Castles and Ancient Halls of England & Wales

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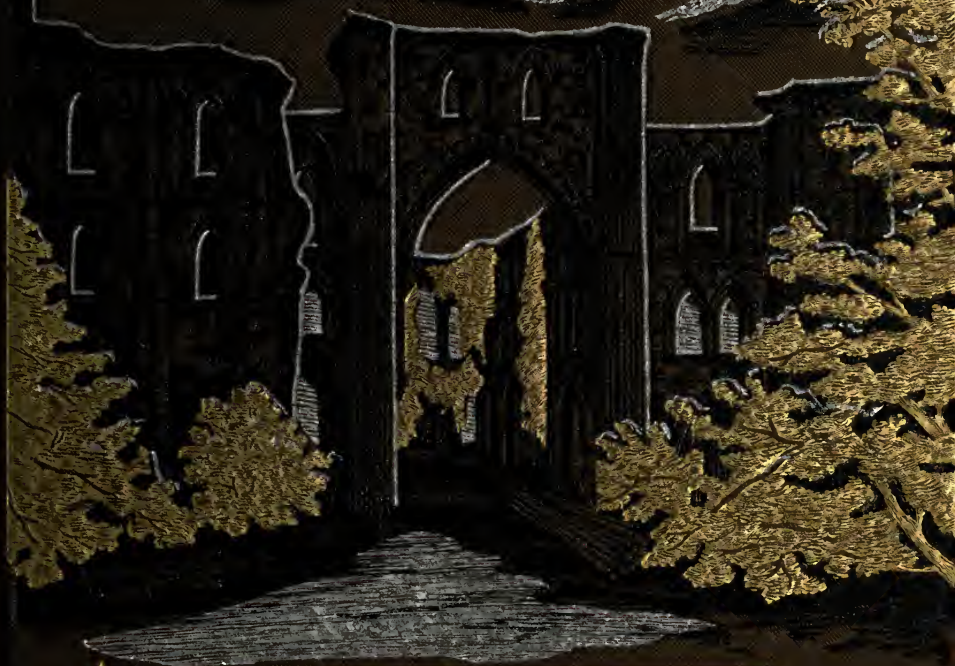

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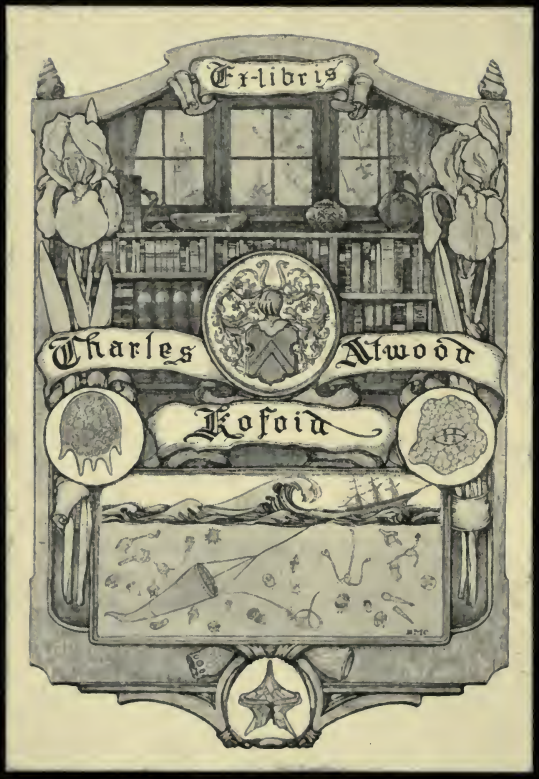
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ABBEYS, CASTLES,

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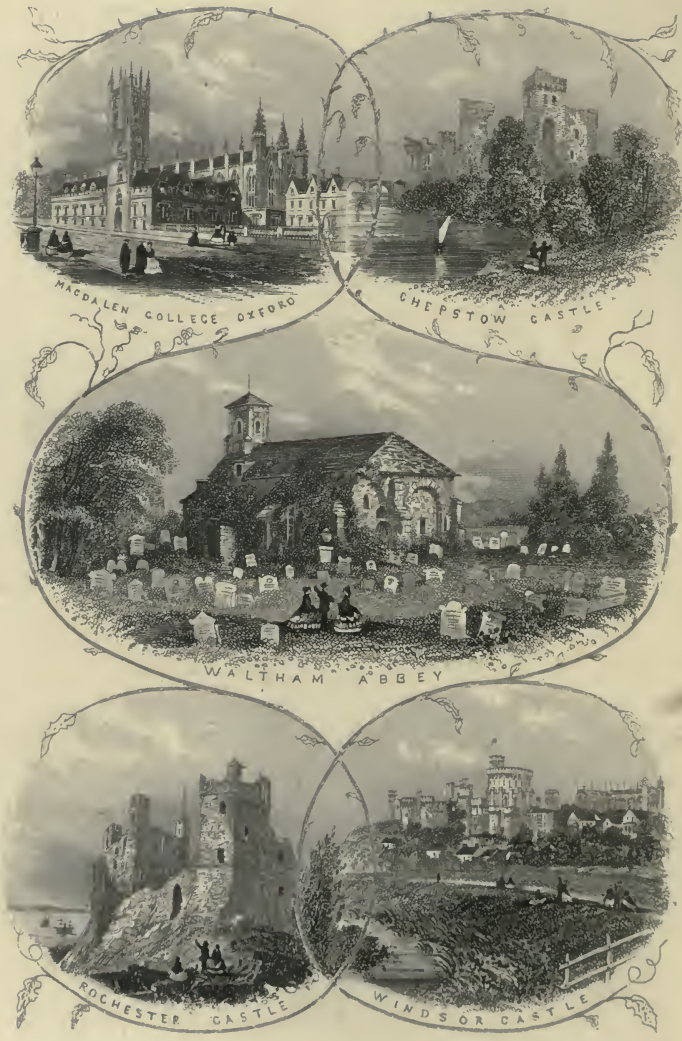

LONDON. FREDERICK WARNE & Co.

ABBEYS, CASTLES,

AND

ANCIENT HALLS

OF

ENGLAND AND WALES;

THEIR LEGENDARY LORE AND POPULAR HISTORY.

BY

JOHN TIMBS.

RE-EDITED, REVISED, AND ENLARGED BY

ALEXANDER GUNN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

MIDLAND.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

All those articles marked with an asterisk (*) are new—those with an obelisk (†) have been altered or extended.

WILTSHIRE.

BERKSHIRE.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

SUFFOLK.

NORFOLK.

HUNTINGDON AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

WARWICKSHIRE.

OXFORDSHIRE.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

HEREFORD AND WORCESTERSHIRE.

STAFFORDSHIRE AND SHROPSHIRE.

ABBEYS, CASTLES, AND ANCIENT HALLS

OF

England and Wales.

WILTSHIRE.

Sarum Castle.

ABOUT a mile and a half north of Salisbury lie the earthworks of Old Sarum, generally regarded as the Sorbiodunum of the Romans; its name being derived from the Celtic words *sorbio*, dry, and *dun*, a city or fortress, leads to the conclusion that it was a British post. The entrenchments are formed upon a conical-shaped hill, in two parts, circular or rather oval; the outer wall and ditch, and the keep or citadel. In digging the outer ditch, the workmen heaped the earth partly inside and partly outside, so that a lofty mound defended the approach to it; whilst a rampart, still more lofty, and surrounded by a wall 12 feet thick, and of proportional height, arose inside of it. This wall was strengthened by twelve towers, placed at intervals, and the entrances on the east and west sides were commanded by lunettes, or half moons. In the centre of this vast entrenchment was the citadel or keep, considerably higher than the rest of the city, and into which, the outwork being forced, the garrison and inhabitants might retire for safety. A well of immense depth supplied them with water; and the wall, also 12 feet thick, and inclosing 500 feet in diameter, and 1500 in circumference, would afford protection to a considerable multitude. Between the exterior wall and the citadel was the city, of which the foundations can be traced; of the buildings, the towers, walls, and ancient cathedral, only two fragments remain—built of flint imbedded in rubble, and coated with masonry in square stones.

In the Saxon times, Sarum is frequently mentioned. Kenric, son of Cerdic, defeated the Britons in this neighbourhood, A.D. 552, and

established himself at Sarum; in 960, Edgar held a great Council here; and in 1003 the place was taken and burned by Sweyn, King of Denmark, who pillaged the city, and returned to his ships laden with wealth. In 1085 or 1086, William I., attended by his nobles, received at Sarum the homage of the principal landowners, who then became his vassals. In 1095, William II. held a great Council here; Henry I. held his Court and Council here; and in 1142, Sarum was taken by the Empress Maud. A castle or fortress here is mentioned as early as the time of Alfred, and may be regarded as the citadel.

The decline of Sarum originated in a disagreement between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. In the reign of Henry I. the Bishop of Sarum was entrusted with the keys of the fortress; but he fell into disgrace, and the King resumed the command of the Castle, and the military openly insulted the disgraced prelate and the clergy. New animosities increasing, the Empress Maud bestowed many gifts upon the cathedral, and added much land to its grants. Herbert, a subsequent Bishop of the See, attempted to remove the establishment; but this was done by his brother and successor, Richard Poor, about the year 1217, from which time many or most of the citizens also removed, and the rise of New Sarum (Salisbury) led to the decay of the older place, the inhabitants pulling down their dwellings, and with the materials constructing their new habitations. Old Sarum returned members to Parliament 23 Edward I. and again 34 Edward III., from which latter period it continued to return them until it was disfranchised by the Reform Act of 1832.

Old Sarum used always to be quoted as one of the most flagrant examples of the absurdity of the old system. But till about 120 years ago, there was not even one inhabitant of Old Sarum; and it was puzzling at first how to reconcile this fact with the record of "contested elections" which occurred there in the reign of Charles II., and again in the reign of Queen Anne. Still, on examining the point one sees that these were cases rather of disputed returns than of contests in the modern sense. Not but what there were materials for even these. It did not follow in those days that because there were no residents, therefore there were no voters. And on the site of Old Sarum still flourished fourteen freeholders, who were likewise "burgage holders," and who met periodically under the "Election Elm" to choose their representatives in Parliament. Sarum *had* once been a place of great importance. Its castle was one of the chief barriers of the south-west against the incursions of the Welsh; and before the removal of its cathedral into the valley where it now stands, it must have been one of

the finest cities in the kingdom. But when no longer required as a military post, it is easy to see that its inaccessible position, on the summit of a very steep and very lofty hill, would soon lead to its desertion. As early as the reign of Henry VIII., the old town was in ruins, and not a single house in it inhabited. And we may suppose that by the end of the seventeenth century it had become just the bare mound that it is at present.

Bishop Seth Ward gave Aubrey a curious account of Old Sarum: he told him that the cathedral stood so high and "obnoxious to the weather," that when the wind blew, the priests could not be heard saying mass. But this was not the only inconvenience: the soldiers of the Castle and the priests could never agree; and, one day, when they had gone out of the fortress in procession, the soldiers kept them out all night, or longer. The Bishop was much troubled, and cheered them up, and told them he would accommodate them better; and he rode several times to the Lady Abbess at Wilton to have bought or exchanged a piece of ground of her Ladyship to build a church and houses for the priests. The Bishop did not conclude about the land; and the Bishop dreamt that the Virgin Mary came to him, and brought him to or told him of Merrifield; she would have him build his church there, and dedicate it to her. Merrifield was a great field or meadow, where New Sarum stands, and did belong to the Bishop, as now the whole city belongs to him. The first grant or diploma that ever King Henry III. signed was that for the building of Our Ladie's Church at Salisbury.

Wardour Castle.

The ancient Castle of Wardour, situate a short distance from Salisbury, was a baronial residence before the reign of Edward III., and was a possession of the Crown, until it came to Sir Thomas Arundel by gift of his father. Sir Thomas was created a Knight of the Bath, at the coronation of Anne Boleyn; but, being convicted, *temp.* Edward VI., with Edward Duke of Somerset, with conspiring the murder of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, he was beheaded, 28 February, 1552. King Edward VI., in his Journal, states that Arundel was only condemned "after long controversy," the jury remaining near a day and a night shut up before they returned their verdict. Sir Thomas married Margaret, sister of Catherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII. The most memorable event in the history of Wardour Castle took place in 1643, when it was besieged by Sir Edward

Hungerford and Edmund Ludlow. It was garrisoned by twenty-five men under the command of the heroic Lady Blanche Arundel, who, in the absence of her husband, made a gallant defence of five days, and surrendered on honourable terms. The learned and illustrious Chillingworth, the divine, was here when the Castle was taken. "The besiegers, however, violating the treaty, were dislodged by the determination of the noble proprietor, (Thomas, second Lord Arundel,) who directed, on his return, a mine to be sprung under the Castle, and thus sacrificed this noble and magnificent structure to his loyalty. His lordship died of wounds received at the battle of Lansdowne, 19 May, 1648." (Burke's *Peerage*.)

The ruins of the Castle remain to this day, a striking object in the surrounding scenery, and a sad memorial of civil war and the basest treachery. The noble family, however, had built a magnificent mansion on a gentle eminence adjoining; whence it rises to view in a picturesque manner from a thick grove: the new mansion, designed by Paine, is called Wardour House, where are a portrait of the heroic Lady Blanche Arundel, by Angelica Kauffmann; an exquisite carving in ivory, by Michael Angelo, of our Saviour on the Cross; the cross worn by Cardinal Pole; and the Grace Cup, or Wassail Bowl, brought from Glastonbury Abbey—of carved oak, and Saxon execution. Here is also the state bed in which Charles I. and II., and James II., lay when at Wardour. The chapel, fitted up for the Roman Catholic service, is very superb: near the altar is a monument to the memory of Lady Blanche and her husband.

Aubrey tells us, "Wardour Castle was very strongly built of freestone. I never saw it but when I was a youth; the day after part of it was blown up: and the mortar was so good that one of the little towers reclining on one side did hang together and not fall in peeces. It was called Wardour Castle from the conserving there the amunition of the West." Many of the old yews and hollies in the grounds were formerly cut into the forms of soldiers on guard.

The Castle and Abbey of Malmesbury.

The town of Malmesbury, on the north-western extremity of Wiltshire, was anciently rendered famous and flourishing by its Abbey, the most considerable monastic institution in the west of England, except that of Glastonbury. According to an anonymous history of Malmesbury Priory, compiled in the middle of the fourteenth century, and quoted by Leland, *temp.* Henry VIII., there was a town here with

a Castle, reputed to have been built by Dunwallo Malmutius, one of the British Kings, said to have reigned before the Roman invasion. The town was altogether destroyed by foreign invaders, but the Castle remained; and near its walls a Scottish monk, called Maildelph, who had been so plundered in his own country as to be induced to flee into England, established himself as a hermit, and afterwards founded a monastic community, which rose to the rank of a Benedictine Abbey. The chronicler gives to the Castle the British name of Bladon and the Saxon name of Ingleburn. He affirms that the neighbouring village had been the residence of Kings, both Pagan and Christian, but without distinguishing whether British or Saxon. This partly fabulous narrative may, perhaps, indicate that there were at Malmesbury, at a very ancient period, a Castle and a town. Maildelph founded his monastery in the seventh century, and from him the modern name Malmesbury, a corruption of Maildelphsbury, appears to have originated. It is probable that the Abbey suffered from the Danish invasions in the ninth and the tenth centuries, when the town was twice burnt; but it recovered; and being enriched by lands and rendered venerable by relics, became a most important monastery: its Abbot was mitred in the reign of Edward III. The borough had a charter as early as the reign of Athelstan, who in 939 defeated the Danes, when the men of Malmesbury contributed greatly to the victory. In the reign of King Stephen a Castle was built here, and the town was walled by Roger, Bishop of Sarum, who had, however, to surrender the Castle to the King. In the Civil War of Stephen and Maud the town and Castle were taken (1152) by Prince Henry, son of Maud, afterwards Henry II.; and by some the Abbey is said to have been built by Bishop Roger, who, however, died as early as 1139. Sir Richard Colt Hoare referred the Abbey to the Saxons.

At the Dissolution, William Stumpe, the wealthy clothier of Malmesbury, bought many Abbey lands thereabout, and the Monastery. When King Henry VIII. hunted in Bradon forest, Stumpe gave his Majesty and the Court a great entertainment at his house (the Abbey). The King told him he was afraid he had undone himself; he replied that his own servants should only want their supper for it. At this time, most of the Abbey buildings were filled with weavers' looms; and Stumpe had liberally contributed to the purchase of the Abbey church, which was made parochial. Near it are the remains of the Abbot's house; and in the centre of the town a richly-ornamented Market Cross, supposed to be of the age of Henry VII.; it has been judiciously restored. West of the Abbey is the supposed chapel of a

Nunnery, which tradition fixes on this spot. There are traditions of two other Nunneries in or near the town.

Leland calls the Abbey church "a right magnificent thing;" but only a small portion remains, and this stands in the midst of ruins. The interior architecture is Anglo-Norman and the English or Pointed style; here, inclosed by a screen, is an altar tomb with an effigy, in royal robes, said to represent King Athelstan: but the tomb is of much later date than that prince, and is now far from the place of his interment, which was in the choir, under the high altar of the Abbey church: besides this there were in the Abbey churchyard two other churches.

Three writers of eminence in their respective ages were connected with Malmesbury: St. Adhelm, a Saxon writer, was Abbot; William of Malmesbury was a monk of the Abbey, and librarian; and Thomas Hobbes, "the Philosopher of Malmesbury," was born here. Oliver, one of the monks, having affixed wings to his hands and feet, ascended a lofty tower, from whence he took his flight, and was borne upon the air for the space of a furlong, when, owing to the violence of the wind, or his own fear, he fell to the ground, and broke both his legs.

Aubrey, in his *Natural History of Wiltshire*, gives this curious "digression" upon the dispersion of the Abbey MSS. in his time:—"Anno 1633, I entered into my grammar at the Latin school at Yatton-Keynel, in the church, where the curate, Mr. Hart, taught the eldest boys Virgil, Ovid, Cicero, &c. The fashion then was to save the forules of the bookes with a false cover of parchment, &c., old manuscript, which I [could not] was too young to understand; but I was pleased with the elegancy of the writing and the coloured initiall letters. I remember the rector here, Mr. Wm. Stump, gr.-son of St. the cloathier of Malmesbury, had severall manuscripts of the Abbey. He was a proper man and a good fellow; and when he brewed a barrell of speciall ale, his use was to stop the bunghole, under the clay, with a sheet of manuscript; he sayd nothing did it so well, which sore thought did grieve me then to see. Afterwards I went to schoole to Mr. Latimer at Leigh-delamer, the next parish, where was the like use of covering of books. In my grandfather's dayes the manuscripts flew about like butterflies. All musick bookes, account bookes, copie bookes, &c., were covered with old manuscripts, as wee cover them now with blew paper or marbled paper; and the glover at Malmesbury made great havock of them, and gloves were wrapt up, no doubt, in many good pieces of antiquity. Before the late warres, a world of rare manuscripts perished hereabout; for within half a dozen miles of this place were the Abbey of Malmesbury, where it may be presumed the

library was as well furnished with choice copies as most libraries of England; and, perhaps, in this library we might have found a correct Plinie's *Naturall History*, which Camitus, a monk here, did abridge for King Henry the Second. . . . . One may also perceive, by the binding of old bookes, how the old manuscripts went to wrack in those dayes. Anno 1647, I went to Parson Stump out of curiosity to see his manuscripts, whereof I had seen some in my childhood; but by that time they were lost and disperst. His sons were gunners and souldiers, and scoured their gunnes with them; but he showed me severall old deedes granted by the Lords Abbotts, with their seales annexed."

About six miles west of Malmesbury is Great Sheriton, the scene of an indecisive battle (1016), between Edmund II. (Ironside) and Canute, who engaged during the fight in personal conflict. The village is partly within the site of an ancient encampment. There is a local tradition of a conflict between the Saxons and the Danes, in which the Saxons were commanded by a warrior called "Rattlebone," of whom a gigantic figure is seen on the sign of an inn. Rattlebone is thought to be a popular traditional name of Edmund II.

Wilton Abbey and Wilton House.

Wilton, three miles north-west of Salisbury, is a place of great antiquity, and gave name to the county, which is called, in the Saxon Chronicle, Wiltunscire. Here, in 821 or 823, Egbert, King of Wessex, fought a successful battle against Beornwulf, the Mercian King, and thus established the West Saxon dynasty. In 854, at Wilton, Ethelwulf executed the charter by which he conveyed the whole of the tithes of the kingdom to the clergy. It was the scene of one of Alfred's earlier battles with the Danes, in 871, whom he defeated after a most sanguinary contest.

Wilton was the occasional residence of the West Saxon Kings; and an Abbey for nuns, which was originally, or soon after became of the Benedictine order, existed here at an early period, to which Alfred and his successors, Edward the Elder, Athelstan, Edmund, Edred, and Edgar, were great benefactors. Wilton was plundered and burnt by the Danish King, Sweyn, in the reign of Ethelred II. (1003), but it so far recovered as to be a place of importance at the time of the Conquest. It received a charter from Henry I. In the Civil War of Stephen, the King was about to fortify the nunnery, in order to check

the garrison which Maud, the Empress, had at Old Sarum, when Robert Earl of Gloucester, the Empress' chief supporter, unexpectedly set the town of Wilton on fire, and so frightened the King away. Here the first English carpet was manufactured by Anthony Duffory, brought from France by the Herberts, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The church was formerly the Abbey church. The Hospital of St. Giles was the gift of Queen Adelicia, wife to King Henry I. Adelicia was a leper; she had a window and a door from her lodging into the chapel, whence she heard prayers.

Wilton House, the magnificent seat of the Pembroke family, originated as follows: William Herbert married Anne, sister to Queen Katherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII. He was knighted by that monarch in 1544, when the buildings and lands of the dissolved Abbey of Wilton, with many other estates, were conferred on him by the King. Being left executor, or "conservator" of Henry's will, he possessed considerable influence at the court of Edward VI., by whom he was created Earl of Pembroke. He immediately began to alter and adapt the conventual buildings at Wilton to a mansion suited to his rank and station, the porch designed by Hans Holbein. Solomon De Caus, Inigo Jones, and Webb and Vandyke, were employed by succeeding members of the family upon Wilton. Horace Walpole says: "The towers, the chambers, the scenes, which Holbein, Jones, and Vandyke had decorated, and which Earl Thomas had enriched with spoils of the best ages, received the best touches of beauty from Earl Henry's hand. He removed all that obstructed the views to or from his palace, and threw Palladio's theatric bridge over his river. The present Earl has crowned the summit of the hill with the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and a handsome arch designed by Sir William Chambers." "King Charles I.," says Aubrey, "did love Wilton above all places, and came thither every summer. It was he that did put Philip, first Earle of Pembroke, upon making the magnificent garden and grotto, and to build that side of the house that fronts the garden, with two stately pavilions at each end." Again, Aubrey tells us that "in Edward VI.'s time, the great house of the Earls of Pembroke, at Wilton, was built with the ruins of Old Sarum."

Fonthill and Fonthill Abbey.

Near Hindon, a short distance from Salisbury, the famous Alderman Beckford possessed a large estate at Fonthill, with a fine old mansion,

of which we remember to have seen a large print. It possessed a collection of paintings of great value, and costly furniture, which made it a show-house. It was burnt down in 1755; the Alderman was then in London, and on being told of the catastrophe, he took out his pocket-book and began to write, when on being asked what he was doing, he coolly replied, "Only calculating the expense of rebuilding it. Oh! I have an odd fifty thousand pounds in a drawer; I will build it up again; it wont be above a thousand pounds each to my different children." The mansion was rebuilt. The alderman died in 1770, leaving his only son—a boy, ten years of age—with a million of ready money, and a revenue exceeding 100,000*l.* Young Beckford travelled and resided abroad until his twenty-second year, when he wrote his celebrated romance of *Vathek*, of which he records:—

"Old Fonthill had a very ample loud echoing hall—one of the largest in the kingdom. Numerous doors led from it into different parts of the house through dim, winding passages. It was from that I introduced the Hall—the idea of the Hall of Eblis being generated by my own. My imagination magnified and coloured it with the Eastern character. All the females in *Vathek* were portraits of those in the domestic establishment of old Fonthill, their fancied good or ill qualities being exaggerated to suit my purpose."

Mr. Beckford returned to England in 1795, and occupied himself with the embellishment of his house at Fonthill. Meanwhile, he had studied ecclesiastical architecture, which induced him to commence building the third house at Fonthill, wherein to place a much more magnificent collection of books, pictures, curiosities, rarities, bijouterie, and other products of art and ingenuity, in the new "Fonthill Abbey," built in a showy monastic style. Mr. Beckford shrouded his architectural proceedings in the profoundest mystery: he was haughty and reserved: and because some of his neighbours followed game into his grounds, he had a wall twelve feet high and seven miles long built round his home estate, in order to shut out the world. This was guarded by projecting rails on the top, in the manner of *chevaux-de-frise*. Large and strong double gates were provided in this wall at the different roads of entrance, and at these gates were stationed persons who had strict orders not to admit a stranger.

The building of "the Abbey" was a sort of romance. A vast number of mechanics and labourers were employed to advance the works with rapidity, and a new hamlet was built to accommodate the workmen. All around was activity and energy, whilst the growing edifice, as the scaffolding and walls were raised above the surrounding trees, excited

the curiosity of the passing tourist, as well as the villagers. Mr. Beckford pursued the objects of his wishes, whatever they were, not coolly and considerately like most other men, but with all the enthusiasm of passion. After the building was commenced, he was so impatient to get it finished, that he kept regular relays of men at work night and day, including Sundays, supplying them liberally with ale and spirits while they were at work; and when anything was completed which gave him particular pleasure, adding an extra 5*l.* or 10*l.* to be spent in drink. The first tower, the height of which from the ground was 400 feet, was built of wood, in order to see its effect; this was then taken down, and the same form put up in wood covered with cement. This fell down, and the tower was built a third time on the same foundation with brick and stone. Mr. Beckford was making additions to a small summer-house when the idea of the Abbey occurred to him. He would not wait to remove the summer-house to make a proper foundation for the tower, but carried it up on the walls already standing, and this with the worst description of materials and workmanship, while it was mostly built by men in a state of intoxication.

In the winter of 1800, in November and December, nearly 500 men were employed day and night to expedite the works, by torch and lamplight, in time for the reception of Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, who were entertained here by Mr. Beckford with extraordinary magnificence on December 20, 1800. On one occasion, while the tower was building, an elevated part of it caught fire and was destroyed; the sight was sublime, and was enjoyed by Mr. Beckford. This was soon rebuilt. At one period every cart and waggon in the district was pressed into his service; at another, the works at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 400 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men relieved each other by regular watches, and during the longest and darkest nights of winter it was a strange sight to see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and the torch being associated for that purpose, and their capricious employer was fond of feasting his senses with such displays of almost superhuman exertion.

Mr. Beckford led almost the life of a hermit within the walls of the Fonthill estate: here he could luxuriate within his sumptuous home, or ride for miles on his lawns, and through forest and mountain woods,—amid dressed parterres of the pleasure-garden, or the wild scenery of nature. A widower and without any family at home, Mr. Beckford resided at the Abbey for more than twenty years, ever active, and constantly occupied in reading, music, and the converse of a choice circle

of friends, or in directing workmen in the erection of the Abbey, which had been in progress since the year 1798.

About the year 1822 his restless spirit required a change; besides which his fortunes received a shock from which they never recovered. He now purchased two houses in Lansdowne Crescent, Bath, with a large tract of land adjoining, and removed hither. The property at Fonthill, the Abbey, and its gorgeous contents, were to be sold. The place was made an exhibition of in the summer of 1822: the price of admission was one guinea for each person, and 7200 tickets were sold: thousands flocked to Fonthill; but at the close of the summer, instead of a sale on the premises, the whole was bought in one lot by Mr. Farquhar, it was understood, for the sum of 350,000*l.*

In the following year another exhibition was made of Fonthill and its treasures, to which articles were added, and the whole sold as genuine property; the tickets of admission were half a guinea each, the price of the catalogue 12*s.*, and the sale lasted thirty-seven days.

In December, 1825, the tower at Fonthill, which had been hastily built and not long finished, fell with a tremendous crash, destroying the hall, the octagon, and other parts of the buildings. Mr. Farquhar, with his nephew's family, had taken the precaution of removing to the northern wing. The tower was above 260 feet high: it had given indications of insecurity for some time; the warning was taken, and the more valuable parts of the windows and other articles were removed. Mr. Farquhar, however, who then resided in one angle of the building, and who was in a very infirm state of health, could not be brought to believe there was any danger. He was wheeled out in his chair on the front lawn about half an hour before the tower fell; and though he had seen the cracks and the deviation of the centre from the perpendicular, he treated the idea of its coming down as ridiculous. He was carried back to his room, and the tower fell almost immediately.

Mr. Farquhar sold the estate about 1825, and died in the following year. The "Abbey" was then taken down, merely enough of its ruins being left to show where it had stood.

Castles of Marlborough, Great Bedwin, and Trowbridge.

Marlborough is supposed to have been a Roman station, from evidences at Folly Farm. There was a Castle here in the time of Richard I., which was seized during his imprisonment by his brother

John; but on Richard's return it was reduced under the King's power. A Parliament or assembly was held here in the time of Henry III., the laws enacted in which were called the Statutes of Malbridge, one of the older forms of the name, which in Domesday is written Malberge. The site of the Castle is covered by a large house, which was a seat of the Dukes of Somerset, and was afterwards the Castle Inn: it is now a Clergy School. The mound of the ancient Castle keep is in the garden.

Great Bedwin was a place of note in the Anglo-Saxon period, and has in its neighbourhood an earthwork called Chisbury Castle, said to have been formed or strengthened by Cissa, a Saxon chieftain; though some think Cissa's fortification was on Castle Hill, south of the town, where foundations of walls have been discovered.

Trowbridge had a Castle, or some fortification, in the reign of Stephen, which was garrisoned by the supporters of the Empress Maud, and taken by the King's forces. John of Gaunt either repaired this Castle, or built another; but it was in ruins in Leland's time, when of seven great towers there was only a part of two. The Castle stood on the south side of the town, near the river Were: there are no remains now, and the site is built over.

Longleat.

On the immediate confines of Somersetshire, to the west of Warminster, was built a stately Priory, the site of which was granted by King Henry VIII. to Sir John Horsey and Edward, Earl of Hertford, from whom it was purchased by Sir John Thynne, ancestor of its present possessor, the Marquis of Bath. Upon this site Sir John Thynne laid the foundation, in January, 1567, of the magnificent mansion of Longleat, which, some writers assert, was designed by the celebrated John of Padua; from which time the works were carried on during the next twelve years, and completed by the two succeeding owners of the property. Sir John Thynne married Christian, daughter of Sir Richard Gresham, Knt., Lord Mayor of London, and sister and heir of Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the first Royal Exchange. His eldest son, Sir John Thynne, Knt., married Joan, youngest daughter of Sir Rowland Hayward, Knt., twice Lord Mayor of London.

Longleat is in the mixed style of the end of the sixteenth century, but principally Roman; and with respect to magnitude, grandeur, and variety of decoration, it has always been regarded as the pride of this part of the country; it was even said to have been "the first well-built house in the kingdom." Aubrey describes it "as high as the Ban-

queting House at Whitehall, outwardly adorned with Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars." In 1663, King Charles II. was magnificently entertained at Longleat by Sir James Thynne. The ancient baronial hall, of very elaborately carved work, is most appropriately decorated with armorial escutcheons, hunting-pieces, and stags' horns. The picture-gallery contains portraits of the Thynnes, and other distinguished characters of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and her successors. The grounds were originally laid out in the most elaborate style of artificial ornament, but have been remodelled by Brown. The whole domain comprises a circumference of fifteen miles.

The venerable Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, passed much of his time in this palatial house, which is a more interesting incident than any of the royal visits here. Ken was one of the seven Bishops committed to the Tower for refusing to read James's declaration in favour of Romanism; and he was suspended and deprived by William III. for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. But he found an asylum in Lord Weymouth's mansion of Longleat; and here he walked, and read, and hymned, and prayed, and slept, to do the same again. The only property he brought from Wells Palace was his library, part of which is to this day preserved at Longleat. In an upper chamber he composed most of his poems of fervid piety. He died in 1711, in his seventy-fourth year, and was carried to his grave in Frome churchyard by six of the poorest men of the parish, and buried under the eastern window of the church, at *sunrise*, in reference to the words of his *Morning Hymn:*

"Awake, my soul, and *with the sun.*"

It has been erroneously stated that there is not a stone to mark where Ken lies; whereas there is a monument near the spot, probably erected at the time of his death by the noble family at Longleat, where the Bishop died. Many years ago the sculpture was decayed, and the epitaph had disappeared: let us hope this memorial has been restored.

Lacock Abbey.

The ancient forest of Chippenham has long been destroyed, and the Abbeys of Stanley and Lacock, within three miles of the town, are changed in their appropriation: the former is converted into a farmhouse; the latter has fallen into the hands of the Talbot family, who have preserved it, and made it their family seat.

The Nunnery of Lacock, situate in a level meadow watered by the Avon, has a chivalrous origin besides its holier history. It was founded in the year 1232 by Ela, Countess of Salisbury, in her widowhood, in pious remembrance of her husband, William Longspé (in her right Earl of Sarum), who was the eldest natural son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond. Ela was reared in her childhood in princely state: her father, Earl William, held a place of honour under Richard the Lion-hearted, and licensed tournaments, one of the appointed fields for which is to this day pointed out in front of the site of Sarum Castle. At a very early age after the death of her father, Ela was secretly taken into Normandy, and there reared in close custody. An English knight, William Talbot, in the garb of a pilgrim, during two years sought for the Lady Ela; in the guise of a harper, or troubadour, he found the rich heiress, and presented her to King Richard, who gave her hand in marriage to his brother, William Longspé, Earl of Salisbury, she being then only ten years old. The Earl was in frequent attendance upon King John, and was present at the signing of Magna Charta. After the death of John, the Earl returned to his Castle at Salisbury, and assisted in founding the Cathedral. Here he died in 1226, it was suspected by poison. Six years after, Ela, directed by visions, founded the monastery at Lacock, and in 1238 took the veil as abbess of her own establishment. Five years before her death she retired from monastic life: she died in 1261, aged seventy-four, and was buried in the choir of the monastery. Aubrey states that she was above a hundred years old, and outlived her understanding, which account is disproved. Of her family we have only space to relate that her second son perished in battle in the Holy Land, and the monkish legend adds that his mother, seated in her abbatial stall at Lacock, saw, at the same moment, the mailed form of her child admitted into heaven, surrounded by a radius of glory.

Lacock was surrendered in 1539: the church was then wholly destroyed, and the bones of the foundress and her family scattered; but her epitaph in stone was preserved, with the cloisters and cells of the nuns, and the ivied walls. Lacock was sold in 1544: thirty years later it was visited by Queen Elizabeth. Aubrey relates that "Dame Olave, a daughter and co-heir of Sir [Henry] Sherington of Lacock, being in love with [John] Talbot, a younger brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and her father not consenting that she should marry him, discoursing with him one night from the battlements of the Abbey church, said she, 'I will leap down to you.' Her sweetheart replied he would catch her then, but he did not believe she would have done it. She leapt downe;

and the wind, which was then high, came under her coates, and did something break the fall. Mr. Talbot caught her in his arms, but she struck him dead. She cried out for help, and he was with great difficulty brought to life again. Her father told her that, since she had made such a leap, she should e'en marrie him."

We do not find this romantic story in the Rev. Canon Bowles's exhaustive History of Lacock; but it is thought to be authentic, and an old tradition lingers about the place, that "one of the nuns jumped from a gallery on the top of a turret into the arms of her lover." Mr. Britton notes, in Aubrey's *Natural History of Wilts*, the heroine of the anecdote, Olave, or Olivia Sherington (one of the family who bought the Abbey), married John Talbot, Esq., of Salwarpe, in the county of Worcester, fourth in descent from John, second Earl of Shrewsbury. She inherited the Lacock estate from her father, and it has ever since remained the property of the branch of the family* now represented by the scientific Henry Fox Talbot, Esq., the discoverer of photography, to which beautiful science we are indebted for some charming Talbotypes of Lacock Abbey, whereat the discovery was matured. Here is preserved "The Nuns' Boiler," from the Abbey kitchen: it was made at Mechlin in the year 1500, and will contain sixty-seven gallons.

Amesbury Monastery.

At Amesbury, seven miles north of Salisbury, says Bishop Tanner, "there is *said* to have been an ancient British monastery for 300 monkes, founded, as some say, by the famous Prince Ambrosius, who lived at the time of the Saxon invasion, and who was therein buried, destroyed by that cruel Pagan, Gurmemdus, who overran all this country in the sixth century. (*Geoffrey of Monmouth*, lib. iv. c. 4.) The foundation is also attributed to one Ambri, a monk. This Abbey appears to have been destroyed by the Danes, about the time of Alfred. About the year 980, Alfrida, or Ethelfrida, the Queen Dowager of the Saxon King Edgar, erected here a monastery for nuns, and commended it to the patronage of St. Mary, and St. Melarius a Cornish saint whose relics were preserved here. Alfrida is said to have erected both this and Wherwell

* Sir John Talbot, of Lacock, was the person who received King Charles II. in his arms upon his landing in England at the Restoration. In the Civil War, Lacock Abbey was taken possession of by the Parliamentarian Colonel Devereux, September, 1645.

monastery, in atonement for the murder of her son-in-law, King Edward. The house was of the Benedictine order, and continued an independent monastery till the time of Henry II., in 1177. The evil lives of the Abbess and nuns drew upon them the royal displeasure.

The Abbess was more particularly charged with immoral conduct, insomuch that it was thought proper to dissolve the community; the nuns, about 30 in number, were dispersed in other monasteries. The Abbess was allowed to go where she chose, with a pension of ten marks, and the house was made a cell to the Abbey of Fontevrault, in Anjou; whence a Prioress and 24 nuns were brought and established at Amesbury. Elfrida's nunnery, notwithstanding some changes, lasted till the general Dissolution of the religious houses. Eleanor, commonly called the Damsel of Bretagne, sole daughter of Geoffrey, Earl of Bretagne, and sister of Earl Arthur, who was imprisoned in Bristol Castle, first by King John, and afterwards by King Henry III., on account of her title to the Crown, was buried, according to her own request, at Amesbury, in 1241. From this time the nunnery of Amesbury appears to have been one of the select retreats for females in the higher ranks of life. Mary, the sixth daughter of King Edward I., took the religious habit in the monastery of Amesbury in 1285, together with thirteen young ladies of noble families. Two years after this, Eleanor, the Queen of Henry III. and the mother of Edward I., herself took the veil at Amesbury, where she died, and was buried in 1292. She had previously given to the monastery the estate of Chadelsworth, in Berkshire, to support the state of Eleanor, daughter of the Duke of Bretagne, who had also become a nun there. Amesbury finally became one of the richest nunneries in England: how long it remained subject to the monastery of Fontevrault we are not told. Bishop Tanner says, it was at length made denizen, and again became an Abbey. Isabella of Lancaster, fourth daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, granddaughter to E. Crouchback, son of Henry II., was Prioress in 1292. (Communication to *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., No. 213.) Aubrey tells us that the last Lady Abbess of Amesbury "was 140 yeares old when she dyed."

Cranbourn Chase: King John's Hunting-seat.

In the Chase of Cranbourn, within a mile of the county of Dorset, in the parish of Tollard Royal, Wilts, is an ancient farm-house, known as King John's Hunting-seat. Cranbourn Chase formerly extended over no less than five hundred thousand acres of land, and was the sole

property of George, Lord Rivers. There is an ancient custom kept up until our time—that on the first Monday in September, the steward of the Lord of the Manor holds a Court in the Chase, and after the Court break up they hunt and kill a brace of fat bucks. A writer in the *London Magazine*, who was present at the hunt in the year 1823, after pleasantly describing the opening of the Court, the fair in the forest, the assemblage of country lads and lasses, sportsmen, foot and horse, and ladies on horseback, the buck breaking cover, who steals out, dashes over the vale, bounds up the summit of an opposite hill, where he is fairly surrounded by the hounds and his pursuers, informs us that the two bucks, having been divided, are hung up; and next day the steward presents the several parts to gentlemen who were present at the hunt. The hunting-box is nearly in the same state as when King John was present there as Earl Moreton: it is now a farm-house; the walls are of great thickness, and the rooms are large and lofty, and there is a carved oak chimney-piece in one of them. There is a legendary story of the Chase, as follows:—"Once upon a time, King John, being equipped for hunting, issued forth with the gay pageantry and state of his day. There were dames mounted upon high-bred steeds, that were champing and foaming on the bit, and whose prancing shook the ground; and Knights, whose plumes were dancing in the wind, while borne by fiery chargers, swift as the deer they followed; the yeomen dressed in green, with girdles round their waists; and to add to the brilliancy of the scene, the morning was as unclouded as the good-humoured faces of the party."

The King appeared overjoyed, and during the time all heads were uncovered as he rode along, he overheard a gallant youth address a lady nearly in these words:

> "We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
> And mark the musical confusion
> Of hounds and echo in conjunction."

The happy couple left Tollard Royal on horseback. As they took leave of the King, the moon was sinking below the horizon. The King had observed before they left—

> "This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick:
> It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
> Such as the day is when the sun is hid."

But they rode on, too happy to remember that the moon would soon leave them.

They were missing for several days, until the King, while hunting with his courtiers, found their lifeless remains. It appeared that when

the moon descended, the faithful pair must have mistaken their road, and had fallen into a hideous pit, where both were killed, as likewise the Knight's horse, close beside them. The lady's horse, a dapple grey, was running wild as the mountain-deer: he was soon caught, and became the King's, who rode him as a charger.

King James I. often hunted in Cranbourn Chase. In a copy of Barker's Bible, printed in 1594, which formerly belonged to the family of the Cokers of Woodcotes, in the Chase, are entries of the King's visits: "The 24th day of August, our Kinge James was in Mr. Butler's Walke, and found the bucke, and killed him in Vernedich, in Sir Walter Vahen's walk; and from thence came to Mr. Horole's walk, and hunted ther, and killed a buck under Hanging Copes. And sometime after that, and (*sic* in MS.) came to our Mrs. Carren[illegible], and ther dined; and after dinner he took his choch, and came to the Quene at Tarande. Anno Dni. 1607." "In our dayes," says Mr. Coller, in his Survey, Cranborne gave the honourable title of Viscount unto Robert Cicell, whom King James for his approved wisdom created first Baron Cicell of Essendon: and the year after, viz., 1604, Viscount Cranborne; and 1605, Earle of Sarum; whose son William nowe enjoys his honours and this place, where he hath a convenient house, at which the King, as often as hee comes his Westerne progrese, resides some dayes, to take his pleasure of hunting both in the Park and Chase."

In May, 1828, an Act of Parliament was passed for disfranchising Cranbourn Chase; and Lord Rivers's franchise thereon, which was seriously curtailed in 1816, expired on the 10th of October, 1830. The gradual destruction or removal of the deer (about 12,000 head) was commenced by the Chase-keepers shooting nearly 2000 fawns, many of which were taken for sale to the neighbouring towns in Dorset, Wilts, Hants, &c., and disposed of at the low price of 5*s.* or 6*s.* apiece. The Committee and other proprietors of lands who formed the agreement with Lord Rivers, framed a very judicious mode of assessing the yearly payments to be made to that nobleman, his heirs, &c., by the several landowners, by which means the uncertain question of boundary was avoided.

There is also in Wiltshire, at Aldbourne, near Marlborough, a farm-house, supposed to have been a hunting-seat of King John. Aldbourne Chase, an extensive waste, with a large rabbit-warren, was formerly well wooded and stocked with deer.

Devizes Castle.

In ancient records this place is called Divisæ, De Vies, Divisis, &c. The origin of the name seems to be a supposition that the place was divided by the King and the Bishop of Salisbury. In the reign of Henry I. a spacious and strong fortress was erected here by Roger, the wealthy Bishop of Salisbury, which his nephew, Nigel, Bishop of Ely, garrisoned with troops and prepared to defend until the expected arrival of the Empress Maud; but Stephen having besieged it, he declared that, in the event of its not surrendering, he would hang the son of Bishop Roger on a gallows which he had erected in front of the Castle. On this being made known to Nigel, he surrendered the fortress, together with all the Bishop's treasures, amounting to the sum of 40,000 marks. The Castle was afterwards (1141) seized by Robert Fitzherbert, on pretence of holding it for Maud, but on her arrival he refused to deliver it up, and was subsequently hanged as a traitor to both parties. In 1233, Hubert de Burgh was confined in Devizes Castle, whence he escaped to the high altar of the parish church, but was seized and reconducted to the fortress. The guards who took him were excommunicated, and he himself was soon afterwards released. About the end of the reign of Edward III. the Castle was dismantled; the site has been converted into pleasure-grounds.

Richard of Devizes, a Benedictine monk of the twelfth century, who wrote a Chronicle of English History, was a native of this place. In the reign of Henry VIII. Devizes was celebrated for its market. A large cross, which is said to have cost nearly 2000*l.*, was erected, in 1815, in the market-place by Lord Sidmouth, for many years Member for and Recorder of the borough: it bears an inscription recording a singular mark of divine vengeance, by the sudden death of a woman detected in an attempt to cheat another, in the year 1753.

Littlecote House—A Mysterious Story.

Littlecote House, a large, respectable and ancient mansion in the midst of a finely-wooded park, in the valley of the Kennet, and about four miles from Hungerford in Wiltshire, is "renowned," says Macaulay, "not more on account of its venerable architecture and furniture, than on account of a horrible and mysterious crime which was perpetrated there in the days of the Tudors."

It occupies a low situation at the north side of the park, which, though broken and unequal in its surface, comprehends an area of four miles in circumference, and is watered by a branch of the river Kennet, which runs through the garden, and forms a preserve for trout. The mansion, built by one of the Darell family—the original proprietors—in the beginning of the sixteenth century, has undergone alterations on many occasions, but still retains a remarkable number of the features of the architecture and decorations of the period from which it dates. It has twice been honoured by royal visits. Once by one from Charles II., who at his coronation created Sir Francis Popham, the heir of Littlecote, a Knight of the Bath; and again by one from William III., who slept here one night while on his journey from Torbay to London. The walls of the great hall are hung with ancient armour—buff coats, massive helmets, cross-bows, old-fashioned fire-arms and other warlike weapons, together with a pair of elk-horns, measuring seven feet six inches from tip to tip. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffle-board. The remainder of the furniture is in a corresponding style. The picture gallery which extends along the garden front of the house, is 115ft. long, and contains many portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bedchambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare, and in the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you are shown a place where a small piece has been cut out and sewn in again—a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following remarkable story:—

The horrible and mysterious crime alluded to by Lord Macaulay in connexion with this house was first divulged to the general public

in a note which Sir Walter Scott appended to the 5th canto of his "Rokeby." Since the publication of that poem, however, the whole subject has undergone re-examination. The local pride of the members of local archæological societies was not to be satisfied with a story which seemed merely a wild tradition, and of which the possible fact and probable fiction were inextricably blended together. The result of the recent sifting of the whole evidence is that the mysterious story of Littlecote is in its main and most prominent features strictly and incontestably true. The following is an outline of the story as told in the light of recent investigations.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, when the mansion of Littlecote was still in the possession of its founders—the Darells—a midwife of high repute dwelt and practised her art in the neighbourhood. This person having returned fatigued from a professional visit at a late hour one night had gone to rest—only however to be disturbed by one who desired to have her help. The midwife pleaded fatigue, and offered to send her assistant, but the messenger was resolved to have the principal only. She accordingly came down stairs, opened the door, disappeared into the darkness, and was heard of no more for many hours.

Where had she been during this long interval? This is a question which she alone was able to answer; and as we find that her story, originally told in the presence of a magistrate, detailed circumstances which led to a trial, at which it was again repeated, and confirmed by a number of curious facts, we shall give her own account of the terrible night's adventure :—

She stated that as soon as she had unfastened the door and partly opened it, a hand was thrust in which struck down the candle and at the same instant pulled her into the road in front of the house, which was detached from the village or any other dwelling. The person who had used these abrupt means desired her to tie a handkerchief over her head and not wait for a hat, as a lady of the firs quality in the neighbourhood was in want of immediate assistance. He then led her to a stile at a short distance, where there was a horse saddled, and with a pillion on its back; he desired her to seat herself, and then mounting he set off at a brisk trot. They had travelled thus for about three quarters of a mile, when the woman, alarmed at the distance, the darkness, the hurry and mystery of the whole matter, expressed great fear. Her conductor assured her that no harm should happen to her, and that she should be wel

paid; but that they had still further to go. The horseman had frequently to dismount to open gates, and the midwife was certain that they had crossed ploughed and corn fields; for though it was quite dark the woman discovered that they had quitted the high road about two miles from her own house: she also said they crossed a river *twice.* After travelling for an hour and a half they entered a paved court or yard, on the stones of which the horse's hoofs resounded. Her conductor now lifted her off her horse, conducted her through a long, narrow, and dark passage into the house, and then thus addressed her:—"You must now suffer me to put this cap and bandage over your eyes, which will allow you to speak and breathe but not to see; keep up your presence of mind, it will be wanted—no harm will happen to you." Then having conducted her into a chamber, he continued—"Now you are in a room with a lady in labour, perform your office well and you shall be amply rewarded; but if you attempt to remove the bandage from your eyes, take the reward of your rashness."

According to her account, horror and dread had now so benumbed her faculties that for a time she was incapable of action. In a short time, however, a male child was born and committed to the care of an aged female servant. Her impression with respect to the mother of the child was that she was a very young lady; but she dared not ask questions or even speak a word. As soon as the crisis was over the woman received a glass of wine and was told to prepare to return home by another road which was not so near but was free from gates or stiles. Desirous of collecting her thoughts, she begged to be allowed to rest in an arm-chair while her horse was being got ready. Whilst resting she pretended to fall asleep; but was busy all the time making those reflections which laid the foundation of the legal inquiry that afterwards took place. Undiscovered and unsuspected, she contrived to cut off a small piece of the bed-curtain. This circumstance, added to others of a local nature, was supposed sufficient evidence to fix the transaction as having happened at Littlecote, then possessed by William Darell, commonly called "Wild Darell" from the reckless, wicked life he led. In the course of her evidence the midwife declared she perceived an uncommon smell of burning, which followed them through all the avenues of the house to the courtyard where she remounted the horse. The guide on parting with her at a distance of about fifty yards from her own door, made her swear to observe secrecy, and put a purse containing twenty-five guineas into her hand.

He also now for the first time removed the bandage from her eyes.

Up to this point there is some contradiction in the different versions of the legend. Scott says that the bandage was first put over the woman's eyes on her first leaving her own house that she might be unable to tell which way she travelled; and that when she was brought to the house and led into the bedchamber the bandage was removed, and she found herself in a sumptuously furnished room. Besides the lady in labour there was a man of a "haughty and ferocious" aspect in the room. As soon as the child was born, continues Scott, he demanded the midwife to give it him, and snatching it from her, he hurried across the room and threw it on the back of the fire that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself out upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and raking the live coals upon it soon put an end to its life.

After the return of the midwife to her own home all accounts of this story agree in the main. In the morning the woman was so much agitated that she went to a magistrate and made a deposition of all she knew. Two circumstances afforded hope of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed—one was the clipping of the curtain, the other was that in descending the staircase she had counted the steps. Suspicion fell on Darell, whose house was examined and identified by the midwife. "Darell was tried for murder at Salisbury," says Scott, "but by corrupting his judge (Sir John Popham, afterwards proprietor of Littlecote, which, according to Aubrey, Darell gave to him as a bribe) he escaped the sentence of the law—only to die a violent death shortly after by a fall from his horse."

Some few years ago (see *Wilts Archæological Magazine*, vols. i.—x.) an attempt was made to disprove the whole story from beginning to end as connected with Littlecote, chiefly on the grounds that, after every inquiry possible, no record of any trial could be found; that from various existing state papers Darell appeared to have held his position as a gentleman and magistrate, and had no apparent blot on his character; that Sir John Popham was not created a judge at all until three years after Darell's death, which took place quietly in his own bed at Littlecote in 1589, and that legends of a similar kind could be produced, connected with

other old houses both in this and other counties. On the other hand, the inquiry brought to light some evidence of a very extraordinary kind, which makes it no longer doubtful that the story is, in the main facts of it, correct. This evidence consists of the actual statement in writing by the magistrate, Mr. Bridges, of Great Shefford, in Berks (about seven miles off), who took down the deposition of the midwife on her deathbed. Her name, it appears, was Mrs. Barnes, of Shefford. She does not say that she was blindfolded, but that having been decoyed by a fictitious message pretending to come from Lady Knyvett, of Charlton House, she found herself, after being on horseback several hours in the night, at another house. The lady she had to attend to was masked. She does not say what house this was, and seems not to have known. Her deposition gives the fullest particulars of the atrocity committed, but still fails to identify Littlecote as the house and Will Darell as the gentleman. The case seemed, therefore, likely to continue one not proved, but only of very strong suspicion. The subsequent discovery, however, at Longleat, by the Rev. Canon Jackson, of Leigh Delamere, of another original document has set the matter at rest. Sir John Thynne, of Longleat, had in his establishment a Mr. Bonham, whose sister was the mistress of W. Darell, and living at Littlecote. The letter is from Sir H. Knyvett, of Charlton, to Sir John Thynne, desiring "that Mr. Bonham will inquire of his sister touching her usage at Will Darell's, the birth of her children, how many there were, and what became of them; for that the report of the murder of one of them was increasing foully, and will touch Will Darell to the quick." This letter is dated 2nd January, 1578-9. How Darell escaped does not appear, but it is certain that in 1586 he sold the reversion of his Littlecote estate to Sir John Popham, who took possession of it in 1589, and in whose descendants it still continues. All these facts, together with many details for which space cannot be afforded here, will be found in the eighth and in earlier volumes of the *Wiltshire Archæological Magazine*.

Draycot House.—The Legend of the White Hand.

This ancient mansion, situated a few miles to the north-east of Chippenham, derived its distinguishing appellation of Draycot-Cerne from a family to whom it belonged as early as the thirteenth

century. Henry de Cerne, Knight, Lord of Draicot, was witness to an ancient deed preserved by Aubrey, relative to the gift of land at Langelegh to the Abbey of Glastonbury. From the Cernes Draycot passed by marriage to the family of Wayte; and in the reign of Henry VII., Sir Thomas Long of Wraxhall became proprietor in right of his mother, Margaret, heiress of the family of Wayte. He married Margery, daughter of Sir George Darell of Littlecote, by whom he had three sons. Of these Henry, the eldest, greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Therouenne, and was knighted for his gallantry by Henry VIII., who likewise granted him a new crest—"A lion's head erased, crowned, with a man's hand in the mouth." His grandson, Walter Long, had two wives—the second of whom was Catherine, daughter of Sir John Thynne, of Longleat.

The manor of Draycot is a large irregular building, with a park of considerable extent, and pleasure grounds attached to it. The house contains many objects of interest, as paintings, Sevres china, curious fire-dogs and candelabra presented to the Longs by Charles II. after the restoration. The park, richly studded with ancient oaks, crowns a hill commanding an extensive prospect, and is esteemed one of the most beautiful in Wiltshire.

The following legend of Draycot, one of the most singular in the whole range of English legends, is abridged from Sir J. Bernard Burke's "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, and Episodes in Ancestral Story." Sir Bernard introduces his story with a few words to the effect that the marvels of real life are more startling than those of the pages of fiction, and this reflection "may serve," he says, "to qualify the disbelief of our readers, should any happen to suppose that we have drawn upon our imagination for the facts, as well as the colouring, of this episode in domestic history—a supposition that, we can assure them, would be altogether erroneous. And singular as this story may seem," continues Burke, "no small portion of it is upon record as a thing not to be questioned; and it is not necessary to believe in supernatural agency to give all parties credit for having faithfully narrated their impressions." We have already said that Walter Long of Draycot had two wives—the second being Catherine, daughter of Sir John Thynne, of Longleat. Six weeks after their marriage the happy couple returned for the first time to the halls of Draycot. The day of their return was a great occasion for the villagers. Revelry after the approved old English fashion prevailed, and all were happy—save one. This sole exceptional

person was no other than John, the heir of the houses of Draycot and Wraxhall, son of the man who was that day a happy bridegroom—if of somewhat mature years—and of that lady now in her grave, and whose place a girl and a stranger had come to fill. John Long, though himself of that disposition which joins in festivities with even reckless enthusiasm, was silent, sad and solitary on the morning of the "Welcome Home" of his father and his step-mother.

John Long was simple and candid in disposition, while at the same time his affections were warm and generous. He never suspected man or woman. He never took the trouble to consider the motives of others, or to estimate the weight that interest might represent in an action apparently spontaneous and cordial. Lady Catherine, his father's wife, and her brother, whom Sir J. B. Burke names Sir Egremont, had thought it worth while to study the character of the simple and confiding young Master of Draycot with some attention. They had the same object in so doing, and results too important almost to be estimated hung upon the success with which they did understand the youth. They had hardly been upon the scene at Draycot for more than a few days when, from servants and others, they were informed that the Master was never far off when there was a cheerful party over the wine bottle, or a freely-spend-freely-win group around the dice-box. The knowledge ascertained, their course of conduct was already arrived at. Young Long, the heir of all his father's property—the obstruction in the way of whatever children might come by the second marriage—must be ruined, or, at least, so disgraced as to provoke his father to disinherit him.

The means of arriving at this end readily presented themselves. John's father, Sir Walter, a man of grave and unrelenting character, who had already frequently had occasion to visit his son's peccadilloes heavily upon his head, was, neither from principle nor from interest, at all given to lavish pocket-money upon the young squire. His parsimony was his son's enemies' opportunity. They stuffed young Long's pockets with gold, encouraged him to take life easily and freely, merely smiled when in his presence they heard of his excesses, but took good care that all these excesses were magnified into heinous crimes by themselves, and so brought under the notice of the lad's father. This old gentleman, influenced on the one hand by the wiles of his charming wife, on the other by the deeper wiles of his brother-in-law, agreed to make out a will, disinheriting his son

by his first wife, and settling all his possessions on his second wife and her relations.

Meantime Sir Walter Long had declined in health, was, in fact, on the brink of death. Without any genuine sympathy with his son at any part of his career, he had now been alienated from him in all things for a considerable time. He deemed it a sin to make any provision for one who would spend all his possessions in drinking and gambling. It was then with alacrity that, when Sir Egremont Thynne, of Longleat, drew up a draft will and set it before him, he approved of it and ordered it to be copied. It was accordingly given to a clerk to engross fairly.

The work of engrossing demands a clear, bright light. Any shadow intervening between the light and the parchment would be sure to interrupt operations. Such an interruption the clerk was suddenly subjected to, when, on looking up, he beheld a white hand —a lady's delicate white hand—so placed between the light and the deed as to obscure the spot upon which he was engaged. The unaccountable hand, however, was gone almost as soon as noticed. The clerk paused for a moment and pondered; but concluding that he had been deceived by some delusion of his own brain, prepared to go on with the work as before.

He had now come to the worst clause in the whole deed—the clause which disinherited poor John Long, and which was rendered yet more atrocious by the slanders which it pleaded in its own justification—and was rapidly travelling over this black indictment, when again the same visionary hand was thrust forth between the light and the parchment!

Uttering a yell of horror, the clerk rushed from the room, woke up Sir Egremont from his midnight slumbers, and told him his story, adding that the spectre hand was no other than the late Lady Long's, who leaving for a moment her avocations in the other world, had visited this one to put a stop to those machinations that were to result in the ruin of her son.

The deed was engrossed by another clerk, however, and duly signed and sealed. The son was with all due form disinherited, and Sir William dying soon afterwards, left his great fortune to the alien and the stranger.

Yet the miraculous interference of the white hand was not without its results. The clerk's ghostly tale soon got abroad, and his story becoming a matter of universal conversation, a number of friends rose up to aid the disinherited heir, who might otherwise

have forgotten him. The trustees of the late Lady Long arrested the old knight's corpse at the church door; her nearest relations commenced a suit against the intended heir; and the result was a compromise between the parties—John Long taking possession of Wraxhall, while his half-brother was allowed to retain Draycot. Hence the division of the two estates, which we find at the present day.

John Long, the disinherited son, married subsequently Anne, daughter of Sir William Eyre, of Chaldfield, and left issue, which is now extinct in the male line. His half-brother, to whom Draycot fell, became Sir Walter Long, knight, and represented Wiltshire in Parliament. From him directly descended the late Sir James Tylney Long, of Wraxhall and Draycot, the last known male representative of the Longs of Wraxhall and Draycot. He died in early youth, 14th of September, 1805, when his extensive estates devolved on his sister Catherine, wife of the Hon. William Wellesley Pole. This lady's fortune, at the time of her marriage, is said to have exceeded 80,000*l.* a year!

Avebury, Stonehenge, and Silbury Hill.

In 1869, the history of these celebrated remains received very interesting illustration, in a communication from Mr. A. Hall to the *Athenæum*, which we quote here, as it affords a special view intelligible to those who are at all acquainted with them:—"Those centres of interest, Avebury and Stonehenge, serve to make the district in which they stand a very shrine for the antiquary; and, as investigated by me for the first time, a most gratifying treat. 1. As to the names: I would suggest that the *v* in Avebury is a *u*, and should be read as 'Au,' *quasi* Auld-bury—*i.e.* 'old burrow'; barrows here are called burrows, and the terminal 'borough' in English names has been held by antiquaries to indicate remote antiquity. Here, however, we have a village old, as a residence, among boroughs—older, for instance, than Marl*borough*, Wood*borough*, and other places in the neighbourhood. The word Stonehenge has been frequently explained; it refers to the raised stones, *henge*, from A.S. *hon*, *hen*, *gehengon*, 'to hang.' Here we find massive uprights, with huge imposts hung or supported upon them. Henry of Huntingdon says, 'Stones of wonderful magnitude are raised in the manner of doors, so that they seem like doors placed over doors.' This feature is no longer apparent, but the fallen stones

show clearly this was the case at one time: the wonder being that such immense blocks should be so raised—a feeling that has descended with the name that recorded the fact.

"2. The first position I wish to lay down is, that there is one great marked distinction between Avebury and Stonehenge—viz., that while the latter gives in its structure indisputable proof of design, by the removal, shaping, elevation, and superimposition of the stones, the former was not so formed by man; but that the stones at Avebury are still *in situ—i.e.*, in their rough, unhewn, natural state, as placed there by Dame Nature herself, and that man has since located himself there and entrenched the spot for habitation.

"3. It must, I think, be conceded that Avebury is the older, probably very much the older, place of the two. Stonehenge has no name as a habitation, but it adjoins Amesbury, an old town, whose name, however, dates from subsequently to the Christian era; it is, therefore, necessarily posterior to Avebury, the name of whose founder is lost in the mists of ages. The Avebury stones are unhewn; this must be held to prove great antiquity. It is clearly understood that the Romans introduced the art of working in stone—an art lost to us by the withdrawal of their legions and the consequent invasion of Saxon barbarians, but restored by Norman influence under the later Saxon kings. With this fact before us, I should hesitate to believe there had been a previous introduction of this art from other than Roman sources, and also a previous loss of it. I am, therefore, driven to the conclusion that Stonehenge is a work of post-Roman time. The labour of collecting and transporting these huge masses must have been great, but nothing as compared to the fitting and fixing of them, which is very complex. Each upright has been reduced into the shape of a round tenon at top, to match with a round mortice-hole in the impost; besides which, the lower end of each upright has been worked with a lateral projection to bite the earth underground, like an ordinary post for a wooden gate; then, being placed in a prepared hole, the cavity has been filled in with rubble. Further, all the imposts round the outer circle, when complete, fitted closely together, each one being jointed or grooved into its neighbour by the process called match lining; the rough, weather-worn outline of this dovetailing may still be perceived. I cannot believe that the rude Celts whom Cæsar found here could have done this; they may have chipped flints and rounded celts, but if they could have dealt thus with huge blocks of stone, they would have had stone habitations, for the material is plentiful; but Cæsar saw none such.

"4. Stonehenge is therefore clearly within the historical era, and, as I

think, was erected for a Memorial, the object being to produce a conspicuous mark in the landscape, at a particular spot. The first we know of it is quoted from Nennius, in the *Eulogium Britanniæ*, who, though sufficiently fabulous in other things, ascribes Stonehenge to the fifth century A.D. Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wrote three or four hundred years later, partly confirms this conjecture. Moreover, when Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, excavated the area in 1620, he brought to light some Roman remains.

"5. Viewing Stonehenge as comparatively modern, I consider Avebury is greatly older, and that its existence has most probably suggested the idea that we see carried out at Stonehenge. The latter has now about 95 blocks left; Avebury, so far as I could ascertain, only 25, and has no evidence of the use of imposts.

"Although Stonehenge is mentioned so frequently and so copiously by our early chroniclers, history is silent as to Avebury. The antiquary, Aubrey, is the first writer who describes it. In 1648 he found 63 stones; Stukeley, in 1743, describes 29. The imagination that can magnify this trivial quantity into 650, without any evidence whatever, is bold, but dangerous. I decline to believe in circles or avenues. The whole district teems with these stones. Take an area of four or five miles, and we may count them by thousands; but there is no proof that any vast quantity was ever concentrated at Avebury. As they are now found, they were evidently dispersed or deposited by a natural process. The line may be traced southward, from Marlborough Downs, along a sloping valley which crosses the regular coach-road about Fyfield. Down the Lockridge, towards Alton, there they lie—called grey wethers at one place, large stones at other places. At Linchet's, otherwise Clatford Bottom, we have the Devil's Den: a cromlech, apparently. They have been forced along this route by the agency of water or ice, and appear to consist of primary rock and a soft oolitic sandstone that crumbles into dust. Finding them so freely scattered in the immediate neighbourhood, I infer that those found at Avebury have been lodged there as a freak of Nature. Accordingly, I look upon devil's dens, serpent avenues, charmed circles, and high altars as just so many myths. That Avebury was entrenched at an early period, and inhabited by primitive Britons, seems very clear. Their rude imaginations may have prompted them, from lack of knowledge, to venerate—yea, to worship—these huge fantastic blocks, weather-worn into all sorts of queer shapes, placed there by a power which they could not divine, and thus found in possession of the land before themselves."

The soil of Abury rendered the great Druidical temple an incumbrance upon its fertility. For two centuries we can trace the course of its destruction. Gibson describes it as 'a monument more considerable in itself than known to the world. For a village of the same name being built within the circumference of it, and, by the way, out of its stones too, what by gardens, orchards, enclosures, and the like, the prospect is so interrupted that it is very hard to discover the form of it. It is environed by an extraordinary vallum, or rampire, as great and as high as that at Winchester; and within it is a graff (ditch or moat) of a depth and breadth proportionable. . . . . The graff hath been surrounded all along the edge of it with large stones pitched on end, most of which are now taken away; but some marks remaining give liberty for a conjecture that they stood quite round.' In Aubrey's time sixty-three stones, which he describes, were standing within the entrenched enclosure. In Dr. Stukeley's time, when the destruction of the whole for the purposes of building was going on so rapidly, still forty-four of the stones of the great outward circle were left, and many of the pillars of the great avenue: and a great cromlech was in being, the upper stone of which he himself saw broken and carried away, the fragments of it alone making no less than twenty cartloads." In 1812, according to Sir Richard Hoare, only seventeen of the stones remained within the great inclosure. Their number has since been further reduced.

It must have been a proud day for John Aubrey, when he attended Charles II. and the Duke of York on their visit to Abury, or Aubury, which the King had been told at a meeting of the Royal Society in 1663, soon after its formation, as much excelled Stonehenge as a cathedral does a parish church. In leaving Abury, the King "cast his eie on Silbury Hill, about a mile off," and with the Duke of York, Dr. Charlton, and Aubrey, he walked up to the top of it. Dr. Stukeley, in his account of Abury, published in 1743, probably refers to another royal visit, when he notes: "Some old people remember Charles the Second, the Duke of York, and Duke of Monmouth, *riding* up Silbury Hill."

We subjoin a few of the more striking and generally received opinions upon the origin of Avebury and Stonehenge:—"The temples in which the Britons worshipped their deities were composed of large rough stones, disposed in circles; for they had not sufficient skill to execute any finished edifices. Some of these circles are yet existing: such is Stonehenge, near Salisbury: the huge masses of rock may still be seen there, grey with age; and the structure is yet sufficiently perfect to enable us to understand how the whole pile was anciently arranged. Stonehenge

possesses a stern and savage magnificence. The masses of which it is composed are so large, that the structure seems to have been raised by more than human power. Hence, *Choirganer* (the '*Giants' Dance*,' the British name of Stonehenge) was fabled to have been built by giants, or otherwise constructed by magic art; and the tradition that Merlin, the magician, brought the stones from Ireland, is felt to be a poetical homage to the greatness of the work. All around you in the plain you will see mounds of earth, or '*tumuli*,' beneath which the Britons buried their dead. Antiquaries have sometimes opened these mounds, and there they have discovered vases, containing the ashes and the bones of the primæval Britons, together with their swords and hatchets, and arrow heads of flint or of bronze, and beads of glass and amber; for the Britons probably believed that the dead yet delighted in those things which had pleased them when they were alive, and that the disembodied spirit retained the inclination and affections of mortality."—Palgrave's *History of England.*

The investigations of the nature of the stones employed in these wonderful monuments present some curious points, of which the following are specimens:—

Mr. Cunnington, quoted in the *History of South Wiltshire*, says: "The stones composing the outward circle and its imposts, as well as the five large trilithons, are all of that species of stone called *sarsen*, which is found in the neighbourhood; whereas the inner circle of small upright stones, and those of the interior oval, are composed of granite, hornstones, &c., most probably brought from some part of Devonshire or Cornwall, as I know not where such stones could be found at a nearer distance." Sir R. Colt Hoare says: "What is understood by *sarsen* is a stone drawn from the natural quarry in its rude state. It is generally supposed that these stones were brought from the neighbourhood of Abury, in North Wiltshire, and the circumstance of three stones still existing in that direction is adduced as a corroborating proof of that statement."

A Correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, No. 304, remarks: "The stones have not been quarried at all, being boulders collected from the Downs. It is supposed by eminent geologists that they belong to the tertiary formation, and that the strata in which they were embedded (represented in the Isle of Wight) have been swept away by some great catastrophe. The outer circle probably contained thirty-eight stones, of which seventeen are standing; and the number of their lintels in the original position is about seven or eight. Of the large trilithons only two are now complete."

Another Correspondent says: "The stones for the great Temple of Abury were easily collected from the neighbouring hills; but, judging from the present state of Salisbury Plains, it must be supposed that the materials of Stonehenge were sought for on the Marlborough Downs, and transported down the course of the Avon. Still, it is not unlikely that even the largest of these stones might have been found near at hand; for, doubtless, many such were dispersed about at that time, which have since been used up for economical purposes."

Sir R. Colt Hoare adds to Stukeley's opinion: "A modern naturalist has supposed that the stratum of sand containing these stones once covered the chalk land, and at the Deluge this stratum was washed off from the surface, and the stones left behind. Certain it is that we find them dispersed over a great part of our chalky district, and they are particularly numerous between Abury and Marlborough; but the celebrated field, called from them the Grey Wethers, no longer presents even a single stone, for they have all been broken to pieces for building and repairing the roads."

Mr. Loudon, when he visited Stonehenge, in 1836, formed this conjecture as to its origin: "On examining the stones we find they are of three different kinds—viz., the larger stones of sandstone, the smaller of granite; and two or three stones, in particular situations, of two varieties of limestone. This shows that they have been brought from different places: still, there is wanting that mathematical regularity and uniformity which are the characteristics of masonry; and we conclude by wondering how savages that knew not how to hew could contrive to set such stones on end, and put other stones over them. Upon further consideration, observing the tenons and the corresponding mortices, and reflecting on the countless number of years that they must have stood there, we yield to the probability of their having been originally more or less architectural." Many persons have absurdly supposed that the stones are artificial, and formed in moulds.

Mr. Browne, of Amesbury, author of *Illustrations of Stonehenge and Abury*, considers Stonehenge to have been erected before the Flood; and Abury, a similar monument, to have been constructed under the direction of Adam, after he was driven out of Paradise, as a "remembrance of his great and sore experience in the existence of evil."

Mr. Rickman, the well-informed antiquary, on June 13, 1839, communicated to the Society of Antiquaries an essay containing some important arguments, tending to show that the era of Abury and Stonehenge cannot reasonably be carried back to a period antecedent to the Christian era. After tracing the Roman road from Dover and Can-

terbury, through Noviomagus and London, to the West of England, he noticed that Silbury Hill is situated immediately upon that road, and that the avenues of Abury extend to it, whilst their course is referable to the radius of a Roman mile. From these and other circumstances, he argued that Abury and Silbury are not anterior to the road, nor can we well conceive how such gigantic works could be accomplished until Roman civilization had furnished such a system of providing and storing food as would supply the concourse of a vast number of people. Mr. Rickman further remarked that the Temple of Abury is completely of the form of a Roman amphitheatre, which would accommodate about 48,000 spectators, or half the number contained in the Coliseum, at Rome. Again, the stones of Stonehenge have exhibited, when their tenons and mortices were first exposed, the workings of a well-directed steel point, beyond the workmanship of barbarous nations. It is not mentioned by Cæsar or Ptolemy, and its historical notices commence in the fifth century. On the whole, Mr. Rickman is induced to conclude that the era of Abury is the third century, and that of Stonehenge the fourth, or before the departure of the Romans from Britain; and that both are examples of the general practice of the Roman conquerors to tolerate the worship of their subjugated provinces, at the same time associating them with their own superstitions and favourite public games.

The mysterious monument of antiquity, Stonehenge, or as it has been called the "Glory of Wiltshire," and the "Wonder of the West," is situated on Salisbury Plain, about two miles directly west of Amesbury, and seven north of Salisbury.

Two authors suppose it to have been built for a very different purpose; one assuming it to have been a temple dedicated to Apollo, and the other a heathen burial-place.

The soil is excellent and fertile; and the harvest is made twice in the same year. Tradition says, that Latona was born here, and therefore, Apollo is worshipped before any other deity; to him is also dedicated a remarkable temple, of a round form, &c.

The Rev. James Ingram considers it to have been destined as a heathen burial-place, and the oblong spaces adjoining, as the course on which the goods of the deceased were run for at the time of the burial; and this opinion, he thinks, is strengthened, from the circumstance of the vast number of barrows which abound in this part of the plain. Within a short distance, also, are two long level pieces of ground, surrounded by a ditch and a bank, with a long mound of earth crossing one end, bearing a great resemblance to the ancient Roman courses for horse-

racing. In the year 1797, three of the stones which formed part of the oval in the centre fell to the earth; and this appears to have been the only instance on record of any alteration having taken place in these remains of antiquity.

For whatever purpose it was erected, or whoever may have been the architects, the immense labour necessarily employed in bringing together the materials, and the amazing mechanical power that must have been used to raise the stones, some of which weigh upwards of 70 tons, to their proper situations, show that it could have been only constructed for some great national purpose, connected either with religion or the government of the State.

The author whose description we have quoted concludes his remarks in this manner:—"Such, indeed, is the general fascination imposed on all those who view Stonehenge, that no one can quit its precincts without feeling strong sensations of surprise and admiration. The ignorant rustic will, with a vacant stare, attribute it to some imaginary race of giants: and the antiquary, equally uninformed as to its origin, will regret that its history is veiled in perpetual obscurity; the artist, on viewing these enormous masses, will wonder that art could thus rival nature in magnificence and picturesque effect. Even the most indifferent passenger over the plain must be attracted by the solitary and magnificent appearance of these ruins; and all with one accord will exclaim, 'How grand! How wonderful! How incomprehensible'!"

The belief now appears tolerably settled that Stonehenge was a temple of the Druids. It differs, however, from all other Druidical remains, in the circumstance that greater mechanical art was employed in its construction, especially in the superincumbent stones of the outer circle and of the trilithons, from which it is supposed to derive its name: *stan* being the Saxon for a stone, and *heng* to hang or support. From this circumstance it is maintained that Stonehenge is of the very latest ages of Druidism; and that the Druids that wholly belonged to the antehistoric period followed the example of those who observed the command of the law: "If thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone: for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it." (Exodus, chap. xx.) Regarding Stonehenge as a work of masonry and architectural proportions, Inigo Jones came to the conclusion that it was a Roman temple of the Tuscan order. This was an architect's dream. Antiquaries, with less of taste and fancy than Inigo Jones, have had their dreams also about Stonehenge, almost as wild as the legend of Merlin flying away with the stones from the Curragh of Kildare. Some attribute its erection to the Britons after

the invasion of the Romans. Some bring it down to as recent a period as that of the usurping Danes. Others again carry it back to the early days of the Phœnicians. The first notice of Stonehenge is found in the writings of Nennius, who lived in the ninth century of the Christian era. He says that at the spot where Stonehenge stands a conference was held between Hengist and Vortigern, at which Hengist treacherously murdered four hundred and sixty British nobles, and that their mourning survivors erected the temple to commemorate the fatal event. Mr. Davies, a modern writer upon Celtic antiquities, holds that Stonehenge was the place of this conference between the British and Saxon princes, on account of its venerable antiquity and peculiar sanctity. There is a passage in Diodorus Siculus, quoted from Hecatæus, which describes a round temple in Britain dedicated to Apollo; and this Mr. Davies concludes to have been Stonehenge. By another writer, Dr. Smith, Stonehenge is maintained to have been "the grand orrery of the Druids," representing, by combinations of its stones, the ancient solar year, the lunar month, the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the seven planets. Lastly, Stonehenge has been pronounced to be a temple of Buddha, the Druids being held to be a race of emigrated Indian philosophers.

After noticing that a chief Druid, whose office is for life, presides over the rest, Cæsar mentions a remarkable circumstance which seems to account for the selection of such a spot as Sarum Plain for the erection of a great national monument, a temple, and a seat of justice:—"These Druids hold a meeting at a certain time of the year in a consecrated spot in the country of the Carnutes (people in the neighbourhood of Chartres), which country is considered to be in the centre of all Gaul. Hither assemble all, from every part, who have a litigation, and submit themselves to their determination and sentence." At Stonehenge, then, we may place the seat of such an assize. There were roads leading direct over the plain to the great British towns of Winchester and Silchester. Across the plain, at a distance not exceeding twenty miles, was the great temple and Druidical settlement of Avebury. The town and hill-fort of Sarum was close at hand. Over the dry chalky downs, intersected by a few streams easily forded, might pilgrims resort from all the surrounding country. The seat of justice, which was also the seat of the highest religious solemnity, would necessarily be rendered as magnificent as a rude art could accomplish. The justice executed in that judgment-seat was, according to ancient testimony, bloody and terrible. The religious rites were debased into the fearful sacrifices of a cruel idolatry.

Sir William Gore Ouseley describes a Druidical circle, and a single upright stone standing alone near the circle, as seen by him at Darab, in Persia, surrounded by a wide and deep ditch and a high bank of earth; there is a central stone, and a single upright stone at some distance from the main groups, the resemblance of the circle at Darab to the general arrangement of Stonehenge, and other similar monuments of Europe, led Sir William Ouseley to the natural conclusion that a "British antiquary might be almost authorized to pronounce it Druidical, according to the general application of the word among us." At Darab there is a peculiarity which is not found at Stonehenge, at least in its existing state. Under several of the stones there are recesses, or small caverns. In this particular, and in the general rudeness of its construction, the circle of Darab resembles the Druidical circle of Jersey, although the circle there is very much smaller, and the stones of very inconsiderable dimensions,—a copy in miniature of such vast works as those of Stonehenge and Avebury. This singular monument, which was found buried under the earth, was removed by General Conway to his seat near Henley, the stones being placed in his garden according to the original plan.

At Abury are two openings through the bank and ditch, at which two lines of upright stones branched off, each extending for more than a mile. That running to the south, and south-east, from the great temple, terminated in an elliptical range of upright stones. It consisted, according to Stukeley, of two hundred stones. The oval thus terminating this avenue was placed on a hill called the Hakpen, or Overton Hill. Crossing this is an old British track-way: barrows scattered all around. The western avenue, extending nearly a mile and a half towards Beckhampton, consisted also of about two hundred stones, terminating in a single stone. It has been held that these avenues, running in curved lines, are emblematic of the serpent-worship, one of the most primitive and widely extended superstitions of the human race. Conjoined with this worship was the worship of the sun, according to those who hold that the whole construction of Abury was emblematic of the idolatry of primitive Druidism. On the high ground to the south of Abury within the avenues is a most remarkable monument of the British period, Silbury Hill; of which Sir R. Hoare says, "There can be no doubt it was one of the component parts of the grand temple at Abury;" others think it a sepulchral mound raised over the bones and ashes of a king or arch-druid, as does the author of these lines:—

"Grave of Cuneda, were it vain to call,
For one wild lay of all that buried lie

Beneath thy giant mound? From Tara's hall
Faint warblings yet are heard, faint echoes die
Among the Hebrides: the ghost that sung
In Ossian's ear, yet wails in feeble cry
On Morvern; but the harmonies that rung
Around the grove and cromlech, never more
Shall visit earth: for ages have unstrung
The Druid's harp, and shrouded all his lore,
Where under the world's ruin sleep in gloom
The secrets of the flood,—the letter'd stone,
Which Seth's memorial pillars from the doom
Preserved not, when the sleep was Nature's doom."

Silbury Hill is the largest mound of the kind in England; the next in size is Marlborough Mount, in the garden of an inn at Marlborough. No history gives us any account of Silbury; the tradition only is, that King Sil, or Zel, as the country-folk pronounce it, was buried here on horseback, and that the hill was raised while a posset of milk was seething. Its name, however, seems to have signified *the great hill.* The diameter of Silbury at the top is 105 feet, at bottom it is somewhat more than 500 feet; it stands upon as much ground as Stonehenge, and is carried up to the perpendicular height of 170 feet, its solid contents amounting to 13,558,809 cubic feet. It covers a surface equal to five acres and thirty-four perches. It is impossible, at this remote period, to ascertain by whom, or for what precise purpose, this enormous mound of earth was raised; but from its proximity to the celebrated Druidical temple of Abury, it is supposed to have had some reference to the idolatrous worship of the Druids, and perhaps to contain the bones of some personage.

It requires no antiquarian knowledge to satisfy the observer of the great remains of Stonehenge and Abury, that they are works of art, in the strict sense of the word—originating in design, having proportion of parts, adapted to the institutions of the period to which they belonged, calculated to affect with awe and wonder the imagination of the people that assembled around them. But Druidical circles are not confined to England or Scotland. On the opposite shores of Brittany the great remains of Carnac exhibit a structure of far greater extent even than Abury. "Carnac is infinitely more extensive than Stonehenge, but of ruder formation; the stones are much broken, fallen down, and displaced; they consist of eleven rows of unwrought pieces of rock or stone, merely set up on end in the earth, without any pieces crossing them at top. These stones are of great thickness, but not exceeding nine or twelve feet in height; there may be some few fifteen feet. The rows are placed from fifteen to eighteen paces from each other, extending in length (taking rather a semicircular direction) above half a mile,

on unequal ground, and towards one end upon a hilly site. When the length of these rows is considered, there must have been nearly three hundred stones in each, and there are eleven rows: this will give you some idea of the immensity of the work, and the labour such a construction required. It is said that there are above four thousand stones now remaining." (Mrs. Stothard's *Tour in Normandy and Brittany.*) It is easy to understand how the same religion prevailing in neighbouring countries might produce monuments of a similar character; but we find the same in the far east, in lands separated from ours by pathless deserts and wide seas.

BERKSHIRE.

Windsor Castle, and its Romances.

Windsor, as a royal Castle and domain, has existed from the Saxon era of our history. It has also been a place of considerable resort for nearly six centuries; or from the period when Eleanor, Queen of Edward I., came hither by water, the roads being impassable for waggons, the only vehicular conveyance then in use—to our own railway times, when the journey from London occupies little more than half an hour. The picturesque beauty of the country, as well as the royal fame of the locality, have doubtless aided this enduring popularity.

The name is from *Windlesofra*, or *Windleshora*, from the winding course of the Thames in this part.* This, however, was Old Windsor, a distinct parish, where the Saxon Kings had a palace, about two miles south-east of New Windsor. Edward the Confessor occasionally kept his court here: by him it was granted to the monks of Westminster, who subsequently exchanged it with the Conqueror for Wokendom and other lands in Essex. William immediately commenced the erection of a fortress near the site of the Round Tower of the present Castle, which, from its commanding situation, was admirably adapted for a military post; and it is doubtful whether it was ever used as a residence. It is mentioned in Domesday as covering half a hide of land (30 or 50 acres). The tenure is "Allodial," *i.e.*, being held by the Sovereign, subject to no chief lord, and therefore not strictly in "fee." Henry I. enlarged the Castle in 1109, and added a chapel; and in the following year he formally removed from the old Saxon palace to the new Castle, and there solemnized the feast of Whitsuntide.

Edward I. and his Queen, Eleanor, often visited the fortress-palace, which frequently became the scene of chivalric spectacle; and in the sixth year of the King's reign a grand tournament was held in the park by 38 knightly competitors.

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* This is Camden's statement; but Stow gives two other etymologies—from *Wind us over*, from the ferry-boat, rope and pole; and from the *Wynd is sore*, because it lies high and open to the weather.—Harl. MS. 367, fol. 13, "Of the Castell of Wyndsore," in Stow's handwriting.

In the treaty terminating the Civil War between King Stephen and Henry, Duke of Normandy (afterwards Henry II.), by which the former gives assurance to his successors of the Castles and strengths which he holds in England, Windsor appears as second in importance only to the Tower of London. That it was at this time, therefore, a stronghold of strength, there can be but little doubt. In the treaty it is coupled with The Tower, and described as the *Mota de Windsor*. A few fragments of Norman architecture were brought to light during the excavations made in our time, by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville.

King John lay at Windsor during the conferences at Runnymede. Henry III. made considerable alterations and enlargements in the Lower Ward, and added a chapel 70 feet long and 28 feet high, of which "the roof was of wood, lined and painted like stone, and covered with lead." This Chapel would appear to have stood where the Tomb-house stands. But Windsor Castle owes all its glory to King Edward III.; for it had been but little more than a rude fortress, with an adjacent chapel, till Edward of Windsor (it was his native place) gave it grandeur, extent, and durability. "The two Higher Wards" were built with the ransoms of the captive Kings; the Upper Ward with the French King's (John), the Middle Ward, or Keep, with the Scotch King (David's) ransom. Edward's architect was William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. Edward began, it would appear, with the Round Tower in 1315, when he was in his 18th year. Wykeham built a Castle on the site for its royal owner, worthy of Edward, of Philippa, his queen, and of his warlike son, the hero of Poictiers.

Froissart's story of Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury, tells of the unhallowed love of the King, and the constancy of the noble lady, when she welcomed him in the Castle that she had been bravely defending against her enemies! "As soon as the lady knew of the King's coming, she set open the gates, and came out so richly beseen that every man marvelled of her beauty, and could not cease to regard her nobleness with her great beauty, and the gracious words and countenance she made. When she came to the King, she kneeled down to the earth, thanking him of his succours, and so led him into the Castle, to make him cheer and honour as she that could right do it. Every man regarded her marvellously; the King himself could not withhold his regarding of her, for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady: he was stricken therewith to the heart, with a sparkle of fine love that endured long after; he thought no lady in the world so worthy to be loved as she. Thus they entered into the Castle hand-in-hand; the lady led him first into the hall, and after into the chamber,

nobly apparelled. The King regarded so the lady that she was abashed. At last he went to a window to rest, and so fell in a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all devised and commanded, then she came to the King with a merry cheer, who was then in a great study, and she said, 'Dear sir, why do ye study so for? Your grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to you so to do; rather ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you: let other men study for the remnant.' Then the King said, 'Ah, dear lady, know for truth that since I entered into the Castle there is a study come into my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse, nor I cannot tell what shall fall thereof: put it out of my heart I cannot.' 'Ah, sir,' quoth the lady, 'ye ought always to make good cheer to comfort therewith your people. God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doubted (feared) and honoured prince in all Christendom; and if the King of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you, as ye have done divers times er (ere) this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready.' 'Ah, fair lady,' quoth the King, 'other things lieth at my heart that ye know not of: but surely the sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness, and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so surprised my heart, that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead.' Then the lady said, 'Ah! right noble prince, for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, or that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me, and my lord my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and as yet lieth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, sir, ye should in this case have but a small praise, and nothing the better thereby. I had never as yet such a thought in my heart, nor, I trust in God, never shall have for no man living. If I had any such intention, your grace ought not only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea, and by true justice to be dismembered.' Herewith the lady departed from the King, and went into the hall to haste the dinner. When she returned again to the King, and brought some of his knights with her, and said, 'Sir, if it please you to come into the hall, your knights abideth for you to wash; ye have been too long fasting.' Then the King went into the hall and washed, and sat down among his lords and lady also. The King ate little; he sat still musing, and, as he durst, he cast his eyes upon the lady. Of his sadness his

knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be; some thought it was because the Scots were escaped from him. All that day the King tarried there, and wist not what to do: sometime he imagined that truth and honour defended him to set his heart in such a case, to dishonour such a lady and such a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him; on the other part, love so constrained him that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the King debated to himself all that day and all that night: in the morning he arose, and dislodged all his host, and drew after the Scots to chase them out of his realm. Then he took leave of the lady, saying, 'My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than ye have said to me.' 'Noble prince,' quoth the lady, 'God the Father glorious, be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do you pure service to your honour and to mine.' Therewith the King departed all abashed."

To carry on the legend, it may be believed that the King subdued his passions, and afterwards met the noble woman in all honour and courtesy; then we may understand the motto of the Garter—"Evil be to him that evil thinks."

Such is the legend of the old chronicler that has been long connected with the Institution of the Order of the Garter—a legend of virtue subduing passion, and therefore not unfit to be associated with the honour and self-denial of chivalry. Touching it is to read that the "fresh beauty and goodly demeanour" of the lady of Salisbury was ever in Edward's remembrance; but that at a great feast in London, "all ladies and damsels were freshly beseen, according to their degrees, except Alice, Countess of Salisbury, for she went as simply as she might, to the intent that the King should not set his regards on her."

Henry VI. was born at Windsor; but "Holy Henry" did little for his native place beyond adding "a distant prospect of Eton College" to the fine natural view of the lofty keep. To Edward IV. we owe St. George's Chapel as we now see it; to Henry VII. the adjoining Tomb-house; and to Henry VIII. the Gateway still standing, with his arms upon it, at the foot of the Lower Ward.

When the Protector Somerset was outnumbered by the conspirators leagued against him, he, for his own safety's sake, hurried the boy-king, Edward VI., from Hampton Court, in the middle of the night, to the stronghold of Windsor Castle, where he was heard to say, "Methinks I am in prison: here be no galleries nor no gardens to walk in." A gallery was added by Elizabeth: it ran east and west along the

North Terrace, between "the Privy Lodgings," and "the Deanes Tarras, or Grene Walk." After the Restoration, the fortress-like character of the Castle was reduced to the taste of a French palace; and thus it mostly remained until, in 1824, King George IV. began a thorough restoration of the Castle, with the directing taste of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, which eventually cost a million and a half of money.

The great Gateways without the Castle are King Henry VIII.'s, St. George's, and King George IV.'s; and one within, called the Norman, or Queen Elizabeth's Gate. The Round Tower, or Keep, was built for the assembling of a fraternity of knights who should sit together on a footing of equality, as the knights sat in romance at the Round Table of King Arthur, which King Edward designed to revive at a solemn festival annually; but in this he was thwarted by the jealousy of Philip de Valois, King of France. This induced King Edward to establish the memorable Order of the Garter. For the construction of the famous Round Table, fifty-two oaks were taken from the woods of the Prior of Merton, near Reading, for which was paid 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

When King Edward III. held the great feast of St. George at Windsor, "there was a noble company of earls, barons, ladies and damsels, knights and squires, and great triumph, justing, and tournays." Of his unhappy grandson, Froissart thus describes the last pageants: "King Richard caused a joust to be cried and published throughout his realm, to Scotland, to be at Windsor, of forty knights and forty squires, against all comers, and they to be apparelled in green with a white falcon, and the Queen to be there, well accompanied with ladies and damsels. This feast was thus holden, the Queen being there in great nobleness; but there were but few lords or noblemen, for more than two parts of the lords and knights, and other of the realm of England, had the King in such hatred, what for the banishing of the Earl of Derby and the injuries that he had done to his children, and for the death of the Duke of Gloucester, who was slain in the Castle of Calais, and for the death of the Earl of Arundel, who was beheaded at London: the kindred of these lords came not to this feast, nor but few other."

The Round Tower stands on an artificial mound, surrounded by a deep fosse, or dry ditch, now a sunk garden. "The compass of the Tower," says Stow, "is one hundred and fifty paces." Wyatville added thirty-three feet to the Tower, exclusive of the Flag Tower, giving an elevation of twenty-five feet more.

The interior is approached by a covered flight of one hundred steps; a second flight leads to the battlements of the proud Keep, from which

twelve counties may be seen. The Prince of Wales is Constable of this Tower, and indeed of Windsor Castle.

This fine old Keep was the prison of the Castle from the reign of Edward III. to the Restoration in 1660.

The first great prisoner of note confined here was the poet-king of Scotland, James I., who, in the tenth year of his age, on his way to France to complete his education, was taken prisoner by the English, and confined by King Henry IV., first at Pevensey, in Sussex, and then at Windsor. The period of his imprisonment was nineteen years. The romantic love of King James for the beautiful Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, is beautifully told in *The King's Quhair*, a poem of the King's own composing. The Tower, he informs us, wherein he was confined, looked over "a garden faire," in there was

> "Ane herbere green, with wandis long and small
> Railed about, and so with treis set
> Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
> That life was none, walkyng there forbye,
> That might within scarce any wight espye.
> * * * * * *
> And on the smalle greene iwis issat
> The little sweete nightingale, and sung
> So loud and clear the hymnis consecrate
> Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
> That all the gardens and the wallis rung
> Right of their song———
> * * * * *
> And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
> Whereas I saw walking under the tower,
> Full secretly new comyn her to pleyne,
> The fairest and the frest younge flower
> That ever I saw (me thought) before that hour:
> For which sudden abate anon astert
> The blood of all my body to my heart."

How beautifully he describes the Lady Jane Beaufort:

> "In her was youth, beauty with humble port,
> Bounty, richess, and womanly feature,
> God better wote than my pen can report;
> Wisdom, largesse, estate and cunning lure,
> In every poynt so guided her mesure
> In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
> That Nature might no more her child advance."

The Lady Jane became the wife of the poet-king, and they lived long in mutual love and sincere affection.

The next great prisoner of note at Windsor was Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the last victim brought to the block by King Henry VIII. Here Surrey felt "the sacred rage of song," and his

"childish years" were passed pleasantly; but the latter portion of his too short life was spent in imprisonment. He had the King's son for his companion—ill-exchanged for the warder and the lieutenant, the gaoler and his man; which exchange he thus felt and sung:

"So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor? where I, in lust and joy,
With a king's son my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy:
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sowr!
The large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
With eyes upcast unto the Maiden's Tower,
And easy sighs such as folks draw in love:
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
When each of us did plead the other's right:
The palm-play, where, desported for the game,
With dazed eyes, oft we by gleams of love
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above;
The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts;
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
To pleasant plaint and of our ladies praise;
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
With reins avail'd, and swiftly breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
When we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
. . . And with this thought the blood forsakes the face,
And tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue."

He calls for the noble companion of his boyhood, but Richmond was no more. How touching is his plaint:

"Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint;
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief."

The walls of the prison house bear names, and dates, and badges, and even the cause of the captivity here of other prisoners. "From this Tower," says Stow, "when ye wethar is cleare, may easily be descryed Poll's steple." This was the steeple of old St. Paul's. The dome and lantern of the new Cathedral may be descried in clear weather.

Henry VIII. often resided at the Castle, and held his Court there.

The Tomb-house east of St. George's Chapel was built by Henry VII. for his own remains, but he erected a more stately tomb for himself at Westminster; and Henry VIII. granted his father's first mausoleum to Cardinal Wolsey, who commenced his own tomb within it, employing a Florentine sculptor on brazen columns and brazen candlesticks; after Wolsey's fall, that which remained in 1646 of the ornaments of this tomb was sold for 600*l.* as defaced brass. James II. converted the tomb-house into a Romish chapel, which was defaced by a Protestant rabble. In 1742 it was appropriated as a free school-house. Next George III. converted it into a tomb-house for himself and his descendants. It has since been vaulted in stone, inlaid with mosaic work (the finest modern work extant), and the windows filled with stained glass,—as a sepulchral chapel in memory of the late Prince Consort.

The west wall is covered with mosaic pictures of the sovereigns, churchmen, and architects more intimately connected with the Castle and its ancient and Royal Chapel of St. George. Here are the portraits of Henry III., Edward III., Edward IV., Henry VI., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. Beneath are pictures of Wolsey, Beauchamp, and William of Wykeham, in enamel mosaics. On the north side the windows are filled with portraits of German princes, ancestors of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

Queen Elizabeth first caused the terraces to be formed, and annexed the portion of the Castle built by Henry VII. to that designed by herself, and called Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; the state beds, "shining with gold and silver," were her additions. In the Civil War the Castle was mercilessly plundered, until Cromwell stopped the spoliation. Charles II. made it his summer residence. In Prince Rupert's constableship, the Keep was restored: here, says Mr. Eliot Warburton, he established a seclusion for himself, which he soon furnished after his own peculiar taste. In one set of apartments, forges, laboratory instruments, retorts, and crucibles, with all sorts of metals, fluids, and crude ores, lay strewed in the luxurious confusion of a bachelor's domain; in other rooms, armour and arms of all sorts, from that which had blunted the Damascus blade of the Holy War to those which had lately clashed at Marston Moor and Naseby. In another was a library stored with strange books, a list of which may be seen in the *Harleian Miscellany*. In 1670, Evelyn described the Castle as "exceedingly ragged and ruinous." Wren spoiled the exterior, but added Star Buildings, 17 state-rooms and grand staircase. Gibbons was much employed, and Verrio painted the ceilings, to be satirized by Pope and Walpole. Thus the Castle mostly remained until our time.

There are three divisions in the palatial part of Windsor Castle: 1. The Queen's Private Apartments, looking to the east. 2. The State Apartments, to the north. 3. The Visitors' Apartments, to the south. We shall not be expected to describe the relative position and magnitude of the buildings and towers composing the Castle. It has been principally enlarged within the quadrangle, on the exterior facing the north terrace, to which the Brunswick Tower has been added; and by converting what were two open courts, into the State Staircase and the Waterloo Gallery. The corridor, a general communication along the whole extent of the Private Apartments, is an adaptation of the old French *boiserie* of the age of Louis XV. The south and east sides of the quadrangle contain upwards of 369 rooms.

It is gratifying to add, that as the attractiveness of the Castle has been increased, has been the desire of our excellent Sovereign that all classes of her subjects should have free access to the State Apartments of this truly majestic abode.

Southward of Windsor Castle lies the Great Park, a part of Windsor Forest, which, in the reign of Queen Anne, was cut off from the Castle by the intervening private property; and it was, therefore, determined to buy as much land as might be required to complete an avenue from the Castle to the Forest. This is the present Long Walk, generally considered the finest thing of the kind in Europe. It is a perfectly straight line, above three miles in length, running from the principal entrance to the Castle to the top of a commanding hill in the Great Park, called Snow Hill.

On each side of the Long Walk, which is slightly raised, there is a double row of stately elms, now in their maturity. The view from Snow Hill is very fine; on its highest point, in 1832, was placed a colossal equestrian statue of George the Third, in bronze, by Sir Richard Westmacott; it occupies a pedestal formed of huge blocks of granite: the total elevation of the statue and pedestal exceeds fifty feet, and the statue (man and horse) is twenty-six feet in height. The statue was raised by George the Fourth: we are not aware of its cost, but the expense of the pedestal was 8000*l.*

Curious accounts are preserved of the building of the Castle by Edward III., for which purpose writs were issued to sheriffs, mayors, and bailiffs of the several counties to impress labourers, who were imprisoned on refusal. William of Wykeham was clerk of the works, with a salary of one shilling a day. In 1360 there were 360 workmen employed there; in 1362 many died of the plague, when new writs were issued. The works were not completed at the time of King Edward's

death, and were continued by Richard II.; they included the mews for the falcons, a large and important establishment not within the walls. Chaucer was appointed clerk of the works in this reign, and he impressed carpenters, masons, and other artisans.

In the reign of Edward IV. (1474), St. George's Chapel, one of the finest Perpendicular Gothic buildings in this country, was commenced, Bishop Beauchamp and Sir Reginald Bray being the architects. The first chapel was built here by King Henry I.; the second by King Edward III. upon the site of the present chapel: built when 1*s.* 6*d.* per day was high wages; and built by Freemasons. The Choir is fitted up with the stalls and banners of the Order of the Garter, each knight having his banner, helmet, lambriquin, crest, and sword; the dead have mementoes only in their armorial bearings. The very large Perpendicular window has 15 lights. In this Chapel is the tomb of King Edward IV., inclosed by "a range of steel gilt, cut excellently well in church-work," not by Quintin Matsys, but by Master John Tresilian, smith. On the arch above hung this King's coat of mail, covered over with crimson velvet, and thereon the arms of France and England embroidered with pearl and gold interwoven with rubies. This trophy of honour was plundered thence by Captain Fogg in 1642, when also he robbed the Treasury of the Chapel of all the rich altar plate. In 1789, more than 300 years after its interment, the leaden coffin of King Edward IV. was discovered in laying down a new pavement. The skeleton is said to have measured seven feet in length! A lock of the King's hair was procured by Horace Walpole for his Strawberry Hill collection. Here also are the graves of Henry VI., Henry VIII., and Queen Jane Seymour; the loyal Marquis of Worcester; and the grave of King Charles I.:

> "Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
> By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies."—*Byron.*

In 1813 the coffin of King Charles I. was opened by Sir Henry Halford, when the remains were found just as the faithful Herbert had described them, thus negativing the statement that the King lay in a nameless and unknown grave.

We have a few additions to the Romances. Froissart, adopting the common belief of his age, relates that King Arthur instituted his Order of the Knights of the Round Table at Windsor; but the existence of such a British King as Arthur is at least a matter of doubt, and that part of his history which assigns Windsor as one of his residences, may be certainly regarded as fabulous. Harrison, in his description of England, prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicles*, says the

Castle was "builded in times past by King Arthur, or before him by Arviragus, as it is thought."

Froissart, who lived at the Court of Edward III., probably had in his recollection some current traditions of the day, which have not descended to our age, or at least have not yet been brought to light.

Lambard, in his *Topographical Dictionary*, says: "It would make greatly (I know) as wel for the illustration of the glorie, as for the extending of the antiquitie of this place, to alledge out of Frozard that King Arthur accustomed to hold the solemnities of his Round Table at Wyndsore: but as I dare not over bouldly avouche at King Arthure's antiquities, the rather bycause it hathe bene thought a disputable question wheather theare weare ever any suche Kinge or no; so like I not to joine with Frozard in this part of that stoarie, bycause he is but a forrein writer, and (so farre as I see) the only man that hath delivered it unto us; and therefore, supposing it more safe to follow our owne hystorians, especially in our owne historie, I thinke good to leave the tyme of the Brytons, and to descend to the raygne of the Saxon Kings, to the end that they may have the first honour of the place, as they were indede the first authors of the name."

The tradition of "Herne the hunter," which Shakspeare has employed in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is that Herne, one of the Keepers of the Forest, was to be seen, after his death, with horns on his head, walking by night, "round about an oak," in the vicinity of Windsor Castle. It is said that, "having committed some great offence, for which he feared to lose his situation and fall into disgrace, he hung himself upon the oak which his ghost afterwards haunted." In the first sketch of the play, the tradition is briefly narrated, without any mention of the tree in connexion with it:

> "Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter dyed,
> That women to affright their little children
> Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge."

No allusion to the legend has ever been discovered in any other writer of Shakspeare's time, and the period when Herne or Horne lived is unknown. In a manuscript, however, of the time of Henry VIII., in the British Museum, Mr. Halliwell has discovered, "Rycharde Horne, yeoman," among the names of the "*hunters* whiche be examyned and have confessed for hunting in his Majesty's forests;" and he suggests that this may have been the person to whom the tale related by Mrs. page alludes, observing that "it is only convicting our great dramatist of an additional anachronism to those already known of a similar character, in attributing to him the introduction of a tale of the time

of Henry the Eighth into a play supposed to belong to the commencement of the fifteenth century."

The Abbey of Abingdon.

In Berkshire, during the prevalence of the Roman Catholic faith, thirty-five religious houses were built and endowed, three of which were numbered at the Reformation among the "greater monasteries." The most important of these were the Benedictine Abbeys of Abingdon and Reading.

Abingdon Abbey appears to have been originally founded upon a hill called Abendune, about ten miles from the present town, nearer Oxford, by Cissa, King of Wessex, and his nephew, Heane, Viceroy of Wiltshire, in 605, begun at Bagley Wood, now Chilswell Farm. Five years after, its foundation was removed to a place then called Sevekisham, and since then Abbendon, or Abingdon, and enriched by the munificence of Ceadwalla and Ina, Kings of Wessex, and other benefactors. This Abbey was destroyed by the Danes, and the monks were deprived of their possessions by Alfred the Great, but their property was restored and the rebuilding of the Abbey commenced at least by Edred, grandson and one of the successors of Alfred. It became richly endowed, and the Abbot was mitred. At the Suppression the revenues of this Monastery amounted to nearly 2000*l.* per annum; a gateway is nearly all that remains. At the Abbey was educated Henry I., and with such fidelity as to procure him the name of Beauclerc. Here was buried Cissa, the founder; St. Edward, king and martyr; Robert D'Oyley, builder of Oxford Castle, tutor to Henry I.; and the Abbot, the historian Geoffrey of Monmouth. Here, in 1107, Egelwinus, Bishop of Durham, was imprisoned and starved to death.

The *Chronicle of Abingdon* gives a trustworthy record of this great Benedictine establishment during a period of 500 years. It was written at a time when the monks were still secure of the affections of the people, and when, therefore, there was no temptation either to suppress or pervert the truth; the Chronicle is an unvarnished narrative, strung together by an honest compiler of materials, and truthful recorder of events. It may be useful as well as interesting here to quote from an able review of a translation of the *Chronicle of Abingdon*, by Mr. Stevenson, inasmuch as it will show the interest and value attached to the sketches of Abbeys in the present work.

"The history of an establishment like that of Abingdon is not merely the narrative of a brotherhood, isolated from the outer world by their

peculiar aims and occupations, as might be the case with the description of a modern religious fraternity; it is the narrative of the social condition of the whole English people. Most persons who have bestowed any attention to our early annals will admit, however strong may be their Protestant prejudices, that the best features of our modern civilization are due to the social organization introduced by the monks. Agriculture, for example, the parent of all the other arts, was despised and neglected by the pagan tribes of German origin, whereas the rule of St. Benedict, which was of primary authority with every monastic establishment, proclaimed the 'nobility of labour' as a religious duty, inferior in its responsibility only to prayer and study.

"Benedict thought it good that men should be daily reminded that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, and day by day they toiled in the field as well as prayed in the church. After having been present at the service of Prime, the monks assembled in the Chapter-house, each individual received his allotted share of work, a brief prayer was offered up, tools were served out, and the brethren marched two and two, and in silence, to their task in the field. From Easter until the beginning of October they were thus occupied from 6 o'clock in the morning until 10, sometimes until noon. The more widely the system was diffused the more extensive were its benefits. Besides the monks lay brethren and servants were engaged, who received payment in coin, and as by degrees more land was brought into tillage than the monastery needed, the surplus was leased out to lay occupiers. Thus, each monastery became a centre of civilization, and while the rude chieftain, intent on war or the chase, cared little for the comfort either of himself or his retainers, the monks became the source, not only of intellectual and spiritual light, but of physical warmth and comfort, and household blessings.

"The boundaries, which are incorporated with the Saxon charters, supply us with many characteristics of Anglo-Saxon social life, and throw considerable light on the topographical history of Berkshire and the adjoining portion of Oxfordshire. The absence of any remark about the earlier Celtic population is noteworthy. Not only do they seem to have been exterminated, but every trace of their occupancy, except in the names of brooks and rivers, had vanished. Our ancestors at that period were chiefly occupied with the breeding of sheep, swine, horses, and horned cattle. They had made little progress in agriculture; wheat and oats are not mentioned; barley and beans rarely. The indigenous trees were the oak, the hazel, the ash, the birch, and the beech. The willow, alder, maple, apple, and linden are also occasionally

named. The Berkshire hills and woods abounded with wolves, wild cats, stags, foxes, and badgers; beavers and wild boars were also numerous, while in the marshes were to be found geese, snipe, and swans."

Wallingford Castle.

Wallingford is a place of great antiquity, on the west bank of the Thames, and is thought to have existed in the time of the Romans, their coins having been dug up here; the form of the ramparts (not of the Castle, which is of later origin) indicating that they had been traced by the Romans. The first historical notice of Wallingford is A.D. 1006, when it was taken by the Danes; but it was rebuilt in 1013. In the reign of Edward the Confessor it was a royal borough, containing 276 houses paying a tax to the King.

There was a Castle here at the time of the Conquest, belonging to Wigod, a Saxon noble, who invited William the Conqueror, after the battle of Hastings, to come to Wallingford, where William received the homage of Archbishop Stigand, and the principal nobles, before marching to London. About a year after, 1067, Robert D'Oyley, a Norman baron, who had married Wigod's only daughter, built a strong Castle at Wallingford, but whether on the site of Wigod's Castle is not clear. In the Civil War of Stephen, this Castle was held for the Empress Maud. Stephen besieged it without success several times, and here the Empress Maud found refuge after her escape from Oxford. In 1153, Henry, son of Maud, besieged a fort, which Stephen had erected at Crowmarsh on the opposite side of the Thames; and Stephen coming to its relief, a peace was concluded. During the imprisonment of Richard I., Wallingford Castle was occupied by his brother John, but was taken from him by the King's party. In the troubles of John's reign, one or two of the meetings of King and Barons were held at Wallingford; and in those of Henry III. (A.D. 1264), Prince Edward, the King's son (afterwards Edward I.), Prince Henry, his nephew, and Richard, King of the Romans, his brother, were confined for a time in this Castle. It was twice besieged in the troubles of the reign of Edward II. Leland and Camden describe the fortress as having a double wall; and Camden speaks of the citadel, or keep, as standing on a high mound. In the Civil War of Charles I., it was repaired and garrisoned for the King; and it was a post of importance. Towards the close of the war it was besieged by Fairfax, and was afterwards demolished, except part of the wall towards the river. The mound is overgrown with trees, but in our time balls have been dug up here.

Within the Castle was a college; and connected with it was a school for the instruction of singing-boys, in which Tusser, the author of *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, was educated, as he records in his Life, prefixed to the black-letter edition of his works. Here he describes the "quiraster's miserie" as hard to bear:

> "O painful time, for every crime
> What toosed eares! like baited beares!
> What bobbed lips! what yerks, what nips!
> What hellish toies!
>
> What robes how bare! what colledge fare!
> What bred how stale! what pennie ale!
> Then Wallingford, how wert thou abhor'd
> Of sillie boies!"

There was a Benedictine Priory at Wallingford, founded in the reign of William the Conqueror; and there was a Mint in the town in the reign of Henry III.

Wallingford had anciently fourteen churches; it has now three.

Reading Abbey.

As the railway traveller approaches Reading, the county town of Berkshire, an interesting relic of the architecture of seven hundred years since can scarcely fail to arrest his attention, among the modern buildings of the town. This relic is the Hall of one of the richest religious houses in the kingdom, and of the class called Mitred Abbeys, or, in other words, whose Abbots sat in Parliament: the Abbot of Reading took precedency in the House of Peers, next after the Abbots of St. Albans and Glastonbury.

It appears that in the year 1006, when Reading was burnt by the Danes, they also destroyed an Abbey of nuns, said to have been founded, amongst others, by Elfrida, first the wife of Earl Athelwold, and afterwards of King Edgar; the foundation being in atonement for the murder of that Prince's son, Edward, which was perpetrated by her command, when she was queen-mother. Upon the site of this nunnery, King Henry I. laid the foundation of another edifice in the year 1121, and endowed the same for the support of 200 monks of the Benedictine order, and bestowed on it various important privileges. Among them were those of conferring knighthood, coining money, holding fairs, trying and punishing criminals, &c. The founder also gave a relic, assumed to be the head of the Apostle James. The new monastery was completely finished within the space of four years. It was dedicated to the

Holy Trinity, the blessed Virgin, St. James, and St. John the Evangelist. At Reading, it was commonly known as St. Mary's. Henry authorized the Abbey to coin in London, and keep there a resident master or moneyer. The body of King Henry was interred here, as well as those of his two queens, Matilda and Adeliza; though it seems that the King's bowels, brains, heart, eyes, and tongue, by a strange fancy of disseveration, were buried at Rouen; and here, probably, was interred their daughter Maud, the wife of the Emperor Henry IV and mother of Henry II. of England. Her epitaph, recorded by Camden, has been deservedly admired:

> "Magna ortu, majorque viro, sed maxima partu;
> Hic jacet Henrici filia, sponsa, parens."

William, eldest son of Henry II., was buried at his grandfather's feet. Constance, the daughter of Edmund Langley, Duke of York; Anne, Countess of Warwick, and a son and daughter of Richard Earl of Cornwall, certainly here found their latest abiding-place in this world. There was an image of the royal founder placed over his tomb; but that, and probably many other monuments, either suffered demolition or removal, when this religious house was changed into a royal dwelling. Camden says: "The monastery wherein King Henry I. was interred, was converted into a royal seat, adjoining to which stands a fair stable, stored with horses of the King's, &c.;" but this does not justify Sandford in asserting that the bones of the persons buried were thrown out, and the Abbey converted into a stable; nor does such a circumstance seem likely to have taken place at this time, or on such an occasion; though such indignities afterwards characterized the days of Cromwell.

A well-known trial by battle occurred here in 1163, at which Henry II. sat as judge. It was the appeal of Robert de Montfort against Henry of Essex, the King's standard-bearer, for cowardice and treachery, in having in a skirmish in Wales, at which the King was present, cast away the royal standard and fled, upon a report of his Sovereign being killed. Essex pleaded that at the time he believed the report to be true. The combat took place, it is supposed, on an island by Caversham Bridge. Montfort was the victor, and the body of Essex, who was apparently killed, was given to the monks of the Abbey for burial. He recovered, however, from his wounds, and being permitted to assume the habit of a monk, was received into the monastery. His estates were, of course, forfeited.

The Abbey provided for the poor, and necessary entertainment for travellers. William of Malmesbury, who, however, died about 1142, says, there was always more spent by the monks on strangers than on

themselves. One Amherius, the second Abbot of this house, had already founded an hospital for the reception of twelve leprous persons, where they were maintained comfortably. Hugo, the eighth Abbot, founded another hospital near the gate, for the reception of certain poor persons and pilgrims, who were not admitted into the Abbey. To this hospital the Church of St. Lawrence is given in the grant for ever, for the purpose of maintaining thirteen poor persons; allowing for the keeping of thirteen more out of the usual alms. The reason assigned by the Abbot was that (though we are told more money was laid out on hospitality than expended on the monks), yet, he had observed and lamented a partiality in entertaining the rich, in preference to the poor. But some have suspected that this was a mere pretence whereby to exclude the meaner sort entirely from the Abbot's table.

At the Dissolution, in 1539, the Abbot, Hugh Cook, alias Hugh Farringdon, whom Hall, in his *Chronicle*, calls a stubborn monk, and absolutely without learning, was, with two of his monks, hanged, drawn, and quartered, for refusing to deliver up the Abbey to the Visitors, and immediate possession was taken. The clear revenues at this period, Lysons, writing in 1806, considered equivalent to at least 20,000*l*. The Commissioners found here considerable quantities of plate, jewels, and other valuable articles. Henry VIII. and his successors for some time kept a portion of the Abbey reserved for their occasional residence. No record exists of the time when the buildings were first dismantled, but it is evident that they were in ruins in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for when the church of St. Mary in the town of Reading was rebuilt, the Queen granted two hundred loads of stones from the old Abbey, to be used as materials. But after the reign of James I. it does not appear to have been long occupied as a royal residence. The buildings generally began to decay, and immense quantities of the materials were carried off. Some of these were used in the construction of the Hospital for poor Knights at Windsor, as well as in the rebuilding of St. Mary's Church; and large masses were used by General Conway in the construction of a bridge at Henley. The Abbey appears to have been surrounded by a wall, with four arched and battlemented gateways, the ruins of some of which are still visible. There was also an inner court, with a gateway, which still exists. The north front has a beautiful Saxon arch, with an obtuse point at the top, rising from three clustered pillars without capitals. Among the chief remains is a portion of the great hall, now used as a school-room. The dimensions of the hall, were 80 feet by 40. Here it is supposed were held the numerous parliaments which sat here. What remained

of the Abbey church up to the period of the Civil War was then further dilapidated; the ruins of the north transept, in particular, are then recorded to have been blown up. The Abbey mills are still remaining in excellent preservation, and exhibit arches evidently coeval with the Abbey itself. Over the mill race is a large Norman arch, with a zig-zag moulding. In 1815 a fragment of a stone sarcophagus in two pieces, was found about the centre of the choir, supposed, with some probability, to be the coffin of King Henry I.

In those ages, when a belief existed in the efficacy of real or fancied relics of saints, a most singular object of this kind was presented to the Abbey by the Empress Maud, who brought it from Germany in the reign of Henry II. It was the hand of St. James the Apostle, and in such high estimation was this relic held, that it was carefully inclosed in a case of gold, of which it was afterwards stripped by Richard I. This monarch, however, granted an additional charter, and gave one mark of gold to cover the hand, in lieu of the precious metal he had taken away. His brother, King John, confirmed this charter, and presented to the Abbey another equally wonderful relic, namely, the head of St. Philip the Apostle. The relic of St. James's hand is at present in existence: it was discovered about 80 years ago by some workmen, in digging, and after passing through various hands, at last found its way into the Museum of the Philosophical Society of Reading. The relic consists of the left hand of a human being half closed, with the flesh dried on the bones. Among other relics were a quantity of glazed tiles on the floor of the church. These were covered with various ornaments, and appeared originally to have formed a kind of cross of mosaic work, but the greater portion was missing. Fragments of stained glass of beautiful colours were found; in one place a kind of coffin, or excavation, was discovered, just capable of receiving a human body: it contained bones, but had no covering. The steps leading down to what is supposed to have been the cellar have been laid open, while the fragments of carved stones which have been found show that the building, in its pristine state, must have been as beautiful as it was extensive.

Prynne, in his History of the Papal Usurpation, tells us that the Abbot of Reading was one of the Pope's delegates, together with the legate Randulph, and the Bishop of Winchester, commissioned for the excommunication of the Barons that opposed King John, in 1215, and the succeeding year. The maintenance of two Jewish female converts was imposed on this House by King Henry III. The same prince, desiring to borrow a considerable sum of money of the greater abbeys, the Abbot of Reading positively refused to comply with the requisition.

There is in existence a letter of Edward, the first Prince of Wales, written in 1304, to Adam de Poleter, of Reading, commanding him to lodge four tuns of good wines in the Abbey of Reading, against the arrival of the Prince's servants at the Tournament about to be held there.

Of the ancient glory of the Abbey, but a few walls, or a ragged, broken skeleton, remain; though, in recent excavations, the plan of the building has been traced; and "there have been brought to the surface, from the neighbourhood of the high altar, the relics of kings, and warriors, and holy men, the fathers and founders of a church, which they probably trusted would have confined their bones till doomsday."

The Franciscan Friars settled here in 1233. Their convent stood near the west end of Friar-street. On its Dissolution, the warden petitioned that he and his brethren, being aged men, might be permitted to occupy their lodgings during life; but even that humble request was denied. According to Leland, there was also on the north side of Castle-street "a fair house of Grey Friars."

Among the Curiosities shown to the stranger in Reading is a stratum of sand in Catsgrove-lane, which is filled with oyster-shells and other marine fossils. In Dr. Plot's amusing *Natural History of Oxfordshire* (in which the wonders of any other county are, however, gladly laid under contribution), their situation is proposed to be accounted for by an hypothesis as good in its way as Voltaire's pilgrims' cockle-shells, and for which it might have afforded a hint. When the Danes were besieged in Reading by King Ethelred and his brother Alfred, they endeavoured to secure themselves by cutting a trench across the meadows. Now, says Dr. Plot, "the Saxons having in all probability removed their cattle, it is likely that they might be supplied by their navy with oysters, which, during the time of the abode of their army on land, might be very suitable employment for it. Which conjecture allowed, there is nothing more required to make out the possibility of the bed of oysters coming thither, without a deluge, but that Catsgrove was the place appointed for the army's repast."

Cumnor Place, and the Fate of Amy Robsart.

Cumnor, about three miles west of Oxford, has an old manor house, which formerly belonged to the Abbots of Abingdon, but after the Reformation was granted to the last Abbot for life, and on his death came into the possession of Anthony Forster, whose epitaph in Cumnor church, speaks of him as an amiable and accomplished person. But, in Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, he is represented as one of the parties to the murder of Anne Dudley, under very mysterious circumstances. This unfortunate lady, who became the first wife of Lord Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, was the daughter of Sir John Robsart. Her marriage took place June 4, 1550; and the event is thus recorded by King Edward in his Diary: "S. Robert dudeley, third sonne to th' erle of warwic, married S. John Robsarte's daughter, after whose marriage there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should take away a gose's heade, which was hanged alive on tow crose postes." Soon after the accession of Elizabeth, when Dudley's ambitious views of a royal alliance had opened upon him, his wife mysteriously died; and Ashmole thus relates the melancholy story:—

"Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor, or widower, the Queen would have made him her husband: to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands his wife, or perhaps with fair flattering entreaties, desires her to repose herself here at his servant Anthony Forster's house, who then lived at the aforesaid Manor-house (Cumnor-place); and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney (a prompter to this design), at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever to despatch her. This, it seems, was proved by the report of Dr. Walter Bayly, sometime Fellow of New College, then living in Oxford, and Professor of Physic in that University, who, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the earl endeavoured to displace him from the Court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain that there was a practice in Cumnor among the conspirators to have poisoned this poor innocent lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner:—They seeing the good lady sad and heavy (as one that well knew by her other handling that her death was not far off), began to persuade her that her present disease was abundance of melancholy, and other humours, &c. And therefore

would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refusing to do, as still suspecting the worst: whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for Dr. Bayly, and entreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would get the same at Oxford, meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the Doctor, upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of physic; and therefore he peremptorily denied their request, misdoubting (as he afterwards reported) lest if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might have been hanged for a colour of their sin; and the Doctor remained still well assured, that this way taking no effect, she would not long escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus:—For Sir Richard Varney aforesaid (the chief projector in this design), who by the earl's order remained that day of death alone with her, with one man only, and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abingdon market, about three miles distant from this place, they, I say, whether first stifling her or else strangling her, afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but yet, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down stairs, but yet without hurting her hood that was upon her head. Yet the inhabitants will tell you there that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay to another, where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her downstairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villany. But, behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder; for one of the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder was afterwards taken for a felony in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away with in prison by the earl's appointment. And Sir Richard Varney, the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note (who has related the same to others since) not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Forster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this, and being affected with much melancholy (some say with madness) pined and drooped away. The wife, too, of Bald Butler, kinsman to the earl, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. Neither are the following passages to be for-

gotten:—That as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her before the coroner had given in his inquest (which the earl himself condemned as not done advisedly), which her father, Sir John Robertsett (as I suppose) hearing of, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the coroner to sit upon her, and further inquiry to be made concerning this business to the full; but it was generally thought that the earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business betwixt them; and the good earl, to make plain to the world the great love he bore to her while alive—what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart—caused (though the thing by these and other means was beaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford) her body to be re-buried in St. Mary's Church in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable when Dr. Babington, the earl's chaplain, did preach the funeral sermon, he tript once or twice in his speech by recommending to their memories that virtuous lady so pitifully *murdered*, instead of saying pitifully slain."

We need scarcely add that these circumstances, with considerable anachronisms, have been woven by Sir Walter Scott into his delightful romance of *Kenilworth*. "Of the gose and poste" this explanation has been given: the gose was intended for poor Amy, and the crosse posts for the Protector Somerset and his rival, Dudley Duke of Northumberland, both of whom were bred to the wicked trade of ambition. Dudley did not, however, escape suspicion. The lady and gentleman were so fully assured of the evil treatment of the lady, that they sought to get an inquiry made into the circumstances. We also find Burghley, presenting, among the reasons why it was inexpedient for the Queen to marry Leicester, "that he is infamed by the murder of his wife." Mr. Froude, in his *History of England*, gives the following summary of the proceedings taken to inquire into the cause of the lady's sad fate.

"In deference to the general outcry, either the inquiry was protracted, or a second jury, as Dudley suggested, was chosen. Lord Robert himself was profoundly anxious, although his anxiety may have been as much for his own reputation as for the discovery of the truth. Yet the exertions to unravel the mystery still failed of their effect. No one could be found who had seen Lady Dudley fall, and she was dead when she was discovered. Eventually, after an investigation apparently without precedent for the strictness with which it had been conducted, the jury returned a verdict of accidental death; and Lord Robert was thus formally acquitted. Yet the conclusion was evidently of a kind which would not silence suspicion; it was not proved that Lady Dudley had been murdered;

but the cause of the death was still left to conjecture; and were there nothing more—were Cecil's words to De Quadra proved to be a forgery—a cloud would still rest over Dudley's fame. Cecil might well have written of him, as he did in later years, that he 'was infamed by his wife's death;' and the shadow which hung over his name in the popular belief would be intelligible even if it was undeserved. A paper remains, however, among Cecil's MSS., which proves that Dudley was less zealous for inquiry than he seemed; that his unhappy wife was indeed murdered; and that with proper exertion the guilty persons might have been discovered. That there should be a universal impression that a particular person was about to be made away with, that this person should die in a mysterious violent manner, and yet that there should have been no foul play after all, would have been a combination of coincidences which would not easily find credence in a well-constituted court of justice. The strongest point in Dudley's favour was that he sent his wife's half-brother, John Appleyard, to the inquest. Appleyard, some years after, in a fit of irritation, 'let fall words of anger, and said that for Dudley's sake he had covered the murder of his sister.' Being examined by Cecil, he admitted that the investigation at Cumnor had, after all, been inadequately conducted. He said 'that he had oftentimes moved the Lord Robert to give him leave, and to countenance him in the prosecuting of the trial of the murder of his sister—adding that he did take the Lord Robert to be innocent thereof; but yet he thought it an easy matter to find out the offenders—affirming thereunto, and showing certain circumstances which moved him to think surely that she was murdered—whereunto he said that the Lord Robert always assured him that he thought it was not fit to deal any further in the matter, considering that by order of law it was already found otherwise, and that it was so presented by a jury. Nevertheless the said Appleyard in his speech said upon examination, that the jury had not as yet given up their verdict.' If Appleyard spoke the truth, there is no more to be said. The conclusion seems inevitable, that, although Dudley was innocent of a direct participation in the crime, the unhappy lady was sacrificed to his ambition. She was murdered by persons who hoped to profit by his elevation to the throne; and Dudley himself—aware that if the murder could be proved public feeling would forbid his marriage with the Queen—used private means, notwithstanding his affectation of sincerity, to prevent the search from being pressed inconveniently far. But seven years had passed before Appleyard spoke, while the world in the interval was silenced by the verdict; and those

who wished to be convinced perhaps believed Dudley innocent. It is necessary to remember this to understand the conduct of Cecil."

Donnington Castle, and the Battles of Newbury.

About a mile from the town of Newbury, on an eminence thickly wooded, at the base of which runs the river Kennet, are the remains of Donnington Castle, understood to have been erected by Sir Richard Abberbury, the guardian of Richard II. during his minority, and who was expelled the Court in 1388 by the Barons, for his adherence to the cause of that monarch. It has been asserted that Chaucer, the poet, was possessor and inhabitant of this place, but the assertion is not borne out by evidence, more than a supposition that the Castle was purchased about this time by his son, Thomas, who had married a rich heiress. After Thomas Chaucer's death, the estate was settled upon his daughter, Alice, through whom William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, the lady's third husband, obtained possession of it, and enlarged the buildings. Upon the attainder of the above Duke, Henry VIII. granted the estate, with the title of Duke of Suffolk, to Charles Brandon. Camden describes the Castle as a small but neat structure. It was garrisoned for the King in the beginning of the Civil War, being a place of considerable importance as commanding the road from Newbury to Oxford. It was first attacked by the Parliamentarians under Major-General Middleton, who, to a summons of surrender, received a spirited reply from Captain John Boys, the King's officer. The place was accordingly assaulted, but the besiegers were driven back with great loss. On the 29th September, 1644, Colonel Horton invaded Donnington, and having raised a battery at the foot of the hill near Newbury, continued for twelve days so incessant a fire, that he reduced the Castle almost to a heap of ruins; three of the towers and a part of the wall being knocked down. A second summons was now sent, but still in vain; and, although the Earl of Manchester came to join in the attack, and the Castle was again battered for two or three days, every effort to take the place failed, and ultimately the Parliamentarians raised the siege. Captain Boys was knighted for his services on this occasion.

After the second battle of Newbury, the same gallant officer secured the King's artillery under the walls, while the latter retired towards Oxford; upon which the Castle was once more attacked, the Earl of Essex being the leader, but as fruitlessly as ever. In a few days, the

King was allowed to revictual the garrison without opposition. The only part of the Castle now remaining is the entrance gateway, with its two towers, and a small portion of the walls. The principal entrance was to the east. The western part of the building terminated in a semi-octagon shape, and the walls were defended by round towers at the angles. The gateway is in good preservation, and the place for the portcullis is still visible. Round the Castle, occupying nearly the whole eminence, are the remains of entrenchments thrown up during the Civil War, and the evident strength of which helps to explain the successful defence of Donnington.

It is related in *Knight's Journey: a book of Berkshire*, that in the second battle of Newbury, the King's troops were posted at Shaw Place, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Page, who, being attacked by a large body of foot, repulsed them with great loss. A basket-full of cannon-balls thrown either during the battle of Newbury or in the siege of Donnington Castle, and picked up from different parts of the grounds, is still preserved. In the old oak wainscot of a bow-window is a small hole about the height of a man's head, which, according to tradition, was made by a bullet fired at the King whilst dressing at the window, and which very narrowly missed.

Lady Place, or St. Mary Priory.

The parish of Hurley, Berkshire, is beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames about thirty miles from London. In the Norman survey, commonly called Domesday, it is said to have lately belonged to Efgin, probably a Saxon or Danish family; but to be then in possession of Sir Geoffrey Mandeville. This person had greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings in which King Harold was defeated, and received this estate from William the Conqueror among other spoil, as the reward of his labours and attachment. Towards the end of the Conqueror's reign—in 1086—Geoffrey de Mandeville founded here the priory of St. Mary, to this day commonly called Lady Place, and annexed it as a cell to the great Benedictine Abbey of Westminster. The charter of the foundation is still preserved in the archives there. In the instrument the founder calls himself Gosfridus de Magnavilla, and thus states the motives of his donation:—"For the salvation of my soul and that of my wife, Lecelina, by whose advice, under the providence

of divine grace, I have begun this good work; and also for the soul of Athelais, my first wife, the mother of my sons, now deceased; and also for the souls of all my heirs who shall succeed me." He then states the particulars of his endowment and its objects—"For the support of the religious order serving God perpetually in this church."

William the Conqueror approved and confirmed the endowment of the founder of Hurley Priory, and afterwards Pope Adrian IV., in a bull dated 1157, confirmed it among other possessions to the Abbey of Westminster.

Geoffrey, the son of the founder, created Earl of Essex, was likewise a benefactor. He married Roisia, sister to Aubrey de Vere, first Earl of Oxford. This lady caused a subterraneous chapel to be cut out of the solid rock, near the centre of the present town of Royston, in which she was buried. This chapel, on the walls of which many rude figures are still to be seen in relievo, after being lost and unknown for ages, was accidentally discovered by some workmen in 1742, and an account of it published by Dr. Stukely. It is well worthy the attention of tourists, and being perfectly dry and easily accessible, is often visited by strangers passing between London and Cambridge.

The Earl of Essex was standard-bearer of England in the time of the Empress Maud and of King Henry II.

Hurley Priory remained for about 450 years nearly in the same condition as that in which the founder and his son left it. It was suppressed among the lesser monasteries in the 26th of Henry VIII. In the 33rd year of the same king's reign the Priory of Hurley became the property, by grant, of Charles Howard, Esq.; and three years afterwards the site, then and ever since called Lady Place, from the convent having been dedicated to the Virgin Mary, as already mentioned, became the property of Leonard Chamberleyn, Esq., from whom it passed in the same year to John Lovelace, Esq., who died in 1558.

From Mr. John Lovelace, himself merely a private gentleman, a distinguished family sprung. Richard, the son of John, spent an adventurous youth. He was with Sir Francis Drake, on the Spanish Main, and being a gentleman of position and means he very probably, as was the custom in those days, invested money in fitting out the expedition on the guarantee that when the expedition was over, that money should be repaid together with a per-centage on all the spoils captured during the voyage. But on whatever

condition he went out with Drake, it is certain that he returned from the El Dorado of that age enriched with a harvest of moidores and broad-pieces, the spoils of the Spanish treasure-ships or of the palaces of the Spanish Governors, who, being inveterate robbers themselves, and always having good store of gold and silver in their cellars, ready for transport periodically to Spain, were always tempting prey to the English buccaneer. This young and lucky adventurer spent his money profitably in building Lady Place upon the ruins of the ancient convent, about the year 1600. His son, Sir Richard Lovelace, was elevated to the peerage in 1627, as Baron Lovelace, of Hurley, Berks. John Lovelace, second baron, married Lady Anne Wentworth, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Cleveland, and this lady, upon the death of her niece, Baroness Wentworth, succeeded to that barony in 1686. Thus the family had become wealthy and powerful; but it was probably under the third baron, John Lord Lovelace, a somewhat stormy but resolute and consistent man, who succeeded to the barony in 1670, that the family rose to the zenith of its power. Lord Lovelace was distinguished by his taste, by his magnificence, and by the audacious and intemperate vehemence of his Whiggism. He had been five or six times arrested for political offences. The last crime laid to his charge was, that he had contemptuously denied the validity of a warrant signed by a Roman Catholic justice of the peace. He had been brought before the Privy Council and strictly examined, but to little purpose. He resolutely refused to criminate himself, and the evidence against him was insufficient. He was dismissed, but before he retired James exclaimed in great heat, "My lord, this is not the first trick that you have played me." "Sir," answered Lovelace, with undaunted spirit, "I have never played any trick to your Majesty, or to any other person. Whoever has accused me to your Majesty of playing tricks is a liar!" Lovelace was subsequently admitted into the confidence of those who planned the Revolution.

"His mansion," says Macaulay, "built by his ancestors out of the spoils of Spanish galleons from the Indies, rose on the ruins of a house of our Lady, in that beautiful valley, through which the Thames, not yet defiled by the precincts of a great capital, nor rising and falling with the flow and ebb of the sea, rolls under woods of beech round the gentle hills of Berkshire. Beneath the stately saloon, adorned by Italian pencils, was a subterraneous vault in which the bones of monks had sometimes being found. In this

dark chamber some zealous and daring opponents of the government held many midnight conferences during that anxious time when England was impatiently expecting the Protestant wind." It was in this retreat of darkness and secresy that resolutions were first adopted for calling in the Prince of Orange, and it is said that the principal papers which brought about the Revolution were signed in the dark recess at the extremity of the vault. When the time for action came—when William, having landed at Torbay, was on his march to London—Lovelace with seventy followers well armed and mounted, quitted his dwelling and directed his course westward. He was one of the boldest and most earnest of William's supporters. After King William obtained the crown he visited Lord Lovelace at his estate, and descended with him to view the vault in which his fortunes had been so often the theme of whispered conversations. Inscriptions, recording this visit, as well as that of George III. and General Paoli in 1780, to the same vault, as the cradle of the Revolution, were placed here by a subsequent proprietor, Joseph Wilcocks, Esq.

Lord Lovelace, who was captain of the band of pensioners to King William, lived in a style of such splendour and prodigality that he involved himself in difficulties. A great portion of his estates came to the hammer under a decree of the Court of Chancery. One source of his embarrassment was the expense he incurred in fitting up and decorating the family mansion. The grand inlaid staircase was very magnificent. The ceilings of the principal hall and of other rooms were painted by Verrio probably at the same time with those at Windsor Castle, and the panels of the saloon, painted in landscape by Salvator Rosa, were in themselves treasures of an almost inestimable value. The inlaid staircase has been removed to a house in the north of England, and the painted panels were sold in one lot for 1000*l.*

On the decline of the Lovelace family, which speedily followed, the estate was sold under a decree of Chancery.

Lady Place and the Woodlands were purchased by Mrs. Williams, sister to Dr. Wilcocks, Bishop of Rochester, which lady in one lottery, had two tickets only, and one of these came up a prize of 500*l.*, the other of 20,000*l.*, with which she purchased the property here. The estate then passed to Mrs. Williams's daughter, and from her to her relative Joseph Wilcocks, in 1771.

The next person in the entail was the brave but unfortunate Admiral Kempenfeldt, who went down in the *Royal George* off

Portsmouth. His brother succeeded to Lady Place; but dying unmarried, he left the property to his relative Mr. Richard Troughton, of the Custom House, whose representatives sold the estate in lots some time after. Lady Place itself and part of the estate were purchased for the Hon. Henry Waller.

The old mansion of Lady Place, venerable even in decay, with its enclosure of fifteen acres, having fish ponds communicating with the Thames, having been much neglected or inadequately occupied for so many years, gradually fell into a ruinous condition.

The house itself was entirely destroyed in 1837, and the vaults, covered by a mound of green turf, are all that remain. Admiral Kempenfeldt and his brother planted two thorn trees here during the proprietary of the former. One day on coming home the brother noted that the tree planted by the admiral had withered away. "I feel sure," he said, "that this is an omen that my brother is dead." That evening came the news of the loss of the *Royal George.*

Bisham Abbey.

Bisham, anciently Bisteham or Bustleham, the most interesting house in Berkshire, is situated about four and a half miles north of Maidenhead, and one mile from Great Marlow, in Bucks, from which it is separated by the river Thames.

The manor was given by William the Conqueror to Henry de Ferrars, whose grandson, Robert, Earl Ferrars, gave it in the reign of King Stephen to the Knights Templars, who are said to have had a preceptory there. After the suppression of that order, it was successively in the possession of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, Hugh le Despencer, and Eubulo L'Estrange. In 1335 it was granted by Edward III. to William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who two years afterwards procured a royal licence for founding a monastery at Bisham and endowing it with lands of 300*l.* per annum.

Within the walls of this convent were interred William, Earl of Salisbury, son of the founder, who distinguished himself at the battle of Poictiers; John, Earl of Salisbury, who, confederating against King Henry IV., was slain at Cirencester in 1401; Thomas, Earl of Salisbury, the famous hero of Henry V.'s reign, who lost his life at the siege of Orleans in 1428; Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, who was beheaded at York in 1460, for his

adherence to the house of Lancaster; Richard Neville, the great Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, and his brother John, Marquis of Montague, who both fell at the battle of Barnet, 1470; and the unfortunate Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence, who, bred up from his cradle in prison, was beheaded in 1499, for attempting to taste the sweets of liberty. Most of the above-mentioned illustrious characters had splendid monuments in the conventual church; but these were all destroyed after the dissolution of the abbey, without regard to the rank or famed exploits of the deceased—not even excepting the tomb of Salisbury, "The mirror of all martial men, who in thirteen battles overcame, and first trained Henry V. to the wars."

King Edward VI. granted the site of Bisham Abbey to his father's repudiated wife Anne of Cleves, who having surrendered it to the Crown again in 1552, it was then given up to Sir Philip Hobby. This personage was the last English Papal Legate at Rome, where he died, and his brother, Sir Thomas, was ambassador in France, where he died also. The widow of the latter had both their bodies brought back to Bisham, and raised a magnificent monument to their memory. This monument, still to be seen in the church, was inscribed with three epitaphs, in Greek, Latin, and English respectively, and all of them composed by the widow herself—the most learned lady of the period. One of her epitaphs concludes with the lines—

> "Give me, O God! a husband like unto Thomas;
> Or else restore me to my beloved Thomas."

This prayer had its answer in her marriage, after the lapse of a year, with Sir Thomas Russel.

In this ancient house the princess Elizabeth, who was committed to the care of the two sisters of Lady Hobby, resided during part of three years, and at this time the bow window in the council chamber was constructed for her pleasure, and a daïs erected sixteen inches above the floor. This portion of the great Princess's life does not appear to have been spent unhappily, judging from the welcome she gave to Sir Thomas when he first went to Court after she became Queen. "If I had a prisoner whom I wanted to be most carefully watched," said the Queen, "I should entrust him to your *charge*; if I had a prisoner whom I wished to be most tenderly treated, I should entrust him to your *care*."

The Rev. Sir Philip Hobby, Bart., the last heir male of the family,

died in 1766, when this estate went to the Mills in Hampshire, who were connected with the Hobbys by marriage. Bisham Abbey is now the seat of George Vansittart, Esq.

"The scenery of this beautiful spot is well known from the pictures of De Wint and other water-colour artists, who have portrayed the broad sweep of the transparent river, the gigantic trees, the church and the abbey, with its mossy roof, projecting oriels, and tall tower, in every effect of cloud or sunshine."

Of the building as it at present stands, the octagonal tower, the hall, and the pointed doorway are part of the original foundation of Stephen. The rest of the building, which is a fine specimen of the Tudor style, was built by the Hobbys.

The hall, which was beautifully restored in 1859, has a fine ancient lancet window of three lights at one end, and a dark oak gallery at the other. "Here is a picture of Lady Hobby, with a very white face and hands, dressed in the coif, weeds, and wimple then allowed to a baronet's widow. In this dress she is still supposed to haunt a bedroom, where she appears with a self-supported basin moving before her, in which she is perpetually trying to wash her hands. The legend is that because her child, William Hobby, could not write without making blots, she beat him to death. It is remarkable that twenty years ago, in altering the window shutter, a quantity of children's copy-books of the time of Elizabeth were discovered, pushed into the rubble between the joists of the floor, and that one of these was a copy-book which answered exactly to the story, as if the child could not write a single line without a blot."

Behind the tapestry in one of the bedrooms a secret room was discovered with a fireplace, the chimney of which is curiously connected with that of the hall, for the sake of concealing the smoke.

According to tradition, Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, was going to the Crusades. He came with all his train for last prayers at the abbey he had founded; and his daughter, then at the convent at Marlow, came hither with all her nuns to meet him. A squire who had been in love with her before, seized the opportunity for elopement, and they escaped in a boat, but were taken at Marlow. She was sent back to her convent and he was shut up in the tower, whence he tried to escape by means of a rope which he made from his clothes torn into shreds. The rope broke and he was dreadfully injured, and was taken into the abbey, where he afterwards became a monk.

Engelfield Manor.

Engelfield, in Berkshire, six and a half miles west of Reading, a little to the north of the Bath road, from which it appears a conspicuous object, is one of the most ancient and interesting manorial residences in England, and was the seat of a Berkshire family who claimed to have been settled for two centuries and a half before the Norman Conquest in the place which still bears their name, and to have enjoyed an uninterrupted possession of the soil for seven hundred years. Here, in 871, the battle of Œscendun was fought between the Saxons under Ethelwulf, alderman of Berkshire, and the piratical Danes. A lofty spirit seems to have inspired the defenders of their homes, and Ethelwulf added a sublime confidence to their bravery and heart for the fight when, addressing them, he said, "Though the Danes attack us with the advantage of more men, we may despise them, for our commander, Christ, is braver than they." In the conflict the Pagans were defeated, and two of their great sea-earls, who were more accustomed to the deck than to the saddle, were unhorsed and slain.

According to Camden, the ancient family of the Engelfields was surnamed from the town of Engelfield, of which place they are said to have been proprietors as early as the second year of King Egbert —i.e., A.D. 803. Haseulf di Engelfyld is mentioned in several pedigrees as lord of the manor about the time of Canute, and again in the reign of Hardicanute. He died in the time of Edward the Confessor. Guy de Engelfyld, son and heir of Haseulf, flourished in the time of William the Conqueror. His grandson gave the parsonage of Engelfield to the abbey of Reading in the reign of Henry I.—the gift being confirmed by charter of King Henry II. But the honours of the Engelfields under Egbert, or Ethelwulf, or Alfred, concern us only very remotely; and it is not until later times that the public transactions of this famous family have a really living interest for us. Those more stirring times commenced with the year 1307. That year, says the Earl of Carnarvon, in his pleasing and useful "Archæology of Berkshire," was the last in the long and eventful reign of Edward I., who, as he gave by his politic foresight an early impulse to commerce, was amongst the first also to mould into rude but real form that parliamentary system which has since been developed into those mighty proportions which we now recognise as without precedent or rival. In that year Sir Roger of Engelfield was duly returned to Parliament as a knight of

the shire; but in those days service in the Commons House was considered less as an honourable than a burthensome task, to which the elected member yielded with so much reluctance, that, in the words of a modern historian, it was almost as difficult to execute a Parliamentary summons in parts of England, as it has been of recent times to effect the execution of a writ of *capias* in the county of Galway; and the sheriff was sometimes obliged to appeal to force to prevent the flight of the member to the Chiltern Hundreds or to some other place of refuge. The public career of the Engelfields, thus begun in the public service of the country, extends continuously onward to times almost recent. Nicholas Engelfield, grandson of Sir Roger, was comptroller of the household of Richard III. A century later and we find the Engelfield of the day is a certain Thomas, whom we discover standing among kings and princes on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Arthur, the son of Henry VII. and the unfortunate Katherine of Aragon, and receiving the honour of his knighthood on this auspicious day. A few years afterwards he is appointed Speaker of the first of those important Parliaments which legislated during the reign of Henry VIII. His son, another Sir Thomas, still maintained the position of the family in public life as Justice of the Common Pleas, but in his grandson the honours, the eminence, and the prosperity of the family attained their zenith.

Sir Francis Engelfield was a man of considerable distinction in his time. He was a Privy Councillor under Edward VI., and under Mary he united to that duty the office of Master of the Wards. But Mary's reign soon passed away, and the times of Elizabeth were uncongenial to those who had been the trusted ministers of her sister. Not perhaps that there was any substantial difference between the loyalty and patriotism of Roman Catholic and Protestant, but—setting aside the controverted question as to the religious faith of Lord Howard of Effingham—when the Armada appeared off the southern coast there was neither doubt or division in the country, and national honour and interests were equally safe in the keeping of Roman Catholic or of Protestant. But Sir Francis Engelfield trod a more slippery and dangerous path: he was not only devoted to the Roman Church, but he was a zealous adherent of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. In the sixth of Elizabeth he was indicted in the King's Bench for high treason committed at Nemures, *in partibus transmarinis*, and outlawed. He was subsequently attainted and convicted of high treason at the parliament

in the twenty-eighth of Elizabeth, and all his manors, lands, and vast possessions were declared forfeited to the queen. Sir Francis, however, had by indenture of the 18th of the same reign, settled his manor and estate of Engelfield on Francis his nephew, with power notwithstanding of revoking his grant, if he, "during his natural life, should deliver or tender to his nephew a gold ring." "With intent," says Burke, "to make void the uses of his said settlement, various disputes and points of law arose whether the said manor and estate of Engelfield were forfeited to the queen." In order to settle the dispute off-hand, Elizabeth, in the ensuing session, had a special act passed, establishing the forfeiture of Engelfield to herself, her heirs and assigns; and backed by this enactment she came upon the scene, tendered a gold ring to the nephew of Sir Francis, "and seized and confiscated the said manor and estate, and many other possessions." He withdrew to Spain, and there he is said to have spent the remainder of his life, devoting the wreck of his fortunes to the endowment of the English College at Valladolid. Strong in attachment to his hereditary faith, and animated perhaps by generous impulse in the cause of a lady and captive sovereign, we may not lightly pass a censure upon him.

By the ingenious if not cunning device by which Elizabeth confiscated the estates of the Engelfields, this ancient family was stripped of an inheritance upon which they had flourished for 780 years.

Sir Francis Walsingham, who, curiously enough, was afterwards the chief agent in threading the mysteries of Babington's conspiracy; who sat as a commissioner at Mary's trial, and whose clerk deciphered the secret letter on which the verdict was supposed mainly to turn—then became, by a grant from the Crown, the owner of Engelfield. Soon, however, the property passed to the Powlets, and after Loyalty House was burnt to the ground by Cromwell and his Ironsides, its possessor, Lord Winchester, spent the remainder of his life at the old seat of the Engelfields, and lies buried in the parish church. Anne, daughter and sole heir of Lord Francis Powlet, only surviving son of the Marquis by his second wife, brought this estate to the Rev. Nathan Wright, younger son of the Lord Keeper. On the death of his son Nathan, in 1789, Engelfield devolved to the late Richard Benyon, by the widow of Powlet Wright, elder brother of the last mentioned Nathan. In the possession of the Benyons the estate remains to the present day.

What manner of structure Engelfield House was in the early Saxon and Norman periods we can only conjecture. It is only natural, however, to suppose that when the Engelfields themselves became aggrandized, as in the days of the Tudors, the old house, whatever may have been its excellences or its archæological interest, would be taken down and a new mansion erected. The house is a Tudor building, and was quaintly described in 1663 as a "well-seated palace, with a wood at its back, like a mantle about a coat of arms." Its chief features are a series of projecting bays, a central tower, and fine stone terraces leading to gardens, &c.

In the Park, which abounds in deer, is the little church containing a number of noteworthy monuments. The north aisle of the chancel was built as a burial-place for the Engelfield family in 1514, and here the greater number of the Engelfield monuments and inscriptions are to be seen. Here was buried, in 1780, Sir Henry Engelfield, with whose son, Sir Henry Charles Engelfield, the title became extinct. In the south wall of the south aisle of the church, under an obtuse, is the effigy of a crusader cut in stone—doubtless, one of the early Engelfields. Under a similar arch is the effigy of a lady, carved in wood, in the dress of the early part of the fourteenth century. It appears to have been painted originally. But the most noteworthy monument is that of John, Marquis of Winchester, who defended Basing House against the Parliamentary army; he died in 1674. The following fine lines by Dryden are inscribed on the monument :—

> "He who in impious times undaunted stood,
> And midst rebellion durst be just and good :
> Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
> Confirmed the cause for which he fought before,
> Rests here, rewarded by an Heavenly Prince
> For what his earthly could not recompense ;
> Pray, reader, that such times no more appear,
> Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
> Ask of this age's faith and loyalty
> Which to preserve them, Heaven confined in thee,
> Few subjects could a king like thine deserve ;
> And fewer such a king so well could serve.
> Blest king, blest subject whose exalted state
> By sufferings rose and gave the law to fate!
> Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
> To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven."

White Horse Hill—Battle of Ashdown—Scouring of the White Horse.

White Horse Hill, a bold eminence of the chalk-hills of Berkshire, about ten miles north of Hungerford, and over twenty miles west north-west of Reading, rises to the height of nine hundred feet above sea-level. It is the highest point of the hill district, which extends right across this county from Lambourne and Ashdown on the west to Streatley on the east. Its summit is a magnificent Roman camp, with gates, and ditch, and mound all as complete as it was after the strong old legions left it. This summit, from which it is said eleven counties can be seen, is a table-land of from twelve to fourteen acres in extent. This table-land the Romans deeply trenched, and on its surface they planted their camp. On either side of White Horse Hill the Romans built a great road called the "Ridgway" (the Rudge it is called by the country folk) straight along the highest back of the hills to east and west. Leaving the camp and descending westward the visitor finds himself on sacred ground—on the field of the battle of Ashdown (the Œscendun of the chroniclers) where Alfred broke the Danish power and made England a Christian land. There is a curious story told of why the Danes came over here: the following is the version of it given pretty much as it is told by the chronicler John Brompton :—

There was a man of royal birth, in the kingdom of Denmark, named Lodbroc, who had two sons, Hungnar and Hubba. This man embarked one day with his hawk in a small boat to catch ducks and other wild fowl on the adjoining sea-coast and islands. A terrible storm arose by which Lodbroc was carried away and tossed for several days on every part of the ocean. After numberless perils he was cast ashore on the coast of Norfolk, where he was found with his hawk, and presented to King Edmund. That king, struck with the manliness of his form, kept him at his court and heard from his own mouth the history of his adventures. He was there associated with Berne, the king's huntsman, and indulged in all the pleasures of the chase—for in the exercise of both hunting and hawking he was remarkably skilful, and succeeded in capturing both birds and beasts according as he had a mind. In fact Lodbroc was the sort of man to please King Edmund; for the art of capturing birds and beasts was next to the art of fighting for one's home

and country, the art most esteemed by the Anglo-Saxons, who acknowledged that skill and good fortune in this art as in all others are among the gifts of God. The skill of Lodbroc bred jealousy in the heart of Berne, the huntsman, who, one day, as they went out together hunting, set upon Lodbroc, and having foully slain him, buried his body in the thickets of the forest. But Lodbroc had a small harrier dog, which he had bred up from its birth, and which loved him much. While Berne, the huntsman, went home with the other hounds, this little dog remained alone with his master's body. In the morning the king asked what had become of Lodbroc, to which Berne answered, that he had parted from him yesterday in the woods and had not seen him since. At that moment the harrier came into the hall and went round wagging its tail, and fawning on the whole company, but especially on the king; when he had eaten his fill he again left the hall. This happened often; until some one at last followed the dog to see where he went, and having found the body of the murdered Lodbroc, came and told the story to the king. The affair was now carefully inquired into, and when the truth was found out, the huntsman was exposed on the sea without oars, in the boat which had belonged to Lodbroc. In some days he was cast ashore in Denmark and brought before the sons of Lodbroc, who, putting him to the torture, inquired of him what had become of their father, to whom they knew the boat belonged. To this, Berne answered, like the false man he was, that their father Lodbroc had fallen into the hands of Edmund, King of East Anglia, by whose orders he had been put to death.

When Hungnar and Hubba heard the tale of Berne the huntsman, they, like good and true sons, according to the notions of piety then current among the Danes, hastened to fit out a fleet to invade England and avenge their father, and their twin sisters wove for them the standard, called the Raven, in one day—which flag waved over many a bloody field from Northumbria to Devonshire, until it was taken by King Alfred's men. It was said that when the Danes were about to gain a battle, a live crow would fly before the middle of the standard; but if they were to be beaten it would hang motionless.

So Hungnar and Hubba landed in the country of the East Angles, and wintered there; but in the spring of the year 867 they crossed the Humber, marched hastily upon York, and took it. The kingdom of Northumbria was just the place for the army of Pagans and

the Standard Raven at this time ; for it was divided against itself. The Northumbrians marched to York to avenge the insult, and a most bloody battle took place within the walls of the ancient city.

In the winter of 869, large reinforcements from Denmark, under King Bœgseeg and King Halfdane, came over the sea to the Danes, and these having now stripped Northumbria of all its spoils rose up and marched fearlessly down upon King Edmund's country of East Anglia. King Edmund was not the man to see the desolation of any part of his people, or to shut himself up in fenced cities, while the Pagan cavalry rode through East Anglia ; so he gathered his men together, and in the words of the old chronicler, "fought fiercely and manfully against the army. But because the merciful God foreknew that he was to arrive at the crown of martyrdom, he there fell gloriously." Hungnar and Hubba took the wounded King on the field of battle, and tied him to a tree, because he chose to die sooner than give over his people to them, and there shot him through the body with their arrows. But his people got his body, and buried it at a place named after him, St. Edmund's Bury.

And now the Pagan kings, with a new army, very great, like a flowing river which carries all along with it, having doubtless been reinforced again from over the sea when the story of their victories had spread far and wide, were looking about for some new field for plunder and murder. The whole north and east of England was a desolate waste behind them, London was in ruins, and Kent had been harried over and over again by their brethren the sea-kings. But some thirty miles up the Thames was a fine kingdom, stretching far away west, down to the distant sea. This was Wessex, the kingdom of the West Angles, over which Ethelred, the brother of Alfred, was now ruling.

It was just a thousand and one years ago that the Danes (in an early month of the year 871) marched up the Thames with their usual swiftness, and seized on Reading, then the easternmost city in Wessex. A day or two after they had taken the town they began scouring the country for plunder.

But the men of Wessex were numerous and valiant, and their leader, Ethelwolf, Alderman of Berkshire, was a man "who raged as a lion in battle." So Ethelwolf, with as many men as he could assemble, fought the Pagans at Englefield and defeated them with great loss.

Within the next three days King Ethelred and his brother Alfred came up from the west, each leading a strong band of West Saxon

warriors, and joined Ethelwolf. On the fourth day they attacked the Pagans at Reading. But after a terrific combat in which there was great slaughter on both sides, the Pagans succeeded in retaining their position, while the Wessexmen were obliged to fall back with their king along the line of chalk hills to the neighbourhood of White Horse Hill.

But every mile of retreat strengthened the forces of Ethelred and Alfred, for fresh bands of men were continually coming up from the rear. At length, deeming themselves strong enough, Ethelred and Alfred turned to bay at Ashdown, and drew up their men in order of battle.

It was about four days after the battle of Reading that King Ethelred and his brother Alfred, afterwards known as the Great King, fought against the whole army of Pagans at Ashdown, under the shadow of White Horse Hill. It was determined that King Ethelred with his men should attack the two Pagan kings, but that Alfred with his men should take the chance of war against the Danish earls, who were second in command after the kings. Things being so settled Ethelred remained a long time in prayer, hearing mass, and said he would not leave it till the priest had done, nor abandon the protection of God for that of man. But the Pagans came up quickly to the fight. "Then Alfred," continues the chronicler, "though holding a lower authority, as I have been told by those who were there, and would not lie, could no longer support the troops of the enemy unless he retreated or charged upon them without waiting for his brother: so he marched out promptly with his men and gave battle. The Pagans occupied the higher ground, and the Christians came up from below. There was also in that place a single stunted thorn-tree, which I myself have seen with my own eyes. Around this tree the opposing hosts came together with loud shouts from all sides. In the midst of the fight, and when Alfred was hard pressed, the king came up with his fresh forces. And when both hosts had fought long and bravely, at last the Pagans, by God's judgment, could no longer bear the attack of the Christians, and having lost great part of their men took to a disgraceful flight, and continued that flight not only through all the dead hours of the night, but during the following day, until they reached the stronghold which they had left on such a fruitless mission. The Christians followed, slaying all they could reach, until it became dark. The flower of the Pagan youth were there slain, so that neither before nor since was ever such destruction known since the Saxons first gained Britain by their arms."

"This year, 871," says T. Hughes, himself a Berkshire man, and the well-known describer of the "Scouring of the White Horse,' "is a year for Berkshire men to be proud of, for on them fall the brunt of that fiery trial; and their gallant stand probably saved England a hundred years of Paganism. For had they given way at Ashdown, and the reinforcements from over the sea come to a conquering instead of a beaten army in the summer-time, there was nothing to stop the Pagans between Reading and Exeter. Alfred fought eight other battles in this year against the Danes. But they were mere skirmishes compared with the deadly struggle at Ashdown. Alfred felt that this great victory was the crowning mercy of his life, and in memory of it he caused his army (tradition says on the day after the battle) to carve the White Horse, the standard of Hingist, on the hill-side just under the castle, where it stands as you see until this day."

"Right down below the White Horse," says Mr. Hughes in his "Tom Brown's School Days," "is a curious broad and deep gulley called 'The Manger,' into one side of which the hills fall with a series of the most lovely sweeping curves, known as the 'Giant's Stairs;' they are not a bit like stairs, but I never saw anything like them anywhere else, with their short green turf and tender bluebells and gossamer and thistle-down gleaming in the sun, and the sheep paths running along their sides like ruled lines."

The other side of the "Manger" is formed by the Dragon's Hill, a curious little, round, self-asserting projection, thrown forward from the main range of hills, and having no similar natural feature in its vicinity. On this hill some deliverer of his country, St. George, or King George, the country people say, slew a dragon. The essential meaning of the legend has long ago been lost. The track where the blood of the monster ran down is still pointed out, and the clenching statement is added that from that day to this no grass has ever grown where the blood of the enemy of mankind ran. It remains a puzzle, however, that the track taken by the blood in coming down the hill is the way which visitors find easiest in ascending it.

The famous figure of the White Horse, cut out of the turf of White Horse Hill, can be seen from a great distance, but is not always seen to the same advantage. After a lapse of bad weather the horse gets out of condition, and is only brought into proper form by being "scoured." Wise, one of the old topographical writers, thus speaks of it after having suffered from exceptional weather :—"When I saw "the head had suffered a little and wanted reparation, and the ex-

tremities of his hinder legs, from their unavoidable situation, have by the fall of rains been filled up in some measure with the washings from the upper parts; so that, in the nearest view of him, the tail, which does not suffer the same inconvenience, and has continued entire from the beginning, seems longer than the legs. The supplies which nature is continually offering occasion the turf to crumble and fall off into the white trench and not a little obscures the brightness of the horse; though there is no danger from hence of the whole figure being obliterated, for the inhabitants have a custom of 'scouring the horse' as they called it; at which time a solemn festival is celebrated, and manlike games, with prizes, exhibited, which no doubt had their original in Saxon times in memory of the victory."

The ceremony of scouring the horse, from time immemorial, has been solemnized by a numerous concourse of people from all the villages round about. The White Horse is in the manor of Uffington, yet other towns claim, by ancient custom, a share of the duty upon this occasion.

The figure of the White Horse is 374 feet long. It has been said that lands in the neighbourhood were held formerly by the tenure of cleaning the White Horse by cutting away the turf so as to render the figure more visible; but what is certain is, that the neighbouring inhabitants had an ancient custom of assembling for this purpose. On these occasions they are entertained (while with pick and shovel and broom they render more distinct the form of the thousand-year-old horse) at the expense of the lord of the manor. The custom of scouring was formerly an annual one; but it was suspended in 1780, only, however, to be renewed with great pomp and much rejoicing, as well as with a good chance of being continued periodically, on the 17th and 18th September, 1857.

Passing along the Ridgeway to the west for about a mile from the hill, an old "cromlech"—a huge flat stone raised on seven or eight others—is seen. A path leads up to it, and large single stones are set up on each side of it. This is traditionally known as Wayland Smith's Cave. It stands on ground slightly raised, and at certain seasons has a weird look, from the mysterious character of the structure itself, from the loneliness of its situation, and from the wind-stricken trees near it, which heighten the effect of desolation and devastation. The origin of the cave is wrapped in mystery. It is supposed by some to be Danish, and that it was the burial-place of King Bœgseeg, slain at the battle of Œscendun.

Lysons suggests that the origin is British. In the Earl of Carnarvon's "Archæology of Berkshire," the following on this topic occurs :—"What shall we say of the wild legends of Wayland Smith, which it will be our duty to examine and discuss? And first, by what name shall we know him? Shall it be Weland, who, in Scandinavian lore, plays the part which is assigned to the old fire-god, Ἥφαιστος, in the classic tales of Greece, who learnt the art of working metal from the dwarfs, the supernatural indwellers of the mountain—the same, perhaps, as they who, in another northern tale, wrought the famous sword of Tirfing, which was doomed to accomplish three of the most disgraceful acts—who forges the breastplates and the arms of the heroes? Or shall we call him by his French and Mediæval name of Ealand?—Ealand, who enters into every tale of love and war and adventure, who tempered the blade of Sir Gawaine of the Round Table, and who wrought the famous blade with which Charlemagne hewed his way through the ranks of paynimry? . . . . Or shall we view him by the light of Anglo-Saxon legend, as Wayland Smith, the cunning goldsmith, the magical farrier, whose name still lives in the stories of the White Horse Hills, and whose cave has been consecrated by the genius of Sir Walter Scott?" In a note to "Kenilworth," Sir Walter Scott says the popular belief still retains memory of this wild legend, which, connected as it is with the site of a Danish sepulchre, may have arisen from some legend concerning the northern Duergar, who resided in the rocks and were cunning workers in steel and iron. It was believed that Wayland Smith's fee was sixpence, and that, unlike other workmen, he was offended if more was offered. Of late his offices have been again called to memory; but fiction has in this, as in other cases, taken the liberty to pillage the stores of oral tradition. This monument must be very ancient, for it has been pointed out that it is referred to in an ancient Saxon charter as a landmark. The monument has been of late cleared out and made considerably more conspicuous."

BALLAD OF THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE.

"The owld White Horse wants zettin to rights;
And the Squire hev promised good cheer,
Zo we'll gee un a scrape to kip un in zhape,
And a'll last for many a year.

"A was made a long, long time ago,
Wi' a good dale o' labour and pains,
By King Alfred the Great when he spwiled their consate,
And caddled (worried) thay wosberds (birds of woe) the Danes.

"The Bleawin Stwun, in days gone by,
Wur King Alfred's bugle harn,
And the tharnin tree you med plainly zee
As is called King Alfred's Tharn.

"Ther'll be backsword play and climmin' the pow',
And a race for a peg and a cheese;
And us thinks as hisn's a dummel (dull) zovl
As dwoant care for zich spwoarts as these."

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Ashridge House.

At a short distance from the Berkhampstead Station of the London and North-Western Railway, lies the magnificent domain of Ashridge, which, for upwards of six centuries and a half has been a site of great interest. It is an extensive pile of buildings, as large as half a dozen German or Italian palaces; and with its beautiful church, lovely gardens, and noble avenues of beech and chestnut trees, forms one of those pictures of combined architectural and sylvan picturesqueness, which can only be seen to perfection in England.

The present mansion was built between 1808 and 1814, on the site of an ancient monastic edifice, parts of which have been preserved and incorporated with the modern edifice. Its principal front is to the north; to the east and west are double lines of stately elms and limes, the frontage from the eastern to the western tower extending one thousand feet. The spire of the chapel, with the embattled tower of the mansion, and noble Gothic doorway, with large oriel windows, present an impressive architectural group. The entrance-hall is separated from the grand staircase by a rich screen of arches and open galleries. The hall, round which the staircase turns in double flight, is 38 feet square, and 95 feet high; and is adorned by statues, Gobelin tapestry, armorial bearings, and ancient brasses. A magnificent suite of apartments, each 50 feet by 30, extends at one end into a green-house and orangery, and at the other into a conservatory; the dining-room, drawing-room, and library, open by deep oriel windows upon the garden lawn. The conservatory again opens into a Gothic chapel, with windows of ancient painted glass brought from the Low Countries.

The historical associations of Ashridge render it doubly attractive in its memorials of the past. On going over it, we see here a fine crypt, there a stately Gothic doorway, here a cloister, there a monumental brass; here the arches of monkish sepulture, there a flourishing tree planted by the hand of Queen Elizabeth; in one room embroidery worked by the maiden Queen, when she was residing in "the Old

House;" and in another apartment the portrait of "the Lady" for whom Milton wrote his *Comus*.

The monastic history of Ashridge may be thus briefly told. About the year 1221, there came over to England an order of preaching friars, nearly allied to the Albigenses. Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, a grandson of King John, founded at Ashridge an Abbey for an order of these friars, called Bonhommes, which edifice was completed in 1285. The statutes and ordinances of this College are still preserved among the family papers at Ashridge: and an epitaph written by one of the monks is still extant, for the tomb of the founder, who it appears, died at the College. Among the registers are entries of donations from the Black Prince; with many curious ordinances and customs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. One of the last entries in the register refers to the fall of the College, and the expulsion of the monks, under Henry VIII. After relating the decapitation of Anne Boleyn, the writer says, in Latin: "In this year, the noble house of Ashridge was destroyed, and the brethren were expelled." He adds, with extreme anger, "In this year was beheaded that great heretic and traitor, Thomas Cromwell, who was the cause of the destruction of all the religious houses in England."

After the dissolution of the College, Ashridge became a royal residence; and subsequently to the reign of Henry VIII., was given to the Princess Elizabeth by her brother, Edward VI., after whose death she continued to occupy Ashridge during the reign of Queen Mary. Letters exist in the British Museum from her, both to Edward and Mary, dated from Ashridge; and after her retirement from the Court of her sister, Elizabeth resided there constantly, until she was suspected of conniving at Sir Thomas Wyat's rebellion. Then a troop of horse was dispatched to Ashridge; and although she was confined to her bed from illness, she was taken prisoner to London.*

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* Her committal to the Tower is related in vol. i. p. 24, of the present work; but the following additional details may be quoted here. The Earl of Sussex came to inform her that she must go to the Tower, that the tide served, and the barge was in readiness. In great distress she begged for delay, and asked permission to write to Mary, whereupon her removal was postponed, but next day being Palm Sunday, that she might be taken to prison with more privacy, it was directed throughout London that the people should all repair to church carrying palms. Thinking every hope had vanished, Elizabeth followed the Earl down the garden to the barge. There were with her divers gentlewomen and lords, but in passing London Bridge, owing to the great fall of water at half-tide, the whole party narrowly escaped with their lives. When she came to Traitors' Gate it rained, and a cloak was offered her, but she angrily refused, adding her memorable declaration of loyalty, and reliance