payne and Foss, at the reasonable sum of £36. 15s.

my wishes, and a very intelligent and obliging cicerone, the head valet, gratified them to the utmost, by spreading out the volumes in succession, as I asked for them.

It was both a goodly and a glorious sight. The out-spread tail of no peacock could match it. Here were the early *Mentz Bibles*, there the early *Venetian Plinies*; the *Roman Livies* stood here, and at hand was the *Strasbourg Virgil*, by *Mentclin*. The *Greek Anthology*, of 1494, in all its membranous grandeur, (the successive property of James Payne, Mr. Robert Heathcote, and Mr. Dent) only wanted its rival, the *Apollonius Rhodius* of 1496, in the same materials, to stand by its side. Of *Virgil* and of *Ovid* there was a goodly store of the earlier editions; and I was pleased to find the late Earl Spencer's first *Azoguidi* copy of the *latter* poet (although in an imperfect state) to be in the circle of such first-rate society. Although, to an eye accustomed to a twenty-five years' acquaintance with the Spencer Library, there were here many *libri desiderati* to acknowledge, yet, upon the whole, the SYSTON COLLECTION greatly exceeded my expectations; and, from leaving, and returning to, my place of starting, I had seen no such room, and no such volumes. I hope, as I have just intimated in a preceding note, that the present Baronet, on taking possession of these splendid domains, will turn an early attention to the putting forth a CATALOGUE of his printed treasures. The more costly its garniture, the better. The closer Art and Bibliography are entwined, the more delectable the reader's treat.

And what MONUMENT can be more honourable and durable to leave behind ?

During this close converse with books, two huge macaws, in the adjacent conservatory, and clad in such gorgeous plumage as I had scarcely ever seen, were screaming in all the horrors of dissonance, at the clatter of wind and rain above their heads, upon the glass casements. At length, the weather seemed likely to settle, and we caught a glimpse of *Belvoir Castle* in the distance, while the spire of Grantham gave interest and effect to the landscape more immediately within view. It was resolved that no time was to be lost, for Belvoir was full ten miles before us ; and who could tell how the day would close ? Our Bucephalus had taken a good rest, and a good meal ; and within half an hour we were rattling upon the *chaussé* of Grantham.

The landlord of the principal inn was told to produce his best tackle, in the character of a chaise and pair, for Belvoir Castle,—and off we darted, as if upon the wings of the wind. As we turned our backs upon the town, my young rectorial friend observed to me, quoting Johnson, who made use of the expression in a similar situation,—“ Life, sir, has few pleasanter things than this.” To the left, on gently elevated ground, and about two miles from Grantham, we were struck with the rising gothic glories of the residence of — Gregory, Esq. It is built on the *Tudor* plan of architecture ; and no cost is spared for its continuance and completion in the most correct and splendid manner. I learnt that the drawing-room was one hundred feet in

length : from the windows of which is seen Belvoir Castle in all its pride and plenitude of effect. Mr. Gregory has the *rare* merit of being chiefly his own architect, with a thorough knowledge of the business in hand. Now and then, however, it is said that Mr. Blore whispers in his ear.

We began to gain upon the castle. On striking out of the road, shortly after you pass the comfortable and capacious residence of * * * —(where my friend informed me he was always sure of the best leg of roasted mutton, with a Yorkshire pudding subjoined, in the county) you strike into fields divided by gates, or bars, which must be all opened in passing through. And now, the nearer you approach, the more elevated and imposing the castle stands ; throwing its turrets, and pinnacles, and battlements, high into air, over which the clouds were floating in fleecy majesty, casting their broad and brown shadows below. The bridge is gained, and the castle is direct in view ; but as you prepare to ascend, the road winds midst beautiful trees, many of which, on the edge of sharp acclivities, spread their luxuriant and superincumbent branches in a manner perfectly enchanting. If it be not *Salvator Rosa*, it is at least a grand *Mola*. Here is a slight ravine ; there a swelling knoll : and all the sylvan glories of aged and picturesque oak, with elm, beech, larch, and fir, seem to prepare you for some ancestral residence of ancient renown—where stags' heads, cross-bows, battle-axes, swords, daggers, and targets, are intermixed in all the picturesque grouping of an experienced hand. Had but a few well-mounted and

well-armed horsemen, with feathered hats and short cloaks, darting across the road in a hurried and mysterious manner—as if to “take the castle by surprise”—only accompanied this scene, the effect had wanted little short of the most romantic perfection.

But our *realities* were sufficiently gratifying. As you approach the *porte-cocher*, you pass the glacis, upon which a few slender cannon are fixed, but which, if discharged with a due portion of *iron* within, would sweep chaise, horses, and riders, to destruction in an instant. The *porte-cocher* echoes to the rumbling noise of the wheels, and tramp of the horses' feet. The bolts slip from the entrance door, and in a trice you find yourself within the mazes of the castle. Its noble owner, the Duke of Rutland, had kindly prepared a ready reception for me; and when we drew up, and let down the carriage step, the head-servant exclaimed,—“We have been expecting you, Sir, these four days.” It was doubtless a great drawback for me to have missed the society of the Rev. Mr. Thoroton, his Grace's chaplain, and the constant inmate of the castle: a gentleman, who unites architectural taste* with antiquarian lore, in the happiest and most instruc-

* The late Rev. Sir John Thoroton, chaplain to his Grace, was not only the principal architect of the exterior of two sides of the castle, after the melancholy fire in 1816, but was also the planner of the greater part of the interior decoration. The destructive fire here alluded to, burnt down two sides of the castle; which, with all the interior garniture, were not replaced under the sum of £90,000. The pictures were necessarily an irreparable loss.

tive manner:—but my visit was made in a season when both the duke and his chaplain were far away. Every attendant was so civil, chatty, and so well disposed to answer every idle question, that it were unwise to indulge in regrets of any description; and I resolved to make the best of that time which now began to glide too swiftly away. I had scarcely recovered my first surprise, and was beginning to put my first questions, when we were hurried away towards the beer and wine cellars. “Gentlemen,” said our leader and guide, “you must taste the oldest ale in the castle,—brewed, in all probability, before that young lady, (pointing to my daughter) was born.” It were unchivalrous to have enquired its exact age: but after circum-ambulating vats and casks, in almost countless number, and of every size, colossal and pigmy, we approached the venerable monster of other times; and each drank a wine glass of its contents to the health of the noble owner of the castle. The strength and the flavour of this “barley broth” were, to my palate, either decomposed, or passed away.

While tasting this “malt of other days,” it was natural to make some allusion to the recent coming of age of the Marquis of Granby, the duke’s eldest son, who had attained his majority the preceding year. “You kept it up merrily, did you not, and exhausted a good many of these hogsheads of ale?” The head cellar-man emphatically replied:—“Sir, it was pretty well for *that*: not a labourer, or way-faring man, within seven miles of the castle, went to bed sober that night. The tenants had only to ask

and to have.”—“Excellent, i’faith,” rejoined my warm-hearted companion. “This is as it should be. I only regret that Carlton Scroop is double the distance, or I might—” “Do not let that discompose you, sir,” rejoined the commander-in-chief of the cellar; “here is plenty upon which you can now make up for past disappointment.” It was with reluctance we took leave of this very respectable, intelligent, and pleasantly colloquial tapster. But it was high time to ascend; having fairly begun at the foundation, or lower regions of the building. We reached the chief hall of entrance, lighted with stained-glass windows, and ornamented with the Louis Quatorze gilt frame-work, enclosing panels upon which armorial emblems, or other ornaments, are painted.* The hall, being chiefly lit up from an inner quadrangle, has necessarily no superabundance of light; and now the heavens became darkened, and the shades of evening seemed prematurely to attend the second hour after mid-day.

I requested the principal attendant to take me to the *Picture Gallery*, that I might, at least, have the full benefit of what light it was permitted us to enjoy; and I sighed inwardly as I entered it. Wherefore, gentle reader, was that sigh? You shall know. About twenty years ago, a destructive fire† consumed upwards of *one hundred* pictures,

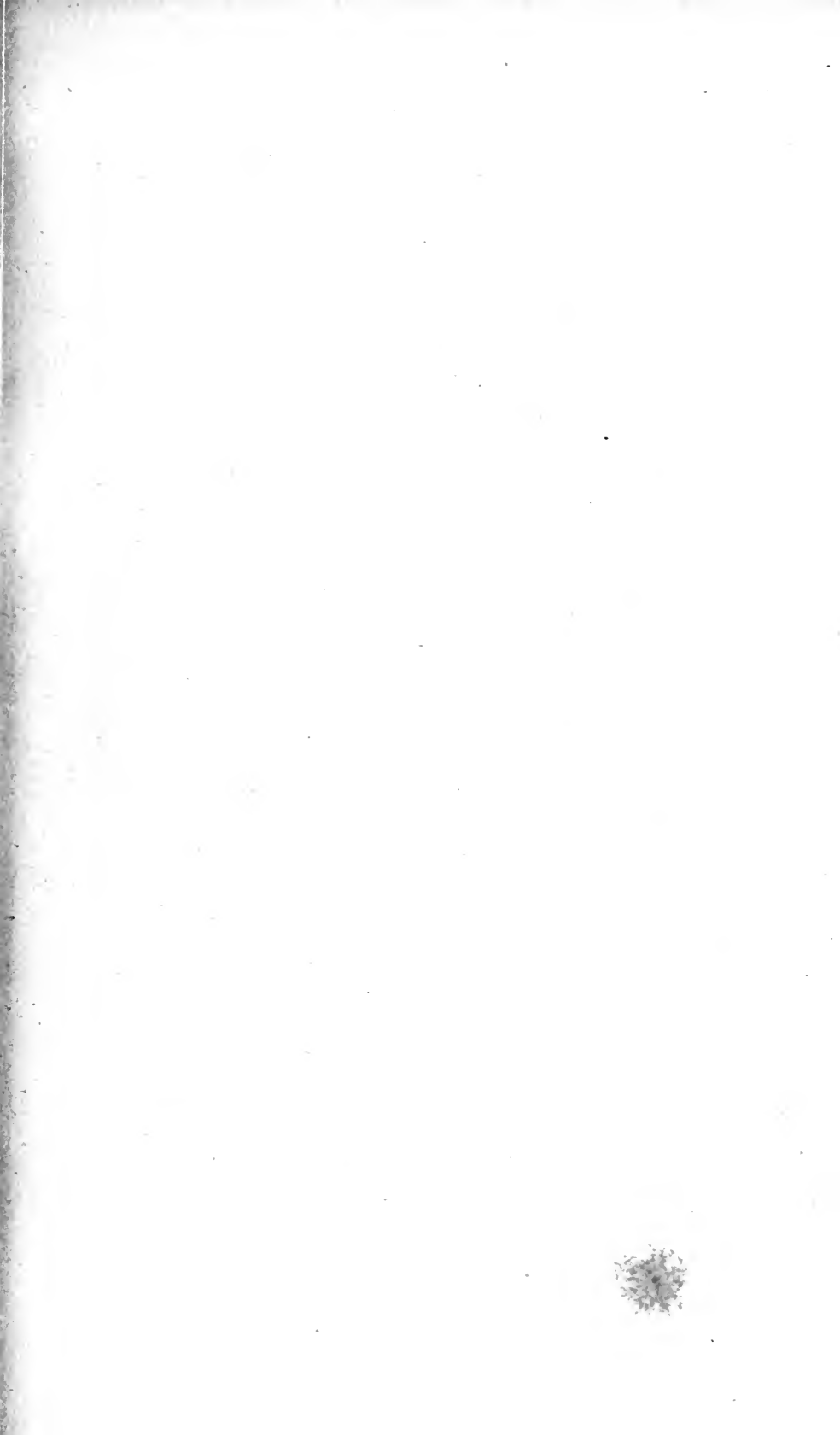
* The duke informs me that these ornaments were purchased at the sale of some furniture from one of the *chateaux* of Madame de Maintenon.

† This fire, alluded to in the last note but one, took place in 1816. An enlargement, or alteration, of the picture gallery was in contem-

(some of them of the finest quality, and executed by the Italian masters) among which were not fewer than nineteen by the hand of our immortal Reynolds. In this number, was the famous *Nativity*, painted as the central piece for the stained glass window in New College, Oxford : a picture, of which, alone, the value might have been estimated at five thousand guineas.* In consequence of this sweeping destruction, there are only two Sir Joshua's at Belvoir :

plation ; and, as above intimated, upwards of one hundred pictures were removed into the new, but unfinished, room. The workmen had been employed all day in substantial repairs, and a ladder, leading to a trap-door above, afforded them ingress and egress. Along a corridor, were some servants' rooms. The family were all absent ; and the castle was but thinly inhabited. About two in the morning, a servant maid, who had been kept awake by an agonizing tooth-ache, fancied the moon was shining with unusual splendour ; and rising up to satisfy herself, saw a light streaming through her chamber door, which, fortunately, had not been shut. To this succeeded what she considered to be the tramp of human feet, as of the workmen going up and down the ladder : a noise, which, in fact, was the effect of the furniture snapping from the progressing fire. Springing from her bed, and reaching the corridor, the dreadful cause of this increasing light and noise was but too palpable. With the feet of Atalanta, the young woman ran from one end of the corridor to the other. The alarm-bell was rung . . . and assistance was obtained just in time to save—only one half of the castle !

* His Grace, with becoming philosophy, feels more than negative consolation, in reflecting that, had this magnificent picture still been his property, the contention with Lord Normanton, in purchasing its adjuncts (the eight cardinal virtues, by the same pencil) would probably have cost him as many thousand guineas . . . at the sale of the late Marchioness of Thomond's pictures.





GEORGE OF CLAREMONT, EDWARD AND GUY, 1471

portraits of the duke and his sister when children.* But, as it is, here is a very fine display of ancient art; receiving, most judiciously, the light from above. In this collection, I was so struck with an old panelled picture of Henry VII, attended by Empson and Dudley, that, requesting his Grace's permission to have it engraved, the reader is, in consequence, presented with it in the OPPOSITE PLATE. There is a fine *St. Andrew*, by Spagnoletto, such as is hardly to be seen throughout Scotland,—of which country that Saint is the legendary patron. A small picture of an alchemist, by Teniers, betrays the most felicitous execution imaginable in the treatment of the accessories. Here is also a fine *Murillo*, which, by some, may be supposed to dispute the palm of excellency with a picture, by the same master, in the chapel. The chapel is very neat, and of a subdued character throughout; but the Murillo altar-piece is alone a gem to brighten it up with no ordinary splendour. It is, I understand, insured for three thousand guineas.

I now hastened to the LIBRARY; of the character of which I was not unacquainted, from specimens which I had often seen in the hands of Mr. Robert Triphook. Here are the *Cicero's Offices* of 1465, and Schoeffher's *Valerius Maximus*, 1471, both upon vellum: fine, genuine tomes, such as delight the eye and warm the heart. The *Epist. ad*

* There is also a portrait of the duke's father, painted by Sir Joshua, which was given him by the late king.

Familiares, of 1469, is also upon vellum; but one could have wished the copy taller. The celebrated Maittaire* had the principal collection of this library for the first Duke of Rutland, of whom he was the tutor; and here is, consequently, a very considerable body of Greek and Latin classics. A finer set of the quarto *Delphins*, (including the *Catullus* and *Stattius*) is rarely seen: but the book of all books—in its way—which took possession of my fancy and remembrance, is the large-paper copy of *Horsley's Britannia Romana*, in old morocco binding, of dimensions scarcely to be equalled, and in condition quite unsurpassable. There is a fine genuine mellow tone over the whole library, (which is of comparatively limited dimensions) which renders it exceedingly interesting to the eye of an experienced book antiquary. It receives light chiefly from an inner quadrangle, and the day being cloudy and gloomy, I could not make that sort of *reconnoissance* which I wished to make.

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo...

These lines occurred to me as I emerged into the

* The present duke is in possession of a great number of letters, written in Latin, from Maittaire to his noble pupil: who is reported to have *fagged* with him in downright earnest. The earlier years of education of the first Duke of Rutland had been much neglected; and like a young man of sense, he became both a docile and an attached pupil to his master: who dedicated to him his well-known set of the Latin classics; of which a copy, upon *large paper*, (is it bound by Roger Payne?) graces the Belvoir shelves. Of MAITTAIRE, one may discourse till sunset: and I have had my "saying" of that illustrious scholar. See *Bibliog. Decam.* vol. ii. 73. vol. iii. 302.

Regent's Gallery, a room of nearly one hundred and fifty feet in length, still left in an unfinished state. I soon made acquaintance with the whole-length portrait of his Grace, shortly after coming of age, painted by Hoppner. I had seen it on its first exhibition in Somerset House, and it seemed to have gained much by the mellowness of effect produced by time. The parts are fearlessly made out, and admirably treated. It is one of the very cleverest pictures of the master in existence. Not far from it hangs Lady Tyrconnel, by the pencil of Sir Joshua: a sweet performance, but too highly placed. The famous Marquis of Granby, and Lord Robert Manners, (the latter a stiff and very early picture by the same master) are also to be found within the immediate circle. Over the fire-place is the worst portrait of the late Duke of York which I remember to have seen: *not* by the hand of Lawrence. Two busts, one of the present Duke, the other of his late Duchess, grace the mantle-piece. Akin to this magnificent room, but of less dimensions,—although furnished with a splendour and minuteness of ornament not to be surpassed,—is the Duchess's *Blue Drawing-room*; so designated from the prevalence of a light-blue silk damask occupying the principal panels, gorgeously encased in gold. This is, in all respects, a very charming room. The proportions are good; the prospect without is commanding; and the pencil has here achieved some very delicious feats. The miniatures, by Oliver, Hoskins, Pettitot, Zincke, and others, are numerous, and are so placed that the eye may come into ready contact with them.

The effect is admirable. As you enter the room, to the right, and protected by a slight brass railing, there is a statue, in white marble, of the late Duchess. It was to me startling. Perhaps its effect would be better at the end of the gallery. Onwards, and at the opposite extremity, are two paintings by Sanders, one of the Duke, in his coronation robes, the other of the late Duchess, with a crayon in one hand, and a small portfolio in the other,—demonstrative of her love and knowledge of art. Of this latter, there is a most exquisite private plate, in mezzotint, by the matchless Cosins.

The *Dining-room* is sixty feet in length, with a ceiling (too low for such a length) most elaborately ornamented; though I had wished the rosettes to have been gilded, and the high relief to have been picked out in fawn or crimson colour. A banquetting room can scarcely be too gay and gorgeous. A noble spread of mahogany was in the centre of the room. This was, as it well might be so designated, the state dining-room. In the Duke's private dining apartment, there is the original picture, by Stothard, of *the Death of Lord Robert Manners*. It is small, and much faded; but Sherwin's exquisite engraving of it will confer a deathless fame upon the subject.

Upon the whole, the charm and pride of Belvoir Castle is rather from its position, than its numerous chambers of costly decoration. The blue drawing-room is doubtless in a blaze of splendour, but the Regent's Gallery is yet unfinished. I learnt, however, in spite of its elongation, that it was a most comfortable withdrawing room in winter, when the

castle was usually crowded with guests, and "the wassail bowl" was always filled to the brim. There are terraces about the exterior of the building, which shew you, looking up, the colossal aspect of the four sides of the castle, exhibiting specimens of the four styles of architecture in this kingdom. From one of these terraces, seizing an opportunity of the sun breaking through a huge mass of clouds, in which it had been too long enveloped, you obtain an uninterrupted view of the Derbyshire hills; while Lincoln Cathedral, with the spires of Newark and Grantham, are necessarily seen in other directions. The wooded knolls had a surprising effect for variety and grandeur, and we learnt that the greater part of this scenery, before us, owed its picturesque arrangement to the taste of the late Duchess; who, by thinning in some places, let in additional magnificence to the scenery. Many spots reminded me of the grand wood-interiors of Gasparo Poussin, which have no rival in art. In a deep glen, from which I learnt the earth was mainly brought for the foundation of the castle, I observed the steam issuing upwards, as if from a huge cauldron, of fifty times the capaciousness of that at Warwick Castle. The guide, seeing my attention directed to that quarter, told us that it was *Belvoir Hole*, and quoted the quaint couplets which ensue:—

"When mist doth rise from Belvoir Hole,
O, then be sure the weather's foul:
When Belvoir Castle wears a hood,
O, then, ye swains, look out for flood!"

in their respective coffins. It is dry, spacious, and altogether judiciously arranged. Such were the main objects that caught our eyes, and have rested upon my memory, from a visit to *Belvoir Castle*; and though I necessarily regretted the absence of its master-spirit, yet I had no reason to complain of a visit . . . which had, in every respect, exceeded my expectations. There is no accounting for taste. While our little circle was occupied in gazing at pictures, books, or marbles, a rural party, under very different impulses, were lost in admiration "at the beautiful manner in which the boards of the floor were made to dovetail!"

Upon the whole, if this were a day of "joyaunce," it was one of no small excitement, and labour too; for we had made three *reconnoissances*, and yet would have encountered a fourth, on return, at Mr. Gregory's: but that might not be. Our faces were therefore steadily directed homewards; and the table at Carlton Scroop, though Lilliputian compared with what we had left behind, had yet its attractions,—as being covered with choice Dresden linen, upon which the culinary art of my friend's housekeeper had lavished both delicate and substantial fare. Heavy rain and thickening darkness came on as the shutters and the curtains were closed upon the lawn scenery. Provided the *physique* be not too much exhausted, I scarcely know anything which contributes more to animated discussion and temperate potation, than the having previously visited "a few of the lions in the neighbourhood." Every one can describe what he has seen, and affects an un-

restrained right to give an opinion upon it. My daughter held out for the flower-garden and the *Légende Dorée* at Belton: the *Callimachus* and the *Aldine Septuagint*, at Syston, seemed to cleave to my memory; while our host sighed, as if from his heart's core, ("*pectore ab imo*,") to play a rubber at *shorts* within the ducal blue drawing-room. It is only sober truth to add, that the sculptured figure of the departed Duchess, seemed to stand at the foot of my bed as I sunk to repose.

It is the morning; bright, beautiful, and balmy. The blackbird's note is heard from the umbrageous *ilex*; the trill of the chaffinch and linnet makes the heart dance with delight. The air is steeped in the perfume of a thousand roses. The pink, the sweet-pea, and sweet-briar, are beset with the bee and the butterfly. All nature is as full of life as of fragrance. Who would not be stirring on such a morning,—beneath a canopy of fleecy clouds, streaked with heaven's own ultramarine? It was settled that at ten we should start for the ruins of SOUTHWELL MINSTER, taking NEWARK in our way. But first I made a somewhat familiar acquaintance with the miniature beauties of the churches of *Caythorpe* and *Claypole*,—the former constantly in view from my friend's drawing-room, the latter directly in the road to Newark. The charm of Caythorpe is its tall and tapering spire, perhaps too elevated for the tower or base. The interior is rather singular, the roof being supported by a tier, or screen, of three arches, precisely in the centre of the body, and immediately under the apex of the roof. The dimen-

sions of the church are sufficiently diminutive ; but its situation, and the church-yard, are anything but despicable. I must not forget to notice that, on the screen—which divides it from what may be called the chancel—that there *has* been a representation, in distemper, or body-colour, of the “ Day of Judgment,” now so thoroughly embedded in white-wash, as to render the draft of the design very imperfect, if not unintelligible. On enquiry into the cause of such a barbarous act, the clerk informed me that “ the churchwarden was so desperately fond of the *brush* !” —he being a bricklayer by trade. It is impossible to dwell too long, or speak too highly, of *Claypole Church*, which, however, is little more than a ruin, one of the transepts only remaining ; and the roof of the chancel completely beaten in. The porch is perfection ; with some perpendicular windows of beautiful proportions. It is a tower without a spire, perhaps of the time of Henry VII. Both this and Caythorpe church are built of stone.

We approach NEWARK. The tower and spire of the church are quite a land-mark, at a great distance. Of somewhat less altitude than that of Grantham, the proportions are more robust, and the edifice seems to be built for centuries yet to come. In delicacy of form, the tower and spire yield to those of Grantham ; but, taken with its body, this church is in all respects a nobler, as well as more ancient, building. An immediate edict should be issued by the Corporation, to *dispense with* all the houses which flank and conceal this noble edifice in the square opposite the “ Clumber Arms,” the principal

inn of the town. The Newarkites can have no notion of the grandeur of their church, elbowed and smothered as it now is, by such an immediate neighbourhood of brick and mortar : and I feel abundantly persuaded that the Rev. John Sykes, of the Chantry House—who rejoices in such a collection of relics, connected with the town and the church, as might startle even the most curious, and disarm the most sceptical,—would be among the first to rend the air with an “hurrah!” were such a neighbourhood removed.

The body of Newark Church is of greater dimensions than that of Grantham ; and the height of the nave, on entrance, is full sixty feet. The clustered arches which form the basis of the tower, exhibit a specimen of architecture, as remarkable for its substantiality as neatness. One might suppose it capable of sustaining the dome of St. Paul’s. If there be not much to attract the minute attention of the antiquary, in the exterior of this edifice, there is not a little to amuse, and perhaps horrify him, within. Why was the organ placed over the rood-loft, to intercept the view of the chancel and Ladye Chapel ?—and why has this most curiously and elaborately carved screen, or rood-loft, been desecrated by that yellow ochre poison, which churchwardens seem to have an exclusive and prescriptive right to administer, and to make the people swallow ? Away with this repulsive stain ; and place the organ, as at Grantham, over the entrance door of the nave. The church is suffocated, as well as disfigured, by pews. I saw several, in the south aisle, which could be scarcely

less than eight feet in height,—a wooden tomb,—whence the figure and the voice of the clergyman could be neither discerned nor heard. In the galleries, the pew-choking system seems to have no limits; while, hanging over them, may be discovered very strange and bizarre ornaments, in the character of brackets and corbels, attached to the spandrils of the arches . . . built some four or five centuries ago.

The chancel contains a fine set of old seats, or stalls, wherein the monks of ancient days might have mused and slept, as well as chanted and made responses. These seats, as is usual, turn up; and exhibit occasionally some very clever, as well as curious, carvings in the wood of which they are made. From the last, to the left, on facing the altar, was selected the specimen which *heads this chapter of my work*. The drawing, in pencil, is by an indigenous artist. There is what may be called much roomy space about the eastern extremity of the church: together with many monuments, of which a very large one, in brass, bears the date of 1320. The library, neither of extent nor importance, is hard by . . . and to comfort me for a little minute, I opened a royal copy of *Walton's Polyglot Bible*, and a very respectable large-paper copy of the works of the immortal *Joseph Mede*. These almost made me forget the ochered screen and the Brobdignagian pews.

We now started for SOUTHWELL, some eight miles distant. A pair of fresh horses brought us there easily within the hour: and the day continuing to be cheerily fine, we were infinitely gratified as

we approached the precincts of the Minster. On leaving Newark, and rolling over the bridge, across the Trent, you discover, to the left, a large if not magnificent ruin, in the shape of a castle, of which the greater portion is of the seventeenth century, affording frightful evidence of the destructiveness of Cromwell's cannon. Few spots have been more fertile of events, in the civil wars of the seventeenth century, than Newark and its vicinity. It was at Southwell where Charles, in an evil hour, surrendered himself to the Scotch commissioners. The room in which that infatuated act took place, is nearly in its original state, on the left hand of the gateway of the Saracen's-Head inn. The country immediately about Southwell is rich, and diversified with many pretty villas. The Abbey, or Minster, is, on very many accounts, alone worth an express visit from London. It has been sadly treated by Cromwellian fanaticism. The horse-troopers were quartered within the nave, and all manner of sacrilegious freaks, in the destruction of monuments and stained glass, was the consequence. Desolating as the work of destruction systematically was, we must be thankful that so much has been spared.

The nave is unroofed. The sturdy and graceless columns of the twelfth century, attest the period of the earlier parts of the structure. The exterior of the chapter-house, to the left, on entering the north transept, may be classed among the *bijouterie* of Gothic architecture of the very end of the thirteenth century. Its interior will be presently developed. The first living object upon which mine eyes alighted,

on entering the Minster, was Mr. Henry Shaw,* occupied with his magical pencil in copying some seductive capital of the thirteenth century. I was instinctively peeping into the choir or chancel, when Mr. Shaw urged my immediate entrance, and minute attention to everything about me. He was so obliging as to accompany me. Bating a too decided tint of whitewash, this choir is thoroughly gratifying to the eye of the most fastidious antiquary. Its style is early English, in its most perfect form; and the beauty and justness of its proportions make you forget its limited dimensions: "Look at the *stalls*," exclaimed my instructive cicerone; "you observe all the back-ground is stone fret-work, executed with a delicacy of finish like Mechlin lace." They were even so: and when parts of this intricate sculpture were relieved, as in the olden time, by gold, and blue, and red, what a blaze of splendour would present itself to the eye of the spectator!

I was now rivetted to the stained glass window, above the altar. This window, at once the monument of individual spirit and individual taste,† is, to my eye, the most beautiful and perfect specimen I have ever beheld. Larger windows, and loftier, and

* Of Great Russell Street, London; and author of many most beautiful and instructive works illustrative of the architecture and furniture of ancient times.

† The "individual spirit and individual taste" of Henry Gally Knight, Esq. M.P. of Furbeck Hall, Bawtry, Yorkshire: He purchased the window entire, of the church of —, in Flanders, at the cost of £800; and presented it to the Minster at Southwell, as the inscription testifies.

broken into more dazzling compartments, I have seen, both at home and abroad; but anything so systematic, so sobered by propriety of choice of subject, so pressing upon the heart, as well as spirit-stirring to the imagination, I have nowhere else seen. Add to this, the colours are fervid and intense; and what Mr. Shaw bade me particularly remark, the ruby is even *shaded* by ruby. I seemed to be entranced, while gazing upon this matchless window, whether as a whole, or in parts; and was secretly wishing, if not sighing, that I might obtain a copy of the last compartment of it, which exhibits our Saviour exposed to the scoffs of the multitude. There is a profile of an infuriated monster, in the shape of a man, which beggars all description—for hideousness of feature and bitterness of insult. In the immediate neighbourhood of this glorious specimen of the art of other days, are suspended several stained coats of arms of the prebendaries of the Minster, and one small window is entirely filled with them. Somehow or other they seem to be ill and inharmoniously placed here. Mr. Miller, the *facile princeps* of all modern stainers of glass—and who has immortalized himself by his window at Doncaster—would do well to suggest a different arrangement for these modern appendages.

Meanwhile, unconsciously to myself, there stood by me a middle-sized, quiet-looking, and respectably attired individual, in the character of a verger or sexton. He followed me, as my shadow, into every recess, and on every turning. While seated, standing, or walking, there was my man: and now, the

tinkling bell in the great tower giving notice of the vesper service, and a few straggling choristers and singing men bustling into their seats, I took my leave of this most enchanting spot ; and followed by my "shadow," turned to the right. "My good friend, shew me your chapter house." "It is strait before you, Sir. If you *don't object to* BOOKS, it may interest you." This was the first time he had broken silence :—and oh ! what a speech to utter ! Could I ever forget the utterer, or the thing uttered ? Nevertheless, I continued, rather smiling than frowning, till the divided entrance of the chapter library presented itself. And such an entrance !—so delicate, rich, and rare : like that of Salisbury in form, but infinitely beyond it in subtle art, and delicate, though of more diminutive, proportion. It was worthy of the window, but of a considerably anterior date ; and the window might be proud of such a neighbour.

But the interior dissipated every vestige of illusion. No embossed bindings ; no knobs ; no clasps ; no pasted vellum fillets ; nothing uncut ; and only one tome membranaceous. This latter was a large fine MS. Bible, in folio ; which had once belonged (as its Latin inscription testified) "*to the Convent of the Common Brethren at Newcastle upon Tyne.*" Will it ever revert thither ?—and is it worth an embassy from that place, with my friends Messrs. Clayton, Adamson, Trotter Brockett, and Charneley, at the head ? Here too is a royal copy of *Walton's Polyglot* ; and the largest large paper copy of the *Matthew Paris* of 1644, of which I ever turned

over the leaves. There is a tolerably good and pains-taking catalogue ; but the books are chiefly modern, and referred to by means of a letter or figure, pasted upon their backs . . . a sight, sufficient to cause swooning in the breast of more than *one* legitimate Roxburgher ! My “shadow” still following me, I reverted to the entrance door ; and affording him substantial proof that there was no national suspension of specie, he made me a measured or gradually lowering bow, adding, that “he should be most happy to see me at all times.” I doubted not the sincerity of the remark ;—but how could I ever get over his cruel insinuation about my fondness or not for BOOKS ?

The precincts of Southwell Abbey are replete with antiquarian objects of attraction. There is a large deserted mansion, once a palace of the Archbishop of York ; who, in former times, used to come and make joyaunce therein, by a lengthy and hospitable residence ; but now, all is silence and desolation. The owl and the bat by night,—the blackbird and thristle by day,—seem to have alternate and unmolested possession. There is only one prebendal residence, which, as at York, is occupied by the Prebendary in rotation : but to an appetite hungry and thirsty after antiquarian lore, I can conceive few spots exciting a keener relish, or affording a more substantial meal, than the MINSTER OF SOUTHWELL.



WELCOME to LINCOLN!

Upwards of twenty summer suns have rolled their bright and genial courses since my first visit to this ancient city,—or rather, to this venerable Cathedral : for the former seems to be merged in the latter. There is no proportion between them. A population of only twelve thousand inhabitants, and scarcely more than an ordinary sprinkling of

rose up in thickening masses, as the orb of day declined. Such an evening of heaven could not be surpassed: while, in the extreme distance, on the northern side, the waters of the *Humber* reflected the brilliant hues above. All this while I was standing upon the loftiest—and I will fearlessly add, the most beautiful—cathedral-tower in England! It was an evening not to be easily forgotten.

The other circumstance attending my first visit to Lincoln, was of a totally different, but not less interesting and picturesque description. I got into an early chaise, to overtake the mail at Newark, in my way to Stamford. The morning was chill and grey. Thick masses of clouds seemed to be forming in the horizon, when, having got well quit of the town, I turned to take a last view of the cathedral. The effect was as impressive as extraordinary. Not one of the three towers could be seen. They were involved in a dense

here the portrait of my old friend Dean Honeywood,* looking as complacently upon me as ever, but I had

dark cloud, of which the edges seemed to rest upon the roof of the nave. At such a moment, you might suppose the height of the building to be interminable. Meanwhile, the clouds seemed to collect themselves, and to draw up like the folds of a curtain,—developing by degrees the entire fabric: upon which, at that instant, a full and bright sunbeam, darting forth, enveloped the more prominent parts of the nave in glittering gold, and rendered, in proportion, the superincumbent cloud of a more deep and inky hue. I gazed a little minute... and the whole scene changed its character and interest.

* A beautifully stippled engraving of this portrait, from a sapia drawing by the Royal Academician Mr. Hilton—copied from the original by Cornelius Jansen, above alluded to—may be seen in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 263; where may be also read, in sundry long notes, as much gossip touching the worthy Dean, as may be necessary for the reader to become acquainted with. The original portrait, to the right on entrance, is placed—just where it ought *not* to be placed, both for light and effect. To the left, is a portrait of the Dean's grandmother, who, according to the inscription, lived to *see* THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN persons lawfully descended from her. Of these, 16 were of her own body; 114 were grandchildren; 228 were of the third generation; and the remaining 9 were of the fourth generation. The old lady herself attained her 93rd year, having been 44 years a widow. Mr. Willson informs me, that the portrait of her in the cathedral library is copied from the original, painted in 1597—preserved at Marks Hall, Essex, where she died. There is a memoir of her in *Fuller's Worthies of Kent*. The story of her despair, and of her throwing her drinking glass on the floor, has been lately revived by Mr. Southey, in his *Life and Works of Cowper*, vol. iii. pp. 121, 234. I know of no print of this portrait but the wretched one in that wretched compilation entitled *Kirby's Wonderful Museum*. Both these portraits should be placed at the upper end of the library—to be immediately seen on entrance. Of the HONEYWOOD LIBRARY, in an ensuing page.

the livelier gratification of experiencing, in the kindly attentions of my friend Mr. Willson, all that solicitude and sympathy in the object of my researches, which I experienced on the first visit, at the period just mentioned.* Time had somewhat silvered his hair, and indented his brow; but his antiquarian tastes and pursuits were yet as youthful, vigorous, and unremitting, as ever. Time had made no inroads here: and whether you listened to one

* The work, just referred to, will bear no slight evidence of my obligations to Mr. Willson. Since the period of that publication, those obligations have increased—as the reader will presently find. Meanwhile, I cannot withhold an anecdote, singularly characteristic of that gentleman's early passion for books and literary lore. There was a charm about the name and collection of Dean Honeywood, that worked wonders with him. "I can never forget (says he, in one of his more recent letters to me) my first visit to the cathedral library. I had never passed through its proper entrance; when, one day, the casements being left open, with all the curiosity of a boy, I scaled the cloisters, windows, and roofs; crept upon the cornice, and was soon in the presence of Dean Honeywood, and his ancient grandmother. It was a delightful summer's day: and I remember the very smell of the place,—and how carefully I stepped along, fearful of the entrance of the dean or a canon: and then how I made good my retreat, by the same roguish sort of passage, through the narrow casement." Mr. Willson was for several years, if not the inducted or official librarian, the constant inmate of the library, and the vigilant protector of its treasures. The REV. MR. GARVEY is now the librarian; a cheerful, pains-taking, and obliging gentleman. He endured my *mania* for a good lengthy half-hour; and placed before me a MS. volume of old poetry and romances, of such piquant spirit and rare worth, as even the handling of the *Auchinleck MS.* has not made me forget. Of this delectable book gem, anon.

of his homilies on Roman arches,* or his improvisatore invocations to the spirit of St. Hugh, one of the earlier Bishops of Lincoln,† you were sure to

* Not long before my visit to Lincoln, in July last, there had been a discovery of a Roman archway, of no slight magnitude and interest. It was situated at the western gate of Lindum, and inclosed in the western mound of the wall of the castle; having been concealed there ever since the construction of that fortress by William the Conqueror. When discovered, it was in a very ruinous state, and fell down suddenly two or three days afterwards. There was just time to take a sketch or two of it, with some of its dimensions. A small view of it was engraved in the "Gentleman's Magazine;" and a lithographic plate of it was published by Mr. Tuke, of Lincoln, an ingenious man, and a house-painter. This gate resembled the Roman gate, now standing, and called the Newport gate, but it had no posterns, as the latter has.

"The arch was semi circular, and had been fifteen feet in its span, but was luxated by the sinking of one pier. The blocks, or key-stones, were twenty-two in number; each about four feet thick, and morticed at the top for the insertion of an instrument called a *Lewis*—by which each had been hoisted, and let down into its place. This shows the antiquity of an instrument which some modern French Engineer laid claim to as his own invention. The destruction of this Southern Roman gate is related by Stukeley in his *Itinerarium Curiosum*, p. 83; and that of the Eastern gate is noticed by Gough in his additions to Camden."

I am indebted to my friend Mr. Willson for this piece of information, which will be valued by antiquarian readers; but that friend will forgive my adding, that, anything more clumsy and more unworkmanlike than the *Newport Gate*, exists not, at least among the Roman ruins which I have seen in this country.

† The above-mentioned friend is, I rejoice to inform the public, busied in writing the biographies of the Bishops, Deans, and Prebendaries of Lincoln: at least, such snatches from business as can be stolen with advantage are devoted by him to this commendable object. But among these bygone bishops, no one seems to have made so

derive information and benefit. In *his* hands, if in any hands, ("ille, si quis alius") are deposited those materials for a history of the City, and more particularly of the Cathedral, which it were a shame not to bring forth to the open day, by means of a prompt and liberal patronage.

On my first visit to Lincoln, there was no inn at which a civilised traveller could tarry within the immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral; so that I was compelled, domiciling at the principal inn, below, and in the heart of the town, to make a toilsome and painful pilgrimage, every time that I was obliged to visit the Cathedral, or rather the chapter-library. It is now otherwise. A decent and comfortable inn—the *White Hart*—will afford all that

sensible an impression upon my friend's heart as ST. HUGH; who was consecrated in 1186, and of whose life there is a curious and very valuable MS. in the Bodleian Library, from which Lurius and Capgrave have exclusively, and somewhat largely, borrowed. My friend has nearly all the printed authorities (with the exception of some few very scarce volumes) to refer to; but he is looking forward, with the anxious fondness of a lover, to the day when he can clasp the Bodleian MS. in his arms, and elicit all that is instructive and fruitful from the embrace. I wish him every success: for St. Hugh was well deserving of his canonization. His life was private and austere. Few heard the echo of his footsteps; few partook of the bounty of his table. But he had nobler objects in view. If his discipline was rigid, those who lived in subjection to it were eminent for their virtues and their talents. The stalls had never before been filled with so goodly a race of occupants. Of *all* the benefactors to the cathedral, St. Hugh was the largest and most liberal. He is said to have built the CHAPTER HOUSE "with marble pillars," and to have added greatly to his palace. His figure, as a canonized saint, was frequently sculptured on some of the

a reasonable visitor can wish. It is scarcely a half minute's walk to the entrance arch of the Cathedral close: and if it *be* a gratification, that same visitor may fancy his bed to tremble at every stroke of the bell of GREAT TOM; of which the vibration, from its contiguity, is, to my ear—especially at “the dead and witching time of night”—singularly delectable. Your senses seem to be all caught up of a heap, at every awful stroke of that master-bell of England.* I was told that it might be heard, the wind setting in the right direction, as far as Gainsborough,—a distance of eighteen miles. In this case, the course of the river Witham would expedite the sound.

If the aspect of the city of Lincoln, under its present disposition, be chill and uninviting, it is the meritorious province of the County Historian† to bring to

chalices and pyxes belonging to the cathedral: see the new *Dugdale*, part li.: and for unquestionable proofs of his *Bibliomanic*ism, consult the *Bibliog. Decam.* vol. iii. p. 226. There is no room, here, for a *catalogue raisonné* of his manifold merits: it sufficing only to add, that, King John, meeting William, King of the Scots, at Lincoln, just at the time of the good bishop's interment, these two monarchs helped to carry the corpse to the door of the cathedral, where it was received by a host of church dignitaries, and the body enshrined in silver, behind the high altar.—See *Browne Willis*.

* There is a curious print of this bell, of which the weight is nearly six tons. The belfry of the central tower is the finest, in all respects, which I remember to have seen.

† It is surely a sorry shame to the inhabitants of the extensive county of Lincoln, that it has NO HISTORIAN. But the age of *book-chivalry* is gone! Look at its castles, parks, baronial mansions, and manors—and, above all, its matchless churches:—and can it be

the knowledge of the beholder and inhabitant, its days of departed grandeur,—when its churches were quadrupled in number, and when the successive visits of Norman and Plantagenet kings made the streets to re-echo with the multitude's shouts, and the windows and balconies to be in a blaze with silken banners, and the presence of beauteous dames. Edward I. held a parliament here; and during his reign, and before the door of the very house of which *a vignette is prefixed to this chapter*, two Jews were executed for "clipping the King's coin."* I should think the house itself to be about a century earlier than the time of Edward; and if so, I would ask the curious reader in what town he would find an earlier specimen of domestic architecture? During the reigns of the three Edwards, the Cathedral was growing up, if it had not received its last finish, into that grandeur of form, as well as enrichment of detail, whence it may be said to challenge competition with any cathedral in Europe. I shall presently be more particular.

But the bygone glory of Lincoln may be traced to earlier times. It may be questioned whether any town in England exceed it in variety and abundance of *Roman* antiquities . . . at least, of the more *solid*

credited that no patronage should be given for the record of these precious and interesting objects? The late Sir Joseph Banks is reported to have laboured hard for its accomplishment; but in vain. If done as it ought to be done, it must at least be the labour of *three* pairs of hands. Such hands are to be found, if there be *hearts* to put them in motion.

* It is to this day called "*The Jews' House.*"

remains of its first conquerors.* I ought, perhaps, to except Newcastle-upon-Tyne, if not York. However, it is now high time to approach, and to describe somewhat particularly, the magnificent CATHEDRAL, of which so much has been previously said. Referring the reader to the splendid graphic pages of Mr. Wild,† for a minutely engraved representation of the exterior and interior, in almost

* Gough, in his additions to Camden, has given a very fair account of the principal ROMAN REMAINS at Lincoln. The *Mint Wall* is Roman, and is yet standing as entire as when Gough saw it, some fifty years ago. The tessellated pavement in the area of the cathedral cloisters, (as above mentioned) yet preserves almost its entire identity. Sepulchral urns are frequently found, (as, indeed, where are they not?) of which my friend Mr. Willson has several; and coins of the Lower Empire are picked up in fields and gardens every year. Most of these are the small brass of Carausius, Tetricus, Claudius Gothicus, Constantine, &c. &c. Mr. Willson shewed me some large brass of Antoninus Pius, Dioclesian, &c. Those marked in the exergue PLC. are supposed to have been struck at Lincoln: *Percuss. Lind. Col.* Such evidences of Roman rule are everywhere in England; the soil of which may be said to be ingrained with numismatic relics. In the humble village in which these pages are indited, there is almost every-day testimony of its ancient possession by the Romans: and it is only within twenty-four hours that a specimen of the middle copper coin of Trajan was shewed me, as bright and perfect as if it were of yesterday's mintage. I consider only the surface of the soil of the history of "THE ROMANS IN ENGLAND," to be yet turned up. Horsley was a giant labourer in this career: yet Stukeley, pp. 83-90, with his two plates, is deserving of a grateful remembrance.

† It is a folio, with large engravings in aqua-tint, published in 1819. But in the *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. iii. pl. x. xi. are two plates of the Cathedral, well worth examination. Yet all are eclipsed by Mr. Coney's splendid engraving of the South West View, in the new *Dugdale's Monasticon*.

all its exquisite varieties, I must take the visitor in hand with me, and we must run over the more prominent features, at least with enthusiastic admiration, if not with critical acumen.

And first, in a general point of view. Upon a comparative estimation with the cathedral at YORK, Lincoln may be called a volume of more extensive instruction; and the antiquary clings to its pages with a more varied delight. The surface or exterior of Lincoln Cathedral presents at least four perfect specimens of the succeeding styles of the first four orders of Gothic architecture. The greater part of the front may be as old as the time of its founder, Bishop Remigius,* at the end of the eleventh century: but even here may be traced invasions and intermixtures, up to the fifteenth century. The large indented windows are of this latter period, and exhibit a frightful heresy. The western towers carry

* Remigius was a monk of Fescamp in Normandy, and brought over here by William the Conqueror. He was worthy of all promotion. Brompton tells us that he began to build the Cathedral in 1088, and finished it in 1092, when it was consecrated; but the founder died two days before its consecration. Although Remigius endowed it with a dean, a precentor, chancellor, treasurer, and twenty-one prebendaries, it is impossible to suppose, that, within the short period of four years, the original dimensions of the Cathedral were anything like so extensive as those of its present state. The greater part of the western front may claim antiquity with the time of Remigius. Its sculptured ornaments are sufficiently frightful. The doors, or entrances to the nave, are supposed to be of the time of Alexander, the third Bishop; who, in 1144, repaired much of the Cathedral which had suffered from a fire. See the new *Dugdale*, pt. li. p. 1269. This Alexander had a charter, in the time of Stephen, for coining money in his Vill of Newark. *Ibid.*

you to the end of the twelfth century : then succeeds a wonderful extent of early English, or the pointed arch. The transepts begin with the thirteenth, and come down to the middle of the fourteenth century ; and the interior, especially the choir and the side aisles, abounds with the most exquisitely varied specimens of that period. Fruits, flowers, vegetables, insects, *capriccios* of every description, encircle the arches or shafts, and sparkle upon the capitals of pillars. Even down to the reign of Henry VIII. there are two private chapels, to the left of the smaller south porch, on entrance, which are perfect gems of art.

Where a building is so diversified, as well as vast, it is difficult to be methodical ; but the reader ought to know, as soon as possible, that there are here not only two sets of transepts, as at York, but that the larger transept is the longest in England, being not less than two hundred and fifty feet in length. The window of the south transept is circular, and so large as to be twenty-two feet in diameter ; bestudded with ancient stained glass, now become somewhat darkened by time, and standing in immediate need of cleaning and repairing. I remember, on my first visit to this cathedral, threading the whole of the *clerestory* on the south side, and coming immediately under this magnificent window, which astonished me from its size and decorations. Still, for simplicity as well as beauty of effect, the delicately ornamented lancet windows of the north transept of York Cathedral, have clearly a decided preference. One wonders how these windows, both

at York and at this place, escaped destruction from Cromwell's soldiers.

We will presently pay our respects to the interior ; but let us now survey the south side of the exterior, in which its superiority over York Minster is something quite marvellous. What variety, what grandeur, what beauty of detail ! The porch alone is a study both for the sculptor and architect. Flaxman selected some of the figures within the arch, as models of fine forms and draperies of the fourteenth century. Although some of these, as being of easy access, have not escaped the hammer and mattock of the fanatics of the seventeenth century, there is sufficient left to impress the beholder with no indistinct notion of the artists of other days . . . who have not left even the traces of a *name* behind ! Might not the draperies of some of these figures (especially of that to the left) be judiciously restored ? The Chapter will doubtless cast a compassionate eye upon them, as it continues (especially on this south side) its noble work of repair and restoration. It does one's heart good to see these glorious evidences of sound taste fast gaining ground throughout the kingdom. The *Galilee*, to the left of the larger south transept, is a most genuine and delicious specimen of early English architecture. In *this* feature, York, upon comparison, is both petty and repulsive.

Wherever the eye strays, or the imagination catches a point upon which it may revel in building up an ingenious hypothesis, the exterior of Lincoln Cathedral (some five hundred feet in length) is a never-failing source of gratification. But all its

exterior glory belongs not to the *south* side. In walking to pay my respects to Mr. Fardel, the late member for the town, I was struck of a heap, as it were, with the chaste, grand, and elongated proportions of the *north* side. There was one particular spot, in which some modern buildings in the foreground had shut out the view of either extremity of the Cathedral; so that, on gazing, you might fancy the building to be interminable:—and of what towering height, and capacious dimensions, were the parts seen, compared with everything about and around them! A giant of other days! A lifter up of the thoughts towards that heaven whither the pinnacles of its towers were pointing!* The present race of men seemed to be too diminutive to become occupiers of such an edifice; and yet I question if my old friend BISHOP GROSTESTE,† (one of the earlier Bishops) were many inches taller than the present learned and amiable Diocesan!

The central tower has a great advantage, without, over that of York: it being both loftier and more

* Upon each of the three Towers of Lincoln Cathedral, were formerly *Spires*; which were taken down some thirty years ago, from an apprehension that they rendered the towers unsafe. The western towers, with the exception of the upper parts, are of the twelfth century.

† There is no name dearer to the lovers of the literature of the thirteenth century, than that of ROBERT GREATHEAD—consecrated Bishop of Lincoln in 1235. He was learned, I had almost said, beyond his time; and his moral character and prelatial jurisdiction were worthy of his intellectual attainments. Warton and Henry may well expatiate on his talents, of which no mean

ornate. Its height is scarcely less than 270 feet. Perhaps the upper part of it, just beneath the battlement, is not in the purest taste of the time, towards the beginning of the fourteenth century : and I am not quite certain whether the restoring hand of Essex* have not encrusted it with some ornament which had better have been away. However, there are those who give it the preference even to Old Harry—the central tower of Canterbury Cathedral. It is probably loftier ; but it is less simple and grand. Come with me, gentle reader, to the Chapter House, hard by. Those things which surround it, and are connected by stone bands, are called *flying buttresses* ;

estimate may be formed from the pages of the *Anglia Sacra*, vol. ii. pp. 235—250, where, amongst other things, a catalogue of Grosteste's writings may be seen. Our bishop is there said to have been “an awe to the pope, and a monitor to the king ; a lover of truth ; a corrector of prelates ; a director of priests ; an instructor of the clergy ; a maintainer of scholars ; a preacher to the people ; a diligent searcher of truth, and most exemplary in his life.” But we may anticipate the portrait of this TRULY GREAT MAN drawn to the life, in the meditated biography of my friend Mr. Willson. Grosteste was as fond of his cathedral as of his library : for, on the greater part of the central tower falling down, the re-edification took place under the spirited and judicious management of our bishop, who gave both his purse and time to the completion of the work.

* Mr. Essex was an architect of no mean attainments, just before the appearance of the Wyatts ; and, in the character of a restorer (some have ruthlessly designated him a *botcher* !) of Gothic architecture had considerable influence in his day. Of any Gothic building exclusively erected by him, I am ignorant. His observations upon Lincoln Cathedral may be seen in the *Archæologia*, vol. iv. p. 149, &c.

because *detached* from the body of the Chapter House : but if ever masses of stone may be called both *stationary* and shapeless, such are those buttresses which encircle the building in question. We will just enter the building itself. To those who have seen the brother, or sister, Chapter House at York, that at Lincoln will appear both diminutive and uninteresting : but I confess that I prefer a central pillar, as here, terminating in a fan-like support, merging into the roof, than a larger roof, as at York, *without* such support. In the latter instance, it is a wonder : in the former, it is a more intelligible and safer-looking piece of business. But what associations affect *me*, in particular, on entering this Chapter House !—for here I saw, on my first entrance in 1813, the portrait of Dean Honeywood leaning against the pillar, and the **black letter treasures** of his library displayed—some upon trunks, others upon tables—and here I flew “to their rescue !” More of this presently. But in surveying the surrounding niches, where the monks of other times sat, encircling their bishop, St. Hugh—the founder of the building—I could not help filling them in imagination with the prebendaries that now be ; and reflecting upon the alteration of habit, and form, and revenue ! The *pavement* of this interesting apartment was surely more creditably preserved in former times than *now*.

Let us turn to the grand western front ; and whatever be the adulterations of the component parts, let us admire its width and simplicity ;—the rude carvings, or rather sculpture, commemorative

of the life of the founder, St. Remigius : and although horrified by the indented windows, of the perpendicular style, let us pause again and again before we enter at the side-aisle door. All the three doors are too low : but see what a height and what a space this front occupies ! It was standing on this spot, that CORIO, my dear departed friend—some twenty-two years ago—assured me he remained almost from sunset to dawn of day, as the whole of the front was steeped in the soft silvery light of an autumnal full moon. He had seen nothing before so grand. He had felt nothing before so stirring. The planets and stars, as they rolled in their silent and glittering orbits, and in a subdued lustre, over the roof of the nave, gave peculiar zest to the grandeur of the whole scene : add to which, the awfully deepening sounds of *Great Tom** made his very soul to vibrate ! Here, as that bell struck the hour of two, seemed to sit the shrouded figures of *Remigius*, *Bloet*, and *Geoffrey Plantagenet*,†—who, saluting each other in formal prostrations,

* This must have been “Great Tom” the *First*, cast in 1610; preceded probably by one or more Great Toms, to the time of Geoffrey Plantagenet. Great Tom the *Second* was cast by Mr. Mears of Whitechapel in 1834, and was hung in the central tower in 1835. Its weight is 5 tons, 8 cwt.; being one ton heavier than its immediate predecessor, and six hundred-weight heavier than the great bell of St. Paul’s Cathedral. The diameter of the bell, at the extreme rim, is 6 ft. 10½ in.—being one inch wider than St. Paul’s. Its tone is one note lower than that of the old bell, and considered to be about the same as that of St. Paul’s, but sweeter and softer. Great Tom the *first* was hung in the north-west tower.

† ROBERT BLOET, was a worthy successor of Remigius, the

quickly vanished at the sound "into thin air." The cock crew; the sun rose; and, with it, all enchantment was at an end. Life has few purer, yet more delirious enjoyments, than this.

And now for the interior. But before a word be said, or an opinion hazarded, upon its architectural arrangements, let me notice what befel me on a recent visit. It was about vesper-time—three of the o'clock—that I entered. The sound of the organ was quickly heard... and I instinctively thought of Mozart's Twelfth Mass at Peterborough.* I approached the eastern extremity of the choir.

founder; of whom a previous note (p. 93) has furnished a slight outline. Bloet was thirty years a Bishop of this see—largely endowing it with prebendal stalls, and with rich gifts of palls, hoods, and silver crosses. He completed the western front—and, perhaps, finished the Norman portion of the nave, now replaced by the early English. He also added rich manors to the see; and when it pleased King Henry I and King Stephen, to scoop out so large a portion of it as to form the separate see of *Ely*, our bishop not only remonstrated, but obtained something like a solid equivalent in the manors of Spaldwick, Bugden, and Biggleswade...“ for which (says Browne Willis) he was to make the king an annual present of a rich gown lined with sables, worth 100 marks.”—p. 47.

Geoffrey Plantagenet, was a natural son of Henry II, and was elected in 1173. He held the bishopric nine years without being consecrated. He cleared off several mortgages, recovered much landed property, and gave two great bells to the cathedral. He was translated to the Archbishopric of York; but the latter years of his life seem to be involved in mystery, for he fled the kingdom five years before his death, which happened at Grosmont, near Rouen, in 1212.—See *Dugdale*, pt. li. p. 1172.

* See page 12, ante.

Scarcely half-a-dozen human beings were assembled—including the singing men and singing boys. It had a chilling effect: but the reader must sympathize in my disappointment and misery, in *not* hearing an anthem—nor an approximation to one. At the appointed place for the anthem, the organ made a few flourishing sounds, and then ceased. The service ending, I enquired the cause. “The gentleman in residence, Sir, does not like music.” Of course, I had too much courtesy to enquire who that gentleman might be,—whether “fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil:” but such conduct is little short of frightful heresy. The organist descended; and I poured into his willing ear my deep complaint on the violation of so essential a part of cathedral duty. He entirely sympathised with me. The stalls in the choir are of beautiful workmanship, in oak; and many of them apparently of the fourteenth century. After the clean and striking condition of those at Peterborough, these at Lincoln struck me as being scandalously neglected, being enveloped in coats of dust. The interior of the choir is as disgraceful as the exterior of the building is commendable. But a freezing horror pervades you as you survey the whole interior. It is of a jaundice tint, begrimed with dirt—the compound effects of art and time. The sooner a general scaffolding be raised, and the tint of Ely or of York Cathedral adopted, the better.

One of the most striking features in the interior of this Cathedral, is the *Ladye-Chapel*—for size

and simplicity ; and the adjoining altar, when in its pristine state, with all its clustering shrines,* must have been of surpassing splendour. There is immense space at this eastern extremity ; but too much modern stained glass has been allowed to creep into, and to disfigure, the great window. Here are tombs in abundance—of the olden time ; but many of them miserably mangled by Puritanical fury. The skill of Essex, in masking bands and buttresses by rosettes and other ornaments, is here highly talked of : but it were difficult to assign these to any precise period of Gothic architecture. After a few more solemn pacings and musings, we seek the cloister and the Library. To the pavement of the former has been transferred several Roman funereal inscriptions and relics ; while, in the small quadrangle, you descend, by a short flight of steps, into a Roman tessellated

* Here once slept the body of Bishop St. Hugh (see p. 89, ante) in a shrine of solid silver, of costly workmanship : and within these consecrated precincts were kept “the jewels, vestments, and other ornaments to the revestry of the cathedral, &c.” Look, gentle reader, at the inventory of these treasures, as taken in 1536, just before the battering ram of Henry the Eighth’s reforming pioneers was launched against the said “revestry,” as “made by Master Henry Lytherland, treasurer of the same church,” and to be seen in the new *Dugdale*, pt. li. p. 1278, &c. Amongst them, are chalices, pyxes, and candlesticks of SOLID GOLD ! One finds a difficulty in giving credence to what one reads “of the king’s letters, by force whereof the shrines and other jewels were taken away,” as seen at page 1286, vol. ii. of the same work ; wherein “the said relicks, jewels, and plate, were to be safely conveyed to the tower of London, into the jewel-house there, charging the master of the jewels with the same.” This was in 1541, about five years after “Master Lytherland’s Inventory.”

pavement . . . upon which great stress is laid for its undisturbed genuineness, and soundness of condition. The late Sir Joshua Banks is reported to have been frenzied with delight, on its discovery ; and to have paid it a regular annual visit, as a pilgrim to his beloved shrine.

The reader may here perhaps expect something like the institution of a comparison between these two great rival cathedrals of Lincoln and York ; although he will have observed many points in common between them to have been previously settled. The preference to Lincoln is given chiefly from its minute and varied *detail* ; while its *position* impresses you, at first sight, with such mingled awe and admiration, that you cannot divest yourself of this impression, on a more dispassionately critical survey of its component parts. The versed antiquary adheres to Lincoln, and would build his nest within one of the crocketed pinnacles of the western towers—that he might hence command a view of the great central tower ; and, abroad, of the strait Roman road running to Barton, and the glittering waters of the broad and distant Humber. But for one human being of this stamp, you would have one hundred collecting within and without the great rival at York. Its vastness, its space, its effulgence of light, and breadth of effect : its imposing simplicity, by the comparative paucity of minute ornament—its lofty lantern, shining, as it were, at heaven's gate, on the summit of the central tower : and, above all, the soul-awaking devotion kindled by a survey of its vast and matchless choir . . . leave not a shadow of

doubt behind, respecting the decided superiority of this latter edifice. This, however, is not the place for amplification of description, or for further comparison; and accordingly it is high time to bring the reader back to Lincoln, to request him to mount the old oak staircase with me, which conducts to DEAN HONEYWOOD'S LIBRARY. Good Mr. Garvey, the librarian, leads the way; and requests us to wipe our shoes, on entrance, upon a rug, of which the materials, for ought he knows to the contrary, might have been manufactured under the superintendance of the Dean's grandmother, a sempstress of undoubted notoriety in her day. See p. 86, ante.

On entering, you find yourself thrown all at once into the book-characteristics of some four centuries back. It short, here is all that remains of the OLD LIBRARY, of the early part of the fifteenth century. The roof, the timbers, the arrangement—all savours of that period;* while an old catalogue, written in the Latin tongue, and inserted in a MS. Bible of the middle of the twelfth century,† is one of the greatest curiosities and treats with which bibliographical

* This library-room was erected about the year 1420.

† I had supposed (see *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 228, note) that a MS. catalogue of the date of 1349, in the library of Oriel College, Oxford, was the oldest in this country, upon which hands could be laid; but the mention of the above, which I have seen and carefully examined, proves my previous conclusion to be incorrect. My friend, Mr. Willson, thinks that the above catalogue, written at the commencement of a folio MS. of the Bible, was executed about the year 1150, when Haines was chancellor, to whom the care of the books was entrusted. It has some additions, in a later hand, but the whole collection was small, and kept in a press.

eyes can come in contact. But Mr. Garvey "harks away!" Another door is opened . . . and lo! a book-visto, of some hundred feet in length, which owns DEAN HONEYWOOD as founder and donor.* Peace to his mild and gentle spirit! for look at his countenance, and can you doubt the workings of a heart which belonged to such a face? A wreath of imperishable flowers for his brow! Never did dignity adorn his church with a more liberal, a more learned, or more truly advantageous gift. Yet how varied my emotions, on this later entrance into the library in question. The NOSEGAY which I once gathered here,† has undergone a strange, but per-

* See the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 261, &c. where a beautifully stippled portrait from this original may be seen; and p. 86 ante.

† Few "NOSEGAYS" have afforded more lively gratification, or have had its fame more bruited abroad by contradictory reports, than that here alluded to. The history of its gathering is short, and shall be unvarnished, as my own hands alone were contributory to the deed. There had, however, been a *previous* "gathering" or book-bouquet, selected from the Honeywood treasures by the late Mr. James Edwards, of London book celebrity; and three Caxtons composed the bouquet in question. This is noticed in the *Bibliograph. Decameron*, in a letter to me by the late Earl Spencer. The Caxtons in question which became his property, were the *Chess Book*, *Reynard the Fox*, and *Jason*: among the very rarest of the Caxtonian gems. Thus the system of *exclusiveness* had been broken in upon. But it cannot be dissembled, without the mention of the name of any one individual, that the CHAPTER OF LINCOLN, in most instances got "GOLD for their BRASS," and they have wisely replaced their antiquated treasures by the acquisition of numerous and useful volumes of consultation. Yet a *third* bouquet or "gathering," subsequently took place. The reader will find a particular designation of several rare and curious volumes in the Honeywood Library, in the note at page 264 of vol. iii. of the

haps not uncommon mutation. The breasts of some are cold in the clay of the earth, upon which a few of its more fragrant flowers were fixed. But a truce to moralising. The reader would like to have both a sight and a sniff of the flowers that are yet *ungathered*; and the prompt kindness of Mr. Garvey immediately supplies me with such a *sample* (not to be found, or even dreamt of, in the repositories of

Bibliog. Decameron: volumes, around which, in imitation of Captain Cox, of Kenilworth celebrity, I ventured to insinuate a choice piece of "whip-cord," in the hope that they might have eventually walked in the steps of their predecessors, and have become my property. I was disappointed in this latter result; but they have changed their positions; and, at the prices marked by myself, have become the property of one, who, in other days—days gone by, never to return—I was as happy as proud to visit, and to be visited by. The mutations of this world are strange and perplexing: and I have sometimes thought that THAT man only is to be envied who, like Jaques, seeks silence, solitude, and repose, 'midst brawling streams and oaks and elms, that echo to the wild notes of the throstle and mavis. I return to my "LINCOLNE NOSEGAY."

Of the little brochure, so entitled, *thirty-six* copies only were printed. These were disposed of, by me, at the precise sum or cost incurred; which, I believe, was *3s. 6d.* each. They have risen in price to £1. 16s. and "are to be had" only on the breaking up of the libraries of the curious. The most precious, as well as the most extraordinary, copy of this "NOSEGAY," is in the possession of Sir G. H. Freeling, Bart. Yet a tale of treachery and of sadness remains to be told. Of this brochure, there was a forgery, or a reimpression, without either the privity or permission of myself. It may be immediately distinguished by the *v* being larger, and not "standing in case," as they call it, with the other letters. There is also a poverty of appearance about the whole reprint. It was the work of ONE, who, had not imitations of a more serious and criminal cast of character marked his career, would readily have found forgiveness at my hands.

Kennedy, Davy, or Loddidges) as will cause the book-knight to clap his sharpened spurs to his courser's sides, and to fly hither upon the wings of the wind. The volume of which the contents are about to be enumerated, has been subjected to the keen investigation of my friend Sir Frederick Madden, of the British Museum ; and never did his heart beat with a livelier throb than when he put his pen to paper touching its manifold attractions. I have already slightly alluded to it. A lengthened detail cannot fail to be expected ; and will I hope be found satisfactory. The volume under description is a folio, of some three hundred leaves, of which all the contents are manuscript. It is called the **THORNTON MANUSCRIPT.***

“This MS.” says Sir Frederick Madden, “appears to have been compiled by **ROBERT DE THORNTON**, whose name frequently appears written in it. From the scription, and the water-marks in the paper, it would seem to have been written between the years 1430 and 1440 ; but some difficulties occur in assign-

* It measures about eleven inches and a half in height, by eight inches and a half in width. It appears to have been much used, and is soiled ; and the edges of the leaves are worn. It was formerly bound in oak boards, and had a clasp ; but the leather covering had totally disappeared. It is now in a good solid attire of Russian leather : lettered on the back—

OLD ENGLISH ROMANCES,

ETC. ETC.

COLLECTED BY **ROBERT THORNTON.**

I ought to add that the MS. is entirely upon paper, and is imperfect at beginning and end. More than eight leaves have been lost at the end. Can the spoliator be at rest in his grave ?

ing the above date. See art. 28 and 65. At folio 49 is an entry of the birth of a Robert Thornton in 1453, at Redaylle. At fol. 194, the name of Edward Thornton occurs, in a hand of Henry the Eighth's time; and at fol. 266, the name of Dorothy Thornton." Thus far Sir Frederick Madden. Mr. Laing, who transcribed the *Awntyrs of D'Arthur* (forming, as will be presently seen, the 14th article in the collection) from this identical text—as the second piece in his *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland**—says, that the author, Robert de Thornton, held some situation in the cathedral, and was afterwards translated to the archdeaconry of Bedford. He died in May 1450, and lies buried in the cathedral of Lincoln. The hiatuses found by Mr. Laing in this MS. of King Arthur, were supplied from the only other known copy of it supposed to be in existence,—which Pinkerton published in 1792, under the title of *Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron of Galloway*, and which MS. is now in the Doueëan Collection in the Bodleian Library. My friend Mr. Willson, without having seen Mr. Laing's beautiful and instructive volume, writes thus to me: "I think Mr. Laing is wrong in attributing this book to the Archdeacon of Bedford of that name. The volume

* A very beautiful, interesting, and well edited volume, of pot-quarto dimensions. It was printed, in all the luxury of paper and presswork, 1822; and, as intimated at the conclusion of "the Advertisement," "must necessarily have a very limited circulation, as the entire impression does not exceed 108 copies." I was well pleased to give Mr. Stevenson, the Edinburgh bookseller, £2. 10s. for my own copy.

appears to have been a family book, and to have belonged to several persons of the name of Thornton. I think they were seated at Thornton, or near it, in the vale of Rydale, near Pickering. The institutions of the diocese of York would ascertain the name of the *Rector of Oswaldkirk*, and the Yorkshire visitations would tell if the family of Thornton were gentry of Rydale.* I think it doubtful whether the *Morte d'Arthur* was rendered into English verse by Robert de Thornton, or whether he merely transcribed the poem into the book."

"This compilation," continues my amiable correspondent, "must have formed a Cyclopædia of amusement and instruction, when books were few and scarce. The *medical recipes* are of the strongest description imaginable. The nearest resemblance to it which I have seen, in any modern work, was in John Wesley's *Primitive Physick*. One of Master Thornton's prescriptions is—a "plate of *sew* made of a *fox*!" But more anon; and now for the sobriety of analysis.

* Mr. Willson has further remarked to me: "Rydall is the name of a hundred in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and of a deanery in that diocese. It is so called from the river *Rye* which runs through a valley and falls into the Derwent. *Thornton*, *Appleton*, and *Oswald Kirk*, are all places within the district; and these names concur to show that this volume belonged to some family called THORNTON, who dwelt there. The occurrence of the motto of the *Percy Family*—"Esperance in D"—(the remainder, "*ieu ma comforte*" being cut off, see folio 58,) at that time one of the richest and most powerful houses in Yorkshire, as Earls of Northumberland, also shows that the writer lived in that part of the kingdom. Probably (concludes my friend) some particulars of the family of Thornton of Rydale may be found

CONTENTS.

- i. *The lyf of gret Alexander conquerour of alle the worlde.*
Fol. 1-49.

A literal translation of the Latin text, printed at Strasburg in 1494, folio. From this English prose translation, was versified the metrical romance of Alexander preserved among the Ashmolean MSS. at Oxford.

- ii. *Prognostications of Weather, &c.* Fol. 51.
iii. *Lamentacio Peccatoris.* Fol. 51B.
iv. *Here begynnes Morte Arthure.* Fol. 58.

Altogether different from, and earlier than, the Romance of Arthur in the Harleian MSS. (No. 2252) which was analysed by the late George Ellis, Esq. "Query, (says Sir Frederick Madden) if the same as the *Gret Geste of Arthure*, noticed by Wyntown?" The first page of this MS. is numbered 93 at top, but it now stands in the volume as No. 58; commencing thus:

*Nowe grete glorious Godde through grace of hym sclnen
Ande the pcyous pyere of hys prys Modyr.*

- v. *Here begynnes the Romance of Octavyanne.*
"Mekyll and littil olde & zynge
Herkyns alle to my talkyne."

This is different from the romance so entitled and printed by Ritson; but agrees with the copy in the public library at Cambridge: MSS. 690.

in the heraldic collections relating to Yorkshire pedigrees." I conclude the above precious volume to have been among the book-purchases of Dean Honeywood.

vi. *Here begynnes the Romance of Syr Ysambrace.*

It differs considerably from the copy printed by Copeland, and reprinted under the editorial care of E. V. Utterson, Esq.

vii. *Here begynnes the Romance of Dyoclicyane the Emperour, and the Erle Berarde of Tholous, and of the Emprice Beautiliane.* Fol. 114.

Printed by Ritson, in the third vol. of his *Metrical Romances*, from a MS. in the public library at Cambridge, No. 690.

viii. *Vita Sti. Xtoferi. Here begynnes the Lyffe of the Story of Saynte Xtofre.* Fol. 122.

“Lordynges if it be youre will,
And ye will here and holde yowe still.”

ix. *Syr Dygamore.* Fol. 130.

x. *Incipit Syr Eglamour of Artasse.* Fol. 138.

Printed by Copland: see *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. iii. p. 167; edit. 1810.

xi. *De Miraculo beate Marie.* Fol. 147.

xii. *Lyarde.* Fol. 148.

A very indelicate poem: against old men and idle monks.

xiii. *Tomas off Erseldoune.* Fol. 149.

Mr. Laing has printed this text entire, as the purest of the only three texts known to be in existence of this interesting poem—called by another name, *Thomas the Rhymer*; and edited by the distinguished pen of the late Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*

* The first editorial efforts of Sir Walter Scott connected with this curious fragment of the Muse of the thirteenth century, appeared

This is the fourth in number of Mr. Laing's Ancient Popular Poetry in Scotland—under the title of *Thomas of Ersyldoune and the Quene of Elf-land*. The defective parts of this poem (for, says Mr. Laing, owing to the loose and careless manner in which the Lincoln MS. has, at some former time, been kept, this poem has suffered much in common with most of the others which that volume contains) have been supplied by portions from the Cambridge MS.

xiv. *Here bygynnes The Awntyrs off Arthure at the Terne Wathelyn.** Fol. 154.

Printed by Mr. Laing, as the second piece in his Ancient Scottish Poetry.

“In Kyng Arthurs tym ane awntir by tide,
By the Terne Wathelyn, als the buke tellis ;
Als he to Carelele was comen, that conqueror kyde,
With Dukes and with ducheperes that with that dere duellys,
Ffor to hunte at the herdys, that lange hafe been hyde ;”

in the third volume of his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, pp. 168—228, ed. 1810, where a portion only was printed from the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum. Sir Walter afterwards enlarged his editorial labours ; and the text of the original, in a distinct 8vo. volume, printed by the late James Ballantyne, in all the luxury of paper and press-work, was published at £1. 1s. of which only 250 copies were printed. Mr. Jamieson, in his collection of *Popular Ballads and Songs*, collated and published the text as it appeared in the Cambridge MS. but the LINCOLN TEXT is the purest of the three.

* Or, “Tearne Wadling,” the name of a small lake near Hesketh, in Cumberland. The colophon to the MS. is this :

“This ferly by felle, full sothely to say,
In Yggilwode fforeste, at the Ternwathelayne.”

In “Yggilwode,” for “Englewood,” or, as it is sometimes called,

- xv. *Here bygynnes the Romance of Syr Percevelle of Gales.*
Fol. 161.
- xvi-vii. *Charms for the tooth ache.*
- xviii. *Epistola Sancti Salvatoris.* Fol. 176.
- xix. *Prayer in Latin, with Poem in English.*
- xx. *A Preyere off the Fyue payes of oure Lady [in] Ynglys, and of the Fyue Sorrouces.* Fol. 177.
- xxi. *Psalms: Voce mea ad Dominum clamavi.* Fol. 178.
- xxii. *Here bygynngs Fyue prayers to the werchipe of the Fyue Wondys of our lorde Ihu Cryste.*
- xxiii. *Oracio in Ynglys.* Fol. 178.
- xxiv. *A Colett to oure lady Saynte Marye.*
- xxv. *Oracio in modo Collect pro amico.*
- xxvi. *Antiphona. S. Leonardi cum Collect.*
- xxvii. *Here begynnes the Previte of the Passione of our lorde Ihu.* Fol. 179.

At the end, it is thus: "*Explicit Bonaventura de Misteriis Passionis Ihu Xti.*"

- xxviii. *Incipit tractatus Willmi Nasynngton quondā Advocati Cur. Ebor. de Trinitate et Unitate cū declaraciōe opum Dei et de passione Dni nri Xti, &c.*

"A lord god of myght maste | fadir son and son and holy Fader for yu art Almyghty: | Son, for thow ert all wytty; Haly goste, for thow all wyll. | that gude is and nathynge yll. | A God and ane lorde yu threhed: and thre persons yn ane hede."

See Tanner's *Bibl. Brit.* p. 538, where reference is made to this MS. at Lincoln, as containing the present tract. Tanner assigns no date to the writer; but Warton conjectures that this treatise was translated into English rhymes about the year 1480. Yet

"the English wood," was an extensive forest in Cumberland, sixteen miles in length, and reached from Penrith to Carlisle.

how does this agree with the admitted date of the book thirty years before? See *History of English Poetry*, ii. 172, &c. Eleven lines are transcribed by Warton. The work was composed (says Mr. Willson) by John of Waldenby, an Augustine friar of Yorkshire, a student in the Augustinian convent at Oxford, and afterwards Provincial of his order in England. He was a strenuous opponent of Wicliffe.

XXIX-XXX. *Prayers in verse.* Fol. 191.

XXXI. *Of the Vertuz of the haly name of Ihu.*

XXXII. *A Tale that Richarde hermet [made.]*

XXXIII. *A Prayere that the same Richard Hermit made, tht is beried at Hampule.** Fol. 193.

XXXIV. *Ympnus quem composuit S. Ambrosyus.*

XXXV. *De Imperfecta Contritione.* Fol. 194.

XXXVI. *Moralia Richardi heremite de natura apis.*

XXXVII. *De Vita cujusdam puelle incluse propter amorem Xti.* Fol. 194.

XXXVIII. *Richardus Heremyta.* Fol. 195.

XXXIX. *Ihu inferius. Idem Richardus.*

XL. *A notabill Tretys off the ten Commandementys drawen by Richarde the hermyte of Hampulle.*

XLI. *Id. de septem donis Spiritus sancti.* Fol. 196.

XLII. *Id. de dilectatione in Deo.*

XLIII. *Incipit speculum Sancti Edmundi Cantuar. Archiep. in Anglicis. Here begynmys the Myrroure of Scynt Edmonde the Ershebechope of Canterbarge.* Fol. 197.

XLIV. *Tractatus de Dominica passione.* Fol. 209.

* He was author of the once famous poem entitled "THE PRYCKE OF CONSCIENCE." He was called Richard Rolle, alias Hampole—the latter being the name of the place of his burial, about five miles from Doncaster. Tanner, Warton, and Ellis, have done him full justice. He died in 1339.

- XLV. *Hymn to I. Crist.* Fol. 211.
- XLVI-VII. *Metrical Orisons.* Fol. 211-12.
- XLVIII. *Incipit a Meditacione of the Fyue woundes of our lorde Ihu Christe.* Fol. 212.
- L. *Moral Poem.* Fol. 213.
- LI. *Six lines addressed to Jesus Christ.*
- LII. *Here begynnes a Sermoun that Dane John Gaytryge made, the whilke teches how scrifte is to be made.* Fol. 213.
- LIII. *Hymn to I. Criste.* Fol. 219.
- LIV. *Prose treatise—perhaps by Hampole.* Fol. 219.
- LV. *Moral Poem.* Fol. 222.
- LVI. *Treatise on Active and Contemplative Life.* Fol. 223.
- LVII. *Prose tract.* Fol. 229.
- LVIII. *Of Sayne Johne the Evangelist.* Fol. 231.
- LIX. *Prose treatise on Prayer.* Fol. 233.
- LX. *De Gracia Dei.* Fol. 240.
- LXI. *Hic incipit quedam Reuelacio. A Reuelacyone schewed to ane holy womane now one late tyme. [St. Lawrence's day, A.D. 1422.]* Fol. 250.
- LXII-III. *Psalm and Hymns in Latin.* Fol. 258.
- LXIV. *Here begynnys Sayne Jerome Spaltyre.*
- LXV. *Religio sti. spt. Religio mundi. Off the Abbaye of Saynte Spirite that is in a place that is called consyence A dere brethir and systers I see yat many walde be in religyon bot yay may noghte owthir for poute, or for drede of thaire kyn: or for bane of maryage and for the I make here a buke of ye religion of ye herte.*

Bishop Alcock, who was successively Bishop of Rochester, Worcester, and Ely, cannot be the reputed author of this treatise, as he lived to the end of the fifteenth century, and was buried in his chapel so called at Ely. See the *Angl. Sacra*, vol. i.; Tanner's *Bibl. Brit.* p. 23-4.

- LXVI. *Religious Poems.* Fol. 276.
 LXVII. *Ista Oracio que sequitur est de vij gaudia (sic) beate Marie Virginis, per S. Thomam et Martirem Cantuar. Epm edita.* Fol. 277.
 LXVIII. *Another Salutacionn tille oure Lady.*
 LXIX-LXXIII. *Various Anthems, Collects and Prayers, to the Father and Son.*
 LXXIV. *Poem on the Vanity of man's nature.* Fol. 279.
 LXXV. *Hic incipit Liber de diversis Medicinis.* Fol. 280-314.

Take a few specimens, gentle reader, of recipes for diseases or casualties. “*To mak a man to sing highe;*” fol. 285B. “*To sla worms in ye tethe;*” fol. 287. “*For the palsy*—Tak a fox and mak hym in sew and ette of hym wele.” “*Morbum caducum: ffalland euyll.*” Tak y^e flo^{re} of titmens and stamp it with rasen and anoynte hym and it ne sall note grawe,” &c.; fol. 296. “*For nosse bledyg*—Take ele skynnes and dry yam and beyn yam and blaw y^e powdir in his nose thirles with a pipe.” At fol. 292: “An oy^d for euyll in y^e Body y^t es growen—Tak ye pewse of Dent de lyon and minge it with his uryne, and drink it, and it will hele the for sothe.” But enough.

At length we colophonise with this sombre volume, of which I fear the gravity and the want of interest outweigh its value and utility; but it is not incurious, as exhibiting a fair good specimen of the sort of lore or learning, or taste and fancy, which obtained pretty generally in the fifteenth century. I confess that I am not sorry to have arrived at the end of my bibliographical journey, as we have tarried quite long enough within the precincts of this russia-

coated tome. But I must not shut it up, and return it to its place, without expressing a strong as well as natural desire that some enterprising antiquary, of equal zeal and leisure, will benefit at least one of the CLUBS,* if not the public at large, by a discriminating analysis of its contents, with copious extracts from the more interesting portions. My friend Mr. Willson's enlarged notice of this singular book has enabled me to be thus particular; and here, as the public will probably soon become more intimately acquainted with this most interesting library-interior, I take my leave of DEAN HONEYWOOD, and of the CATHEDRAL to which his name will be always attached as one of its brightest and most imperishable ornaments.

: Alas! of the *Episcopal Palace* little more than a word can be said. It is a RUIN;—a dark and a desolate ruin. Its departed grandeur has fled away; and little more than the dense, and almost impenetrable (save from the touch of time!) walls of its capacious kitchen, evince the “hospitality” of other days. There are some fine “tit-bits”—as the antiquarian gourmand pronounces them—about this ruin, which breathe of the purest taste of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and a young friend,† the son of

* The Roxburghe, Bannatyne, Maitland, and Abbotsford Book CLUBS: the former in London, the three latter in Scotland. I know enough of the energies of more than *one* member of these Scotch clubs, to be convinced that were SUCH a volume at Edinburgh, it would be quickly visited, and for the benefit of THE BRETHREN.

† This young friend is all over enthusiasm and curiosity in his profession; and was at the time a pupil of MR. BLORE. He would

the Rev. Mr. Penrose, late of Corpus Christi College, Oxford,—was most zealous in pointing out to me what he deemed interesting and instructive. We descended fosses—scaled stunted walls—peeped through crevices and loop-holes—embraced mullions—enfiladed buttresses—surmounted staircases—and gazed around from heights, so as to obtain a pretty correct notion of the extent and character of what lay below us. So ardent and active was my young friend, that he cared not how the gloss of a new coat was disturbed by coming in collision with dusty coignes and friezes, and would scarcely allow me time to pluck a few bunches of currants, which seemed to glow with a livelier red, as opposed to the dark and time-worn wall against which they were trained. The *entrance-gate* or lodge of this old episcopal palace preserves a good deal of its entirety, and may be pronounced a fine ruin.

FAREWELL to Lincoln! A mournful feeling hung about me, as I paced, in all probability for the last time, the precincts of its Cathedral—its cloisters—and the immediate suburbs of the city. Here is one of the finest sacred edifices in Europe: but nothing seems stirring about it. It is as a body without a soul. Melancholy seems to mark it “for her own.” All that strength, and art, and costliness, and grandeur, could once effect, are to be witnessed in the massive walls, and elaborate and intricate tracery, of this magnificent structure: but there wants a

lose none of these commendable qualities under the tuition of such a Master.

vitality of devotion *somewhere* . . . a reflection, suggested the more by the large and gratifying congregations witnessed within the choir of York Cathedral. But a truce to all further comparison. I have uttered my sentiments as freely as I have felt them ; with no desire to wound the sensibility, or damp the enthusiasm, of the most devoted admirer of the city and its inhabitants. It is difficult to rouse a deeply slumbering spirit, or to give a successful fillip to an obviously flagging devotion, even in its *civil* sense : but there is only ONE PLAN, by which the glories of other days may be rekindled, and the wealth and intelligence of this Capital of the Shire extended and improved. Great Tom is striking the hour of midnight—and it is necessary to prepare for to-morrow's departure.



OLD HOUSES IN WAKEFIELD.

[SEE PAGE 138.]

LINCOLN TO YORK.



HERE are perhaps few routes, in the fertile and happy country of England, which exhibit what painters call the “amenity” of landscape, more correctly and strikingly, than that from “Lincoln to York” through DONCASTER and WAKEFIELD. It was with more than one sigh that I turned my back upon *Hull*, and *Beverley Minster*—visited in other days,* and dear to my

* Some twenty years ago. Of all the Minsters probably in Europe, that of BEVERLEY yields to none in elegance of symmetry

of 150 tons burden, borne upon the bosom of the Trent, display their streamers as it were in the very heart of the town. These maintain a brisk trade along the shores of the Baltic: while sundry canals facilitate inland navigation. You pass over a noble bridge of three elliptical arches, as you enter the town. There is little to reward the search of the antiquary, except it be the Old Hall, or Palace, consisting of three sides of a quadrangle, and of which the greater portion of the materials consist of timber. There are some old chimney stacks which may be pushed to the reign of Henry VII; and, perhaps, a

and purity of taste. One hardly knows which to admire the more, the exterior or the interior. Here are the tombs of the PERCY FAMILY, redolent of everything that is rich, rare, and beautiful in monumental art. In the suppression of old, and the creation of new clerical dignitaries, the Episcopal Commission might have given us a DEAN of BEVERLEY. The edifice is worthy of such a guardian.

part of the building may extend to the year 1400. It has been supposed that the Danish ships, under the predatory chieftain, Sweyne, landed at Gainsborough, when their crews laid waste the surrounding country. It might have been so.

From Gainsborough we made rapid way to *Bawtry*. The country now assumes a more luxuriant aspect. Woods of deep foliage; fields waving with golden grain; pasture-lands upon which thriving cattle were feeding—everything seemed to indicate what Yorkshire had been always held out to me to exhibit, a rich and prosperous county. As I neared Bawtry, I passed the lodge and gates of *Wyton*—the residence of the present Earl Spencer; who, as Viscount Althorp and Chancellor of the Exchequer, under the successive administrations of Earl Grey and Viscount Melbourne, conducted the REFORM BILL through the stormiest opposition in the House of Commons which had been ever evinced: who, by his “incomparable felicity of temper” (as Gibbon said of Lord North) steadiness of purpose, and integrity of principle, won more “golden opinions,” and carried away more hearts captive, than probably had fallen to the lot of any one of his predecessors in office. On the death of his father,* Lord Althorp necessarily succeeded to the peerage; but his country will always lament his secession from public life. That undisguised simplicity of utterance, and inflexible integrity of heart, which had uniformly distinguished his career, was duly appreciated, as well without, as within, the doors

* See my *Reminiscences of a Literary Life*, p. 451, &c.

of parliament : and now *here*, and at *Althorp*, the retired senator studiously reposes or disports ; exclaiming with Horace,

“ Beatus ille qui procul negotiis
 Ut prisca gens mortalium
 Paterna rura bobus exercet suis.
 Solutus omni fœnore.”

Or, enjoying with Virgil,

“ Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.”

A few lines from Pope and Thomson might be also appositely subjoined ; but there is no need.

“ ONE SELF-APPROVING hour whole years outweighs
 Of clamorous greetings and of loud huzzas !”

I quote from memory, and seem to think the latter line inaccurate ; but the text of Pope will correct the error.

A short nine miles from Bawtry brings you to DONCASTER . . . a name, next to that of Newmarket, ever memorable in the annals of horse-racing : the focus of fashion and of provincial beauty in the month of September, when the great *St. Leger Stake* is contested. Here Eclipse, that great quadrupedical hero of other days, gathered immortal renown ;* and here *Filho da Puta, Birmingham*, and

* Eclipse won his first great stake at Doncaster. The course is somewhat in the form of the figure 8 ; and our “hero” had completely rounded it, ere his companions had covered one-half. He had a slouch in his mode of running, putting his head downwards like a hare : nor did he commence his career (at five years of age) till others, now-a-days, have concluded it.

Memnon, of later times, rushed like the winds to the winning post. The shout, the laugh, the jest, the gibe,—the expanded forehead of success, and the indented brow of defeat,—the braggart champion, and the skulking shark,—rank, wealth, equipage,—the unknown, the poor, and the unsuspecting,—the gamester, springing upon his prey,—the affrighted novice, and the ruined squire ;—these, and a thousand things besides, strike the imagination of the sentimental traveller as he enters Doncaster . . . supplied by a sight of the great stand and race-course immediately to the right. Still nearing the town, you pass a new church, of which the spire—before my return from Scotland—had been scathed and destroyed by lightning. It was a fearful sight as I saw it on my return in December. The work of destruction had been as complete as prompt. Man labours for months and years : heaven destroys those labours in the twinkling of an eye. An amiable young clergyman, of the name of Branston, had been just appointed to the preferment.* Of all the towns I had ever entered, on the Continent or in England, I am not sure that I was ever so thoroughly impressed with the neatness, the breathing space, the residence-inviting aspect of any, as of the town of Doncaster. It is cheerful, commodious, and the streets are of delightful breadth. You need

* It was my good fortune to meet this amiable gentleman, and his intended spouse, (*now they are united*) at Archerfield, in East Lothian, at the hospitable mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson—in the month of November.

not fear suffocation, either from natural or artificial causes,—for no smoke is vomited, in trailing columns, from manufacturing chimneys. The sky is blue,—the sun is bright,—the air is pure. Your heart dances merrily within you, as the horses seem to stop naturally at the *New Angel* hotel—for the meek, unoffending monosyllable, “Inn,” seems now to be gradually sinking into desuetude.

We bespoke a sitting room and two bed-rooms, for two days. The next day was Sunday. I had seen, on approaching the town, the noble tower of the old Church; of about the *Tudor* time of architecture. It is lofty and massive; but perhaps overlaid with ornament in the upper part. It reminded me of the tower of Gloucester cathedral, of which it may be deemed an *octavo* edition; but the old *folio* beats it in simplicity of arrangement, and grandeur of elevation. The open pinnacles of the latter, on the summit of the tower, leave nothing to desire. But we must keep to our text, and remember that we are at Doncaster. The entire church, which I carefully surveyed within and without, and in which I attended divine service on the Sunday afternoon, is without doubt one of the finest in the kingdom. It has space as well as proportion; but what language can do justice to the PAINTED WINDOW over the high altar!—to which the eye is instantly rivetted, on entering the eastern door. It represents, in the main part, the Evangelists and Apostles; and was achieved at an expense little short of a thousand guineas,—a sum by no means beyond its merits. The artist, who has gained a glorious immortality by its achieve-

ment, is Mr. WILLIAM MILLER.* It is difficult to say which colour predominates in splendour and transparency; but the *green* struck me as the most sparkling and effective. This precious, and, as a modern specimen of art, unrivalled production, is wisely secured from accident, without, by small wires. It measures twenty-eight feet in height, by fifteen in width. You know not how to gaze enough, or when to go away. It is so entirely beyond all ordinary productions of art in the same style, that you wonder whence it came, and almost doubt its execution by a living hand. Compared with this, how lame and impotent are the productions of Egginton!†

The *Organ* is worthy of the window. It is large, and sonorous to a great extent. A very young organist had been recently elected; who seemed to mistake noise for expression, and difficulties for

* The history of the erection of this window is honourable to all parties. The living of Doncaster became vested in a maiden lady, who died unmarried. On her death, the great tithes of the living were disposed of at a price so liberal and satisfactory, that Mr. Baker, of Longford House, near Gloucester, her executor, begged the Vicar (the Rev. Dr. Sharpe) would suggest some mode by which his feelings of satisfaction and gratitude might be adequately demonstrated towards the Church of Doncaster. The Vicar suggested the erection of a WINDOW such as we NOW BEHOLD IT. The price was fixed,—the artist selected,—and within a very reasonable period Mr. Miller achieved this *chef-d'œuvre* of his skill. Some fifty pages might be devoted to the faithful developement of its beauties.

† The Eggintons of Birmingham were the “crack” artists of the day, in the stained-glass line of business; but their names are now beginning to be forgotten. The window at the end of Trinity Library, Cambridge, must not be looked at: but a tolerably fair specimen may be seen over the altar of my own church of St. Mary, Bryanston Square, London; put up about thirteen years ago.

taste and proper effect. We sat in front of the gallery, with this enormous piece of musical machinery not far behind us ; and we were occasionally fairly stunned. Since the notes emitted from the organ of *St. Germain des Près*, at Paris,* I had never heard anything so formidable and so astounding : but the performer is a very zealot in the cause of organ-psalmody, and did enough to convince me that when time has somewhat mellowed his practice, and ripened his judgment, he need not fear competition with the most talented musicians of the day. The gallery of this church is spacious and commodious, secured by a glazed screen from the rough blast of the west. It is capable of holding a congregation of two thousand ; and the voice from the pulpit seems to reach every portion of the auditory, without much exertion on the part of the preacher. The pulpit is well placed, and of an elegant construction.

It was a considerable drawback to me not to be able to pay my personal respects to the vicar, the Rev. Dr. Sharpe, who was doing duty at a neighbouring church ; and whom I saw only hastily on the ensuing morning, in a parsonage house of singular compactness and comfort : situated in a garden where flowers and shrubs seemed to strive in rivalry with each other for the mastery. Dr. Sharpe shewed me some pretty paintings, upon which he had the courtesy to allow me to form my own silent opinions ; but upon *one* of which the decision could not fail to be gratifying. It was an interior of *Theobald's*, with an whole length figure

* See *Foreign Tour*, vol. ii. p. 98.

of Charles the First, standing in the foreground of the picture. Dr. Sharpe doubted its genuineness as an original ; but I essayed to dispel such doubt, adding, " if not an original, it is a masterly as well as ancient copy." It was not from want of importunity on *his* part, that my stay was necessarily compelled to be short. I did not leave Doncaster; however, without a rummage after a *Polyglot Bible* in the Parochial Library; and found a *royal copy* of Walton, in a small and snug collection of books over the south porch. A gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, was my attendant; and, apparently, of downright zeal in "the good cause."

On the same day we started for WAKEFIELD. There is a fine rapid river (the *Don*, from which the town takes its name) over which a good substantial bridge is built. The distance to Wakefield is somewhere about twenty-three miles. The road is broad and sound; the country pleasingly wooded, and gently undulating. All objects around bespeak peace and prosperity. As you approach within half a dozen miles of Wakefield, you discern the spire of the church, built upon a good substantial tower. Its position cannot be surpassed. It seems to be encircled by hills, and as the town is built upon rising ground, surrounded by wooded heights, you gain at every advance a sight of the spread of its houses, and the erection of its manufactories. The latter, in the shape of conical chimneys, are frightful and repellent enough;* while curling columns of

* A foreigner, happening to visit Wakefield for the first time on a *Sunday*, remarked, on seeing so many of the chimneys *smokeless*,

dense and slowly moving smoke seem to involve every thing within its immediate neighbourhood in impenetrable obscurity. Was ever such a situation so doomed to horrify the sensitiveness of a lover of the picturesque? The manufacturer shouts aloud in the wealth deducible from the various processes connected with these chimneys; and the country gentleman flies to his suburban villa, when the din and bustle of the day is past, viewing with an inwardly thrilling complacency, from his bay window, these smoky volumes in a subdued form and tint. . . But all this is premature.

The first glorious burst, or view of the town of Wakefield, which I caught, was as we approached the village of Wragby contiguous to the magnificent mansion of Charles Winn, Esq. of *Nostel Priory*; of which, in its fit place. It was very spirit-stirring. The church gained upon me in elevation and magnitude. A busy population began to be visible, and after threading some broad and flaring red-brick streets, we stopped at the *White Hart* Hotel, of which we uniformly found the mistress (Sykes) a civil and obliging landlady. Her charges (oh rare! for Yorkshire) were as moderate as her accommodations were comfortable. We stayed three days. One of the windows of the sitting-room allotted to us, faced the church: a noble edifice, in length and width and height. I soon learnt to appreciate its excellences fully and correctly, by the aid of Dr. Sisson's elegant "*Historic Sketch of Wakefield*

"how fond the inhabitants must be of *obelisks* to the memory of their dead!"

Church," a small quarto volume, redolent of typographical luxury and graphic embellishment.* Its amiable and worthy publisher (Mr. Richard Nichols) placed a copy of this estimable work in my hands, shortly after my arrival. Health and prosperity, and a *Methuselah*-longevity (if he desire it) await the man who devotes his head, heart, and hands, to a *manufactory* of THIS description! It shall survive all the chimneys in Christendom.

But first for a general sketch. The town of Wakefield contains a population of upwards of 15,000 souls. By this time thirty years to come, it will have quadrupled the number. The spirit of commerce and the love of enterprize are the great stimulants to extension of settlement; and Wakefield has its *coals* as well as Leeds. The streets with few exceptions are broad and commodious. The very space around the church, which is seated in the centre, contributes much to the wholesomeness, as well as good effect, of the immediate neighbourhood. It is the most opulent, as well as trade-stirring, town in the West Riding of Yorkshire; and may be considered the

* This elegant little quarto volume, from the pen of the REV. JOSEPH LAWSON SISSON, now D.D. is dedicated to the Archbishop of York, and was published by Mr. Nichols in 1824. It is now, I understand, a rare book. It boasts of a very beautiful frontispiece of the South Porch, from the pencil of Cope and the burin of Higham: the latter may compete with that of Le Keux. There is also a copper-plate of the Church, on a reduced scale, and a fine view of the interior, by the same engraver, with a neat vignette of the Vicarage. A small wood-cut of the Font is happily executed. The reverend and learned author is now Rector of Duntisbourne, near Cirencester, in Gloucestershire. He should be brought back again, upon the shoulders of the Wakefieldians, to do for the Town what he has done for the Church.

focus, or centre, of the manufacturing and mining districts of that division of the county. Leeds and Huddersfield (at the easy distances of nine and fourteen miles) receive its produce in the form of worsted, cloth, and stuffs; and the river Calder, with its indigo-tinted waters, conveys tons of goods of the same description to the more southern districts—through the Humber, Mersey, Trent, Severn, and Thames. It is the very locality for commerce, and where its genius ought to preside. Fix the point of the compass in the centre of the church-yard, and draw a circle of only seven miles, and you have everything which conveys an idea of property, in land, in money:—“*dives agris, dives nummis*” should be the Wakefieldian motto. I saw several spinning-jenny manufactories: but to see one is to see the whole. They are all identified in principle. While the whiz, whirl, clatter, and stunning thumps of the machinery are going on, it is amusing to see the self-possession, and sometimes high spirits, of those who are at work; but my gratification was sometimes both diverted and soured by the untidy appearances of the females. Were I the master of a manufactory, such as that over which my good friend, the Rev. Mr. Sharp, the vicar, conducted me, I would issue an edict—to be most rigidly observed—that every young woman should leave her ear-rings at home, and attend with closely cut hair. Not a pin should be out of its place in her drapery. It was both sad and disgusting to see dirt, slovenliness, and finery, combined.

But it is time to say more than *one* word about

THE CHURCH ; and, if the reader pleases, at least two words respecting the excellent “ *Vicar of Wakefield*,” who has been wedded to his parishioners a good round twenty-seven years : his induction having taken place in February, 1810. I now forget by what channel of introduction I came in contact with the Rev. Samuel Sharp, M.A. the gentleman here alluded to ; but surely few men, on so slight an acquaintance, seemed to understand one another better. The vicarage with the “ appurtenances thereunto belonging”—roses, pinks, and dahlias, without ; pleasant converse and amiable society within—was all that a brother clergyman could wish it to be. My daughter received a welcome that made her immediately at home. In addition to the joyous “ rites of hospitality,” we obtained a *carte de voyage* of the neighbouring country, and a notification of its more lordly chieftains. It was owing to the influential popularity of this respected clergyman that I was indebted for a sight of the marvels of *Walton Hall*, the residence of the renowned Charles Waterton, Esq. : of which in due order.

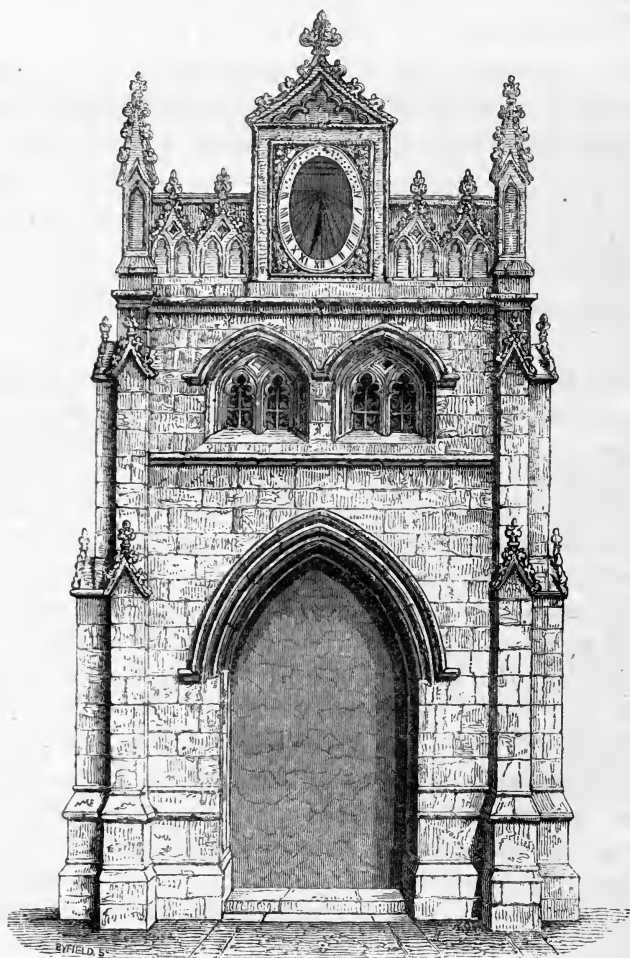
Let us accompany the worthy vicar to the church : called *All Saints*’. It is, indeed (as before observed) of noble dimensions. Dr. Sisson tells us that it is one hundred and fifty-six feet in length, by sixty-nine feet wide ; and that the height of the tower and spire is two hundred and thirty-seven feet. I confess I was not prepared for such an altitude. The roof is lofty and well constructed ; being in oak colour, with square compartments, intersected with gilding. There is, fortunately for the imposing effect of mas-

siveness and simplicity, no *obtruding* gallery. An elegant screen—just behind the pulpit—separates the nave from the chancel. It is of oak, carved in flowers of bold relief. There are side aisles, and the roof of the nave is supported by pointed arches, with plain stout pillars. According to the above authority, there is no portion of the body of this church older than the year 1500;* but the tower and part of the spire are of the middle of the fourteenth century. The spire was once one hundred and twenty-five feet in height.† I presume the south porch as it now exists—having been built only

* The first church, on the present site, was of Norman architecture. It was destroyed; and rebuilt and consecrated in the reign of Edward III. About one hundred and forty years afterwards, from causes never ascertainable, it was, with the exception of the tower and spire, again destroyed, and again rebuilt. In the year 1724, the south side of the church, including the porch, was entirely rebuilt, and within the last thirty years, the north side, and a vestry at the end. "These rebuildings and additions (observes Dr. Sisson) are made with more regard to durability than attention to the original architecture of the pile; but notwithstanding the faults which may occur to the eye of taste, it has a grand and imposing appearance."—p. 9.

† The spire is octagonal: four of its sides stand on the walls of the tower, the other four are supported by arches which spring from below the floor of the spire, and extend from side to side of the tower. The walls of its base, at the tower, are ten inches thick. In the year 1715 the vane with a portion of the spire was blown down. In 1802, there were evidences of approaching decay, and another restoration took place: but in 1823, as it should seem that the art of masonry did not improve with the course of time, fears were again entertained of approaching mischief. The vane ponderous and immovable, never turned with the wind. Each blast, by the resistance, in consequence of the immovability of the vane, operated upon the spire with tremendous effect; and it became necessary to take down the vane and a portion of the spire. A smaller vane, and the

about one hundred and ten years—to be a strict copy of its predecessor in the time of Edward the Third. It is in admirable taste.



carrying of this spire to its original altitude—as it now stands—was the result. The old immovable vane rests at peace now, in the garden of the Vicar. On looking at it, one wonders how it could have lived, as it did, in the stormy elements above,

I leave to the pages of my friend Dr. Sisson's work, the record of the dead who "sleep beneath." Having been once somewhat excursive in the transcription of epitaphs,* I can here only refer to forty pages of the book just mentioned, for an ample statement of names, pedigrees, achievements, and virtues, of the dead. Altogether, this is one of the noblest church-interiors with which I am acquainted. The adjoining church-yard is singular. It formed a portion of the vicarial land, but was ceded by the present Vicar, on a compensation of nearly three acres in another direction. The singularity is this. All the grave-stones are FLAT; and you seem to walk on an extended stone-pavement, as you pass from the church to the vicarage. The effect in a short time will be pernicious,—as the surfaces of the stone are not only opposed to the undermining influences of weather, but to the more fatal effects of disfigurement and mutilation by the depredations of boys,—of whom there is a class that have a most marvellous propensity for the destruction of tomb-stones, especially if their *feet* can help their *hands*. I must not leave the church without noticing its dulcet peal of ten bells; emitting sounds such as the late Dr. Parr would have listened to, and fed upon, with more than ordinary gratification. The tenor boasts of thirty-one hundred weight. These bells are of about forty years' standing.

The book-trade of Wakefield, such as it is, may be said to be in the hands of Messrs. Nichols, Cryer, and

* See pages 29 seq.—ante.

Stanfield : but here, as everywhere else, that branch of commerce is sadly drooping. Mr. Nichols however shewed me a *Chart of the Inland Navigation, Canals, and Railroads of Great Britain*, of which he is the publisher, that had not cost less than £20,000 in bringing out. I had heard of some "rum articles" being likely to be secured at a bookseller's of the name of * * *, in a comparatively narrow and obscure street ; and I quickly found myself within his shop. In the midst of "darkness visible," I tried to catch hold of something which might be yet blacker : but every effort failed. Not even a nibble. While upon the subject of books, be it permitted me to notice one ancient and one modern collection. The former is attached to the Grammar School, built in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and flanked by some of the old walls ;—altogether among the most curious parts of the town. The Rev. John Sharp (the Vicar's son) and the Rev. James Morant were, I seem to think, my companions in this visit. The Rev. John Naylor, B.D. the head master, was so obliging as to introduce me to these picturesque evidences of "the olden time." This gentleman was as courteous in manner as robust in frame. One volume succeeded another in rapid succession, as his powerful arm displaced them ; nor clouds of choking dust, as the covers were flapped against the body of the books, either discomposed his gravity or slackened his exertions. Such a book-battery had not been fired off for a century ; but amidst the noise and smoke of the cannonading, I groped in vain for a *Coverdale*, a

Fox, a Chaucer, and a Shakspeare. St. Austin and Chrysostom were sorry substitutes. "Peradventure we may alight upon *Capgrave?*" "My dear Sir, that gentleman has been long out of date," observed a young aspirant. "Only since 1516," was my reply.

But while upon the subject of old books, I must not omit to notice a scarce little black-visaged bijou, of which my worthy friend the Vicar is in possession, and which he placed on the table before me with as much emphasis and glee as the head librarian of the Royal Library at Naples would the famous little *Psalter*, emblazoned by the matchless pencil of *Giulio Clovio*.* It was a "*Primer and a Catechisme, with the notable Fayres, Saints and Sayings in the Calendar—set forth by the Queen's Majesty to be taught vnto Children;*" 18mo. printed by Purfoot—assigned by Seres. I said enough to the possessor to convince him that his "bijou" was at least worth a hat full of stivers. The modern collection of books, just alluded to, is that which belongs to the "*West Riding Proprietary School;*" and of which Mr. Nichols has published a catalogue in a very slim quarto form, with a wood-cut in the

* Of ALL the books, to stimulate me for a voyage to Italy, this were perhaps *the foremost*. Often and often did I hear the late Countess Spencer—who, on her visit with the late Earl, to the King of Naples, in 1819, had it as often in her hands—expatiate upon its surpassing beauty, and the inconceivable powers of its execution: observing, that there was nothing of Giulio Clovio, in this country, which could be placed by the side of it.

title-page of the front elevation of the building. This school, which is at present in an infantine state, merits a distinct notice. Although of only three years standing, it boasts of being attended by 200 pupils. The building is chaste in form, and commodious in arrangement; and as you quit the town for Leeds, has an air of distinguished importance about it, which tells you that you are within the precincts of no common provincial residence.

Of old *domestic Architecture* about Wakefield, I question if any house can be traced beyond the reign of Elizabeth. What struck me as among the more ancient, was the GROUP OF HOUSES which may be seen at the head of this Chapter, and of which the sketch was obligingly furnished me by the pencil of the Rev. Mr. Morant. The perpendicular timber is black or charred wood. But in the absence of old, there are new buildings, which, like that just noticed, merit a choicer encomium than there is here space to bestow. The Vicar conducted my daughter and self to the TOWN HALL, on the occasion of an horticultural display and festival. There seemed to be everything which the united cornucopias of Flora and Pomona could contain: flowers here,—fruits there. While the eye was charmed with the latter, the nostril was gratified to a sort of intoxication by the former. In due course, doubtless, the palate would be yet more charmed with the latter;—for here were grapes of gigantic rotundity, and of deep damask hue; peaches, on which the bloom should seem to bespeak their juicy and refreshing flavour;

greengages, just “bursting their cearments,” and pregnant with floods of juice ; pine-apples, large and heavy—of sullen Antigua tint here,—of radiant and golden aspect yonder :

“and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.”

We will now pay a visit or two to the neighbouring gentry, from some of whose domains these flowers or fruits were borne away . . . and which, upon examination, seemed to

. “whisper whence they stole
Their balmy sweets.”

My friend the Vicar was most anxious that I should take the first opportunity of paying my respects at *Nostel Priory*, the seat of CHARLES WINN, Esq. And indeed I needed but little coaxing or excitement—for here was to be seen the *Original Picture* by Holbein of *Sir Thomas More and his Family* : a picture, which I had panted almost thirty years to see ; and of which I had published an outline in the large paper copies (only) of the *Utopia*, in 1808.* But there were other inducements to bend my steps thitherward. The known gentlemanly courteousness and hospitality of the owner of the house,—the

* Some account of this production will be found at pp. 268-70 of my *Reminiscences*. The outline in question was taken from the shaded, and very indifferent engraving, of the same picture seen in *Knight's Life of Erasmus* ; and this again from the larger plate in the *Tabellæ Patinianæ*, published at Padua, in 1691 : folio. See the *Utopia*, p. cxxvii, &c.

house itself,—the grounds,—and, above all, the *Church*, which those grounds encircled,—contributed amazingly to whet my appetite, and accelerate my movements. Accordingly, my daughter and self made our appearance in a small carriage and pair ; without apprising Mr. Winn, a total stranger, of our meditated attack. The reception was that of a gentleman. Everything bespoke substance and respectability.

It is a large and noble stone mansion, with a grand flight of steps—unsecured by a ballustrade. We entered the lower, or ground apartments ; and saw servants and children fitting in all directions. This could not be the abode of melancholy. Two large wooden seats, or sofas, of the time of Elizabeth or James, shewed the owner to have an eye of taste in matters of ancient furniture. We ascended, perhaps abruptly : but there was no helping it. Mr. Winn made his appearance, and in a trice I was introduced to my dear old acquaintance, Sir Thomas More. I might be said, for a little moment, to have silently worshipped the picture. Its entirety and freshness surpassed all expectation. The owner seemed to be secretly enjoying my abstraction. He well might : for a more surprising and interesting production I had never before gazed upon. England has nothing more precious than this picture ; as she has no character more perfect than HE who occupies the principal place in it. I wondered as I beheld ; and even yet, after all the pictorial glories seen by me at Hamilton Palace, I revert, in fancy, to THIS

PICTURE, as the most valuable, of its kind, in the kingdom.

And yet, although it has descended regularly from the Mores, at Cresacre, I cannot help entertaining a suspicion that it was not *the* picture, as painted by Hans Holbein: first,—it has not the touch and surface of an oil painting of the time of Holbein; the colours are too gay and prominent, and the gilded ornaments too fresh and protruding for that period. Secondly,—the picture, *actually* painted by Holbein,—and for which I have heard 5,000 guineas have been refused—is, as I learn, somewhere in London: in some public chamber or hall,* carefully preserved, and as carefully concealed from view. It is just possible all this may be a fiction. By whom, then, if not by Holbein, was Mr. Winn's extraordinary picture painted? I am induced to say by *Zuchero*, after the original by Holbein; which original, if not in this country, may be abroad.† I seem to remember

* In the work, just referred to, I have intimated a suspicion that this original picture may belong to the society of Lincoln's Inn; but I own I am very incredulous upon the subject. It should seem that Holbein made two paintings of the MORE FAMILY: the second, which was a copy of the first, sent to Erasmus, at Basle, has been supposed to be in the collection of the Lenthalls, in Oxfordshire.

† It seems certain that Holbein, originally, painted this picture for Sir Thomas More, when chancellor of England, to be sent to his friend Erasmus at Basle. What More gave the artist for the picture (which it were curious to know) has never been ascertained. Such a precious performance is worth a somewhat minute description—which I borrow from the pages of my *Utopia*: "This picture is divided into two groups; In the foreground, to the right, are More's

that Mr. Winn told me, that the grouping, in some places differed from that of the usually received picture. Upon the whole, it is a delightful puzzle; and it was with no small effort that I seemed to tear myself from the contemplation of an object, which grew upon me in interest at every gaze. Such a picture should be in a National Gallery at ANY price.*

daughters; Margaret (who married Roper) and Cicely kneeling: behind them, is their grand-mother-in-law, Alice, Sir John More's third wife, in the same position; while a marmoset is playing under the cushion before her. The second group, a little retired, forms a line—extending almost from one end of the picture to the other. In the centre of this line sits Sir Thomas More, and his father Sir John More, one of the puisne judges of the court of King's Bench: their hands enclosed under their sleeves. John More, Sir Thomas's son, and Henry Paten, are standing the last in the group. Behind Sir T. More and his father, stands Ann Cresacre, to whom John More, Sir Thomas's son, is supposed to be newly espoused. Elizabeth, More's second daughter, and Margaret Gigs (who is pointing to an open book) stand the foremost in this second group. In the back ground are a clock, and a violin against the wainscot; and at a retired distance through an open door, near a window, appear two men in close conversation."

Such was the picture which elicited from ERASMUS, on its reception by him at Basle, the following beautiful burst of feeling—in a letter to Margaret Roper. "I want words to express to you my delight on contemplating the picture of your family which HOLBEIN has so happily executed. If I were present with the Originals, I could not have a more accurate idea of them. I see you ALL before me, but no one more strikingly than YOURSELF—in whose features shine those mental accomplishments, those domestic virtues, which have rendered you the ornament of your country and of your age." *Utopia*, vol. 1. p. cxxviii. edit. 1808. What characters, what anecdotes, belong to this MATCHLESS PICTURE!

* I am for TWO National Galleries: one, for the finest specimens of ART, properly so considered; the other, for the preservation of

The worthy host next conducted us to a delightful drawing-room, connected with a music-room of dimensions sufficiently ample for the notes of an organ, and the human voice, to reach all ears and move all hearts. We then stopped a few minutes in the Library, and were afterwards shewn into what may be called the dress drawing-room, hung with Gobelin tapestry : a rich and joyous apartment : from one of the windows of which Mr. Winn bade us observe the union of four counties ; comprehending Lincolnshire, Warwickshire, and Derbyshire, with the county of Yorkshire, in which the house is situated. Hence, too, we had a magnificent view of what might be called a sort of *Lago Maggiore* in its way ; where certain tributary streams roll their reflux waters into a basin, or reservoir, of several acres in extent. It was a fine spirit-moving view ; and the sun, at the moment of its contemplation, darted forth a few of its radiant beams which lighted up the entire landscape with a golden glow. It was a *natural Both*.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS : of human beings, who for ever live upon the canvas of history—famous for good, and sometimes for evil. Who would not wish to see some three hundred feet of wall covered, as well as animated, by such a pictorial display ?—where you may hold conversation with Henry VII. (for *before his* time I have great doubt of the existence of a single *legitimate* portrait) and all his regal descendants, down to Sir Martin Shee's last copy of the original features of our well-beloved William IV. Accident, in private families, frequently produces an irreparable loss in the property of invaluable portraits : and who would not rejoice to see his ancestors concentrated beyond the power (humanly speaking) of separation ? Mr. Winn is in direct descent from the **CRESACRE MORES**.

“ But THE CHURCH — good Mr. Winn — the Church?” “ We are there in a trice, my dear Sir.” So saying, we retreated as we had entered ; and our horses took us over a soft greensward of some half a mile, and brought us to the gate of the Church yard. The clergyman, whose name I have forgotten, attended us ; and I had scarcely taken up a position within the centre of the nave, when the welcomed presence of its patron, Mr. Winn, greeted our wondering eyes. There was good cause for wonderment ; for a sacred edifice more neat, more compact, more beautiful, and in better order, will hardly be seen ; and, at this moment, as far as my recollection serves, is nowhere to be found. It is of somewhat Lilliputian dimensions, but quite of a piece. The altar, the reading desk, the pulpit, partake of the same chastized and characteristic taste. Oak and chesnut carvings, as figures ; rosettes, corbels, brackets, pendants, and all the bewildering *et ceteras* of an ecclesiastical interior—mark it from one end to the other : relieved by gold and a slight intermixture of colour. The church, at the moment of our visit, had just undergone repair and decoration. Seeing only a slight sprinkling of stained glass, I regretted its stinted limits. “ Wait awhile : (observed my guide) when I was abroad I purchased sufficient stained glass to fill the interstices of every mullion in the church. Be easy on this score.” I thought my heart would have leapt from its seat on receiving this intelligence. “The patron is worthy of his church, and the church of its patron”—observed

I, in a sort of *sotto voce*, to my daughter. "But your workmen? where did you get them? where *could* you get them?" "Be pleased to step hither," replied Mr. Winn. "Enter this vestry." I entered, and was abundantly struck and gratified. From top to bottom it was characteristic. The old chestnut and oak had been converted into an hexagonal, wainscotted ceiling; and what had been, in times past, a mere littering receptacle for coals, was now transformed into an appropriate and comfortable Vestry. The workman was the *parish-clerk!*

As I proceeded, my delight increased; because it was evident, not only that the patron of the living, and proprietor of the church, had a cultivated *eye* for the antique, in matters of furniture, but a cultivated *heart* to spare no pains, and lose no opportunity, of possessing himself of "a good thing." The family pew is of very capacious dimensions. On noticing it, its owner observed, "This was not my doing. I like not these *family swells* in places of worship. One third of such dimensions would have satisfied me or mine." It was with real pain that we were compelled to quit this truly interesting spot: where midnight vigils, of piety the most intense, and of devotion the most unfeigned—may be observed by every worshipper of every sect upon earth. On leaving it, one feels one's self both a wiser and a better being.* We parted, just at the park-gate entrance, within a hundred yards of the

* Not long before this visit, a most atrocious act of sacrilege had been committed, by the stealing of all the sacrament plate. The

church ; and, as it seemed to me, we parted with mutual regret. It was a day to be marked “with a white stone” in life’s calendar.

We now prepared for a “lion” (perhaps it should be said “*a crocodile*”?) of a very different description. Our horses’ heads were now turned for *Walton-Hall*, the residence of CHARLES WATERTON, Esq.—a naturalist of such ardour and vivacity—such enterprise and experience—as places him in the front rank with the Buffons and Humboldts of the day. His great fame, as an ornithologist, is not confined to his neighbourhood. It is spread all over Europe. It is acknowledged in the deepest wilds of American solitude. Mr. Waterton only wants wings (not those of *Icarus*) to pounce upon his aerial prey:—and *then* what would the collection of Walton Hall exhibit? As it is, the owner unites the agility of the squirrel with the intrepidity of the panther. He never tires. He is now gazing upon the far-spread landscape from the heights of the banana tree—now lurking in the cavern’s darkest recess for the approach of some non-descript—creeping upon twice four legs, or rolling in scaly coils, with eyes of lambent flame, and hiss of horrid import. He transfixes him in an instant:—yet he lives again; by means of the transfixer’s unrivalled art,* within the cor-

iron bar was bent, and pointed out to me, by means of which the deed had been done. The felon had never been detected. To obviate the repetition of such a diabolical act, the sacrament plate is now kept in the house.

* It is admitted, on all hands—readily and cordially admitted—that Mr. Waterton has no rival in the art of STUFFING BIRDS—OR

ridor or stair-case of Walton Hall. But to be less sketchy.

It was a sad disappointment to us both that such a man should be from home on the occasion of our visit. Indeed, the visit itself seemed to be a trespass: as strict orders had been given that NO ONE should be admitted upon any plea or pretence whatever. Mr. Waterton was abroad: heaven knew where—or intent upon what acquisitions to his collection! I had absolutely despaired, if the Vicar had not fortified me on starting to use his name and to take no refusal. Mr. Winn also added to my hopes of eventual success: but if the “*Janitor aulae*” would not open the gate, to what would the united recommendations amount? And it is too well known that, in England, there is a fierce and peculiar race of human beings, of the feminine class, who are stern beyond all softening, in the carrying into effect of the “non-intercourse act”? However, we “travelled on,” and “Hope travelled with us;”—when, mustering all the courage in our power, and

rather, of preserving them after death. Instead of the dull and doubtful aspect, sometimes exhibited in the ornithological department of public museums—where a starling may be mistaken for a thrush, and a wood-pigeon for a cuckoo—where the eye seems never to have had life, or the feet motion, or the wing elasticity—it is at once the province and the boast of Mr. Waterton to renew the *precise character* of the animal, and to give him every thing but motion. His specimens never alter or perish. Compress them within your hand—stamp upon them with your feet—still they are uninjured and unchanged. In short, it is the entire outer skin of the animal, impregnated within by air, by means of some chemical process. Every specimen is elastic.

assuming an air of tranquil confidence, we neared the park-wall, and at length approached the gate of entrance. The whole exterior has a rich and commanding air; and the park-wall is built of solid stone, in a workmanlike manner. Not a creature was either seen or heard; as the postilion, alighting from his horse, rang the bell.

A female, of modified physiognomical severity, answered the summons. "There is no admission here, Sir—none: my orders are peremptory." "My good woman—" "Good or bad, you can't come here." The relentless park-gate keeper had turned her back, and was about to shut the door of the lodge upon us, when I asked her, in an elevated and courageous tone of voice, "if she did not know the Rev. Mr. Sharp, the Vicar of Wakefield?" She did: "but what of that?" "He told me, not only that you would admit me, but that Mr. Waterton would be sorry if I were not admitted." "Ha! Sir, that won't do. Mr. Waterton is my master, and I must obey his orders." My daughter pleaded her passionate fondness for birds, alive or dead; and I added, I fear in something of a supplicatory whine; (but most truly) "that I had never been in these parts before, and should most probably never be again; and to deny my entrance would be a very cruel act. We were both very peaceable and honest, and would touch nothing."* She hesitated. I reiter-

* These were not idle words. On the contrary, they had too significant a meaning. Many visitors of this spot of enchantment had exhibited the too predominant, and too scandalous, propensity of their country, to deface or destroy much of what was

ated our good qualities. She told the post-boy to get upon his horse : when, applying the key, the gates parted on either side, and, accelerating our motion, we approached the small foot-bridge that bestrides the river. Walton Hall was within fifty paces before us.

What a neighbourhood of wood and water ! What a greensward—and what an embosomed mansion ! the abode of a race of beings (as it partly is, in fact) of which the world should seem to have no cognisance. To particularize, would be to fill an hundred pages. We were told that, in winter, the whole face of the water was covered with innumerable wild fowl of every description : the woods affording them shelter during the summer and autumn months. The sound of no gun is ever heard within these protected domains. All is tranquil, save the thousand notes from ten thousand birds—who seem to wanton with flapping wings from bush to brake, from tree to tower, from wood to water. It is the very abode for an ornithologist to erect his throne, and to exercise an undisputed sway.

The interior of the mansion, which is of limited dimensions, realised all that I had heard of it ; and it is such an “ interior ” as can be hardly expected to be equalled in any other private mansion. It is here that Mr. Waterton’s “ unrivalled art ”* (before alluded to) shines with almost inconceivable lustre. Insects, reptiles, beasts, and BIRDS. . live again upon

placed before them. In consequence, Mr. Waterton was necessarily irritated—and issued the fearful edict which we had the good fortune to succeed in not having carried into effect.

* See the last note but one.

the balustrades of his staircase, or upon the walls of his corridors. A glass-case of humming birds is almost too dazzling to look at a second time; while, in the graduated scale of larger birds, the utmost attention is paid to attitude, apparent occupation, and extended or contracted plumage. Here the eagle has already transfixed his prey....“The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye,” seem to know no diminution. His talons have all the outstretched vigour and strength wherewith the lamb is caught up for nourishment to his rock-nested eaglets. The pheasant, elate in the pride of his golden plumage, fears not “the leaden death.” The lory has lost not one jot of the lustre of her bespangled vestment of red, green, and blue. The pigeon and turtle-dove shake their feathers of subdued tint; and the downy interior of the owl’s wing retains its characteristic softness. The parrot screams, and the cock crows.

Yonder is a *Boa Constrictor*, coiled up to make his spring upon the unwary traveller. His scales glisten, and he moves along in splendid lubricity. I tremble to approach him, and can hardly think I have passed him in safety. He is a magnificent specimen of his tribe; and, as it struck me, the king of all about him. But enough: and yet what have we here? half monkey and half man! It is a nondescript—of which the possessor has given a graphic representation in the last volume of his entertaining travels.* Descending to the foot of the staircase,

* The title of Mr. Waterton’s book is as follows:—“*Wanderings in South America*”—of which four large editions have been already exhausted. Prefixed to it are the head and shoulders of a non-descript, between Esquimaux and monkey: a graphic fiction—a traveller’s

I discern an oil painting, representing the master of the house riding upon the back of a crocodile ; which he hooked, and brought to shore by the aid of half-a-dozen companions, who are hauling him along as he rides triumphantly upon his back. The treble-forked hook which led to this feat, is religiously suspended hard by the picture.

We continued to gaze and to wonder ; and expressed ourselves delighted, as well as gratified beyond anticipation, with all that we had seen. But still the master-spirit was wanting, to give pungency to anecdote and truth to conjecture. Were he only present to receive our bow and curtesy, it had been something ; but the servant—a female of less determined visage than her out-of-door companion—assured me that she would communicate to him the gratification I had expressed, and the message of thankfulness which I had delivered : and it is no small consolation to me to be enabled to add, that Mr. Waterton's spirit was not “ up in arms,” when he heard from Mr. Nichols, the bookseller, of my visit to Walton Hall.

Another day was to be devoted to the threading of the residences of the two Mr. Maudes, distantly related, and living in the same line of visit-

joke : the copy of a dressed up thing, above alluded to, in his collection. It were surely unworthy of the author to try to palm such an obvious absurdity, or monstrosity, upon the reader's faith. The account of the crocodile-catching—riding upon his back—and urging him forward with stripes from branches of trees—is as novel as diverting. The physiognomy of the rider is said to be a faithful portrait of the original.

ation. We took the residence of FRANCIS MAUDE, Esq. at Newton Hall, first in the route. It is a handsome mansion, placed on a sufficiently commanding situation; with comfortable rooms, and rather a copious sprinkling of books. Indeed, for the library of a country gentleman, one may often go far a-field without meeting with so sensible a collection. I saw more than one work of which I was the legitimate parent. Mr. Maude was unluckily from home; and I found I had lost a good deal by his absence: for he was not only "given to hospitality," but seasoned all his dishes by pleasantry of anecdote, and copiousness of information. In political principles he was a steady Whig. His son and daughter were at once friendly and well-bred.

We next prepared for a longer and more particular visit, which was to last for the greater part of the day. Our horses' heads were immediately turned to *Moor House*, the residence of JOHN MAUDE, Esq. Its owner had in a manner familiarized himself to me by a letter, not less remarkable for its frankness and minuteness of detail, than for its unusual copiousness. The particulars of a long and active life were developed in it; and the traces of a hardy and intrepid traveller—who made mole-hills of mountains, and puddles of lakes—were surprisingly narrated in it. For ten years, Mr. Maude had made America the land both of sojourning and exploring, and had familiarised himself with the thundering falls of Niagara, as the sea-gull does to the foaming spray of the ocean. Disdaining to explore a country by the ordinary route of *roads*, he

preferred the courses of *rivers*; and where the more timid or cautious traveller would halt from impending danger, Mr. Maude would only strike his spurs deeper into the sides of his courage, and accelerate his journey with a more intrepid step. There was a Library, too, to coax my steps to Moor House, should other stimulants fail; and there were roses to regale me without, as well as russia within.

Such was the Individual whom I was now about to visit. Mr. Maude may be said to live in close retirement. His house is that of a gentleman, but not very advantageously placed. It is surrounded by a pretty good sprinkling of trees. A flight of steps conducts you to the door. The interior is neat, and even capacious. In the person of the owner, I saw a figure cast in an herculean mould—well up to the grand climacteric of life—of sinewy limb—of active step—of healthful countenance. He received us very cordially, and in a short time we were completely at home. We seemed to march in double-quick time to the library, on the first floor. Every glass-door was opened; which, when closed upon the contents, included about £4000 worth of books. This was no mean boast. If, on *any* day of my life I had reason to be proud, it was on this: for I found myself reflected, in the shape of numerous volumes, in almost as numerous varieties, and duplicates, as I had ever seen in scattered collections. The general cast of Mr. Maude's library is that of a graphic and costly description. On seeing his own work, "*Visit to the Falls of Niagara in 1800*," (of which he had obligingly

presented me with a copy upon large paper) I took the opportunity of renewing my compliment upon its execution,* and of expressing my sense of obligation for the favour conferred by the present of the book.

His *symposium* was at once abundant and choice. Never were wines of a better flavour: nor were his anecdotes and conversation less seasoning and acceptable. We seemed to be verily stunned with the noise of the Niagara falls, as he expatiated upon their grandeur and peculiarity. After dinner, we sauntered in the neighbouring fields; and our guest took occasion, as we observed upon the contiguous grounds, to expatiate upon the relative value of lands, and sometimes upon their owners. We parted, as we had met, well disposed to know more of each other; and with a mutual wish that this might not be the last, as it had been the first, visit. We returned to a late cup of coffee at the Vicarage. Mr. Sharp listened to the narrative of our day's excursion with a kind exercise of patience,—“But,” observed the Vicar, “if you quit us to-morrow without seeing *Thornes House*, and its amiable inmates, the GASKELLS, your conscience will have much to upbraid you for. Mrs. G. is an intellectusl Circe, and can charm a Whig into a Tory. My carriage shall be with you at ten, to convey you thither with myself. It is a very short mile from the church.”

* It is a handsome octavo volume, published in 1826, with several copper-plate embellishments, and written in the style of a journal. There is a simplicity, and air of truth, which renders it an acquisition to any library.

It was settled, at parting, that we should start for *Thornes House* at the proposed hour; and a very few brandishes of the coachman's whip brought us there within a quarter of an hour. But Madame was from home; and resolutely as I had strung my nerves to withstand the potency of Mrs. Gaskell's intellectual talisman, it was just possible that they had yielded beneath the united influence of a sweet person, sweet manners, and a sweet banquet—for the prize-grapes, which I had seen on a preceding day, (and with which we were offered to be regaled) were said to have come from the demesnes of Thornes House. As it was, my political principles returned with me unchanged as well as untried. Yet I sincerely regretted the absence of the master and mistress; for it is always agreeable to convey honest expressions of satisfaction where they have been kindled by what the eye and the mind have rested upon. A good sensible library; a spacious drawing-room, with some good pictures—and especially an original of the received portrait of Rizzio (of which I have a thousand and one doubts of the identity); a well-arranged dining-room; a large hall of entrance; and apparently every accommodation upon an enlarged scale:—these are the attractions and the comforts of Thornes House. The back view—of limited but luxuriant extent—undulating grounds, overhanging trees, with a fine sweep of lawn—and NO CHIMNEY in sight—struck me to be, without exception, one of the most delightful and gratifying which I had beheld. There was an indescribable amenity as well as richness about the whole.

Mid-day approaches, and a journey of some twenty-five or thirty miles must be encountered before we reach York. It is Thursday ; and Thursday must not pass away without a visit to TEMPLE NEWSOME, to be taken *en route*. Every voice was loud in recommendation of this visit. Young and old—town and suburban friends—had even vehemently urged upon me the absolute necessity of it—for Thursday was the only show-day in the week ; and to a man of my antiquarian propensities and bizarre attachments, what place could rival Temple Newsome :—once the abode of Knight Templars, and a mansion of the largest and costliest construction of the time of Queen Elizabeth ? It was only a trifling five or six miles, to the left, out of the direct road to Tadcaster—the last stage on this side of York ; and it would amply repay additional expense and fatigue. I did not allow the matter a second thought ; but resolved, without hesitation, to pay Temple Newsome a somewhat leisurely visit, as soon as my friend had returned with me from Thornes House.

About twelve, we took our final leave of “THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD,” and of the worthy hostess of the White Hart. A pair of stout, gaunt, grey horses—all bone and muscle—with a postilion of moderate fleshy dimensions, yoked to a neat and light barouche—seemed likely to perform this extra stage without distress either to the one or the other : and we started confident of a successful trip. The day was beautiful ; and the heavens were coated in soft fleecy clouds, with occasional bursts of sunshine. Our first object of visitation was old *Heath Hall*,

within two miles from Wakefield. It is admirably placed on an eminence ; shrouded in goodly trees, with occasional glimpses of the town : and happening to be of the period of James I, its original inmates saw neither chimneys nor smoke but what issued from the tops of the houses. All its older inmates have taken their departure, by death or by love of change ; and Old Heath Hall is now the residence of boarding-school young ladies, apparently under an amiable and well-bred instructress, who was both particular and polite in affording us satisfactory evidence of the comfort and cleanliness of every apartment. We had somewhere learnt, that the mansion, in the time of the French Revolution, had been occupied by nuns. Such a mansion, fitted up with stained-glass, and in the style of Barley Vicarage,* would be among the most characteristic residences in the neighbourhood, and worthy of the contiguity of *Nostel Priory*.

* Barley Vicarage, situated on the extreme confines of Hertfordshire, bordering on Cambridgeshire. The Rev. John Turner—son of the late Dr. Turner, Dean of Norwich—is both architect and incumbent. It is built of red brick, in the Elizabethan style, and is among the very happiest specimens, which I just now recollect, of successful adaptation of interior comforts to exterior picturesqueness. But Mr. Turner is another Mr. Winn—in his way. He carries his generous and tasteful spirit into his CHURCH: recovering what otherwise would be lost—substituting warmth for Siberian chill, and cleanliness and comfort for dirt and repulsiveness. In his Vestry, he has presented his parishioners with a “*table ronde*,” at which King Arthur might have presided ! His home-library is above the common stamp ; and his drawing and dining-rooms—graced by beauty and enlivened by wit—make the visitor a “right joyous” as well as right welcomed guest.

Time flies, and Temple Newsome is at a good twelve or fourteen miles distance. We passed by the entrances of the residences of our friends the Maudes, and kept at a quiet, steady pace, till, in due time, the hanging and apparently interminable woods, surrounding the mansion we were in search of, made their luxuriant appearance. It seemed a vast domain; but the house continued to be concealed. We struck out of the beaten road, and at every gaze we thought Temple Newsome was in view. The first gate of entrance to the park presented itself. We shot under, and at an increasing pace skirted an ample and rich greensward, whence the mansion seemed to burst upon us in all its primeval glory! The postilion (who had by this time proved himself to be as sharp as he was civil) seemed to partake of our increasing enthusiasm, for he made sundry flourishes of his whip round his head, and brought us, as a dextrous artist, in the most prompt and decided manner before the porch of entrance.

The first thing that caught our eyes, was, the inscription, in large and open Roman capital letters, on the battlement of the roof, precisely in the manner of what we see in the inner court of Castle Ashby, the residence of the Marquis of Northampton, built about the same period. The inscription under consideration runs thus:—" *All glory and praise be given to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, on high; Peace upon earth, good-will towards men; honour and true allegiance to our gracious King; loving affections among his subjects; health and plenty within this house.*" This clearly fixed

the time of the building to the reign of James I : and a great portion of it, including the hall, having got into a sad state of decay, about the year 1792 that portion was rebuilt by the late Marchioness of Hertford, (whose property it was) in a style of the *strictest adherence* to the original : as an inscription at the back of the house testifies. I make no doubt of its truth ; for anything more soberly correct, and with more rigid adherence to the time and character of the architecture of the early part of the seventeenth century, can nowhere be seen. I scarcely remember to have been in the interior of such a HALL—for space, for beauty, for solidity, and propriety of decoration. Here is oak carving in high relief—such as my friend Dawson Turner loves to admire, and my friend Edward Vernon Utterson can more than endure. A noble full-length portrait of William III is at one end, and the best similar portrait I have ever seen of Queen Mary, is at the other end of this hall. It was with difficulty that we could bring ourselves to quit it, for the solemn pacings of corridors, cabinets, drawing-rooms, and galleries. Yet there was one heresy. It had a *billiard table* in the middle. This should be exchanged for a *shuffle-board* in the corner, as in the entrance-hall of the Provost of Eaton : and if *nature* could exhibit such a *living* group round it, as *art* has done in the pencil of Teniers, (round a similar piece of furniture) in the Penrice Collection at Yarmouth,* one would

* Once seen, and once felt and understood, this picture must be indelible upon the memory of the beholder. It is all crispness, transparency, and vitality. Who sticks a red feather in a bonnet like David Teniers the younger ?

not grudge a journey of double the distance, to be spectators of such a scene.

A civil, agile, and most intelligent housekeeper, of diminutive stature, performed the part of show-woman, and performed it well : but there is no room for particularising. This vast mansion had become, in regular descent, the property of the late Dowager Marchioness of Hertford, through the marriage of her grandmother with Lord Irving, upon whom Samuel Shephard, Esq. had settled it with the hand of his daughter. Upon the name of SHEPHEARD being accidentally—as it might naturally be in such a mansion—pronounced, the good housekeeper seemed to eye me with increased interest. “ Did you ever hear anything, sir, of that gentleman ?” “ A very old acquaintance of mine, although he has been dead a century.” How might this be ? Mr. Shephard had been one of the best benefactors of the poor of the parish of Exning,* of which I was the vicar. This intelligence seemed as much to delight as to

* By a deed filed in Chancery, of which the particulars have been lately placed in the iron chest of the vestry at Exning, Samuel Shephard, Esq. gave “ to the poor and indigent ” of the parishes of Bottisham and Exning, for ever, thirty-seven acres of land, with a homestead, at the former place, and twenty-seven acres at the latter place—of which the proceeds were to be equally and annually divided to the above objects. This donation has been, from that day to this present, strictly carried into effect by the churchwardens of the respective parishes. Francis Shephard, the brother, with his natural son, are buried in a vault in the north transept of Exning Church. The former died in 1739, the latter in 1735. Of the place and date of SAMUEL SHEPHEARD’S interment, I am ignorant.

astonish our cicerone ; and on her telling me that “ there was a portrait of the same Mr. Shepheard in one of the sleeping rooms,” I felt an indescribable desire to see it—were it only to inform my worthy churchwardens, at Exning, “ what sort of a gentleman he was.”* It must be confessed that, although as a painting there was not much ground for eulogium, yet the original appeared to have been of comely aspect and dignified form. A flowing powdered perruque falls upon his shoulders ; his dress seems to be a sort of damson-coloured velvet, and he appears in the act of walking towards the spectator. His countenance is fair and ruddy ; and there is about him the figure and air of a portly and respectable-looking English gentleman of the middle period of life. One need not be ashamed of such an ancestor.

Before we came to the great drawing-room, we were ushered through several comfortable apartments, with gay hangings, and everything to invite a lengthened sojourn : but there were two or three *book-boudoirs*, or small libraries, of refulgent aspect ;

* The history of Samuel Shepheard, Esq. as connected with Temple Newsome, is of a somewhat out-of-the-way character. The daughter, in whom so much wealth was to concentrate, was a natural child. Of her mother I have not been able to glean any particulars. Her father threatened to cut her off with a shilling “ if she made any alliance with noble blood.” She married a Mr. Ingram, who, at that time, was the *seventh* in succession to the Barony of Irvine, but who eventually became Lord Irvine. Their grand-daughter was the late Dowager Marchioness of Hertford : the late Marquis, on his marriage, having had the royal permission to quarter the arms and the additional surname of INGRAM.

and where the books seemed to be embedded in cases of gold. I had never before seen anything of half such sparkling lustre :....meet repositories for *Giulio Clovios*, *vellum Alduses*, and *Missals*, flaming with pristine illuminations of flowers, and fruits, and insects, and birds. One might sit and admire till sunset. And in what grandeur of sylvan scenery, and with what solitude and tranquillity surrounded! We hastened up stairs to what might be called the state or dress drawing-room. A portrait, said to be of Zuinglius, by Titian, soon arrested and captivated my attention. I doubt the accuracy of its appropriation, but have no doubt of its absolute beauty and originality ; and sighed, both inwardly and outwardly, that I could not leave an artist behind to *copy* it. It is a gem of first-rate brilliance and transparency. Presently my eyes came in contact with a few early Sir Joshuas ; amongst them, a small piping shepherd ; the portrait of the first Lord Irving ; and of the late Marchioness of Hertford : the latter a fine production. The room is of noble dimensions, almost square, from whence you have an ample and luxuriant view of the park woods. From one of the windows of this room (as I seem to remember) we had a distinct view of the long avenue, of lime and elm, which terminated at an arch-entrance of stone, full a mile and a half in the distance. The undulation of the grounds, and the richness of the verdure, rendered it a grand sight.

In the midst of such a magnificent residence, one naturally enquires after its occupier or *inmate*. " Sir, there is nobody living here, save the individual who

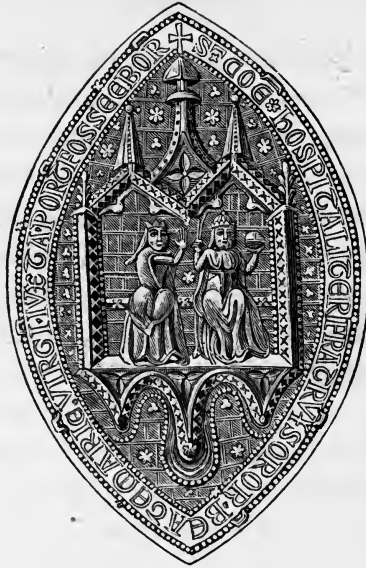
now addresses you; with a spare sprinkling of under servants,"—replied the housekeeper to a question which naturally provoked the reply. I was mute with astonishment; and, indeed, struck all at once of what is called a "melancholy heap." Could it be possible? It was even so. Since the death of the noble lady just mentioned, it had never been visited...not even once...by its present owner—the Lady William Gordon; who, at an advanced age, and attached to her long-established circle of London friends, feels no disposition to quit her anchorage in the Green Park, for a voyage to Temple Newsome. She has been, however, nobly *represented* by a donation of *a thousand guineas* to the poor of the parish, on coming to the property. Still, from morn to night, and from one year's end to another, no echo of human footsteps is heard within the rooms which we had just threaded. I owned that this filled me with sadness; for, within this domain, in times past, the sound of the huntsman's horn was heard from one extremity of the park to the other. The chased deer bounded from its hidden covert; and the unhooded hawk darted upon his yielding prey.... while, within, the yule log crackled and flamed in the capacious fire-place; and the shout of revelry, as the brimmed wassail-bowl went round, was protracted till the stable-clock had struck the hour of one. Of the *future* destinies of this magnificent mansion, who shall presume to predict?

But the sun is lowering in the west, and the hours are fast stealing away. The good housekeeper—more and more apparently delighted at finding a

Vicar of Exning (of which place she was a native) in her presence—insisted upon our taking a little refreshment....“such as she could give us.” We partook of it readily and heartily. The bread was white, the butter was sweet, and the ale was sparkling. The horses now came to the door, after a good two hours' rest; and we bade adieu to the faithful guardian of Temple Newsome.....evidently affected, that, in all human probability, we should “see her face no more.” On nearing Tadcaster, our postilion directed our attention to the field where the *Battle of Towton* was fought—and where the little river or streamlet, the Cock (which empties itself into the Wharfe) was choked up with the dying and dead bodies of the Lancastrians. “Here,” said the man, “the river ran blood for three days.” It was doubtless one of the most dreadful battles ever fought midst all the civil wars by which this country has been half rent asunder.* The conquering Edward announced the giving of no quarter, and his opponents desired none. From this deeply blood-stained field of victory, the former may be said to have marched to the throne of England. On

* The slaughter on both sides, at the battle of *Towton*, is said to have been little short of 37,000 men: an awful number! Yet, before the conqueror reached London, there was the battle of *St. Albans* to fight—where more noble blood was spilt than at any other work of slaughter; and which, on this score, may be called the “Flodden Field” of this country. It may be worth noticing, that the “Battle of Towton” is the last historical fact noticed by Caxton in his Chronicle. As he was a contemporary, he might have enlarged his materials, for the edification of posterity.

reaching Tadcaster, we changed carriage and horses; and, within an hour and a quarter, we darted under the *Mickle-gate* entrance of York, and crossed the Ouse: fixing our head-quarters at *Edridge's Hotel*: "that being the hotel (according to our informant at Tadcaster) where my Lord Carlisle, and all the great Whigs in Yorkshire, made a point to stop at: and besides, their post-horses were of the first quality."



SEAL OF THE MERCHANTS' COMPANY.

YORK.



QF ALL the Cities in England, if not in Great Britain, THAT of which we have now to discourse is probably the most singular in its form, and, with very few exceptions, the most ancient in its date. Its ecclesiastical as well as temporal power was once excessive; but time and change, and an improving system of government, have wrought effects, which, it must be confessed, have been in the main greatly beneficial to this venerable city, and to its inhabitants.

If its wings of population or of power have been clipped, the feathers which remain are of a stouter texture and of a more durable colour. What Drake has devoted a huge folio to the description of,* I presume to concentrate within some few dozen pages: the reader bearing in mind that the work now under his eye is that of a *Sketcher*, rather than of an elaborately finishing *Artist*.

It is perhaps to be wondered at, that of a city, so long known, so much visited, talked of, and celebrated, as that of YORK, so limited a commerce and population should exist. With scarcely more than two exceptions (the Market Place, or Parliament Street, and St. Leonard's Place), the streets continue as narrow and incommodious as ever. Good, and even grand, houses are to be found in streets of comparatively small dimensions. Here is the *half-way* resting place to SCOTLAND. Mails and coaches of

* The second book of his *Eboracum, or the History and Antiquities of the City of York*, &c. 1736, folio, comprises not fewer than one hundred and twenty-five closely printed pages, enriched with copper plates, (such as they are!) devoted to an account of this unrivalled edifice. It had been preceded by the works of Torre and Browne Willis, and several other unimportant productions, which are noticed in Bishop Tanner's *Notitia Monastica*, 1787, folio, ch. cxxix. Art. "York." The new Dugdale is necessarily enriched with copious particulars, including, chiefly, charters connected with this cathedral, and adorned with the splendid sculptures of Hollar and Coney. Mr. Britton is among the last, but not the least, illustrators of this inexhaustible subject. His plates are numerous, and many of them of distinguished beauty, especially three of the south transept, and the Catherine Wheel window. Of the work of Mr. Halfpenny, in a subsequent page.

every description are rattling along the *chaussée* of the metropolis of the largest county in England—yet its population is below thirty thousand. Blades of grass appeared in the middle of the space just surrounding the hotel in which I was lodged; and more provoking still, narrow streets, and mean overhanging houses, frequently intercept the view of the **NOBLEST GOTHIC CATHEDRAL IN THE WORLD.** York too, in bygone days, was the spot of regal interment, regal marriages, and coronations. Here kings once stooped to the more menial of monastic offices, while pomp and splendour denoted their presence and marked their progress.*

* One often feels a difficulty in reconciling results to predictions. Thus Stukeley tells us, (after expatiating upon the original size and population of Lincoln—see also p. 91 ante) that the old adage run thus:—

“ Lincoln was, London is, and York shall be
The fairest city of the three.”

See his *Itinerar. Curiosum*, p. 85. But when one considers the collateral progress of neighbouring towns, it is quite evident that York, if not retrograding, at least makes no very palpable onward movement in population or increase of buildings.

It would be impossible to compress within reasonable dimensions even an outline of the bygone splendour of the CITY, and more particularly of the CATHEDRAL, of YORK. Alexander, son of the King of Scotland, married the daughter of Henry III in this cathedral. The English monarch was present, and such was the fear entertained, from the vast pressure of the crowd likely to witness so august a ceremony, that the marriage was solemnized early in the morning. Henry seems to have been absolutely smothered with his noble attendants, civil and military; and the King of Scotland had upwards of sixty knights in his train, “ clad

But somewhat to particularize. The immediate approach to this *Eboracum** of other days, is novel and imposing in the route from London. The eye rests upon a tall strong stone wall, encircling one third of the town, which is nearly three miles in circumference : a circumference, not exceeded by that of London within its ancient walls. Upon its battlements the inhabitants are seen to walk to and fro. The river Ouse washes its base. Before the discovery

in complete steel," and gorgeous apparel. Edward III was married to his queen, Philippa, in this cathedral. Edward IV was crowned here ; and so was Richard III : the latter by Archbishop Rotherham. It is said that this latter ceremony was attended by all the lords spiritual and temporal in the kingdom. Charles I had a great affection for York : so much so, that, on one occasion of his visitation, he ordered the Bishop of Ely to wash the feet of THIRTY-NINE poor men (that being the number of his *years of age*) in warm water. This ceremony was performed in the south aisle ; and the Bishop of Winchester, the King's Almoner, afterwards washed them again, in white wine, wiped, and kissed them.

But the spacious roof of this cathedral has echoed with sounds on very discordant occasions ; and piety seems to have been of a very ductile and accommodating cast, when it induced the Parliamentary Generals, on the capture of the city, to betake themselves to the cathedral, and return thanks to heaven for their success. We are told that the service on this occasion was performed by Robert Douglas, chaplain to the Earl of Leven. Bellerby's entertaining *Guide to the City of York* supplies these anecdotes . . . without the toil of elaborate research.

* The word, from Drake, appears to be of Saxon construction : but it is admitted that, like the word London, it is "encompassed with difficulties and uncertainties," though "an evident token of the great antiquity of the place." Drake says, justly, that the city is "placed near the centre of the island, in the richest, pleasantest, and most extensive county in Britain, if not in all Europe." Page 1.

of gunpowder, such an apparent mass of impregnable materials should seem to have successfully repelled the onset of the most daring foe. Yet it was frequently otherwise; and perhaps few cities have experienced the horrors as well as vicissitudes of war more intimately and more acutely than York. It was hence that our earlier monarchs—and our Edwards in particular—made their strongest spring upon the rebellious borderer and the invading Scot. Here, arms, ammunition, and the ponderous *matériel* of the commissariat department, were obtained and put in order for many a northern campaign; and here, in return, defeat was frequently followed up by indiscriminate slaughter, and the waters of the Ouse ran red with human blood. The all-conquering Roman—the ruthless Dane—the hardy Saxon—and the enterprising Norman—in turn became its conquerors and inhabitants. The soil teems with relics of these races of men: and the *multangular Tower* is yet a *crux* for the toughest antiquary to solve. Horsley and Stukeley rigidly maintain its Roman origin; but its obvious adulterations render it a puzzling point to settle satisfactorily—and till *this* be accomplished, no thorough-bred Yorkite ought to settle himself comfortably to sleep.

Let us go immediately to THE CATHEDRAL—the deepening tones of whose tenor bell seem to hurry

* Whatever be its *origin*, it is now devoted to wise and useful purposes, for its interior is graced by the meetings of the Philosophical Society, to which it has been recently appropriated by the mayor and corporation.

us on to the spot. Gentle reader, on no account visit this stupendous edifice—this mountain of stone—for the first time from the *Stonegate* (Street) which brings you in front of the south transept. Shun it—as the shock might be distressing; but, for want of a better approach, wend your steps round by *Little Blake Street*, and, at its termination, swerve gently to the left, and place yourself full in view of the *West Front*. Its freshness, its grandeur, its boldness, and the numerous yet existing proofs of its ancient richness and variety, will peradventure make you breathless for some three seconds. If it should strike you that there is a want of the subdued and mellow tone of antiquity, such as we left behind at Lincoln, you must remember that nearly all this front has undergone a recent scraping and repairing in the very best possible taste—under the auspices of the late Dean Markham, who may be said to have loved this Cathedral with a holy love. What has been done, under his auspices, is admirable; and a pattern for all future similar doings.*

* When I visited York, in 1814, these repairs and *real* beautifyings were going on in the most spirited and successful manner. Old John Carter himself approved. The stone, at once firm in texture, and facile in cutting, seemed to have grown for the very purpose to which it was here applied, and its surface was uniformly rubbed over with oil. The most fastidious could not carp: the most enthusiastic could not sufficiently applaud. The presiding genius on the occasion, was undoubtedly that of the late DEAN MARKHAM. “The traveller, (says Mr. Bellerby) on a review of the alterations recently made in several cathedrals, has to lament over the want of judgment which has been usually displayed; but the genius of Dean Markham has here shewn itself in a manner which must please the

Look at those towers—to the right and left of you. How airy, how elegant, what gossamer-like lightness, and yet of what stability! It is the *decorative* style of architecture, in the fourteenth century, at which you are now gazing with such untiring admiration. Be pleased to pass on (still outside) to the left, and take the whole range of its northern side, including the chapter-house. Look well that your position be far enough *out*—between the house of the residing prebendary and the deanery—and then, giving rein to your fancy, gaze, rejoice, and revel in every expression of admiration and delight!—for it has NO EQUAL : at least, not in Germany and France, including Normandy. What light and shade!—as I have seen it, both beneath the sun and the moon, on my first visit to the house of the prebendal residentiary*—and how lofty, massive, and magnificent the Nave! You catch the chapter-house and the extreme termination of the choir, connecting one end of the cathedral

most fastidious taste.”—*Guide*, p. 55. He then goes on to say, that the Dean's *liberality* was equal to his anxiety, in this matter.

* On the visit to York, mentioned in a preceding note, I took up my residence with the late Archdeacon Eyre; whose house (the only prebendal residence) faced the extreme eastern termination of the cathedral—so closely, that a second Lunn might have leaped from the drawing-room window into the cathedral. Its position was suffocating: the cathedral all the while looking as if it would bury it alive. At that time, Scott's description of the supposed *stained glass* in Melrose Abbey, was upon every tongue. It was resolved to see this moonlight effect in the centre of the nave of the cathedral... but in no part of the building could we observe the transmission of the least tinted ray, from the windows, upon the pavement.

with the other, at the same moment—comprising an extent of some 550 feet! You are lost in astonishment, almost as much at the conception, as at the completion, of such a building!

Still you are disappointed with the central tower, or Lantern; the work, in great part, of Walter Skirlaw, the celebrated Bishop of Durham,—a name that reflects honour upon everything connected with it. Perhaps the upper part only of this tower was of his planning—towards the end of the fourteenth century. It is sadly disproportionate with such a building, and should be lifted up one hundred feet at the least.* Still pursuing the left, and rejoicing the eye with a sight of THE LIBRARY, (once a portion of the old archiepiscopal palace) you continue your route of the exterior—pass the eastern extremity, or end of the choir; where the upturned eye is lost in amazement at the immensity of the window: you bewail the intrusive neighbourhood of brick and mortar, much improved however of recent date†—

* I have all along persuaded myself, that what we see of this tower was originally intended as the *first* story or stage for a *second*. Mr. Archdeacon Eyre used, while deploring its stunted appearance, to exclaim,—“when and how can an addition be made? Who is capable of it?” The answer is obvious. Place £25,000 into the City and County Bank of York, and build and draw away! This is the “*δος πόνω στω.*” But see that the foundation will *bear* it. Our ancestors built for eternity.

† Of late years, this immediate neighbourhood has been much improved. The sun, and the air of heaven, have had freer ingress; and the school, built within fifty yards of the old prebendal house, is a great improvement. Nor must I omit to notice the erection of several good houses, with small gardens in front, situated between

and come round to the south transept, of which Coney's magnificent view and plate in the new *Dugdale's Monasticon*, and Mr. Britton's more compressed and brilliant plate in his *Ecclesiastical Antiquities*, furnish us with no inadequate notions.† But the stone-work about the porch, and especially the steps, are in a disgraceful state; and the constant assemblage of idle and mischievous boys about this spot, should be immediately looked after and corrected. You see a noble sweep of Gothic architecture, at its grandest period, from the south transept along the south aisle; and coming round again to the West Front, you are thrown into a repetition of all the extatic fits which possessed you on its first contemplation.

So much for the EXTERIOR. After several experiments, I am of opinion that you should enter the INTERIOR at the spot where it is usually entered; and which, from the thousand pilgrim-feet that annually visit the spot, may account for the comparatively worn state of the pavement;—I mean the *South Transept*. Let us enter alone, or with the many. Straight before you, at the extremity of the opposite or northern transept, your eyes sparkle with delight on a view of the stained-glass lancet windows; to which a favourable allusion has been

the Deanery and the eastern extremity of the cathedral. It is evident that the seed dropt into the earth by Dean Markham, has "taken root downwards, and borne fruit upwards."

† I have alluded to the latter especially, in a preceding note. The burin is from the hand of John Le Keux, and in his most bewitching style; but I cannot help remarking that the Catherine

already made.* How delicate—how rich—how chaste—how unrivalled! All the colours seem to be intertwined, in delicate fibres, like Mechlin lace. There is no glare: but the tone of the whole is perfectly bewitching. You move on. A light streams from above. It is from the *Lantern*, or interior-summit of the Great Tower, upon which you are gazing. Your soul is lifted up with your eyes: and if the diapason harmonies of the organ are let loose, and the sweet and soft voices of the choristers unite in the twelfth Mass of Mozart†—you instinctively clasp your hands together, and exclaim, “THIS MUST BE HEAVEN!”

Descend again to earth. Look at those clustered and colossal bases, upon which this stupendous tower is raised. They seem as an Atlas that for some five minutes would sustain the world. Gentle visitor, I see you breathless, and starting back. It is the *Nave*, with its “storied windows richly dight,” that transports you;—so lofty, so wide, so simple, so truly grand! The secret of this extraordinary effect appears to be this. The pointed arches that separate

Wheel, in its *graphic* form, looks more attractive than in the original stone. The interstices are too small; and the frame-work, or mullions, too thick for the size of the casement. It has been my good fortune to see similar specimens of this most beautiful feature in Gothic architecture upon the continent; and when I think of that at *Strasbourg*, I may be allowed to forget that at York.

* See page 94 ante. A very neat outline engraving of this north transept window, will be found in Britton. It has no feature to make an interesting plate of; unless, indeed, we admit that Drake, for once, has done his subject ample justice. Halfpenny, however, is here a *sovereign*.

† See page 12, ante.

the nave from the side aisles, are at once spacious and destitute of all obtruding ornaments; so that you catch very much of the side aisles with the nave; and on the left, or south aisle, you see some of the largest windows in the kingdom, with their *original stained glass*,* a rare and fortunate result—from the fanatical destruction of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and for which you must laud the memory of General Lord Fairfax, Cromwell's son-in-law: who shewed an especial tenderness towards this Cathedral. . . .

“ Breathe a prayer for his soul, and pass on ”

to the great window at the extremity of the nave; of which Mr. Britton has given a neat plate, and of which he is disposed to speak in more commendatory terms than I can conscientiously allow. To my eye, the whole of this window wants simplicity and grandeur of effect. Even its outside is too unsubstantial and playful in the tracery, for my notion of congruity with so immense a Cathedral. The stained glass is decidedly second-rate. The colour of the whole interior is admirable, and worthy of imitation.

But where is THE CHOIR, that wonder of the world?—“yet more wondrous grown” from its phoenix-like revival from an almost all-devouring flame?†

* These windows, however, stand in need of repairing, or rather, perhaps, of cleaning; but it will be a nice task to get rid of the corrosive effects of time—and to re-lead the panes (the only effectual way) might be a perilous undertaking.

† I scarcely know how to trust myself with the mention of that most appalling, unprecedented, act of a one-third madman and two-thirds rogue—JONATHAN MARTIN by name—who set fire to the

You must retrace your steps—approach the grand screen—throwing your eye across the continued roof of the nave ; and, gently drawing a red curtain aside,

choir of York Minster : a fire which was almost miraculously stopt in its progress towards the destruction of the entire cathedral. This had been a result which Martin would have rejoiced to have seen effected. This horrid deed, at the very thought of which the heart sickens, took place on the 2nd of February, 1829. The life of the perpetrator, from a most mistaken, and I will add mischievous, view of the moral bearing of the question, was spared ; and he, whose hands deliberately laid the train, and who systematically at a distance waited the explosion, is now only moping within the walls of a mad-house. If similar attempts at combustion take place, at least we must not be surprised.

Two splendid effects followed the perpetration of this devastating deed : one, the readiness and liberality with which a subscription was entered upon for the re-edification of the choir ; in which his Grace the Archbishop took so prominent and spirit-stirring a part : the other, the PERFECTION of the RESTORATION. Fortunately for Sir Robert Smirke, the late John Carter had left many large and minute drawings of the stalls behind him. At York I heard many, and contradictory, accounts of the discovery and progress of the fire. The roof of the choir was of wood, and as the flames from the stalls streamed upwards, it was soon in a state of combustion and ruin. Fragment after fragment tumbled below ; and as daylight appeared, the choir was roofless. I possess a large print of it in this state. Indeed, print upon print was published ; and the whole nation, as well as the City of York, seemed to be in a fever with the event. It has been said that the organ might have been spared, if the adjacent stalls had been pulled down, as they were attempted to be—but the officious and threatening intrusion of a very stupid and very imbecile old sexton, or verger, prevented the performance of so salutary an act. Such a goose, in the human form, is only fit to vegetate in the crypt of the cathedral.

The scathed surfaces of columns, arches, and monuments, yet attest, and will long attest, the power, as well as rapidity, of the devouring flame. Indescribable emotions mingle in the breast of

immediately under the organ,* you cannot fail to be ravished with the most marvellous sight before you. Its vastness, its unspeakable and indescribable breadth, grandeur, minuteness, and variety of detail and finish—the clustering stalls, the stupendous organ, the altar, backed by a stone Gothic screen, with the interstices filled with plate-glass—the huge outspreading eastern window behind, with its be-spangled stained-glass, describing two hundred scriptural subjects†—all that you gaze upon, and all that you feel, is so much out of every-day experience, that you scarcely credit the scene to be of this world. To add to the effect, I once saw the vast area of

the pensive spectator, as he contemplates this scene of diabolical cunning on the one hand, and of princely liberality on the other. The restoration was not effected under the sum of £58,000. I possess Bellerby's *Full and Particular Account* of the fire and of the trial of Martin. A wood-cut portrait of the incendiary is prefixed.

* The Yorkists make a great fuss about the SCREEN; but I think admiration, here, is rather local than general. The screen is too low; the sculptured figures of monarchs are too short, and huddled together. Half a dozen figures from the south porch of Lincoln Cathedral (see page 95, ante) are worth the whole. I must fairly say what honestly strikes me, that young Mr. Abraham's drawing and print of this screen (published at 1*l.* 1*s.*) has infinitely more interest than the original.

† Drake has given plates of both the western and eastern great windows of York Cathedral. Britton has done the same, in outline, upon a necessarily reduced scale. The defect of the latter window is in the division of it into so many compartments; losing in effect what it may gain in detail. The height of this stupendous window (which is the breadth of the whole choir) is seventy-five feet; yet that of the choir of Gloucester Cathedral is eight feet higher! The window over the altar of Southwell Minster (see page 80, ante) is worth them all THREE!

this choir filled and warmed by the devotion of a sabbath afternoon. Sitting under the precentor's stall, then occupied by my friend the Rev. W. H. Dixon, the prebendary in residence, I looked up its almost interminable pavement, where knees were bending, responses articulated, and the organ's tremendous peal echoing from its utmost extremity. Above, the sunbeams were streaming through the chequered stained glass . . . and it was altogether a scene of which the recollection is almost naturally borne with one to the grave.

The service is over : the choir is emptying : a few of the more curious linger behind, and are disposed to tread the pavement beneath which the dead repose, and of which many of their resting places are marked by the superincumbent shrine or monument. Let us move in the train of these meditative visitors round these side aisles. Alas ! for the ravages of the late fire. Its scorching and destructive course is visible . . . in the surface of many a tablet, ornament, and figure. We place ourselves immediately close to the monument of *Archbishop Bowet*, looking across to the north side, behind the glass screen. As I had long respected the memory of this truly hospitable archbishop,* I could not resist

* The shrine or monument of this archbishop seems, in after ages, to have been as great a favourite with artists, as the character of the defunct was with his contemporaries. Browne Willis (quoting Torre) says :—" Archbishop Bowett was famous for his house-keeping ; exercising so great hospitality, that he usually expended *eighty tons of claret wine.*" p. 40. In all probability, Godwin (*de Præsulibus Angliæ*) is the father of this anecdote ; and

the inclination of exercising the talents of a young and rising artist, resident in the city, to furnish me with a drawing of this view ; and how well Mr. Abraham has complied with my wishes, the OPPOSITE PLATE will shew.* A yet longer cherished respect for the memory of *Toby Matthew*, fixed me opposite the monumental tablet which recorded his age and virtues.† Yonder is a thoroughly *unique* monument.

Drake, after referring to him, is pleased thus gratuitously to remark : “ And truly, if the consumption of four-score tun of claret, which is said to have been yearly spent in his several palaces, can make us guess at *lesser* matters, it must argue *beef* and *ale* in abundance.”—p. 440. But see what festivities attended the inthronisation of George Nevil, Archbishop of York, some forty years afterwards—as it is minutely recorded in *Leland's Collectanea*, vol. vi. p. 2, edit. 1774. The first three articles are these : “ 300 *quarters of wheat*, 300 *tun of ale*, 100 *tun of wine* ;” add, “ 6 *wild bulls*, 400 *swans*, 2,000 *geese*, 2,000 *pigs*.” Where did they dine ? The monument of this “ given-to-hospitality” archbishop, is, in the upper part, of a beautifully light and feathery construction, as seen in Drake and Britton. In the OPPOSITE PLATE, a portion of it only is made as the foreground of what may be called a good monumental-view.

* It may be due to the ingenious young artist who engraved this plate, to deprecate criticism by the intelligence of his not having yet cleared his twenty-first year : but his burin stands in no need of such deprecation. He is the third son of Mr. Harraden, of Cambridge, known from the many laudable efforts of his pencil ; of which the first two copper-plate vignettes in this work are no ordinary specimens. The drawing of the Archbishop's tomb, &c. was by young Mr. Abraham, an artist resident at York.

† The reader, if so inclined, may disport himself in the pages of the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 254-9, touching many particulars connected with this book-loving archbishop. His monumental tablet, like most similar performances, is profuse of panegyric. He held the archbishopric twenty-two years ; “ and when upwards of seventy was constant in all chapter meetings, and so happy in the



J.H. Abraham, Del.

F. Harraden, Sculp.

VIEW THROUGH ARCHBISHOP BOWEN'S MONUMENT

BEHIND THE SCREEN OF THE CHOR.

It is a tablet which is entirely surrounded by *books*, and records the memory of *Accepted Frewen*; the son of a puritanical minister, and who first ascended the archiepiscopal throne on the restoration of monarchy*—after a succession of ten years when there was “no king in Israel.” It may be just briefly noticed, that the oldest monument, of any architectural pretensions, is that of *Walter de Grey*, of the thirteenth century; of which Mr. Britton has favoured the world with a beautiful plate. I agree with this gentleman, that the monumental remains of York Cathedral are quite unworthy of the walls which enclose them.† The wretched taste which

talent of speaking, that you would have liked to hear him for ever.” See Browne Willis, p. 53. An old portrait of him, in frightful perspective, is to be seen at Bishopthorpe. This, by his Grace’s permission, I had copied—but my love for “Toby’s” memory would not suffer me to perpetuate such a portrait upon copper. The late Sir M. M. Sykes shewed me a most rare print of this archbishop, for which he had given eighteen guineas. I never saw a second.

* Frewen’s christian name is “in fine keeping” with the presbyterian cant of the times. His elevation was extraordinary, but he enjoyed it only four years, dying in 1664. Willis has a short and surly notice of his benefactions to the archbishopric, and to Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he was the president. A very wretched representation of this tomb will be found in Drake, p. 464. The original is quite a unique production; and I wish it were to be my fate, hereafter, for my effigy to be so book-embedded. As in life, so in death.

† See from page 420 to 469; of which, with two or three exceptions only, it were difficult to say whether the barbarity of the originals, or the rudeness of the engravings, were entitled to greater ridicule and chagrin. Of the earlier monuments, as represented by Drake and Britton, see those of Archbishops Grey, Bowet, and Savage. The former is as “battening upon the moor”—the latter,

obtained in this department of sculpture, during the reigns of George I and George II, is too palpably evidenced almost on every turn behind the glazed screen.

This cathedral boasts of *two* sets of transepts, but the second is of very diminutive dimensions: indeed, scarcely amounting to the designation of the term. But these windows are most splendidly adorned with ancient stained glass. They quickly arrest the attention of the antiquary; whose bosom swells, and whose eyes sparkle, with delight, as he surveys their enormous height and richness. That on the southern side has a sort of mosaic-work or dove-tailed character, which defies adequate description—and is an admirable *avant-propos* to the CHAPTER HOUSE:—the Chapter House!—that glory of the cathedral—that wonder of the world! The reader will have probably anticipated* that my admiration of this extraordinary building is of a qualified description; and that the very thing, upon which so many harmonious changes of astonishment and

as “feeding upon the mountain”—rich, luxuriant, refreshing, and invigorating. Of all these Archbishops, Walter Grey, the thirty-third, is among the most extraordinary and interesting. Matthew Paris tells us he gave £10,000 for his *pall*: an incredible sum in those days. Walter was forty years archbishop, dying in 1256. His memoirs would have been invaluable, for he played a stirring part when Bishop of Worcester. It is quite clear that the monk of St. Alban's (Matthew Paris) had a spite against him, and lent a willing ear to all the slanderous gossip of the day. In opposition to the dicta of this historian, I place the veracious testimony of Matthew of Westminster. See Drake, p. 425-6, *in locum*.

* See page 98, ante.

delight are rung, is, to my feelings and notions of correct taste, a defect: namely, the *absence* of a pillar in the centre, upon which the roof may be supposed more securely to rest—and as we see it in the chapter house at Salisbury, Worcester, Lincoln, and many other places. It is true, the show-man shouts aloud, and tells the “ladies and gentlemen,” that “all this wonderful roof of stone, of sixty feet in width, has nothing but the walls to which it is attached to support it.” I readily give my tribute of applause to the conjuror-like skill of the mason, but I must be at liberty to withhold it as to the question of the best effect produced; and while the roof of this Chapter House may be ringing with echoes of applause (on account of the absence of this central pillar) from the “ladies and gentlemen” just mentioned, I must pertinaciously and confidently wait the assent of the critical antiquary to the canon which I have presumed to advance.

Doubtless this Chapter House is a very repertory of all that is curious and grotesque, and yet tasteful, and of most marvellous achievement. You may carouse within it for a month—but it must be in the hottest month of the year; and when you are tired of “cool tankard,” you may feast upon the pages of Britton and Halfpenny.* The name of the

* Britton has three plates illustrative of a few of its more leading features. They are very interesting; but Mr. Halfpenny is necessarily more copious and minute. His dry point is beyond all praise. It has a richness to which that of Hollar never obtained. Look at his INTERIOR of this CHAPTER HOUSE, and then look elsewhere for a rival...in vain.

latter should have been *Sovereign*—for his book is the “*facile princeps*” of all books in its way. Old Drake, however, is worth more than a cursory glance upon this department of our Cathedral peregrination; and rejoice with me, enthusiastic reader, that the fine old oaken doors originally attached to the stone entrance of the Chapter House, are yet in existence: of which Britton has a delightful plate. Let the carpenter share in the praises just bestowed upon the mason. But the “world of wonders,” exhibited in the shape of grotesque and capricious ornaments within this “House,” is responded to by ornaments to the full as fanciful and extravagant within the Nave and Choir. What an imagination seems to have been let loose in the designer engaged! Look at what is before you—in the OPPOSITE PLATE. Those frisky old gentlemen are sculptured at the terminating point, as corbels, of the arches on the *roof of the nave*: and it is curious that, in the bottom corbel, the figure to the left is a sort of lampoon, or libellous representation of the clergy: the bands and curled hair are decisive upon this point.*

* The subject represented in the ACCOMPANYING PLATE is from the design of Mr. Browne, a teacher of drawing at York, of the greatest respectability, and an antiquarian-artist of untameable ardour, and of the most delightfully extravagant enthusiasm. His affection for YORK CATHEDRAL knows no bounds. It rises with him at six in the morning; and retires to rest with him at midnight. When the recent colouring of the interior took place, in consequence of the fire, it was necessary to raise a scaffold to the summit of the roofs of the nave and choir. Upon the top of this scaffold, and within six feet of the roof, did Mr. Browne lay upon his back—



BRACKETS IN THE NAVY OF A P. M. N. T. F.



York is famous for its *Music-Meetings* or *Festivals*. If ever our well-beloved Queen Victoria comes to patronize such a festival with her presence, let a ROYAL BANQUET be given within this Chapter House—the Archbishop presiding:—and every clergyman and layman belonging to the Cathedral attending in proper costume.* Let silken banners, and streamers, and pendants, hang from every abutment . . . and let a gallery be erected, to display all the beauty and grace and splendour of the county. Such an event should also set in motion all the bells of all the churches, all day and all night.

From this imagined scene (perhaps not altogether imaginary?) of captivating splendour, we must hasten away . . . to the gloomy realities of THE CRYPT:† and here the untiring enthusiasm of Mr. Browne is reported to have brought wonders to light, during

holding discourse with all the frightful *capriccios* of the intersecting groins—with a pencil in one hand, and a book in the other. Beneath him, was a void of eighty-three feet: one false movement, and he had been pulverised to atoms.

* Far be the barbarous idea, of excluding the MAYOR and CORPORATION! Let all the *members*, and all the nobility, of the county, also attend. Every guest should be a *Yorkite*. No Lancastrian should dare to intrude.

† Mr. Britton has given a general view of this crypt, on a necessarily limited scale. Since the excavations in consequence of the fire, the crypt has been explored with a more zealous search, and increased peculiarities and oddities have presented themselves. I was anxious to make a leisurely survey; and that survey was much facilitated by the politeness of the Dean, who requested that the whole might be lit up with gas. The Norman shafts are about five feet long, and five feet thick. The arch seems never to have presented itself as the readiest and securest basis upon which to pile to heaven.

the researches carried on immediately after the fire. The sturdy and stunted Norman arch—as thick as it is high—strikes you, on first entrance, as the usual attendant upon all ecclesiastical crypts; but in the *rubble* and *grouting* of the adjacent parts, they pretend to say that Roman bricks are found—and why should they not be? I confess, however, that under the tuition of my friend the Keeper of the records in the Tower of London, I held out sturdily, at first, against the admission of this fact; but the Rev. William Harcourt, the Archbishop's son, and Vicar of Bishopthorpe, poured in upon me such a steady fire of probabilities in its favour, that I was compelled to surrender . . . even before I had pulled a single trigger in return.

I consider a *crypt*—and especially such crypts as those which I have seen in Normandy, Bavaria, and Austria—quite a *crux* for the examination and discussion of antiquarians; who not only stick their teeth tightly within it, but affect to digest it in the most satisfactory, and yet obviously contradictory, manner. I have heard all sorts of hypotheses brought to bear upon it. Saracenic, Moorish, Norman—all based upon the Roman. In our own country, the most irrefragable proof of this admixture of the Roman brick in the walls, even above ground, of an ecclesiastical edifice, is to be found at St. Alban's; but every body knows that the neighbouring ruins of the old Roman town of Verulam,* furnished a ready as well as obvious aid, in the construction of that most venerable and interesting edifice.

* The *crypt* of this town, if it may be so expressed, wants a good rummage by "gaslight." It is anything but the *boast* of the age

But to return ; or rather to take leave of our CATHEDRAL. This is but a scanty sketch of its more prominent beauties. But what is to be done ? A weight of important matter allures onwards, and there must be limits to the most protracted details. Mine have been necessarily cursory ; but when I pace and repace the pavement of this stupendous edifice—when I meditate within this almost unearthly HOUSE OF GOD—when I think of much of its departed wealth and splendour,* as well as of its present durability and grandeur—a spirit within me seems to say, that SUCH an achievement of human skill and human glory should perish only with the

that so many centuries have rolled along without its exploration. Stukeley tells us, that, two hundred years ago, the town might be traced a mile in length, and nearly three-quarters of a mile in breadth. The Earl of Verulam, living at Gorhambury, is in its immediate neighbourhood. Let his lordship employ only six men, regularly, from year to year, upon the surface of this old Roman town, and he will bring such “ hidden things to light,” as may cause even the noble president of the Antiquarian Society to start from his seat !

* I gather the following from the abridged English version (1693) of *Dugdale's Monasticon*, as quoted by Drake, p. 481. Where is even the *Protestant* bosom that does not heave heavily as it reads it ? “ To this cathedral church did belong abundance of JEWELS, vessels of *gold* and *silver*, and other ornaments ; rich vestments and books, —amongst which were ten mitres of great value, and one small mitre, set with stones, for ‘ *the Boy Bishop*.’ One silver and gilt pastoral staff, many pastoral rings, amongst which one for the bishop of the boys. Chalices, viols, pots, basons, candlesticks, thuribles, holy-water pots, crosses of silver—one of which weighed eight pounds six ounces. Images of silver and gold ; relicts in cases extremely rich ; great bowls of silver ; an unicorn's horn ; a table of silver and gilt, with the image of the Virgin enamelled thereon, weighing nine pounds eight ounces and a half. Several Gospellaries and Epistolaries, richly adorned with silver, gold, and precious

crumbling fragments of a perishing world. Altogether, it looks as if it were built for the day of doom.*

Let us make our egress through the "gate of horn:" in other words, by the northern transept entrance door. What is that which stands yonder? It is the LIBRARY;—the chapel-remains of the old archiepiscopal palace. It has a noble aspect; redolent, in part, of the latter and best period of the thirteenth century. Of the *site* of the *Old Library*, such as it was when William of Malmesbury called it "the noblest repository and cabinet of arts and sciences then in the whole world," not even a rational conjecture is formed. There seems to have been good cause for Malmesbury's eulogium, if the testimony of Alcuin's Latin hexameters, be to be credited; for after grouping the *fathers* on one side, he furnishes a pretty good phalanx of the classics on the other. But a fire destroyed the whole, with the Cathedral (I forbear to involve the crypt in the ruins) about the middle of the twelfth century.

stones. Jewels, affixed to shrines and tombs, of an almost inestimable value. Altar cloths and hangings, very rich; copes of tissue, damask, and velvet; white, red, blue, green, black, and purple. Besides this, there was a great treasure, deposited in the common chest, in gold chains, collars of the order of the Garter, with large sums of old gold and silver." Yet in the time of Edward VI. there were three chalices, with three patterns, weighing altogether 114 ounces of SOLID GOLD. *Dugdale's St. Paul's*, 1715, *Appendix*, p. 21.

* I will not for one moment indulge in the language of "a celebrated modern traveller," as quoted by Mr. Bellerby, in his *York Guide*, touching the *certainty* of the future ruin and desolation of the MINSTER.

Egbert is supposed to have been the Founder of the Library. Certain it is, that when Leland, in the execution of his regal office, under Henry VIII, of searching all the libraries in the kingdom, examined the Cathedral Library at York, he broke out into lamentations of its departed value, and said "it had scarcely a book worth looking into;" adding, that "Danish brutality and Norman violence, had swept every thing away."* Yet Malmesbury gave it no common character in *his* day.

Be this as it may, it is my inclination as well as duty to make honourable mention of the library as it now appears enriched by the donations of Archbishops Matthew, and Dolben; Lord Fairfax, and Dr. Fothergill. An account of these enrichments having appeared in a preceding work,† I shall here briefly particularize a few only of the leading articles; and I do it with the greatest pleasure, as many of these articles were rescued by myself from an almost impenetrable obscurity. They are now redeemed. . . standing prominent to the sight and touch: but I

* See the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 254-60. The library of Archbishop Matthew was bequeathed to the cathedral by his widow Frances. This is attested by the inscription in the room; concluded by a quaint and rather happy quotation from Virgil,—*dux Fœmina facti.*"

† I yet possess a drawing of the interior—little better than a common coal shed—in which, during my residence with the late Archdeacon Eyre, I may be fairly said to have rescued many a valuable volume from "obscurity," if not from "perdition,"—as they lay scattered upon a damp floor: and so far I may be said to have deserved well of the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of York. It seems, however, that this conclusion is a little too partial: and yet, when I know what has been expended upon *white tinsel*,

cannot refrain from reiterating the wish that the books had been identified as to the several collections or owners to which they had belonged. Good Mr. Dallin, the Librarian,* is seated in the middle of the room, busied with his Catalogue of the entire collection; “a goodly work, and soon to see the day.” He is attentive to every enquiry; he is active in every kind and courteous deed; and when a “thorough-bred” comes to visit him, he makes the roof ring with the clapping of his hands with delight. With what inexpressible satisfaction did he introduce me again (after a cruel absence of upwards of twenty years!) to my dear old friends, the two membraneous folios of Erasmus’s second edition of the Greek Testament!† With what secret and serene pleasure did he witness the tenderness of my embrace of these inappreciable treasures . . . upon which the hand of time has hitherto left neither soil nor mark of decay— which yet preserve all the lustre of their pristine estate . . . as fresh, as sound, as youthful, and attractive, as ever!

from the funds of the same body, I may feel a natural, and perhaps commendable, spirit of mixed astonishment and chagrin, that a fourth of the sum spent upon the white tinsel in question, was not devoted to the patronage of such a volume as the present. It has not been from ignorance of its existence.

* The REV. JAMES DALLIN, M.A. who has been upwards of twenty years a sedulous inmate of this library. Of his *church*, in the following pages.

† These wonderful books, printed by Froben, at Basil, in 1519, had been the property of Archbishop Matthew; but it were worth knowing through what channel, and by whose hands, they were brought into England. I believe the researches of the most active bibliographer have never brought a *second* copy upon vellum to

MANUSCRIPTS.

BIBLES.—Here are three Latin Bibles; neither of them before the thirteenth century: of large and small octavo dimensions: written in the diminutive close Gothic character, in double columns: one of them is very clean throughout—with moderate illuminations. Another in paler ink, with inferior illuminations, begins thus: “*Libellus iste continet plenam Bibliam cum Interpretationibus hebraicarum dictionum.*” Another smaller MS.; in the same style, has prettier illuminations.

The New Testament; in double columns, English: as I conceive about the years 1400-1420. This is a very interesting volume. It had been Queen Elizabeth's; as her name, apparently in her handwriting, appears at the beginning of St. Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians: “*Elizabeth Regina.*” At the end.” *Edward the fourth, our noble Kinge, Do. Reg. 4*; Collects, Epistles, and Gospels close the volume.

GOSPEL-COMMENTARY: Folio. This is a fine volume and valuable Commentary in English, of the time of Edward III, by Stradel, upon the Gospels, Pater Noster, &c. See Leland.

Legenda Sancta. We have here a noble folio volume, executed in the small Gothic letter, in double

light. They measure thirteen inches and a half in height, by nine in width. The late Sir M. M. Sykes purchased, when abroad, a copy of the first volume only of the *first* edition, upon vellum, printed in 1516. It was a most lovely book, and purchased by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, for the library at Lambeth, for one hundred guineas.

columns, having 86 lines in a full page. Its scription may be of the date of about 1400. The last "Saint" mentioned, is St. Wirlstan.

Cicero: Rhetorica Vetus et Nova. An ancient MS. memorandum informs us that this volume "was redeemed for the Abbey at the price of *vjs. viij.* It is executed in the large roman lower case letter; and may have been written in the 12th century. It is imperfect at the beginning. In excellent condition: a large 8vo. volume.

Bracton, de Legibus Angliæ. This is the original outside lettering. It begins thus: "Incipit liber de legibus et consuetudinibus, Anglie cōpōtus a Roberto de Bractona, &c. A noble book, of 318 numbered leaves. Upon the first old shattered fly leaf, we observe Lord Fairfax's autograph: "*Tho ffairfax.*" The scription may be of the end of the thirteenth century; not long after the death of the author. This, as well as the preceding volume, was one of the books bound in velvet by the late Charles Lewis, in London; conveyed thither on my especial interposition with the late Archdeacon Eyre.

French Metrical Romance. "*La Luminere as lays.*" A very curious and entire MS. of the date of 1267, as will be presently seen. It contains six books, and begins thus by way of prologue:—

“ Le vrey deu omnipotent
 Ke estes fyn e commencement
 De tutes les choses ke en siecle sunt
 E ke auaunt furent e apres serrunt
 Ke cryastes al commencement
 Ciel e tere e aungles de nient.”

The prologue occupies ten leaves. On the eleventh leaf,—(“ *Ici comence la luminere as lays*”)

“ Ore comence le Rumaunz
Ke nest pas a fous ne enfaunz
Enfaunt entendre ne le peut
Le fol entendre ne le veut.”

There are two hundred and twelve leaves. On the recto of the two hundred and twelfth, we read the following colophon :—

“ Les quatre liures de ceste romaunt
furent fetz a nouel lyn en surie
E les deus dreyns a oxneford . si fu
comence a la pasche al nouel lyn.
e termine a la chaundelure apres a
oxneford . le an nostre seygnur
Mil . e deus cens e seisaunte setyme.”

This volume, which is a large octavo, and bound in red velvet, is another of those which were herded towards Lewis's workshop, to be returned in new and appropriate clothing. The colophon fixes the date precisely; and on giving some account of my morning book-labours, at Bishopthorpe, (on the second day of dining there) the STELLA of that residence interpreted this old-fashioned and cramped French in an instant. Yet there is a puzzle behind. Where is “New Lynn in Surrey”? and how comes it to pass that the first “four books were made” in that place, and “the last two at Oxford”?

Metrical Life of Henry VII. In Latin Hexameter and Pentameter verses: written in a cursive hand, apparently of the time; and replete, as might

be expected, with unqualified panegyric, from beginning to end. The gist of the whole seems to be, that, from the union of the two Roses, by Henry with Elizabeth, civil discord and irreligion were bound captive at the wheels of Henry's chariot. The illumination prefixed, giving a portrait of Henry when in his younger years, struck me as not unworthy of being represented upon copper—after a most accurate fac-simile by my young friend Mr. Abraham, an artist resident at York.



C. J. Smith, sculp.

When the reader shall have sufficiently satisfied himself with the appositeness of this graphic illustration, he may not object to turn over a volume or two of the

PRINTED BOOKS.

Tulle of Ald Age, &c. &c. &c. printed by *Caxton*, 1481: folio. There are some singularities in this copy, which, unluckily, wants four leaves of the index or table. In the treatise upon Honour, there is a variation in the second word, upon sig. *d. v. recto*: there is also a duplicate of signature *c*: which has the variation of "Here maketh," for "Here followeth." Independently of the defect just noticed, this is a fine and most desirable book.

The Horse, the Shepe, and the Goose; with the Chorle and the Birde. Printed by *Caxton*, 4to. A long, and I will hope, neither unamusing nor un-instructive, account of the discovery of this exceedingly rare Caxtonian little volume, will be found in the *Bibliog. Decam.* vol. iii. p. 416, &c. It is yet, I believe, a desideratum in the Spencer Library. The *reprint* of it, by Wynkyn de Worde, was so rare, that the late Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. thought a reimpression of this reprint would be acceptable to the Roxburghe Club. This precious book, in the library of York Minster, was bound in blue morocco by the late Charles Lewis.

Ordynary of Crysten Men. Printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1506, 4to. A fair, good, sound copy. Bound by Lewis.

Hormanni Vulgaria. Printed by *Pynson*. 1519,

4to. This was one of the volumes, alluded to in a preceding note,* which was rescued from supposed rubbish; and in the fly-leaf of which, a pencil-mark denotes that it was "*Redeemed from rats.*" Bound by Lewis, in russia.

Rates of Merchandizes; 4to. A curious volume; apparently printed in the time of James I. The same handwriting is discernible in the fly-leaf of this volume:—" *Snatched from oblivion.*"

The preceding are enough for a sample: not wishing to go over ground previously trodden.† And thus much, or rather perhaps thus little, for the Library. Of all the book-rooms attached to a cathedral, with which I am acquainted, this of York is the noblest; and the manner in which the whole has been fitted up, redounds to the eternal taste of the Dean and Chapter of the day. As you quit it, and wind the gravel path, through a pleasant green sward, you observe, to the right and left, an isolated stone house, semi-Tudorian in form: lofty, capacious, comfortable looking. That to the left, is the Deanery: to the right, the residentiary Prebend's. They are both just the kind of buildings desiderated for their respective objects.‡ One evening, on quitting a dinner-symposium at the Rev. Mr. Dixon's—the then resident prebendary—I was struck with the

* See page 189, ante.

† See *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 255, &c.

‡ The architect was Mr. John Sharp: the nephew of my friend the Rev. Samuel Sharp, vicar of Wakefield. I call to mind with pleasure, a pleasant ramble, on a sabbath evening, to his architectural Tusculum in the neighbourhood of York.

glorious aspect of the full moon, mounting in fleecy majesty over the roof of the nave, the apex of which was glittering with her silvery ray. The body of the Cathedral was involved in deep shadow: how grand the forms—how awful the effect!—especially as the clock slowly struck the hour as we departed. It is a noble-toned bell: but it did not strike the tone of Great Tom* out of my recollection. BELINDA had quitted, in a chair, just before our breaking up . . . vexed to have lost such a sight, and to have had no breathing room, if seen, for the indulgence of one full-toned ejaculation.

Let us continue the *Ecclesiastical Survey*; stopping one moment only to notice that to the left of the Southern transept; which is a small projecting building, called a Galilee, in which are deposited some of the most curious documents in the kingdom—connected with the *Border History*; chiefly in the character of *wills*, from which a large selection has been made in the fourth volume of the transactions of the *Surtees Society*.† Although this magnificent cathedral, compared with every adjacent ecclesiasti-

* See page 90, ante.

† It is to the infinite credit of this laudable society, that it spares neither toil nor expense in the selection of what is likely to throw light more especially upon the history of the "NORTH COUNTRY." I remember well the gratification that good Mr. Raine expressed to me, at Durham, on announcing the completion of these testamentary documents from the archives of York Minster. Such things contain the very marrow of historical truth. To these, always add the letters of eminent men—such as my friend Sir Henry Ellis hath put forth . . . for the instruction as well as amusement of posterity.

cal building, be “like the *sun* among the lesser luminaries,” yet the city of York may boast of one of the most beautiful ruins in Europe, of the thirteenth century, in the character of a *Mitred Abbey*; namely, the *Abbey of St. Mary*. How many pencils have been exercised upon these ruins!* and how fertile they may yet be considered in affording additional subject for illustration and instruction. The stone is of the purest texture and tint: the surface uncrumbling—the cement yet as hard as the bodies which it unites. These consecrated walls have met with cruelly rough treatment in their time. What the Reformation and the Presbyterian persecution spared, the deliberate dictates of a body corporate doomed to destruction. First, a royal edict of William III, authorised many of the stones to be taken away for the creation of a county gaol!! (“*horresco referens*”)—secondly, Queen Anne signified her gracious will “that a given quantity of the ruins, should be devoted to the building of St. Olave’s Church:—this was merciful, and in good taste, compared with the preceding

* The largest collection of prints—nine in number—which have been published, relating to this precious relic of ecclesiastical architecture, will be found in the fifth fasciculus of the *Vetusta Monumenta*. They are in lithography, and those which describe the component parts of the building are executed with perfect felicity. The picturesque portions, like all lithographical exhibitions, want consolidation and effect. Whoever examines the detail, in the ornaments, will find a general conformity in them with those of Halfpenny—illustrative of York Minster. They are chiefly of the latter half of the thirteenth, down to the middle of the fourteenth, century; replete with elegance and effect—as this may be considered the purest period of Gothic architecture. Take the following

regal act. In the succeeding reign of George I, the *coup de grâce* seems almost to have been given to these unoffending relics of the olden time. Sir Charles Hotham, and Sir Michael Wharton, with the Mayor and Corporation of Beverley, obtained permission from the Crown to apply the ruins to the repair of Beverley Minster. Much as I love and respect

specimen, supplied by one of the plates above mentioned, of—“*A roof knot, representing the Virgin Mary, surrounded with vine branches, found in the common house, or parlour.*” Can anything be more graceful and attractive?



The original is two feet in the narrowest part. It is not a little extraordinary, that, in the plate from which this specimen is borrowed, there should be, in the first two subjects, capitals of pillars precisely Roman, or perhaps Greek: the honey-suckle gracefully occupying the space between the volutes. These I take to be

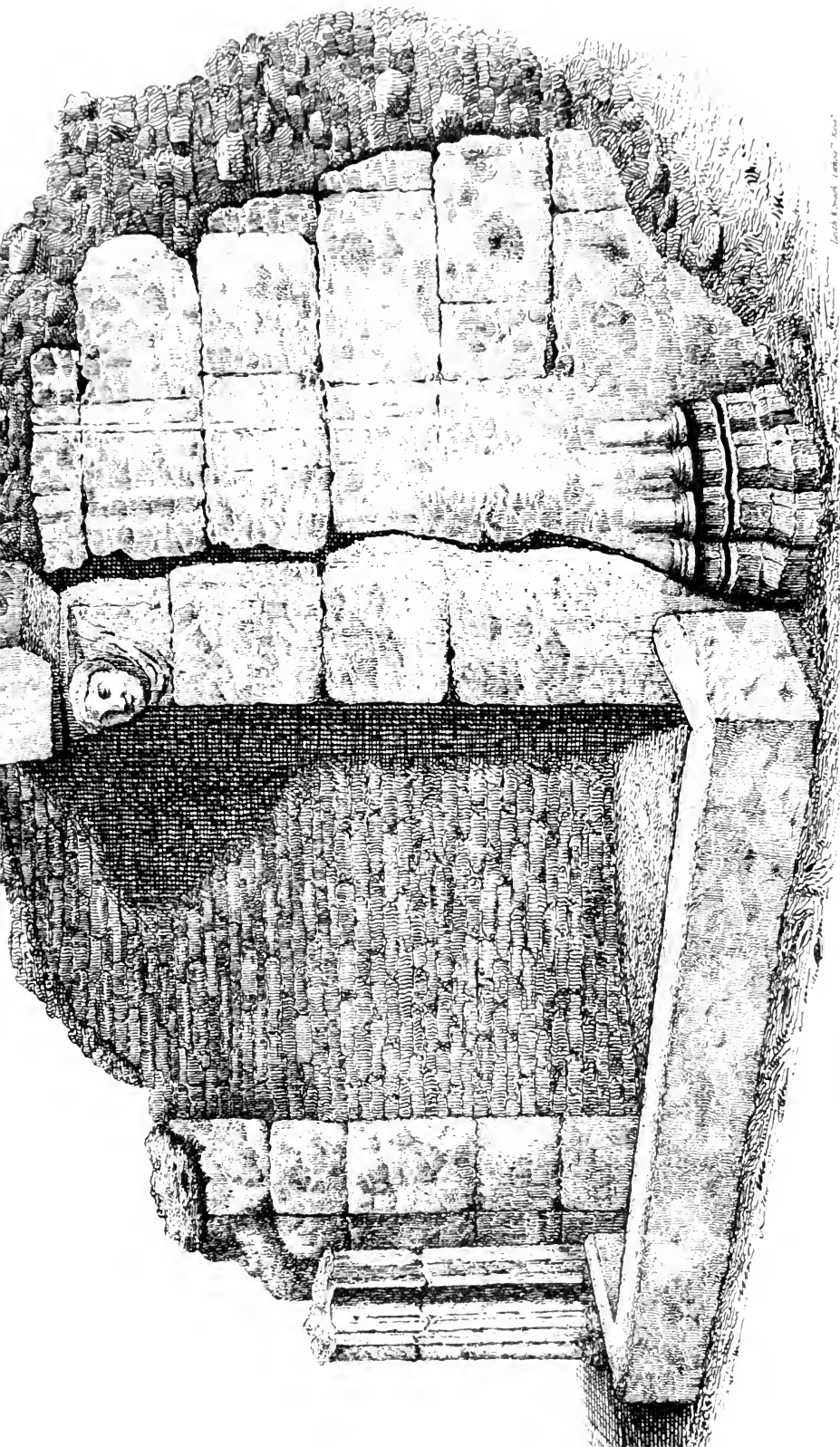
this latter Minster, had I been the mayor of York, with any influence over the court of aldermen, at the time, we would all have been found at our posts, armed "from top to toe"—suffering ourselves to be buried in the ruins, rather than have complied with this latter regal but most barbarous mandate.

Can it be therefore matter of astonishment, even of surprise, that "THE BLACK MONKS OF THE ORDER OF ST. BENEDICT,"* hooded, and shrouded from head

what the Rev. Mr. Wellbeloved, in his sensible and satisfactory treatise, accompanying these specimens, intimates—portions of the building by its founder and first abbot, Stephen: quite at the *beginning* of the *twelfth* century. They are curious; and will serve to throw light upon similar specimens, as seen in my account of DURHAM CASTLE, *post*. Meanwhile, the antiquarian reader may regale his eye by a sight of the OPPOSITE PLATE, which, if I mistake not, exhibits the *earliest fireplace and fender* in existence in this country.

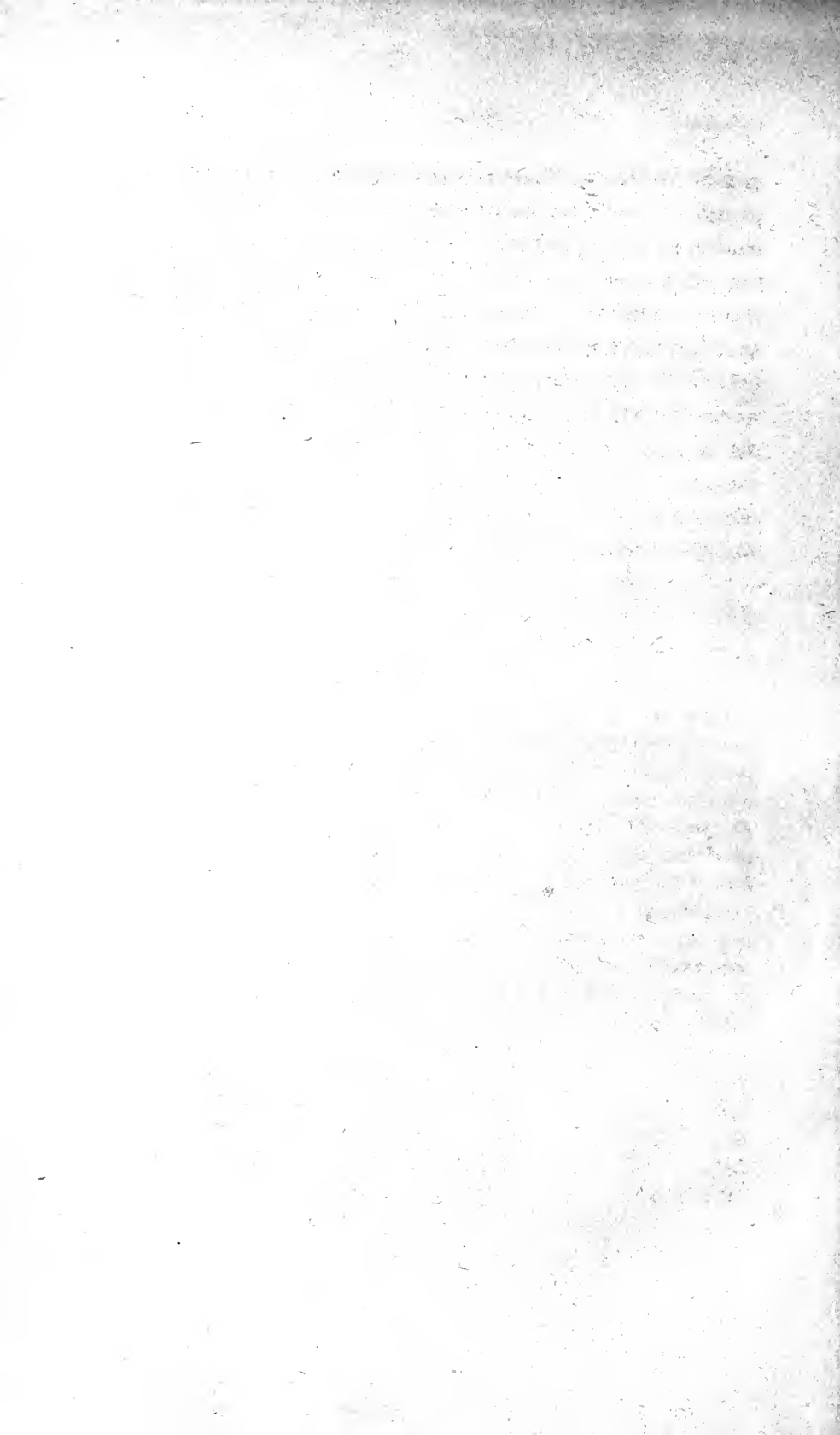
I have above intimated something of the "many pencils" exercised upon these lovely ruins—for so they may in truth be called. Among these, may it be permitted me to notice a small, but spiritedly executed, lithographic print, from the pencil of a Lady who adorns all that she touches? Upon the whole, I am yet for another DIG in the soil of these scattered and most attractive relics. Let a procession, headed by James Atkinson, Esq. be sent forth on this "voyage of discovery." Much is yet to be effected; and under such a vigorous and enterprising chieftain, what may not yet be accomplished?

* Such was the designation of this fraternity of monks. As a mitred abbot, the Superior marched up to occupy his seat in Parliament with a retinue exceeded only by that of the Archbishop: and when the barons of Yorkshire were summoned to the wars, the Abbot sent a chosen champion in front to bear the standard of St. Mary in the King's army.



Joseph Kneass del. & sculp.

FIRE PLACE & STONE FENDER; belonging to the ABBEY of ST. MARY, YORK, A.D. 1250.



to foot—with their great Abbot, Simon de Warwick* in advance of them—are seen gliding, and heard chanting, on the first night of the full moon preceding Christmas day?—that an unearthly splendour should seem to surround them, as they move in solemn pace and procession down to the brink of the Ouse . . . where their forms are quickly submerged in the waters! It is said that the stars of heaven on that night shine with such a sharp lustre, that the brightness of the moon scarcely dims their effulgence. Will the pencil of my talented friend Belinda strive to embody all this “witching scene?”

Of severer, as well as of greatly narrowed dimensions, stands the Church, or rather perhaps the porch, of ST. MARGARET, as you leave York under

* He was a splendid character in his way: high-minded; high-spirited; courageous; liberal; benevolent—and may be called the second founder of the abbey: dying in 1299. All that the eye rests upon is of *his* achievement. He built the choir: living to see its completion after twenty-two years spent in its structure. In those days they did not build by conjuration and witchcraft, as many think they do now. Simon was also the annalist of his abbey; but had he stepped a little out of the dry record of its earlier history, and that of its abbots, and detailed somewhat of civil affairs, (so important in the North, at the time of his monastic government) he had conferred an everlasting obligation on posterity. Our Simon held a tight and strong curb-rein over the refractory spirit of the *townsmen*: between whom and the monks of St. Mary there were occasionally some desperate *rows*; even more fatal than what has been witnessed at Oxford and Cambridge: for Leland describes “a great slaughter and depredation” as having taken place between them. I owe all this intelligence to the *avant-propos* of Mr. Wellbeloved.

the Walmgate Bar,* on the south-east side of the city. This porch may be thought to be the venerable parent of all existing, or visible, ecclesiastical antiquities in York; and in common with a thousand (I was going to say) round-headed, zigzagged, ornamented arches, throughout the kingdom, is of the beginning or middle of the twelfth century. It needed not even the elaborate and most satisfactory dissertation of Mr. Browne to prove this.† In that modest and sensible performance the theory of Mr. Macgregor is severed asunder. I consider this porch to be rich and fruitful beyond the generality of

* Of these bars or gates, the only existing ones are Bootham, Monkgate, Micklegate, and Walmgate. Halfpenny has engraved them. They are dull, dark, and useless erections, for modern purposes; and are all, I should suspect, of the period of Edward III, the grand period for castellated architecture. Bellerby may be advantageously consulted for an epitome of their prominent features.

† Mr. Browne's dissertation was published in a slim quarto pamphlet, with a plate prefixed—containing specimens of some of the ornaments of the arch—in 1827. It does him great credit as a rational and cautious antiquary. From Mr. Browne's plate I have borrowed what appears in the text: but these circular-headed arches occur also in the Chapel of St. William and the porch of St. Dionis church; also in the city of York. Mr. Halfpenny's instructive volume will furnish proofs of this; and the diamond-shaped bands, terminating in rosettes, on the shafts of pillars, together with the zigzag and ribanded ornaments, may be seen in the plates of St. Mary's Abbey, alluded to in a preceding note. Drake's heart warmed so much at the sight of St. Margaret's porch, that he could not resist giving a plate of it in his *Eboracum*, after his fashion. See page 308. I ought to add that Mr. Browne etched and published a separate plate of this porch. The upper part, or roof of it, must, I think, be comparatively modern.

English porches, in illustration of early architectural ornament ; and hasten to gratify the reader with the following specimens of it.

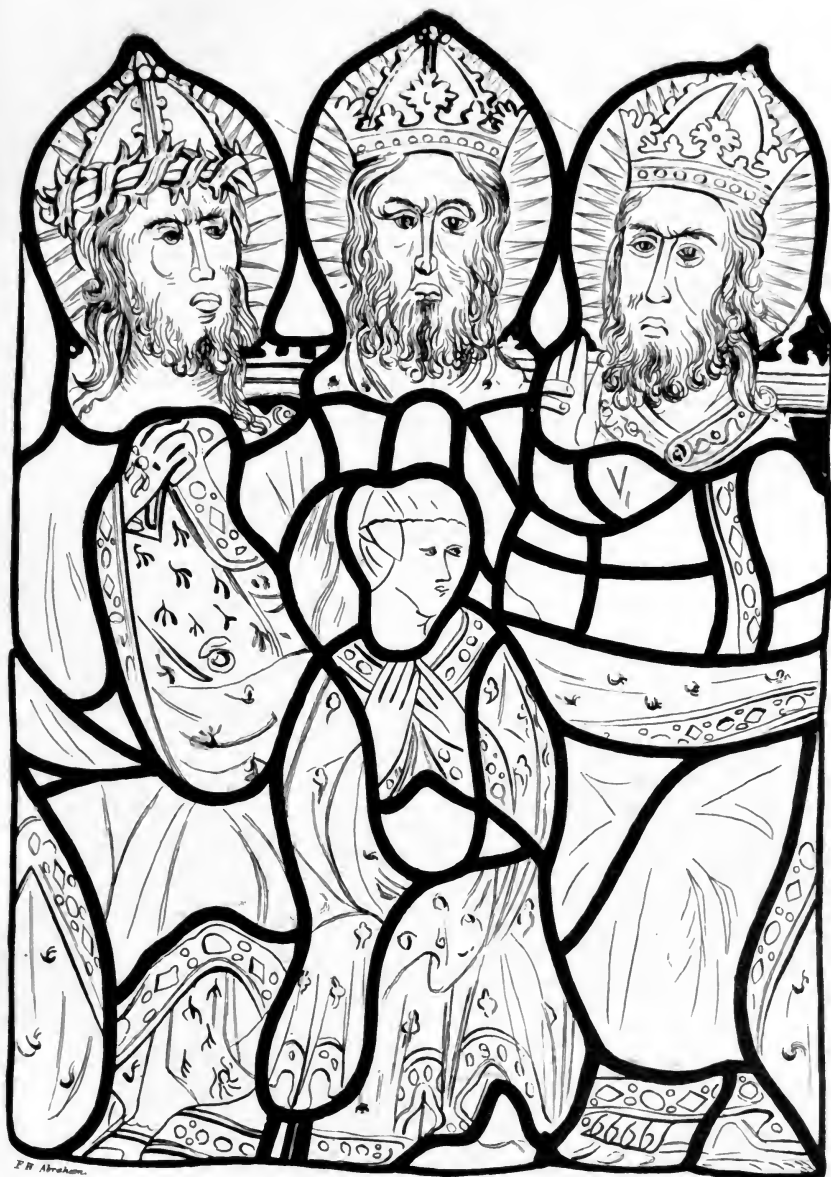


Among the churches which I entered, was that of St. Trinity—in company with its worthy Vicar, the Rev. James Dallin, of whom I have before made honourable mention. It is of very limited dimensions, and had been just repaired and beautified. There

was one object which instantly caught my eye ; and which, as far as my recollection serves me, is *unique* of its kind. It is nothing less than a representation of the Trinity, in stained glass, with the Virgin seated in the centre : so curious, that by the aid of Mr. Abraham's pencil, a faithful representation of it, in the OPPOSITE PLATE, is subjoined for the reader's gratification. Alas ! there was little else worth noticing, in this interior, in the character of stained glass, or of any other singular ornament.

Of *civil* matters, I have little to observe. My stay was necessarily short, and my taste and habits are perhaps not exactly fashioned for statistical enquiries. But the soil of York is not altogether destitute of some curious particulars on this score. The history of its gates, posterns, and towers, past and present, might form a pleasing little manual of instruction. As an emporium of trade and manufactures, this city must not be dwelt upon.* There

* Mr. Bellerby approaches to eloquence in his account of the fallen commercial fortunes of this once proud city. But I should apprehend that Newcastle-upon-Tyne, even in Edward III's time, sent six vessels, when York sent one, in the service of the King. We shall see. Meanwhile, I have much pleasure in subjoining the following passage from the *Strangers' Guide through the City of York* ; p. 23.—“ During the residence of the Romans at York, this city would be the emporium of Britain, and would as far surpass its contemporaries in the extent of its commerce, as it exceeded them in wealth and magnificence. The largest ships which then navigated the ocean could be safely moored in the great harbour of the city, and her merchants traded to every part of the known world. Although, during the Saxon dynasty, York was the scene of the most destructive and bloody revolutions, its commerce appears to have risen superior to misfortune : as we learn from Alcuin, that ships from the most distant parts arrived here, where the sailors



F. B. Abraham.

Leath & Smith, U.S.A. Pat. 2,426,712

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.
Stained Glass.

were once *Guilds*, or *Companies*, of wealth and influence. Of these, the *Merchants' Company* yet retains a considerable distinction. Its ancient SEAL, of the thirteenth century, is yet in existence; and a wood-cut from a drawing of it has been kindly furnished me by Mr. Bellerby, the bookseller, from his intelligent Guide. It graces *the head of this chapter*.

There is, however, a great, and rapidly-growing spirit of literary and scientific enquiry going on within the walls of this venerable city. *The Museum* (a Grecian building, by Mr. Wilkins) stands just above the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey.* Here lec-

found a sure retreat after enduring the hardships of a toilsome voyage. The same author also calls this city 'emporium terræ commune marisque.' In the reign of Edward I, York was ranked among the English ports, and furnished one vessel to the king's fleet; and although ships were soon after built of greater magnitude, and Hull monopolized that trade which had formerly benefitted York, yet, for some time after this, our city continued eminent for trade. During the reign of Edward III, the staple of wool was fixed here, which had previously been at Bruges, in France. Many of her merchants were members of the corporation of Calais. A woollen manufactory flourished here so recently as the reign of Henry VIII. The great number of Jews who resided in this city, is a strong proof that its trade had revived, as the name of *Jew* has for many ages been almost synonymous with that of *trade*. At present, the commerce of the city, though considerable, is trifling when compared with its former extent. Scarcely a vessel is left to tell of the thousands that once here sought refuge from the blasts of the storm, and a mart for the disposal of their merchandise. The largest capital at present employed by the citizens, in one branch of commerce, is, perhaps, in the drug trade."

* The whole of this *locale* is perfectly delightful. At the entrance to it, unless protected by a subscriber, you write your name in a book. A very original "Janitor Aulæ" presides. "Have you

tures are read ; and here collections in nature and in art are constantly being formed. It will soon be a noble establishment ; and no slight share of its praise will belong to my friend James Atkinson, Esq. one of the earliest and most active promoters of its prosperity. Of the *Philosophical Society*, of which the Rev. William Vernon Harcourt is the president, too much cannot be said in commendation ; the archbishop being among its most strenuous supporters.

York has been fortunate in its historians and graphic illustrators. Drake is among the most toiling of topographers : but his history of this city merits the gratitude of the townsmen. It is a folio, teeming with text, and full of copper-plate embellishment : which, unless the greater part were *given* to the author,* must have proved great drawbacks from the profits of the sale. It should seem that Drake's son,

many distinguished characters to visit these ruins and this museum?" "O, dear sir! some scores a-day. We had, last week, a Jew and a Turk walking arm in arm. They seemed to be so loving!" I own that some of the most gratifying moments, spent at York, were spent within the area of these ruins. Will my friend Mr. Wilkins, the architect, forgive me, if I enter my protest against the adoption of *Grecian* architecture in the neighbourhood of *Gothic* ruins? The latter would have been the same to him: "*utrumque paratus*," is his motto.

* The criticism which I submitted twenty years ago upon this book, is, in substance, yet maintained by me. But it cannot be dissembled that the author was a most spirited and patriotic gentleman. According to a notification prefixed to the preface, it appears that the small paper was sold for £2. 14s. 7d. : in large paper, for double that sum. It was *proposed* to sell it for £2. 2s. ; but the work having increased from twenty-five to two hundred sheets, the additional 12s. 6d. became inevitable. The plates are almost without end. In the list of subscribers, more than ninety

Nathan, whether sensible or not of the inferiority of his father's graphic illustrations, published a view of the Terrace—by the river side—in the year 1756; which was engraved by the very creditable burin of Grignion. As this view may be considered a county print, and as it develops in the foreground some curious grouping and costume, I have ventured to think that the reader may be gratified with a small portion of the latter, on a reduced scale.



C. J. Smith sculp.

copies upon large paper were engaged at starting. It is dedicated to the famous Earl of Burlington; whose pencil, purse, public taste, and public spirit, are deservingly extolled.

Of all the men who sat down, doggedly and delightfully, to the study of the ecclesiastical antiquities of this place, the late JOHN CARTER was the man. He told my friend, Mr. Archdeacon Eyre, that his lungs never had so full and free a play as within the interior of the cathedral. Indeed, his pencil seemed to know no rest when he sojourned within it; and he reaped a full harvest of fame and profit from such a sojourn. His folio volume, entitled *Specimens of Ancient Art*, is an honour to the age and country. I have before noticed the almost unrivalled graphic talents of the late Mr. JOSEPH HALFPENNY. His *Fragmenta Vetusta, or the Remains of Ancient Buildings in York*, 1807, 4to. is a volume quite apart from ordinary productions of the time. The text is purposely scant, and modestly, as well as accurately, composed: but the embellishments relating to the cathedral (which constitute the larger portion of the book) are so full, minute, captivating, and satisfactory, that, if the minster *must* crumble to dust,* the glories of her architectural decorations will live for ever in the pages of Halfpenny.

There may be more than *one* man still living upon whose shoulders the cloak of Carter may have alighted. The name of *Michael Angelo Taylor* is not unknown to my readers; but the individual *responding* to that name, now resident at York, may be unknown in the more southern, or even northern, counties of the kingdom. Mr. Taylor,

* See the lugubrious prediction about its decay, in Mr. Bellerby's *Guide*: p. 97.

now beyond his seventieth year, of elastic step, calls himself a good workman. He is so, to the very spirit of the expression ; as many of the more beautiful carvings, in the restoration of the choir, eminently denote. But Mr. Taylor is no mean *designer*—as the following copy of one of his *basso-relievos* decidedly proves.



Till within the last twenty years, there was probably no town in England where the eyes of the antiquary might have feasted with greater delight upon the frontages of *old houses*, than at York ; and from the narrowness of the streets, their overhanging upper stories had a most picturesque effect. Stonegate afforded a memorable display of this ancient domestic architecture. The exterior of a house, forming part of the premises of Mr. Todd the bookseller, exhibited even a gorgeous display of the capricious and not ungraceful ornaments of the Elizabethan period. This exterior is now entirely removed ; but it will be seen represented in several prints connected with the city ; and Mr. Bellerby has reduced it to the diminutive size of one of his graphic embellishments. Other houses have unfortunately followed the example ; and

little remains to feed and comfort the hungry and thirsty in these matters, but a bracket, or supporter or two, at the corners of streets: of which take the following specimen from the *corner* of a street terminating in Stonegate.



I have mentioned the name of Mr. Todd, the bookseller. It was not for the first or second time that I called upon him on the evening of the first

day of my arrival at York. I seemed to go thither instinctively. In times past, we had been brisk correspondents; and many a curious and covetable tome I had purchased from his well-garnished storehouse. Things were different now. There were few books, and fewer purchasers. The elder Mr. Todd had paid the debt of nature; his remaining brother was invisible from a severe indisposition.* A most civil and respectable representative attended to the business, and no customer had reason to complain of the slightest disregard. I had scarcely been three minutes in the shop, when a book was put into my hands, entitled *Medical Bibliography*, by JAMES ATKINSON. As I considered bibliography, of *every* description, to be rather in my way, I opened, and read... with some slight and visible emotion: first, at the very original manner in which I found *myself* depicted in the preface,†— and secondly, that a volume of three hundred and seventy-nine closely printed pages should contain only the letters A and B.‡ “The author is a fine, fearless fellow, be he who he may”—observed I to the attendant: adding, “this book must be *mine*.” “He will regret the not seeing you, Sir; being at present at Scarborough.”

* It was told me that the defunct Mr. Todd owed his demise to the constant fret, worry, and grief of heart, following the FIRE of the MINSTER. And yet the wretch lives who fired it!

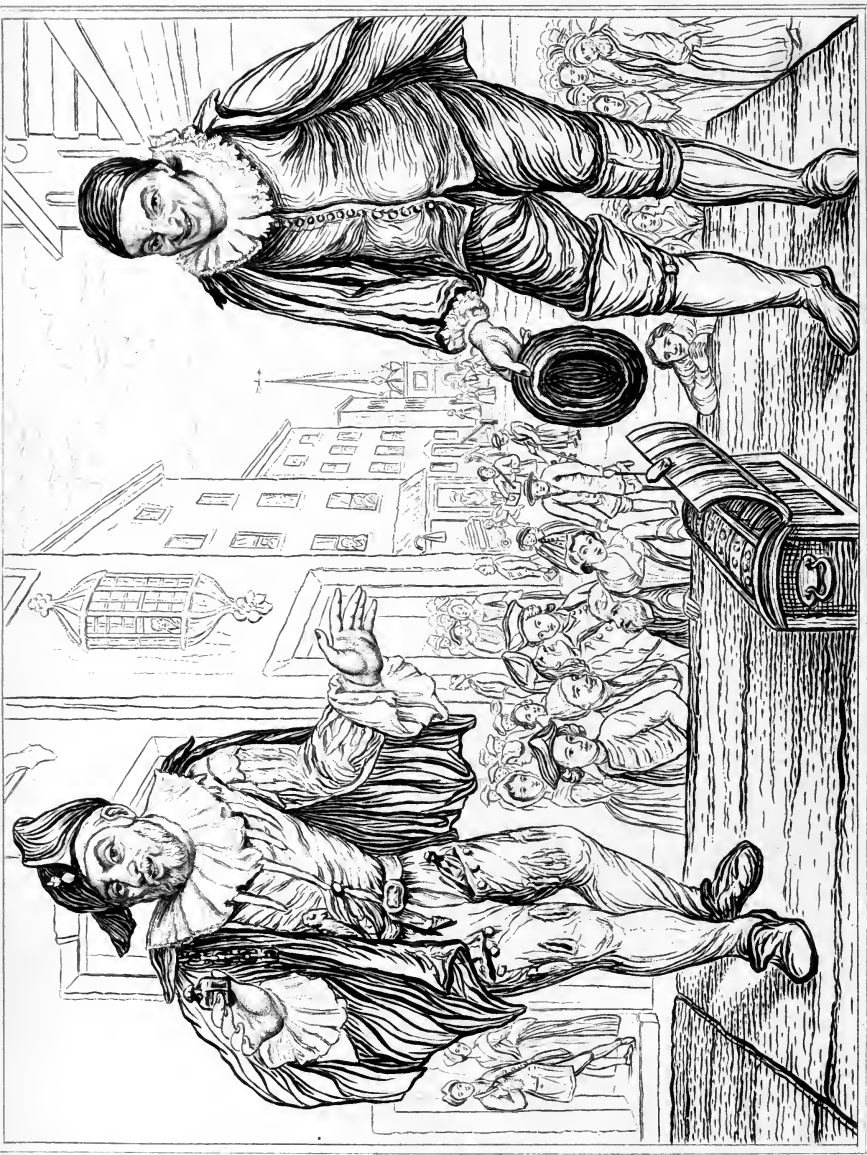
† See page ii.

‡ The author, as the title expresses, was “*Surgeon to H.R.H. the Duke of York, Senior Surgeon to the York County Hospital, and the York Dispensary; and late Vice President to the Yorkshire*

The next morning was ushered in—not with a peal of bells, for that would have been less agreeable to me—but with a short note from the daughter of Mr. Atkinson; regretting the absence of her father, but hoping that I would not quit York without giving her an opportunity of expressing to me how gratified her father would be on my acquaintance. I called, with my daughter: and here has commenced an acquaintance—be it rather said an *intimacy*—which has not only known no diminution,

Philosophical Society. It is “dedicated to all idle Medical Students of Great Britain:” having for motto,—“Take me for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer.” After the notice of my person, the author continues thus:—“How many vagabond heirs to libraries have sold their books by the pound weight (though not sterling) to the grocer or pastrycook. So lamentable to behold!—a slushy cook subjecting poor Pliny, in his best condition, again to be burnt to ashes, in singeing a pig! And beneath him, the divine Homer (*ah che gusto!*) blazing in the dripping-pan, and singeing a goose! Yet he is there, crackling with fire—his wonted fire: which this adept and greasy cook cannot for his life extinguish!”—“For the endless imperfections of my work, I have a feeble excuse. It is a corseless exuvium, irregularly collected, by bits and scraps of leisure and pleasure, from the indispensable observations of a medical man: who, like some others, is in the actual enjoyment of all the horrors and visitations of three separate professional departments.” What follows, betrays at once a candour, frankness, epigrammatical point and antithesis—humour, drollery, and originality—such as can scarcely elsewhere be found.

As specimens of elaborate investigations of editions of out-of-the-way authors, consult the articles *Albertus Salomon*, *Aldern John*, *Berengarius Jacobus*, *Botallus*, *Leon*:—but enough. My copy of this truly original performance—the gift of the author—revels in a luxuriant Russia-coated, silk-lined binding, by the “cunning” art of GEORGE SUMNER:—*Bibliopegus Eboracensis*.



Thos. Bridges.

C. J. Smith, sculp.

Lawrence Sterne.

THOS. BRIDGES AND LAWRENCE STERNE, AS MOUNTBANKS.

From an Original Picture in the possession of James Atkinson, Esq. York.

but which it seems to be the anxious wish of all parties should "grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength." In Mr. Atkinson I have found a gentleman and a man of varied talent: ardent, active, and of the most overflowing goodness of heart. In his retirement from an honourable profession (medicine and surgery) he knows not what the slightest approximation to *ennui* is. The heartiest of all the Octogenarians I ever saw, he scorns a stretch, and abhors a gape. It is "up and be doing" with him, from sun-rising to sun-set. His library is suffocated with *Koburgers*, *Frobens*, the *Ascensii*, and the *Stephens*.

Mr. Atkinson has also a few other interesting oddities in their way. On the first day of my dining with him, on my return from Scotland, (he himself having returned from Scarborough very shortly after my visit to his daughter) he showed me a *most singular original picture*. Look at it, gentle reader, in the OPPOSITE PLATE. It is a representation, as the inscription implies, of Lawrence Sterne, as a mountebank, and a Mr. T. Brydges, as a quack doctor; and what makes a very peculiar feature in the history of this picture, is, that Sterne *painted the figure of his friend Brydges*, and Brydges *painted that of Sterne*.* Mr. Atkinson's father was well

* It is a coarse production, in oil, upon canvass. The figure of Brydges has the most, at least, of individuality. Sterne (who was probably a descendant of the Archbishop of York, of the same name, anno 1666) was fond of drawing; and of drawing, as well as of writing, what he ought *not* to have drawn and written. I have heard of a copy of his "Journey," illustrated by his own pencil in a manner revolting to common decency.

acquainted with Sterne, and many anecdotes did he relate to me, as told him by his parent, of the whims and crotchets of the far-famed sentimental traveller.* Caricatured as Sterne's countenance is, there is yet far from a *remote* resemblance in it to the matchless portrait of him by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add, that Sterne was a prebendary of York Cathedral; and I learned, as handed down from the time, that, so slovenly was his dress, and strange his gait, the little boys used to flock round him, and walk by his side.

I should ill requite the unvaried kindness and unbounded hospitality of Mr. Atkinson and his family, if I only made a *formal* mention of it. Strangers as we met—save from the concentration of bibliographical sympathies—we have parted (and alas! are likely to live the remainder of life apart) staunch friends. The talents of his Daughter have enriched my pages with one of its brightest ornaments;† and I can forgive all the vehemence of

* Who reads Sterne? Nobody: perhaps I should say, scarcely any body. So true was Johnson's prediction that, within half a century, Sterne would be sinking fast into oblivion. Yet there are noble touches of pathos in his *Journey*, and of condensed, powerful reasoning in his *Tristram Shandy*. In the latter, there is one passage, which, for originality of conception, and euphonous diction, knows no superiority in our language. It is that of "The Recording Angel." The word "Chancery," however, belongs so completely to this world—and is in so many instances ruinous to those connected with it—that it should have been expunged for something more elevated and spiritual.

† See the fragment of the supposed Saxon tombstone, in my account of St. ANDREW'S; *post*. The pencil of the same artist has

their united admiration for the bow and fiddle-strings of Paganini,* in the grateful feelings excited by the warmth and steadiness of their attachment.

Among "the sights" which my friend Mr. Atkinson took me to see, were the music and assembly rooms, of the former of which the renowned Earl of Burlington was the architect, and Mr. Sharpe of the latter. The first is a really magnificent interior.

been lately as felicitously exercised upon a dilapidated monumental figure of a knight templar, in the Church of —, in Yorkshire. The copy is the very original upon paper. Upon this latter, the pen of a common friend furnished the following *impromptu* for the album of the designer, to whom it is addressed.

" With batter'd limbs, and broken sword,
A knight recumbent lies;
His body prostrate on the earth,
His spirit . . . in the skies !

" Yet touched by Art's redeeming skill,
As guided by YOUR hand,
The Templar breathes a second life,—
And seeks the Holy Land."

* Mr. Atkinson's passion for MUSIC is equal to that for his professional and bibliographical studies. He went up to town expressly to witness Paganini's debüt: to encounter all the elbowing, shoving, squeezing, screaming, swooning, and fainting, of the rushing crowd of auditors. "Was it *tanti*, my dear friend?" as I once sate at meat with him. "*Tanti!*" he rejoined, with a sibylline burst of suppressed horror and indignation! "Use *Greek*, my dear sir. No Latin word can reach his merits. The very first motion of his bow unfolds all the hidden springs of harmony. It is not a mortal man before you: nor are they mortal sounds that you hear!" His daughter, perceiving my amazement, said,— "You may like to see his *autograph*? When he came to York, he took up his residence with us." I must own that I was glad he was *not* resident when I paid my visit. Partridges are good things, but you may eat too much even of *them*.

The pillars, of the Corinthian order—running along on each side, giving it altogether a noble air—have perhaps too crowded an effect. The room is very lofty, and at the end is a raised platform or stage for amateur-concerts—“ things, now, (observed my friend) of rare occurrence. Time was (continued he) when, sitting in yonder chair, I was the conductor of this little band of patriots, in their way. Here, our friend the Rev. Mr. D * * * brought out the deep and soul-moving sounds of his violoncello—there, * * * drew one of the finest violin bows in the county, if not kingdom; and * * made the notes of her sweetly-thrilling voice ascend . . . even ‘ to the starry threshold of Jove’s court.’ But alas! we are all now *out of tune*; and these walls, though of comparatively yesterday’s growth, are as desolate as those of Belclutha—described by Ossian.”

Here my friend paused; became stationary; and seizing me by the hand, rushed precipitately out of the room. I saw, and I felt, the workings of his mind. York is NOT what it WAS. In the centre of one of the finest and wealthiest neighbourhoods in the kingdom, an indifference has grown up of late to past forms and ceremonies and visitings; which, when large parties *do* assemble, produces something like mutual distrust. People do not heartily commingle. The curtesy is not so low and graceful; the bow is not so profound. Rare interchange of hands: rarer union of hearts. A looks at B with the tail of his eye, to recognise whether he be of *Athens* or of *Sparta*; which, being interpreted, is, whether he be a *Whig* or a *Tory*? Politics are said

to have estranged the once warmest friends. This is sad, and foolish work : forgetting that, in the language of Sterne's Corporal Trim, " we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow."

Such were the results, natural enough in their way, of my visit to Mr. Todd the bookseller, on the first evening of my arrival. Mr. Bellerby, a brother bibliopole, lives in the same street : to whom I shortly afterwards paid my respects. His stock in hand is less extensive, because his premises are less capacious than those of Mr. Todd—but there is collected together a good compact body of truly useful books. No *Copeland*, *Faques*, or *Hawkins*—and of course no *Caxton*, *Wynkyn*, or *Pynson* ; but you may fill the imperial of your carriage very successfully with choice and improving tomes, and be always disposed to speak courteously of their late respectable owner. Mr. Bellerby strikes me as being a man admirably fitted for his vocation. Of early and simple habits, as soon as the first golden-gleam of the risen sun tinges the lantern tower of the cathedral, Mr. Bellerby has clapt " the right saddle" upon his horse's back, and is off for a distant book-sale at Darlington, Durham, or Dumfries. Distance never tires, no competition appals him. He merits all the harvest he is reaping ; of which no *sheaf* is more large and yielding, than that entitled "*The Stranger's Guide through the City of York.*"*

* It is a small duodecimo volume, with a good map of the town, and a sufficient sprinkling of cuts, chiefly upon copper. These pages (page 166, ante) owe to the publisher's kindness one of their

It seems very natural to talk of book-*binding* after book-*selling*. “Who is your prime artist in this line?” observed I, in Mr. Todd’s shop, to Mr. * * *, who had just entered it. “Sir, replied he, have you not heard of *Sumner*? one Sumner—‘whom not to know, argues yourself unknown.’” I asked for a specimen or two of his handicraft—and upon turning them carefully over—shutting, opening, comparing, measuring, and both generally and minutely examining—I was within three minutes at Mr. Sumner’s residence. The appearance and manners of the *artist* (for so we must now designate skilful workmen) won instantly upon me. His zeal in the cause is overflowing. To *him* no gold has any value but what is impressed upon the backs and sides of books, and edges of leaves. Arabesque ornaments are not worth looking at, but as marked upon russia or morocco leather. How had he gazed upon the binding of the late Charles Lewis, as evidenced in the library at ——— !* “What tooling—what taste! What opening—what shutting! I despair of rivaling him.” Mr. Sumner need not so despair; for having seen his workshop and tools, and learnt his exact notions of the craft, I am free to confess, and to confess honestly, that, if backed and supported as he, and his meritorious hard-working son, deserve to

most characteristic embellishments. York, however, will bear out a portly octavo. Let Mr. Bellerby apply his hand fearlessly to the attempt.

* It is *now* quite out of the question my ever visiting the goodly tomes in this well-furnished mansion.

be, there are no honours, and no wealth in his calling, to which he may not attain.

Never was a man more simple in heart and mind : none more sensible of the transcendant merit and supreme delight derivable from bibliopegistic pursuits. I do not say this because Mr. Sumner told me that "the reading of the eighth day of the Decameron* made him the happiest man alive—and opened ideas as well as produced emotions which it were difficult to describe, and impossible to forget"—No : but because Mr. Sumner is in fact an admirable binder, and is as prompt to listen as to execute. He gloats upon a *Grolier*, and dances a saraband at the sight of a *Roger Payne*. If the MINSTER could be made into *sheets* (as a part of it has been into *flakes*) I verily believe that Oliver Sumner would bind it in sixty folio volumes—of course in morocco !

And what was LEWIS once, is SUMNER now.

Akin to well-bound books, are well engraved PRINTS. I never saw so many engravings suspended in shop windows as in the City of York. Stonegate and Fossgate—and especially near the General Coach Office—may be said to abound with them. I will not select any one shop in preference to another ; because there seems to be a laudable rivalry among all of them to kindle a right feeling in this department of art. Mr. Abraham's print of the Minster

* That day treats exclusively of "book-binding ;" containing many curious cuts by way of illustration ; and to which Mr. Arnett, in his recent little seductive volume upon this subject, has helped himself quite as copiously as I could well afford to allow.

Choir-screen has been already briefly noticed. It does the author infinite credit ; and in my humble, and perhaps capricious estimation, produces a more striking effect than the original.* I foresee, by this intrepid avowal, a combat marked out for me with NENNIUS—with our common friends the Rev. James Raine, and Edward Blore, Esq. selected as umpires to decide the fight. Be it so.

If *prints* and *books* go together, so should PAINTINGS unite with, and be placed above, them. There is an annual *Exhibition of Pictures*, at York ; and I was fortunate in being there at the time of the exhibition. The walls were well covered ; the visitors exceedingly few, and the purchasers as sparing. This should not be. The Newcastle heroes, as *provincial* artists, bore away the bell, in point of number and cleverness of performances ; but there were two or three admirable *Ettys*, which I had seen at Somerset House ; and a portrait of my friend Mr. Atkinson, from the pencil of the same champion of art. It is as like as characteristic. There were also some beautiful portraits of gentry in the neighbourhood (as I presume), from the chaste and classical pencil of my friend, T. Phillips, Esq. R.A.

* Mr. Halfpenny's fifty-ninth plate exhibits a specimen of this screen, in the first three of the monarchical figures upon it : the two Williams, and the first Henry. The entire length of the screen is fifty-one feet six inches ; the height twenty-three feet six inches. Of itself, it is doubtless a grand and elaborate production : but placed where it is, it has no definite, or very intelligible effect. Of comparatively pigmy size, that of Peterborough is preferable to my eye : but the elevated position and component parts of that of Canterbury, are still more satisfactory and striking.

Calmness, truth, improved and yet strict individuality, are the characteristics of his popular pencil. Nor, as in duty bound, and according to all the genuine dictates of chivalry, must I omit to notice two or three artist-like water-colour drawings from the practised pencil of Belinda.*

And now, farewell to York : but not before some few “winged words” are let loose to alight and settle upon the battlements of the palace of

BISHOPTHORPE,

the residence of the Archbishops of this metropolitan see. Compared with the residence of the primate of all England, those, or rather that of the Archbishop of York, is limited in the extreme. The present building is in part built with the ruins of Cawood Castle, one of the ancient archiepiscopal residences, and now razed to the ground.† Of the palace, once near the Minster, nothing remains but the Library—which had been the chapel. This palace is supposed to have been originally of great dimensions.‡ The

* Among the specimens furnished by the Newcastle artists, was a picture in oil, by Mr. Parker, of the conflagration at Edinburgh attending the rescue of Captain Porteous—so powerfully described by the pencil of Scott. It is the least praise to say, that the pencil of the Artist has equal power and effect.

† Drake furnishes us with a wretched view of it in his time : a century ago.

‡ There is a view of this chapel, in its ruinous state, in Halfpenny’s interesting book. Its application to the present purpose of a library, (some thirty years ago) was one of the happiest adaptations imaginable. It is fifty-five feet in length, and may be thirty-five feet high.

palace at Bishopthorpe is a handsome, commodious, and roomy structure; which owes its principal conveniences, and general architectural attractions, to Archbishop Drummond, who put it into its present form about fourscore years ago.* But there are palpable traces about it—and especially about the chapel—to carry it back to the middle of the thirteenth century; when its site, together with that of the whole village of Thorpe, was purchased by Walter de Grey, the thirty-third archbishop: and who, in fact, may be said to have built the first palace here. The site is inviting; and the distance from the city, about three miles, commodious in all points of view. The River Ouse washes almost its very base. As you sit at dinner, you see the sluggish, or the quickly impelled, sail glide as it were close to you. The grounds are in a high state of cultivation. But of these presently.

A scene of blood once marked the immediate vicinity of this palace. Richard Scrope, the forty-ninth Archbishop, was decapitated, in an open field, by order of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV, for his adhesion to the falling fortunes of his lawful

* Robert Drummond was translated to the archbishopric, from the see of Salisbury, in 1761. He died in 1776. He was an honour to his profession and the see. If he sometimes changed "square into round," or *vice versá*; yet, upon the whole, he had high and gentlemanly notions of everything belonging to his elevated station. The entrance gate and front of the Palace of Bishopthorpe will not bear competition with the unerring architectural pencil of Blore, as displayed in the brother or sister palace at Lambeth; but the name of Drummond is deservingly high, and to be respected . . . even in its (few) architectural *heresies*.

sovereign Richard II. The act itself was one of the most diabolical and unprecedented upon record: an act, which, that great ornament of the chief-justice-ship of all England, Sir William Gascoigne, not only told Henry was contrary to law, but of which, as he freely told him, he would wash his hands of all the guilt appertaining to its commission. He refused point-blank to pronounce the murderous judgment of decapitation. But tyrants never want slaves for the ready execution of their wills. The supple duplicity of a lawyer of the name of Fulthorpe—but *no judge*—pronounced the fatal sentence; and Scrope submitted with the meekness of innocency, and the heroism of martyrhood.* The pious flocked to his shrine with weeping and lamentation, and he who slept beneath might have been called the BECKET of the North.

Away with these melancholy records. I hasten to a more gratifying, as well as more civilized scene. Whoever is acquainted with the PRESENT TENANT of Bishopthorpe-palace, needs not *my* testimony to the hearty suavity of his manners, and the generous hospitality of his disposition. Every neighbouring gentleman, clerical or laical, has constant evidence of these virtues—for virtues they are, and of no mean calibre, in their way: and although His Grace may not, like his predecessor, Bowett, cause the spigots and faucets of eighty tons of claret to be drawn in a year, yet at his table you shall see abundance without

* The short and eventful life of SCROPE has been so far fortunate, as to have received a somewhat minute and faithful biography. Drake quotes largely and safely from Clement Maydestone, as his

profusion, and variety without vulgarity. Going and returning, I was thrice (twice with my daughter) an invited guest to this table ; and more generous fare, and more enlivening and congenial discourse, could not have been partaken of. His Grace now lives in the bosom of his family—as an affectionate father, and their best earthly friend. Totally divested of all frigidity and *hauteur*, he mixes in the most frank and gentlemanly manner possible with his company ; and if a *second* visit were paid him by our gracious

account of the martyrdom appears in the second part of the *Anglia Sacra* ; and Walsingham the historian speaks from almost personal knowledge of the Archbishop, in his earlier days. What follows will be found acceptable :—“ This man, Fulthorpe, obeyed the orders, and being mounted on a high stage, erected in the hall of the palace, the Archbishop standing bare-headed before him, he did it in these words : ‘ *We adjudge thee, Richard, traitor to the King, to death ; and by the King’s command do order thee to be beheaded.*’ Upon hearing of this sentence, the Archbishop replied,—‘ *The just and true God knows that I never designed any ill against the person of the King, now Henry the Fourth ;*’ and turning about to the bystanders, he said several times ; ‘ Pray that God may not avenge my death on the *King* or *his.*’ Which words (adds my author) he often repeated, like St. Stephen, who prayed for those who stoned him. As our prelate’s tryal and sentence were brief, his execution immediately followed. He was set on a sorry horse, of the value of forty pence, without a saddle, and with his face to the tail, and was led in this manner to the place of execution ; saying, as he went along, ‘ *That he never rid upon a horse that he liked better than this in all his life.*’ He was habited in a sky-coloured loose garment, with the sleeves of the same ; for it was not permitted him to wear his own, and a purple or such-like coloured hood hanging on his shoulders.

“ Being come to the place of execution, he said,—‘ *Almighty God, I offer up myself and the cause for which I suffer ; and beg pardon*

and well beloved QUEEN, with her illustrious mother, he would still be an attentive host to the humblest individual at table. His Grace has been thirty years at the head of this archiepiscopal table; and an Octogenarian of nobler aspect, and of firmer tread, you shall not see on this side the Tweed . . . whatever you may on the other.

But the ottomans of the drawing-room respond to the mahogany chairs of the dining-room. Upon these ottomans sit, very frequently, much of beauty,

and forgiveness of thee for all I have committed or omitted.' Then he laid his hood and tunick on the ground, and turning to the executioner, said,—‘ My son, God forgive thee my death; I forgive thee: but I beg this, that thou wilt with thy sword give me five wounds in my neck, which I desire to bear for the love of my Lord Jesus Christ; who, being for us obedient to his Father until death, bore five principal wounds in his body.’ He then kissed the executioner three times, and kneeling down, prayed; ‘ *Into thy hands, most sweet Jesus, I commend my spirit* ’—with his hands joined and his eyes lift up to heaven. Then stretching out his hands and crossing his breast, the executioner at five strokes separated his head from his body. It is remarkable, that this prodigious fortitude shewed in the prelate was in allusion to his banner, which was painted with the five wounds of our Saviour. The execution was done in a field betwixt Bishopthorpe and York, on Monday, June 8, 1405; and his body buried betwixt two pillars at the end of the Cathedral.”—*Drake*, p. 348-350.

Miracles of many kinds were said to have been wrought at his tomb, which is plain and unostentatious enough. Maydstone says, that Henry was struck with leprosy the night after the execution; and Walsingham tells us that a dying Canon of Burlington foretold the Archbishop's violent death “darkly” in this following couplet:—

“ *Pacem tractabunt, sed fraudem subter arabunt,
Pro nulla merca salvabitur ILLE HIERARCHA.* ”

taste, and fashion : dispensing witty conceits, terse replies, classical anecdotes, and joyous applause. The room is less lighted up by wax and oil than by these flashes of merriment:—this vivid concentration of intellectual gas. I leave to others to deal out comparative judgment as it may please them ; but I hope to be acquitted of heresy by the Archbishop, if I reserve a very large share of admiration for the person and effusions of STELLA.

I ought perhaps to have been a little more methodical in the description of the house. A handsome flight of stone steps conducts you to the entrance-hall. To the right, is the LIBRARY: replenished both with *godly* and *goodly* tomes. There is no lack of sound commentators, nor of good editions of the sacred text. History and topography unite in their timely aid ; and the Belles Lettres are not six feet distant. Opposite to the library, and to the left on entrance, is the drawing-room : capacious, well-furnished, and well pictured. The sofas, ottomans, and chairs, have plenty of room to waltz or quadrille with each other. The dining-room is in advance, on entrance ; and a noble dining-room it is : perhaps as handsome as any in which I have feasted. The ceiling is delicious ; in richly ornamented or fret-worked knobs, or pendants—but the next time it is coloured, it must be of a more *sober* tint : not that it is *purple* at present. The archiepiscopal portraits, which at once adorn and cover the walls, are most interesting : Lely, Kneller, and Reynolds, talk to you on alternate panels. Here

is the most *intellectual* head, (of Archbishop Dolben) by Kneller, which I ever saw of that artist's execution. Dolben loved *books* . . . evinced by his bibliomaniacal legacy to the cathedral library. And then, what suavity of expression—what apostolical meekness and mildness—shine in Reynolds' unfaded portrait of Archbishop Markham, the predecessor of his present Grace ! I suspect that this is a copy—and a well-painted copy—from the original at Christ Church, Oxford : and perhaps by Reynolds himself. While at dinner, if placed on the side opposite the windows, your eyes are gratified by a sight of some beautiful specimens of stained-glass, in the armorial bearings of former archbishops. Altogether, this is a noble banquetting room.

Immediately connected with it, is the CHAPEL ; built by Walter de Grey, in the thirteenth century, and yet exhibiting, in parts, unadulterated portions of its pristine state. The evening always concluded with prayers in this chapel : read by the Archbishop's son, the Rev. W. V. Harcourt, vicar of the parish. The *pulpit* had great attractions for me. I could not obtain correct information as to its date—but its form and finish look to be of the commencement of the seventeenth century. It was supplied by Archbishop Drummond, and was doubtless a copy of its predecessor. The reader may probably thank me for its introduction in the present place.



My first visit to Bishopthorpe was not a little clouded by the wan and altered appearance of my old friend, Archdeacon Wrangham. We had, however, a good gossip, as well as an animated resuscitation

of former times ; and if my friend's figure be now inclined at a gentle angle, and his step comparatively hesitating, there were two graceful *woodbines* twining about him, in the character of daughters, to render his appearance the more picturesque.

The *grounds*, in the immediate vicinity of the palace, are rich, pleasing, and unostentatious. The greensward without, is like the Axminster carpet within : thick, soft, and coyly yielding to the foot's pressure. And then, those three large, expansive, umbrageous larches, a few paces from the water's edge—how thoroughly picturesque!—how refreshing to the eye of the mind as well as of the body! Walk to and fro beneath them, or near them, for some thirteen minutes, and you begin to feel the phrenzying inspiration of poetry—although it may be of less splendour and vigour than the lines repeated by Stella (from the most mellifluous poet of the age) near this identical spot. Retracing your steps, and repassing the house, near which are some plane and tulip trees, of hardly paralleled size and beauty, you make for the *Parsonage House* : embosomed in trees—besmothered with flowers. The Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, the Archbishop's third son, is the vicar.

The site is, in all respects, of itself, and from its contiguity to the church, (which it may be said to elbow) most delightful and desirable. Within the vicar's library, Hooker, Jewell, Reynolds, Jackson, and the immortal Taylor, maintain the closest intimacy with each other ; while from the windows are seen to move, on the bosom of the Ouse,

“ The skimming wherry and the sluggish barge.”

Hence you catch a peep of the immovable minster-lantern : the pointing spires, and the pinnacled towers, of the city churches : while, immediately about and around you, the air is perfumed by the rose, the sweet-briar, and mignonette. At a distance, peradventure, you witness the innocent gambols of parties, who come by water to disport themselves upon the river's banks. The loud laugh, the shrill halloo, the united vociferations of men, women, and children, are softened down as the echo steals under the feathering larch or sweeping beech. I see no reason why the Vicar here, as well as the Dean of Peterborough,* in his cathedral-garden, may not

“ Think down hours to minutes.”

But, then, Mr. Harcourt hath a superiority. It is not only the *domus*, but the *placens uxor*, which helps to complete his earthly happiness : to which add, in the language of Thomson,

“ — — the strong embrace
Of prattling children, twining round his neck.”

But far be it from me to disturb the tranquilized feelings of *any* dean : however and wherever situated. The cathedral clock is striking the hour of five ; and it is time to hasten home, and to prepare for to-morrow's departure.

* See p. 11, ante.



THE SURTEES BADGE.

YORK TO DURHAM.



PERHAPS few travellers have had a more rational cause of regret on leaving a place, than I had on quitting the City of York. Although situated in about as unpicturesque a neighbourhood as could have been chosen, yet, according to my taste and feelings, York contained two peculiar sources of gratification : one, the antiquities of the city and unparalleled splendour of the

cathedral ; the other, the prompt and cordial attentions received from a few of its more distinguished inhabitants. It is, indeed, very far from uninteresting to mingle with the *former*—but what are they without the *latter* ? There is perhaps, in the transient society met with in travelling, a charm and elasticity of spirits, which a more lengthened and formal habit of visiting might not maintain. You are not only anxious to make the most of everything and of everybody about you, but your friends, in return, seem as anxious to make the most of yourself. The hour is approaching, when perhaps the last look, and the last shake of the hand, is to be given :—the last words to be heard. As distance increases, the chance of ever meeting again increases in the same ratio : and I own that a sombre presage seemed to hang about me, as the FAREWELLS, of the evening preceding our departure, escaped my lips. This was very natural : such regret being only in proportion to kindnesses received.

But I am taking a leaf out of the book of one of the most celebrated of the prebendaries of the cathedral which I am quitting. The sentimentality of Sterne has no business here. We will “ up and be doing,” with the reader’s permission ; as a good many sights are to be seen, and a good deal of business is to be done, before we take up our quarters at Durham. The postilion at Tadcaster* had not over-eulogized the virtues of the post-horses at the Royal Hotel. Mr. Etridge assured me that a pair

* See page 18, ante.

of good trotters should take us to Helmsley in safety—after visiting the wonders of *Castle Howard* and *Duncombe Park*. The well-dressed line of host, hostess, waiters, ostler, porter, and boots . . . was all prepared before the door, as we stepped into our vehicle: and an eastern *salaam* could hardly have been more methodical and respectful, than the attestations of thankfulness, from all heads, as the wheels of the chaise whisked us from the door of the hotel. In two minutes the city was at our backs.

CASTLE HOWARD had been an old acquaintance of mine: for I had seen it, with my dear departed friend, Mr. Archdeacon Eyre—on a visit to the late Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart.—some twenty years before. The matchless glories of *The Three Maries* were yet present with me. The elongated and beautifully ornamented front of the mansion—one of the chief boasts of *Vanburgh**—its entrance-hall of marble—the pictures—the lengthened avenues of trees—the family mausoleum—the emphatic air of distinction given to the whole . . . had not been forgotten: but, on a revisit, one quickly perceives how, of earlier traces, some were deceptive, and others inadequate. The Earl of Carlisle—a nobleman, whom to mention is to praise—and whom to know, is to love—had, as a brother *Roxburgher*, kindly granted me permission to “take down a book or two,” such as my

* The greater glory of Sir John Vanburgh is Blenheim. I never look at this latter pile of stately and picturesque magnificence, without calling to mind the admirable notice of it in Uvedale Price's *Essay on the Picturesque*: a notice, at once original, fanciful, and yet just.

fancy might dictate : adding, that his library was one "entirely without pretensions." The road from York to Castle Howard is not very favourable in itself, nor for a proper first view of this noble mansion. On leaving the high road, you have many gates to open ; and the first view, as well as the approach, is in fact the *back* entrance to the castle. Had it been approached by the route of our departure from it, the effect questionless would have been more grand and imposing.

The front façade, though of less elevation, and of less general massive grandeur than that of Blenheim—the great rival mansion by the same architect—is undoubtedly of a most imposing form, and exhibits a very beautiful play of ornament and tracery—for *Greek*, as well as Gothic, architecture has its "tracery." There is (within the house) a spirited and faithful foreshortened view of this front, from the pencil of the Duchess Dowager, and Countess, of Sutherland. The terrace in front is well elevated ; and the *great marble hall* receives you on entrance. Sir Francis Chantrey is reported to have said that, altogether—and especially from the detached mass of marble on each side—this hall struck him as being the most magnificent in the kingdom. I take off my hat when I differ from such a man as the illustrious Chantrey ; but I cannot allow this hall even to approach that of Blenheim, for space, grandeur, and a sort of indescribable magnificence of effect—from a height of upwards of four-score feet. Nor can I admit that the detached masses of marble add to the simple grandeur of the

hall of Castle Howard. They have rather the appearance of large mural monuments.

The housekeeper—a comely, gracious, and well-conducted personage—receives you, and consigns you to the “groom of the chambers;” who quickly places you in a small room, at the extremity of the building, and tells you to look through a *visto* of rooms of four hundred feet in length. You then begin your march in double-quick time, or otherwise, as the company are rustic or select; and are quickly put into a room full of most interesting chalk drawings, of the eminent men of France in the middle and latter end of the sixteenth century. They are by the pencil of Janet, the Holbein of France; but they want that delicacy of handling, and individualizing touch of character, which mark the productions of the latter artist. Still, they are a great treasure; and now that the art of lithography is so general and so cheap, it is much to be desired, that, after the Holbein heads by Chamberlayne, the JANET GALLERY might be introduced to the general acquaintance of the public. The classical pen of Lord Morpeth, the Earl’s eldest son, might be well engaged upon the text; but that Noble Lord’s present (and perhaps future) occupation,* as one of

* Lord Morpeth is Secretary of State for Ireland: a position indicative of coming glory; and which has been taken up by the Wellesleys, Cannings, and Peels of the day. He has only to go forward as he has begun; claiming respect less from his high rank than his intellectual attainments: never losing sight of his *Olivet Cicero*, and the copious and instructive pages of Clarendon, Burnett, Carte, Ralph, and Henry.

the Ministers of State, will scarcely allow us to indulge the hope of its execution.

“ Tu civitatem quis deceat status
 Curas ; et urbi sollicitus times
 Quid Seres et regnata Cyro
 Bactra parent, Tanaisque discors.”*

After threading several rooms, of comfort rather than of splendour, and admiring some Italian groups of portraits, with no despicable sprinkling of Sir Joshuas, we enter . . . where the *Maubeuge*, or the far-famed picture of the *Adoration of the Magi*, by that artist, is suspended. It merits a far-fame ; for, of its kind, and by the master, I should call it quite unrivalled. Maubeuge was of the earlier school of painting ; a contemporary of Perugino and Albert Durer ; and this picture displays all the peculiarities of the period. There is rather an angular severity in the draperies ; and the figures are at times disproportionate in stature and ungraceful in attitude ; but its singularity of treatment and vigour of touch, embedded in such a blaze of splendour—the variety and glitter of the precious stones—(a very *golden beetle* upon panel!) the freshness and integrity of the whole picture—give it a claim to the most ardent and unqualified admiration. You stand with fixed eyes, and *almost* bending knees, when the attendant

* See the twenty-ninth ode of Horace's Third Book of Odes. It may be difficult to make the *whole* of this passage exactly applicable ; but a friend has suggested the version of the “*Orange faction*,” for “*Tanaisque discors* ?” The reader will necessarily draw his own conclusion.

whispers in your ear, "Sir, THE THREE MARIES are in the adjoining room."

Let us make the most of this piece of intelligence, and move onwards. There is THE picture . . . the ANNIBAL CARACCI, . . . one of the *four greatest pictures in the world*.* It is *here* that you may go down *at once* upon your knees—in order to see it in every possible variety of light. I had twice seen this marvellous work of art before; the first time, on its arrival with the Orleans Collection;† the second, on my previous visit to Castle Howard. It is an easel-picture; and the figures are about one-third the size of life. It is hung so as to be movable at the spectator's will: and truly the refined spectator knows not when he shall have done moving

* The three other great—and doubtless greater—pictures are, the *Transfiguration*, by Raphael, the *Peter Martyr*, by Titian, and the *St. Jerome receiving extreme unction*, by Dominichino. My friend T. Phillips, Esq. R.A. and professor and lecturer in painting, assures me—having seen all these three great continental gems—that the *Peter Martyr* possessed his mind and heart more fully than either of the others.

† The *Raising of Lazarus*, by Sebastian del Piombo—a small *Holy Family*, by Raphael,—and the above picture by Annibal Caracci, were the GREAT GUNS of this collection when it was imported for sale here some forty years ago. The first picture (purchased by the late Mr. Angerstein at the enormously disproportionate sum of £14,000) is now in the National Gallery. My worship of it is not very profound or unconditional. The colouring is hard and spotty, and the figure of Christ always struck me as being mean and unworthy. It is the Jew, individualized as we see him in the ordinary run of his brethren. The Duke of Sutherland possesses the exquisite Raphael.

it, or how to express his admiration at every turn of the hinge. His eyes are rivetted—his voice is raised—and his heart is throbbing... at the same time. It is a vision of glory—of by-gone days, and of present unattainable excellence—that he is contemplating. Its sound, healthful, and legitimate condition, is as surprising as surpassing. I had previously entertained an idea that the grief of Mary Magdalene was somewhat vulgarly expressed, by the extreme redness of the eyes, and what might be called a caricatured, or too violent, distortion of the features. A revision and close examination of this wonderful picture, dissipated the notion. If the grief of Mary Magdalene be violent, it is intense; not absorbing, as is that of the mother of Christ. It is almost *frantic* grief; the heart seems to be bursting, and the limbs convulsed, while the distended and inflamed eyes are fixed with mingled horror and agony upon the wasted, motionless, dead body of her holy and adored Master. Where will you find arms, of which the movement is so wholly in accordance with a heart breaking with grief? Yet beautiful and expressive as is the nearly full face of Mary Magdalene, that of the profile of *Martha* strikes me as being yet more intelligent and admirable. It is sorrow of a loftier description. A sudden burst of ungovernable agony lights up her eye, and diverts her attention for one moment to the fainting and falling figure of the Mother of the Saviour. The knowledge of ART, discernible in the whole treatment of this figure of Martha, is beyond all praise.

But if my previously entertained notion of the

grief of Mary Magdalene being too violently, and therefore perhaps vulgarly, expressed, was unfounded, it was not so of the opinion I had always entertained of the comparative plumpness and fleshiness of the figure of Christ. The limbs are surely too large and robust, not only for the head, but for one who had just suffered the agonies of crucifixion. The face and hands are the face and hands of the *dead*; the body and limbs are those of a *sleeping* figure. The colouring of Christ is also rather white than morbid. In the convulsive throes of expiring nature, and of contorted muscular action—from a long and lingering effusion of blood—I say that a body, not long taken down from the cross, would not exhibit the precise colour with which Annibal Caracci has treated this figure of Christ. The position is one of the perfect helplessness of death.

I cannot pass on to the description of another room, in this renowned “castle,” without exercising my pen in a few lines of comparison between *this* picture, and one of a *precisely similar* subject, painted by NICCOLO POUSSIN, as seen at Hamilton Palace, in Scotland: and the comparison may with as much propriety be instituted *here*, as in the latter pages of this volume. In the treatment of the accessories and back-ground, there can be no doubt of the superiority of Poussin’s pencil. In fact, Caracci’s may be said to have no accessories. In his picture, every figure plays a principal part; whereas, in that of Poussin, the heavens are darkening—save a ruddy gleam of expiring light, which streaks the

horizon, and rests upon the dome of the temple of Jerusalem. The figures are shrouded in dark drapery; two, in the back ground, are inclining forward to take a last look of their dead and crucified Lord. Joseph of Arimathea is stooping down to prepare for the conveyance of the body to the tomb, "wherein no man had been laid." The figures, the time of the day—or rather evening—the unspeakable sadness of the event... the unearthly, thrilling gloom of the whole... goes directly to the heart: and the most fastidious can only object to the somewhat too gay colours in the turban of Joseph—which should seem to disturb the true "keeping" of the whole. The countenance of its wearer is one of the most intense respect and veneration for the object on whom his entombing cares are to be bestowed. But more *here*, than in the picture of Caracci, is the figure of Christ objectionable; for it extends in a stiff, strait line, exactly across the whole foreground of the picture; which, in size, is considerably less than Caracci's. These remarks may not possibly be without their use, in some direction or other; and returning to our Caracci, we hail it as the *Sun** from which Poussin has borrowed the main light of his picture: but the moon at Hamilton Palace is a *full* one—shining in unclouded splendour.

* What if this almost divine picture should ever become the property of the nation, and be suspended in our National Gallery? If the two Correggio's, recently obtained, were purchased at the sum of £10,000, it is not too much to say that the *Three Maries* of Caracci are at least worth the two together. Reverting to the casualties more likely to beset private than public collections—as

To pursue our "Castle" route. It is, as I think, in the room adjoining that of the *Three Maries*, that the portrait of *Snyders*, by his friend VANDYKE, is placed: a portrait, of which the possession need not cause its Noble Owner to envy any one the acquisition of what *he* may be disposed to think the finest Vandyke portrait in existence . . . if power of colouring and vigour of touch be exclusively attended to. As I looked at *Snyders*, I forgot *Govartius*;* and only wished that the head of *Strafford* had been substituted for that of this renowned animal painter. A statesman, a poet, an historian, live in a higher atmosphere. By this, let not Mr. Landseer the younger be vexed or dispirited. Immeasurably above all living animal painters, as his matchless pencil places him, he would not go down to posterity in such full plumage of reputation, if his "Provision for the Convent," "Returning from the Chase," and "Preparation for Hawking," had not told us of his

noticed at page 143, ante—I feel persuaded that I am speaking the general voice of the public in expressing an ardent wish that, in due time, this SUN may emblazon the interior of the collection in Trafalgar Square: and when *there*, how many artists would drink in inspiration at every gaze!

* The portrait of GOVARTIUS is in our National Gallery. It is a far-famed portrait, exhibiting more pains-taking, minute, and careful finish, than perhaps any portrait of Vandyke. It has been copied by all the artists of the day: from West downwards. There is a juicy freshness about it—an individuality of touch and treatment—which are quite astonishing: but there wants that broad effulgence of light and shade—that power of physiognomical expression—which stamps the portrait of *Snyders*, at Castle Howard, as one of transcendant excellence.

power and witchery over the human figure.* But we must be moving along the Howard Gallery.

There are some fine large apartments in the back suite : among them, a drawing-room filled with what the guide was pleased to say was considered to be "the finest tapestry in England." The subject is scriptural. I ought earlier to have noticed a colossal head of his grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.—the brother-in-law of the noble owner of the mansion. It is, I think, from the chisel of Canova : very grand and very commanding. We approach THE LIBRARY. The worthy housekeeper now joined us. "May I be allowed to take down and open a volume or two?" "It is strictly interdicted—unless there be an order from my Lord." "But he expressly told me, by letter, that I might do so." "Have you the letter about you?" "Certainly not—as it was received two months ago, and I had conceived that his Lordship might possibly have given an order to that effect to you." It was in vain that I urged, argued, entreated. She continued to be marble. I looked at many tomes, and sighed to open them : but

"I sighed and lamented in vain!"

With a countenance of undiminished good nature of expression (which rendered it more tantalizing), her

* These three extraordinary pictures have all graced the walls of our annual exhibition. I will institute no comparison : but, for off-hand, masterly, as well as peculiar, treatment of the subject, his *Returning from the Chase* is one of those demonstrations of art which tell you that the artist need fear nothing...and hope everything.

purpose was yet fixed, and her resolution immovable. She was faithful to a painful, yet abstractedly considered laudable, excess. "But, my good woman, here are some of my *own works* :—may I not renew my acquaintance with THEM ?" "She had no orders:" and the key never stirred from her pocket. This fretted me, and accelerated my departure ; but, in truth, I believe that I had already made the acquaintance of the principal lions in the mansion. A very small infusion of the spirit of the lodge-keeper at Walton Hall* had much stood my friend on this occasion : but it was not to be. The library, as a book room, is one of the best contrived and most elegant that I am acquainted with.

The day had been hitherto overcast ; and, for this reason, declining to visit the Mausoleum, we pushed on for *Duncombe Park*, the residence of Lord Feversham—formerly Charles Duncombe, Esq. On taking a last, lingering peep at Castle Howard—on the route to that place, and from whence the finest view of the house and grounds presents itself—the day mended. Bits of blue sky began now and then to be visible ; till the clouds, seemingly rolling away to the right and left, the entire canopy above us was in a glow with a brilliant afternoon's sun. We could not have visited Duncombe Park under more favourable auspices. But how is it to be described ? The grounds—the terrace, and wooded heights—are in fact indescribable. The house, though the work of Vanburgh, disappointed me. Its *position* is good,

* See page 148, ante.

but it wants *size* for the magnificence of the surrounding scenery. Art is easily mastered by nature; but it should always look as if it had a *struggle* for the mastery. A sad and fatal accident, the day before,* had whelmed every one in such sorrow that the housekeeper sent her excuses for not having literally physical strength sufficient to attend.

Here are two pictures of well-known and transcendant fame: the Wouvermans, and the Rubens; from the Elwin collection. I saw them sold by the public hammer in Bond Street. The former brought 950 and the latter 2000 guineas: tremendous prices; but they were war prices. The *Conversion of St. Paul*, by Rubens, in the same collection, and bought in for 4000 guineas, should have accompanied its companions in this splendid retreat.† Here I saw, for the first time, the original portrait of Garrick, in the tent-scene, the night before the battle of Bosworth Field—by Hogarth. It is surely, like all

* The Hall was under repair, or rather colouring, and filled by scaffolding. One of the workmen, on the summit, fell from a plank, and was killed on the spot. It spread a sad gloom, through both the house and the village of Helmsley.

† The Wouvermans is considered the first in the kingdom; yet that of Mr. Hope's, lauded by Reynolds, has a more brilliant effect. Lord Feversham's picture develops the whole knowledge of his art by the master. It is a large wide champagne scene, covered by hawkers and huntsmen, in all those graceful varieties of form and occupation which distinguish the unrivalled master: but the features of the landscape are perhaps too widely and indeterminately spread. Mr. Smith, in his work upon Flemish Masters, seems to revel and riot in his account of this enchanting production. The RUBENS is, to my eye, rather extraordinary, or even wonderful, than pleasing.

the large pictures of the master, a failure: the colouring is harsh and ochery—unimpassioned and poverty-stricken. The print of this picture has infinitely more effect. The genius of Hogarth did not expand, as Reynolds says that of Rubens seemed to expand, with his canvass. It was with great pleasure I saw Mr. Phillips' portrait of the late Lord Dartmouth, maintaining all its gentlemanly air of expression, and dignity of attitude, with an unchanged tone of colour. I wish the same pencil had executed the Bishop—brother of the same Lord.

The drawing-room is one of excessive comfort, as well as of considerable dimensions. From its opened central doors, we hurried to the lawn, or greensward terrace, without: so charmed, and so wonder-struck, with what was under our feet and around our eyes, that we scarcely knew which way to betake ourselves! What a lawn—what a far-extending meadow, or meadows, of green velvet! Go on: see the *Rie* rolling at your feet, and the hanging woods of apparently interminable extent on its opposite bank. How grand, luxuriant, and refreshing—after the dreary ride just undergone! Enter the Ionic temple. Look to the right, and left, and all around. Was there ever such witchery of ornamented landscape!—so vast and yet varying—and kept with an order and neatness which are not to be credited, unless seen! This is the region of TURF . . . in its innocent sense.*

* The "Turf" of NEWMARKET is of greater extent, and in parts, of equal softness of pressure to the foot: but there are at times thorns and thistles, concealing insects and reptiles, about this latter turf, which sting to the soul, and bring forth bitter fruit.

As we drove up to the grand porch of entrance, we saw to the left a sweep of lawn—of great extent—which we were told terminated in a yet more magnificent terrace, with the ruins of *Rievaulx Abbey*, close to the river, at the bottom of a valley. It was too much to see in one day; and so, on leaving the house, we drove to the post-town of Helmsley, a short mile from thence. The day began to wear away, and the *physique* of one of the travellers to require support. On entering this village-town, we were exceedingly struck by the following inscription, painted in large letters, against the side of a corner house;—

THE RIGHT HON. LORD FEVERSHAM,
LICENSED MALTSTER.

It seems that the Noble Lord malted and brewed his own beer; and the statute requires this strict and literal compliance with its enactments. Doubtless it is strange, and to me *unique*. We drove up to the New Inn, and bespoke dinner and beds, and prepared for a stroll in the town. We had scarcely sallied forth, when I met a fellow-traveller whom I had left behind at Huntingdon; the Rev. George Adam Browne,* with his friend T. S. Savory, Esq.—and “right lovingly” we greeted. Our surprise was mutual. Here we were—on the precincts of Kirby Moor: they, to pursue a more southern, and we a decidedly northern, direction; and Villiers and Pope† formed one of the themes of our discussion.

* See page 2, ante.

† GEORGE VILLIERS, the second Duke of Buckingham, and more infamous, if possible, than his infamous father, the first duke,

As the shades of evening descended, we sallied forth again for a stroll within the area of the old Castle—perhaps of the early part of the thirteenth

assassinated by Felton. A life of the most unbridled and unprincipled debauchery brought him to a bed of death, meaner and more miserable than the lowest of paupers. That bed and its accompaniments have been described by Pope in lines of unrivalled vigour of picturesque colouring. They are in every man's mouth, and they should be in every profligate's memory. Wealth, power, distinction, and comeliness of person, were all prostituted to the worst of purposes. The most heartless and depraved of monarchs could alone allow such a man to bask in the sunshine of an English court: but Charles II had his conscience—everywhere but where it ought to have been. Villiers seduced the Countess of Shrewsbury, and killed her husband in a duel consequent thereupon. Two anecdotes accompany the tale of this horrible deed: the one, that the Countess of Shrewsbury, habited as a page, held Villiers' horse, while his sword passed through her husband's body; the other, that, on execution of the deed, Villiers sought the Countess at her own house, showing her the blade of the sword yet reeking with the blood of her murdered husband. I will believe neither; because I CANNOT. Villiers died at a miserable inn, or rather pot-house, at Kirby Moor-side, not far from Helmsley. Pope describes him as dying "in the worst inn's worst room." He was, notwithstanding all his wickedness, a knight of the garter; and "his George and garter" were "dangling from his bed" at the moment that he breathed his last. Joseph Warton, in his edition of Pope, has judiciously availed himself of Walpole's vigorous and just summary of this depraved nobleman's character: see his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. iii. p. 321, &c. Edit. Park. In intellectual attainments, the second Duke of Buckingham—as long as *The Rehearsal* shall have a reader—proved himself one of the ablest dramatists of the day. He died in 1688. With the mournful sensations excited while at Kirby Moor, by the recollection of this strange compound of wit and wickedness, I could not help thinking that an instructive work might be published under the seductive title of "LOCAL RECOLLECTIONS;" in which antiquities, statistics, and, above all, personal anecdotes, might be most advantageously blended.

century. In its pristine state, it should seem to have bade defiance to the most ferocious and stubbornly-conducted attack. Some of the walls, blown up by gunpowder, have of late furnished food for the roads. A good old mansion, of the time of Charles II, is in the centre ; as we see it in Caerleveroc Castle, in Dumfriesshire. All now is desolate as well as deserted : for the walls are unprotected, the ceilings fallen in—and bats and owls are the only revelling inhabitants. Such are the mutations effected in the silent lapse of scarcely two centuries. The next morning the horses were bespoke for *Thirsk*—a good thirteen miles' post—and hilly and fatiguing into the bargain. The Vale of Mowbray was to gladden our eyes, after we had feasted them upon the ruins of Rievaulx Abbey : of which a Guide, belonging to the Inn—and thumbed and soiled from one end to the other—had furnished us with many interesting particulars. Full of pleasing expectations, we sought our respective dormitories.

The morrow came—with the sun shining merrily upon the trees and hill-tops. Before breakfast, I sauntered in the village. A decent, sharp-visaged man, leaving a humble tenement, accosted me. After the usual remarks upon the weather, and his putting a very extraordinary construction upon the melancholy accident at Duncombe House, we proceeded to talk of politics. “ Lord Brougham, sir, is an extraordinary man : I went to school with him : but he soon beat me all to pieces. Things are getting fast to the level that they should be. Men are respected for their worth, rather than their rank.

If King William IV were to pass through this village, I should take off my hat to him ; not because he was King William, but because he was a thorough good king, and had a sincere regard for his people." There could not be one jot of heresy in all this ; and, heartily assenting, I pursued my course to the Church ;—in the interior of which I saw four noble circular-headed arches supporting a good solid tower : and all, within and without, was creditable and comforting :—sharpening, rather than dampening, an appetite for a bountiful breakfast. My friends of the preceding evening pressed me, over a breakfast which might have vied with that at Duncombe House in plenteousness, to partake of their "*spread*"—at the Black Swan : but this might not be.

We started before ten ; with a postilion jacketted in red, and studded with at least a hundred blue-glass buttons. No king could sit upon his throne with greater ease and self-importance ; and the horse seemed to know who was upon his back. One forward plunge set us in motion ; and rising some high ground, Helmsley was lost sight of. A mile, or some little more, brought us to a sweep of lawn, or greensward—upon an eminence—upon which, alighting from the chaise, we walked to the extremity . . . entranced with what seemed to be about three hundred feet below us. It was RIEVAULX ABBEY. To be seen and judged properly, it must be approached : so, bidding the postilion take his own circuitous route, and meet us below, we prepared to descend—at the extremity

of the lawn—a sharp cork-screw descent, which brought us in due time to the western end of the Abbey. We had lost all sight of it, after quitting the lawn, till a sharp turning placed us in front of the building.

I had seen Tintern and Fountain Abbies—and I had seen the vestiges of *Jumieges Abbey* in Normandy—but any thing like THIS—for its *effect* rather than *size*—I had never before seen. To be sure, it might be called a *toy*—compared with the preceding, in size: but when entire, it must have exhibited one of the purest specimens extant of the architecture of the latter end of the thirteenth century. Never were clustered shafts more beautifully wrought, and more beautifully grouped, than in this ruin. Melrose must not be mentioned in the same breath . . . as an interior view. The dark but transparent and rapid stream, *Rie*, rushes along by the side of it . . . flanked by an almost impenetrable density of shrubs and forest trees. The left wall of the Abbey is fearfully out of the perpendicular, and is carefully propped. Many tales of many horrors belong to this sacred and crumbling ruin.* Combustion, persecution, sacrilege, and

* The monastery was founded and built by Walter Espee, in 1132. Leland's words are these: "venientes in Angliam, anno D. 1132, nacti locum *in valle profundissima super ripam Riæ flu*: unde ipsum monasterium RLE VALLENSIS NOMEN accepit; multos suæ religionis famâ ad optimam æmulationem incitaverunt," *Collect.* vol iii. p. 361. edit. 1774. The wretchedly puzzling index to Leland given by Hearne, makes the verification of a reference very difficult: but though Leland talks of a Library of MSS. here—see Index—I cannot specify where the passage occurs. Did he describe what

murder, are all mixed up in the recitals. The noble owner (Lord Feversham) of this property, will do well—as no doubt he does—to consider it as one of the most precious features in his large outspreading domain. The pilgrim by day, and the devotee by night—under the scorching rays of a mid-day summer's sun, or beneath the silvery softness of an autumnal full moon — are yet seen hitherward to direct their steps: and the “*Ora pro nobis*” yet mounts to heaven. I would have given twenty times the worth of the postilion's blue glass buttons to have joined one of the *latter* class of worshippers. Of all things, I desiderated to walk midst these lone ruins by moonlight: the original boundary of which must have been of considerable extent.

But the day was beginning to wear on; and it became indispensable to tear ourselves in a measure from this secluded spot, combining the witchery of

he saw? Consult Tanner's *Not. Monast.* 1787, art. ci.: but I cannot verify his Hearnæan references: yet he tells us that in ancient times, this spot of Rievaulx Abbey was called “locus horrois et vastæ solitudinis:” referring to the *Gent. Mag.* 1754, p. 526. It was the first monastery of the Cistercian order in *Yorkshire*; not in *England*, as Hearne, from a loose dictum in Rastell's Chronicle, had inconsiderately concluded. Walter de Mowbray, once among the most powerful chieftains in *Yorkshire*, lavished upon this abbey many proofs of his affection and munificence. But of all its earlier inmates, I desire the “better acquaintance” of ST. ETHELDRED—the third abbot, and warm friend and constant correspondent of the well-known “Reginald, monk of Durham;” touching whom the whole of the first volume of the *Surtees Society's Publications* is filled with many curious particulars. St. Etheldred is drawn to the life in the *Acta Sanctorum*, die Jan. xii. See the instructive note of Mr. Raine, at page 9. Etheldred (or Ethelred) was an old man in 1170.

art and nature. As you look upward, the rich greensward terrace is discernible, from which you made your precipitous descent : and there is a fascination about the whole which utterly defies the power of the pen, if not of the pencil, adequately to describe. Away then, for the *Vale of Mowbray!* Adieu to the diamond-sparkles which dance upon the surface of the swiftly gliding *Rie!* Farewell to the grey and lonely ruins which that stream encircles! I leave you, for the first, and, in all human probability, the last time : but the impression made by you, upon my memory, can NEVER be effaced, or even weakened. Time or accident may crumble you to dust : but you shall be embodied in the page of the historian—yea, of the *traveller*—when not a vestige of you shall meet the enquiring eye.

We mounted, and pressed forward to the ridge of the moor, from whence the whole extended valley of Mowbray is discernible . . . in fine weather : but not at such a moment as *that* in which it was our misfortune to view it. The wind had set in decidedly from the east : the sun was dimly veiled by whitish-grey clouds ; and nearly the whole of the prospect was concealed by that species of mist, which, when rising from the east, in this country, at once assaults the nostrils and eyes : a sort of qualified malaria—the breeder of black melancholy—and forerunner of blight and mildew. We fretted as we gazed, and strained our vision to fancy what could not be realised. Yet, from the loftiness of our position, the depth below and the landscape in the foreground were sufficiently marked ; while the well-known

heights of *Rosebury-Topping* and *Canny-Yatting*,* seemed to claim a due share of distinction and admiration. The descent is so rough, lengthy, and abrupt, that we dismounted, and gained the level ground on foot. Some sweetly-green hillocks presented themselves: and within three quarters of an hour the postilion took us to the threshold of the Angel Inn, at *Thirsk*; a most comfortable, cleanly, and capacious hotel. The horses, from thence, flew like the wind to *Northallerton*; where I enquired for my friend the Rev. G. Townsend, the vicar, and one of the prebendaries of Durham; but he was from home. Here, we changed horses, and flew with equal rapidity to *Darlington*—the quondam residence of my old bibliopolistic acquaintance, Mr. Sams.†

We were now fast nearing the village of *Mainsforth*—the residence of my late highly-respected friend, Robert Surtees, Esq.‡—on a visit to Mrs.

* Two celebrated hills, seen at a great distance in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

† See my "*Reminiscences of a Literary Life*."

‡ See the same work: and page 197, ante. The name of SURTEES is one of unusual, as well as splendid, celebrity. It has given rise, from the most unbounded respect to HIM who bore it, to the establishment of a literary and antiquarian society of very peculiar and very commendable merits. Four volumes already attest the truth of this position. They bear the following titles:—1. *Reginaldi Monachi Dunelmensis Libellus de Admirandis Beati Cuthberti Virtutibus*, 8vo. Price to non-members, 15s. 2. *Wills and Inventories*, illustrative of the History, Manners, Language, Statistics, &c. &c. of the Northern Counties of England, from the Eleventh Century downwards. [Chiefly from the Registry at

Surtees, his widow : a visit, contemplated before setting out on the journey. The post-town near this village is *Rushy-Ford*, which may lie three miles to

Durham.] 8vo. Price to non-members, £1. 1s. 3. *The Towneley Mysteries*; 8vo. Price to non-members, £1. 1s. 4. *Testamenta Eboracensia*; or Wills registered at York, illustrative of the History, Manners, Language, Statistics, &c. of the Province of York, from the Year 1300 downward. PART I. 8vo. Price to non-members, £1. 1s.

The following works are IN THE PRESS. 1. *Sanctuarium Dunelmense et Beverlacense*; The Register of the Sanctuaries of Durham and Beverley. 2. *Catalogues of the Monastic Library of Durham*, compiled at various Periods from the Conquest to the Dissolution. 3. *The Charters, Inventories, and Yearly Account Rolls of the Priory of Finchale*, with Glossaries, &c. The frontispiece of each book displays the SURTEES BADGE, as seen at the head of this chapter. The work, in an abundantly honest measure of text, is printed by Mr. Blackwell, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and the publishers are Messrs. Nichols, of Parliament Street—a name NEVER to be held in slight estimation; and Mr. Pickering, of Chancery Lane, who always wears the ALDINE TUNIC, as a charm against all bibliopolistic opposition and rivalry. The Society was established only as late as 1884; giving out, for its object,—“The Publication of inedited Manuscripts, illustrative of the intellectual, the moral, the religious, and the social condition of those parts of England and Scotland, included on the east between the Humber and the Frith of Forth, and on the west between the Mersey and the Clyde, a region which constituted the Ancient Kingdom of Northumberland.” My friend, the Rev. James Raine, of Durham, was the founder, and is the secretary; a man, so suited for the office gratuitously taken up by him—so keen in all antiquarian pursuits—as fond of “cool tankard” in a cathedral’s crypt, as upon a castle’s battlement—shaking hands with the Bruces and Davids, and Edwards and Nevilles, with almost equal cordiality—in whose veins the blood of Richard de Bury and Walter Skirlawe should seem to flow in equally copious streams—one day presiding over a fête-champêtre at Finchale Abbey, and another day shaking hands with the Percies within the

its right, in the way to Durham. Some twenty years had elapsed since my first visit to Mainsforth; when the hospitable spirit of its proprietor was as discernible at the board, as his intellectual spirit was felt within the library. The reception of us was most cordial. Time had changed but few tints, and invaded but with slight trespass, on the countenance of our Hostess. Her figure was still as erect, and her step as firm and elastic, as heretofore. The play of her heart seemed to have known no contraction; and she was yet the true representative of all the hospitable virtues which shone in the example of the "Departed."

The first room I visited, was the Library: and I came only in good time to pay my visit before the books put on their wings to fly away never to return.* There they were—in their usually undress attire, and immethodical positions:—and there they had *remained* . . . since the hand of their late owner had

keep of Warkworth Castle—now bewailing over the departed glories of the old Durham chapter-house, and now resuscitating the dried bones of St. Cuthbert—that, verily, while it is with difficulty that I point to his equal, I must be allowed to remark that, in HIM, the Surtees Society view their BEST friend, and their MAIN PILLAR of support.

May I be allowed to throw out a suggestion? Might not this society issue proposals for finishing their founder's fourth and last volume of the *History of the County of Durham*? I ought to add, that some of the proudest names of which England can boast are incorporated in those of the members of this society.

* The library of Mr. Surtees was sold early in this present year, 1837. The produce was little more than £700. The copper plates of the *History of the County of Durham*, and the materials for the fourth and last volume, produced another £700.

ceased to rest upon them. I gazed on the chair—on the table—on every characteristic adjunct: the ink-stand—the paper-cutter—the desk, the basket-receiver of a thousand county† letters in its day. All was not only stationary, but had an unspeakable air of desertion and desolation. And SUCH a MAN—its late inmate‡—to have once given every thing about him vitality and intelligence! The day following our arrival was Sunday. I accompanied Mrs. Surtees to the parish church—a short mile from the mansion. When divine service was over, she took me into the church-yard to view her husband's tomb. He lay, under the canopy of the sky, in a rich greensward, by the side of his sister-in-law. The same species of tombstone—or rather, designation of the spot of interment—marks the grave of both.§ The snows of

† Mr. Surtees was the HISTORIAN of the County of Durham. His work comprises three large and richly-garnished volumes; of which the PLATES “bear the bell” of every similar production. Many were *presented* to him, from the munificent spirit of the natives and residents of the county. The style is easy, flowing, and, at times, eloquent: the information varied and correct.

‡ Our “Surtees” was almost as happy in verse as in prose. He once deceived Sir Walter Scott in an historical ballad. His *Lord Ewric*, written at Sir Walter's request from the recitation of one Rose Smith, in his ninety-first year, has found a place in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. He had imbued the very spirit of ROMAUNT LORE—and his numbers came as trippingly as those of any brother bard; but he was loth to make great exertions. His Pegasus had a happy time of it: plenty of hay and plenty of oats, with his master rarely upon his back, and always *patting* him when he rode.

§ This “designation” consists of bars of iron, with knobs at the extremities, gracefully placed, in a curved or arched manner, pre-

winter, the dews of spring, and the scorching heat of summer, in turn visit the sod which rests upon their coffins : but the SPIRIT of Surtees has long taken its flight into regions where neither shivering snows nor scorching heat may intrude ; and where the dew is from an atmosphere which refreshes the paradise of another world. Horace and Milton seem to rush upon my memory, demanding the apt quotation. I reject them, without apology or hesitation, for the more magnificent language of inspiration : “ Blessed are the dead which die in THE LORD ; even so saith the Spirit, for they REST FROM THEIR LABOURS !”

But if I felt a peculiar, melancholy charm in abstracting myself within the Library at Mainsforth, that charm continued undiminished as I paced the *Terrace* ; the terrace, where once the Deceased and myself “ took sweet counsel together,” in encomiastic parlance of a friend, now, like himself, “ gathered to his fathers.” It seemed to me, while thus walking to and fro upon this terrace, that the flowers bloomed with a diminished luxuriance ; that the verdure of the shrubs had assumed a paler hue ; and that the fragrance of both flower and shrub had become almost extinct. The oak had contracted its branches : the elm curtailed its height. So readily does the imagination supply fit emblems for the sorrow we bear the VIRTUOUS DEAD. On the Monday we bade our amiable and hospitable hostess

cisely like those over the famous Earl of Warwick’s brass monument, in the family chapel at Warwick :—of which, indeed, at the desire of the deceased, they were copies.

a hearty adieu ; and, springing forward, we prepared ourselves for all the grandeur and all the departed glories of Durham. Earl Grey and his family, who had slept the preceding night at Rushyford, were just in advance of us. "There goes (said the post-boy) one of the *Noblest Gentlemen* in Europe." Methought the lad's wits were in their right place, when he spake thus.



OLD CHAPTER SEAL.

DURHAM.



BRITISH Antiquities exhibit few more interesting traces of past splendour and celebrity, than are to be met with at DURHAM. The approach to this venerable city, from the south, although of infinitely less picturesque attraction than that from the north, still maintains a proud feature in architectural landscape : for there stands the CATHEDRAL, on first view, upon an

eminence ; and, beside it, once stood the *Castle*, in all the pride and extent of baronial magnificence. The latter is now, comparatively, a mere sentinel-box ; but there will be good occasion, by and by, to notice a few of its more striking peculiarities.

On passing a bridge—ribbed with stone beneath the arch, as are most of the bridges of the fourteenth century—the first near view of the cathedral presents itself ; to the left, on an eminence : with its subdued and varied outline coming in contact with a silvery or golden sky. Its circular eastern window—its *Ladye-chapel*, enclosing the *Nine Mysterious Altars*—the solidity of the architecture, and the harmonious play and good condition of its component parts—strike the traveller with admiration and respect. There has lately been a *rifacimento* of an old church (St. Oswald) in its neighbourhood, which intercepts a view of part of the cathedral. Altogether, it groups pretty well ; but I could have wished St. Oswald elsewhere. You again cross the river Wear, and are plunged into the heart of the town ;—a town, remarkable for the impoverished aspect of its streets and its houses. The cathedral and its immediate precincts command the heights ; and there seems to be hardly breathing room below. We stopped at the principal Inn, as it is called, the *Waterloo* ; but both in going and returning we wished ourselves away : and be it permitted me to observe, that the general run of the inns on the North Road by no means equals that on the Western Road.

I had not long quitted my chaise ere I made for the cathedral ; a steep and circuitous route—trod

by me on my former visit, under a sun less ardent ;* but not under expectations more exciting. I had long treasured in my mind the political as well as ecclesiastical reputations of the prelates of by-gone days :—PUDSEY, BEKE, and DE BURY†—mighty

* My first visit to Durham Cathedral, some twenty years ago, was by moonlight ; and is distinctly described in the *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 229 : a visit, which could scarcely fail to be remembered on the present occasion. That moon had shone upon many “ a dead man’s sod,” since I first saw it silvering the roof of the nave, and the battlements of the towers : and many of these sods have contained the bodies of old, dear, and never-to-be-replaced friends. The crowded city and the lonely village church-yard equally possess such bodies . . . and FAR AWAY, in the country which gave me birth, lies the body of ONE . . . But these are unavailing regrets. Be the word “ FORWARD !” the Christian’s motto.

† The reader is here honestly apprised that I am about to display an emblazoned muster-roll of DEPARTED WORTHIES—in the sketchy notices which ensue of the above earlier BISHOPS OF DURHAM. A better man than PUDSEY cannot lead the way : an architect—a financier—a politician—a patron of the ingenious and deserving :—a BIBLIOMANIAC. Browne Willis, invariably dry, pithy, and unimpassioned, compresses his splendid career into half-a-dozen lines : but they are lines pregnant with speaking facts. The bosom of Surtees seems to swell, as he devotes three well-filled folio pages to a detail of some of the chief transactions of Pudsey’s eventful life. The discrimination of the writer is equal to his enthusiasm. Besides the number of goodly houses built and added to the see by this great prelate, he largely endowed the abbey of *Finchale*, founded by his son Henry ; and the hospitals of *Shirburn* and *Allerton* ; built a church and parsonage-house at *Darlington* ; purchased the rich manor of *Sidburgh*, and gave it to the see ; built the Galilee and north door of the cathedral ; built Elvet bridge, with a restoration of the Burgh of Elvet to the City of Durham. He repaired and strengthened the castle of *Northallerton*—now, the shadow of a relic ; and added the keep to *Norham Castle*. He granted the

men, yea "giants," in their time: liberal, energetic, alms-bestowing, and earnest in the welfare of church and state. One of my constant attendants was the Rev. Mr. Smith, a minor canon; a gentleman of the

first charter to the citizens of Durham, and incorporated the boroughs of Gateshead and Sunderland. His endowment of Sherburn Hospital was upon the most munificent scale.

Here is a sketchy portrait of our prelate, which should hardly seem to stand in need of body-colour:—the outlines bespeaking the elevated understanding, and liberal spirit, which once gave vitality to the head and heart of PUDSEY! Of the Hospital of SHERBURN, yet one of the best appointments in the gift of the Bishop of Durham, hear what is said thereof in the instructive pages of the Guide, or "Brief Account of Durham Cathedral."—"But a year ago, and we should have requested our architectural readers to walk with us over *Giligate Moor*, to the HOSPITAL OF SHERBURNE, founded about the year 1180, by Bishop Pudsey, and exhibiting, in the house appropriated to the master, much of coeval and subsequent architecture, in general of excellent character—the more interesting and valuable on account of the rarity of such early specimens of domestic arrangement. With sorrow be it spoken, the whole structure, with its towers and parapets, and buttresses and crypts, with all their accompaniments of old, grey, weather-stained, lichen-clothed, masonry, and light and shade, and ancient association; has, in this present year, 1833, been *barbarously swept away*, to make room for a MODERN HOUSE, better adapted to the supervisor of a *cotton factory*, than the master of so opulent and venerable an institution. Advice and remonstrance were in vain. The *genius loci* in vain pleaded to be heard," &c.: p. 139.

And now let us extract what appears, from a *Catalogue of the Property of various kinds, acquired by the Convent upon the death of each Bishop of Durham, in succession, from 1096 to 1437*. All of which property was openly exhibited, during mass, upon the death of every Prelate. I culled this interesting information from the pages of my "Guide," to which I am under so many obligations: but it may be worth while first to observe, that, on the funeral

most active courtesy. On first entering the cathedral, it was the time of vespers; or afternoon service. The organ was in full play. Many steps were heard to and fro upon the reectangular pavements. The

procession of the bodies of their bishops, the prior and monks met the body at the gate of the church-yard. The hearse or coffin was attired in all its characteristic splendour. The dead body was clothed in the full episcopal costume: the mitre, the crozier, the chalice, and the ring, being the unvarying accompaniments. Nor must we omit seals—for the Bishop, in his palatinate and episcopal capacity, had of necessity many. Attend now, gentle reader, to what took place “at the exequies” of our well-beloved bishop, HUGH PUDSEY, who died in 1194. “The church had the horses bringing his body and chapel from his manor of Houedon, to Durham, and from his chapel a cross and chalice, both of pure gold, a reading desk of silver gilt, his mitre, staff, sandals, and other episcopal habiliments. Nine casules, of which the first is of red ‘samete,’ nobly (nobiliter) embroidered with plates of gold, and bezants, and many great pearls, and precious stones; the second red, the third black, with griffins, and stars of gold, and precious stones. The other six of ‘samete’ of divers colours. Three stoles, and three maniples, of which one stole and maniple are red, with kings and towers in embroidery. Five copes, one of which is red, another black, embroidered with griffins and stars; the third black, the fourth green, embroidered with flowers and stars; and the fifth black, with borders of gold. Ten embroidered albs, the first red, ornamented with eagles having two heads in small circles; the second red, with griffins and flowers in large circles; the third large and green, with griffins; the fourth of Indian colour, (? indigo) with griffins, lions, and flowers, in small circles; the fifth and sixth green, with stripes and flowers; and another, with apostles. Two of ‘samete,’ one red and the other black, with large gilt borders: two black, and embroidered, called ‘sandales’—a large censer, silver gilt, two small silver candlesticks, four linen cloths for the altar, ingeniously stitched, two without frontels, the third with a frontel embroidered with the image of the Holy Trinity, and twelve apostles

gigantic Norman pillars, and superincumbent massive arches, make you conceive that this edifice was built for eternity. After York, it has an air of clumsiness and coarse grandeur; but this is compar-

gilt, around whose heads are stitched on pearls; and the fourth with a frontel of silk. He (Pudsey) made also the three large silver basins set with crystals, with their crooks, for lamps to burn before the high altar day and night, in veneration of St. Cuthbert and the relics; and another to surround the altar, upon which, in the shape of a crown, lights were placed on the higher festivals. For the maintenance of these lights, he and the Prior assigned to the Sacrist a moiety of the tithes of Bievell and Eddingham."

I have noted, in the text, Pudsey's legitimate claim to all the honours of BIBLIOMANIACISM. The reader shall judge whether this merit be not fairly imputable to him, from the ensuing list of BOOKS: premising, that my pleasure is extreme, on having an opportunity of presenting him, in a subsequent page, with a facsimile of an initial letter from the Book of Macchabees—displaying all the glories of ancient illumination—as seen in one of the volumes of the *Bible* here mentioned:—"The church also had, by gift of the said bishop, the following books: A Pontifical. A Bible in four large volumes. Another Bible in two volumes. The Decretals. Three copies of the Sentences. Four Psalters glossed, and four not glossed. Three copies of St. Paul's Epistles glossed. The Morals, in three volumes. The Scolastic History. A Gregorian. The four Gospels glossed, in different volumes. St. John glossed. The five books of Moses glossed. Exodus glossed. The Twelve Prophets, and Ysaias, glossed. A book of Evangelical Expositions. Sedulius. The epistles of Peter Blesensis. A book beginning, 'Jesus was led into the Wilderness.' The Decretals of Yvo. The Itinerary of Clement. Ysidore the Etymologist. Ambrosius de Officiis. Solinus on the Miracles of the World. A book on the Origin of Evil. John Cornubiensis on the Manhood Assumed. The Sermons of Peter of Ravenna. Tully on Friendship. The Gospel of Nicodemus. Three Benedictionals. A Missal. A Map of the World (mappa mundi). Two Priscians. Two books on Rhetoric. Claudius Magnus. Versus Moysici Monachi. The Life of Orn the Simple (Orni simplicis.)

ing the symmetry of maturity with the *gaucherie* of early life. Durham Cathedral is the sun rising—rising through a scarcely cleared atmosphere of fog. York exhibits the same luminary, riding aloft in his

An Abbreviation of Scolastic History. Five Antiphonars, and Four Graduals.”

If the foregoing be not “proofs positive” of the BOOK-MANIA, where, in an age so comparatively unenlightened, are we to look for them? My friend Mr. Raine was most earnest about the execution of the facsimile before mentioned. He will do me the justice to say, that his wishes were in perfect consonance with my own.

I have dwelt so much, and, let me hope, satisfactorily, upon our “Pudsey,” that, instead of taking a good round sweep of pages for the delineation of BISHOP BEK’s character, I am necessitated to compress it within very pinching limits. It deserves a folio volume—of itself. Anthony Bek was just the man for the glowing eloquence of the pen of Surtees, who must have “groaned in spirit,” at being compelled to narrow his sketch of him to four pages only. The prominent features of Bek’s character were, intrepidity, activity, ambition, and the most unbounded liberality and munificence. His wealth, power, and influence, were vast, and equal to his talents. Many strange things are recorded of him. In one of Edward’s royal progresses into Scotland, a palfrey in the royal train threw and killed its rider. Bek claimed it as a deodand—“within his royal franchise.” He once gave forty *shillings* for as many *herrings*. Hearing one day some one exclaim, “This cloth is so dear, even Bishop Anthony would not venture to pay for it,” he immediately ordered it to be bought, and cut up into horse-cloths. He took little rest, and never made but “one sleep of it”—saying, “that he was *no man* who kept turning about from side to side.” Our illustrious Wellington is here brought to mind—who is reported to have said, “a soldier has no time to turn: when he wakes, he must get up.” But one more. Bek was always locomotive: riding about from manor to manor—from north to south—and attended by horses, dogs, hawks, and huntsmen. The authority is *Graystones*. Our Anthony’s darling passion undoubtedly was military glory; not, however in the sense of the “*church militant*.” He seems never to

chariot of gold—unsoiled and untouched by the atmosphere below. The screen of separation between the nave and the choir must not be mentioned as

have been happier than when mounted upon his palfrey, “all covered with housings of velvet and gold,” heading his men-at-arms, and hurraing on to victory! He lived in times of tremendous bustle and excitement: and this accorded with the bent of his daring genius. Edward I had no firmer friend than HE. A wound, now unknown whence received, prevented his personal appearance at the siege of Caerlaveroc; but he was well *represented* by one hundred and sixty men at arms; “possessed of more accomplishments (says old Stow) than those which Arthur received from Merlin.” The appearance of these men at arms, with mention of the Bishop—“THE MOST VALIANT CLERK IN THE KINGDOM”—has found its way into the old metrical poem of the *Siege of Caerlaveroc*—as quoted by the editors of the new Dugdale, pt. iii. p. 227; and by Surtees, vol. i. p. xxxii.—in the following lines:

“ Par amours et par compagnie
 O eus fu jointe la maisnie
 Le noble Eveske de Doureaume
 Le plus vaillant clerk de roiaume.”
 &c. &c. &c.

Bek also sent his ensign, which was gules with a *fer de moulin* of ermine. How many of his “men-at-arms” lived to tell the tale of the siege, on their return to their episcopal master, history has not recorded. Of this siege, and of its metrical narrative, anon: when we take up our quarters at Dumfries.

But, whatever might have been our warlike Bishop’s disappointment at not attending in person this memorable siege, (in which, to my utter incomprehension, all the flower of the English, and much of that of the French, nobility, were engaged) he had a far wider and bloodier arena for the display of his warlike propensities, in the memorable field of FALKIRK: “where he led the second line of the English army, with thirty-nine banners:” says Surtees. He appears to have escaped unhurt; and was sent by the victorious Edward—“damned to everlasting fame,” by the cold-blooded execution of

in comparison with that at York. The stalls are also stunted and clumsy. The altar-screen is of comparatively diminished dimensions.

his defeated foe, WALLACE—to negotiate some important state matters in Germany; and in a conference, subsequent upon this mission, he astonished and delighted two cardinals, sent by Pope Boniface VIII, at the fluency of his eloquence, and the dexterity of his address. Yet Bek knew what it was to have a “cloudy day:” and was at times “driven from pillar to post,” in the maintenance of his rights, and advancement of his views. In the end, however, he mastered all his difficulties, and overthrew all his assailants.

His sun may be said to have set in the fullness of glory, if the attainment of worldly honours and distinctions constitute glory: and Bek may be called the EPISCOPAL BONAPARTE of his time. He was King of the Isle of Man: Patriarch of Jerusalem; Bishop, and Count Palatine: and issued his mandate to the Palatinate for the raising of five hundred soldiers to accompany Edward II into Scotland. A truce prevented their junction: and Bek died in 1310, having been twenty-eight years Bishop of Durham, and five years Patriarch of Jerusalem. The Palatinate power of Durham may be said to have gradually declined and become diminished since the death of this extraordinary man; who, in all his engagements, observed a strict integrity, and, in all the voluptuousness of his court, observed as strict an abstinence from intemperance of every description. “He lived most chastely; scarcely looking at the face of women with fixed eyes. When, on the translation of the body of St. Willelmus of York, other bishops feared to touch the bones of the saint—on account of their consciences upbraiding them for the laxity of their conduct (‘virginitate amissâ’)—Bek boldly placed his hands upon the dead body, and officiated as the business required.” What may appear strange, he was the *first* bishop who was buried *in the church*: “and so superstitious were they then, that they durst not bring his remains in at the doors, but broke a hole in the wall, at the end of the church.” *Dugdale; Edit. 1814: pt. iii. p. 227.*

Of a far different complexion to either of the preceding, was my very old and very good friend, RICHARD DE BURY, who was installed

We entered the choir just before the anthem, and were seated to the right. The Dean—the Bishop of St. David's—was not in residence; but I observed

in 1333, and died in 1345. He was also tutor to the Black Prince, Lord High Chancellor, and Treasurer of England: and a man in all way before his time in largeness of understanding and diversity and elegance of intellectual pursuits. Instead of marshalling “one hundred and sixty men-at-arms,” he would prefer marshalling “one hundred and sixty” FOLIO VOLUMES: and openly declared, upon the bench, that “the only bribe which found a ready way to *his* heart, was in the shape of a *boke*.” I wish Bacon had been as wise and virtuous in the same situation. In fact, De Bury, (concerning whom consult the *Bibliomania* and *Bibliog. Decameron*, vol. iii. p. 229, &c. in which latter work there is a facsimile of his autograph) lived for, and in the midst of, his books; receiving many a letter from Petrarch, in his study, with whom he maintained a close correspondence, and by whom he was distinguished as “a man of ardent mind.” Where are these letters *now*? Wharton, Henry, and every English philologist, reverence the name of this great man—who was as charitable, kind-hearted, and attentive to the duties of his station, as to the interests of literature in general. His only bequest to us, in the shape, and in justification of his undisguised passion for BOOKS, is the *Philobiblon*; of which he was the author, and which might have been first printed abroad, in 1473. See *Bibliographia Spenceriana*, vol. iii. Of all *Ecclesiastical Biographies*, I desire to see one of DE BURY: who was a Prince Palatine in its noble sense: a liberal patron—a warm friend—a high-minded gentleman; a superior, exacting at once the affection and the homage of all that were placed in authority below him. His fame can never die.

I had intended to have said more than *one* word about Bishops FOX and TONSTALL—truly great men in their day—lovers and collectors of fine books, upon vellum as well as upon paper; and the latter the author of the “first treatise upon Arithmetic published (1519, 4to.) in this country.” But there is here, absolutely, no space. My heart is by the side of both, as they sleep in their undisturbed sepulchres.

the Bishop of Chester, one of the prebendaries, occupying his particular stall. Neither Mr. Townsend nor Mr. Gilly appeared to be residing. On the conclusion of the service, while standing in the centre of the pavement under the tower, the good Bishop was so obliging as to advance towards my daughter and self, and request our companies at dinner. The Mayor and some of the Corporation came to dine with him; and the banquet was at once liberal and choice. After dinner, one of the choristers came *en costume* to chaunt a grace—always observed at this particular annual dinner. It was to me both striking and touching; and his Lordship, on the dismissal of the chorister, slipt a gratuity into his hands. But I must fairly own, that the more “striking” parts of this day’s genial banquet, were the sweet and melodious airs sung by the Bishop’s younger daughter; and, among these, the celebrated Jacobite air, “Wha wadna follow thee, bonny Prince Charlie.” Often as I had heard this beautiful ballad (of which poor Hogg was the author) sung, I had never before heard it so characteristically delivered; so rich, full, and spirit-stirring; in short, “almost persuading” one to become a Jacobite!*

* There is now an end for ever to the risk attending the adoption of this term: but having read the *Supplemental* portion to Sir James Mackintosh’s “Essay upon the Constitution,” by Colonel ———, I fear I must say that I had been *quite* “persuaded into Jacobinism,” had I lived in 1715. What songs, broadsides, ballads, treatises, narratives, essays, and even sermons, belong to this subject, in bygone times! What commotion, confusion, fighting, and slaughter, marked its progress! One wonders, now-a-days, how men could have been so exceedingly fierce, rash, and foolish.

This was followed, from the same quarter, by "*Herz, mein Herz,*"—to the full as perfect. "Ah, sir! but you should hear Lady W. sing these things!"—observed the modest performer. I *have* since heard "the lady" in question "sing these things:"—and Miss Maria Sumner is "YET A SONGSTRESS." His Lordship was so obliging as to ask us to repeat our visit on the morrow, as he expected his son-in-law, Wilson Dobie Wilson, Esq. of Glenarbach, near Glasgow, to spend some days with him; and "he was a great bibliomanist."* I grieved to be unable to accept the invitation: but even my minutes were now beginning to be numbered. I had many local and personal visits yet to pay before Scotland could be reached, and the summer was rapidly getting on the wane.

I make this trifling record of a day wisely and virtuously spent, with the greater satisfaction, since it was an unanticipated enjoyment; and one in which the prime mover uniformly evinced the good breeding of a gentleman, with the kind-hearted hospitality of a prelate.

I have made more than an indirect allusion to the pictorial charms of a View of this Cathedral, with the river Wear encircling its rocky base, from the

* It has been one of my keenest regrets, on leaving Scotland, that I did not meet with this amiable and well-informed gentleman. I had prepared a lancet, well charged with *bibliomaniacal virus*, to insert under the cuticle; but my friends, Dr. Fleming and Mr. John Kerr, told me there was no occasion,—the DISEASE was already *out* upon him!—and of the most "favourable sort." May it be INCURABLE!

northern entrance to the city. Whoever is lucky enough to bear in memory some of the matchless drawings of Turner and Girtin, some twenty years ago, of this identical view, and, not having seen the originals, is told that, beautiful as those drawings are, they are scarcely faithful mirrors, must needs think that the view of this Cathedral from the *north*—and especially as you near it, by the bridge—is indeed a most attractive object of admiration. I was told, however, that a good deal of the under-wood, sprouting between the dark brown fissures of rock, had been recently cut away; and another drawback is perceptible in the curling volumes of black smoke which occasionally *vulgarise* the scene. But let us approach, and take a regular survey of these Cathedral precincts.

You wind along, mounting as you wind, a broad and well-kept gravel-walk, which conducts you to a square, surrounded by prebendal houses. The river is at your feet—rapid and shallow when I contemplated it;—but, in wintry floods, rising, roaring, and rushing onward with a resistless and fearful course realising the description of the poet—

“It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.”

THOMSON.

In pursuing this serpentine direction, and nearing the summit, you look up and see the jutting bay-windows of the prebendal residences; from whence there is a most commanding view of the whole scene

below. Nothing I think can be conceived more stirring than such a scene for the composition of another *Philobiblon*.

But the reader is impatient to enter the Cathedral ; especially if he shall have come in contact with the late Mr. Coney's View of the Interior : a view, which entitles the designer and engraver to the appellation of the BRITISH PIRANESI. The same dexterous hand has achieved a view of the north-west exterior ; and in Mr. Surtees' history, there is, facing the title-page, a very fine view of the interior of the Choir—by Mr. Blore ; which seems to carry you directly to take your seat in one of the stalls. After that of York, the CHOIR must not be dwelt upon, either for beauty or extent : but the defect in matter *passive* is made up by matter *active* ; for a more efficient *Singing Choir* had not delighted my ears. We had Mozart's *Twelfth Mass* again*—for the first time by the Choir. How would it have gone off for the *third* time ! The trebles were a little on the wane ; but the tenors and basses made you think of Tamburini and Lablache.†

We must now talk “ according to book ”—and a most pleasing, accurate, and instructive little book

* See page 12, ante.

† Formerly, the choir of Durham boasted of no less than *three* organs. Could the voices of these two vocal heroes have been distinguished, when the stops of these organs were let loose at the same moment ? They might have been. When had any other cathedral, abroad or at home, ever been so *organised* ? I do not remember.

it is.* The nave and aisles are of the first half of the twelfth century ; about the earliest authenticated period of ecclesiastical architecture in our country : † a period, however, not remarkable for delicacy of ornament or gracefulness of proportion : in short, the *prison* period of English or Norman architecture. Of this nave, and of these aisles, I hope my friend *Rainelius* will forgive me, if I say nothing more, than that they are “stiff and stowre.” These dawning architectural glories of Durham were accomplished under Bishop Flambard, who appears to have been a capricious mortal in his way :—an odd compound of public spirit and private pettishness and persecution.

One of the peculiarities of this cathedral, is its *Galilee*—begun to be built about the year 1170, by Bishop Pudsey, of whom we have before spoken somewhat handsomely. ‡ Bishop Langley completed and made alterations in this Galilee ; § but the glory

* It is beautifully printed—small in size—and most moderate in price (3s. 6d.), and evidently executed by the hand of a master. A copper-plate of the monument of Bishop Barrington, from the marble of Sir F. Chantrey, precedes the title-page. I hope in due time to see this delightful manual expand into a goodly octavo—with increased embellishments.

† Precisely of the same period are the earlier portions of the Cathedrals of Ely, Winchester, Peterborough, and Canterbury. I mention only those which I have seen.

‡ See page 261, ante.

§ Of all the features in the Cathedral of Durham, the GALILEE is, or rather *was*, the most remarkable, and deserving of general admiration. It is built upon a foundation of solid rock, at the western extremity. Bishop Pudsey was its projector and patron ; but we

and boast of Pudsey's prosperous period, is the great northern doorway ; an entrance, upon which the same friend, just mentioned, loves to expatiate, and even to riot, in all the wealth of his well-chosen architectural vocabulary. It has, however, received some superinduced ornaments of the thirteenth century ; and this instance of dove-tailing of styles

inquire in vain for the name of the architect. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Bishop Langley altered and enlarged it ; but it was reserved for the barbarity of the eighteenth century to attempt its desecration, by separating it from the body of the Cathedral, in causing a road-way to be made from the Castle to the old western door-way, and from thence to what is now the present college. The late James Wyatt was the prime mover of this act of worse than gothic barbarity ; and the late Dean Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, had the glory of preventing its being carried into effect. " I SAVED THE GALILEE !" was that bishop's frequent boast to the author of the *Guide*. Would that a like spirit had intervened for the rescuing of the old *Chapter House* from the cruel fate which awaited it. Of this, in due course. The Galilee was appropriated for the exclusive attendance and worship of FEMALES—who entered it from the city by a door-way in the north wall. On the pavement of the middle aisle there is a cross of blue marble, which, according to tradition, marks the boundary beyond which these females were not permitted to pass, in the direction of the shrine. There are instances on record of their having undergone severe penances for allowing their *curiosity* to get the better of their *prudence*. " The monastic buildings (says my author) were equally sacred, and perhaps for a better reason." The story runs, that Queen Philippa, when at Durham with her husband, in 1333, was compelled to leave his bed in the Priory (now the Deanery), in the middle of the night, and run half dressed to the Castle—" the monks having discovered the sinful intrusion of which she was unwittingly guilty." " The origin of St. Cuthbert's dislike to females, is said to have been caused by a false charge of seduction made against him by a daughter of one of the Pictish Kings."

is thought to be a remarkably happy one. There is a chilly dreariness about the western and middle portions of the interior of this cathedral, which renders the effect flat and distressing: occasioned, doubtless, by the absence, from spoliation, of the ancient monuments. And now, that its pavement is occupied and filled by no processions*—no inter-

* I conceive that I cannot do better than *treat* my reader with a description of the general character of these PROCESSIONS, as it appears in the unostentatious and faithful pages of the author of the manual so frequently referred to:—"The processions of the convent must have been of a very splendid and imposing nature. The monks issued from the choir and transept through the doorway of the north aisle, and those at each end of Jesus' Altar, and proceeded along the north aisle to the great northern entrance of the church, arrayed in the most splendid robes of which their fraternity could boast. Crosiers, and mitres, and images, and shrines, glittered along the line, amid the silence of the scene; and the august architecture of the church contributed its share to the solemnity.* Annual processions were made by the prior and convent, on St. Mark's Day, to the church of St. Mary, in the North Bailey; on Monday, in Ascension week, to St. Oswald's; on Tuesday, to St. Margaret's; and on Wednesday, to St. Nicholas'; in each of which churches a sermon was preached by one of the monks to the assembled laity. On Ascension Day itself, there was another procession, which far surpassed those above-mentioned in pomp and splendour. Two crosses, one of solid gold, with a staff of silver, and the other of silver double gilt, having a staff of wood, led the way. Then came the precious banner of St. Cuthbert, which had waved over the heads of kings and nobles upon many a well-fought battle field, and had invariably brought home with it the victory. The prior,

* "Mr Nash, who throws the spirit of poetry into all the architectural drawings which he completes, has lately published an excellent print upon stone of one of these processions, from *data* of authority, exhibiting not only a very accurate picture of the nave of the church, but also a correct delineation of the old copes and robes which are still preserved, and in which he has with great propriety clad the chief performers in his picture."

mingling crosses and crosiers—no glittering relics—no sweeping vestments, and parading priests—while the long-drawn Gregorian note gave the master-touch of “witchery” to the whole scene—now, I say, since these accessories have ceased to breathe an almost unearthly glory within the place, we must content ourselves by the help of that *imagination* which supplies the realities withdrawn from the *eye*.

Let us now move to, and place ourselves beneath, the lantern, or great central tower; forgetting, as we gaze around us, the gorgeous magnificence of

generally an aged man, advanced next in the procession, wearing a cope so heavy, from its embroidery, as to require the support of attendant esquires. The crosier in his hand was of silver double gilt, and the mitre upon his head was splendid with decorations. The shrine of the venerable Bede next succeeded, supported by four monks; and other monks, in succession, bore a statue of King Oswald, of silver double gilt, the cross of Margaret the sainted Queen of Scotland, and other relics and banners, in a long and silent line of stately magnificence. The exhibition must have been splendid in the extreme, and for a long period, during the plenitude of popery, must have inspired the citizens of Durham with awe and veneration.” Add, to all the imposing splendour of this locomotive scene, that every one of the altars in the Church (and there were at least FORTY in number), were covered with rich ornaments, and there were appropriated to them robes equally splendid with those just described.

“But time gradually opens the eyes of mankind. A few years before the Reformation, the populace of Durham attacked the monks in one of these processions, and did considerable damage to the banner of St. Cuthbert, of which we have above spoken. This standard, every time it was unfurled, must have reminded the citizens of the glorious victory which their ancestors had gained over the King of Scotland at Neville’s Cross, in 1346; and yet, before two centuries had elapsed, they would have torn that standard

what we have left behind.* But it gains in antiquity what it loses in architectural grandeur; and the *summit* of no tower in Christendom has been distinguished by such an event as that which took place on the summit of THIS tower, about the middle of the fourteenth century, during the bloody battle of *Neville's Cross*, upon the *Red Hills*, in the immediate vicinity of the city—distinctly seen as the work of death was going on. Upon this summit the monks were chanting, and invoking heaven for victory. Their ejaculations were, at least, earnest; and a warm faith might add, successful: for the Scotch were routed with great slaughter, and their king (David) taken prisoner.† The lantern, or

in pieces. The fault, however, was not in the banner, but in the 'glittering cold mummery,' in which it was taking a part; and mobs do not discriminate."

* The lantern of York Cathedral: see page 175, ante.

† There is scarcely a fight or a victory upon record, of which more has been related, and in the narrative of which a more exulting note has been maintained, by the pen of the victorious (English) relator, than this of the BATTLE OF NEVILLE'S CROSS. Boece (in his *Bellenden garb*,) *Ridpath*, and *Surtees*, are at this moment before me. The latter has made a masterly compression of the materials afforded by Froissart, Fordun, and Knighton. He has nicely unravelled the tissue of the occasionally conflicting texts, and, upon the whole, has given the best version of the battle for modern readers; still, the jog-trot detail of *Ridpath* is worth an attentive perusal. Of course, I am not going to fight this fiftieth-time-told battle-tale over again: but it may be as well to clear the groundwork of our enquiries of some little rubbish which obstructs us, in the shape of untruths.

Edward III was at Calais, prosecuting the siege of that place. His queen, Philippa, was at York—not commanding in person on

upper stage of the tower, is of the end of the thirteenth century. A fire breaking out on Corpus Christi day, in 1429, consumed the upper stage; and the reparation to its present form was not completed till fifty years afterwards. This upper portion was cased in cement about thirty years ago.

We enter the choir, and proceed at once to the altar. Alas! how changed—from the period not long following its dedication to the Virgin and the

the field of battle, as Froissart *picturesquely*, but inaccurately, describes. The cross, called Neville's Cross, had been erected *before*, and not on account of, this great victory. Ritson, in his edition of *Minot's* poems, is here, as he usually is everywhere, accurate. King David did not join the *retreat* of his countrymen, but was *taken prisoner* by Sir John Copland; of which presently. This bloody and decisive (alas! for a *few* years only decisive in its consequences) battle was fought on the 17th of October, in the year of our Lord 1346: upon Durham Moor, or, as it is elsewhere called, the *Red Hills*. Although it lasted only three hours, the result was awfully sanguinary for the Scotch. A day more bloody was scarcely witnessed on that of Flodden Field. David fought with the desperation of James; and throughout the contest exhibited proofs of single-handed valour, not surpassed by any combatant on either side. It is probable, as Knighton suggests, (see Ridpath, p. 338, note †) that, "seeing the day lost, and being wounded by an arrow in the head, he endeavoured to make his escape to Scotland by flight;" but he was overtaken by a soldier of resistless hardihood, in the person of John Copland, who seemed determined to seize his person, or perish in the attempt. The language of Bellenden, the translator of Boetius, is very quaint and expressive: "Then John Copland desired him to be yielding (*yolden*); for both his sword and weapons were *dong* out of his hands, nevertheless, he took this Copland with such violent dint on the *chastis*, (*chops*) that he *dang* out two of his further teeth:" p. 443, edit. 1821, vol. i. Surtees supposes that this decisive blow was given by David with his "clenched steel gauntlet." Copland, however, secured his royal

tutelary saints of the cathedral!* Our consolation must be, that the understanding and heart have gained in what has been lost to the eye. Behind

prisoner, and carried him privately to the Castle of Ogle. He was made a knight banneret, and received an annuity of £500,—a splendid, but not undeserving, remuneration: amounting to about £8000 per annum of present money.

All the CHIVALRY of the North of England appear to have been engaged in this memorable fight. “The Percy” led the way; and our old episcopal friend Bek not ingloriously brought up the rear: but the decisive movement which appears to have led to the overthrow, was that made by Edward Baliol; who commanded the fourth division of the English—being supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Roos, and the Sheriff of Northumberland. Besides Bek, there were, of English bishops, those of Lincoln and Carlisle; and the Archbishop of York, William le Zouch, who fought under the Lords Neville and Hastings. The latter was the only English commander slain. The Scotch, as at Flodden, lost archbishops, bishops, earls, and knights by the score. The bravery of David may make us compassionate his capture; but his future cruelties would not have tarnished his renown if he had found death upon the field of Durham Moor.

* “The high altar, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, St. Oswald, and St. Cuthbert, was the ‘goodliest in all the church.’ Its decorations were rich and numerous. Curtains of white silk were suspended at each of its ends, and the daily ornaments above, and in front, were of red velvet, embroidered with large flowers in gold, and other embellishments. The ornaments for the day of the Assumption were of white damask, set with pearls and precious stones. Above the altar was suspended, by gilt rods of iron fixed in the screen, a splendid canopy, containing a pix of pure gold, over which was spread a covering of lawn, embroidered with gold and red silk, with tassels of gold at its corners. Upon the canopy stood an emblematical pelican of silver, vulning her breast for the sake of her young ones, and upon the altar itself was laid a book, richly covered with gold and silver, called the *LIBER VITÆ*, containing the names of the benefactors to the church, in order of time, from

this high altar are the *Nine Altars*,* of which the eastern transept may be said to be composed; and I should call this the most interesting, as well as perfect, part of the cathedral. The external is at once grand and imposing, as it arrests the traveller's eye on his entrance into the city.

the very earliest period of its history to the dissolution, all of which were, once a year, gratefully recited during the solemnity of mass. This book is now in the British Museum, but it has lost its splendid binding. Thirty-four of its first leaves are written in letters of gold and silver, after which there is a gradual falling off in its penmanship. It became, latterly, used principally as a memorandum book, containing such entries as the death of 'Old John Duckett, of Softley, called the 'Old Man,' who lived to the age of 127, and died in 1531,' &c. The book which served for the pax during mass, was embellished externally with the picture of our Saviour, in silver parcel gilt. We might proceed to enumerate the chalices, basons, crewets, censers, ships of silver for incense, and candlesticks of gold or silver, or silver gilt, many of them richly set with precious stones, which belonged to the high altar before the Reformation; but it would be a tedious task. Three lamps, suspended by chains of silver, and standing in silver basons, threw a dim but perpetual light, in sunshine and at midnight, upon the altar, 'in token that the house was always watching to God;' and there was, besides, another lamp, lighted only during the solemnity of mass." One of the best views of the choir and altar, is that prefixed to *Surtees' History of Durham*.

* The nine altars—to St. Andrew and St. Mary Magdalene; to St. John the Baptist and St. Margaret; Thomas à Becket and St. Catherine; to St. Oswald and St. Lawrence; to St. Cuthbert and St. Bede; to St. Martin and St. Edmund; to St. Peter and St. Paul; to St. Aidan and St. Helen; and to St. Michael the Archangel—are all erected within the EASTERN TRANSEPT; one of the most elegant and interesting portions of the buildings—and attributable chiefly to Bishop Poor and Prior Melsonby; about the year 1240-60. The former had shewn his architectural taste in the Cathedral of Salisbury, of which he was bishop.

Of *Tombs* there is a most parsimonious sprinkling : the persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries* having swept away much that used formerly to add to the interior magnificence of the cathedral. The name of NEVILLE—as it yet attracts notice from the only fine specimen existing of monumental splendour†—will not fail to cause the spectator to stand a few minutes before its crumbling

* Besides the spoliations committed during the above periods, and from the influence of a miserably perverted sense of religious feeling, Cromwell placed in this cathedral not fewer than 4,500 Scotch prisoners, taken at the battle of Dunbar, in 1650; “who miserably defaced the church within; and most of them perished and died there in a very short space, and were thrown into holes by great numbers together, in a most lamentable manner.”

† Of all the names enshrined in MONUMENTAL glory in this cathedral, that of NEVILLE stands preeminent. A fine view of “the *Neville Monument*” graces the frontispiece of Mr. Surtees’ second volume. Ralph, Lord de Neville, was one of the Red Hill heroes. John, Lord Neville, his son and heir, married the Lady Matilda, daughter of the famous Hotspur. These were entombed in the middle aisle, close to the *Neville Chapel*: and Robert Neville, Bishop of Durham, was buried in its contiguity, in 1457. A blue marble slab only attests the spot of his entombment: but in regard to his ancestors, let us hear what the pages of our “Guide” say:—“The following is the substance of a contemporary record, now for the first time made public. The monks had apparently good reason to reverence the name of Neville. In the year 1355, the Lord Ralph de Neville, who was the first secular, with exception of the bishops buried in the church of Durham, gave to St. Cuthbert a set of vestments of red velvet, very richly embroidered with gold and silk, and great pearls, and images of saints standing in tabernacles; the set, consisting of a casule, two tunics, a cope, two cloths for the altar, an alb, embroidered with representations of the nativity and passion of Christ, a stole and a maniple, had been pawned to him, by Bishop Bury, for £100; and ascertaining that that prelate had intended to present the whole to

beauties. Many of the ancient ornaments of the cathedral have shared the fate of the tombs; nor is it without reproach fastening upon some of its ancient deans, that they systematically substituted the barbarous finery of their own times, for what the better taste of their forefathers had transmitted to them in an entire as well as characteristic form.

the high altar, he, after his death leaving them unredeemed, liberally carried his design into execution. Upon the death of this Lord Neville, his remains were brought in a herse to the folding gates of the abbey yard, when a body of knights, taking his coffin in their arms, brought it into the nave of the church, where his exequies were performed with great solemnity; and during mass on the following day, were offered eight horses, four for war, with four men in full armour, and all the other requisites, and four for peace, together with three pieces of cloth of gold, of a blue colour interwoven with flowers. The church got, besides, nine hundred and fifty pounds of wax, and sixty torches, which had been used at the funeral. Lord John Neville, his son and heir, immediately purchased of the convent, for an hundred marks, the four warrior steeds; and the prior, of his own accord, afterwards sent to him the other four horses, one of the pieces of cloth of gold, and twelve of the torches, and received in return another hundred marks for the boon. Out of the cloth retained, the sacrist made a set of vestments to be worn on the anniversary of the deceased. The lady Alice, his widow, almost immediately after his burial, sent to the sacrist £120 for the repairs of the church—and gave besides, to be worn by the officiating monks on his anniversary, a set of robes of black satin, with ornamental borders, bearing the arms of her husband and her father, Lord Audley, impaled—a bed of black silk, with all its accompaniments, decorated with the same armorial bearings; and by her will bequeathed twenty shillings to each of the monks. At her funeral there fell to the sacrist three hundred pounds of wax, fifty torches, and the two pieces of cloth of gold which covered her coffin. One of these was red, embroidered with Saracen flowers, and of this was made a cope, with a border of blue velvet embroidered with moons

It seems but a natural, as well as short, step, to move from the cathedral to the *Chapter House*; and to move thither in the good society of my friend the Rev. James Raine, was considered as no small good fortune by myself. Oh, how that friend raised his voice, hands, and eyes, on taking his position, and looking around him! What note of woe escaped his lips! "*Troja fuit!*" exclaimed he: and then gave me the history of a metamorphosis,* which, in

and stars. The ground-work of the other was black, and there were represented upon it branches of trees, leaves, beasts, and white roses," &c.—p. 27.

The oldest *ballad rhyme* extant, connected with the see of Durham, is a lament on the death of an ancestor of this noble lord—Sir Robert Neville, Lord of Raby, in the year 1282: alluding to an ancient custom of offering a stag at the high altar of Durham Abbey, on Holy Rood day, (Sept. 18) accompanied with the winding of horns:—

" Wel-i-wa, sal y hornes blaw,
Holy-rode this day;
Nou es he dede, and lies law,
Was wont to blaw them ay."

So says Sir Cuthbert Sharp, in his privately and sweetly printed book, called the *Bishoprick Garland*: 1834, 8vo. But I doubt the genuineness of the date of this ballad.

* I avail myself with alacrity—and the reader will thank me for so doing—of the animated and pertinent remarks of the authority last quoted upon the subject of the departed glories of this CHAPTER HOUSE:—"The Chapter-House, when in its original state, in 1799, was without a rival in the kingdom. It was built by Bishop Galfrid Rufus, (1133-1143,) when the Norman style had reached its perfection. It measured internally about eighty feet in length by thirty-seven in breadth. It was lighted by five windows in its eastern termination, one opening from its southern side into the cemetery, and three in the direction of the cloister, of which the lower two were not glazed, but secured by bars of iron. A large door-way

the translated language of the same great poet, "caused my hairs to bristle, and my voice to stick in my throat." We hurried away, seeming to be glad to make our escape . . . especially as we fancied we

opened into it from the cloister, and it communicated besides with the parlour and the prison. The door-way and windows on the side of the cloister were richly ornamented within. A range of Norman columns and intersecting arches, running between rich strings, decorated the north, east, and south internal walls of the fabric, beneath which ran a triple tier of stone benches, giving it the character of an amphitheatre. Against the wall, in the centre of its semicircular end, stood an ancient stone chair of Norman work, in which the bishops of the see had, from the earliest period, been each in his turn installed. Bishop Barrington was the last, in 1791. A roof of ornamental groining sprung, in the body of the fabric, from demi-columns of three members rising from the wall above the upper horizontal string, and, in the eastern termination, from four very peculiar, we may almost say unique, corbels or caryatides, of which, as three of them are preserved in the shrine, we forbear a more minute description.*

"Such was the Chapter House in 1799; † unique in its architecture, venerable from its age, and associated with the history of the

* We have frequently mentioned Mr. Carter in our pages. He was the person deputed by the Society of Antiquaries, of which he was a member, to make drawings of Durham Cathedral, for a series of publications then in contemplation; and for this purpose he visited Durham in 1795, and made the drawings published by the Society in 1801, with letter-press by the Rev. Mark Noble, founded upon Carter's notes and observations. A feud arose in consequence between John and the Society, fomented by Mr. Wyatt. See *Gent. Mag.* 1801 and 1802. We verily believe that Carter's letters in that publication prevented much of contemplated mischief; at all events, we know that, after reading them, Dean Cornwallis made a personal visit to the Society of Antiquaries, during one of their sittings, to disclaim any consent or co-operation on his part in the affair of the Chapter House. He had not even been consulted, as he stated, on the subject of the alteration."

† The Chapter House, we may farther add, was the daily scene of religious observance. Here, every morning, between eight and nine o'clock, the monks met together to pray for the souls of their departed bishops and benefactors. Bek was the first bishop who was buried in the church (in 1311), and, with the exception of Kellawe (in 1316), the Chapter House was deserted by succeeding prelates."

heard a deep groan, as if from the disquieted spirit of Galfrid Rufus, the founder, if not the architect, of the structure.

How natural, from hence, to pace to the LIBRARY! to that interior, where, in aforetime, I had spent

see of Durham more closely than any other part of the Cathedral; but, before the end of that year, it was shorn of its glory. It had been resolved that the room was cold and comfortless, out of repair, and unfit for chapter business: all of which, we dare say, was true; and, to a member of the body, possessing, unfortunately, no taste in matters of this nature, but whose name will not soon be forgotten in connexion with the charitable institutions of Durham, and numerous other places, was deputed the task of making the Chapter House a comfortable place for the purposes to which it was appropriated—and then began the work of destruction. A man now, or very lately, alive, was suspended from machinery by a cord tied around his waist, to knock out the key-stones of the groinings, and the whole roof was permitted to fall upon the grave-stones in its pavement, and break them into pieces we know not how small. Not one inscription had, to the best of our belief, been transcribed. A new wall, in a straight line, was built towards the east, excluding nearly half of the original room, now constituting a part of the dean's garden, made chiefly by Dean Whittingham out of the old cemetery-yard of the monks, and in this wall were placed three modern sash-windows. The door-way and windows opening into the cloister were closed externally, the latter with masonry, and the former with a sham facing of wood, and the whole of the internal Norman ornamental work, of which that part of the Chapter House which was permitted to remain might have boasted, was hid by a facing of lath and plaster; for the fixing of the stays of which, and to gain additional space, incisions were made in the pilasters of the intersecting arches, and the more prominent horizontal strings, and the outer mouldings of the main door-way were cut away. In this door-way, and the two windows adjoining, were placed closets, to make room for the first of which, capitals and mouldings were destroyed. The room next received a

many congenial and instructive hours. The whole-length portrait of Dean Sudbury yet occupies the extremity of the room, which is built over the refectory.* Mr. Raine accompanied me. In a trice we were within the cupboard, to the left, where *one*

boarded floor, upon a level of nearly three feet above its old storied pavement, and a ceiling of lath and plaster, totally excluding the great west window, of the perpendicular character, completed the work. The grave of Bishop Carileph, the founder of the church, was opened during these proceedings, and one of his leg or thigh bones, we forget which, proved him to have been a man much above the ordinary size. Portions of a richly embroidered robe, part of a sandal, &c. were taken from his grave, and have lately been presented to the library. In this state the Chapter House remained till the year 1830, when portions of the stoothing were removed, and the richly-ornamented door-way, and parts of the intersecting arches, on the north side of the room, were again laid bare; but restorations in plaster of the prominent mouldings and strings were required, as Mr. Morpeth's chisel had cut them off. If the remainder of the stoothing were removed, and the ornamental character of the walls, which would then be exposed, were continued along the eastern side of the room, removing its present windows, and placing others in their stead, of Norman workmanship, the room would then bear some characteristic resemblance to the Cathedral with which it is associated, and remind us, to a certain degree, of its ancient splendour. But why, in these latter times of taste and liberality, manifested no where more strongly than at Durham, should not the Chapter House be restored *ad vivum*? Carter has left behind him inside and outside views of that which has been destroyed. The rest remains under lath and plaster. But who can restore its pavement, studded with the grave-stones of the three first centuries after the conquest?"—pp. 103-8.

* It was built about the year 1680. The Dean was at the entire expense; and the library which bears his name boasts of 8000 printed volumes, and 700 MSS. Of 500 of these latter, a catalogue was printed by the Dean and Chapter.

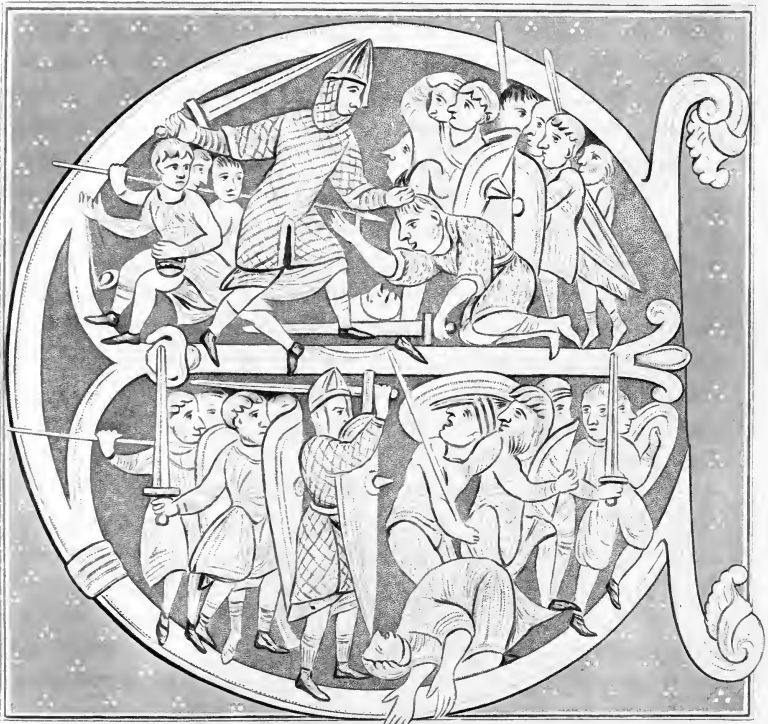
very precious relic, at least, since my last visit, was pointed out to me by my instructive guide. It was part and parcel of the habiliments of *St. Cuthbert*, the great tutelary saint of the cathedral;* the recent discovery of whose body, or coffin, is perhaps, in itself, one of the most curious, as well as best authenticated facts, upon record: the fame whereof hath spread into the remotest monasteries of Europe. I gazed with all the faith and all the reverence of

* The history of the discovery of the coffin and body of *St. Cuthbert*, published by my friend the Rev. James Raine, in a thin quarto volume, in 1828, is one of the most curious, and at the same time satisfactory, upon record. This discovery made a great noise among the antiquaries at London. The sight of the Saint's vestments, after a lapse of 800 years, dispelled the last flitting shadow of incredulity, and made one almost think that their owner was sitting upright in his coffin to hold discourse with us. But much as may be my reverence for the Saint, I would prefer his copy of a MS. of the GOSPELS—which they preserve at Stonyhurst—to every bone of his body and shred of his tunic. Nevertheless we may pay due homage to the CONVENTUAL SEAL of Durham, upon which this Saint's name is engraved, and of which an impression upon red wax was once sent me by my friend, on the *outside of a letter!*



the most ardent devotee, while I viewed through the glass case the few shrunken and delicate fragments of the saint's attire: but could not compliment the age on its acquirements in the art of comb-making.

Dearer to me was a fragment from one of the volumes of *Bishop Pudsey's Bible*: developing a great quantity of detail in art, armour, and architecture, of the latter end of the twelfth century.*



C. J. Smith, F. S. A. Sculp.

* "These specimens of ancient art and taste are now *SAFE*; for college nurses are not now permitted to go into the library in wet weather, and *cut out the illuminations* to amuse the children under their care. Such things were; and this book in particular has suffered severely. Other volumes, brilliantly illumi-

Near it, is supposed to be the original historical manuscript of *Simeon of Durham*. It is without illuminations, except a very subdued one in the first letter of the text. But all these manuscripts are carefully described in a small printed folio volume, which the Dean and Chapter have, so honourably to themselves, put forth* for the solace of the curious and well-deserving, as I hope: since, through the kind instrumentality of the Rev. Dr. Wellesley, one of the prebends, I have been fortunate enough to become the *donee* of a copy. Akin to a book, is a *roll*, whether of parchment or of *leather*: and at the end of this catalogue will be found the description of one—shewn me by Mr. Raine—containing the names of all the monasteries which were

nated, have been shamefully despoiled of their decorations. The nurse of Dr. Dobson—about the beginning of the last century—was the reputed perpetrator of these abominations.”—RAINE.

* This catalogue, which is not published, was printed in 1825, upon good paper, in a small folio volume. It is throughout in the Latin tongue, and Thomas Rud, the librarian, who died in 1732, in his sixty-fifth year, is the author of the catalogue. A brief prefix, also in the Latin tongue, by way of memoir of the author, makes us acquainted with his worth, talents, and shrinking diffidence. “He was together unknown to fame and the muses; but most ardent in his attachment to antiquity—evincing an accuracy, patience, and a singular talent in explaining the more recondite and difficult parts of the study to which he was so unremittingly devoted.”

The account of Pudsey’s Bible, by Rud, occupies four pages, (p. 9-12) of the catalogue. The earlier part of the description is quiet, cold, and particular; in the latter part, the librarian warms into enthusiasm, while his style seems to expand and luxuriate with his warmth. “Est enim egregius revera liber. Scriptus est siquidem literis majoribus, iisque accuratè formatis; atramento nitenti;

visited on the death of Prior Burnby, in 1464, for the purpose of obtaining alms to redeem the soul of the departed out of Purgatory.* It is a singularly curious and interesting relic.

Contiguous to the library of Dean Sudbury, is that of *Bishop Cosin*; a prelate of extraordinary talent and virtues: whose memory is blessed in the muster-roll of christian benefactors, and of whom it has

in membranis pulcherrimis. Capitulum principia literis pictis exornantur: Librorum autem singulorum initia literis maximis, variis coloribus et auro depictis, illustrantur. Et sanè tanta est operis pulchritudo, tantus nitor, ut vix videri possit ad 100 annos assurgere. Equidem vix credo pulchriorem S. Bibliorum Mstor. Codicem posse in totâ Europâ inveniri." Rud then goes on to bewail the sacrilegious dismemberment of it, by "the maiming and stabbing acts" mentioned in the preceding note.

The description of the MS. of SIMEON OF DURHAM—which was first published by Bedford, with a learned dissertation by Rud, in 1732, (and which dissertation is pronounced by Bedford to be "the brightest ornament of his work")—occurs at page I of the Catalogue: but the name of the author is omitted at pages 444-454 of the Index.

* This roll will be found described at page 435 of the catalogue: but, since that description, Mr. Raine informs me that he has found *another* roll (what may not be found in the same exhaustless treasury?) of an earlier date, and with yet more interesting illuminations. "With this (the *Burnby*) roll, the monks set out, and it proves that, in the course of their travels, they visited not fewer than *six-hundred and twenty-three* religious houses; each of which wrote its title, order, and dedication upon the roll, and pledged itself to pray for the deceased priors, receiving, in return, an interest in the orisons of the Priory of Denham."... "The various entries, independently of an occasional armorial or fanciful initial, give visible proof of the *status* of each house. The large monasteries write their title in a bold and vigorous hand, whilst the poorer establishments can scarcely scrawl their names. The one could

been said, that “no other Church in the world can boast of such a man, under the circumstances of his period.”* It was, I think, in this room, that the Rev. Mr. Whitley, one of the masters in the law department of the university just established here, pointed out to me, and read with unhesitating fluency, some few stanzas of old English poetry, with which I had hoped to have maintained a closer acquaintance. I believe this library is now appropriated to the purposes of the university above mentioned. Was it in *this*, or in Dean Sudbury’s library, that I saw an apparently contemporaneous MS. of the *Philobiblon* of my old friend Richard de Bury?

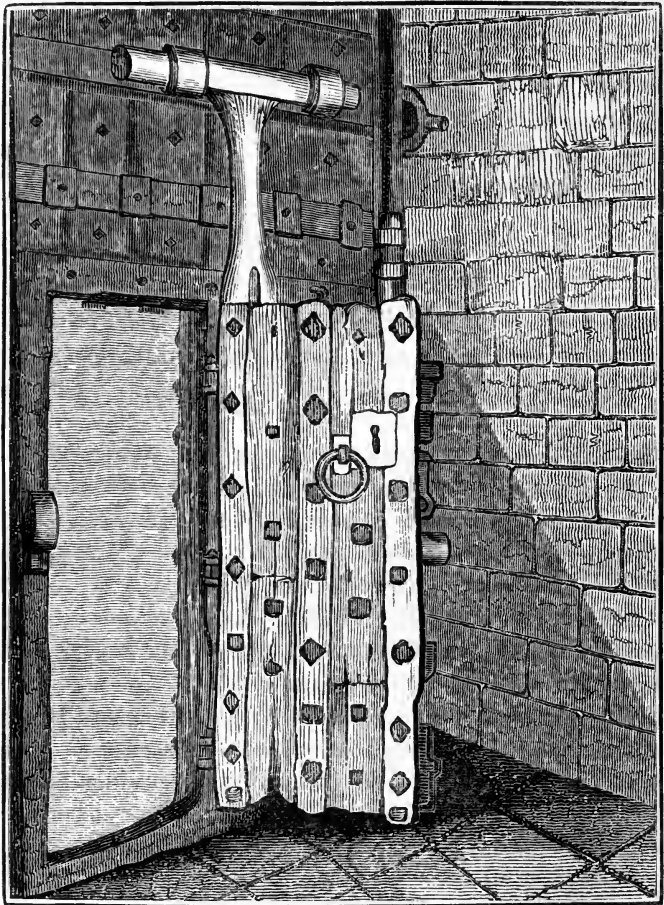
Just bestowing a hurrying glance within the kitchen—in all the glory of its pristine state—attached to the Deanery; and deeply regretting, as I did, the absence of the Dean,† on my visit; let us move with nimble feet towards THE CASTLE; that residence of the ancient Bishops, which, even yet, in its dismembered and metamorphosed state, has

afford to maintain a well-taught scribe, but the other could not.”—p. 437. I may add, that several monasteries, whose names occur in this copious roll, have escaped the researches of Dugdale.

* How long, and with what especial fondness, the memory of this most eminent Prelate has been treasured by me, may be seen from the *Bibliog. Decam.* vol. iii. p. 265-70. There is a noble portrait of him, in the best style of the engraver’s stippling, by Scriven, in the first volume of Mr. Surtees’ *History*: p. 246.

† The present Bishop of St. David’s; who has not only the reputation of being an excellent scholar, but of possessing one of the largest and best libraries in the north. Why might I not have had ocular demonstration of this fact? I knocked, but “the door was shut.” Nor, on my return from Scotland, was I fortunate enough to obtain an entrance.

innumerable attractions for the enthusiastic antiquary. We knock at the ponderous gates,—of solid oak, ribbed with iron bars, and dotted with a thousand nails. The small wicket-door is opened. We gaze around with secret delight; and turning to look at the wicket, in its opened state, are well pleased to view the passage through which the witty Dr. Grey retreated from the presence of his Diocesan, Lord Crew.



While gazing on this gate, for the first time, Mr. Raine was so obliging as to relate an anecdote or two of the once—if not always—celebrated Dr. ROBERT GREY; a prebendary in the time of puritanical and papistical usurpations, and remarkable for the evenness of his temper, the readiness of his wit, and the fortitude of his resignation.* The elements

* The reader, with myself, has good reason to thank the author of *North Durham* (my friend the Rev. J. Raine) for his liberal kindness in allowing me to have a foretaste of the contents of the second part of this interesting work, by the selection of a few particulars relating to our "GREY," which cannot fail to be palatable in the perusal. Dr. Robert Grey was descended from the noble family of Lord Greys of Warke, and was uncle to Ford, Lord Grey, Earl of Tankerville. He was born in 1610, and lived, a bachelor, upwards of a hundred years: during somewhat more than half of which time he held his valuable preferment of Bishop Wearmouth, and a prebendal stall in Durham Cathedral. It is much to be regretted—as intimated by Mr. Raine—that George Spearman never carried his meditated biography of this remarkable man into execution. However, as is evident from the pages of my friend, Spearman has favoured us with some notable anecdotes. I select a few: the first relating to the WICKET GATE in the text.

Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham, pressed Dr. Grey, "the great ornament of the Church," and Dr. Morton, another prebend, and afterwards Bishop, "to read King James II's declaration for a dispensing power in their parish churches; which they declining, and arguing against it, he angrily told Dr. Grey his age made him dote; he had forgot his learning. The good old Doctor briskly replied, 'he had forgot more learning than his Lordship ever had.' 'Well,' said the Bishop, 'I'll forgive and reverence *you*, but cannot pardon that blockhead *Morton*, whom I raised from nothing.' They thereupon took their leave of the Bishop; who, with great civility, waited upon them towards the gate,—and the porter, opening the *wicket*, or postern only, the Bishop said, 'Sirrah, why don't you open the great gates?' 'No,' said Grey, 'my Lord, we'll leave the

of his mind were so "mixed up in him," that, if one day he turned his left cheek "to the smiter," who had previously smitten his right—on the morrow he was as forward as the most intrepid to rebuke the proud and to punish the rebellious. Had this truly original character left behind "Memoirs of his Time," I can scarcely conceive a more interesting bequest to posterity. His longevity was extreme; and his veracity was equal to his wit and courage.

broad way to your lordship; the *NARROW WAY* will serve us!' This Dr. Grey lived a pious and charitable life, and was always ready at witty repartees. In King James's reign, riding on horseback from his rectory at Bishop Wearmouth to Durham, Mr. J. Lamb, a popish justice of the peace, a busy, active, and fierce man for that party, (as all renegadoes are violent, and being raised from a coachman to Mr. Challoner's family) overtook the Doctor; sneered at him; and told him, he 'wondered he should ride on so fine a palfrey, when his Saviour was content to ride upon a colt, the foal of an ass?' The Doctor replied, 'Tis true, sir,—but the King has made so many asses *justices of the peace*, he has not left me *one* to ride upon.'

"I cannot omit one instance of his charity. As he was going from his house to church, many poor attended (as they daily used to do) his going out. His curate, Mr. Broughton, going before him, chid them for being so troublesome; and said, 'he wondered at their impudence, when, to his knowledge, the Doctor had given them all money the day before;' and bid them begone. The Doctor observing his curate angry, and being a little deaf, asked him 'what was the matter?' Mr. Broughton replied, that 'he was angry that the same people he had liberally given money to yesterday, came again, and would never be satisfied till they got all he had.'—'How, now, good Mr. Broughton, are you angry at the poor, and daily read the Lord's Prayer? Do you ask of God your daily bread, which he gives you plentifully, and will you grudge giving a share of it to the poor? or can you be angry at their asking a daily supply for their necessities? I hope you are a better man;' and

The great boast of this castle, in the department of ancient architectural ornament, is its small, and beautifully ornamented, semicircular Norman arch. A mere accident led to its discovery.* It had been embedded for centuries in whitewash—that desperate resort of muddle-headed curators of castles and churches. It is now restored . . . almost to youth. I never made a lower bow of respect than when I first passed under it, twenty years ago: a respect, that has rather increased, than diminished, from time. But I desiderate—and call aloud for the execution of the desire—that *stone* steps may be substituted for those of *deal*, which at present disfigure, and I had well-nigh said disgrace, the whole. I must confess that I felt a creeping, chill melancholy

thereupon called back the poor, gave money to each of them; and bid them come daily to his door, and go to church, and he would relieve them: and said he did not find himself a jot the poorer for what he gave them.”—p. 332.

“ Another day, as he came out of his gate, a poor salter’s horse fell down under his load, and died; the man lamenting his loss, and having a family to maintain, the Doctor ordered his servant to give him his *old pad*, which much rejoiced the poor man; and about a month after, the Doctor met the poor man with two horses, loaded with salt, and not the old pad. ‘How now, friend,’ says the Doctor, ‘what’s become of *my pad*?’—‘Truly, sir, I exchanged him for these two horses, and had money to boot. Yours was too good for the work, and required better keeping than I can afford. I hope you are not angry.’—‘No, I am pleased,’ says the Doctor; ‘my horse has made two horses. You can do more than I can do: you can increase and multiply: which I never attempted. God increase your store. Be honest, and prosper;’ and gave him five shillings, and parted.”—p. 333.

* A plate of it is seen in Surtees’ History, from the accurate pencil of Mr. Blore. It is a very TOY of Norman handicraft.

possessing me, as, headed by an agile housekeeper, I threaded the several apartments. No Bishop was hereafter to sleep in it as his official residence. No judge to be entertained in it, and to reoccupy those huge beds which the attendant pointed out. No more holding of midnight discourse with the invoked spirits of Bek and Bury—Butler and Barrington.* The chambers were comparatively stripped, and had a desolate air. A sale of all the furniture was at hand.

* After all, the name of BARRINGTON is one held in high and deserved estimation. This bishop won his way to be the Prince Palatine of Durham, from the courteousness of his manners, the combined dignity and comeliness of his face and figure, the suavity of his utterance, and the mildness of his principles. The largest and brightest feather in his cap, is, that he was the *patron* of PALEY. He lived to an extreme old age, and retained his faculties to the last. He had grand and liberal notions; and was the qualified Wolsey of his day. His charities were without end: and his kind-heartedness never collapsed. He dispensed his preferments, in the main, well and wisely. We must not attempt to place him by the side of the GREATEST intellectual ornament of that see, BUTLER—for acuteness and erudition; but his life of his relation, Lord Barrington, proves him not to have been inexpert in harmony of diction and propriety of observation. His *charges* and *sermons* maintain a respectable medium in the scale of professional publications.

The only imputable *heresy* in this lordly and magnificent prelate, was, his suffering himself to be guided, in matters of ecclesiastical architecture, by the ill-starred genius of the late James Wyatt. “During the time of Bishop Barrington—(says Mr. Raine, in his Guide) whose great misfortune it was to have previously, when Bishop of Salisbury, fallen into the hands of WYATT, a pretender of the Strawberry Hill school, and as ignorant of our old Church architecture as can possibly be conceived—the most ill-advised and unwarrantable changes were contemplated in connexion with the internal and external parts of the church of which we are writing.”—p. 43. Dr. Barrington’s predecessors, Crewe and Egerton, were also amenable to the charge of *this* species of heresy.

Could I have afforded to have been a competitor, more than *one* of these *fine old-fashioned* chairs should have found a place in my study.

Let us descend to the crypt. What have we here? Strange capitals, gentle reader, as you shall judge for yourself; but not to me unique: for I seem to think that something strongly resembling them may be found in the crypt of St. Pol, at Rouen; and within the ruins of the Abbey of St. Mary, at York.



Good Mr. Marsden, of the Consistory Court, was so obliging as to accompany us; and by dint of candles and steps, I was enabled to select the three capitals here submitted, of which Mr. Matthew Thompson, a resident at Durham, kindly furnished me with the drawings. Nor is this the only favour of the sort for which my best thanks are due to that gentleman. There be those, who, at first sight, would be led to conclude that such capitals mark the period of the abode here of the Romans. But such conclusion is altogether fallacious. Durham, before the tenth century, is unknown, as a matter-of-fact datum to write upon.

From darkness we ascend to the blaze of day: scaling the mount, or ancient keep, and reaching the terrace. Altogether this is a noble site. The city is before you, to the right: the *Red Hills*, now undisturbed by the shout of victory and the groans of the dying, stand directly to your left, within musket-shot, and in open view. Here was fought the great battle of Neville's Cross,* so often mentioned or alluded to—and upon this spot, once so saturated with the blood of both victors and vanquished, the independence of the North was for a long season secured from the depredation of the Scottish monarch. A thousand commingling sensations fill the mind as the eye rests upon such a spot. Methought I heard the chaunting of the monks from the summit of the central tower† . . . as I repeopled

* See page 277, ante.

† See the same page. My friend Mr. Raine informs me that, at his residence, at Crook Hall, about a mile from the Cathedral, the

the hillocks and the ravines with the rushing foe : the pennons were fluttering in the breeze : the arrows dimming the day ; and the horses were galloping wherever they could be brought to the charge. . . and the memory of past atrocities, inflicted by DAVID upon the *Durhamites*,* seemed to sharpen every sword, and to infuriate every onset. Never, than on THAT DAY, was revenge more sweet and complete. But . . .

“ Long rolling years have swept these scenes away,
And peace is on the mountain and the fell ;
And rosy dawn, and closing twilight gray,
But hears the distant sheep-walk’s tinkling bell.” †

There is, as it strikes me, only one thing more to notice—and deserving, too, of especial notice—in the account of this Cathedral. It is its TREASURY ;

annual music of this chanting “ peals gloriously down the river Wear—and he hears its grandeur with delight when the wind is favourable.” It is singular, that *three* sides of the tower are only favoured with the anthem sung upon that occasion : the *fourth*, always the *same* side, is passed over. Perhaps, in days of yore, some one may have “toppled headlong” from this side ?

* About four years before the decisive battle of Neville’s Cross, David visited Durham—stung with defeat, on not having succeeded at Newcastle-upon-Tyne—and resolved to wade deep in the blood of human butchery. It has been said that a more dreadful visitation was never inflicted upon mortal man. Neither age, nor sex, nor condition, was spared : nor the walls of the sanctuary respected. Flight alone re-peopled the city. But great doubts hang about the accuracy of this statement ; of which a word will be said when we reach Newcastle.

† Surtees : see page xxxiv of his “ General History,” in the first volume. The whole set of verses is thoroughly poetical.

or the Record Office in which are deposited the charters and seals connected with the property and history of the see. On this score it is perhaps the richest repository in Great Britain. In no episcopal monuments shall you see so many royal, archiepiscopal, and episcopal charters and SEALS!—old, yet fresh, sharp, and firm; of all varieties, from all monasteries, kings, archbishops, bishops, and cardinals . . . seated on horseback, or on foot.* Here, half the Bannatyne

* There is no exaggeration in the above colouring. Hear what that competent authority, Mr. Raine, in his *Guide*, says:—"In this aisle of the cloister, beneath the dormitory, is the TREASURY, in which are preserved the charters, yearly account rolls, and other records of the church, from the period of its foundation, in 1093. We know of no other repository in which there is so numerous a collection of royal, archiepiscopal, and episcopal charters, and there is, perhaps, no other place in the kingdom which contains so many splendid seals, of all ranks of men and monasteries, down to the dissolution. Before the treasury door, in the cloister, was a school for the novices. In this aisle are also the present vestries; and at its southern end a door-way leads into a large room, used in times of old as the common hall, in which was the only fire to which the monks had access. Here, on the 16th of December, the day of *O Sapientia*, was an annual feast of figs, and raisins, and cakes, and ale, given by the communer or master of the hall to the prior and convent at large. At the entrance into the cloister from the Abbey Green, now the College, sate the porter, in a great wooden chair; and from him there stretched westwards, nearly to the library door, a bench of stone, occupied on Maunday Thursday, yearly, by as many poor children as there were monks in the church. To each monk was assigned one, whose feet he washed and dried, and kissed, and then gave him thirty silver pennies, seven dried herrings, three loaves of bread, and a wafer cake. This bench was removed by Dean Matthew (1581-1596)." p. 92.

A word now for the OLD CHAPTER SEAL—which adorns the *head of this chapter* of our work. More than *one* wise lesson may be

Club would be glad to go without meals for a week ! Here, 'tis reported that my friend John Trotter Brockett, Esq. of Newcastle, fainted away with delight ! Here, John Carter loved to revel ; and here the pencil of Edward Blore has achieved some of its

gathered from the recital. This Seal followed the old *Conventual Seal*, and was in use until the year 1660, when a new seal was made ; a very indifferent copy of the *Chapter Seal*—being much simplified, and the parts emblematical of the papal dispensation omitted. The seal of 1660 is now still in use. About the year 1798, shortly after the destruction of the old Chapter House, the matrix, *reverse* part of the Chapter Seal, was with some old brass wheels, sold to an ironmonger in Durham ; and was finally recovered, in 1836, by Mr. William Trueman, chemist ; who made a present of the same to the Chapter ; and shortly afterwards the *obverse* part was discovered, in the Chapter Treasury, in an old box : thus again making this most interesting relic of former ages complete. You have it here, gentle reader, as a companion to what appears at page 259, ante.



happiest efforts. All Scotland may become an *illuminated* volume from the rich garniture supplied by this incomparable storehouse. But we must think of our colophon.

One word only about the old GATES. The last gate, close to the Castle, formed the entrance to the gaol. It has been recently taken down, so as to give additional interest to the ensuing representation of it—from the pencil of Mr. Richardson.



With the destruction of the Gates, appear also to have been destroyed all those grudgings and heart-burnings between *York* and this place, which in former times were occasionally bordering upon downright feuds and acts of violence. The reader may be astonished to know that the RIVALRY between these two celebrated monastic establishments was frequently high and fierce.* Let us seek after more peaceful and edifying subjects: but it is not here, as at York, that you must cast about for book-shops and print-shops. Contenting yourself with the moderate fare afforded by Mr. Andrews—whose eyes seemed suffused with tears as he dwelt upon former days of bibliomaniacal glory—you must

* It was touching this rivalry, or contending struggle, between these two venerable and learned bodies, that the following stanza was made.

STOWPE, CUDDIE.

“ Stowpe, Cuddie, and bowe thy brie,
 To Peeres of Yorke, our legate borne;
 Look well a bout, and take good e'e,
 Lest now thy cause be quite forlorne.
 Stowpe, good Cuddie, and bowe thy knee,
 Lest thunder boltes beginne to flee.”

It is absurd to assign to these lines a date earlier than that of Charles II, as Sir Cuthbert Sharp properly intimates. “The Dean and Chapter, or before them, the Prior and Convent of York, claimed to hold the keys of St. Cuthbert (the Saint to whom Durham Cathedral is dedicated) during the vacation of the see: and some Archbishop was forced to fly for his life down the steps of the ‘Black Bull Inn,’ for having attempted to assert his authority during the vacation. On certain occasions, a person is sent to Durham to summon the Dean and Chapter to York, to do some act of submission,—to which the Dean and Chapter of Durham answer, ‘YOUR MESSAGE IS IMPERTINENT.’” — *The Bishoprick Garland*: p. 31-2.

be well content if you catch a glimpse of the "*Book of Subtleties*,"* treasured in Maister Raines' ebony cabinet, once belonging to Cardinal Wolsey; and of which only twenty copies (proh gloria!) were struck off.

Holidays have always been, and always will be, delightful things. I loved them when young. I love them still better when old. After two days of severe antiquarian *grouting*—fingering cold vellum and cold stone—it was pleasant to hear the horn of the Warder blowing "a merry blast" for a trip to the *Abbey of Finchale!* by the side of the river *Wear*: a small portion only standing . . . in all the hoary grandeur of abbatial ruin. That warder was our friend Mr. Raine; and, likewise rejoicing in the agreeable society of Messrs. Peile and Whitley,* my daughter and self spent one of the pleasantest days enjoyed during our trip outward and home-

* This racy and most rare book was the united production of the late Mr. Surtees and the living Mr. Raine. It is thus designated:

A Dysshe of Sottleties; ryght rychelie seasonid, or a goodlie garland of Duresme Evergreens plaited by the Ingenious.

" Her monks and lordly priours rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew."

*Imprynted by Master Frauncis Humble and his felowes, for anempt
ql Neptune in Foro Dunelmensi, 1818.*

This book contains ballads on local traditions. A very few copies exist on large paper. But the whole are locked up in the above-mentioned cabinet. "Not all the Doctors in Christendom can give absolution for the sight of a single copy," says my friend. Then why not DESTROY them—at once?

† Tutors in the University of Durham—the one of Classical Literature—the other of Natural Philosophy.

ward. Finchale is situated some four miles from Durham. What it *once* was, I leave to the forthcoming volume of the Surtees' Society publications;* in the confident expectation that, after having been carefully perused, that volume will send twenty scores of pilgrims every year to visit its shrine.

The *locality* constitutes the charm of this abbatial retreat. As a ruin, Finchale is scarcely more than the shadow of a shade. Now and then you get some nice tit-bits of early English architecture; but a good deal of *clearing* is yet necessary, and as everything of this sort is left to the good sense and good taste of the aforesaid Warder, the public need not doubt a fortunate result. A most comfortable *providing* house is close to the ruins; but we had taken our own provisions—each according to his fancy. We revelled in plenty. The room, on the first floor, with a bay window, affords a commanding view of the broad and rushing river, over its bed of shelving rocks, below; and of the hanging woods on the perpendicular banks of the opposite side. The whole was in delightful keeping; and, as the day (oh, rare!) happened to be fine, our gratification was unmixed. This river, which looks somewhat cross and surly even in the month of August, often becomes downright hectoring and bullying in

* The last Prior of Finchale took unto himself a *WIFE* the moment he was at liberty so to do; and a ballad was written upon the occasion, of which one Mickleton, a Durham antiquary in the time of Charles II, has recorded these two lines only:—

“The Prior of Finchale has got a fair wife,
And every monk will have one.”

that of December. It rolls and roars over its rocky bed, and almost every year gives proof of its *excavating* and loosening powers. Large and solid fragments of stone, tumbling into the stream from the adjacent banks, attest its ferocious course. At Durham, where, comparatively, it assumes a mild and peaceful aspect, I had heard enough of its character when in a state of exasperation; but here I was told, that, in the preceding winter, it had risen, during the course of one night, to the awful height of fifteen feet! I seemed to start at every rush of the water through the interstices of its rocky bed—as, after dinner, I walked on the bank-side.

Our day concluded as it began: unclouded without, unclouded within. A few brisk sallies of conversation—now of local scenery, now of antiquarian relics—now of Richard de Bury, and now of Bishop Cosin—gave a zest to the miscellaneous topics of the day. The sherry was old: the cider was bright. Never, at the Abbot's own table, could cold chickens and tongue have been of more acceptable character, or lettuce of a more crisp and juicy quality. If we were merry, we were wise in our mirth. After dinner we had a pleasing saunter along the base of the opposite bank; and in one spot I crossed with my friend Mr. Raine, in a very small ferry-boat half filled with water...

“...gemuit sub pondere cymba,”

as we took our stations at the head of this frail bark. On returning, the sun was sunk; the river was embrowned in the deep shadow of the impend-

ing bank . . . and an immediate retreat was resolved upon. The Warder, awakening the echoes with his bugle, led the way—and I followed with my daughter in the chaise which had been hired on the occasion. With the sun of to-morrow, we were to bid these kind friends a long adieu.

But Durham must not be quitted in this manner. A thing of great moment, and of a novel and most peculiar character, belongs to this venerable city and see. It boasts of a UNIVERSITY—“for the advancement of learning.” A goodly tree has been grafted upon an old stock, such as the history of no cathedral in this country can furnish us with: and much blossom hath already gladdened the eye, and much fruit already strengthened the stomach. If ever the figure of the Mantuan bard has been strictly verified, it has been here. . . .

“Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.”

Of its government, presently. After several years of hard struggle, the act of parliament was obtained for its incorporation in 1833. The prime mover—the pervading and patronising spirit, giving light and life and animation to the whole,—was the late Bishop VAN MILDERT: a name above all praise, as coupled with profound theological learning, and the most kind and liberal views of all institutions bearing upon the welfare of mankind. Nor was his liberality confined to mere sentiment. He *acted* as he felt; and providence, during his very later years,

had enabled him so to do. His pecuniary contributions, towards the final settlement of the plan of this University, were upon a scale which entitles his name to be emblazoned in the same muster-roll with the Pudseys, Beks, Burys, and Tonstalls of the day.* The machine, once put in motion by such a power, moved onward and regularly towards its completion. Let it not be supposed that these are mere words of figurative flourish. The OIL wherewith this splendid piece of machinery was kept in sound order and regular play, was nothing less than, latterly, £2000 per annum, out of Bishop Van Mildert's own pocket.

In the House of Lords, the Bishop strenuously advocated the interests of his darling child; and Earl Grey, (then Premier), and Viscount Althorpe,

* It has often struck me that the name of VAN MILDERT belongs to that particular class in the school of theology, which may be designated as comprehending the labours of Jewell, Jackson, and Reynolds. Although the late Bishop was a good scholar, and a sound reasoner, yet the scholastic attainments of Pearson, Mede, and Chillingworth, and the vigorous compression of Hooker, were never his own. In genius, Jeremy Taylor stands alone; yet, like all great geniuses, at times bordering upon an extravagance which may be called startling. The "Boyle's Lectures" paved the way to Van Mildert's promotion; and it was a bright spot in the administration of the Earl of Liverpool, then Premier, that our Bishop was advanced from Llandaff to Durham. This splendid promotion came upon him rather crippled by infirmity than worn down with age. He was always a delicate plant: bending with high wind, and laid low with heavy moisture. During the first two years of his new prelatical honours, he accounted himself, from fines and first fruits, among "the poorest men in the kingdom." He made noble uses of his station—during the very few years he held it.

(then Chancellor of the Exchequer), each in his official sphere in Parliament, gave it the heartiest support. There was no jealousy to excite; no rivalry to kindle; no trespass to defend. The machine (still adhering to our figure) went smoothly upon all fours, from beginning to end—for it is not worth while to notice the few random shots fired at it from the *Wynyard battery*. Deeply was it to be lamented that, after so short a period from the passing of the act, it pleased Divine Providence to take its Founder from this world . . . from the scene in which his rising glory was about to scatter so much warmth and nourishment* upon its occupiers.

* The Bishop died in 1836—with his plans not then *fully* developed: hoping the “Church Commission” would complete what was obliged to be left inchoate. During its progress in the Upper House, the Bishop spake these emphatic words of “truth and soberness” :—“I have already noticed to your Lordships one express provision in the printed statement of the plan, which allows persons to be admitted to public lectures in science or literature, of *whatever description*, without being subject, as other students will be, to the discipline of the University. By this regulation, many avail themselves of very considerable advantages from the institution, subject to no previous *inquiry* or *restriction* as to their *religious persuasions*. With respect also to those students, who are to be actually members of the University, I have to state, that it is intended to adopt the regulations of the UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, which does *not require tests* or *subscriptions* at the admission of members, nor until they take degrees or other academical privileges. Such persons, however, will necessarily become subject to the discipline of the University; and consequently, as a part of that discipline, will be required to attend the daily service of the Church.” Methinks the first part of this extract from the speech in question, is rather more than an indirect slap on the cheek of the good Bishop’s own University of Oxford. But this is secondary.

One of the great advantages of this NORTHERN UNIVERSITY, is, that it holds out to those, living within the more immediate circle of its focus, the means of a good education, and the advantages of an *academic degree*, without a long journeying to, and an expensive residence at, the Southern Universities. While the Masters and Lecturers are picked graduates from Oxford and Cambridge,* and therefore no lack of the soundest instruction can be experienced, it is gratifying to add, that *one* of those rocks upon which *southern* students split—in the temptations and facilities held out to an extravagant establishment—is here not to be found. A healthy and wholesome *discipline* is the parent of more than half the comforts and blessings of advancing life.

The University has a Visitor, Governors, and a Warden, with Professors and Readers. At this present moment, according to their first published “Durham University Calendar,” there are not fewer than forty students and ten licentiates in theology; † with one hundred and twelve members, of whom Earl Grey and Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham, are placed at the head. It has, in the Easter term of this year (1837), conferred its *first batch* of degrees—of B. A.—upon fourteen students. Upon the

* Usually, Senior Wranglers, First or Second Class Men, or Medallists.

† The officers are as follows:—*Visitor*, the Bishop; *Governors*, the Dean and Chapter; *Warden*, Archbishop Thorp, who is also *Professor of Divinity* and *Ecclesiastical History*; *Professor of Greek and Latin Literature*, Rev. Henry Jenkins, M.A; *Professor*

whole, I consider this academic institution to be full of good augury; whereby much of occasional northern coarseness may be smoothed down, and a love engendered of seeking instruction and improvement in matters whereof its present Governors can scarcely form an adequate idea.—“*QUOD FELIX FAUSTUMQUE SIT,*”—must therefore be the avowed, as well as secret, wish of every honourable mind and every virtuous heart.

of Mathematics, Rev. T. Chevallier, B.D.; *Proctors*, Rev. T. W. Peile, M.A. and *Classical Tutor*; Rev. C. T. Whitley, M.A. and *Reader in Law and Natural Philosophy*. See pages 11 and 12 of the Calendar. To the title-page of this Calendar is prefixed the University Cognizance, or Badge.



THE SEAL OF GATESHEAD HOSPITAL.

DURHAM TO NEWCASTLE.



URING my residence at York, I had the frequent gratification of hearing from my friends the Rectors of Gateshead and Whitburn—urging upon me a visit to their respective residences in my direct route to Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

As I desired nothing better, little pressing was needed. Many were the inducements to take me thither. The Rev. John Collinson, Rector of the former place, and the Rev. Thomas Baker, Rector of the latter place, had married sisters—the daughters of

my old and highly respected friend, the Rev. Richard King, introduced, and justly eulogized by me, in my *Literary Reminiscences*.* I know not how many years—but I suspect nearer thirty than twenty—had passed since we had last met ; and although it was clear, from the tone of our correspondence, that no abatement of sentimental ardour, or of personal respect and attachment, had ensued, yet it would be not less clear, upon our meeting, that the course of time would have indented our cheeks, and paled the ruddier tints of early manhood. There would be marks of the *crow's foot* . . . somewhere.

It was, therefore, with no slender expectations of the enjoyment of at least a couple of days of satisfaction, that we left the Waterloo Hotel at Durham for the Rectory of *Whitburn*—a good fifteen miles from the place of starting : necessarily taking *Sunderland* in our way. There is nothing particularly attractive in the route to Bishop Wearmouth and

* See pages 167-8. The father of Mrs. Collinson and Mrs. Baker, was the Rev. *Richard*, and not *Thomas*, King—as printed in the pages referred to. The renewal of my acquaintance with this family arose in consequence of an unanticipated letter from the Rev. Mr. Collinson—expressing his warmest thanks for the manner in which I had honoured the memory of his father-in-law. Such a result, from the publication of my “Reminiscences,” is not singular : while, of all compensations arising out of it, none to me have been *so remunerating* as results of this description. I could mention ANOTHER, connected with what has been said of a family in the first chapter of my book ; but I am apprehensive that their sensibility might shrink at publicity. And yet, who shall restrain this public avowal of one of the proudest days of my life, being *that*, in which I pressed the hand of the daughter of my FATHER'S best benefactor and friend !

Sunderland—which may be said to be one town, divided by a street-boundary, over which every man passes without being conscious of the demarcation ; and which, altogether, contain a population of not fewer than seventeen thousand inhabitants. The place is all life and bustle. Trade is prodigiously upon the increase ; attested by extending wharfs, and increasing manufactories, which vomit forth their black, broad, and long extended columns of trailing smoke. On approaching the bridge, of only one prodigiously elevated arch—beneath which the moderate-sized collier sails without lowering her top-mast — my daughter and myself quitted our chaise, for a leisurely survey of this new world of wonders upon which it seemed that we were about to enter. It was decisive enough that we were now in the region of COAL. Houses, windows, walls, pillars, posts, and posterns, were all more or less veiled in what may be delicately designated as *black crape*. Even the human countenance seemed to partake of it ; and for *one* pure intermingling of the lily and the rose, you shall see a *score* of carbonated physiognomies.

On approaching the foot of the bridge,* and beginning to look below and around us, we were compelled to make a quick onward movement, from a most audacious vomiting forth of black smoke from the mouth of a glass-house. It threatened to stifle, as well as obscure us from each other's view ; and,

* There is a noble view of the bridge, with all its accessories of smoke and shipping, in the first volume of *Surtees' History* : from the pencil of Blore, and the burin of G. Cooke. Few plates, in this finely illustrated work, are more faithful and more effective.

running to the opposite extremity of the bridge, with the chaise by the side of us, the post-boy seemed cruelly disposed to make himself merry at our expense. We were glad to make our escape, without casting the semblance of a “look behind”—and to remount for the termination of our journey: not however without the “assured conviction” of taking up our residence within these same walls of darkness and dirt, on our return,—but of taking it up with those, who would have the power and the charm of converting darkness into light, and of diffusing “the oil of gladness” over a surface however discomposed by gloom. It was not for the first time that I had to appreciate the worth of the well-known name of FEATHERSTONEHAUGH: a name, among the most distinguished in the north—for hospitality at the board, and generosity to “all sorts and conditions of men.”

“This is the purple light of heaven!”—

might well have been exclaimed . . . as, leaving this dingy region, we neared the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Baker of Whitburn Rectory. And here I beg leave to apprise the reader, that he must be prepared for clusters of epithets:—as extravagant in themselves, though applied to youth instead of old age, as were entwined round the description of the ruins of Rievaulx Abbey:* but instead of the coy and darkly gliding river *Rie*, he must be prepared for the bold, broad, and sunny Ocean. The light-house at the entrance of Sunderland harbour—the *mouth* of the

* See page 252.

Wear—stands well and picturesquely as you approach the Rectory.

Joyous were the greetings, and hearty the salutations, on our entrance into one of the most commodious, handsome, spacious, and well-constructed parsonages in the kingdom :—the “ magnum opus,” from bottom to top, of the present tenant and Rector. It is well to have good preferment in early life, with a liberal heart and a garnished purse. Mr. Baker, after a residence of twenty-five years, has only just shook off all Gilbert-act incumbrances ; so as to leave to his successor, some twenty-five years hence, an almost rectorial palace :—without a stone loose, or a wall tarnished. “ Auckland is fine, and Auckland is grand,”—as the old ballad goes ; but give me Whitburn Rectory, with a tithe part of the episcopal revenue, and you shall have Auckland, with all its wine and beer cellars filled to the very brim—after the fashion of the Bowetts and Nevilles of other days*—for ought I shall stir to prevent it. “ You will look into our *garden*, probably, before dinner ?”—observed the amiable Hostess ;—and the central window being thrown upward, we stept upon the lawn—upon the green *velvet*, be it rather said—for even at Duncombe Park nothing exceeds the quality of this rectorial turf. And then the trees and shrubs—the delicate birch, the golden laburnum, the towering ash, the tapering poplar, the spreading beech—with an old oak or two, sentinel-like, keeping watch in the corners—how is one to

* See pages 179, 180.

describe the perfect condition and trim in which they are kept, and the exquisite manner in which the bending branches of the lighter trees brush, and scarcely seem to brush, the surface of the turf? A troop of fairies are always lying in wait, at moonlight, to be wafted backwards and forwards by the breeze, as they spring upon the points of the leaves.

The boundaries of this *terrene* paradise are limited, but the limits are judiciously concealed from first view. The soil itself is varied by gentle undulations. Mr. Baker is the severest of all critics of fancy-grounds. A knoll, a bank, a cavity, a curve, a corner,—now for a hollyoak, and now for a garden-bench—are all duly “weighed and measured” in his delicately trembling critical scales. It is his delight and his boast—and why should it not be? I once essayed a battle with him about felling a sycamore, and scooping out a branch from an over-timbered elm—but I had soon reason to repent my temerity. The bark of the latter tree had not been more completely peeled by the lightening of the preceding year, than the main props of my arguments were cut asunder by the multifarious knowledge of my friend—supplied by the store-houses of Bacon, Evelyn, Price, and Repton. I carefully avoided all renewal of the contest. At the extremity of the garden, near a shed, or sea-view house, you open a gate, and within three hundred paces the ocean is before you: but that same ocean, with the Sunderland light-house, is most delectably contemplated from the bay window of the drawing-room—on the first floor. A few solitary bathing machines are scattered on the beach, a short mile

from the rectory. Altogether, this sea-walk—extending to Sunderland—might be made exceedingly agreeable.

On the Sunday ensuing the day of our arrival, I assisted the worthy Rector, by doing the whole of the morning duty. The church is well contrived, and admirably attended. The parishioners would be ungrateful indeed not to flock to it—both morning and afternoon; for few pastors are more zealous, and none more conscientious, in the discharge of their sacred duties, than my friend the Rector—aided, so constantly and powerfully as he always is, by the activity and talent of his better half. The schools are just as they should be. There is nothing inculcated to lead to puling cant or scaring frenzy. The catechism of the Church of England is sedulously taught and practically commented on: and how many Tillotsons, and Wilsons, and Seckers, may be here in embryo, I will not take upon me to determine. It is quite delightful to contemplate such a cordial union between pastor and flock.

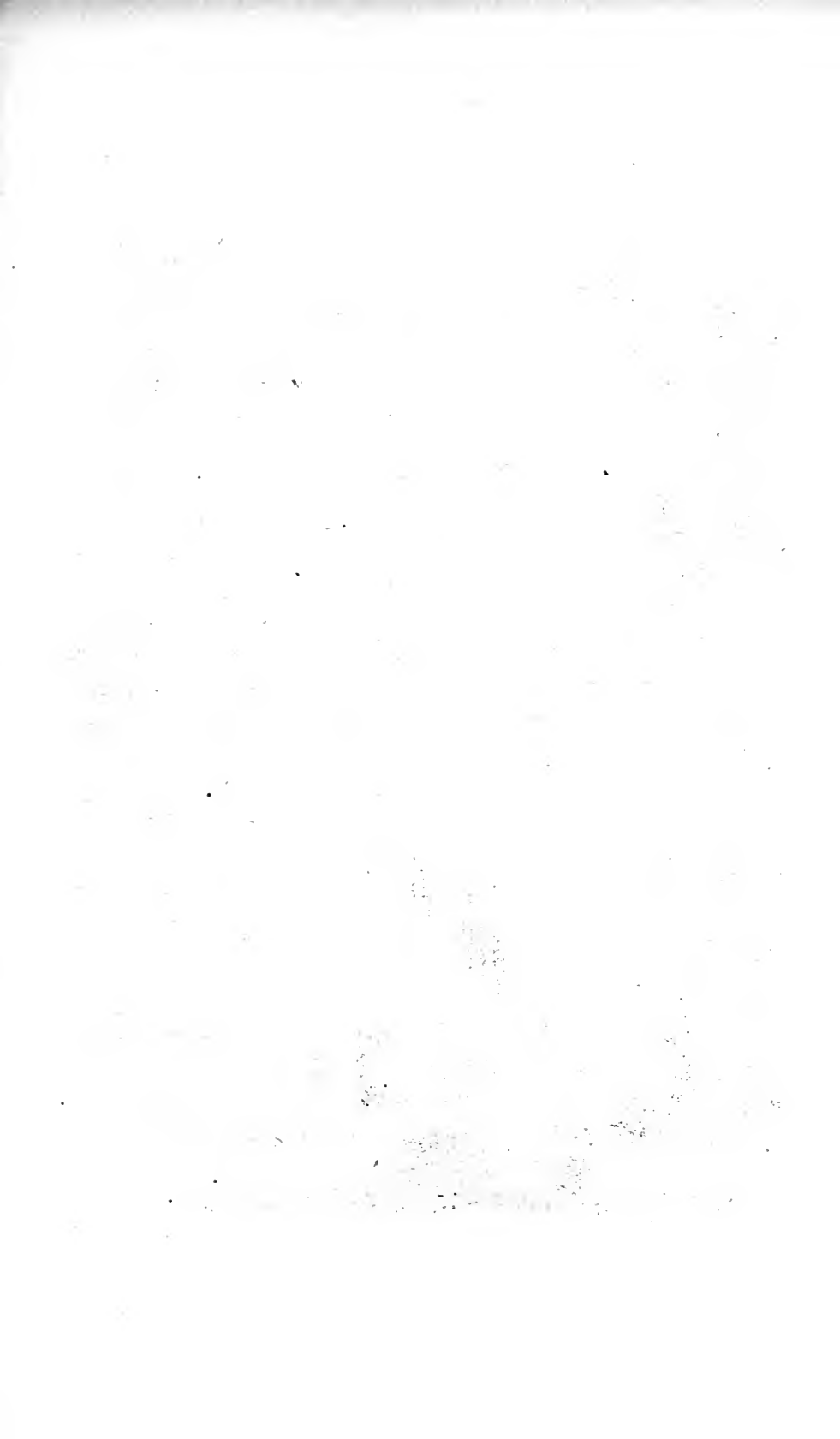
One day was given to sight seeing; and what sights should those be but *North* and *South Shields*, with their adjacent attraction, the ruins of TYNEMOUTH ABBEY! It was a thoroughly fine day; and Mrs. Collinson, (who had just come from Gateshead) the sister of Mrs. Baker, was our *cicerone*. We started in a jaunting car, drawn by a horse stout enough to have carried double the weight. Our first approach was to the two Shields, south and north: a very Wapping, at the *embouchure* of the river Tyne. How am I even to attempt the description of these

parallel towns, intersected by a river, upon the breast of which, all day long, colliers, and steamers, and wherries, and cock-boats, are in a constant state of movement and excitement! Never had such a scene before presented itself to my view. The black tints of Sunderland were neutralised into *grey*, compared with the colour of everything and every body here around me. While we were waiting for the ferry-steamer, to carry over the horse and chaise, with ourselves and other passengers, lounging at the water's edge, I looked down upon a lighter, or barge, nearly cleared of its cargo; and on gazing at the motley scene below, I saw a lad, of about fifteen, jump, from the side of the barge, upon a heap of very small coal, in the corner, and roll himself about in it as gaily and happily as a haymaker in a hay-cock! There is no disputing about taste; but doubtless this was as *natural* to the lad as the hay-cock would be to the haymaker. He leapt up from his frolic a very Otaheitan in colour. Face, hands, shirt, and clothes, were as black as his hat. "This is a very odd circumstance, is it not?" observed I to a bystander. "Not at all, sir, the lads like few things better."

We now crossed the river, a good width, and all in a ferment with navigation of every possible description, and in every possible direction. Echoing shouts of men, splashing of oars, roaring surf round the steamers' prows, swelling sails, and fluttering flags, caught the ear and eye wherever they wandered. North Shields may be considered almost the exclusive property of His Grace the Duke of Northum-

berland ; who has built a good substantial hotel close to the landing-place. Indeed, it was once a moot point whether the customhouse, with all its appurtenances of quay, wharfs, and docks, should not have been established here, rather than at Newcastle-upon-Tyne ; but the Newcastle-folk fought a very tough fight, and discomfited the Duke. Happening to mistake our way, as to the more ready and agreeable route to the Abbey ruins, we had to thread a few streets—which can never be forgotten . . . for their combined narrowness, stench, and dense population. Human beings seemed to have been born, and to have kept together since birth, like onions strung upon a string. You never see one or *two* together ; they stand still, or bustle along, in *fives, sixes, and sevens*. It is a rushing stream of countless population. And what houses ! What streets !—what articles for sale ! Yet they all seemed as merry and happy as if they were the *Holmeses* and *Lewis*es of Regent Street.

Owing to a *choke* in the street, our vehicle was stopped some time ; and every head from every window seemed to be thrust out to see who we might be. We had dropped from the clouds—if the expression of surprise and astonishment, visible upon each face, had been the interpreter. At length we began to ascend, to gain the high road, and to have the Abbey immediately before us. The day turned out excessively hot ;—when alighting, and placing our cold collation (brought with us) upon a table, supplied by a sutler's booth, in the shade, we began to look around and to enjoy our-





T.M. Richardson

Jr. Johnstone.

selves. The site, or position, of this most interesting abbey, is one of extreme grandeur: overlooking the ocean, as it juts out upon its rocky base, like a slip or tongue of land, into the midst of all the angry elements below. In winter-time, the blast must be loud and terrible; and one wonders, in gazing at the beautiful fragments that remain—and as seen in the OPPOSITE PLATE—how so *much* has been spared . . . diminished as these relics are.* Every year, we were told, added to their decay. The loosening mortar and the broken capitals, from severity of weather, were fast thinning the clustered shafts: and in a little time nothing but the basement-story would remain. A portion of the Norman period is yet sufficiently visible; but it is little better than an indication. The circumjacent houses are converted into barracks for soldiers; and a very small and most curious *Ladye-chapel*, close to the extremity of the choir, on the outward side, is now a depôt for gunpowder. I was horrified to see the door open, as I approached it, though a sentinel was at hand. It was of course well guarded, and it is conceived to be of service to let in a free current of dry air: but who knows whether some half-witty and half-wicked spirit—some Jonathan Martin the second†—may not, in an unguarded moment, throw in, as he

* What meets the eye in the opposite plate, is precisely of the *time*, and a good deal of the *general character*, of the remains of Rievaulx Abbey; see page 250, &c.: but these remains do not resemble each other in their composition: not, perhaps, that those of the latter Abbey would make a *better* picture for the pencil or the graver.

† See page 176, ante.

passes, some ignited composition, to blow the whole abbey, with the barracks and soldiers, into the air? When I entered, to examine minutely the ceiling of this very diminutive and curious building—of the early part of the sixteenth century;—not fewer than *sixty* barrels of gunpowder were piled up within it. I was happy to escape in safety...to tell my tale.*

Tynemouth Abbey was formerly a cell of St. Alban's. It was one of the great abbeys in the North of England: had seen times of the most unclouded prosperity; had enjoyed the reputation of learning; and was the receptacle alike of the shipwrecked mariner and the pursued marauder. Its refectory nourished the one, and its sanctuary protected the other. Its gates were thrown open to all who sought them in a spirit of peace: its hospitalities were inexhaustible: its sympathising succours were never withheld. It is now...as NOTHING: the fragment of a ruin, shortly to disappear—the shadow of a shade.† Yet, here, artists from all

* Mr. Richardson (of whom I shall have to speak largely and honourably in a subsequent page) has not only given a very picturesque general view of the ruins of the Priory, but has also given a very particular view of the interior of this Chapel—with accessories sufficiently picturesque. A well-engraved line print from Mr. Richardson's drawing would be an acquisition to our *Vetusta Monumenta*. This interior is scarcely older than Henry VIII's time, and about twenty feet in length.

† Bishop Tanner, in his *Notitia Monastica*, Art. xxvii, has embodied, in his usually concise way, authorities without number—in MS. and in print—touching these most interesting abbatial remains. Leland, *Collect.* vol. iii. p. 55, 103, and vol. iv. p. 43, says, that Robert de Mowbray, the follower and friend of William I, was the

quarters love to linger, and to exercise their pencils. Out at sea, at a distance by land, or within the area of the ruin itself, there is abundance of materials for the employment of the most practised hand. Few ruins have had so many honours conferred upon them; and, prejudice apart, I think I can bespeak the reader's concurrence as to the felicity of the view

founder: and that the great Pictish wall, built by the Romans, ended here. Horsley, however, seems resolutely to oppose this conclusion; and though his authority be weighty, I must say that, upon *this* point, he is rather capricious than conclusive. *Brit Romana*, p. 102-3. Take a collateral specimen of most extraordinary reasoning by our Horsley. "*Vedra* is the only river which Ptolemy names in these parts; and one would rather take this for the *Tine* than the *Wear*—as being more considerable, and in all probability much better known."—"Besides," adds he, "I want to have it proved that *TINA*, or *TYNA*, was the ancient name of that river which we now call *Tyne*." Was there ever such a perversion of logic? That Tynemouth, from its positive and relative situation, was a place of great strength, and in every probability fixed upon by the Romans for a military station, seems to be unquestionable. Brand, who devotes upwards of sixty pages to his account of this Abbey, in his *Hist. of Newcastle*, vol. ii. p. 65, &c. is clearly of the same opinion. He has exhausted its monastic history.

I have said, in the text, that Tynemouth Abbey was a cell of St. Alban's. Take what follows (based upon Matthew Paris and Stevens's continuation of Dugdale), confirmative of this position, from Brand:—"Soon after A. D. 1214, William Trumpington, abbot of St. Alban's, visited Tinmouth, and the other cells of that monastery. The mode of his visitation of this place was as follows: He had six esquires to accompany him, who were on that account well infeoffed with lands of that church. These esquires travelled on their own horses, but were supported at the abbot's expense; these horses were to be good ones; each able to carry an esquire, and, if need required, a monk's clothes behind him: and for every

chosen for the embellishment of this work.* I ought to add, that, to the left of the ruins, as seen in this view—and at some little distance, upon the most prominent elevation—there is a lighthouse; to warn the midnight mariner against a reef of rocks, that would otherwise dash his vessel into splinters.

I ought not perhaps to quit the soil of this interesting ruin, without apprising the reader that there is a poem called *The Tynemouth Nun*, written by Mr. Robert White, of Otterburn, and dedicated

one of them which happened to die on the journey, the abbot was to allow ten shillings.”

In the year 1379, the Castle of Tynemouth is mentioned as being “a certain fortified and walled place, to resist the malice of the enemies of the kingdom. The site and most of the grounds were granted, in 5 Edw. VI, to John, Duke of Northumberland: and in the reign of Elizabeth, Camden testifies that it gloried in a noble and strong castle.” There is yet, below, a strong sea wall; and above, close to the abbey, are lodging-houses for those who resort thither for sea-bathing: a number by no means inconsiderable. The date of the building, as seen in the annexed view, is probably between 1280 and 1320.

* On entering the NORTH OF ENGLAND, I must here also enter my protest against the generality of views—as seen in engravings—of the castles and monasteries of this region. Whenever the sea is made the fore part of the picture, it is usually made in a most enraged and foaming state—sending up its surf and surges to the very summit of the cliffs—as if to submerge every portion of land; and the *individuality* or the *likeness* of the scene entirely disappears. Hence, all sea-girt castles seem to be as one and the same castle. But a more sober spirit invests Tynemouth Abbey and Castle in Mr. Allom’s truly picturesque view—in the *Northern Tourist*. There is also a large and stiffly detailed view of Tynemouth in Brand’s history—but even since the period of *that* publication, it will be seen how much of the original has fallen away.

to Mrs. Ellis, of Otterburn Hall: printed for the Typographical Society of Newcastle, by Messrs. Hodgson, and published in 1829. It opens thus:—

“ From mountain ridge to forest cave
 The scatter'd flowers of summer smile;
 But dark and heavy rolls the wave
 That sweeps round Tynemouth's cloistered pile.

“ And high above the restless surge
 A lady lists its deepening roar;
 She marks their course the billows urge,
 And ceaseless lash with foam the shore.”

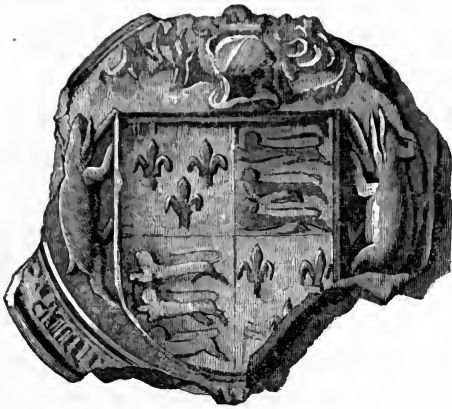
The concluding portion of the author's first note is descriptive and just:—“ From the battlements above the rock the view is delightful. A large extent of country appears on one side, and on the other a seemingly boundless ocean stretches itself farther than the eye can reach. The waves, white with foam, chafe the shore, and their hoarse sound is heard distinctly on the top of the rock. Close to the beholder, the ruins of the PRIORY rise in naked, but venerable, grandeur; and through the pointed arches, and mouldering gaps of the walls, the blue sky appears bright and serene.”—p. 28.

We returned to the Rectory, well pleased with our morning's excursion—which seemed to have introduced me to a new world of human beings, and to have given a foretaste of the *Northumbrian Coast*, flanked by an open and magnificent sea. In the evening we had the gratification of being introduced to Sir Hedworth and Lady Williamson, at a sort of manorial residence, with a good large

quantity of garden and pleasure-ground, and the sea glittering at its extreme boundary. Sir Hedworth, then one of the members for North Durham, is a descendant from an old baronetcy; and by the female line pushes up his ancestry to a considerably remote period. Finding my appetite for antiquarian researches, of almost every description, to be somewhat insatiable, he was so good as to introduce me to his old trunk of *family seals*: in white and red wax. Much amused was Sir Hedworth on witnessing my modified extacies on finding a good large seal or two of the *Edwards*—one, in fine condition, and perhaps of the first Edward; but when I came to examine a warrant of Richard III, then Duke of Gloucester, appointing an ancestor of “mine host,” of the name of *Hudelston*, Deputy-Guardian, or Warden of the West Marches,* with the *Autograph of the Duke*, and a part of the *Seal*, appended—there was no keeping my expressions of joy within moderate bounds: as the

* The appointment of “Guardian of the Marches” was common in these times. A sort of fortified line of coast, against the marauding incursions of moss-troopers, wild Northumbrians, and yet wilder Scots, was constantly maintained, especially during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But some of these wardens or guardians exercised their authorities in the most severe and unrelenting manner. Among them, the names of Eure, Dacre, Howard, and Bowes, are not the least conspicuous for frequent acts of unrelenting barbarity. Of Sir John Hudelston, the maternal ancestor of Sir Hedworth Williamson, I know of nothing to place him in the *black list* of wardens of marches. The deed of his appointment is dated the 20th of February, in the thirteenth year of Edward IV. The parties named in the instrument are seven in

autograph and seal of Richard, at that period, are of most rare occurrence. On holding a consultation with the “learned Thebans” at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, “it was resolved” that such a relic might, with the greatest possible advantage, adorn the pages of this **boke**; and, accordingly, gentle reader, you here (with the permission of its owner) gaze upon this inestimable treasure.



R. Romesford

number, including Sir John Hudelston, Knight. An ancestor of Sir Hedworth, in consequence of an intermarriage of Hudelston and Williamson, owned Millam Castle—and sold it to the Lowther family.

I have observed upon the occasional injustice and severity of the decrees upon which the wardens of marches thought fit to carry the law into effect. Take the following, gentle reader, furnished me by Sir Cuthbert Sharp, from his *Memorials of the Rebellion of 1567-9 in Northumberland*, instigated by the Duke of Norfolk and

Lady Williamson is the second daughter of Lord Ravensworth—a *castellated* peer, residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Gateshead—and sister to the Countess of Mulgrave; who is united to one of the most popular Lord Lieutenants of Ireland which that country ever hailed. I had been prepared, not less for the personal attractions of Lady Williamson than for the pleasantry of her manners, and the surprising extent and sweetness of her voice. Neither my daughter nor myself were in the slightest degree disappointed; but the ready and hearty manner in which her Ladyship complied with every persecuting request — now to sing “*Herz, mein Herz,*” now

the Earl of Westmoreland, in the attempt to marry the Queen of Scots to Norfolk. It is an order from the Earl of Sussex to Sir George Bowes, Warden of the Marches, *to shoot about two hundred* wretched Borderers... with the *exception* mentioned in the notice. And this, emanating from her most gracious Majesty the Queen Elizabeth!! Sir Cuthbert has a lithographized fac-simile of the original: which is written in an almost undecipherable hand:—
 “SIR GEORGE BOWES, I have set the numbers to be execute in every towne under the names of every towne, as I did in your other book, which draweth near to TWO HUNDRED; whereupon you may use your *discretion* in taking more or less in every towne, as you shall see just cause for their offences and fitness for example; ... in the whole you pass not of all kind of such the number of two hundred, amongst which you may *not* execute any that hath *frehold*, or are *noted wealthy*: for [such] is the Quenes Majesty’s pleasure, by her special commandment.”

TS Sussex

“*Che questa O lascia,*” or a *Jacobite* air—was more winning, if possible, than the facile and liquid notes of her very powerful voice. There is a richly trilling sparkling quality about those notes, which, since the out-of-door nightingale had at that time taken her departure, might have justified, in the spirit of chivalry, the application of the words of Carew to the accomplished Songstress . . .

“ Tell me no more whither doth haste,
The nightingale, when June is past ;—
For in YOUR sweet-divided throat
She winters, and makes warm her note.”

But this amiable and excellent Lady hath qualities of a more durable and precious texture, which have secured to her the affection and respect of all who come within the circle of her tried acquaintance. As wife, mother, sister, and friend, she may—and I hope and believe does—on examining her own heart, find it respond to every question which the most searching conscience can apply. If this be warm praise, it is unpurchased and unexpected praise. The generally fixed residence of such a family as that of Sir Hedworth and Lady Williamson—united to the incessant cares and attentions of such a Rector and Rectoress—is, in truth, a very GOD-SEND to the inhabitants of the village.

Everything that kindness and hospitality could suggest and urge, to win us to a longer stay, were put into force on the part of our amiable host and hostess ; but the second fear of a *Capua** precipitated

* See page 41.

my departure ; for the days were beginning to shorten, and the *Border-Country* might be said to have been hardly entered. My friends, the Collinsons, of Gateshead, pressed my visit to that place, while an opportunity served to carry it into effect. The family had taken a cottage-residence in this very pretty, and rather picturesque, village of Whitburn ; and the Gateshead rectory—almost denuded of furniture, on a contemplated removal—was at my entire service for a week. The Rector was there to receive me, and had bespoken a party of *savans* from the Newcastle *élite*, to give me the meeting, over a mahogany table calculated to hold twelve : a somewhat awful prospect ! Several of these *savans* had been old acquaintances in the way of correspondents.

Bidding the Whitburnians a hearty adieu—and leaving my daughter behind for a prolonged visit of five days—my friend's carriage quickly took me to GATESHEAD ; a distance of some seven miles. I was now in *the land of BEWICK* : for at Gateshead, Bewick, the father of modern wood-engravers, was born. Of all localities, Gateshead is one of the most marvellously striking. Upwards of 15,000 inhabitants, like ants upon a mole-hill, are upon the constant ascent and descent—for a part of this sooty territory is exceedingly precipitous, even for foot-passengers. In my sallies every day across the Tyne, into Newcastle, I had abundant reason to be thankful that my lungs seemed to serve me as lustily and faithfully as in my earlier manhood. The spirit of speculation—which now appears to assume its most

attractive form, in that of a *railway*—had here devoted the site of my friend's rectory, (of which a part is at least of the time of Charles, or even James I) and the garden and field behind, to be occupied by its line of demarcation; and this was the expiring period of its retention by the rector. My friend had good reason to be rather pleased than dissatisfied at the meditated change; and it was quite clear, when discoursing upon it, that his countenance was mantled over with a serene and approving smile. There was good cause for it: for, in its present position, the Rectory is elbowed by a smelting house, and belted by manufactories of which the smoke is constantly "dimming the day." Its position is elevated; but it must be remembered that, when built, no neighbouring chimneys were vomiting forth their cloudy incense. The sky was blue: the breeze was fresh and sweet. *Now*, all the way from Gateshead to South Shields—in a line by the side of the River Tyne—there is such a grenadier rank and file of chimneys, as can hardly be eclipsed in the most desperately manufacturing district.

My reception at Gateshead Rectory was as frank and cordial as could have been anticipated. Twenty-five years of bygone life were called up to pass, as shadows, before the Rector and myself; and how many, on such a review, had fallen on our right hand and our left! For *Himself*, he had been a splendid, and almost *miraculous*, exception to the general lot of mortality: for in the dreadful visitation of the *Cholera* here, about four years ago, my friend may be said to have "stood between the dead

and the living," before "the plague was stayed." He neither shunned nor courted danger. Foremost in the administration of succour, of every kind, he yet remembered that he had those at home who claimed a deeper attention, and exacted a more intense sympathy. Never did the clergyman of a parish, and the father of a family, perform his duties with more incessant zeal, and with more signal success. God was with him.

But the bell rings — and "Mr. Adamson" is announced: anon, comes Mr. Trotter Brocket, and "hard upon" follows Mr. Charnley—all "good men, and true," in their respective vocations: all doating upon coins, antiquities, and books, with an equal devotion. But as these WORTHIES are destined to play a principal part in my next chapter, I shall here, after moderate potations of the Rector's highly-flavoured *Roree*, suffer them to depart to their respective homes in peace. Some five or six other gentlemen were invited; and though the heavens were darkened, and the rain was fast descending during the whole symposium, it seems to hang upon my memory as if this had been, in all respects, a day of *sunny* joyaunce.*

* If I mistake not, it was either on the first or second time of my meeting Mr. Charnley, at one of the Newcastle dinner-tables, that we were conversing about Allan Ramsay and De Foe, as having met in these regions. De Foe once came down for some electioneering purpose, but what, or whether, he *wrote* upon the occasion, is unknown. Mr. Charnley told us that Allan Ramsay was a great crony of Martin Bryson, a bookseller of respectability and worth, living on Newcastle Bridge:—to whom his father had been bound

The next morning, at my urgent solicitation, the Rector took me to pay my respects to the *Bewick family*; living in a comfortable house, in a retired and airy street, at the distance of some three hundred yards.* Of the family of this most extraordinary

apprentice. Ramsay, who loved his innocent jokes, once addressed a letter to Bryson, with the following superscription:

" To Mr. Bryson, on Tyne Brigg,
An upright, downright, honest Whig."

The anecdote is recorded in Sykes; vol. i. p. 224.

* The house occupied by the BEWICK FAMILY is in the immediate vicinity of the old mill, upon the Windmill-Hill of Gateshead: and, till encroached upon by the rage for building, had a pleasant view in the front of it. Miss Bewick spoke of her father with the most naturally united feelings of affection and reverence. Slander had been busy in whispering down what might be called the more serious and elevated views of her parent; but she assured me that no man "looked through nature up to nature's God" more fervently and more devoutly than her father. The tearful eye, and the tremulous tongue, gave proof of the sincerity of the daughter's conviction. I had only to speak of the *artist*: she of the parent. I desired to know nothing, and I believed nothing, of the failings of the *man*. The BIOGRAPHY of Bewick belongs not to this work: only it may be permitted me to say of him, as furnished by a printed "brief memoir," that "Mr. Bewick's personal appearance was rustic. He was tall and powerfully formed, a quality he was fond of displaying in his prime. His manners were somewhat rustic, too, but he was shrewd, and disdained to ape the *gentleman*. His countenance was open and expressive, with a capacious forehead, strongly indicating intellect—his dark eyes beamed with the fire of genius. He was a man of strong passions—strong in his affections, and strong in his dislikes. The latter sometimes exposed him to the charge of illiberality, but the former and kinder feeling greatly predominated. True, he was, as most men are, jealous of his fame, and had not much affection for rival artists, but *they seldom* crossed his path, or caused him much uneasiness. His resentment, when

artist, Thomas Bewick, I saw one son and two daughters; with one of the latter of whom I entered into a long and very interesting conversation. The portrait of her father (of which engravings are

once excited, was not easily allayed; but there was much warmth in his friendship. Strictly honourable was he in his dealings; and to his friends there never was a more sincere or a kinder-hearted man than THOMAS BEWICK."

Such are the materials furnished by the "memoir" alluded to—but it must be mentioned that the family are in possession of an AUTOGRAPH MEMOIR of this singular man, "written with great naïveté, and full of anecdote." The strong feature of Bewick's mind, or rather pencil, was *originality*. Certainly there are too many *coarse* evidences of this originality; but taking his talent of invention, or of copying nature, as it appears in his vignettes, or tail pieces, surely there is nothing more beautiful or more interesting to be seen! In the clouds—in the sky—upon earth—and upon water—he is equally happy. Active or passive matter, it is all the same to him. Grave or grotesque, his pencil embodies every requisite quality. Youth, age—the pathetic, or the humorous—our Bewick touches off the whole to the life. To particularize, would be to fill pages. Within the compass of a couple of inches, he sometimes gives you a sweet little winning picture, from which you cannot withdraw your eyes till the servant has three times told you that "dinner is waiting on the table." Of the higher powers of his art the next note may develop something. Bewick's autograph and "mark" were thus. The smudge designates the top of his thumb:

Thomas Bewick

his  *mark*

every where, in almost every form and size) by Good, was hanging over the fire-place; full of character; but, as it seemed to me, of too severe individuality. Miss Bewick was as intelligent as courteous; and within twenty minutes she displayed to me all the mysteries of her father's craft: his unfinished and finished blocks; together with the variety and forms of his tools. His mode of working was made perfectly intelligible to me; and from all these collected evidences, together with the imperishable works which have issued from his hands,* I was deeply struck with the attainments of the deceased. His BIRDS are his master-piece; and for an obvious reason. The BEASTS display as much cleverness and knowledge of art, but the animal

* As early as 1775, Bewick gained the premium for the best specimen of wood-engraving, offered by the Society of Arts. In 1790 appeared his *Quadrupeds*. In 1795 he furnished the late Mr. Bulmer with his celebrated cuts for illustrating Parnell, Somerville, and Goldsmith. In 1797 appeared the first volume of his BRITISH BIRDS: in 1804, the second volume: and in 1818 appeared the last of his published work, the *Fables*. The author died in 1828, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His house of business, or workshop, which I passed more than once during my stay at Gateshead, was in an unostentatious corner, along a passage close to St. Nicholas' Church. The projecting board, with his name upon it, now faded, strikes the sentimentalist with no ordinary emotion. I have already said that "his BIRDS are his master-piece." There can be no doubt of it. It is the *feather* of the original transferred to *paper*. What Mr. Waterton (see page 149, ante) does with the *dead* animal itself, Bewick does with the *copied* animal. The exquisite and sometimes almost tremulous softness of the plumage of the original, is witnessed in his exquisite copies. You almost see the bird *shake* his plumage. These interesting objects, accompanied by the

itself is not so favourable for the development of the peculiar charm of wood-cutting. His FISHES are yet in embryo; but the artist has left specimens enough behind him to encourage any spirited bookseller (why does the enterprise of Mr. Charnley sleep?) to undertake its publication.* I should not be surprised, if the lack of spirit manifested in this country, induced some shrewd American bookseller to announce to the world that the *Fishes of Bewick* had become *his* property. May every success attend it. The Northumbrians are justly proud of the name of this great artist; and his marble bust, with the exact representation of his upper habiliments, is placed in the great public room, or Library, of

vignettes, won for this work a reputation which was quickly extended all over Europe. Edition upon edition has succeeded, and will continue to succeed—as long as a love of nature, and an appreciation of correct taste, animates the head and heart of man. The late Dr. Jenner, whose ornithological reputation was only eclipsed by his celebrity as a vaccinator, has often and often expatiated, in my presence, upon the beauty and fidelity of Bewick's tools.

* Miss Bewick was so obliging as to furnish me with the following list of the woodcuts of what this work upon fishes contained: namely, fourteen entire fishes, upon wood: seventy vignettes, chiefly of fishing scenes: about forty drawings of fish—with a few descriptions and memoranda: thirty-five sketches of vignettes: with a few slighter. Let me rationally, as well as fondly, hope, that materials like THESE will not be long upon the hands of the family without finding a purchaser. Do I not discern the hand of *Bewick* in all the wood-cuts which adorn "*A Collection of Right Merrie Garlands for North Country Anglers*;" published by Mr. Charnley, at Newcastle, in 1836, 12mo.? *The Angler's Progress* is the first in this collection. I shall revert to this beautiful little book in my account of Warkworth Castle.

Newcastle. Mr. Adamson observed to me, that it was “the man *ad vivum*.” Mr. Charnley was quite sure that he was about to *speak*—and to make some proposal for a “new edition of his BIRDS.”—“But why don’t you think of his *Fishes*, good Mr. Charnley?”—“Much, Sir, must depend upon the quantity of *sauce* that will be required with them.” It seemed to me that Mr. Adamson betrayed something like a half-suppressed sigh at not having “let off” this pun—good or bad as it may be.

And here be it allowed me to make honourable mention of another *Gateshead Genius*, of a somewhat different complexion;—of one, who, pursuing an honourable profession (that of a surveyor) with activity and distinction, yet contrives to find time for the collection of some of the most singular and amusing tracts—in the character of ballads, broadsides, fly-tails, stitched, and bound, treatises—especially in illustration of *Gateshead* and *Newcastle*. Whatever happens of notoriety sufficient to furnish a printed record, is sure to have a place in the second-story of Mr. JOHN BELL’S house, at Gateshead. Concerts, plays, *ridottos*, masquerades, jack-o’-th’-greens; Maid Marians, wrestling, bull-fighting; hanging, drowning, stabbing, shooting;—every feature attending the congregation and legislation of human beings—is sure to be reflected upon the book-shelves of Mr. Bell. His “last dying speeches and confessions” would have made the late Tom Warton, or John Brand, half crazed. He shewed me one of these, which I may not easily forget. It was a short life of the murderer, and one leaf consisted of a

piece of his FLESH after execution. Here was ILLUSTRATION with a vengeance! Seeing me turn deadly pale, Mr. Bell was so kind as to call my attention to more diverting objects; and almost *loaded* me with a few "right merrie conceits," in verse and in prose, which I carried away, in more than ordinary triumph, for home-importation. Unimportant as such acquisitions may at first sight appear, yet many of them are essential to the laborious topographer; and Mr. Bell is yet the historian of the "*Lower Empire*" of the North.

Why have I so long tarried in not describing THE CHURCH? You cross the road from the Rectory, and are in the immediate precincts of the church-yard. What a spot! There seems to have been some preternatural heaving of the earth, just before your arrival; for almost every other gravestone is tumbled upon its neighbour. It is a Bay of Biscay of the dead. Not a smooth surface of nine feet square in the whole church-yard: or, peradventure, a mole of the *Kraken* dimensions has been at work, upturning both tombstone and sod. But in the midst of all this sepulchral chaos, I could not help being struck with the excessive cleverness manifested by the stonemason, in cutting out the inscriptions. In no church-yard have I seen such letters:—so truly formed, so dexterously cut. The artist should take out a patent; or become "Stone-cutter to Her Majesty." At my request, he copied out for me the inscriptions upon two tombstones; of which the simple stupidity of the one is only equalled by the conceited grotesqueness of the other. The reader

will find them in the subjoined note.* But he is introduced, in the text, to an inscription of a perfectly farcical nature—which is meant to adorn a tombstone in the church-yard, remarkable for its clumsy ponderosity, and ungainly staring effect of brick below, and stone above. The body, over which this tomb lies yet more “heavily” than Vanburgh could have designed it, was that of one Robert Trollop, (architect of the Town-hall in Newcastle) descended from a line of stonemasons ; who prepared

* As confirmative of the *first* species of tomb-stone-anility or bathos, read what follows:—

“ O Dearest Walter
 Now here doth Lye
 A Just Man lived
 and so thou died.
 J thy true Virtues
 well did know
 To all Mankind
 to none a foe.
 Whare I in this world
 Like some men great
 Thy name should Stand
 in many a sheet.”

As confirmative of the *second* species, above designated, smile, gentle reader, at what is here submitted to your perusal : A. D. 1632.

“ READER, IN THAT PEACE OF EARTH
 IN PEACE RESTS THOMAS ARROWSMITH
 IN PEACE HE LIVD IN PEACE WENT HENCE
 WITH GOD AND MEN AND CONSCIENCE :
 PEACE FOR OTHER MEN HEE SOVGH
 AND PEACE WITH PIECES SOMETIME BOVGH
 PACIFICI MAY OTHERS BEE
 BVT EX PACE FACTVS HEE.
 PEACE READER THEN DOE NOT MOLEST
 THAT PEACE WHEREOF HEEES NOW POSSEST
 THE GOD OF PEACE FOR HIM IN STORE
 HATH IOY AND PEACE FOR EVERMORE.
 PANCIT PLANCIT
 ET
 AMORE DOLORE
 ROBERTVS ARROWSMITH.”

it during his life. Mr. Surtees tells us, that, according to tradition, there stood the figure of this Robert Trollop, with his arm raised, pointing towards the Town-hall of Newcastle, with these original lines subjoined:—

“ Here lies Robert Trowlup,
 Who made yon stones roll up;
 When death took his soul up,
 His body filled this hole up.”

It should seem, from Surtees, that our Trollop had “struck off into the line of trunk-making, with good success.” *Hist. Durham*: vol. ii. p. 120.

The interior of this church, (which is said to be rich in plate) exhibits the rare and genial display of old wainscot pews, of the time of Charles II, not demolished, or even invaded, by the hammers and mattocks of a later generation. It is altogether in excellent keeping. I did duty in the morning, and read prayers in the afternoon, to a charity sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Shadwell, a son of the Vice-Chancellor. The sermon would necessarily be orthodox. The collection, counted out by candle-light, was very creditable, and not the less so for the quantity of *copper* which it contained.

The great corporate feature of Gateshead is its HOSPITAL OF ST. EDMUND; remodelled for a master and three poor brethren, by James I. Such was its original number at the foundation, which Surtees carries up to the year 1200, at the latest. The first master appointed by King James, was James Hutton; who is represented in the old seal, with the “three poor brethren,” as *prefixed to this chapter*. The

old chapel, of the thirteenth century, of which a plate is given by Surtees, is now again converted into a temple of divine worship.* The master's house, once hard by, has quite vanished. The Rector of the place is always the master of the hospital; and the greater source of his income arises from this quarter.† Mr. Collinson was appointed to the living, and of course to the mastership, by the late Bishop Barrington; in 1810. Among the "poor brethren," or hospitallers, none acquired such celebrity as the late Thomas Gustard, who died in 1828. This extraordinary man attained the age of *one hundred and three years*; and when in his hundred and first year, he appeared as a witness in a trial of great importance, to establish a right of way in the vicinity of Gateshead; speaking to a fact of upwards of ninety years occurrence.‡ My worthy friend the Rector was necessarily as forward as proud to pet this relic of "the olden time"—especially as his meekness of manners, and apparent suavity of disposition, rendered him scarcely less interesting than his longevity. He dined at the Rectory every Sunday; and on being asked "what more could be

* The well-known, and as well BELOVED as KNOWN, Mrs. LAWRENCE, of Fountaine's Abbey, contributed, in her usually liberal manner, towards the accomplishment of this object.

† It should, however, be here noticed, that, according to an act of Parliament obtained in 1811, the Bishop of Durham, in consonance therewith, issued a set of statutes, by which, amongst other regulations, *ten younger brethren* were added to the three ancient ones. The income of this hospital arises from lands and mines.

‡ I obtained this intelligence from His Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

done for him?" replied, that he only desired to "depart in peace." On Mr. Collinson shewing me a faithful portrait of him, it seemed to be irresistible not to multiply *copies* of so benign and so venerable a physiognomy. He was in his hundred and second year when it was taken. The profusion of grey locks is remarkable.



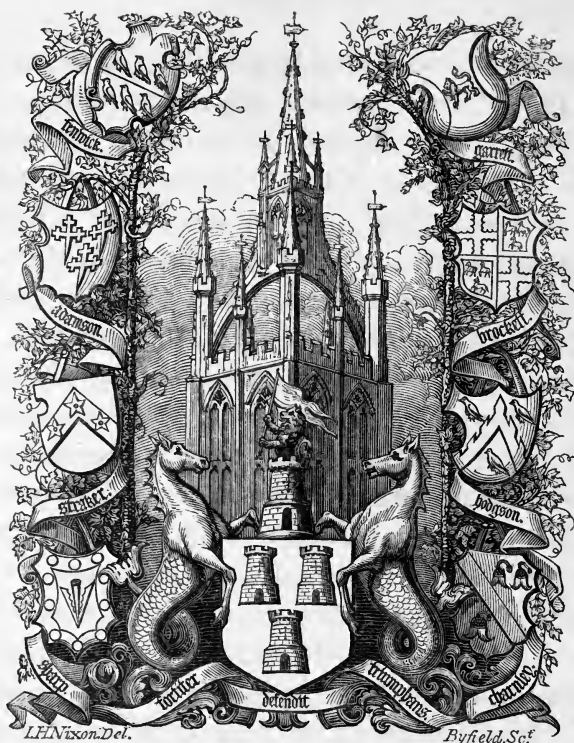
I had known sufficient of Lady Williamson, at Whitburn, to make me desirous of carrying a wish expressed by her into effect,—that I should see her father's mansion, or *Ravenworth Castle*, before I quitted the vicinity of Gateshead. The late Mr.

Nash, of justly great architectural celebrity, had been the planner and prime settler of what may be called the castellated elements—from which it were difficult to recede. The Hon. Thomas Liddell, Lady Williamson's brother, had been the *later* architect—and will be the *future* one for its completion. It could scarcely be in better hands. Mr. Hanbury Tracy and Mr. Thomas Liddell encourage the hope, if they do not confirm the belief, that the race of the BURLINGTONS will not be suffered to expire. A cousin of mine host, of the same christian and surname with his own, and an acquaintance of Lord Ravensworth, conducted me to the castle. Its site is sheltered rather than commanding. I would protest against the ponderosity of the macchiolating or overhanging parts of the battlements: but the façade and the greenward terrace (upon which I would have a French garden, with a marble *jet-d'eau*, or two) rivet you with admiration to the spot. Scarcely more than a third of the projected building is carried into effect; which is mainly attributable, as I understood, to that dreadful scourge, which, passing over the rest of Europe, settles and concentrates in England, under the awful name and character of a . . . CONTESTED ELECTION. You enter, and look around you. The dining-room is elaborately adorned: perhaps the ceiling is rather characteristic of a chapel than a banquetting room. The chimney-piece and the sideboard are above all praise: but why is the finest as well as largest Snyders, perhaps, in this kingdom, (a hunting-piece) suffered to have *no gilt* upon the dark frame which surrounds it? As it is, it looks

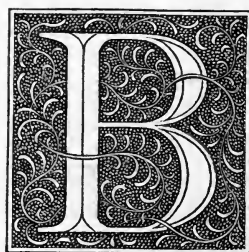
like four black, protruding, and inharmonious stripes. When *gilded*, it will set the room in a blaze... of splendour. The drawing-room, which introduces us to some exceedingly clever specimens of Lady Ravensworth's oil painting, in landscape subjects, has the air of united elegance and comfort: all the rooms looking upon the same refreshing greensward-terrace, flanked to the right by a hanging wood.

I should call the LIBRARY, looking into a conservatory—opposite to the entrance—the finest of the three rooms here described. Perhaps it stands in need of a little more light? In the bay-window, to the left, are three beautiful busts, in white marble, of three of Lady Williamson's sisters. It is impossible to gaze upon female countenances more indicative of sweetness of disposition and goodness of heart—setting beauty aside. The books may amount to five thousand in number: of useful and elegant publications. Three small folios, bound in red velvet, soon caught my attention; an attention, yet more secured on finding them to be a Chronicle, written on white vellum, in a sort of cursive Gothic—which however could hardly be said to approach calligraphy. The time of the scription may be three hundred years ago. I much desiderated a facsimile of one of the initial letters; but repeated *contretems* frustrated its execution. A very fine portrait—among the last—of George IV, by Lawrence, is over the fire-place. Mr. Collinson, who was my cicerone, (in the absence of every branch of the family) and who knew all the little mysterious egresses and ingresses of the castle, was so obliging as to walk

me round the contiguous grounds : and taking me into the kitchen-garden, introduced me to the greatest quantity of *glass*, in the form of forcing-houses, which, since visiting Chiswick, I remember to have seen. The head gardener was civil and intelligent ; apparently enjoying amazingly the commendatory language bestowed upon the objects beneath his care. The whole of the grounds, and the garden in particular, gave you the notion of everything which could dispense joy, and gladness, and comfort, within the circle of its noble owner and welcomed guests. There was much, doubtless, to denote an incipient state both of architectural splendour and horticultural luxuriance ; but a tasteful tact, and a generous feeling, were discernible on all sides. At present, Ravensworth Castle is a lion *couchant* : within fifteen years it will be *passant* : within fifty, *rampant* ! Its roar will re-echo through the neighbouring woods, and along the river, even to the Abbey of Hexham : yet it will be the roar of anything but of *terror*. The labourer shall rejoice in the sound, and the poor shall hail it as the “ bidding-bell ” to sympathy and nourishment.



NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.



OLD will be that experiment which shall venture (as I am compelled to venture) upon a compressed description of the varied wonders and rising glories of this most remarkable town. Europe, I believe, presents nothing which resembles it in locality, influence, and wealth. Of course, I speak in reference to its boundaries and

population. For its size, I should consider it without a rival.

Its identity is singular. A broad and rapid river, the TYNE—over which a strong stone bridge connects it with Gateshead—runs from west to east ; constantly covered, to the east of the bridge, with shipping of almost every description, and from almost every quarter of the globe. Upon the breast of this river, not fewer than *fifteen thousand vessels*—some of four hundred tons burden, comprising a tonnage of *two hundred and fourteen thousand tons*—are known, in the *last year*, to have taken their departures : a result, that immediately assigns to Newcastle the rank of the SECOND PORT in the kingdom. Here is a basis upon which to build piles of golden treasures. Hence may be anticipated the dense population, the bustling mart, the very soul of a commercial spirit, in all its enterprising varieties. By means of the steam-boat and the railway, the traveller transports himself, within four hours, from the *German Ocean* to the *Irish Channel* : the hypotenuse of a triangle, of which the mastering of the two sides might sometimes occupy as many days.* Instead, therefore, of beating against the rough

* The traveller will put himself on board a steamer at North or South Shields—which thrust their extreme shores into the German Ocean—and within an hour he arrives at Newcastle ; from whence the railroad whisks him to Carlisle within two hours and a half. The Irish Channel may be reached within another hour. Let the same traveller throw his eye upon the map, and see what a frightful *circumbendibus* is saved by this hypotenuse!—and then, as in duty bound, let him toast Messrs. JOHN CLAYTON and JOHN ADAMSON ... the presiding *Genii* of the railroad !

waves of the Northumbrian coast, and contending with the difficulties of a yet more northern sea, the fortunate traveller moves on rapidly, smoothly, and safely—in a strait line—to the ultimate, and per-adventure happy, object of his visitation. Nor is this the whole of the comforts and conveniences deducible from an aqueous source. The *Salmon*, both in its pure and preserved state, is not less a little mine of wealth, than a cause of general boasting, to the Newcastle sojourner; who, on reading the motto beneath the old arms of the town, exults in the emphatic distinction given to his beloved "*Salmo*."*

* Beneath the arms of the town—as seen at the bottom of the head-piece of this chapter—is the following inscription:—

“FORTITER DEFENDIT TRIUMPHANS.

Portus, Castrum, Carbo, SALMO, Salina, Molaris, Murus, PONS, Templum, Schola, sunt Novi gloria Castri.”

Of the SALMON FISHERY of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a pleasing little volume might be compiled, replete with Waltonian anecdote and detail. The late Mr. John Sykes, in that most interesting of all topographical journals, the *Local Records* of the North, has here and there scattered a few curious particulars connected with this pleasing subject. The *number* and *size* of the fish are the two leading points. Many a single draught, or haul, has produced two hundred and fifty salmon; and there are two recorded facts of three hundred being taken in one draught. In one *day*, June 12th, 1755, not fewer than 2,400 salmon were taken in the Tyne, and sold at a penny and penny-farthing per pound: and again, on June 20th, 1758, upwards of 2,000 were taken in the same river. And we farther learn, that once, at the Berwick market, not fewer than 10,000 salmon were sold on one day. So says Mackenzie, p. 744 of his *History of Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, 1827, 4to.; who, after telling us that THIS salmon “is the finest of the species,” adds a curious fact, that, owing to the nausea arising from its extraordinary abun-

This for the WATER. For the LAND—for the site of the town—it teems with marvels, downwardly and upwardly. Not less than a length of *two hundred and fifty miles* is marked by its COAL MINES, or *Collieries*, worked along the course of the River Tyne. Invisible to the eye, and unanticipated by anything seen above, this WORLD OF WONDERS below, continues to furnish its stores for the almost endless varieties of human life, and comforts of civilized society.* A region of compa-

dance, “the apprentices covenanted to be fed with it *only twice a week*.” What might have been the appetites or the tastes of these “apprentices,” I know not; but from York to Dumfries the salmon was almost the daily luxury of my table—and upon very reasonable terms.

Of the *size* of the fish, Sykes says, that on May 29th, 1760, one salmon, weighing *fifty-four* pounds, and measuring four feet four inches long, by thirty-three inches in girth, was sold at Newcastle Market for ELEVEN SHILLINGS. But four years afterwards, a yet more lengthened monster was found, at Newburn, (a great spot on the Tyne for successful salmon-fishery) measuring five feet and a half in length, by twenty-eight inches round, and weighing fifty-four pounds. The late Sir Humphrey Davy, or the living Mr. Professor Wilson, would inevitably be electrified at the capture of such a monster:—enough to call up the quiet spirit of Isaac Walton from his osier bed of interment! Yet see how cruelly art is opposed to nature. The more recent chronicler of the town (Mackenzie) tells us, that these golden days of SALMONIA are about to be overcast by black clouds. “The *deterioration* of the fisheries is ascribed to the *lock* at Bywell and Winlton mills, which prevent the salmon from pushing up the shallow streams in the breeding seasons; and also to the increased *craft upon the river*, and the deleterious mixtures which are carried into the stream from the *lead mines* and *various manufactories* on the banks of the river.”—p. 744.

* Of the number of CHALDRONS of coals—*coastwise* and *over-sea*—shipped from Newcastle in the year 1836, I learn from un-

rative darkness in itself, it is the source of light, and comfort, and nourishment, to millions of human beings. . . It is not less the heart's blood of the town, than the cradle of the British navy. Were these shafts, or subterraneous passages, to cease to yield their produce, the sailor must seek to learn the nautical art from other quarters; and the ready dexterity and bold daring which have been acquired from repeated passages to this capital of the English North, must no longer be calculated upon in the needful moment of battle with a disciplined foe. It might be difficult to predict the ruinous consequences to the nation at large, if this HEART OF THE NORTH ceased to beat. Not fewer than *twenty-five thousand*—out of a population of *fifty-three thousand*, of which the town consists—are engaged in the excavation of coals. To stimulate, cheer, and strengthen these laborious occupants of the lower regions, they not only fondly think, but largely partake, of the luxuries of their far-famed BEER !*

questionable authority, that, of the former, there were 858,403 chaldrons—each chaldron weighing 53 cwt.—and not 28 cwt. as the London chaldron does. Of the latter, or *over-sea* shipments, there were 134,357 chaldrons:—forming almost, in round numbers, a MILLION of CHALDRONS of coals from Newcastle. A capital of TWO MILLIONS is invested in this gigantic branch of commerce. The increase, *over-sea*, within only the last two years, has been nearly *doubled*.

* It must be quite evident that COAL and BEER will form the staple commodities of this present note. But before we descend to dull prose, let us avail ourselves of the flights of poetry—not certainly of the very loftiest description. In that curious little volume called "*Chorographia, or a Survey of Newcastle-upon-Tyne*," first

The foregoing topics may satisfy the mere *Statist*; but the Antiquary, on treading the soil of Newcastle and of its vicinity, hails it as the focus of all that is most interesting, as well as extensive, in ROMAN RELICS. The names of Hadrian and Severus come

published in 1649, and judiciously reprinted among the tracts of the Typographical Society of Newcastle, one "John Johnstone," out of the Poems of the Cities of Britain, thus describes

NEWCASTLE.

"Seated upon high rock, she sees Dame Nature's wonders strange,
Or else to others, wittily, doth vend them for exchange;
In vain why seek you fire from heaven, to serve your turn,
The ground here either keeps it close, or quickly makes it burn.
Nor that which folk with stony flash, or whirlwind grim affrights,
But giveth life to earthly things, and minds to living wights;
This melteth iron, brasse, and gould, so pliable and soft,
What mind th' allecive shade of gould, stirs not, nor sets aloft.
Nay more than so, men say it doth, dull metals change to gold,
To say therefore it is a God, our Alchymists are bold.
If God he be as thou giv'st out (great Master) of thy word,
How many GODS then doth THIS PLACE, and Scotland eke afford?"

No bad prelude to a notice of the Coal Trade. It seems clear that there is no authentic account of this trade before the reign of Henry III. In December 1239, that monarch granted the first charter to Newcastle, "to dig coals and stones in the common soil of that town, without the walls thereof, in a place called the Castle Field and the Forth." Here the first Newcastle coals were obtained; and within forty years afterwards, the trade had increased so much, as to double the worth of the town; and in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a duty of fourpence per chaldron upon coals produced £10,000 per annum: a mighty and unanticipated increase. The first exported coals to London from Newcastle was in the year 1357, in the reign of Edward III; and it may be here briefly stated, that, during this reign, Newcastle sent *seventeen* ships to assist Edward at the siege of Calais—while York sent only *one*.

In 1648, the poor were dying in London for want of coals; and at this juncture, Sir Arthur Hasilrigge (one of Cromwell's cronies as well as cousins), who was Governor of Newcastle, laid a tax of four shillings per chaldron upon them, which produced, according to

to his instant recollection ; and the yet traceable ruins of the great stone wall of the latter emperor—extending some seventy miles from east to west—and once running across the very site upon which the Tower is built—furnish food for investigation and

Walker, £50,000 per annum. This tax was afterwards set aside by the House of Commons. About this time, as I gather from Mackenzie, there was a colliery on the Town Moor, which embraced one hundred acres beneath the superficies, and which was valued to the town at £35. For this identical colliery, twelve years ago, C. J. Brandling, Esq. paid an annual rent of £500. Just at this period appears to have begun the spirit of *speculation in the Coal Trade*. The adventurer had only to put his spade in the adjacent soil—within a dozen of miles of the town—and the *black diamond* made its appearance in exhaustless quantities. All the world has heard of the *Walls End* coal : but all the world does not know what this designation implies. It means simply this. At the *end* of the great *Roman Wall* (of which by-and-by)—about three miles below Newcastle, to the east—some fortunate proprietor or proprietors, not very many years ago, found a remarkably fine vein of coal . . . which bore down all competition . . . and which seemed as inexhaustible in quantity as unrivalled in quality. Demands, of great extent, came from all quarters—and I learnt, while at Gateshead, that it was only just now *exhausted*:—but another vein, in a contiguous quarter, promises to be equally excellent and equally abundant.

I have spoken of the “spirit of speculation in the Coal Trade,” which obtained in the middle of the seventeenth century. Hear what the author of the *Chorographia* says upon this subject—an extract, copied by me before I saw it embodied in Brand’s very copious and intelligent pages upon the Coal Trade : p. 241.—“Some *SOUTH* gentlemen have, upon great hope of benefit, come into this country to *hazard their moneys* in coale pits. Master Beaumont, a gentleman of great ingenuity and rare parts, adventured into our mines with his thirty thousand pounds, who brought with him many rare engines, not known then in these parts ; as the art to borre with iron rodde to try the *deepnesse* and *thicknesse* of the coale ; rare engines to draw water out of pits ; waggons with one horse to

reflection of a little more refined nature than what may be deducible from coal, salmon, and beer. The Antiquary bethinks him, at the same time, of the

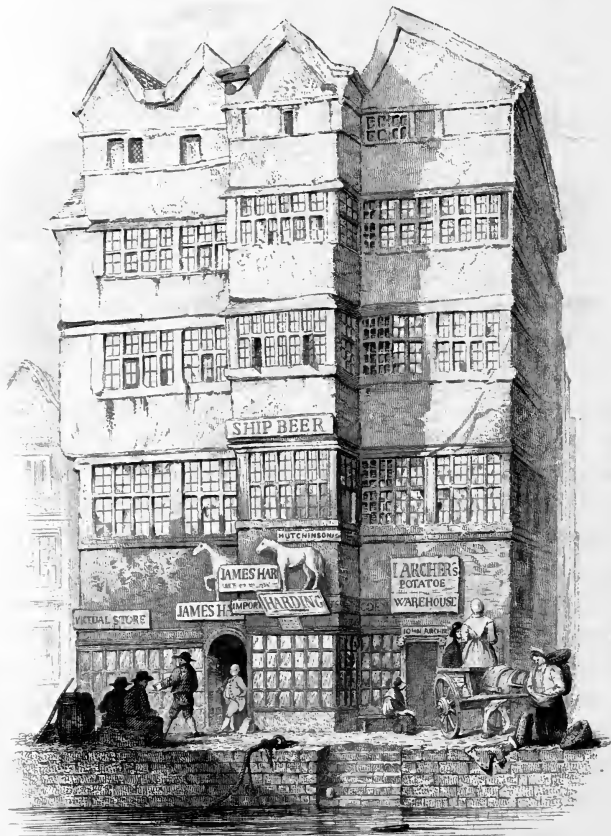
carry down coales from the pits to the stathes, to the river, &c. Within few years he consumed *all his money*, and rode home upon his *light horse*. Some *Londoners* of late hath disbursed their monies for the reversion of a *lease of a colliery*, about thirty yeares to come of the lease. When they come to crack their *nuts*, they find nothing but the *shells*. Nuts will not keep thirty yeares: there's a swarm of worms under ground, that will eate up all before their time: they may find some meteors, *ignus fatuuses*, instead of a *mine*."—*Reprint*, p. 35.

The pages of Sykes record a great number of instances of the joyous merriment and generous festivity attendant on discoveries of fresh veins of carbonaceous ore, and first shipments of their produce, in all quarters of Northumberland. Salvo shots, flourishes of trumpets, dinners, balls, processions, speeches, and all the *colle-tanea* attendant on public occasions of rejoicing. As many as four hundred ladies and gentlemen have graced the ball-room at North Shields. All this is in the best possible taste. Spend freely when you gain freely.

But we must not forget our POT OF PORTER...overfoaming with its cap of snow. A world of intelligence is compressed in the record of a single fact. In 1825-6, the total duty arising from one year's consumption of beer in Newcastle, was £43,000. Alas! there seems to have been a deterioration in the quality of this seductive article: for in 1790 "all *old beer* was drank, and none tapped under twelve months old." In 1800 it was generally a *half and half* concern. In 1824, the *venerable* character of the beverage was cruelly merged, if not destroyed, in "one quarter old, and three quarters mild," except in the case of porters carrying corn, &c. upon the quay, who drink it ALL old—"to preserve their wind," as they say. See *Mackenzie*, p. 717. I learn from good authority, that there are now brewed in Newcastle, annually, 30,000 barrels of strong, and 18,000 barrels of small, beer:—consuming about 19,000 quarters of malt. One of the grand *carousing places* for the consumption of beer, was at the "OLD SHIP," on the quay, near the

pages of his beloved HORSLEY; wherein not fewer than thirty-six copper-plates are devoted to an illustration of the Roman antiquities found in *Northumberland*.

bridge...now no longer *visible*—but in these pages. The etching by Mr. Richardson, from which the following has been exquisitely reduced by Mr. William Douglas, of Edinburgh, has great character.

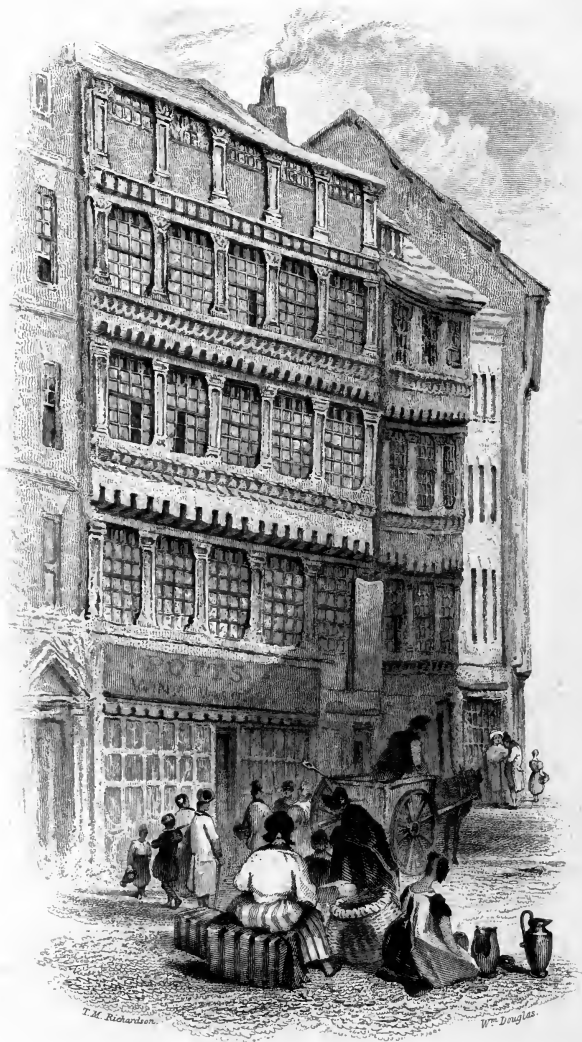


W. Richardson

W. Douglas

We return to objects less remote, and scarcely less interesting in the contemplation. We are now walking the streets of Newcastle—and what wonders meet the eye! First, in regard to the site, and secondly as to what that site encloses. From beginning to end, it is nearly all undulating; and in some places nearly precipitous. How cheering to the eye of the ardent and picturesque-loving inhabitant! But see, what is built upon this uneven ground? What grotesque tenements and cumbrous houses, in all the overhanging glories of the Elizabethan period!* Take a specimen of one of these houses, upon the *Sandhill*—in the row which faces you, turning a little to the right, immediately after entering the town from the bridge. It is the more remarkable, as it is said that Lord Eldon ran away with Lady Eldon from this identical mansion, receiving her from one of the opened windows on the first floor. It must be confessed that it was little short of a *flight* into his arms.

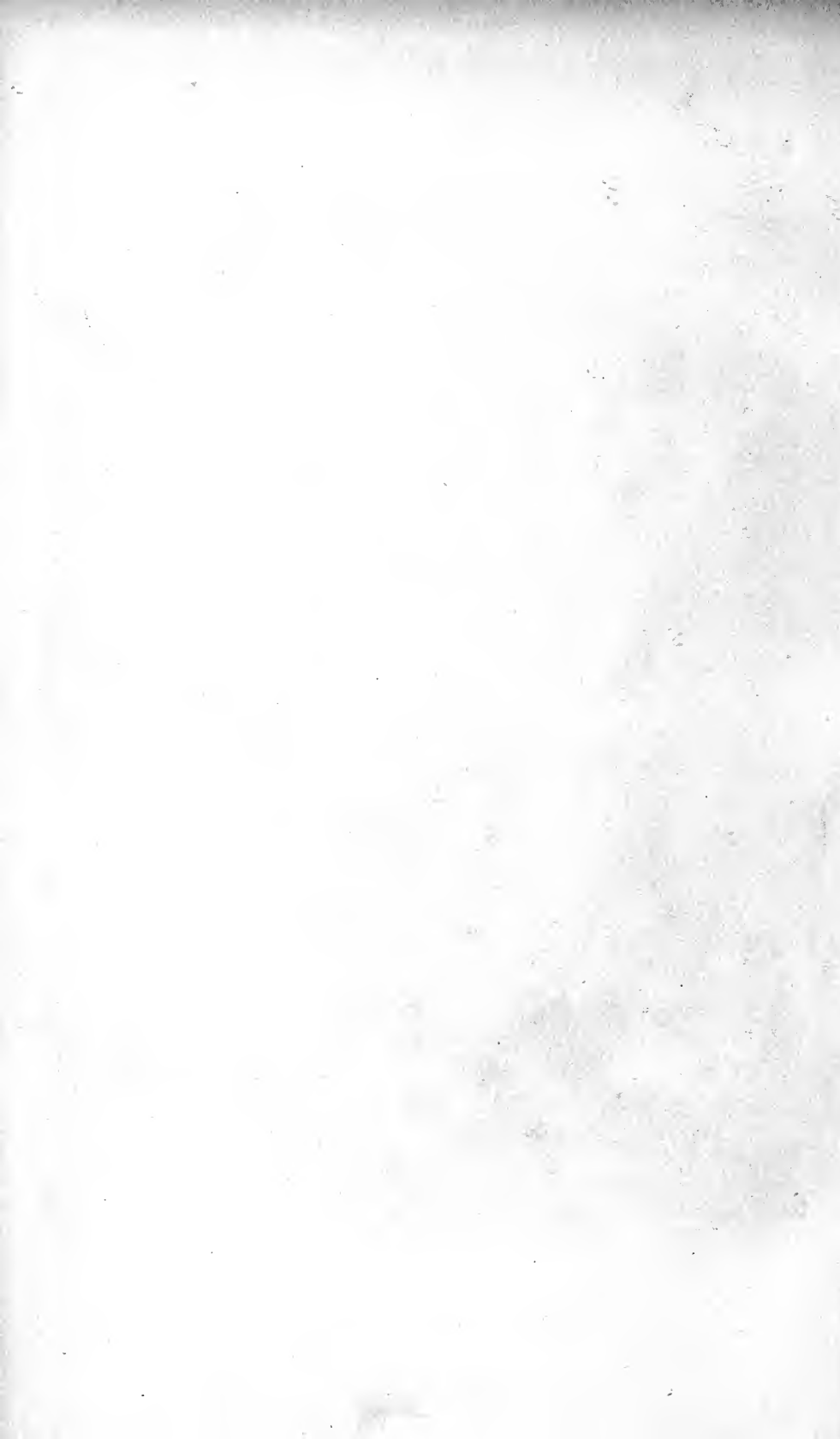
* I remember pursuing the course of the street (Moseley Street), as seen in the full plate—which terminates near St. Nicholas' Church—and at its termination, a man, in the upper part of one house, may light his pipe from a neighbour occupying the same floor of the opposite house. I think that, on the ground floor, they were selling cloth—and on the second floor, hats. On my remarking upon the darkness and narrowness of the premises, the lower occupant replied, "What does it signify, sir? One sees one's way, and finds timber enough over our heads to build a cutter. They may pull down the house, if they like, but *tumble* it never will. Here are none of your *gimcracks* of the present day!" And yet, Mr. Grainger's *stone* can be hardly called "gimcrack"?



But let the reader throw his eye upon the OPPOSITE PLATE—and see how the street (*Castle Garth*), in



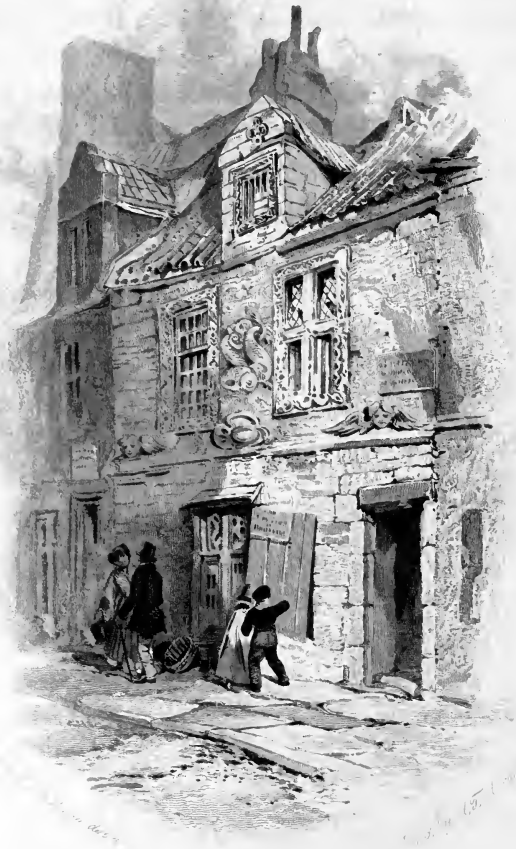
CASTLE GARTH NEWCASTLE.



which this very house may be said to be incorporated, winds, and ascends—in all its capricious varieties—terminating near *St. Nicholas' Church*, of which the upper portion presents itself to the view.* How admirable the grouping of figures! How picturesque the general effect! Would you change all this for the coming glories of Mr. Grainger's plan?† Would you part with wood, and laith, and plaster, for the durable grandeur of *his* stone and iron work? Doubtless you would:—but also commend the spirit and right feeling which have here presented you with a representation of *that*, which, within a dozen years from hence, must disappear. And to render myself still better entitled to this commendation—you are here presented, gentle reader, with a plate of what is presumed to be the **OLDEST HOUSE** in Newcastle, in Friar Street. I doubt of its date reaching the period of Henry VIII: even in such parts as have suffered no alteration. However, such as it is, it shall speak for itself in the ensuing plate.

* It is quite marvellous to consider what a fuss is made by the Newcastleonians about this, their "darling pet," as they call it—of a parochial church. Due attention will be paid to it, anon.

† This plan will be somewhat entered into, though far from being entirely developed, in the pages which commence at p. 364; but while my pen is shedding its ink, I learn that another market-place—for CORN—is in contemplation, for immediate execution: of a space not less than a square of 400 feet: and that it is to be finished within *six months!* The lamp of Aladdin is found again.



One great and distinguishing feature of this *unique* Town, is, the mode by means of which the inhabitants get facile access from one portion of it to another—which may be in some places fifty feet above their heads. Of course, this can only be effected by stone steps. The elevation, especially from the *Close* to the *Castle Garth*, is scarcely surmounted without the toil of ascending one hundred steps. Look at what is before you, gentle reader, as illus-

trative of what we are now discoursing. The same dexterous pencil—that of Messrs. Wm. Richardson and Son—to which I am indebted for these Newcastle illustrations—has furnished me with the ensuing.



I shall not easily forget my first promenade to this spot, with the good Mr. Charnley (the veteran-emperor of Northumbrian booksellers) as my companion. “Shew me, my dear Sir, everything that is old, close, strange, dark, dingy, and out of the ordinary course of domestic and street scenery.”

“I desire nothing better,” replied my cicerone: and, accordingly, we threaded and winded our way into passages, corners, alleys, court-yards, gate-ways, and I know not where. But the immediate vicinity of the castle, at the top of the steps in the vignette last given, and called *Black Gate*—beggared everything which I had seen, even at Rouen. The dense population, breathing into one another’s mouths—the clothes, boots, shoes, hats, bags, and rags . . . suspended before the door, and covering almost the entire frontage of the house . . . the dark and narrow *wynds*, (for they may be so designated *here* as well as at *Edinburgh*) the abrupt turnings, the steep descents,—the unceasing prattle of the vendors, and the half muttered replies of the purchasers . . . all shrouded in a canopy of smoke, issuing from manufactory chimneys . . . produced, altogether, an effect, which defies even slightly impressing on the imagination of the reader. In the midst of this sooty and bustling scene, THE CASTLE rose in a sort of frowning majesty, seeming to deplore the altered aspect of the times. No warden, to keep a look-out on the threatening foe, paced its desolate battlements. No watch-word: no preparation, either for attack or defence. Where the Norman bow was once hung—or the battle-axe of the Plantagenet period, or the spear and sword of the Edwards’ time, was once suspended—or the carbine and halberd of the Stuart reigns, was duly primed and placed for immediate use, there . . . the *police-man* of the nineteenth century took up his quarters and his bed. Few castles have been more distinguished

than that of Newcastle* for deeds of arms and military renown. The lower portion, exhibiting many choice specimens of Norman massiveness, is a treat to the antiquary. Mr. Charnley was as intelligent as active in the development of its manifold beauties: now pointing to the zigzag arch—now to the thick stunted column—and now to the feebly indicated capitals. I left it with mingled regret and instruction. The view, here presented, is taken from a spot not far from the residence of Mr. Charnley.

*T. M. Richardson**Wm Douglas Edinb*

Methinks the reader has had a pretty good specimen of the street scenery of Newcastle, in its antique attire. These pages will have rescued some of the originals from oblivion ; the more desirable—as the march of improvement, with the celebrated Mr. RICHARD GRAINGER at its head, is already in motion . . . and the course of our remarks has brought us immediately in contact with this distinguished and talented individual. It is difficult to speak of extraordinary living merit, without apparently transgressing the bounds of decorum, and even of truth.

* The CASTLE gives the name to the town. It was built by Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, upon the site of an *old* Roman fortress, or station, supposed to have been *Pons Ælii*: and hence was called New Castle. The previous fortress was pulled down in the eight-hundredth year of its age—having during that period equally sustained the shock of elements and of war. It was a grand fighting place, when the Picts and Northerns were constantly attacking its garrison. The new castle was probably completed in the time of Rufus,—where a stand was made against the rebellion of the first Earl of Mowbray. I suspect the greater portion of the lower part to have been of this period. The history of the vicissitudes of this castle is sufficiently interesting and moving: but there is no space for its details. Its position, as the key of the North, made it necessarily a primary object of possession,—and more English and Scotch blood has been shed upon its floors than perhaps any similar spot in the United Kingdom. Its memorable siege in the civil wars, by the Parliamentary forces, produced a curious pamphlet in 1645, by the celebrated Lithgow the traveller, of which a reprint was put forth by my friend Mr. Trotter Brockett, from a supposed unique copy of the original, lent him by Sir Walter Scott. In this, mention is made of the “*mighty and marvellous storming thereof, with power, policie, and prudent plots of warre.*” Lithgow has sprinkled some homely rhymes over the surface of his crabbed prose—which are thus introduced, in his own way, in reference to the battle of Marston Moor. “The summarie whereof I now

In the present instance, the task is of yet more delicate execution ; as the sensitive diffidence of this *Northumbrian Vitruvius*, is apt to suggest the notion that offence may be felt where none was

involve in these following lines, as unwilling to imbarke myself within the lists of intricated passages, or too peremptory and punctual particulars," &c. The "lynes" begin thus:—

" In July last, the second day and more,
One thousand, six hundred, fourtie and four ;
On Marston Moore two awfull Armies met,
Oppos'd then stood, one 'gainst another set,
To quarrel for Religion, and that light,
Which far excels all humane power and might.

" To work they go, well order'd on both sides,
In stately posture ; experience divides
In regiments and brigads, horse, and foot,
Two mightie armies : then began to shoot,
The roaring cannon, and their echoing *worce* !
Made hills and dales resound their violent force
That fell on fatal breasts : the musket shoures
Went off like thunder ; pryde and strife devoures
The saiklesse standers ; the naked sword and pyke
Commanded crueltie to push and strike."

The author being a Covenanter, the achievements of LINDSAY and LESLIE, in this memorable and too fatal action, are distinctly and coarsely delineated : after which we learn that—

" The blood lay on the grasse like shouers of raine
That fill the furies : the heaps of them were slaine
Like dunghills were : that on the wearie fields
Some fought, some fled, some stood, and many yeelds."

A little onward, he satirizes the opponents who were brought to action against Lord Calendar, commander-in-chief of the Scottish forces, then assembled at Newburn, near Newcastle.

" Let Conway bragge of arnes, and his great horses,
Let Papists boast of men and their fled coarses ;
Let Newburne rayle on Tweed, and curse their Tyne,
Let Prelats sweare the fault was thine and mine :
I'll tell you newes ; their Popish drifts and plots
Were curb'd and crush'd by our VICTORIOUS SCORS."

As the *reprint* of this almost unknown original is *very scarce*, the reader may not be displeas'd with these extracts.

intended to be given. Away, to the right and left, be these flimsy and capricious phantoms!—and let me contemplate this worthy and MIGHTY ARCHITECT as he deserves to be contemplated. His genius is his own, and vast as it is original. All the daring of the Roman mixes up in his achievements. He has a finger and thumb to span any space. The Colossus of Rhodes belongs only to *Laputa* . . . in his estimation. Rivers do not stop, nor mountains deter him. Flint and granite become malleable at the touch of the point of his compass. Triumphal pillars, arches, theatres, museums, and churches, are only “by play” with him — as he elongates the stunted street — expands the contracted market-place — bends the strait line into a semicircle — and widens the hitherto dark and narrow thoroughfare for the press of population in all its varieties.* The very quadruped has

* The “*Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis,*” will necessarily occur to the classical reader, as he skims over the above outline of Mr. Grainger’s achievements: of which, however, a methodised detail seems to be indispensable. Yet, where and how shall we begin? Let us take the MARKET-PLACE—for what are ivory couches and gilded ceilings (the “*ebur*” and “*aureum lacunar*” of Horace) without the sustentation of beef, mutton, vegetables, and bread? Learn, therefore, that there is here the LARGEST market-place in England: probably in Europe. Liverpool has been in dudgeon ever since its erection: the cauliflowers *there* have invariably exhibited the jaundiced tint of jealousy, and the meat looking red and black with passion, in consequence. The markets of Newcastle cover somewhat more than two acres; measuring 410 feet in length by 312 in width. The roof is of wood, with pendant corbels: the sides are of substantial stone. The whole is lofty, capacious, and calculated for every good service, as well as picturesque effect. At given stations, there are fountains of marble

reason to neigh at the sound of his voice. While others *think*, Mr. Grainger *acts* : and yet

“ Nil actum credens si quid superesset agendum.”

The word “ impossible ” does not find entrance into his vocabulary. He wills, and the thing is done :

in the centre ; of which the water, in warm weather, refrigerates and sweetens the whole atmosphere. It is a glorious vista—and was once occupied (on the opening of the markets, Oct. 22, 1835) by TWO THOUSAND GUESTS ; irradiated by gas-light. “ Nothing was like it (said my friend Mr. Adamson) since the days of Belshazzar : but instead of a prophet predicting impending destruction, we had a Mayor and Corporation that made the welkin ring with shouts of coming prosperity.” My friend acted as one of the *Croupiers* on the occasion. I should have liked to have been the *Chaplain*.

I am the fortunate possessor of a rare broadside, in which the miscellaneous festivities of this marvellous day are minutely recorded—especially as regards the SPEECHES of some of the more distinguished guests at this banquet. The Mayor was in the chair. A part of his speech—“ si quid mea carmina possunt”—(substituting *prose* for *poetry*) shall be “ matter of history.” It was evident that Mr. Grainger was to be considered the SUN—around whom the minor planets rolled. The Mayor began his second speech thus :—“ The company had already drank, with marked enthusiasm, ‘ Prosperity to the New Markets,’ he could have no misgivings as to that which he should now propose. It was the health of that individual who was at once the projector, the builder, and the completer of the magnificent structures in which they were assembled, and which rose in every direction around them. To occupy the time of the company with any eulogy of that individual’s abilities in contriving, and vigour in constructing, great undertakings, was wholly unnecessary. Well might Mr. Grainger, on looking upon the company then assembled, feel proud of his work. They had met, not merely to celebrate the opening of the *Markets*, but also for the purpose of paying a compliment to the individual who was,

and *how* done, let the concurrent note, and more especially the OPPOSITE PLATE, evince! If Mr. Grainger found the materials of Newcastle *brick*, he will leave them MARBLE.

But it is due to truth to declare, that, without the

both in his professional capacity and private character, an honour to the town. Those works around them were not the only ones which he had constructed to the admiration of his fellow townsmen. The *Royal Arcade*, a more splendid building than which was not to be found in the land, was at once an ornament to the town and a monument to his genius. (*Cheers.*) Mr. Grainger was daily raising additional erections, which tended to secure to Newcastle the character which it had long since acquired of "*The Metropolis of the North.*" He must now remind the company of the state in which property was found by Mr. Grainger, little more than twelve months ago, and then again beg of the company to look at it now. Under the magic hand of a Grainger a City of Palaces had suddenly sprung up. He (the Mayor) should be almost inclined to think that he possessed the wonderful powers ascribed in fable to the lamp of Aladdin."

Mr. Grainger replied to all this encomiastic, and well merited compliment, with brevity, simplicity, and diffidence. He had no occasion to dilate. It was only for him to raise his finger and hold down his head. "Si monumentum quæris, circumspecte." Mr. Clayton succeeded the Mayor as president. Every body seemed to think that that Gentleman had not only had a finger, but a *thumb*, in the *Perigaud pie* by which the natives were daily astonished and fed. His speeches were admirable for point and effect. It is hardly necessary again to say, that Mr. Clayton is Town Clerk of Newcastle-on-Tyne. His first speech was as follows:—"The TOWN CLERK rose and acknowledged the compliment that had been paid him.—He said, that the excellent chairman had ascribed to him an influence he did not possess, and given him credit to which he was not entitled. When Mr. Grainger (the triumph of whose genius they had that day celebrated) first conceived his magnificent design, he consulted him (Mr. Clayton) upon it—but it appeared to him too grand to be

succour of a *patron*, in some shape, the plans of this extraordinary man would have failed of success. To how many or how few sources this patronage may be traced, I pretend not to know; but I cannot suppress the fact that, when JOHN CLAYTON, Esq.

realized, and he gave the advice which prudence and caution suggested. (*Cheers.*) In deference to his opinion, Mr. Grainger paused for one year, and when the determination to enter upon the project was formed, it was founded on a conviction that the time was come when the town must either sink or rise in rank amongst cities, and that the event depended upon the appropriation for good, or for evil, of the ground on which they were then assembled—a space of about thirteen acres, which had, by a singular chance, remained, in the midst of a dense population, unoccupied up to that moment. (*Loud cheers.*) The general design was admirable, and would be completed as originally conceived, though improvements in detail had been suggested by the good sense of individuals, and had been acted upon. He felt, and he was sure the inhabitants of the town generally felt, deeply indebted to Mr. Grainger; he possessed calm intrepidity of mind, prompt decision of character, and untiring perseverance—qualities which, in a warrior, would have made a hero, and in this free country would always render their possessor, be his rank what it might, a great man. (*Great applause.*) Supported as he was by the inhabitants of the town, and cheered in his progress by the good wishes of every friend to its prosperity, Mr. Grainger could not fail to complete his vast design to his own credit, and to the satisfaction of his townsmen.” (*Applause.*)

His second speech was to the full as effective:—“The chairman rose and said, a sense of justice urged him to propose the toast he was about to offer. In the erection of the magnificent building in which they were assembled, Mr. Grainger had achieved much; but he had overcome still greater difficulties, for it was easier to rear such a pile—it was easier to transplant to that spot the fountains that play in the sunbeams of Italy—[the *fountains* were at this moment playing with great effect by *gas-light*, and the audience rose

the Town Clerk, first shewed me the drawings of Mr. Grainger's plan, in the Guildhall—where that gentleman holds his official-residence—my surprise was only equalled by my delight. So much good sense, as well as good taste, developed itself in these plans, that I could scarcely allow “the temples of my head to take any rest,” till I had been

and cheered with enthusiasm !]—than to bend the mind of man. The labour of rearing the building was nothing in comparison with that of obtaining the property necessary to form avenues to it. This had been accomplished without the compulsory powers of an Act of Parliament; it could not have been effected without the zealous and disinterested aid of the solicitors, who had maintained the high and honourable character of the profession in the town. Those gentlemen, instead of interposing difficulties which their own interest, had they consulted it, would have prompted, had on every occasion ably exerted themselves to remove them.”

Of the streets, it were difficult to say which will preponderate—in width, length, and general splendour of architectural effect: but I learn that, if the projected *Grey Street*—near which there is at this moment being erected a column 130 feet high, in honour of the illustrious nobleman whose name it bears—be carried into its meditated effect, it will be half a mile in length, and of the width of Regent Street—with the difference (hear, and turn pale, ye Londoners!) of having the houses built of PORTLAND STONE. At present, what is just completed of *Upper Dean Street, Market Street, Clayton Street, Grainger Street, Pilgrim Street, Hood Street, Nelson Street*, may be hailed only as the SHADOW of “COMING EVENTS.” The greater part of these alterations are in the very heart of the town, of which thirteen acres were sold, and well sold; by the corporation, for the improvements in contemplation.

When I quitted Newcastle, in August, I saw two hundred men at work, like a swarm of bees, in pulling down and rebuilding the *theatre*. When I returned, at the latter end of November, the theatre was rebuilt. Within the two succeeding months, it was opened for dramatic representations. They are “wide awake” at Newcastle.

introduced to their author. Mr. Clayton is, of all men with whom I have come in contact, one of the very best qualified for the carrying into effect schemes of such gigantic magnitude, and such general comfort and utility. Teucer fought securely and successfully beneath the shield of Ajax.

But magnificent as are, doubtless, the "coming glories" of Mr. Grainger's vast plans—and prostrate as, in consequence, will be the frontages of Sandhill and Lower Dean Street—still one has a sort of natural hankering after the relics of the olden time, as evinced in domestic architecture: and especially in interior decoration. One thing is too general and self-evident to be denied. In the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and the two Charleses, the town of Newcastle was inhabited by no mean set of inhabitants—if the finished carvings, as evidenced in oak wainscotting, furnish any test of respectability. Not only in public, but in private buildings, these specimens of the art in question may be seen, and of an elaborate and beautiful description. My friend, Mr. Adamson, afforded me a fine morning's sport upon this subject. The breeze was in the right quarter, and the scent lay well. In the Sandhill, facing the river—(in fact, forming a portion of those houses from one of which the specimen at page 365 is given)—there is abundance of materials of this description. One house in particular will not be easily forgotten by me. On the first and second floors,—of somewhat spacious dimensions,—the wainscotting, especially over the chimney-piece, was of extraordinary sound condition: but how

defaced, blocked up, and nearly suffocated with the articles of trade of the occupant!—a grocer and colourman—a trade which, in the country, furnishes more materials of every description than any other. Here was a receptacle, not only for every colour in the rainbow, but for every article of household furniture:—from the besom that sweeps the floor of the under-ground kitchen, to the soap—mottled or plain—which cleanses that of the upper garret. Boxes—hampers—baskets—and I know not what—almost choked up that staircase, upon which, some two hundred and fifty years before, the foot of many a Countess of Northumberland and of Westmoreland might have trod. This is the more probable, as, to the left—in the street running at the bottom of the Castlegarth stairs (see page 359), and called the *Close*—the nobility and principal gentry of the place resided. *Now*, the owner of a chandler's shop would think twice before he carried his *Penates* to such a pent-up street.*

But it is in the MERCHANTS' HOUSE, or a public room of audience adjoining the Guildhall,† that I was placed, to gaze upon such specimens of oak carving as are probably not to be seen elsewhere . . . even in Europe. These specimens I take to be of about the middle of the seventeenth century. The reader has here an opportunity of judging for himself, from a faithful copy of the *Miraculous Draught*

* However, if the houses on the south side of the Close were not in existence, in former days, the view of the river must have been fine and interesting.

† The "Merchants' House" must have been a sort of Exchange,

of Fishes, supplied by the pencil of the younger Mr. Richardson, and engraved with equal fidelity by Mr. William Douglas, of Edinburgh. It is over the mantle-piece. The figure in the foreground has all the spirit of Rubens.



for the congregation of men of business. In the time of James I, it was a proud feature in mercantile transactions; and the “there

The entire room is encrusted with this species of art: and the pillars at the extremity are of the same oaken materials. I desired nothing better than to be domiciled in such a spot—near the waters of the Tyne, with its many-coloured flags fluttering in the breeze, till my visitation was over. But here I must not omit to notice a most capacious and singularly-constructed wooden sofa, or settee, covered all over with carvings, which was placed in the entrance-hall of the Mansion House, and, along with all the furniture of the establishment, (in consonance with a lately passed act of Parliament) destined to be sold by auction. There had never been, and surely never again could be, anything like it, for size and character. But it was not the *genuine* edition.* Still I felt persuaded that my friend PALMERIN would

jolly" merchantmen, cut in stone, at Glasgow, are present to my memory, (as they will be shortly present to the reader's eye) while writing this note. "Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor of London, gave one hundred pound yearly to the chief cities and towns of England, for ever, to be lent to *four clothiers merchants* for ten yeares, without interest. The town of Newcastle enjoyeth her hundred pound in her turn. The first hundred pound which came to Newcastle was in 1599:—the noblest gift that ever was given in England by any subject. Some think, in time, it will ingrosse the most of the money in this land."—*Chorographia*, 1649, 12mo. Reprint; p. 21. The date of the "Merchants' House," or hall, where the original of the above engraving is, is somewhere about 1650.

I may as well add, that in building the new Guildhall, close to the bridge, on the right hand, on entrance from the south, the site was disposed of at ten guineas the square yard.

* That is to say, it was made up of pieces of old carving, from different quarters, of pretty nearly the same period. On the

have liked to employ the griffin of Ariosto to have transported it to Ryde, for his occupation as well as possession. Within fifteen minutes of its arrival it would have been covered with MS. romances, bound in crimson and mazarine-blue velvet.

Among the remains of the olden time, in regard to places of residence, I must not omit to mention that of the *Black Friars*, in the northern part of the town : now surprisingly shorn of all the rays of its ancient splendour. Here, at Whitsuntide, in 1334, King Edward the Third received the homage of Baliol, King of Scotland ; in which the latter acknowledged the former to be his liege lord, and lawful sovereign of the realm of Scotland.* Mr. Adamson placed me in the room where this homage is supposed to have taken place ; although it is said to have been done in the church. The square, in which this room stands, is part of an old monastery.

exterior of one extremity was the head of Elizabeth ; on that of the other, Mary Queen of Scots. Altogether, however, it would have told well in *Nostel Priory* ; and I wrote to the owner of that interesting spot upon the subject : see page 139, &c.

* Edward III seems to have made Newcastle his constant headquarters, when in the North. On the occasion of the above homage, Baliol alienated to him, at the same time, the five Scotch counties "next adjoining the borders of England," to be annexed to the English crown for ever. Baliol was afterwards treated as a slave ; and had, in fact, his wings clipped to the very quick. Yet, in the absence of his royal master, (at the siege of Calais) he shewed a courage and discretion worthy of the highest feats of heroism. At the battle of Neville's Cross (page 298) he led one of the main bodies of the army against David II, (his successor on the throne of Scotland) and was mainly instrumental to that splendid victory. His situation must have been too emphatically *anomalous*.

In sauntering there alone, one morning, a woman put her head out of the window, and asked what I wanted? "To shake hands with Edward and Baliol, if they were within."—"No such persons lived there:" and the window was abruptly closed. I have briefly made mention of the house in which Robert Leadbitter, Esq. lives, as having been formerly tenanted by the Westmoreland family. It is a very "close-cut copy," compared with its former marginal dimensions. There is an old font in the garden; and the dining-room yet contains wainscot carving which may be of the Elizabethan period. The warmth of heart of its present occupier makes this dining-room worth visiting, from "metal more attractive" than the sculptor's chisel.

Not far from this mansion is the *Free Grammar School*, where the *two renowned* SCOTTS (Earls Stowell and Eldon) received their elementary educations; and in which the Chancellor Eldon declared, upon the bench, that such education did not cost his parents more than forty shillings per annum. Mackenzie has a long encomiastic, biographical notice of these eminent public men. It is sufficient fame for the elder (recently deceased, at the advanced age of ninety-two) to have it descend to posterity that he was the ENGLISH JUSTINIAN. His classical attainments were nearly equal to his judicial profoundness. But most strange and unaccountable will that posterity deem it, that from the purses of men, so ponderous as were, and are, those of the Scotts, not *one* morsel of gold has ever dropt towards the charitable or philosophical institutions of this,

their *native town*. But it is time to notice some of these institutions, whether scientific, literary, or antiquarian: and as it should seem to be the fitter and more regular way to begin with what was *first* established, I shall take up the *antiquarian* department; with some account of the old WALLS of the town, prefaced by that of

THE ROMAN WALL.

Horsley is before me: flanked by Burton, Stukeley, Mackenzie, and Sykes;* and yet, by their united aids, the information to be obtained may be concentrated into a very narrow, but I hope, satisfactory, compass. Of a boundary, which, for extent, size, and strength, had no parallel—which, to the north,

* Horsley's noble volume was published in 1732, folio, (of which the Duke of Rutland's noblest of all the large-paper copies is ever present with me) under the title of "Britannia Romana." It contains nearly one hundred copper-plates, executed very feebly and unsatisfactorily, chiefly in the outline. Its great defect is the want of a *scale of measurement*. As so many (thirty-six) of these plates are devoted to Newcastle antiquities, of course every lettered inhabitant of this renowned town must be miserable without a choice copy. Of these, I seem to think that Mr. Brockett's copy was not only the finest, but about the very best, which I ever saw upon small paper. But when will even Mr. Brockett's copy be rendered valueless, by the NEW EDITION of Horsley, over which Mr. THOS. HODGSON has so long meditated, and towards which the researches of ten years of "painful travail" have been devoted? Should an undertaking, so noble and so instructive, freeze in the very bud of its concoction? "Up and be doing," ye men of the North!

Stukeley's *Itinerarium Curiosum*, does not comprehend the Roman remains in the North of England: and, indeed, this magnificent *Pictish wall* ("Murus Picticus," or "Murus Severi," as the

repressed the predatory spirit of the Pict and Scot; presenting an insuperable barrier by its eighteen stations, or fortresses, in each of which six hundred hardy Roman veterans could be lodged: add to which, eighty castles, and three hundred turrets, connected by a wall of stone, twelve feet high, and eight feet thick—protected again by a ditch fifteen feet deep, and twenty-one feet wide—extending from one sea to another sea, (from the German to the Irish) a length of seventy-five miles—of such a stupendous barrier, not exposed to the raging of the ocean, or to any extraordinary violence of the elements—carried over hill and down dale—of SUCH a barrier, I say, there is not perhaps one *uninterrupted* vestige, of a hundred feet in length, remaining! So swift, sure, and destructive, has been the course of time . . . in the lapse of sixteen hundred years from the building of this barrier by the Emperor SEVERUS.

As far as I can see my way through the texts of the authors just mentioned, it should appear that *Agricola* and *Hadrian* paved the way to the achievement of Severus. Indeed, the “*vallum*” of Hadrian is in a great measure mixed up with the line of

author of “*Chorographia*” calls it) is only briefly notified by Burton, in his commentary upon the itinerary of Antoninus:—“As this legion (the sixth) after their assisting to raise the wall, which, not long before his death, Severus reared from sea to sea; to divide the provinciated part of the island from the barbarous, &c. Concerning the *wall*, there is a place of Ælius Spartianus, an old writer, in his life: “*Post murum aut vallum missum in Britannia,*” &c. Mackenzie and Sykes are necessarily echoes of Horsley. Brand, copious in the walls of the Plantagenet and later periods, leaves the Roman wall untouched.

defence of Severus ; only we gather from Horsley that it consisted chiefly of earth. What the tenth legion was to Cæsar, the sixth legion appears to have been to Severus ;* and I suspect that, resting from the toils of continental warfare, these veteran troops had no small share in the erection of this magnificent barrier. Six hundred men, judiciously disposed of, may accomplish mighty things in the construction of military lines of defence ; but one would think that more than *double* such a number were requisite for the completion of a wall of such magnitude and strength, and of such a surprising length, within the course of two years. And yet Severus effected this object within the time just mentioned . . . an almost incredible as well as unparalleled effort. It seems to be quite a fruitless search to explore for fragments of this wall within the town, which, if existing, it would appear to have bisected. Horsley will not admit the probability of such a discovery.† We

* My authority is Burton : “ Now, that the sixth legion attended him (Severus) hither to Carliel, *having dispatcht the work they had been about*, themselves have left a clear monument, and testimony ; namely, a stone there inscribed thus, with very fair and large letters :

LEG . VI.
VIC P . F.
G . P . RF.

“ Great was the trust which Severus reposed in them : great was the opinion he had of their valour and service in the affairs of the island : no less, perhaps, than Julius Cæsar of the tenth legion.”—*Commentary*, p. 63.

† Horsley’s words are these : “ No appearance of either (Hadrian’s or Severus’s) of the walls can be expected as far as the buildings of this great town extend ; but as soon as they are well ended, some

turn, with mixed emotions, to a consideration of what were the

WALLS AND GATES

of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. As soon as the art of gunpowder came into general use, there was comparatively an end of the ponderous bastion and macchiolated battlement, which mark in particular the periods of our Edwards. Antiquarians differ somewhat about the date of the walls and gates of this town. My defunct friend, W. G., author of the *Chorographia*, some two centuries ago, places the earliest of these defences in the reign of King John; and hence downwards to that of Henry VI.* My

faint vestiges of both, or of what has belonged to them, begin to shew themselves." It may be as well once for all to state, that "there are in fact two walls; a *turf* and a *stone* one: the former of which bears the name of *Hadrian*, the latter that of *Severus*." *Horsley*, p. 116-137. As to the wall of the latter, Spartian, one of the writers of the Augustan History, tells us, that it reached four score miles, from sea to sea, dividing the Romans from the barbarians; and that the emperor himself was rather for defending what he possessed, than extending his empire to greater limits; that he visited the whole realm, desirous of consolidating its interests, and perpetuating a spirit of peace. This too is the language of Eutropius; lib. viii. cap. 6. Bede (*Hist. Eccl.* lib. cap. 12) seems to infer that this wall was built "manu Britannorum." Sykes, in his *Local Records*, vol. i. 3, has given us a wood-cut of an apple-tree growing out of the middle of a portion or fragment of this Roman wall, nine feet in breadth, a few yards to the south of a turnpike road, near Denton Burn, some three miles west of Newcastle.

* "The cause that moved them in those days to build this great wall, was the often invasions of the Scots into place and country. They were continually infesting and forraigning this country, and

living friend, Mr. Adamson, shakes his head if an antiquity beyond that of Edward III, be assigned to any present vestiges of the wall; and when I took up my residence at his house, on my return from Scotland, I used to look upon a fragment of such a vestige, running at the extremity of his garden,—fancying it might be near the sally-port from which an intrepid band of steel-clad natives issued, on a night when the black heavens were rent asunder by red lightning—and made the Earl of Moray prisoner out of the Scottish besieging camp.*

rich monasteries in these northern parts: the religious houses of this town, and adjacent, being above forty houses, which hath been dedicated to pious uses."... "The question is, who builded these walls? Some are of opinion that King John builded it: others, Roger de Thornton. King John gave many priviledges to this town; and probably the new gate, and walls thereof, were built in his time: that north part of the wall being the ouldest, and of another fashion than the other walls.

"As for Thornton, who lived in Henry the 6 dayes, all the walls of the town was finished: it is probable that Thornton builded the West-gate, which is a strong and faire gate, in memory that he came from the West Country, according to the old saying:

'In at the West-gate came Thornton in,
With a hap and a half-penny, and a lambe skin.'

Chorographia, p. 9-10.

* This memorable sally was out of the postern part of New-gate. Sykes says that there were three hundred men who issued forth: Mackenzie, two hundred men. Ridpath (p. 332) overlooks the anecdote altogether: but when Froissart says that the Scotch army, under King David, amounted to 60,000 foot, and 3,000 horse, one naturally adopts the scepticism of Ridpath about raising "so incredible a number so suddenly, in so desolated a country." But the amiable French chronicler loves large masses, as necessary to good picturesque grouping. The skill and gallantry of Sir John Neville,

It is, however, quite clear, nor will my friend, even when he is in possession of the Vice-President's chair at the Antiquarian Society, deny it, that shortly after the erection of the *castle*, the town wall began to be built. Leland, however, says that the walls did not begin to be built till the reign of Edward I, and were finished in that of Edward III : but much as may be my respect (and it is almost unbounded) for Leland, his *Itinerary* is not an unimpeachable record of bygone events : and I choose in this instance to select the authority of a contemporaneous, metrical chronicler, to substantiate the fact that the walls of Newcastle very speedily began to rear their heads after the completion of the castle. It was but a natural result that it should be so. Thus singeth,

commandant of Newcastle, saved the town from the desperate hostility of David ; who wreaked his revenge, if he did not cancel his disgrace, by that memorable assault upon Durham, recorded in a preceding page, (299) but of the *truth* of which it is comforting to find many strong doubts...adopted by Ridpath upon the authority of Tyrrell, who boldly challenges its confirmation by any English or Scottish historian of the period. What Hector Boece (through his translator, Bellenden) says, is this : " King David destroyed the most part of Northumberland with fire and sword. It is said King David was monished by vision in his sleep to abstain from all lands belonging (pertenand) to St. Cuthbert ; otherwise his wars should have a miserable end. As soon as he was awaken, he thought such visions but fancies, and commanded his army, notwithstanding such vision, to spare no lands nor towns where they came. At last they came to Durham, where St. Cuthbert is patron, and spoilt both the abbey and all places thereabout."—*Chronicles* ; vol. ii. p. 441 : edit. 1821. Here is no mention whatever made of a *massacre* : but Boece's history is little better than *collectanea*.

or narrateth, Hardyng, in his notice of the reign of William Rufus :

“ The town to builde, as did append,
He gave them ground, and gold ful greate to spend,
To build it well, and *wall it all about.*”

Now this wall might have continued building through successive reigns, as the town was even then of considerable extent ; and, as far back as two centuries, was two miles in circumference. The first half-dozen plates of Brand's ponderous quartos are illustrative of these walls and gates ; and Sykes has favoured us with the north side of *New-gate*, the last that was demolished. There is now only *Wall-knoll-gate* left standing. The antiquary may sigh over these vanishing relics of former strength and grandeur, but the citizen of the world—as that world is now constituted—will rejoice at the departure of what obstructs his course, whether upon horseback, in carriage, or on foot. He fears no surprise from the invading foe, and he pants for no midnight sally to manacle the captured borderer. The tide of population rolls pleasantly and profitably backwards and forwards ; and he leaves to the Hodgsons, the Brocketts, and Adamsons, of local antiquarian distinction, to rebuild the Roman wall, and to reconstruct the Norman bastion. On the table of the mayor,* at Dunston Lodge, the crimped salmon

* When I was at Newcastle, Charles J. Bigge, Esq. was mayor. He invited a few Archæologists to his very pretty Tusculum, some three miles from the town, of which I was of the number. His *Grace-Cup* occupied the centre of the table : replenished with all

is not kept waiting an instant : for there is no portcullis to raise up, and no drawbridge to let down : no parlanche with the warder, and no altercation with the sentinel. You “ pass ”—without a “ word.”

I hasten to topics of a more lofty, and, perhaps, more stirring, description. I hasten to pay my humble, but sincere, tribute of respect to that tone of public feeling at Newcastle, manifested by the erection of public buildings devoted to antiquarian, philosophical, and literary pursuits. It was reported that the *British Institution*,* or the great cohort of wandering knights, capped in Minerva-helmets, would hold their next meeting here. It might do so with perfect propriety. The naturalist would find as good a specimen here of the *owl* of the goddess just mentioned, as in any other region which he has visited. The fossilist might rejoice in tusks and thigh bones of the *megatherium* class ; and the mineralogist may feast his eyes upon countless specimens of dazzling ore. The *hyæna* only waits to be patted by Professor Buckland, when he will cease to growl. Here is the scaling ladder and the descending basket for Professor Sedgwick, to ascend

the Circean ingredients that make sad havoc with soberly organized stomachs. The day was sad without ; but joyous within. In the host was recognized the gentleman and the scholar, of long and flourishing descent . . . if not “ atavis regibus,” at least of patriotic freedmen. Mr. Bigge’s love and skill in art had induced him to proffer an embellishment to this work ; and I can now scarcely call to mind what frustrated its being carried into effect.

* The yearly meeting of British *savans*, from all quarters of the kingdom, congregated in one particular spot, in the great towns.

the Cheviot heights, or penetrate the utmost limits of the carbonaceous world below. Here is a crucible for my excellent friend Mr. Children, to dispossess native silver of its earthy dross—and a hammer for Mr. Murchison, to splinter the basaltic rocks of Inverness-shire into shivers.

Here is a white Greenland bear, of gigantic dimensions, only waiting to be saddled and bridled by Captain Ross; and here is a crocodile, which the adventurous spirit of Mr. Waterton will instantly induce him to bestride.* Of British birds, here is an assemblage sufficient to create another *Bewick-spirit* to immortalize them with the steel-point; while in the *M'Culloch* Collection will be found the tortuous centipede, the gold and diamond encrusted scarabæus, the paralyzing tarantula, and the stinging scorpion. So much for the MUSEUM. What would or could the "Institution" desire more, or better?

Let us hasten to the grand room, or LIBRARY, on the first-floor. It is of noble dimensions: ninety-two feet, by forty: surrounded by books, and with a gallery for immediate access to the volumes placed above. There is a contiguous room for newspapers—that everlastingly grateful *pabulum* to an Englishman's appetite. On the floor of the great room or new library, are arranged figures and busts in marble or plaster. At the extremity is a lecture room, admirably calculated for a large auditory, and where men of scientific and literary attainments have

* See page 151, note, ante.

gathered no small glory in their career. We will just briefly mention the *Literary, Scientific, and Mechanical Institution**—perhaps the very best, for

* I must refer to Mackenzie's copious and particular account of all these public buildings and LITERARY INSTITUTIONS, from page 461 to 490 of his *History of Newcastle*, 1827, 4to., beginning with that of the "LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY:"—so that it should seem, while the spirit of commerce was converting the produce of the soil into wealth, on the one hand, the spirit of scientific and literary research was expanding the powers, and adding to the treasures, of the human mind, on the other. May this wise and felicitous union long distinguish the spot of which I am narrating; and may the love of commercial enterprise and philosophical investigation go hand in hand—while the waters of the Tyne shall flow, and the bowels of the earth yield their black and nourishing fruits. Those who would like to *bathe* themselves in the waters of this "Tyne River," may not object to *wade* through the last chapter of Mackenzie's book, devoted, in part, to its history, and prefixed to which the venerable river is thus represented in a wood-cut initial; kindly supplied to me on this occasion.



A sight of the head of this RIVER-GOD may remind us how frowningly it must have looked during the *memorable inundations* of 1771 and 1815, when the commingling rivers of Tyne, Tees, Wear, and Eden, threatened destruction to half the county coast. The irruption commenced with the rising waters of Solway Moss. In the

its extent and kind, in England*—and hasten to dwell somewhat minutely upon the

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY,

established some twenty-four years ago, and conducted on a scale, and in a spirit, of true local enthusiasm.

Where, but in THIS SPOT, should such a Society flourish? Its very soil is *Romanized*. The air breathes of the *Agricolas*, *Hadrians*, and *Severuses* of past times. Perambulate the cloister, outside the antiquarian conclave-room. It is full of Roman inscriptions and sculptures : broken heads, broken legs, severed bodies, and mutilated busts : mile-stones, mauso-

year 1771, nearly the whole of the bridge, with the houses upon it, was swept away. See Brand, Mackenzie, and Sykes. But I content myself with an account of these great floods, published in 1818, 12mo. by W. G. and dedicated to my friend Mr. Adamson. This brief memoir is replete with thrilling interest.

* “ This Society equals, if not surpasses, in practical utility, most similar ones. There are above four hundred paying members ; and the library already contains three thousand volumes, several of which are both scarce and expensive. All books or discussions on party politics, and controversial divinity, are strictly prohibited.”—*Mackenzie*. The library *now* amounts to five thousand volumes. “ Nothing can present to the philanthropist such a pleasing picture as the orderly, respectful, and attentive behaviour of the young men who every evening attend the library, to study the pages of illustrious philosophers, moralists, historians, travellers, and mechanics ! thus qualifying themselves to become intelligent and respectable members of society, instead of spending their time in the streets, in ale-houses, or in loose company, to the injury of their health, their character, and their happiness.”—*Annual Report*. Young men are admitted members at twenty ; and to read and attend the classes, at fourteen.

leums, amphoræ, cinerary vases, and lacrymatories. You are in Rome—but in its decadence: for one pair of breathing lips, in Grecian marble, may be worth the whole, on the score of *art*: although I saw at Great Chesters* a very fine specimen of a Roman female headless bust, which merited a better resting-place than beneath an ordinary thatched shed. Still, if you want a practical proof of a *Britannia Romana*, you must bring Horsley under your arm, or upon your head, (for he is too unwieldy even for a great-coat pocket) and sit yourself down, within the cloister, or upon the pavement just described.† Here you may see real ruins, artificially congregated, which may beget in you a desire to write another “History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.” You may become a second Gibbon; without the obscurity of his allusions, and the poison of his infidelity. At any rate, it is *here* where Mr.

* The residence of WILLIAM CLAYTON, Esq.: of which in the next chapter.

† This “pavement” may boast, amongst other things, of a fine collection of Roman antiquities, presented to the Society of Antiquaries, about fifteen years ago, by George Gibson, Esq. of Reeds-mouth, found upon that gentleman’s estate at Housesteads, on which, as is well known, is the celebrated station supposed to have been the ancient BORCOVICUS; one of the stations *per lineam Valli*. Upon these antiquities, the Rev. John Hodgson, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, published a curious and learned dissertation, in 4to. 1823, with a copper plate representing a few interesting specimens of these relics. My friend Mr. Adamson has furnished me with this dissertation, and with a long account of the discovery of the fragments, from the “Newcastle Chronicle:” from which I gather that the work of DISCOVERY is little more than *begun*.

Hodgson may resolve, and act instantly upon the resolution, to give us a second edition of his beloved *Horsley*. How often has this wish been expressed during the composition of these pages !

There are two rooms exclusively devoted to the antiquaries ; one, where they hold their meetings, surrounded by books* and curiosities, with a table, flanked by chairs, which, for ought I know to the contrary, might have been the property of the Camdens and Cottons of former days. The whole is of a piece. You sit down, and instinctively pass your hand across the chin, to feel for a beard, as thick and flowing as that which graces the lower part of Spelman's face, as seen in Faithorne's splendid portrait of him.† His very silken cap is upon your head. His glossary is spread upon the table. But while describing, as it may be thought

* This library is necessarily in its infancy ; but if the same spirit and discrimination be evinced in the *sequel*, as have *already* marked the conduct of its directors, there will be in due time a collection whereof to boast lustily....Meanwhile, I would recommend my friends, Messrs. Adamson and Brockett, to send three hundred of their volumes to *York*, to be well and cheaply bound there by the renowned SUMNER : see page 218, ante.

† See this portrait, prefixed to the preface of Stukeley's *Itinerarium Curiosum*, 1724 ; folio. It is considered to be among the master-pieces of Faithorne ; but, although I have seen it in the finest possible condition—a proof before the letter—in the collection of the late Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart., yet it strikes me as having a metallic, rather than fleshy, effect. The cap upon Spelman's head is worthy of the undress cap of a cardinal. If this portrait of him be a true resemblance, a countenance more remote from manly beauty and expression can hardly be contemplated. His mouth is embedded in hirsuteness.

an *imaginary* scene, I cannot forego the notice of a *real* scene, which at once enlivened, if it did not dignify, this identical chamber : and I am the rather bound in gratitude to make mention of this circumstance, as, between my two visits to Newcastle, the Society had conferred upon me the distinction of electing me one of their honorary members. On my return from Scotland, a few of its leading members were so obliging as to invite me to a banquet of "choice spirits," which was intended to be given about that time. The meeting was rather select than numerous. We were lighted up by gas; and warmed, in addition, by the choicest viands and wines which a neighbouring tavern could supply. My friends, John Clayton, Esq. and John Adamson, Esq. took the top and bottom of the table : supported by Messrs. Brockett, Leadbitter, Fenwick, Hodgson, Charley, and two other gentlemen, whose names have escaped me. It was a **Korburghe Festival** in miniature; and every one seemed to sit most comfortably and dignifiedly in his Cottonian oaken chair. Toasts, speeches, puns, and social happiness, ensued. Sieges of Newcastle were forgotten : and my friend Mr. Adamson observed that the port *before* him was preferable to all the *sally-ports* in the kingdom. It were difficult, I think, to have enjoyed a more rational, as well as splendid, symposium : concluding with coffee and tea . . . in a small adjoining room, pretty well choked up with Egyptian mummies, chain armour, and Esquimaux canoes.

Plan after plan, and sight after sight, marked the brief period of my subsequent stay : but there must

be limits to all earthly enjoyments. I might have been feasted to satiety. The deep plot laid at the first dinner at Gateshead Rectory, succeeded by the second at the mayor's Tusculum, were to have been the precursors of symposia, potent enough to have unstrung the nerves of stouter frames than mine. A few quiet and limited banquetings sufficed. The same faces usually shone at each: the same sort of conversation followed—the same unmixed gratification attended. The wines were old—the books were old—and *some* of the hands which grasped them were old:—but these latter had been young in their *time*. They had helped to scale rocks, to stem rivers, and to storm redoubts. Of individual collections, I am bound in courtesy first to notice that of “mine host,” John Adamson, Esq.; pre-eminently rich in *Portuguese lore*: the possessor having been not only a long resident in Portugal, but ranking among the best and most pains-taking biographers of the first poet of that country.* Mr.

* THE PORTUGUESE LIBRARY (“Bibliotheca Lusitana”) of my friend Mr. Adamson, was printed by Messrs. Hodgson, for private distribution only, in 1836, 12mo. The *Life of Camoens*, in two crown-octavo volumes, had preceded it sixteen years, and was published by Messrs. Longman and Co. in London. The collector of the one, and the author of the other, had resided, from early manhood, in Lisbon, with the view of a permanent settlement there; but the invasion of Portugal by the French, upset his plans, and caused his library to be transported to England. It is now with him...at his beloved Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and is the fruit and the solace of twenty-five years spent in its collection. It should never be dismembered. The catalogue is at once elegant, unostentatious, and instructive. To a young man, to the *Achesons* and *Botfields* of the

Adamson is also a *Conchologist* of prime distinction . . . revelling in I know not how many specimens of the *Gloria Maris*! These should become town-property. Down with the £1,000 cheque—and away with the shells to the Museum!

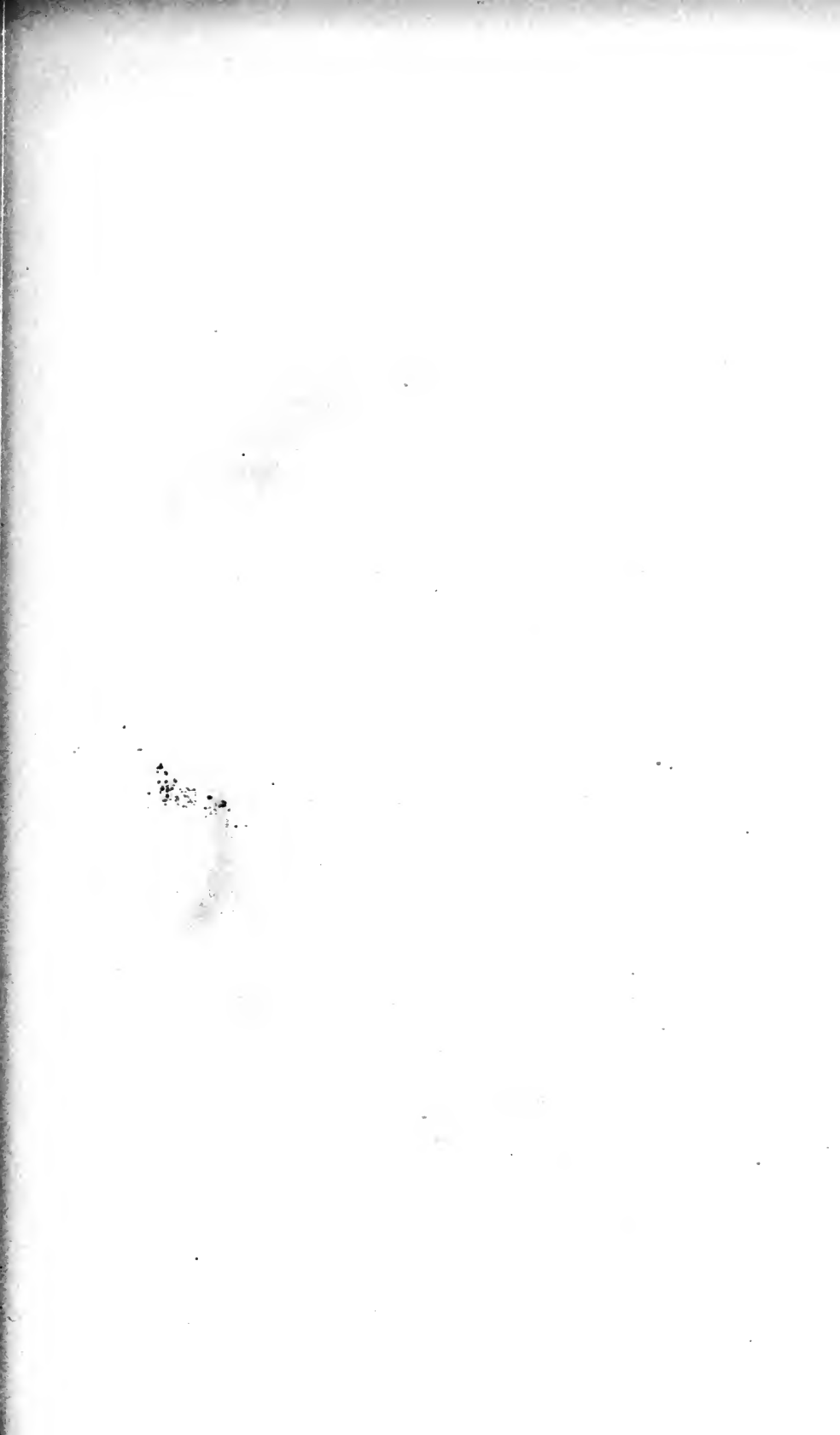
More than once or twice was the hospitable table of my friend John Trotter Brockett, Esq. spread to receive me. He lives comparatively in a nut-shell:—but what a *kernel*! Pictures, books, curiosities, medals, coins . . . of precious value . . . bespeak his discriminating eye and his liberal heart. You may revel here from sunrise to sunset, and fancy the domains interminable. Do not suppose that a stated room, or rooms, are only appropriated to his **books**:—they are “up-stairs, down-stairs, and in my *lady’s chamber*.” They spread all over the house—tendrils of pliant curve and perennial verdure. For its size,

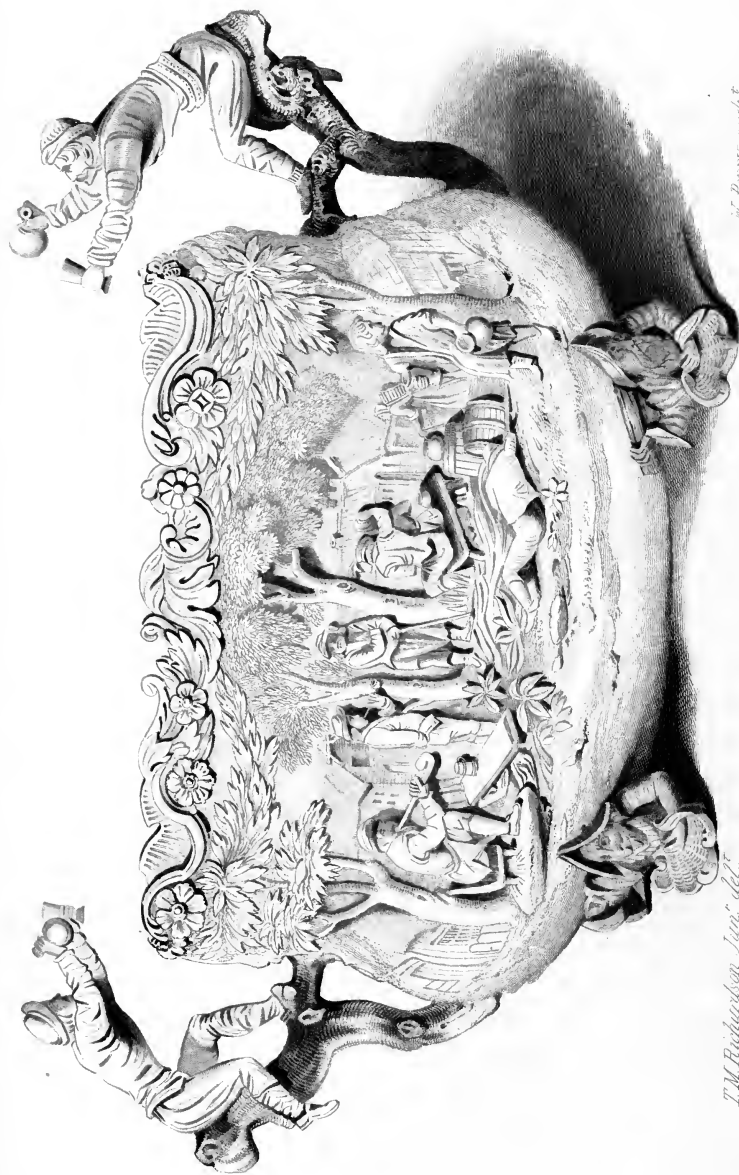
day, intent upon book-accumulation, and ambitious of an over-topping collection in this department of knowledge, the very reading of the titles and notes is sufficient to mount the blood to “boiling” point.

Among my friend’s miscellaneous tomes is a complete set, half-bound in blue morocco, in fourteen volumes, of the tracts, treatises, essays, and reprints, furnished by the **TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF NEWCASTLE**. They did my heart good to gaze upon them: for many are of considerable intrinsic value, as well as rarity, and a perfect collection is of rather unusual occurrence even among the *Newcastletonsians*. It was from Mr. Adamson that Mr. Martin was enabled to present the world with a complete list of these tracts, in his *Catalogue of Private Collections*. My friend, Mr. Brockett, who loves to

“soar aloft among the **SWANS** of *Tyne*,”

has not only a complete set of this Newcastle Library, but of many he possesses copies on **LARGE PAPER**.





T. M. Richardson Junr. del.

W. Pease sculp.

SUGAR BASIN in the Possession of JOHN TROTTER BROCKETT, ESQ.

NEWCASTLE.

if I except those of one or two *Bannatyners*, I am not sure whether this be not about the choicest collection of books which I saw on my tour. Mr. Brockett is justly proud of his *Horsley*:—he opened it with evident satisfaction. They are all at Newcastle, necessarily, Horsley-mad. I suffered him to enjoy his short-lived triumph. His copy was upon small-paper: of most enviable size and condition. “Were you ever at Belvoir Castle?” observed I.—“Never,” replied he. “Then take care never to visit it: for *there* is a copy, upon LARGE PAPER,* such as eyes never beheld. Having seen and caressed it, you will throw this into the Tyne.”—“I shall take care to avoid Belvoir Castle,” was my friend’s reply.

Mr. Brockett may justly boast of a superb series of *Roman gold coins*, from Julius Cæsar to Michael VIII, Paleologus; and although his collection does not comprise every known variety, it contains all the specimens of any rarity and interest. What renders it more peculiarly valuable, is, the exquisite state of preservation of the whole. But here are, also, *British* gold and silver coins, of our Henrys and Edwards, and medals which illustrate in particular the local history of Newcastle. Nor is my friend a mere *collector* of these things. The numismatic blood tingles in his veins: he is deeply read in numismatic lore; at times evincing the taste of Eckhel and the learning of Rasch. Witness the elegant publications noticed below.†

* See page 68, ante.

† They form “part and parcel” of the Newcastle Library, just

Among the more amiable, respectable, and pains-taking *Bibliopoles*, I place Mr. EMERSON CHARNLEY in the first rank; being, like his father's master, Martin Bryson,—though not living “on the Brig”—

“An upright, downright, honest Whig.”

And he is liberal and well-connected withal: but the partitions of his shop want dismemberment, and

noticed. The first is *An Essay on the Means of distinguishing Antique from Counterfeit Coins and Medals; translated from the French of M. Beauvais, with Notes and Illustrations; 1819.* The other is on *The Episcopal Coins of Durham, and the Monastic Coins of Reading, Minted during the Reigns of Edward I, II, and III, &c.: by the late Benjamin Bartlett; with Notes and Illustrations by Mr. Brockett; 1817, 12mo.* To each of these treatises, as well as to several others, is prefixed Mr Brockett's own arms, or device,—thus:



The reader has *here* the identical block, as it came from the hands of BEWICK: furnished by its owner.

Mr. Brockett may be also considered the father of *The Typogra-*

reconstruction. The Abbé Sieyès, were he existing, would like to build a few more of his “pigeon-hole *constitutions*,” in some one of the recesses of Mr. Charnley’s ground-floor, of doubtful light and dark-some tomes. What a sight once presented itself to my view—on this ground-floor! A choice collection of books had been purchased of a private individual by Mr. Charnley. There lay the best edition of *Holinshed’s Chronicles*, in russia. It was for sale. I took it up, and on examining the price, (7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*) thought I must have fainted. “Are we come to *this*, my friend?”—“Even so,” replied the bibliopole . . . and we looked at each other, as if mute and motionless, for some three minutes and a half. I thought I saw a soft tear or two oozing from Mr. Charnley’s nether eye. “Sir,” exclaimed he, with emotion and emphasis, “there *must* be a reaction?”—“Sir, there *SHALL* be.” We sought consolation in a banquet, for eight, furnished above stairs.

As we are upon the subject of books, I may just remark, that a list of all the publications estimable from elegance of execution and form, and value of intrinsic matter—put forth by the *Typographical*

phical Society, established at Newcastle: his *Hints on the propriety of Establishing* such a Society having appeared in 1818:—a short tract of six pages. In fact, the zeal, activity, and anxiety of my friend, in all matters relating to the literary, scientific, and antiquarian welfare of his native town, have no limits, and know no diminution. They rise up and lie down with him. One thing particularly struck me in his closely-wedged miscellaneous collection:—the choice and nicety of each article. A *golden Nero*, or a first *Walton’s Angler*, was as well nigh perfect as it might be; and his *Horsley* was only equalled by his *Hock*.

Society of Newcastle, and furnished by my friend Mr. Adamson—will be found in Mr. Martin's beautiful volume of *Private Book Collections*, to which is prefixed the *identical* wood-cut at the head of this chapter;* and in which the summit of *St. Nicholas'* church cuts a distinguished figure. In fact, it should seem, if graphic representations be taken as a correct test, that Newcastle could not *exist* without THIS CHURCH; and that no view ought to be tolerated without it.

As it is, questionless, a very striking object, from its size and position—and as there is scarcely any other ecclesiastical edifice worth a second view—I shall single out *St. Nicholas*† for a few short

* My thanks to Mr. Martin for the supply of this beautiful ornament to these pages, are necessarily here concurrent with the text.

† A word first of all for the LIBRARY attached to this church, the books of which were bequeathed by one Dr. Thomlinson, in 1745; and the locality for their reception was erected at the expense of the famous Sir Walter Blackett, Bart. the great Newcastle Mecænas of the last century; whose portrait, engraved by Fittler, from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, forms the frontispiece of Brand's *History of Newcastle*; and is very indifferently re-engraved for Mr. Straker's *Memoirs of the Public Life* of the same distinguished individual, in 1819, 12mo. At pages ix, x, of Mr. Straker's biography, some curious particulars are told of this library. I visited it twice; not, however, being disposed for a third visit. The *Hexham MS.* as they call it—once pilfered from *St. Andrew's* at Hexham—is only one of the common-place MSS. of the Bible, in small Gothic letters, double columns, perhaps at the very end of the thirteenth century. It is mutilated and dingy. In a small room at the upper end, there are a few well-bound tomes of exploded divinity and the inferior editions of the Fathers. Once it should seem that nearly

moments' discussion, or description. The latter may be done in few words. The church is long, gloomy, and denuded of sepulchral ornaments. The tower, and superadded cap, between spire and semi-tower, is its reputed boast. I dare not "speak" out in the presence of the dilettanti: but I had my secret thoughts on the first visit, and no longer made those thoughts "secret," on my second visit. I was told that Mr. Rickman had said it was a

half the town, in rotation, were in the habit of visiting this library. It is now, of necessity, a deserted chamber.

St. NICHOLAS is the *parent church of the town*. Of its *earliest* structure I will say nothing. It was burnt down, and rebuilt up towards the end of the fourteenth century but I am most reluctant to allow any visible traces to reach this period. The tower looks to be of the time of Henry VI, when the pinnacles are supposed to have been placed upon it by one Robert Rhodes, a great man in his day. Of these pinnacles presently. The church is two hundred and forty feet in length, and seventy-five in breadth. Its desolate interior, especially at the western extremity, is chilling. It seems to be warmed by no devotional atmosphere. The picture over the altar is by Tintoretto—*Our Saviour washing the feet of his disciples*; a present from the late munificent Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart. The day was so dark when I visited the church, and the light in every respect fell so dubiously upon the picture, that I could form no notion of its merits.

And now for the *pinnacles*, about which Mr. Mackenzie not only almost raves, but concentrates a host of authorities, as if to interdict all expression of an opinion contrary to the usually received one. *Of themselves*, they are well and good. The old author of *Chorographia*, borrowing a figure from the first Eclogue of Virgil, thus handles the subject. I must, however, premise, that such bald and ungrammatical lines could never have been written by Ben Jonson, but probably by the William Johnstone, author of the verses at page 363, ante. Thus discourses the quaint author of *Chorographia*

famous, or admirable, tower: of good proportions, and solid workmanship. So it might be:—and so is a tower at the corner of a castle-keep: and so is a prison tower—and a pharos tower. But the tower of the church of St. Nicholas strikes me as being one of the heaviest, coarsest, and most stunted church-towers in the kingdom.—(I “ tremble while I give utterance.”) There is nothing *ecclesiastical* about it. And then for the ornaments, or cap, upon the summit, these appear to me to be decidedly objectionable on two grounds: the one, that the whole additions are disproportionably short or compressed,—the other, that it does not *belong* to what it is fixed upon. It is the first cap of a young

upon the tower and pinnacles, the verses having been borrowed by every subsequent topographer. “ It lifteth up a head of majesty, as high above the rest, as the cypresse tree above the low shrubs.

BEN JONSON.

‘ My altitude high, my body foure square,
 My foot in the grave, my head in the ayre.
 My eyes in my sides, five tongues in my wombe,
 Thirteen heads upon my body, four images alone.
 I can direct you where the winde doth stay,
 And I tune God’s precepts thrice a day.
 I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I *is* not,
 Tell me now what I am, and see that you misse not.’”

Page 13.

The reader may call to mind a more simple and more beautiful adaptation of the four springing spandrils upon which a weather-cock is fixed, on the summit of a tower at St. Dunstane’s in the City of London, built by Sir Christopher Wren. If these pinnacles of St. Nicholas *really be* (and an examination of the churchwardens’ accounts, if not destroyed, will settle this point) of the period here specified, it seems to me surprising that similar attempts did not ensue in the century immediately following their erection.

married woman placed upon the head of an elderly maiden aunt.

It will not be thought surprising that, in a soil where *Architecture*, in all its luxuriance, seems to be an indigenous plant, the sister art of *Painting* should be rising to progressive excellence. I have before spoken of the talents of Mr. PARKER:* but, verging towards the close of this chapter—and with so many of its pages adorned by their pencils†—it would be scarcely pardonable to omit the specific mention of MESSRS. RICHARDSON—*Father and Son*:—and to commend as I notice. Few, if any, provincial towns can boast superior attainments in their particular line of art—of which they are professional teachers. The pupil will not fail to improve under such tuition; while in the large folio volume, or *album*, of the younger Richardson, the most cultivated eye may find instruction as well as gratification. I scarcely know another such modern “*Liber Veritatis*.” The subjects are sometimes mere hints, or indications, but pregnant with intelligence: at other times, they are finished drawings. “Here are one hundred guineas for the volume?”—“My daily bread is worth more than a hundred guineas.” Such was the substance of the conversation which passed between us. I had seen several of the spots in

* See page 221, ante.

† The specimens seen at pages 356 are by the elder, including the entire plate: those at pp. 358-9, 361-71, are by the younger Mr. Richardson; while those under the head of “Alnwick and Warkworth,” *post*, are by the father.

Scotland which he had treated—and treated with admirable effect and fidelity. I doubt if there be another such volume on the north side of the Tyne.* There may be other excellent artists in this town of trade and enterprize, but I speak only of those with whose productions I am familiar.

And now, FAREWELL to NEWCASTLE. Farewell to a world of wonders!—where the spirit of enterprize, liberality, and sound sense, may be said equally to prevail. Every hour of every day in which I tarried there, seemed to put on wings of unusual celerity. I was kept in continual suspense of admiration, between the powers of human skill on the one hand, and the prodigal bounties of nature on the other. Society seemed to move upon a pivot of its own peculiar construction. I was at “Thebes” one day, and another at “Athens:”—now a sentinel upon the wall of Severus—now an inhabitant of carbonaceous darkness: at one time, in a steamer to Tynemouth—at another, on the railroad to Hexham: while the rising glories of Mr. Grainger’s architecture made me almost doubt the *identity* of the scene.† Of the social comforts, and unceasing hospitalities, of the

* While I am writing these pages, the younger Mr. Richardson is abroad, in Italy. All I anxiously hope, beg, and entreat, is, that he will not *Italianize* NORTHUMBERLAND SCENERY.

† One of what are called the most *imposing* scenes, about Newcastle, is, in crossing the bridge from Gateshead, and looking up to the County Hall, before you, pendent from the clouds, with the old black castle, yet higher, a little to the left. I have seen these objects

inhabitants, these pages have made ample mention ; but not more ample than their merits claim. My right hand would indeed “ forget its cunning,” if it could be instrumental to the composition of one line, in which the attentions and kindnesses received could be mentioned in any other manner than that of the most unfeigned gratitude. The residence of a few *days* seems to have secured friends for the remainder of the term of *life*: friends, whom I may never again *see*, but whom it were impossible to *forget*. And if it be permitted me, in conclusion, to apostrophize the town, as the bard of Mantua makes Æneas apostrophize the Queen of Carthage, I may with truth say,

“ Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt
Quæ me cunque vocant terræ . . .”

But this is not all. While these pages are blackening through the press, I learn that the *Claytonian spirit*, which “ rules and reigns” at NEWCASTLE, is throwing a magnificent bridge across the *Wear*, in Washington parish, about six miles distant ; of which one arch has a span of one hundred and sixty feet ; another, of one hundred and forty-four feet ; and of which, the height of the first arch, above the

lighted up by a setting sun, darting its beams of gold through a dense cloud of smoke, above which the summits of the two buildings just mentioned, glittered, as if they were not fastened down to the soil of this earth.

* The architect and engineer of this stupendous fabric is Mr. THOMAS E. HARRISON—a resident in the neighbourhood. He has taken a splendid leaf out of Mr. Grainger’s illuminated book.

river, is one hundred and thirty feet—the LOFTIEST, for its *span*, IN THE WORLD! Nor is this a mere idle display of costly pomp. It has its uses, comforts, and benefits. This bridge, which seems to laugh at the parade of Roman aqueducts, connects the line of traffic with the *Stanhope* or *Durham Junction Railway*, and will lay open the produce of a new and large COAL-PIT to Shields' harbour!..

“Visions of glory—spare my aching sight!”

may the projector and upholder of such a magnificent scheme well say—when he comes to hold converse with his “good genius,” either at the Guildhall or at Chesters:*—for which latter place we start on the morrow.

* See the note at page 415, *post*.



ARCH UNDER MILITARY ROAD NEAR NEWCASTLE CASTLE

NEWCASTLE TO CARLISLE.



DEAREST friends, alas! must part,"
 —says Gay, in one of the most beautiful and instructive of his fables; and in real life, as it is called, the same "parting" must be frequently experienced. In this world of care, most of "our

meetings are short, and our separations long"—according to one of the most pleasing and popular

writers of the day. Newcastle, with all its wonders, its society, and attractions, was to be quitted for a more northern territory; and the cities, and mountains, and lakes of SCOTLAND, were to make me forget—if it were possible so to do—all that I had previously seen and previously admired. That were a bold dictum which should hold out such a prospective gratification; but it *was* held out.

That a soil, of which COAL may be said to be the inexhaustible substratum, should stimulate those who live upon its surface, to the greatest possible exertions in the way of *Steam Conveyance*, by land as well as by sea, is not to be wondered at. Accordingly, at Newcastle, where nothing retrogrades, and few things are stagnant, the very SPIRIT OF STEAM may be said to take up its permanent abode. The marvellous manufactory of Mr. Stephenson alone occupies four hundred workmen, for the supply of steam-engines to all parts of the world. It would follow that, while the breast of the river *Tyne* was bearing up the countless steamers that are ploughing its yielding surface, the *land* would also bear evidence of the same propelling power; and accordingly a *Rail Road* to Hexham, Haydon Bridge, and Carlisle, was no sooner planned than executed. The success has been complete; and the pencil of the artist has been called in aid to illustrate and confirm the talent of the engineer.* The earlier buds of

* I allude to a slight but elegant publication in a 4to. form, containing three copper-plate views, and one vignette, of some of the principal points, or stations, on the route of this railway to Carlisle—published under the direction of Mr. Blackmore, the engineer.

spring of this present year had hardly displayed themselves, when the same steaming spirit led to the project of *another* railroad, which should unite Newcastle with EDINBURGH and GLASGOW: thus affording the grand concluding finish of a route from London to Glasgow by steam upon terra-firma. The idea is worthy of all that has gone before it; and the numerous, respectable, and *substantial* names by which this great plan is upheld, is at once the earnest and assurance of ultimate success.* It is thus possible to breakfast in London with one's

THIS railway is a noble rival of that from *Liverpool to Manchester*, and exceeds it in length and picturesque beauty. Its success appears to have been more complete than its most sanguine supporters could have anticipated; while, in its expenditure, for working the railway, and cost of coke, coal, and carting, it is one-third in some points, and two-thirds in others, *below* that of its rival. For every £100 gross receipt in the Carlisle, only £30 expenses are incurred; whereas in the Liverpool, £58 expense is incurred. Add to this, there has been in the gross weekly receipts of the Newcastle and Carlisle Company, such a regular *increase*, as, within six months, to have *doubled* the first incomings. The beautiful vignette at the head of this chapter is taken from Mr. Blackmore's publication: and the OPPOSITE PLATE is another gem stolen from the same casket—with permission of the proprietor.

* What is above specified as to the weight, numbers, and talents, of those united for the carrying of this magnificent scheme into effect, is literally true. Mr. Joshua Richardson is the engineer. The object will be two-fold: to go direct, and as expeditiously as possible, to Glasgow—from the town of Newcastle itself—and to make a branch road, where it may join other similar roads from the south. I am not sure that its direct route has been finally fixed: but it has been suggested that it might take up the *Carlisle* railroad as far as the junction of the North Tyne, at a place called Warden, a little above Hexham—and hence branch off to Glasgow.

family to-day, and to dine at Frisky Hall, beyond Glasgow,* to-morrow; but then the breakfast must be at six, and the dinner at seven o'clock.

My friend, Mr. Adamson, who is one of the commanders-in-chief of the Hexham Railroad Company,† was necessarily urgent that we should take advantage by that mode of conveyance as far as Hexham—some twenty-two miles on the route to Carlisle; whither, indeed, we should have gone in the first instance, but that the very kind invitation of Mr. John Clayton, to spend a day with him and his family (brother and sisters) at *Great Chesters*, about seven miles from Newcastle, was on no account to be slighted or returned. We accepted it with pleasure; and started for the railroad in one of those machines which might have been called a *duodecimo omnibus*‡—small in size, and devoted to passengers of every rank and grade in life. Doctors, proctors, mechanics, labourers, were all of the party. The morning was fine, the pace expeditious; and in

* The country residence of my friend, John Kerr, Esq. of Glasgow—with whom I took up my abode during my stay at the latter place.

† He is SECRETARY to the establishment; and one more vigilant, active, and competent in every respect to carry its best interests into full execution, could not have been appointed. The reader will just look at the conclusion of the last note but two, as a “triumphant” demonstration of the truth of this remark. It speaks *volumes*—of the largest *folio* description.

‡ All this wear and tear is now at an end. The passengers are conveyed in a small steam-boat directly to the railroad, which is now brought up within three hundred yards of the bridge.





about half an hour we saw the mighty *train* prepared to receive us. We were off at a tangent. Horses, dogs, cows, sheep, and pigs—coal, wood, pitch, tar, hemp, and tallow—carriages, carts, and gigs, were all picturesquely arranged, as the electrical shock* took place, which told us we were on the movement. The whizzing steam and trailing smoke denoted everything to be in full play. At first we seemed to be shot through the air; but the pace slackened a little, giving us not only time to notice the several stages or stations, but breath to express our admiration at the elegance of their structure in stone. It should still seem to be the region of chaste architecture. The river Tyne was on our right; the pendent woods of the forfeited Derwentwater property† on our left. An unknown country had been broken into by this line of conveyance, as luxuriant as previously strange. Now, we stopped to take up a sportsman, upon his cob, with his double-barrelled gun and a brace of pointers; and now, to eject a miller, with sundry sacks of flower. The party in the particular machine which we occupied, was rather select, well-dressed, and disposed to be not

* This "electrical shock" has also now ceased. It was the only moment of "drawback" on the whole journey.

† All this fine property now belongs to Greenwich Hospital: but as you near Hexham and Haydon Hill, and about Carlisle, a great portion of the surrounding country is the property of the Earl of Carlisle; and especially on either side of the river Gelt—over which the railroad is conveyed—does that nobleman hold large possessions. It is a country marked by some of the sweetest features of a quiet landscape.

only happy among themselves, but with everything about and around them. There was female elegance and even beauty. A passenger secretly remarked to me—" 'twas a bridal party, and the happy pair were to spend the day at Hexham."

The word "HEXHAM," abstracted me a brief moment from all around, calling up recollections of former days in an instant; not only the more important events supplied by the pages of history, but of Colman's gratifying musical drama, called the *Battle of Hexham*; to which, in late boyhood, my eyes and my ears were rivetted with a delight equally unqualified. The heroes who fought the *real* fight, and the heroes who represented it upon the *stage*—the author, the singers, the musicians—had all gone "the way of dusty death." In the midst of this abstraction, the train halted, and the ancient town of Hexham was close at my left. I shook myself, stepped out of the machine, reconnoitred our luggage, and concentrating it in a hand-truck, drawn by two steady lads, followed it up hill with my daughter into the heart of the town, stopping at "the Bell," the principal inn. From hence a chaise would convey us across the bridge to Great Chesters, a short six miles.

Here then was the capital of what was once called *Hexhamshire*. Here had been the seat of a bishopric, in ancient times, when none but an *ERT* or a *RET** could presume to aspire to the mitre. Here in

* The ancient Episcopacy of Hexham expired with Tilferd in 821. He had been preceded by *Timbert*, *Wilfrid*, *Frethbert*,

fact (according to Pennant) was the *Hagustald* of Bede, and *Hextoldesham* of the Saxons. Here, the decisive battle was fought, which extinguished the last hopes of Henry and Margaret;* driving them and

Tilbert, Ethelbert, Headred, and Eanbert. *Hexhamshire* was merged in the county of *Northumberland* in the 14th year of Elizabeth's reign.

* There has been perhaps few or no battles fought, over which such a wild and romantic air hangs as that of HEXHAM. The bravery and presence of mind of a queen and a heroine have even dignified defeat, and the conqueror is forgotten in the misfortunes of the vanquished. Yet I cannot help expressing a scepticism, by which I have been long haunted, and which I should have been too happy to have shaken off, that the adventures of QUEEN MARGARET, after the defeat, are, if not wholly ideal, coloured with so strong an infusion of the romantic, as to excite reasonable doubts of their reality—in minds, yet more disposed to chivalrous admiration than my own. The exact *site* of the Battle of Hexham is yet a moot point. Some have said it was on Hexham Levels. Pennant says, very indefinitely, that it was on the banks of the river. Wherever fought, it must have been, I presume, near the river. Mr. Wright, the author of an interesting "*Essay towards the History of Hexham*," 1823, says—"No legend points out the scene of action, and historians differ so widely, that it is yet a pertinent question—'where was the battle of Hexham fought?'"—p. 196.

But on what particular spot fought, is immaterial. If it was among the shortest, it was among the bloodiest battles upon record. The discomfiture, on all sides, of the Lancastrian army, was complete. Henry lost his *Abacock*, or cap set with jewels—in other words, "his helmet, with two crowns richly adorned"—which was carried to Edward at York, on the 24th of May 1464. Dukes, Earls, Nobles, and Esquires of high degree, became at once captives and victims. The inhumanity of the conquerors stopped at nothing. The Duke of Somerset was taken, and beheaded at Hexham; though the place of his interment, like that of the battle, has never been

their adherents as refugees out of the kingdom, and causing the latter to be visited, in retreat, by more

ascertained. The Lords Roos, Molins, Hungerford, and Findern, were also taken, and beheaded on the Sandhills at Newcastle. Humphrey Nevil was concealed *under ground* for *five years*, but was afterwards discovered, and executed. What befell those who escaped, is matter of the liveliest but most melancholy interest. The subsequent note will say something upon this subject.

For the QUEEN—she is reported to have escaped, with her son Edward, into a large thick forest, on the north side of the Tyne; to have fallen among a band of robbers—a race of beings with which that region was thickly inhabited; that these robbers quarrelled about the division of the rich booty found upon her; that, in this quarrel, the Queen and her son escaped;—when, pursuing her route, she was assailed by another robber, or two, one of whom proved to turn out the *beau idéal* of a bandit. A dialogue ensued between them, which is given (as if faithfully handed down at the time) by all the historians—and in which, by an appeal to his heroic feelings, the ferocity of the freebooter is instantly softened down to the humanity of a knight of chivalry. Instead of meeting the raised sword of vengeance, the Queen is told to lean upon the extended arm, which is to conduct her to a place of safety, and of eventual escape.

The sequel is well known. The leading features of this very improbable adventure have been amplified or compressed, to suit the views of the narrators, from the time of Rapin downwards. Hume gives no contemporaneous authority; unless Monstrelet (vol. iii. p. 96) be considered as such: but it did not, perhaps, occur to Hume, that Monstrelet died ten years before the battle of Hexham was fought; and his continuator, John Le Clerc, is not considered by Dacier to be a first-rate authority. Indeed, in the black letter edition of 1512, vol. iii. fol. cclxxxvii-viii, and between the years 1461 and 1465, I find no notice whatever of the battle. All that Johnes makes the Queen say to the second robber, is, “Take him, friend, and save the son of your king”—meaning Prince Edward. *Edit.* 1810, vol. x. p. 125. Turner and Lingard are little more than the echos of Hume. Pennant, who rarely loses an opportunity

misery and wretchedness than usually befall the lot of the vanquished.* Here, the Reformation could

of *hypothecating*, gravely supposes that this second robber "was perhaps a Lancastrian, reduced by necessity to this course of life," and affected by the Queen's "gallant confidence, devoted himself to her service," &c.—*Tour in Scotland*, pt. XI. p. 298. That the Queen of England, with her only son, should have left the field of battle *alone*—that none of the royal body-guard should have devoted themselves, with even an increased spirit of determination, since the flight of her husband, to the preservation of her person—and to participate in her future destinies, whatever they might be—is, to my apprehension, utterly inconceivable. The tale, as usually recorded, has too much of a *dramatised* air about it to be admitted as a sober truth. But let us examine a little the probable facts of the case. It is certain that this melo-dramatic affair was unknown to Fabian, Hall, and Grafton. Not a syllable of it is recorded in their chronicles—and Caxton does not bring down the text of *his* chronicle below the battle of Towton. Fabian lived within twenty years of the battle of Hexham: he says, that the Yorkists "chased Henry so near, that they won of him some of his followers trapped with blue velvet, and his *bicoket* garnished with two crowns of gold, and fret with pearl and rich stone."—*Edit.* 1559, p. 493. Hall, who is always copied by Grafton, says, that "King Henry was this day the best horseman of his company, for he fled so fast that no man could overtake him; and yet he was so near pursued that certain of his henchmen and followers were taken, their horses being trapped in blue velvet: whereof one of them had on his head the said King Henry's helmet. Some say his high cap of estate, called *Abococket*, garnished with two crowns." Edward IV. *Second Yere.*

Now, would a chronicler, disposed to be thus minute, have omitted the opportunity to enlarge his account of this battle, by the very extraordinary event which is above reported to have taken place, immediately after its termination, had it *actually* occurred? I think not.

* The reader will expect, from a preceding note, to hear something of this "misery and wretchedness." Take one sample only.

not be consummated without fixing the head of the last Prior upon the gates of the abbey of which he was the principal.*

It was market-day, and the population, consisting of some six thousand, seemed to be upon the *qui vive*. Of the market-place, there is a very clever view in the *Northern Tourist*, from the talented pencil of Mr. Allom ;† nor is there a less clever view of the

“ I have seen the Duke of Exeter (says Philip de Comines) run on foot, and barelegged, after the Duke of Burgundy’s train, begging his bread for the love of God!—but he never disclosed his name.” I gather this anecdote from Mr. Wright’s history. The Duke of Exeter was one of the *fortunate* refugees : if to escape the axe for such an humiliating result be so considered. It was clear that the Lancastrian army was most bunglingly commanded, and the battle most unskilfully fought on their part ; for Lord Montacute, or Montague, who commanded the victorious Yorkists, had the temerity to engage in action before his reinforcements had come up, and apparently in direct opposition to the orders of Edward. (How frequently—as at the siege of Copenhagen—does the *end* justify the *means*!) But Montague was probably flushed by his victory, a few days before, at *Hedgeley Moor*—where the gallant Sir Hugh Percy fell ; the only nobleman of his party who had “ **SAVED THE BIRD IN HIS BREAST.**” Such were the dying words of this illustrious chieftain—on the field of battle.

* His name was Edward Say, or Jay. The Rev. Mr. Airy of Hexham, shewed me the spot where this frightful butchery took place. I believe there were few *rougher* deeds of the Reformation than at Hexham : but why the hospital—as well as all the hospitals attached to monasteries—should have been razed to the ground, is equally inconceivable and indefensible. The kitchens and granaries attached to them fed the poor in time of dearth : and the destruction of not fewer than one hundred and ten of these hospitals marks the traces of the Reformers !

† Page 157. It is one of the very cleverest views in this brilliant

“Depôt,” at Hexham, or the place where we halted, in Mr. Blackmore’s pleasing publication.* We made for the “Black Bull Inn :” bespeaking a chaise to conduct us to *Chesters*, as soon as we should have completed a circuit of the town, and seen the principal sights. Our kind friend, Mr. Adamson, had furnished us with a letter to the Rev. Mr. Airy, a gentleman well versed in all *Hexhamite* antiquities. He attended us to the *Abbey Church*, of which little more than the transept and choir are left, deserving especial notice. The transept, one hundred and fifty-six feet in length, has a noble aspect. The choir, about seventy feet only in length, is in the chaste style of early English architecture towards the end of the thirteenth century; resembling, both in style and size, that of Southwell Minster.† It is however defaced—rather than dignified, as intended by its donor ‡—by a gallery of deal pews. Many

work, and from the mountain in the foreground, has quite the air of a foreign market-place.

* See page 402, ante.

† See page 79, ante. In immediate *exterior* advantages, it must not be compared with Southwell Minster. Mr. Mackenzie has justly designated the neighbourhood as abounding in unseemly accessories, besides a crowd of wretched buildings.—“Even pig-styes, and other nasty erections, are set up against the walls of this noble and ancient pile.”—*Hist. of Northumb.* vol. ii. p. 282, note. Mr. Wright, p. 61, unites in condemnation of this barbarous neighbourhood.

‡ That donor was the once renowned Sir William Blackett, Bart. a man, as before observed, of whose general benevolence and local patriotism too much cannot be said in commendation. His life, written by Mr. Straker, forms one of the pleasing volumes of the *Bibliotheca Typographica* of Newcastle.

things about it demanded a more leisurely survey; and the tomb or shrine of *Prior Richard*, and an almost obliterated *Dance of Death*, served to arrest our attention for a considerable time.* A good deal of the earlier portion of the twelfth century is yet left to refresh and delight the eye of the antiquary; and the modern architect, even though he be the favourite of the Church Commissioners, may be astonished to learn that the walls of the side aisles of the choir are *ten feet thick*. The pigmy ecclesiastical structures of the present day shrink into insignificance before these mighty masses of ancient brick and stone. Within the precincts of the church-yard, and within little more than a foot of the surface of the earth, was found, some three years ago, an earthen vessel, containing not fewer than three thousand *stycas*, or Saxon coins, which have been made known to the public by the archæological pen of Mr. Adamson.†

* Both Pennant and Mr. Wright have enriched their pages with the same view of this yet interesting, and once most splendid, sepulchral monument: but a great deal more of its detail requires to be made out, and its history to be enlarged. Mr. Mackenzie has given us a view, in aqua-tint, of the interior of the choir. Of the *Dance of Death*, it were to be wished that some copies, however feeble, were taken of the more distinctive parts, before a very few years shall have obliterated the whole from our view. Mr. Wright has solaced himself (at page 69) in the departure of almost all intelligible traces of the drawing, by a copious extract from the celebrated *Dance of Machabrec*—descriptive of this subject. He is doubtless aware of the late Mr. Douce's most learned treatise upon the same subject?

† See *Archæologia*, vols. xxv and xxvi. The author, in this com-

From the church we proceeded to an old tower near the market-place,* where some precious monuments are preserved, to pay our respects to Mr. Bell, the town-clerk; a gentleman, who appeared to be embedded in these faded membranaceous evidences of the olden times. His very countenance and costume seemed to belong to the Hexham-battle period. The whole picture was in fine keeping; and I felt truly sensible of his civilities and attention. My daughter seemed desirous of prematurely relinquishing this sombre scene; but during an animated discussion one soon forgets the walls in which it is held. I should think this tower could not be older than the reign of Edward III. In our way thither, or rather on immediately quitting the Abbey Church, Mr. Airy conducted us to what had been the old, but what is now the new, GRAMMAR SCHOOL—in which the church registers are kept. He called my attention to the following curious entry, during the Commonwealth; and was afterwards so kind as to copy it out for me:—

“ Note yt Mr. William Lister, Minister of St. John Lees in these distracted times, did both marry and baptize all that made their application to him, for w^{ch} he was some times severely threatned by

munication, has evinced a laboriousness and felicity of research which reflect equal honour upon his judgment and taste.

* It is admirably introduced into Mr. Allom's view of the market place, just mentioned. Being situated in the Hall Garth, it was once an efficient portion of the defence of the town; for in stone and timber, I hardly know such a place of its size for absolute strength. It was once the town gaol; and the court-manors are yet held here.

ye soulders, and had once a cockt pistoll held to his breast &c so yt its no wonder that ye Registers for these times are so imperfect and besides they are extremely confused. The following Registers since ye happy Restauration to ye end of ye century are regular and exact—viz^t

Marriages Ao Dni 1660."

I do not remember to have seen a market-place—even in any town of Normandy—exhibit a more lively picture than did this of Hexham, on the day of our visit. Rival vendors, pitted against each other, in carts, made the air ring with their vociferations. Hardware glittered here; crockery was spread out there: hats maintained a sable phalanx in a third place; while, in a fourth, a stentorian orator appeared to be almost splitting his cheeks, as well as bursting his lungs, in an elaborate eulogy upon a pair of corduroy small-clothes. The audience, collected in pretty good numbers, seemed to look on in silent wonder; but no purchase was made during my observation of this motley scene. There was a man in a cart, hard by, who ever and anon kept thrusting forward knives, razors, hatchets, and axes; displaying an agility, and an escape from accident, in a manner that perfectly astonished me. He should be hired for Astley's or Sadler's Wells. A bell tolled the hour of one, and every vendor and orator became silent—at his dinner-meal.

A chaise, of somewhat *stubborn* construction, and a pair of horses that might have carried their *own plough* at the tail of the chaise, brought us in good time to CHESTERS,* the seat of William Clayton, Esq.

* Horsley, at pages 148-50 of his *Britannia Romana*, is at once

—and where his brother John, of whom these pages have made such frequent mention, was gone to receive us. Our reception, on all sides, was of the most cordial description. A delightful mansion, delightfully situated—based upon a slice of Severus's wall—cellars, where barley and the grape held alternate dominion—drawing-rooms, where good breeding and good pictures unite to make your heart buoyant—a dining-room, replenished and adorned by all the rites of hospitality—quick interchange of lively and winning discourse—all this was only a *portion* of the accompaniments of our reception at Chesters. Before dinner, Mr. John Clayton and myself made a sally to examine a Roman encampment in the immediate vicinity of the grounds there.* It was as large, as decided; while the Tyne rolled its rapid waters at the extremity. I do not know when, on so short a stay, I have quitted a mansion and a family with a keener regret. Not twenty-

learned and copious upon what, in his time, (a century ago) was called *Great Chesters* and *Little Chesters*. To extract even a portion of this learning and fecundity were almost a waste of words, since the word CHESTERS is now exclusively used; though the distinctive name is *Walwick Chesters*, from the vicinity to the Roman Wall, and to a hamlet called Walwick.

* The small subterraneous walled apartment, into which I descended with Mr. John Clayton, is in the centre of the Roman station of *Alurnum*. It was accidentally discovered about twenty years ago. Its entrance was guarded by an iron door; and from the number of Roman coins found in the crevices of the floor—which is composed of stone flags—it is supposed to have been the *Treasury* of the camp. I should say the area of the encampment was scarcely less than two acres.

four hours had intervened between our arrival and departure. The fates were cruel, but the fates were resistless. Our route, by Naworth Castle, to Greenhead and Carlisle, was distinctly marked out for us; and a chaise from the neighbourhood was to carry us twenty-two miles before we changed horses. The postilion seemed to be as hardy as iron, and his horses as large and muscular as a compound animal might be, between the bison and the rhinoceros. The family attended us to the hall door; and as the "longum vale" was pronounced, I could not help fancying that, in the second sister, I recognized a greatly improved edition of *Diana Vernon*. Her love of the most generous of all quadrupeds, together with her fondness for constant quadrupedical exercise—added to her compact, agile figure, and sparkling countenance—would scarcely fail to strike an admirer of the novel of *ROB ROY*.

We were now to enter the *BORDER COUNTRY*; the country, where the wardens and the guardians of the marches, on the one hand, maintained their lusty fortresses against the predatory moss-trooper; and where, on the other, the soil had been so often stained, if not saturated, with the blood of contending armies:—the country, which, be it permitted me to say, has had *almost* ample justice rendered to its history by the diligent pen of *RIDPATH*; and the eloquent and instructive pages of *SCOTT*.* The

* I hardly know where to point to a book which contains a denser, or a more valuable, quantity of matter—of its kind—than the *Border History of England and Scotland*, by the Reverend Mr. *GEORGE RIDPATH*, late Minister of *Stitchill*, revised and pub-

Minstrel, here, had warbled some of his most touching strains. The banners of St. George and St. Andrews had been too frequently crossed in the hostile field. Not a castle but what rung with the deeds of arms: not a rock, or a ravine, but what had sheltered the lurking foe, or beguiled the enemy on to destruction. This, however, is rather the language of poetry than of prose: for the sober, dogged truth is, that almost all BORDER HISTORY is the record only of moral turpitude in its most odious and appalling character:—the record of crime in detail, and of wickedness in its compound and aggra-

lished by *the author's brother, Mr. Philip Ridpath, Minister of Hutton*; Lond. 1808, 4to. A new edition of this truly NATIONAL WORK, especially by the hand of some Newcastle archæologist, would be an inestimable treasure. What says my friend John Trotter Brockett, Esq.? And what a book for ILLUSTRATION!—for portraits, battles, and castles!

The text of Ridpath furnished the substratum for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, especially for the prefatory matter and notes. It was ground which SCOTT would like to tread. His facile muse might have clothed every event in verse: but the spirit of poetry is also in his prose, in these enchanting volumes: which exhibit the happiest union of prose and verse—of historical facts dressed up in the simple garb of ballad-poetry—with which I am acquainted. From beginning to end, the illustrious editor is perfectly at home. No mind but *his* could have clothed the humble events of common life in such appropriate, and yet graceful, drapery. Ordinary characters, still preserving their individuality, become vested with the qualities of a higher grade in society. A hunter is a hero of chivalry: a milkmaid, a heroine of song. Most assuredly, in the prose pages of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, do we observe those sketches which form the materials of the larger pictures in his *Novels*. It is the crisp, sharp touch of Teniers, upon a small piece of canvass, afterwards copied and enlarged by the creative genius of Rubens.

vated state.* A man's *home* needed to have been his *castle*. A man's castle needed to have been fenced

* From a thousand similar and too-speaking proofs, select only what Scott and Mackenzie have related touching the battle of *Ancram Moor* (from Murdin's *State Papers*,) fought in 1545; where Lord Evers found his deserts by finding death on the field of battle. He had ploughed and *harried* in blood; and must have anticipated a bloody termination of his abominable labours. The Earl of Angus was the victorious general of the Scotch—who rung into the ears of Lord Evers and his son, in their expiring moments, "*Remember Broomhouse!*" The list of capture and carnage by Lord Evers and Sir Brian Latoun—for which dreadful work the former was made a "Lord of Parliament"—is thus given by the authorities first mentioned. It is heart-shuddering:—"The reciprocal slaughters, burnings, devastations, and cruelties committed upon the borders of both countries, would fill a volume. The following dreadful catalogue of devastation, inflicted by LORD EVERS and SIR BRIAN LATOUN, upon the Scottish frontier, is extracted from Hayne's *State Papers*. This wasteful incursion was made by order of HENRY VIII, to avenge his disappointment at a breach of the match between his son Edward and the infant Queen of Scotland:

Exploits don upon the Scotts from the beginning of July to the 17th of November, 1544.

Towns, Towers, Barnekynes, Paryshe Churches,	
Castell Houses, burned and destroyed	192
Scotts slain	403
Prisoners taken	826
Nolt (cattle)	10,386
Shepe	12,492
Nags and Geldings	1,296
Gayt	200
Bolls of Corn	850
Insight Gear, &c. (furniture), an incalculable quantity."	

Minstrely, vol. iii. p. 242; edit. 1810. *Mackenzie*, vol. i. p. 64.

But this picture, frightful as it is, is only a mere sketch of these border-horrors. From the author last cited, we also learn that destruction attended the following: Monasteries and Freehouses, 7;

in with a rampart-wall of iron. Wife, children, and servants, all needed a guard of constant watchfulness. The character of the sex was sometimes metamorphosed; for a mother would be shewing her son a pair of spurs with one hand, and a loaded pistol with the other, telling him that the larder stood in need of replenishment.* Some three hundred years ago, the very house in which I had

Castles, Towres, and Piles, 16; Market Townes, 5; Villages, 243; Mynes, 13; Spytells and Hospitals, 3. See also official accounts of these expeditions in *Dalzell's Fragments*, SCOTT. I conclude with one horrible tale. "We learn from Wyntown that, in 1331, Ellandonan Castle witnessed the severe justice of Randolph, Earl of Murray, then Warden of Scotland. Fifty delinquents were there executed, by his orders; and according to the Prior of Lochleven, [Wyntown] the Earl had as much pleasure in seeing their ghastly heads encircle the walls of the castle, as if it had been surrounded by a *chaplet of roses!*"—SCOTT.

* "What pleasing times to those that may be brought in contrast! when every house was made defensible, and each owner garrisoned against his neighbour: when revenge at one time dictated an inroad, and necessity at another; when the mistress of a castle has presented her sons with their spurs, to remind them that her *larder was empty*, and that, by a foray, they must supply it at the expense of the Borderers; when every evening the sheep were taken from the hills, and the cattle from their pasture, to be secured in the lower floor from robbers, prowling like wolves for prey; and the disappointed thief found all in safety, from the fears of the cautious owner. The following simple lines give a true picture of the times:

' Then Johnny Armstrong to Willie gan say,
Billie, a-riding then will we:
England and us have been long at feud,
Perhaps we may hit on some bootie.

' Then they're come on to Hutton Ha',
They ride that proper place about;
But the Laird he was the wiser man,
For he had left na geir about.'

tarried—had it been then standing—might have been sacked, and its inmates butchered, ere the earlier watches of the night had passed away.

These, says Pennant, were the exploits of petty robbers; but when PRINCES dictated an inroad, the consequence bore a proportion to their rank." *Hist. of Northumberland*, vol. i. p. 64.

A different, and perhaps equally horrifying picture, is presented in what here follows:—"The Borderers, from their habits of life, were capable of most extraordinary exploits of this nature. In the year 1511, Sir Robert Kerr, of Cessford, warden of the middle marches of Scotland, was murdered at a border meeting, by the Bastard Heron, Starhead, and Silburn. The English monarch delivered up Silburn to justice in Scotland, but Heron and Starhead escaped. The latter chose his residence in the very centre of England, to baffle the vengeance of Kerr's clan of followers. Two dependants of the deceased, called Tait, were deputed, by Andrew Kerr, of Cessford, to revenge his father's murder. They travelled through England in various disguises, till they discovered the place of Starhead's retreat, murdered him in his bed, and brought his head in triumph to Edinburgh, where Kerr caused it to be exposed at the Cross. The Bastard Heron would have shared the same fate, had he not spread abroad a report of his having died of the plague, and caused his funeral obsequies to be performed." Walter Scott has abridged this anecdote, (*Minstrelsy*, vol. i. p. 117, edit. 1810) from RIDPATH; p. 481.

At pages 328-9, ante, will be found some notice of the memorable Earl of Sussex, one of these border-wardens, who stuck at nothing in his career of devastation and bloodshed. We learn that he "destroyed *fifty castles* and peels, or towers, and above *three hundred towns and villages*." "I need not multiply extracts from the horrid catalogue," observes the virtuous Gilpin, "in which the pillage, ruin, and slaughter of thousands of individuals, (contributing nothing to the sum of the wars) are related with as much indifference as the bringing in a harvest:" *Pict. Tour*, vol. i. 44. It cannot be dissembled, however, that the borderers had a strange as well as strong appetite for contention and slaughter among themselves. "The ferocity of the borderers (says Ridpath) when restrained from discharging itself upon their ancient enemies of the opposite

Thank God! those days are no more. But how long, how doubtful, how bloody, was the struggle — before the present peaceable order of things could be secured!* A truce to this sombre strain.

nation, ceased not to break forth into cruel outrages against their neighbours at home." *Border History*, 699. From a MS. in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle, (as quoted by Mr. Howard, of Corby Castle, in his *Memorials of the Howard Family*) it appears that the borders "were far from settled at a later period. Lord William Howard (of Naworth Castle) states, that he had made known to his majesty, (James I) at his being at Carlisle, the need-lesse use of the commission and garrison, and the abuse in disposing of the paye allowed for many years by his majesty, neere £1,000 per annum; and that Sir William Hutton, [the Earl of Cumberland, chief manager, with a fee of one thousand marks per annum] did then, in his majesty's presence, at Carlisle, in August 1617, confess that there was not a *true man* on my Lord of Cumberland's boundes in Liddale, to make a constable or officer, to apprehend a malefactor. Lord William, in the same writing, (continues Mr. Howard) gives numerous instances of collusion, and of the actual escape of felons passed over in silence by sheriffs and other officers of the counties of Cumberland and Northumberland, without any one being called to account for it. Sir Dudley North also relates that the gentlemen who formed the Grand Jury were then obliged to go *armed* to the assizes; and a custom still prevails, that each of the judges, on their leaving Newcastle to cross the Borders, receives a present from the mayor of a *Jacobus*, to procure a dagger for defence during their journey. Another custom, but lately dropped, was, to meet the judges, with javelin men, well armed and mounted, at a distance of nine miles from Carlisle. This meeting, in former days, had been extended to near Brampton, where, at an oak called the *Capon Tree*, still in existence, the judges were received and regaled with capons. These circumstances prove that BORDER DEPREDATIONS were long protracted after the accession of James." —p. lx.

* The accession of James V to the throne of England, at the beginning of the seventeenth, and more especially the Union with Scotland, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, tended, if not

We are upon the topmost heights. The old Roman wall of Severus now and then peeps out upon us, as if to laugh at the dates of Norman abbeys and Norman castles. The postilion ever and anon stops to breathe his horses. He answers all our queries; and, instead of frightful tales of the sallying foe and slaughtered inhabitants, tells us that such a shooting-box is here—and such an angler's cottage is there—that the cattle, apparently innumerable, and browsing upon the hill-tops or the extended plains, all know their homes and their masters. The view was grand from its vastness, rather than from the sublimity of any of its component features. We stretched hard, but in vain, to obtain a sight of the *Cheviot Hills*. They were at too great a distance, in our rear. Having refreshed the horses, we prepared ourselves for NAWORTH CASTLE—which the postilion told us was scarcely more than two miles in advance. The sun broke out in unclouded splendour, as we neared it, so that the rubies on *Will Howard's Belt** would appear

immediately, yet progressively and certainly, to root out all the deadly seeds of strife and contention; so that the BORDERER is, now, only the portraiture of HISTORY.

† “BELTED WILL HOWARD” is introduced into the fourth canto of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, as a man of note in more senses than *one*. The epithet “belted,” is given from the tradition of his having always worn a richly-studded belt. This, however, is a pleasing fiction, which, I fear, must from henceforth be abandoned. In that very curious and instructive volume, the *Memorials of the Howard Family*, just put forth by Henry Howard, Esq. of Corby Castle, we learn, at page LIX, that this tradition is “not at all founded in fact, as the belts which he wears in his pictures are particularly narrow. But the characteristic epithet with which his name has

to shine forth with a proper lustre. I had not forgotten how strongly the Archbishop of York had pressed upon me the visiting of Naworth Castle.

The first thing that struck me on approaching it, was its extreme opposition, in all respects, to the other castle of which a few pages have been occupied by the description.* In plainness and simplicity, nothing could be more plain and simple. The ivy has been allowed to run riot rather more freely than

come down to our times, is *Bauld*, meaning *Bold Wyllie*. That of his lady, (whose portrait is twice given by Mr. Howard, and hangs by the side of that of her husband, at Naworth) is, *Bessie with the Braid Apron*; not, I conceive, (continues Mr. Howard) from any embroidery of that part of her dress, but using the word *broad*, which is often so pronounced, in allusion to the breadth or extent of her possessions." I confess that I differ decidedly, but respectfully, from the latter conclusion. Mr. Howard supposes the Earl "to have been in the habit of wearing the *baldrick*, or broad belt, which was formerly worn as a distinguishing badge of persons in high station." This latter is exceedingly probable, if not the truth. Mr. Burke, in his *Peerage*, says—but I think without foundation—that he went by the name of *Bald Wyllie*.

* See page 233, ante. From the text of Mr. Howard's book, quoted in the last note, it should seem that Naworth Castle appears to have been the principal seat of the *Barons of Gilsland*, from the year 1335. Material dilapidations followed in the course of time, continuing even to the year 1577, when the castle was almost reconstructed *de novo*. When Camden visited it in 1607, the repairs were going on briskly, but Belted Will never went to reside there till 1624; where he died in 1640. When in possession of it, it should seem that he purchased a good deal of the furniture, as well as the materials, of *Kirkoswald Castle*, (sold by the heirs of the Lord Dacres of the South)—"especially the paintings of old British and Saxon kings, which were, according to Sandford, in the great hall at Kirkoswald, and now form the room and the end of the hall at Naworth."—*Memorials of the Howard Family*; p. lxi. Scott

comporteth with an ancient Border Castle ; but the court-yard* is singularly attractive. We were soon ushered into the hall, where the whole-length portrait, upon panel, and in oil, of the Lord William Howard of Naward, or Naworth—(second son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and of Elizabeth, his wife†—both suspended at the hither extremity)—

says, very justly, that the rooms (left in the precise state that they were on the demise of Belted Will) “impress us with an unpleasing idea of the life of a Lord Warden of the Marches. Three or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate the apprehension of treachery from his garrison ; and the secret winding passages, through which he could privately descend into the guard-room, or even into the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of superintendence on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisturbed, the venerable appearance of these apartments, and the armour scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the Warden in person.”—*Minstrelsy*: note.

* The creative pencil of Mr. Allom has filled this court-yard with an extremely characteristic group, in his *Northern Tourist* ; p. 102 : the text being devoted to a tale called *The Bridal of Naworth*.

† She was a co-heiress, with her sister Ann, (married to Philip, Earl of Arundel) of George, the last Lord Dacre, of Gilsland ; who died without issue : being the third in descent of the Lord Dacre of border notoriety, and whom Scott, in his “Lay,” calls “the hot Dacre.” She succeeded to Naworth Castle, and to Hinderskelle—on the site of the latter of which stands the present CASTLE HOWARD. Mr. Howard, of Corby Castle, gives two lithographed prints of her, from the original in Naworth Castle ; one of which represents her in her fourteenth year : but they both appear to be the same portrait. The “Lineages” of her, by several hands, in Mr. Howard’s book, are of an extent and minuteness which might satisfy the most inordinate appetite for genealogies. Her possessions appear to have been immense.

soon caught our particular attention. The painter is said to be Jansen. We instantly admitted that there was nothing in the countenance of the former particularly indicative of ferocity of disposition. He did not seem as if he were afraid to go to bed alone without double-bolting his door—or that he could take any pleasure in listening to the groans of expiring captives. His marriage with the distinguished female then before us, was one of free and early choice—of a long and unceasing affection. He loved her ardently when she was scarcely more than an opening flower; and that love, yet more intense in lusty manhood, knew no abatement—no chill—even when age had silvered their hairs, and consigned them, within a year of each other, to their respective graves.* But oh! the fickleness of for-

* “LORD WILLIAM HOWARD and LADY ELIZABETH DACRE were nearly of the same age: were brought up together, and destined for each other from early life. Their mutual affection appears to have been most sincere and persevering; and they died within a year of each other: he at the age of seventy-seven, she in her seventy-fifth year. They were married when about *fourteen*, but do not appear to have immediately lived together. Their first child, Philip, was born four years after their marriage. During the long period of their lives, his attention to her seems never to have varied or abated. In his accounts there are a number of presents to her, even to decorate her person at an advanced age: and he had her picture taken when she was seventy-three years of age, by the best painter then known. He fires with an indignation almost amounting to implacability, at Sir William Hutton’s having insinuated that she, during his absence whilst he was Warden of the Marches, had connived at the escape of a prisoner, and scarce accepts of an ample apology. On this subject there is a long writing of Lord William’s in the possession of Lord Carlisle. In the

tune—the uncertainty of all worldly results! Not a tomb marks the resting-place of either . . . for the spot of their burials is unknown. The same destiny attends that of their four children; and the antiquary has yet a long pilgrimage to make ere he kneel at the shrine of BOLD WYLLIE.

We followed our guide—a goodly woman—who told us that the Earl of Carlisle had scarcely left the Castle forty-eight hours; his Lordship always making an annual visit to this profitable portion of his inheritance. A simple bed-room, drawing-room, and dining-room—on the ground floor—sufficed him for the short period he usually tarried. The upper portion of the house, or castle, is all that can be

disposal of every estate belonging to her inheritance, he takes special care that her possession for life be secured to her; and to the last, in every estate which he purchased and destined for their sons, he also gives her a life estate. One of these deeds is dated the year before her death, when she was in her seventy-fourth year; so that to the very close of their lives their union appears to have been one of the truest affection, esteem, and friendship.

“To judge from her portrait, though she was not a regular beauty, she may yet be deemed handsome, as her countenance is both sprightly and intelligent, and her figure elegant. Nothing can be inferred, relating to her, that is not favourable, as a lady, as a wife, and as a mother; and she had every advantage of high birth and large possessions, scarcely to be equalled, as she and her sister were the representatives of many large baronies, and the inheritors of great part of those estates.”—“It is remarkable that no record can be found, either of the place of their burials, or those of any of their children: it was probably at Lanercost; but there are no registers of that date existing, either at Lanercost, Brampton, or among the archives of the Bishopric of Carlisle.”—*Memorials of the Howard Family*; *Appx.* pp. lv. lix.

wished for on the score of mystery and romance. In a corridor were the *hat* and *cradle* of this belted warden and warrior. Several swords, apparently of his time, were suspended on the walls. I put the hat upon my head: while my daughter was lost in mingled admiration and astonishment at the cradle—which was anything but curious or splendid. A blood-hound might have occasionally slept in it. We threaded the bed-rooms—of a simplicity approaching to bare walls. We paused at the foot of the bed of its once renowned occupant; and I threw a hurrying eye over some two hundred volumes of books in a corner to the left; but whether these shelves contained any of the works mentioned as being here in my *Decameron*, (vol. iii. p. 403) I had not leisure to ascertain. There was a small room, in which stood a bed, with curtains of a red ground. This, according to tradition, had once been covered with *threads of gold*: a lady having made a vow to devote the sum of £500 to its garniture. The gold threads have dropt off by piece-meal, and the red drapery only remains.

The *Oratory*, in its pristine state, must have been of an uncommon character. There was an altar, before which our noble Will would have frequently knelt; and there was a small recess, which might have served as a *confessional*. In those times there was need of confession, and greater need of pardon. Pictures, sculptures, fragments of a varied description, filled up this small room—scarcely bigger than a china-cupboard.* We de-

* Mr. Richardson, of Newcastle, shewed me some curious sketches

scended to the *chapel*—exhibiting its precise state, as left by its noble owner of other days. The roof-loft is in a tottering state. The once pictured walls are mouldering to decay, and the colours rapidly becoming evanescent. There is an air of stern simplicity about it, which should not seem to have belonged to a man whose waist was *belted* with costly materials.

“ You will doubtless see the *Dungeon*, Sir,”—observed the guide, with a look which showed how mortified she would have been if we had declined the offer. “ No doubt,” was our reply. Two or three candles were lighted, and we prepared to descend. Without affectation I may assert that I never made a descent with a greater spirit of curiosity excited:—but I will as frankly own, that I shuddered when I saw a huge ring fastened to a stone wall, and a staple to a stout oaken door. It seemed to be the region of black, horrible, hopeless despair. Cell after cell: one above another—curiously connected—and yet, so as to cut off all communication between the pinioned prisoners. They might have heard each other’s groans:—but help seemed to be quite out of the question. As far as I could discover, there was no loop-hole either for light or air; so that the poor wretches had to grope or crawl, like reptiles, upon the dank, dark floor—unless even this liberty were abridged by the ring

of the interior of this oratory—or rather of many of its ornaments. Mr. Richardson has also a most faithful view of the interior of the chapel. Does the reader ask “ *why* there are not *copies* of them here?” Let him look through this work twice before he repeats the question—if disposed to repeat it.

and the rope. In the lowest depths of the Castle the moss-trooper might have

.... "sighed his sullen soul away!"

without even the cognizance of its lordly owner. I make no doubt that these dungeons were regularly *replenished*, as soon as death, by violence or otherwise, had thinned the ranks of the pre-occupiers:— and the reader may see, by reference to a foregoing note,* that there was always an excuse at hand to get rid of a "couple of hundred" upon an emergency.

Upon the whole, however, I am not prepared to say that the ancient and illustrious Inmate of the mansion, or castle, in which we have so long tarried, was of that fierce and indomitable spirit of which the assertion seems to have uniformly descended, with all other traditionary matter, relating to him. It is in history as in private life. Damning report too often supplies the place of sober truth. What is sanguinary and atrocious seems to go down the stream of time more swiftly and distinguishably than the milder virtues and less noisy exploits of a secluded state of existence. It is clear, and would necessarily follow from his situation, that my Lord Howard would now and then have sharp work to go through in rebuking the contumaciousness, or punishing the rebellion, of his unruly neighbours; but I think it remains yet to be shown that he waded through more blood than was needful, or than the other

* See page 329, ante.

Lord-Wardens of the Marches: that, in fact, the summary and severe punishments inflicted by him, were rather tokens of the barbarity of the age than of the individual; and that if the instrument used by him was sometimes sharp, it was the instrument which the law put into his hands.* But to pursue our journey.

Doubly bright seemed to be the sun, and doubly sweet and refreshing the air, after quitting these dolorous regions of darkness, and making our way across the greensward to our vehicle. We had probably spent an hour within the Castle: an hour, which seemed to have initiated us into all the terrible mysteries of the Border period: and right glad were we to hasten to the inn at *Greenhead*—where we

* Fuller, in his *Worthies*, speaking of the MOSS-TROOPERS, says: "They had, when in their greatest height, two great enemies—the Laws of the Land, and the LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, of *Naworth Castle*." Fuller lived but a very little later than the period of Lord Howard's death, in 1640, and attributes the extinction of moss-trooping to the exertions of the first Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Charles II. "At the very moment of James passing the Borders, (says Mr. Howard) on his accession, intelligence was brought of grievous robberies and riots committed by a body of two or three hundred banditti of the West Marshes, who had spread their ravages as far as Penrith; and though James seems to have been much pleased with his own conceit, that the Borders, which were before the *extremities*, had now become the *middle* of his kingdom, yet it was long before those parts of England settled into peace and order; and it is generally admitted that the country was mainly indebted for this to the vigilant exertions, firmness, uncompromising justice, and at times severity, of LORD WILLIAM HOWARD."—*Memorials of the Howard Family*, p.lx.

From a MS. in the possession of Earl Carlisle, it appears that, in

got possession of a large upper room, which had been just quitted by a knot of farmers, on the conclusion of their respective bargains:—it happening to be here also market-day. From hence to Carlisle is a short nine-miles stage: exceedingly interesting from adjacent houses of respectability, well cultivated lands, and picturesquely disposed pleasure-grounds. All the way thither, as the sun was about to set in a fine cloudless sky, it was exceedingly beautiful and exhilarating.

a list in his own writing, (whether he was the King's Lieutenant at the time, is uncertain) entitled, "*Felons taken and prosecuted by me, for felonies in Gilisland and elsewhere, since my abode ther:*" there are of them twenty-nine taken, and most of them executed, before the year 1612; from that time the dates are added to their names, the last of which, making the sixty-eighth, is in the year 1632—five years after his residence at Naworth Castle. "But there is no such thing as any EXECUTION—otherwise than by *convictions* either at the *regular assizes* at Carlisle, Newcastle, or Durham, or in the Courts of Justice in Scotland."—*Ibid.* "Lord William's public life, as doing the duties of Lord Warden of the Marches, though of great and permanent utility to the country, by establishing within our borders the habits of *order, peaceable life, and personal security*, does not, from its nature, furnish much historical incident."—*Mem. Howard Family, Appx.* p. lix.

It is a great pity that Mr. Howard has not been enabled to add to the anecdotes of his ancestor's private life after the year 1624—when he had scarcely done more than warm the chimneys of his castle. Lord Howard's love of history, antiquities, and genealogies, seems to have continued to the last. There are several letters on Northern Antiquities, addressed by him to Sir Robert Cotton. He published *Florence of Worcester*; and according to the account of the Arundel Manuscripts, he collected many valuable MSS., of which part remain in that collection. A part remain at Naworth, and probably at Castle Howard. In his illustration of genealogies,

It was well nigh dark when we reached CARLISLE, and drove up to the *Bush Inn*; my friend Mr. Adamson having recommended it, and requested me to use his name there as freely as I chose. Everything wore the aspect of bustle and substantial business. The railroad is paved with gold for this inn. Not fewer than nineteen beds were engaged, on the very evening of our arrival, by visitors who came by that mode of conveyance; so that we considered ourselves fortunate in securing one good sitting-room, and two bed-rooms. . . . among the very best we had met with on our journey. All the house was upon the *qui vive*—chambermaids and waiters running in every direction; while boxes, trunks, carpet-bags, and hat cases, almost choked up the entrance-hall. The passages and stair-cases were lighted with gas, which threw a vivid lustre upon two figures of Grenadiers with the Cumberland cap, as large as life, painted upon wood: one placed at the bottom, the other at the first landing place, of the principal staircase. The effect was sufficiently singular; and on inquiry, I found it not quite impossible that these

Lord William never shrunk from copying painted windows and monuments. In fact, his LIBRARY, had it been preserved entire in its *first* state, might have afforded evidences of a very curious as well as active mind. There are even hopes of his having received the *bibliomaniacal virus* from the lancet of his friend SIR ROBERT COTTON. I should think that the "Household Book" of an energetic and costly Lord Warden of the Marches—say that of "the hot DACRE"—would exhibit a singularly curious picture of *Border Life*, though perhaps in too many instances stained with the blood of innocent victims.

figures might have maintained a station, somewhere, ever since the battle of Culloden.

With the morning, after breakfast, we sallied forth, for a couple of hours, to reconnoitre the town. The streets are wide, long, and cleanly; and a population of twenty thousand souls must needs indicate a healthy state of things on the score of worldly prosperity. Here (as I had been led to expect) is the tallest—and therefore the ugliest—manufacturing chimney in the kingdom: the manufactory itself spreading out like barracks for a regiment of soldiers. As usual, we made for the Cathedral. The bishop had arrived at his palace, some four miles off, only the evening preceding; which rendered a call out of the question. This I regretted; as his lordship (being often in the habit of living in a town house, in my parish in London, when he comes up to attend his parliamentary duties) had kindly invited me to see him; the more so, as the palace had been recently built under his own architectural taste. On calling at the deanery, upon my friend the Rev. Dr. Hodgson, who is also Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square, I found that he had not come down to his residence, but was expected in the ensuing week. I asked permission to run through the house—so full of antiquarian promise from its exterior. I was not disappointed. The drawing-room, which must have been a bursary, or muniment room, in bygone times, is quite *sui generis*, if the *ceiling* only be considered. It is famously beamed and ribbed with oak, or chestnut, or with both—and occasionally ornamented in

colour. I remember, when at Alnwick Castle, and mentioning this ceiling, the Duchess asking me if I recollected the *three luces* of the Percys? perhaps of the time of Henry VIII. It had escaped my notice; but my good friend the Dean will doubtless convey to paper, by pen and by pencil, the numberless little relics of art with which this rich and time-defying ceiling may be said to be studded. The house, like most deaneries, singular and inconvenient in its construction, is yet a large and comfortable residence: the dining-room is inviting to a *Roree* symposium.*

The absence of the Bishop and the Dean was doubtless a disappointment to one, anxious to discourse of local ecclesiastical antiquities. I essayed to make up for it by a visit to the cathedral and the chapter library. It was service-time; and that portion of the cathedral only, in which divine service is performed, is left standing: the soldiers of Cromwell having disposed of the nave.† It is, as at Hexham, a frightful mutilation. There are portions of the transept of the latter end of the twelfth century; but the choir is throughout of the fourteenth; and portions of it, especially the lofty altar-

* See page 332 ante. I find in Bishop Tanner's *Notitia Monastica*, (Cumberland, Art. iv. Carlisl) that there was a grant of "two tonnes of rede wyn by the hand of the chief butelere of England," for the uses of Carlisle Cathedral. Did any stray kilderkin or firkin of this wine ever find its way into the DEANERY?

† For the purpose of building barracks. Carlisle was a great *point-d'appui* with Cromwell, to fall back upon, in his meditated conquest of Scotland.

window, of the decorative style of architecture, are full of beauty. Its length is one hundred and thirty-seven feet, and height seventy-five feet; its width, including the side aisles, seventy-one feet. There are some curious paintings, in distemper, illustrative of the life of St. Austin, in the south aisle. The pulpit is not divested of gothic elegance. The tower is low and clumsy. The stone is porous, and of a red tint. I was instructed to call upon the Rev. S. J. Goodenough, one of the prebendaries, to obtain a key of the LIBRARY. That gentleman very civilly referred me to the librarian. What a library!—not for extent or general utility—but of what insuperable difficulty of access, owing to a catalogue the most extraordinary and most puzzling which ever came across me. Human ingenuity could not have inflicted greater torture upon a book-sportsman than the investigation of this library by means of such a catalogue. I essayed in vain to get Hugh Todd's Latin and English account of the cathedral and its prebendaries.* In three minutes I was thrown off my scent—and never recovered it.

Adjoining, is a room of capacious dimensions, and near it another, where the choristers were accustomed to practice. The whole is a detached building, exhibiting some fine windows of the fourteenth century: but one's heart turns sick, on viewing a cathedral—once pregnant with so much instructive art, and belonging to a city once distinguished by

* These works are expressly mentioned in the brief but particular notice of the MSS. in this library by Bishop Tanner.

the assemblage of so many border-chieftains*—dis-
membered of its principal feature. Its original
length is supposed to have been upwards of three
hundred feet. A small but beautiful view of it is
supplied in the *Northern Tourist*. A little wearied
with our perambulation, we returned to the inn;
and finding our chaise, for *Annan*, at the door, were
well pleased to pay our reckoning and assume our
seats. In less than three-quarters of an hour we had
crossed the river *Sark*,—and entered SCOTLAND.

* Let the reader examine attentively the pages of Ridpath's
Border History, and especially pp. 609, 688-90, and he will see what
frequent and what important meetings of the Wardens of the
Marches took place at Carlisle. In one point of view, it was the
KEY of SCOTLAND.

SUPPLEMENT.

CHAPTER LIBRARY AT LINCOLN.—*Vol. i. 104-16.*

THE books in this Library have been lately ticketted, cleaned, and rearranged, after a great deal of toil and trouble, by the Rev. Mr. Garvey, the Librarian; whose civilities and attentions have been already noticed. Mr. Garvey, as I learn from pretty good authority, never received the slightest remuneration for his protracted labours; and his salary, as Librarian, is *one guinea per annum*! All this within the precincts of Dean Honeywood's library—one of the best chapter-libraries in the North of England. The united incomes, or entire revenue of the Chapter, is little short of £7000 per annum! The spirit of the late Sub-dean has indeed taken its DEPARTURE!

TEMPLE NEWSOME.—p. 159.

The south front of this magnificent mansion was rebuilt in 1807—not 1792—by the Lady Viscountess Irwin, mother to the late Marchioness of Hertford. The property never belonged to Samuel Shepherd, Esq., it having been purchased about the year 1620, by Sir Arthur Ingram, grandfather to the first Lord Irwin. Charles Ingram, the ninth Lord Irwin, or Irving, married Frances, the natural daughter of Samuel Shepherd, Esq.—a great benefactor to the poor of the parish of Exning in Suffolk. On his death, he left her a fortune of 400,000; which was settled on the issue of five daughters, who had each £70,000. The estate of Temple Newsome was settled on the eldest daughter, and her *second* son. That eldest daughter had but *one* son—the present Marquis of Hertford; and the property, on the death of Lady William Gordon, its present possessor, goes to Mr. Meynell of Staffordshire.

The picture gallery at Temple-Newsome is 108 feet long by 28 feet wide. The portrait by Titian, so much praised in the text, is that of *Martin Bucer*, not *Zuinglius*. It has been copied by a Mr. Newnan, to form (as I am given to understand) one in a series of Portraits of the Early Reformers.

I owe all this additional information to John Bischof, Esq. resident many years at Leeds, and a regular descendant of my good old friend Episcopius, the son-in-law of Froben, the famous printer at Basle: see *Bibliogr. Decameron*, vol. ii. 178; and my *Literary Reminiscences*, 627-8. Mr. Bischof tells me that the unfortunate Darnley, Queen Mary's husband, was born in this house. Assuredly there is no *visible* portion of it old enough to establish this fact.

MEMORIALS OF THE HOWARD FAMILY.—*pp.* 426-30.

The entire title of the rare folio volume, to which I have been so largely indebted for the particulars relating to Naworth Castle and Belted Will Howard—in the pages just referred to—is as follows:

“Indication of Memorials, Monuments, Paintings, and Engravings of Persons of the Howard Family, and of their Wives and Children, and of those who have married Ladies of the name; and of the Representatives of some of its Branches now extinct; as far as they have been ascertained by
Corby Castle, Dec. 10, 1834. HENRY HOWARD.

The preface or “explanation” concludes thus: “In making this collection relating to the Howard Family, it is my sincere and anxious wish, that what in them was religious, virtuous, honourable, patriotic, and trust-worthy, may be imitated and followed by their posterity; and that whatever they have done wrongfully, either in public or private life, may be carefully avoided. On these conditions, ESTO PERPETUA. H. H.

HOSPITALS IN EDINBURGH.—*Vol. ii. p.* 552.

To the splendid demonstrations of a charitable feeling detailed in these pages, add, that the fund for the support of

Donaldson's Hospital is supposed to amount to £300,000. The founder was a *Printer* and *Publisher*. Where, or rather *when*, in London, shall we witness his fellow?

The late SIR WILLIAM FITTES has left nearly £200,000 for a like charitable establishment; to be called, in the words of his settlement, "*The Fittes Endowment, for the Education, Maintenance, and Outfit, of Young People.*"

MR. GEO. CHALMERS, late plumber in Edinburgh, left instructions to his trustees, that, after certain legacies paid, "the whole residue of my estate shall be paid over to the Dean and Faculty of Advocates, for the express purpose of founding a *new Infirmary, or Sick and Hurt Hospital*, or by whatever name it may be designed; and that the said honourable members of the Faculty of Advocates shall lay out the proceeds of my estate accruing to them, to the best advantage, in any of the public funds of this realm, till such time as that honourable body shall see fit to commence such an undertaking." This sum will, it is said, amount to nearly £30,000.

THE HAWTHORNDEN LIBRARY.—*Vol. ii. p. 586.*

A most admirable account of the MANUSCRIPTS of this Library, together with the full particulars of the conversation which passed between Drummond and Ben Jonson, was read to the Society of the Scotch Antiquaries at Edinburgh, and afterwards published in a quarto form, by my friend Mr. D. LAING, now Librarian of the Signet Library. One inference may be safely gathered from this publication; that Drummond was a great, although perhaps a desultory, reader. The literary world are under obligations to the publisher; but the MSS. should clearly keep company with the Printed Books, in the University Library.

STIPPLING ENGRAVING AT EDINBURGH.—*Vol. ii. p. 591.*

The doubt here expressed of its existence, ceases on a view of the portrait of the late Dr. Wm. Hunter, engraved by *Mr. John Smith*, and introduced in vol. ii. 718.

THE QUAICH—A DRINKING-CUP.—*Vol. ii. p. 621.*

Of the *four* ways of spelling this word, it seems that I have not been fortunate enough to hit upon *either*. My friend Mr. Mackenzie, at whose table I saw it first introduced, writes thus upon the subject: “*Quaich, queych, quegh, or queff*, is the name of the drinking cup you enquire about. By the way, did I tell you that it is made from the rafter of *Alloway Kirk*, the scene of Burns’ tale of ‘*Tam o’ Shanter*’? from which poem, is the following scription on the quaich—

“Care mad to see a man sae happy,
E’en drown’d himsel amang the nappy.”

HAGGIS.—*Vol. ii. p. 772.*

I might have alluded to BURNS’ celebrated verses upon this popular, but to me unapproachable, Scotch dish.

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GENERAL INDEX.

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CORRECTIONS.

VOL. I.

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|-----------|-----|---|
| Page 106, | for | “ mavis,” read <i>blackbird</i> . |
| 212, | — | “ George Sumner,” read <i>Oliver Sumner</i> . |
| 235, | — | “ Janet,” read <i>Jennet</i> . |
| 243, | — | “ Eversham,” read <i>Feversham</i> . |
| 310, | | last line but two, for “ Archbishop” read <i>Archdeacon</i> . |

VOL. II.

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|------------------|-----|--|
| 421, | for | “ James V,” read <i>James VI</i> . |
| 456, | — | “ eighteenth,” read <i>nineteenth</i> . |
| 462, | | line 14, for “ these,” read <i>there</i> . |
| 475, | for | “ it is here the,” read <i>it is here that the</i> . |
| 510, | — | “ Melrost,” read <i>Melros</i> . |
| 525, | | second line of note, for “ decer,” read <i>decere</i> . |
| 595, | — | “ £4,000,” read £3,000. |
| 591, | | The Catalogue of the Advocates’ Library, put forth by Sir G. Mackenzie, was in the year 1692, 4to.: the “ <i>Black Acts</i> ” form the second article. |
| 606, | for | “ Doric and Ionic,” read <i>Corinthian</i> . |
| 617, | — | “ Chapman,” read <i>Chepman</i> . |
| 775 ⁿ | — | “ Visalius,” read <i>Vesalius</i> . |
| — | | dele “ pristine” in the next line but one. |
| 784, | — | “ secundum,” read <i>secundùm</i> . |
| 793, | — | “ Lady Murray,” read <i>Lady Mary Ross</i> . |
| 794 ⁿ | | dele “ town.” |
| 967, | — | “ RAITH,” (running title) read <i>BIEL</i> . |
| 976, | | incorrectly numbered 967. |
| 1056, | for | “ Penthesilias,” read <i>Penthesileus</i> . |

•• MEMORANDUM: the plate *intended* to have been given opposite page 569, was never finished—from the death of GEIKIE. It would have been an injustice to his memory to publish it in its present crude state.

The Seals in the plate facing page 888 are those of James Beaton, uncle of the Cardinal; and James Hamilton, the last Archbishop of St. Andrew’s.

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