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ETON AND HARROW

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COOKHAM CHURCH.



# RAMBLES ROUND ETON AND HARROW

BY

ALFRED RIMMER

AUTHOR OF

OUR OLD COUNTRY TOWNS, 'ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS, ETC.



A NEW EDITION, WITH FIFTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON  
CHATTO & WINDUS

1898

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# RAMBLES ROUND ETON AND HARROW.

## CHAPTER I.

Windsor—Slough—Boveny Lock—Burnham Beeches—Jacob Tonson—  
The Vicar of Bray—Swan hopping—Pisciculture of Thames—Methods  
of improving the Fish Supply.

THERE are some men who look back upon their school-days with no particular amount of pleasure ; and some, indeed, like Cowper, who only regard them as a dreadful dream—for at Dr. Pitman's no effort seems to have been made to shield him from the torments of his persecutors. Great have been the improvements in the management of schools since Voltaire sarcastically said that he would have supposed the pupils of an ordinary academy were juvenile convicts. Not half-a-century ago any attempt to make learning pleasant met with general dissent, and it would have been urged that the real use of schools—the enforcing unpleasant duties

as discipline—was forgotten, and hardly a satirist—of whom there was always a plentiful army—took up the cudgels for persecuted scholars. Within the limit of time mentioned, the writer can remember a pedagogue who was equal to either Squeers or Creakle in cruelty, though, unlike either of them, he had taken a high degree at one of the colleges in Turle Street ; but his infirmity, for such it proved ultimately to be, was a great recommendation to the parents and guardians of the day. His academy was only open to the wealthy, or those who held some acknowledged position ; yet at every quarter-day he had more applications from guardians and parents than he could possibly attend to. It is, however, not too much to say that his school would not now be tolerated. Eton has improved in its discipline since the days when the pupil used to look forward to his final release, and now, indeed, we never meet an Etonian or Harrow man who cannot look back to his school-days as the pleasantest period of his life. At a public school, as the saying is, every youth finds his proper level. Railways have done much in the same direction now, and this discipline is less needed ; but before these increased and multiplied through the land, it was quite common for some youth to come from the country, the idol of his mother, and



flattered from early childhood by a gamekeeper or a groom. George III. is said to have related with great gusto a tale of a Scotch schoolmaster who accompanied him to the door of the schoolroom with his hat on, and when outside the door he said to the uncovered monarch,—who, by the way, was then only Prince of Wales,—“You will not think me wanting in courtesy, I hope, but the fact is this—that if the boys thought there was any one else as important as myself, I should never get any obedience again.’—Well, many youths go to the great public schools even yet, and only learn their relative position when they get there ; nor, indeed, as a rule, do they take their newly acquired knowledge unkindly. They meet other youths there who can shoot or play cricket better than they can, and are quite as important in every way. But in another and far more important sense this rule holds good. Light is brought to bear upon masters themselves, and the tyrants that were to be met with in private schools a generation or more ago (and of my own knowledge I could enumerate one or more) would not be able to keep their places for a single term at such schools as Eton or Harrow, whatever their attainments or their industry might be. And as this part of the subject naturally can only extend to an introduction, I may mention

one example of the two methods of instilling learning ; and the example I would choose was a youth of perhaps thirteen or fourteen years. He was not wanting in any advantages ; but a plain, perhaps almost stupid appearance, made him the butt of the irresponsible master, who caused his life to be so much a burden to him that he became almost lethargic. Owing to illness, a Cambridge fellow—a perfect gentleman—took the place of the invalid master, and I remember his saying to the delinquent : “ Come, my man, don’t be beaten by an ode in Horace ; bring your book up here.” A perfect change came over him, and at Oxford he became a first-class scholar. The shrievalty of his county, albeit a small one, two years after leaving college, showed the estimation he was held in ; but he used to declare that the four years’ tyranny at a private school had saddened his life—which, indeed, was a short one.

What a contrast both Eton and Harrow present ! Nobody can walk from Slough to Eton without being struck with the genial, happy appearance of the youths he will meet ; and sometimes we have regretted that a want of personal acquaintance with them has been a bar to asking them to have a boat, and pull to Staines for lunch.



FROM WINDSOR BRIDGE.



It is, of course, not necessary to say anything about Windsor. It has been so often and well described, that



OLD STREET IN WINDSOR.

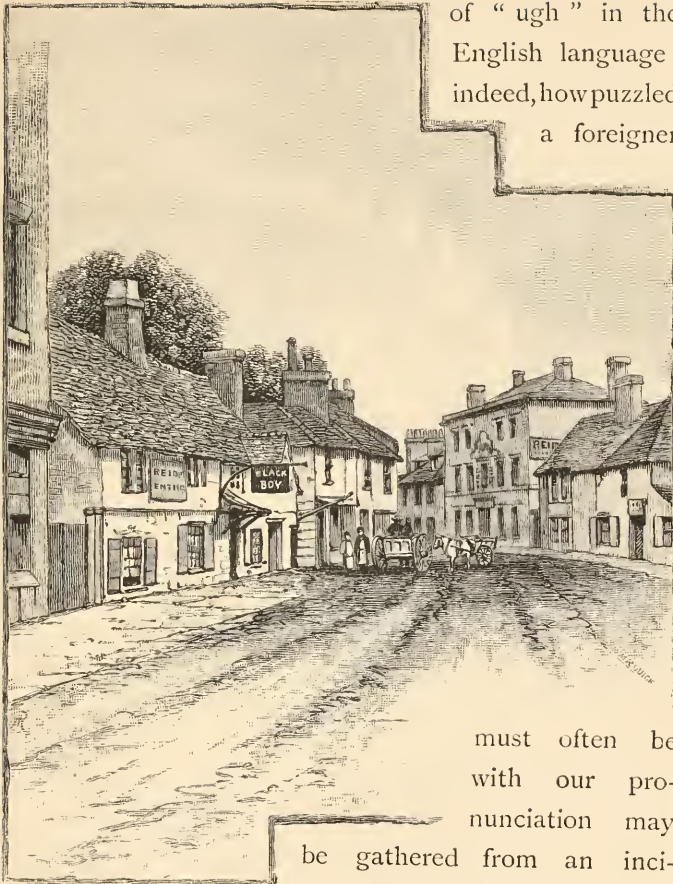
we seem to know it when we see it even for the first time. Windsor is not exceeded either in dignity or interest by any residence in the world, and it stands in

quiet, rich English scenery, which is quite in keeping with its now peaceful associations. Peaceful, however, they have not always been, for here William I. established himself, and bid defiance to the chiefs of the conquered country. The enormous pile of buildings which covers the hill has been the result of successive additions during seven hundred years, and it of course bears hardly any resemblance to the Windsor where the Conqueror received the submission of the Saxon chiefs, and entertained the Norman barons. The doings of Henry I., David King of Scotland, and John, at Windsor, are familiar to every one from their early history books. And St. George's Hall, which was built at the most excellent period of Gothic architecture for the Knights of the Garter as a banqueting-hall, is quite as familiar, from a hundred illustrations, to every one in England, as St. Paul's or Westminster.

But, as our interest is now more with the precincts of Eton, we may suppose ourselves leaving it for a walk through Slough, Maidenhead, Bray, and Clewer, and back again through Windsor to Eton, along the right bank of the Thames.

Slough is pronounced in the same way as "plough," and affords one of the many examples of the flexibility





SLOUGH.

of "ugh" in the English language; indeed, how puzzled a foreigner

must often be with our pronunciation may be gathered from an incident which, at one time, rather puzzled the writer. He was residing in a colony, and at the time referred to some merchant-



dise was exported from England for himself and a friend, who was an excellent scholar, and could write or speak French and Latin almost as easily as English; but he had never been in England. He told me one day that the "Thay-mees" had arrived with our expected parcels. He adopted a classic sort of pronunciation, that unhappily is only beginning to be expunged from the Universities, if even that, and it was long before I could realise the importance of his information. "The Tems, you mean, I suppose," I said to him; and though in the ordinary way of life he must have written the word "Thames" hundreds of times as far as it is connected with London or Eton, it never occurred to him to connect the river with the name of the ship. It would be interesting to learn how the river that flows through Windsor is pronounced in the various capitals of Europe. A Frenchman who said he was going to "Paree," so far as this can be supposed to hit the French pronunciation, might well pass without question; but if an Englishman used such an affectation, he would be generally thought to be *en route* to a Welsh friend.

Slough is a well-known thoroughfare on the old Bath road, and is a manor of Upton. When Lysons

wrote his *Magna Britannia* it was the residence of the great Dr. Herschel, and its name is always connected with the 40-foot telescope that led to discoveries which have immortalised his name. First he lived at Datchet, and then at Slough, and, as Arago says, "Le nom de ce village ne périra plus : les sciences le transmettront religieusement à la postérité la plus reculée." The large telescope, it is said, was not the one which led to some of his principal discoveries, as it was too slow in its operations ; but it had its own important work to fulfil. Arago well says that the name of Slough village will never perish, for even the name of Herschel's sister, Caroline, would be enough to preserve it. "She wrote down all his observations, which he dictated from his stage, whilst engaged in sweeping the heavens with his 20-foot or other telescopes ; she attended him in all his night watches, which were generally continued up to the approach of daylight ; she noted the clocks, reduced and arranged his journals, prepared the zone catalogues for his sweeps, and executed the whole of the laborious numerical calculations which were required for the reduction of his observations ;" and sometimes, when Herschel had for a time suspended his observations, she would search the heavens herself with a 5-foot reflector which her brother had constructed for

her, and she thus made some valuable discoveries. When the great astronomer died, this venerable lady retired to her native city of Hanover, and expired in the ninety-eighth year of her age, profoundly respected by men of science from all parts of the world, and justly honoured by crowned heads, who, indeed, honoured themselves when they contributed their own acknowledgments to the great value of her services to science—services which were continued almost to the end of an unusually protracted life. Slough is in the middle of a very beautiful country, and it is perhaps known as the nearest station to Stoke Pogis Church, where Gray wrote the *Elegy* that neither time nor repetition can mar or rob of its inherent beauty. But this will come in for a separate notice. Some improvement, it is satisfactory to see, is taking place in the hotel accommodation at Slough, which, till lately, was not all that could be desired.

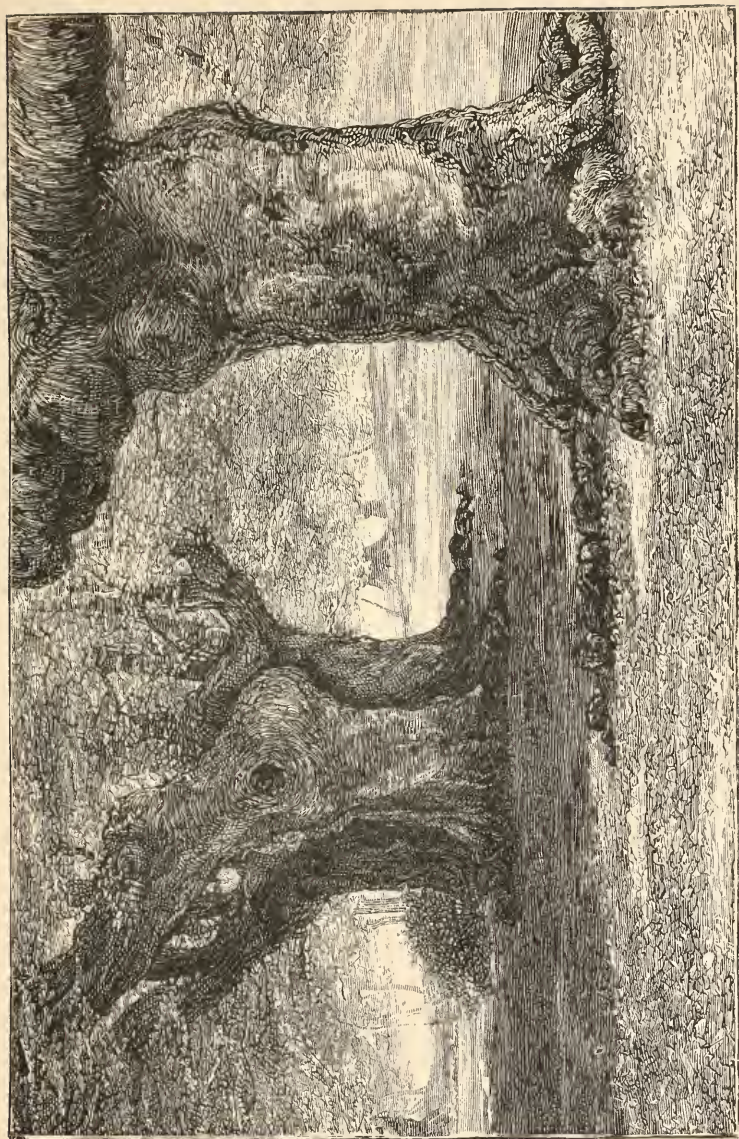
Boveney Lock lies in our route, and it is a quiet, picturesque old place. Many heavy "golden bream" have been caught here, and sometimes the troller lights upon a heavy Thames trout. The church is a small old-fashioned building, with heavy beams across, and the traveller is shown an unusually massive key. In the year 1737 an Act of Parliament was passed to

make the small ancient church a separate cure, but it was inoperative, as sufficient funds could not be procured for its endowment. We must leave the route now to turn off towards Burnham, which, however, lies within an easy distance of Eton, and can always be reached with a slight lift from the rail, if time is an object in making the excursion from the college.

Burnham lies about three miles to the north-east of Maidenhead, and a mile to the north of the London road, which used to pass through here to Oxford and Bath. Burnham was at one time a place of consideration, and had a fair, and market, and an abbey. The first abbess was Margery Eston, and the last, Margaret Gibson. At the dissolution of monasteries the revenues amounted to £51 : 2 : 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ , a sum which would go as far in the necessaries of life in those days, and in those parts, as about £750 would now with us. In those parts, I especially say, for the difference in living in different parts of England was ludicrously dissimilar— even more so than it is at present, when, for example, a groom in some country parts of England is satisfied with 16s. a week, but the same functionary would very easily command 25s. in other parts. Abbess Margaret Gibson signed her name to a document acknowledging the King's supremacy some two years before the dis-

solution, and was rewarded with a pension of £15. Burnham is especially known by its beech-trees, and Burnham beeches have for long been favourite subjects with artists at all academies in England. The engraving opposite almost suggests a banyan tree, from its intense foliage and shade. I borrow an excellent description of the Burnham beeches from a well-known writer, for it is less familiar than some of his published works. "Within five-and-twenty miles of St. Paul's, the Great Western Railway will place us in an hour (having an additional walk of two miles) in the heart of one of the most secluded districts in England. We know nothing of forest scenery equal to Burnham, which is approached from the station at Maidenhead. The beeches may be reached by several roads, each very beautiful in its seclusion. We ascend a hill, and find a common with a few scattered houses. Gradually the common begins to grow less open. We see large masses of wood in clumps, and now and then a gigantic tree by the road. The trunks of these scattered trees are of enormous size. They are for the most part pollards; but, not having been lopped for many years, they have thrown out mighty arms, which give us a notion of some deformed son of Anak, noble as well as fearful in his grotesque proportions. As we advance, the wood thickens; and





BURNHAM BECHES.



as the road leads us into a deep dell, we are at length completely obscured in a leafy wilderness. This dell is a most romantic spot : it extends for some quarter of a mile between overhanging banks covered with the graceful forms of the ash and the birch, while the contorted beeches show their fantastic roots and unwieldy trunks upon the edge of the glen in singular contrast. If we walk up this valley, we may emerge into the plain of beeches, from which the place derives its name. It is not easy to make scenes such as these interesting by description ; the great charm may be readily conceived when it is known that its characteristic is an entire absence of human care."

If we traverse the banks of the Thames, in place of making an excursion to Burnham, we shall come across a mansion that has many quaint and interesting associations. Down Place has often been altered and enlarged, but it was the residence of the celebrated Jacob Tonson, who published Dryden's works, and who used to keep a sort of open house for men of letters. The old part still remains, and faces the river ; and though the situation is beautiful, the house itself has no more attractions than Strawberry Hill. Here the famous Kit-Cat Club was formed, which consisted of men of standing and wealth, whose real object was to



support the house of Hanover, and to strengthen the hands of the Bentincks, the Cavendishes, the Russells, and Grenvilles, and others whose energy did so much to set the House of Hanover firmly on the throne. In those days publishers occupied a more arduous position than they do now, when wealth and business capacity are, of necessity, among the first requirements; for literary men are readily procurable as readers or editors who can relieve them of much of their old duties, and allow them to devote more time to the mercantile part of their calling. There is an amusing anecdote of Tonson, which Lord Bolingbroke relates. He was once paying a visit to Dryden, and some one called whose step and voice the poet well knew; he turned suddenly to Lord Bolingbroke, and begged him not to leave until the publisher had gone, for, said he, "I know it's Tonson;" and he added that if he left before him, he would be alone with the great publisher, and as he was a little behindhand with some proof, he would be fearfully scolded. Dunton published the *Life and Errors* of Tonson, and he speaks about him as a man who has been "characterised as a sort of wild Defoe, a coarser mind cast in somewhat a like mould." He figures in the *Dunciad*, though not with the same sarcastic satire that has immortalised Curll in the same

publication. Guy, the founder of the hospital, may almost be said to have belonged to the same set. His publishing house was close to Barnett's Banking Company's place. But the most generally esteemed publisher was Cave, whose memoirs Johnson wrote, and who was for some time in a half-conscious state, owing to lethargic illness; but he woke up before his death just to see and to recognise the lexicographer, "fondly to press the hand that now writes this little narrative," as his biographer says. Cave was brought up at Rugby, under the tutorship of Holyock, and he gave early promise of literary excellence. He was afterwards placed in the office of a timber-merchant, where he again gave great satisfaction; but finally he was apprenticed to Collins, a deputy-alderman of London, and a printer and publisher of high standing. This change was much to his taste, and he has the credit of founding monthly magazines, to secure the fleeting contributions that had but an ephemeral life in pamphlets and broad-sheets. He had saved enough money in 1731 to found the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of which there was so great a want at the time that its success became pronounced soon after, and, indeed, it flourishes with unabated vigour. He was, as Pope has said of Gay, "uncorrupted even among the great," and when

clerk of the Frank Office he refused to let an epistle of the old Duchess of Marlborough be forwarded free of expense to its destination on the strength of a frank from W. Plummer, M.P. For this he was summoned to the bar of the House; but he had in every sense the better of the argument.

Maidenhead, or, as it used to be called, Maidenhythe, is soon reached, and it is a neat, clean, comfortable country town, without many claims to being considered picturesque. The bridge is exceedingly beautiful, but the town itself is new, and perhaps hardly dates earlier than the bridge, which was built quite at the end of the last century.

Maidenhead is the nearest station to the celebrated village of Bray, which has gained immortality through its accommodating vicar, who gracefully surrendered his creed to each succeeding monarch. The song which has rendered him famous is an anachronism, for the real vicar lived during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, while the popular vicar is supposed to have published his creed during the reign of George I., and it is pretty certain that it is a production of one of the members of the Kit-Cat Club. Satirists and historians have shown again and again the laxity and the servility of the parochial

clergy ; and a chaplain—who in those days was almost as indispensable to a moderately important household as a steward—hardly ranked above a head gamekeeper, nor was he permitted, except under certain conditions (which in the case of the head of the Wynn family are humorous in the extreme, and happen to be before me), to dine with his “patron.” If the chaplain was of a congenial turn, and sufficiently instructed to amuse his employer, he would have the family living, or some other family living, when a vacancy occurred, and then of course he was the humble servant to the house. I had some little difficulty in getting a reliable copy of the song, but believe that the following is nearly correct :—

“ In good King Charles’s golden days,  
When loyalty no harm meant,  
A zealous High Churchman was I,  
And so I got preferment.  
To teach my flock I never missed,  
Kings were by God appointed,  
And damn’d are those that do resist  
Or touch the Lord’s anointed.

“ For this is law I will maintain  
Until my dying day, sir,  
Whatever King in England reign  
I’ll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

“When royal James obtained the crown  
And Popery came in fashion,  
The penal laws I hooted down  
And read the Declaration.  
The Church of Rome I found would fit  
Full well my constitution,  
And had become a Jesuit  
But for the Revolution.

“When William was our King declar’d,  
To ease a nation’s grievance,  
With this new wind about I steer’d,  
And swore to him allegiance.  
Old principles I did revoke,  
Set conscience at a distance ;  
Passive obedience was a joke,  
A jest was non-resistance.

“When gracious Anne became our Queen,  
The Church of England’s glory,  
Another face of things was seen,  
And I became a Tory.  
Occasional Conformists base  
I damn’d their moderation,  
And thought the Church in danger was  
By such prevarication.

“When George in pudding-time came o’er  
And moderate men looked big, sir,  
I turned a cat-in-a-pan once more,  
And so I became a Whig, sir.  
And thus preferment I procured  
From our new faith’s defender,  
And almost every day abjured  
The Pope and the Pretender.

“The illustrious House of Hanover  
And Protestant succession,  
To these I do allegiance swear  
While they can keep possession.  
For in my faith and loyalty  
I never more will falter,  
And George my lawful King shall be  
Until the times shall alter.”

The real Vicar of Bray is a hero among Fuller's *Worthies*, and he seems to have had a decided liking for a quiet life. His name is put down as Symon Symonds; but after carefully looking at an old record where it appears, I hardly think that this is correct. Fuller, speaking of him, says: “The vivacious vicar thereof living under Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, and then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling, said ‘Not so. I always kept my principle, which is this—To live and die the vicar of Bray.’” It must not be supposed that the present beautiful vicarage is the one to which the sturdy vicar so resolutely clung; for it is comparatively a new residence, and has recently

been altered. The house shown at the entrance of the churchyard is said to be the genuine residence. Of this I could not form an opinion, but all the inhabitants agreed in saying that it was the traditional vicarage. The church of Bray has not been very much over-restored. The restorations took place a little more than a quarter of a century ago, when ancient buildings were held in much more reverence than they are now. There are some quaint monuments and inscriptions in it, and among others is one of William Goddard, the founder of Jesus Hospital, and his wife.

“ If what I was thou seekest to knowe  
These lines my character shall showe  
Those benefitts that God me lent  
With thanks I tooke and freely spent  
I scorned what playnesse could not gett  
And next to treasure hated debt  
I loved not those that stirred up strife  
True to my friend and too my wife  
The latter here by me I have  
We had one bed and have one grave  
My honesty was such that I  
When death came feared not to die.”

The part of the Thames we are considering is almost a paradise for swans. We meet them at every bend, and many are the quiet nooks for nesting. We learn from the *Penny Cyclopædia* that, according to an





\* BRAY CHURCH.





old law, no subject could hold property in swans that were allowed to be at large in a public river or creek, unless he held his right from the Crown, and then, for a fee, the Crown grants a swan mark, or notches in the bill, to identify the birds ; and on the first Monday in August, every year, the swan-markers of the Crown, and some of the London companies, go up the river and practise their cruel calling. The markers are called swan-uppers, which has been corrupted into "swan-hoppers," and all unmarked swans belong to the Crown ; so that if a bird has been missed, it becomes royal property. This accounts for the immense number belonging to the Queen. By a curious old Act of Parliament the following penalty is enforced against any one who steals a lawfully marked swan in an open and common river. The swan is to be held by his beak until the tail just touches the ground, and as much wheat is to be poured over the swan as will cover him up to the top of his bill. This is not altogether unlike the way in which muskets were sold to Indians in the palmy days of the Hudson Bay Company. A Birmingham musket, worth about £1 : 15s. was placed with its butt on the ground, and as many sable skins, worth about £2 or £3 each, were piled up as reached to its muzzle. It is hardly to be

wondered at that in those days the factors, and even clerks, grew rich ; yet that Company paid 50 to 60 per cent besides. On the swan-upping day—which simply means taking up a young swan to mark it—some of the Companies go up the river in barges, and make merry with great good fare while the birds are subject to torture ; for they actually bleed at the incisions. If a short Act were passed that a liveryman—only one—should each year have his finger-nail marked just as the swan’s bill is, the barbarous custom would pretty soon disappear. Opinions, indeed, may differ as to the improvement, in a picturesque sense, that swans are to the river. Their “pose” on the water is not so graceful as that of the sheldrake or pintail duck ; and the straight long neck rather reminds one of a giraffe : indeed, we never hear words of admiration for this part of the singular creature. For our own taste, a swan has rather a cockney appearance in water ; and while water-lilies are the delight of every one, as indeed are willow-bushes, or alders, or anything that is indigenous or natural, swans painfully remind us of an artificial state of things. A swan was the admiration of the vapid artists who used to draw handsome but not intelligent youths playing on a guitar or a flute, in a boat, to the apparent interest

of some young damsel : the class of pictures, in fact, that was in vogue a generation since. Rather than another day's swan-hopping, let the birds have their own sweet will, and resume their ancient habits. The strength of the swan is enormous. The blow of his pinion being able to break a leg is an old story ; but Stanley relates a circumstance that eclipses this, and the writer was once a witness to an almost similar scene, where swans were carefully kept on a lake into which a little brook emptied itself. A swan had lost some young ones, it is supposed, on a former occasion, through the depredations of a fox, and would seem to have mistrusted the family of foxes generally ; and when surrounded by her infant progeny, she saw one swimming across to where her nest was, she knew very well that on the land her own long neck and the crafty fence of the enemy would place her at a great disadvantage : so she decided on a naval engagement, where the advantages would be all her own ; and sailing through the water to meet him, she struck him such powerful blows with her wings that he succumbed at once, and was drifted quite dead to the bank he had left. A few swans are fattened every year at Windsor, but opinions are divided regarding their merit as an article of diet. For myself, I have found a wild one,

when killed young, equal to a wild duck ; and there is no reason why the fattened domestic ones should not exceed their wild brethren as far as a fattened tame duck does all wild ones, not excepting the Canvas-back or the Blue-winged Teal.

In the reach of the Thames we are now considering, immense numbers of trout have been liberated, but the results have been far from encouraging, as they seem to have fallen an early prey to pike, or perch, or chub. The first on this list is called "vermin" in America, and it should be hunted out of every fishing stream ; for though, if in good season, and well stuffed and baked, it is not a bad fish at all, it does not compensate for the injury it inflicts on other fishes of more value. A very sure way to improve the venture of releasing trout in the Thames would be to let them be well grown before they undertake their travels by water. Plenty of admirers they will find in each of the animal kingdoms, but very few friends indeed : and they will not have been free long before they find that they are in the midst of danger, necessity, and tribulation. Now, let any one who may have been at Wolfsbrunn, near Heidelberg, remember how trout are raised and reared from the ova till they attain large dimensions, and he will see how easily these excellent fish could be kept under the

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protection of the keeper until they were better able to hold their own against the enemies that are under the water, who, after all, are the most persistent and insidious. A little longer time to mature would make them able to look better after themselves ; and they could not only by their velocity escape their foes, but would themselves reduce the numbers of young fish that when they grew would be their foes. A little water-mill would send up an abundant supply of water to the gravelly spawning-beds, and these might be regulated with the utmost ease to let the fish leave one after another until they have reached half a pound in weight, and then they would rapidly thrive in an open river, and be of more use economically and for exercise than many times the number of coarser fish that they would displace. Any sportsman would rather kill a woodcock than a hare or even a pheasant, though either of these might be thought of greater value in a larder ; and so a trout caught with a fly, if he only weighed a pound, would bring a more healthful glow into the frame of a citizen than a basketful of bream or chub caught while sitting in a chair in a broad punt.

## CHAPTER II.

Romney Island—Lepidoptera of Eton and neighbourhood—Wycombe—Wycombe Abbey—Wycombe Church—Beaconsfield—The “Hell-fire Club”—Lord Wharton—Duke of Wharton.

THE view of the Thames opposite is from Windsor Bridge, which is a continuation of High Street. It has three arches, and joins the counties of Berkshire and Buckingham. Maidenhead Bridge is seven miles above, and Staines Bridge about eight below. There are many beautiful bends in the river here, and it may be said to have a character almost entirely its own. The Dee and the Wye, two of our most charming streams, differ in every respect, and the Severn has but few points of resemblance. The peculiarity of the Thames here seems to be that it never loses its rustic character, although so many palatial residences fringe its banks. The lilies and wild flowers, and the trees of matchless beauty, the barges and old-fashioned ferries, and the country inns and cottages, seem always to preserve that.

I have just read some remarks by a celebrated authority on art, in which he says that internal comfort and sanitary regulations are incompatible with picturesque, and that where one exists the other must be sought in vain. Gainsborough, he said, or Constable, found out the most dilapidated examples of cottages that were quite innocent of the painter's or white-washer's brush, and where the only colouring was what nature gave them ; moss, lichens, and weather stains. But it seems to me that though very often there are picturesque combinations of colour, and even shape, in these tumble-down abodes, squalor is by no means necessary for an artistic brush. The animals that Morland used to paint so truthfully are not such as we can dwell on with pleasure, and the stables and styes in which they are housed make us feel as if we could pity them. The horses and dogs of Landseer are not only, of course, more pleasant to look at, but they are quite as picturesque. And so, along the Thames are many cottages which are not only all that could be desired for residences, but they are as artistic as the most fervid admirer of rustic beauty could desire.

Romney Island is visible from this bridge, and it extends down the river for about three-quarters of a mile, until it reaches the Playing Fields of Eton.



Romney Lock is entered by a cutting on the right-hand side of the island, and the Eton masters' bathing-house is at the weir on the left.

If we continue our journey up the Thames to Maidenhead, we shall be able to take the Great Western train to High Wycombe, though, as there is so much to be seen about Wycombe, it will be necessary to make another trip. A place called Monkey Island is soon reached, and from it is a ferry to Buck's bank. Monkey Island is interesting from its associations, rather than from any merit in the designs from which it takes its name. On it was a fishing box of the third Duke of Marlborough, and it was his ingenious fancy to have it fitted up with canvas on which are depicted monkeys doing the work of men. There are great numbers of them fishing, shooting, and hunting; and the whole design was in keeping with the depraved taste of the days when the most uncouth swincherds, or their wives, were alluded to as shepherds or shepherdesses, with classic names from Horace or Ovid, and all that was real or hearty had no sympathy from the critics or savants. Yet some money must have been spent over this fishing-box, for the lodge is built of cut stone of the best quality and workmanship, and of very excellent design. The present billiard room

was formerly a banqueting hall, and has seen many revels, characterised by more or less respectability. It contains an enriched ceiling, which unhappily is now falling into decay.

The stream round this island is clear and rapid, and there is always excellent fishing for various kinds of fish. Clermont is said to have been the name of the artist of the monkeys. He was a Frenchman, and there are very few that desire to deprive him of the honour. A little more than half a mile will bring us to Bray Lock, and above this is Bray Church, and the George Hotel, which is on the water's edge. Taplow is almost a suburb of Maidenhead, and delightfully pleasant. The house called Taplow Court is a seat of the Grenfell family. It contains many pictures of great value, including a Titian, a Giulio Romano, and several Turners. The old parish church was here, and its site is still marked by a cross. The mansion was rebuilt about thirty years since, from the designs of Mr. Burne. The lanes about here abound with choice specimens of butterflies, and many a collection has been made by students at Eton, which they prize in their after-life, and which has been the means of calling their attention to natural history in the first instance. Unhappily, the white cabbage butterfly is among the

most common, and its ravages in old gardens among cauliflowers and savoys are but too well known. The butterflies of our lanes cannot of course compare in brilliancy with the gorgeous Lepidoptera of foreign countries, any more than our wrens or robins can compare with the dazzling hues of tropical humming-birds ; but we have some of great beauty and richness of colour, that, when neatly arranged, form a charming collection. In the lanes between Eton and Taplow we find the Brimstone butterfly, the *Polyommatus* or blue butterfly, the tortoise-shells (*Vanessa polychlorus*), and the beautiful peacock and red-admiral. The former is marked exactly like the eye of a peacock's feather—which used to be so prized by salmon-fishermen, and it may be seen in early spring and late autumn ; but the latter is in perfection in September. The painted-lady is also to be met with here, though it is not common in other parts of England. The colours are rather less vivid, but richer and softer in combination. The Burnham woods are quite a paradise for butterflies of the rarer kinds ; and if you approach one that has settled, you will see it expand and close its wings, possibly on the same principle that induces a peacock to open its tail. For every colour on the beautiful wings of a butterfly is quite visible to it. The wonder-

ful eyes contain compound lenses of many thousands in number, and these are capable of refracting a ray of light proceeding from any object. To enumerate the many varieties of Lepidoptera that can be found between Eton and Maidenhead would not only be foreign to the present scheme, but impossible in our limits, as nearly every known kind is met with, not excluding the Camberwell-beauty (*Vanessa antiopa*), that is regarded as almost as great a prize by collectors as a Chelsea cup is by "China-maniacs." Its appearance is rather uncertain, and in some years no specimen can be procured; but the willows that fringe the Thames about here are the most likely parts of England to find it, if it is out at all. Nor are the lanes about here less prolific in moths than they are in butterflies. There is the gorgeous emperor moth (*Saturnia carpinii*), which much resembles the peacock butterfly in its markings, but by many it would be considered to have a richer appearance. Then there is the goat moth, which, though not so common with us as it is in some countries, is quite common enough. Its caterpillars are shocking lovers of wood, and if it were as numerous with us as the white cabbage butterfly, our noble branching park trees would be terribly thinned down; and while on this subject, the writer must be pardoned for giving

an example of the damage that two plain-looking butterfly-moths can do to a garden.

He lived for some time in Canada, and attached to the house where he lived was a very fine orchard, probably forty years old. It covered some two acres, and the proprietor had stocked it with the choicest trees. Fameuse, St. Lawrence Beauties, Rusticoats, and peach-flavoured apples, were all there, and so great was the yield that the surplus sold for a large sum of money. But there had always in former days been care taken to rid the trees of caterpillars. The one which blights an orchard is deposited in the ova state in rings half an inch long, that completely envelop some small spray, generally difficult to approach. These rings are pictures of neatness, and are covered over with an impenetrable varnish, which no storms can wash off—and no arctic cold can hurt the embryo caterpillars. There are about three hundred, or rather more, in each ring, and the sun that melts the ice and snow of the winter, and develops the early buds of May, develops also these tyrants; as soon as they are hatched, they swarm up every branch that shows a bud, and travel over an orchard in an incredibly short time. The land that before them was a garden of Eden is behind them a desolate wilderness. For one year the

place was vacant, and a third of the orchard was destroyed. However, to continue the digression, Parliament was applied to, and readily granted a "Small Birds' Protection Act," and in early spring the grackles and other birds that used to be shot down by French Canadian youths reappeared, and slaughtered the destroyers by millions.

If further apology is necessary for this digression, it must be found in the circumstance that the readers of this work live in all parts of England, and so many of them are interested in the preservation of both fruit and shade trees; and the use birds are of to this desirable end cannot be too well known.

When I saw the ravages that were committed by the caterpillars, I had been reading in an English natural history how some colonial governor had imported starlings to a West India Island to thin some plague of vermin that were making havoc with the crops. And then we looked for the grackles and robins,—a bird about the size of a thrush, and belonging to the thrush tribe. These perched on the small branches and gorged themselves with the small caterpillars. This I mentioned to one of the ministers, either the Minister of Agriculture or the Secretary of State, I cannot remember which, but he reported the

matter to his colleagues, and almost at once a request was made that I should send the outline of a scheme that could be drafted into a bill, which bill passed through three readings and became law as soon as the forms could be complied with that made it a statute ; and I had the satisfaction of being required to explain this before Mr. Auberon Herbert's Committee in the English House of Commons. The English form is not so good as the Canadian, because the list of protected birds is given, in place of protecting all, and enumerating the exceptions only, such as wild pigeons, hawks, and sparrows ; so that there is a list of hundreds in place of four or five species to remember.

The many moths and butterflies, as before said, it would not be possible now to begin even to enumerate, but the naturalist will find all he requires in Newman's *British Moths*, and Mr. Stainton's work. The subject is also pleasantly alluded to in Mr. J. E. Taylor's *Half-Hours in the Green Lanes*. Moths, if nicely arranged and not spoiled of their down, may be made to form even a more pleasing case than butterflies, they are so exceedingly soft and velvety. The best way to show them is to line the case with black velvet, instead of white paper, as is so often done ; the paler shades are thus thrown out in fine contrast. There is no moth,





LANE IN HIGH WYCOMBE



however homely, which, if it is so exhibited, does not look brilliant.

To resume the thread of our journey, however, we may be supposed to have arrived at Maidenhead, and to take the Great Western train to High Wycombe, one of the principal towns in Buckinghamshire, and one of the most pleasant.

Wycombe is sometimes called Chipping Wycombe. Chipping is a common affix to market-towns ; we have, for example, Chipping Camden, with its old market canopy, and Chipping Norton, with its old church and grammar-school ; Chipping Ongar, with the church partly built of Roman bricks, as others in the neighbourhood are, and Chipping Sodbury, with many more. It indicates a market-town. Mr. Langley regrets that he could not find a Roman tessellated pavement that was discovered in the grounds of Wycombe Abbey, and was copied, he says, "by Mr. Rowell, a painter. It was diversified with a great variety of work, in small squares of several colours, and in the centre was the figure of a wild beast. This is the whole I have been able to collect on the subject." Roman coins have been found in the neighbourhood : one of the Emperor Nerva ; some of Antoninus Pius and of Marcus Aurelius were found with the tessellated pavement. All this pave-



WYCOMBE ABBEY.

ment has, however, been exposed again to view by Lord Carington to whom the soil belongs.

Wycombe Abbey, his seat, was formerly called Loakes manor-house, and in a compendious history of Wycombe, which was published by Thomas Langley in 1797, it is described as an "ancient irregular building near the borough, built about the time of James I., but considerably enlarged by Lord Shelburne soon after he purchased it. The rooms, though appropriate to domestic convenience, have little decoration, and few pictures worthy of notice." Still, even in this condition it had its history and its associations, and it might with a very little adaptation have been made to fit itself to the necessities of the present day. One feels regret indeed to think that Wyatt has substituted a raw modern quasi-Gothic building; but the park is simply grand, and the trees in it are of very great beauty indeed.

The view given opposite is just below the town, and the river Wick adds greatly to the beauty of the scene. Near the church is Wycombe market, which was built at the expense of Lord Shelburne in 1757; it superseded a very interesting black and white building, not unlike some of those we see in Shropshire and Hereford—which we can hardly help regretting, as such a building in such a place would have been marvellously picturesque, and it would, with the least care, have been



quite as substantial as the one that has been built in its place. Still, the new building is not deficient in picturesqueness, and we might perhaps let the description of it which Langley gives in his *History of Buckinghamshire* pass without challenge.—“It is a



MARKET-PLACE, HIGH WYCOMBE.

pleasing brick building.” When the sketch was made for this series certain alterations were being carried on, and it was considered better to represent these than to show some finish that might not be accurate. The town gains greatly by the river Wick, that runs through it, and turns in its course many mills. Ruskin has often

pointed out not only the superior thrift and economy of water mills, but also their greater beauty, and to this must be added the purer atmosphere that surrounds them ; for if the same power that drives the mills on the Wick and its neighbour the Rye were obtained by means of steam, the leaves of many a tree and many a flower would be blighted. Wycombe does not seem to have had much political importance until the ill-starred reign of Charles, when it sided with the popular cause, and was besieged by Prince Rupert, and Scott, who was one of the judges to try Rupert's master, was among its defenders. There are some singular epitaphs in the chancel of the church : one to John Bigg is a tribute of his wife. "Devoted by Anne Bigg to the lasting memory of her dear husband John Bigg, doctor of physick. He was a constant and true member of the Church of England, a prudent and loyal subject, very temperate, perfectly chaste ; a maker of peace both in his private capacity and in his public offices for the borough and county, of a charitable and even temper, never uttering a word like an oath or a curse, very ingenious, eminent and successful in his profession, a most affectionate husband, a tender father, whose example through all the stages of life is most worthy of imitation. He died 15th June 1701, aged 58 years,



survived by one son and two daughters, Anne and Catherine." On the north side of the chancel is a very large monument to the memory of Henry Petty, Earl of Sherborne, erected by his executors, and consisting of the following singular devices, which are duly recorded by the faithful chronicler Langley. "A man lying on a cist of black marble, with Religion holding an open book before him. On the right hand are two female figures, Virtue and Learning, directing a child ; on the left a Roman warrior and Charity. The canopy is supported by two large pillars of gray marble ; on the top is an urn, on either side Prudence and Justice." Not a very hopeful design, certainly, for a monument, but very characteristic of the period when, as at Westminster, the figures of statesmen and divines and authors are executing a grim dance of death, assisted by heathen deities, though the tableau is not for a moment comparable with Holbein's "Dance of Death." Rickman differs from Langley in the date he gives to the tower by seven years. He says "the tower (date 1529), the piers and arches, the clerestory and timber roof, are Perpendicular, the battlements and pinnacles of the tower are modern stucco-work erected by Lord Shelburne 1755. Most of the exterior walls, the south porch, and several windows are good Early Decorated."

There are portions of the rood-loft, and some very good wood screen work, dated 1468, remaining. The arches to the transept are earlier than those of the nave, and the details of the earlier windows and doors are very good. Part of the walling is flint and chalk, in small squares, similar to the style we find in Norfolk and some parts of Kent. But before taking leave of this church we should notice another epitaph, which is very characteristic of the period when it was composed. It is to one Robert Kemp, and is on a brass plate in the chancel, date 1621 :

“ Wife, children, wealth, this world and life forsaken,  
In silent dust I sleep, when once awaken—  
My Saviour’s might a glorious change will give ;  
So losing all, I gain, and dying, live.  
My fame I trust the world with, for ’tis true,  
Posterity gives every man his due.”

Wycombe formerly returned two members to Parliament, but now it only sends one, who is generally a connection of the owner of Wycombe Abbey. In the latter part of the seventeenth century John Archdale was returned as one of the members, but his election was set aside because he refused, being a Quaker, to take the necessary oaths. But a much more notable man was Waller, the poet, who represented Amersham at the age of seventeen, and who afterwards sat for

High Wycombe. He was born in 1605, and died 1687. He received his education at Eton, and its natural successor in those days, King's College, Cambridge. Waller married a daughter of Edward Banks, Esq., a very opulent London citizen, and this he managed to do against great odds, for a rival was in the field before him, who was supported by royal favour. He was an ardent Royalist, though he could change his opinions almost as gracefully as the Vicar of Bray—and quite as easily. But after Charles had surrendered, Waller attempted to enter into a conspiracy to place the Tower of London and part of the City at his disposal. Through the clemency of Cromwell—a clemency which he was always anxious to exercise when it could be done with due regard to public safety—he was only condemned in costs of £10,000 to the State, and one year's imprisonment. After this he retired to France, and stayed for some time in Paris, but he obtained leave from Cromwell to revisit England, and in retirement wrote some charming odes; "Go, lovely Rose," is probably one of the best known. So insinuating was he, that he actually gained the friendship and favour of Cromwell after his return. He took up his abode at an old-fashioned seat at Beaconsfield, near Wycombe, and a monument is

erected to him at Beaconsfield Church, where he was buried. Notwithstanding his beautiful poems, Clarendon rates him at a low ebb, even though he succeeded in gaining the favour of the Protector, and



BEACONSFIELD VILLAGE GREEN.

says that his principal forte was dexterous and servile flattery of the ruling powers.

Within an easy hour's walk from this old town is situated West Wycombe. Every one will remember West Wycombe, from its long caverns, which were excavated by Lord le Despenser—with some ulterior views, the country people imagine, but really to get

out chalk. West Wycombe House is the seat of the Dashwood family ; Lord le Despenser was Francis Dashwood, who founded the club that was a disgrace to the last century. He was a man of notoriously bad life, and probably had acquired an undue influence over his younger fellows. This club seems to have been composed of young men of weak intellect, who habited themselves as Franciscan friars, and affected some mystery in their pursuits. Langley says, "Some few years since the house was tenanted by a society of young men of wit and fashion, under the title of monks of St. Francis, whose habit they assumed. During the season of their conventual residence, they are supposed not to have adhered very rigidly to the rules of life that St. Francis enjoined. Some anecdotes related in a publication of that day are said to refer to this society ; but from the little information I have collected, there seems to be no strong foundation for this opinion. The woman who was their only female domestic is still living, and, after many inquiries, I believe all their transactions may as well be buried in oblivion." Respectability, all this crew seemed to turn their backs upon, and if there was any man of moderate intelligence from the founder to Bubb Doddington, it may have been Wilkes, of whom Green, in his *History of England*, has

well said : "When mobs were roaring themselves hoarse over 'Wilkes and Liberty,' Pitt denounced Wilkes as a worthless profligate." The club should have recruited its ranks from foreign countries. There was no Texas in those days, of which an ingenious American has given as a derivation of the name :—

"When every other land rejecks us  
This is the only place that teks us."

Or the more refined and bitter sarcasm of Henry IV. on his deathbed, which he gave as advice to his son, might serve as a clue :—

"To the English court assemble now  
From every region, apes of idleness :  
Now neighbour confines, purge you of your scum ;  
Have you a ruffian that will swear ? drink ? dance ?  
Revel the night ? rob ? murder ? and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?" etc.

No, the members of what they were pleased to term themselves, the "Hell-fire Club," were distinguished more for weakness than anything else, and it is not recorded that they were in any instance defendants in a magistrate's court. They were very far indeed from heroes. Wilkes, who caused much trouble in his life (though right was on his side in his struggle with Parliament), had perhaps as much wit as any of the

crew, and was not a credit to Parliament, or to the age he lived in.

The associations of West Wycombe, however, are not very encouraging. Lord Wharton, it is true, lived there, and he had some fair claims upon the gratitude of his posterity. It is alleged by Bishop Percy, that he was the author of *Lilliburero*, a song that had great success in its day and generation, and is said to have had a greater power than even the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes in theirs; and it was indeed a very bold step, with the example of Montrose before them, and the infamous cruelties of Judge Jeffreys fresh in the recollections of every one, for men to plan another attempt to free the kingdom from the misrule of the Stuarts; for James II. was still in power, and his wicked judge was in the height of his favour at court. Lord Wharton was a guiding spirit in the Revolution of 1688; and at Hurley Place, in the near neighbourhood, are the vaults where the documents were signed inviting William III. to come to England. This part of England, indeed, is not very full of pleasing recollections for the Stuarts. At Maidenhead, in the Greyhound Inn, Charles I. took leave of his family.

Wharton the elder was a worthy man, but his son's name is a byword. He was the father of the Duke



of Wharton. There are three Whartons who have been conspicuous characters in history. The first and second were respectable men, but the third, who was raised to the rank of a duke, was such as we have seen. In the reign of Charles I., Philip Lord Wharton married Jane, the heiress to the vast estates of the Goodwins and Spencers, and he resided at Winchenden till the death of his wife, when he went to another seat of the family at Woburn. Lord Wharton was a supporter of the people in their struggle against the exactions of the Stuarts, and was indeed one of the Commissioners sent by Parliament to Scotland ; but at the Restoration he was permitted to retire upon his estate and live as a country gentleman. At Woburn William III. visited him, for the misrule of James brought him again into activity, and his excellent son composed the first draft of the invitation to the Prince of Orange. In the year 1695 he died, and left his great possessions to his son Thomas ; he seems also to have embraced the cause of freedom, and was made privy councillor by William. He greatly assisted Lord Somers in establishing the Union between England and Scotland, which was finally assented to in 1707. The vividness with which these subjects bring before us momentous events in history is among the charms of English travel, and it is im-

possible to refrain from quoting the words which Somers puts into the mouth of Queen Anne in giving her assent to the Act:—"I desire and expect from my subjects of both nations that from henceforth they act with all possible respect and kindness to one another, that it may appear to all the world they have hearts disposed to become one people;" and as Dr. Green truly says, "time has more than answered these hopes. To Scotland the Union opened up new avenues of wealth, which the energy of the people turned to wonderful account. The farms of Lothian have become models of agricultural skill. A fishing village on the Clyde has grown into Glasgow." The third of the Whartons was the unworthy representative of these men. His talents were great, and he was rewarded with a seat in the House of Peers, though a minor. His energetic support of the ministry procured him a dukedom; but his evil life, his vanity, and his utter lack of principle, have been well described by Pope:—

“Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,  
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise,  
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,  
Women and fools must like him or he dies.  
Tho' wondering senates hung on all he spoke,  
The club must hail him master of the joke.  
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new;  
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.”

. . . . .

. . . with each gift of nature and of art,  
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;

A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,  
Too rash for thought, for action too refined,  
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves,  
A rebel to the very king he loves."

Earl Wharton, the father of the last mentioned, is said to have spent £100,000 over Woburn, in altering the house and grounds, and the gardens were among the most celebrated in England ; they occupied the side of the hill, which was afterwards converted into pasture. This great building was taken down in 1750, and the materials were sold for £800 !

In the wilderness near the house, Langley says that, during the great Rebellion, Lord Wharton concealed £60,000 in a plantation called West Wood, and he could not remember where he had put it, the only other persons privy to the transaction being either dead or in exile ; but two acres were cleared, and the whole of the treasure found. £50 was discovered in gold angels last century, but we have no means of knowing the truth of the other story ; still, we have the ingenuous confession of Mr. Pepys in his own experiences ; and as for burying large sums, there is, indeed, a tradition, which appears in some Chester

local histories, of a large sum having been abstracted from the cellars of the house where these lines are written, and buried in a garden near the city walls in George II.'s time. It did not approach in magnitude that which legend says lay concealed at Woburn—indeed it was not more than a quarter the amount ; but it was used by the enterprising captors for their own purposes, and even partially invested. The singular part of the story is that, from what I have heard recently, it does not seem to be legendary.

The part of England we have been considering, and the country that lies in the immediate vicinity, is among the most charming in the whole kingdom, for we are near Cliveden, Marlow, and Medmenham.

## CHAPTER III.

Burke and Waller—Butler's Court—Milton—The River Colne—Hughenden  
—Hughenden Church—Church Restoration—Benjamin Disraeli—  
Chalfont St. Peter's.

IF, instead of going by the train as far as High Wycombe, we stop at Loudwater, we shall not be far from Beaconsfield. A walk of four miles will land us in this ancient country town, and the walk is one of beauty and interest; it is undulated and well wooded, and many are the panoramic views we may get, especially if we ascend the high land on our left-hand side. About a mile before we reach Beaconsfield we pass between two well-known residences, the abodes of Burke and Waller. Butler's Court lies about a mile and a half on the north of the road, and it was here that Burke spent the latter part of his days; Hall Barn was the seat of Waller. In speaking of this place Britton says: "Hall Barn, the once celebrated

seat of Waller, by whom it was built, is about one mile south of Beaconsfield, and before the improvements of



ANCIENT CHIMNEY, LOUDWATER.

modern times it was considered a magnificent abode. It is now the property of Mr. Edmund Waller, a de-

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scendant of the poet, whose family have long been inhabitants of the neighbourhood." The road from Loudwater to Beaconsfield is so lonely that, if we except a few residents who live at the county town, we may hardly meet half a dozen people in the four miles. The chimney which is shown on the opposite page is a very excellent example of an ancient external chimney, and it is absurd to suppose that these are relics of barbarism. On the contrary, there is much more to be said in their favour than at first might appear, and they do their work much more effectually than some of the contrivances of modern times. It is commonly urged that all the heat is lost, and that it would be retained if the fireplace were in an inner wall; but against this may be said, that the outside of the house is itself warmed in the course of a day, and the thick stone walls retain the heat for a long time. The concrete floor of a Roman chamber, it is believed, would retain the heat for twenty-four hours after the fires of the hypocaust were out. The date of this massive chimney is not very certain, but it is characteristic of the time of Richard II. or Henry IV., and it seems to have belonged to a much more extensive building than that to which it is now attached. The road, though undulating, gradually rises towards



Beaconsfield, and the conspicuous position of the hill made it an excellent place for a beacon-fire. Lord Croke says: "Before the reign of Edward III. beacons were but stacks of wood set up on high places, which were fired when the coming of the enemy was descried; but in his reign pitch boxes, as they now be, were instead of these stacks set up, and this is properly a beacon." There is one at Hadley Church yet remaining, and this was lighted by a man who stayed all night, in the tower in troublesome times—and that would include nearly all times until the House of Hanover came to the throne. His life can hardly have been a bed of roses, for the invaders usually made direct for the beacon-fire.

Beaconsfield is the last home of Edmund Burke, and in the church is his tomb. It is in the south aisle, and is very plain:—

"Near this place  
Lies interred  
All that was mortal of the  
Right Honourable EDMUND BURKE,  
who died on the 9th of July 1797,  
aged 68 years.  
In the same grave are deposited  
The remains of  
His only son, Richard Burke, Esq.,  
Representative in Parliament  
For the borough of Walton,

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Who died on the 2d of August 1794,  
aged 35 ;  
Of his brother, Richard Burke, Esq.,  
Barrister at Law  
and Recorder of the City of Bristol,  
Who died on the 4th of February 1794."

Burke is sometimes spoken of in history as an almost impecunious adventurer ; but he casually stated himself once in debate that a brother he much loved, and whom he much missed, had left him £20,000, part of which he said was spent, and the remainder would be spent in furthering the principles he had adopted as his guide through life. But he was greatly assisted in his purchase of "Gregories," afterwards called "Butler's Court," through the friendship of the Marquis of Rockingham and Lord Verney, "whose munificence," Britton says, "enabled him to make the purchase, through which he was furnished with an elegant retreat, and enabled to pursue his studies unembarrassed by want." Burke paid £20,000 for this property, and afterwards he had a pension of £1200 a year granted to him, which was further supplemented by £2500 a year, chargeable on the  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cents, which of course placed him in circumstances of comparative affluence. After his retirement from the more active arena of politics, he was attacked in the

House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale, but he was warmly defended by Lord Granville. This led to his celebrated "letter to a noble Lord," which is almost unrivalled for keen and polished sarcasm in literature.

Britton, in describing Butler's Court, says that "Gregories" (as it was formerly called), "the seat of the widow of the late Edmund Burke, Esq., and now the residence of his widow, is about one mile north-west of Beaconsfield. The front of the house is very similar to the Queen's palace at St. James's Park. The centre is connected with the two wings by colonnades, each supported by eight Corinthian columns." Often has the character of Burke, as we have said, been the subject of discussion and difference. He was continually called a "political adventurer" in his day and generation, and after his death it was customary among his old opponents to regard the resting-place at Beaconsfield as the tomb of a charlatan. But that he never was. He began life as a Tory of the most pronounced convictions, and he honestly ended it in those convictions. Buckle gives him a high place, and even Dr. Green, who can hardly have possessed many sympathies in common with him, says of his oratory that it had "passionate ardour, poetic fancy, and amazing

prodigality of resources." He speaks also of the way in which "irony, pathos, invective, tenderness, the most brilliant word-pictures, the coolest argument, followed each other. It was an eloquence indeed of a wholly new order in English experience. Walpole's clearness of statement, Chatham's appeals to emotion, were exchanged for the impassioned expression of a distinct philosophy of politics." In Burke's reverence for the accumulated wisdom of ages, he said that the "equilibrium of the constitution has something so delicate about it, that the least displacement may destroy it:" a perfectly consistent sentiment, which was thus echoed by an excellent bishop who lived long after Burke: "Touch a sentence, ay, or almost a comma of the Prayer Book, and the whole fabric of our National Church may come toppling down over us." The part, however, that this great and gifted orator took in involving the country in French wars is but too well known, and the line he adopted was in all respects consistent with his life and his ordinary way of thought. Nothing can be added to the lines of Goldsmith, who falls in no respect behind in acknowledging his exalted genius and his singleness of aim. Goldsmith says that his

Genius was such,  
We scarcely can blame him or praise him too much,  
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.  
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat  
To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote ;  
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,  
And thought of convincing when they thought of dining ;  
Tho' equal to all things—for all things unfit,  
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,  
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,  
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the expedient.

Burke's monument, which is a small marble mural arc, was erected not long after his death, and placed in the south aisle of the church. This church is very well worthy of a visit, and before being modernised was extremely interesting and picturesque. It is built of flint and square stones, and consists of a nave, a chancel, and side aisles, with a tower at the west end ; and some bequests to the poor of Beaconsfield are quaintly told by an inscription inside.

If we continue our journey from Beaconsfield to the north-east, and still keep within the ten-mile radius of Eton, we shall reach Chalfont St. Giles. The road lies through Wilton Park, the seat of the Du Prés, who have for some time been prominent as a political family in the county. The house was built from the designs of Mr. Jupp, who was surveyor to the

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East India Company, by Governor Du Pré, and it stands in a park of two hundred and fifty acres, in which there are many noble elm, beech, and oak trees. Chalfont St. Giles, which is some half-hour's walk through a pleasant country, is quite classic ground to an Englishman. Here Milton fled from the Great Plague, and here he finished his *Paradise Lost*. This was in 1665, and an anecdote is well worth recording, especially as its accuracy is very generally accepted. He had shown his great poem on *Paradise Lost* to a Quaker friend, Mr. Eldwood, and the latter, who was his companion in retirement from the plague, said, "Thou hast said very much upon *Paradise Lost*, but there is another thing on which thou hast said nothing, and that is on *Paradise Found*." Milton was silent for some time, and then turned the conversation to another channel. His friend had forgotten the circumstance until Milton, in the fulness of time, produced the work which he always said was his best, and placed *Paradise Regained* in the hands of his friend.

We are not very far, when at Eton, from Horton, whither Milton's family retired from London. They were in circumstances of affluence, and at Horton he composed his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and here also he composed his *Lycidas* and *Comus*. We can quite

understand the pure feeling of fresh air that will at all times characterise his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. It was here also that he composed the *Arcades*, which was afterwards acted at Harefield House, the seat of the Dowager Countess of Derby. The actors were her own children, and it is generally understood that the lines which follow were applied to Harefield House:—

“Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies  
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.”

Indeed, though Milton's college life was at Cambridge, his after days were spent in the neighbourhood of Eton. The romantic tale of his personal beauty, and its influence on some ladies who were passing in a travelling carriage, is well known. He was supposed to be sleeping at the foot of a tree far beyond the limits of Cambridge University, when some ladies passed by, and the youngest of them, struck by his charms, is said to have alighted and slipped into his hand a verse in Italian from Guarini: “Ye eyes, ye human stars, ye authors of my liveliest pangs, if thus when shut ye wound me, what must have been the consequence had ye been open?” Of course some fellow-students were the authors of the episode, for he



was awakened directly after by some of his college companions, and the fiction of the travelling carriage fully related.

Tradition says that this was the cause of his visit to Italy ; that some romantic vision had passed over him, and he sought the lady who had been enamoured by his shut eyes. Milton professed himself to be a follower of Spenser, but, as Dr. Green has said, he was free from the many affectations of Spenser's followers in verse, and even free from euphuism, the blight of the lesser minds of the Elizabethan age. The gloomy emblems of Quarles and the fantastic conceits and even puns of the good George Herbert (which, by the way, could not mar the beauty of his verse) were almost the best productions of our literature since Shakespeare's mighty spirit had gone, and these are rather amusing than edifying.

By Horton, where Milton lived, runs the beautiful river Colne ; and as it will be necessary to return to this part of the county, and speak of Staines, and Egham, and Old Windsor, a few words on this river, which is the delight of Etonians, may not be out of place. It rises near St. Albans, and runs through rural scenes of great beauty in its course of some forty miles ; sometimes it has a canal-like appearance, and in one or

two instances there is actually a towing-path along its banks, and sometimes it runs sparkling over pebbles and round stones, under elms and beeches. There is one curious feature about it : it continually divides into two or three branches that reunite at a lower part of the stream, and yet these have almost equal volumes of water ; so much so, that it is not always easy to say on which we should confer the honour of being called the Colne and which is an erratic limb. The Colne abounds with fish, and especially with trout of the finest description. Often have I seen at Watford, where the river runs through Cashiobury Park, half a dozen trout at one time sheltering under a bridge, and they cannot have averaged less than a pound and a half each. This is the same stream that runs through Loudwater on its way to the Thames ; not, of course, the Loudwater we have been considering, but the one above Rickmansworth. There is another place of the same name in this district, and I must admit that it has not been my good fortune to meet with any satisfactory explanation of the title. If it were applied to some parts of the Welsh or the Lake rivers, there would be no trouble in adapting it ; but in the instances under consideration the streams are quiet, or at the most do no more than ripple. On the Colne are several private fisheries, and

these are well preserved. One is limited to twelve members, with



HUGHENDEN  
MANOR.

a five-guinea subscription ; though, indeed, this proves only a small part of the actual outlay that is required. Denham lies within the district we have been considering, and is about half-way between Uxbridge and Chalfont St. Peter's. Sir Humphry Davy, in his *Salmonia*, well describes this beautiful part of the Colne. The may-fly is said to appear here at the orthodox times, and to be succeeded by the green and gray drake, but it has not been my lot to see any. It would be interesting to inquire how it is that these flies are becoming such rare visitants to places where they once could be calculated on ; and when may-flies do appear along the Dee-side, they are a month later than they are in other parts. Trout here are not considered fit for the basket unless two pounds in weight. The Colne joins the Thames just above Staines, and below Ankerwyke Priory.

Hughenden in times gone by has filled a very interesting place in history. We learn from the great historian, Matthew Paris, and from abundant other sources, the laxity of the monastic orders at the end of the thirteenth century ; exactions were made in all directions, and the Papal power was only used for the purposes of grasping worldly ambition. The life of the monastic orders was very gross, and in some cases it

was one scene of profligacy ; yet such was their power, and such was the grip they could exercise over dying men, that what with exactions in life and plunder after death, the wealth of the religious houses is believed to have been equal to half the resources of the whole kingdom. Shameless appointments were made in the country by Rome, and the bosses and enrichments of many a parish church show the evil report in which the recluses dwelt, as indeed some disclosures in the "blue books" of the period, which are so faithfully preserved in the pages of Dugdale, would but too surely confirm. Discontent was everywhere, and Simon de Montfort espoused the popular cause. He had become the Earl of Leicester, and was a very able man indeed. He was a fourth son, and owed his rise to his own skill and policy, and also to his patriotism.

His great energy in his struggle as the leader of the Barons against the Crown is historical, and his magnanimity in the struggle will always place him at the head of the baronage with whom he was connected, while his final overthrow at Evesham was a heavy blow to liberty. He warmly sided with the new order of friars and monks that were beginning to attack the abuses of the higher clergy, and when he was dead they lost a powerful friend indeed. After the battle of

Evesham his followers and the remnant of his friends fled to Hughenden, and there are some freestone ornaments in the churchyard which are said to commemorate



EAST END OF HUGHENDEN CHURCH.

them. Hughenden was the seat of Lord Beaconsfield, and visible all the way from Wycombe. It is finely situated, and has an imposing appearance as we approach it; but it is not nearly so large as appearances would lead us to suppose. There is a charming clear stream running through the park near the entrance gate, and from there

it flows to Wycombe. It is exactly such a stream as trout would delight in, but I could not see any, though I went up it a short way to inspect. This river might with great advantage be made a great trout



farm, even where it passes through the grounds, for at a moderate estimate two tons of trout could be raised annually by artificial propagation, and the pools would be a great advantage to the landscape. Of course the same remark applies to many other streams, which could increase the food supply of England as indefinitely as the ponds at Stormontfield or the beautiful Wolfsbrunn near Heidelberg have increased, and are yet increasing, the natural capacity of these waters. Soon after passing the bridge we arrive at Hughenden parish church, which, like many others in England, is situated in the grounds of the house. The interior at the east end is shown on the previous page, but the whole fabric has been destroyed by the ruthless hand of the moderniser, and it is not easy for any one but an antiquary to discover at once that it is in reality an ancient church scraped down to appear like a modern one, according to the prevailing tastes of the day. A somewhat amusing instance of how this taste is growing in the clerical mind was afforded to the writer last year—amusing, that is to say, if we could only forget the desolation that is being caused in our old art-treasures and our ancient relics. A very fine country church in one of the midland counties, that had often delighted a traveller as he approached the village where it was



situated, was presented to a youthful rector, with a rectory-house and an income, according to the Clergy List, of £506 per annum—in which, however, glebe land to the extent of thirty-five acres was not included, by some “oversight,” as I was informed. The first thing he did was to invest himself with sufficient authority to *restore* the church, and when I saw it it was neatly scraped and then “tooled over,” even to the mullions; and as far as the interior was concerned, it bore no resemblance to the ancient fabric I remembered of yore. He came towards me from the rectory, and entered at once into conversation. At first I hoped he was about to ask for a subscription, as that would have given me an opportunity to unburden my mind; for my sketch-book and moist-colour box were at once relegated to the recesses of a travelling bag when the havoc was discovered. On the contrary, he entered into general conversation, and was much pleased to hear that I had known the church fifteen years before, and even more. The following was our dialogue:—

*Q.* “How do you like the church as restored?”

*A.* “It seemed to me very substantial when I last saw it. Do you consider that you have added to its stability?”

*Q.* “It looks more substantial and new, and more

decorous ; and you must admit that its stability is not impaired ?”

A. “ On the contrary, I fear that you have removed an outside crust and exposed a porous surface in which water will lodge : if my advice is of any value, coat it over with some silicate.”

Then I was unhappily able to point out several places that showed signs of disintegration, owing to the hardened surface being removed to perhaps the one-sixteenth of an inch in order to show a new face on the stone ; and in answer to his questions I told him what little I knew about silicate washes, their makers, and their merits and demerits. “ We spend money over our dwellings,” the rector said, “ to make them look nice and straight, and should we not be equally liberal towards the temple ?” Of course there was no arguing : we looked at things from so totally different a point. At last I suggested the desirability of cutting down a yew tree and three or four very noble elms, and planting standard roses and laburnums in their places ; and to this he replied cheerfully that he hoped before a year was over he would be able to effect so desirable a change, but he added, “ You have no idea of the opposition I meet with among the parishioners.” And yet this gentleman is only a fair example of the

church-restoring pastor of modern days. Lichens and the many tints of time on a church wall are to him, as one of these gentlemen happily expressed it, like grease stains and mildew on a coat, and surely, he added, you cannot admire those. The singular part of the matter is that the clergy stand all alone in their dislike to the livery of age on a church. The planting new shrubs in place of ancient shade trees is of course quite a piece of consistency, though this is only beginning to attract the attention of restorers. Still, in such congenial ground it is much to be feared that the idea will soon become popular, and ancient yews and elms and beeches will have no better fate than ancient churches, and be replaced by bright flowering annuals.<sup>1</sup> Hughenden Manor was at one time the residence of the Dowager Countess of Conyngham, and it came afterwards into the possession of her relative, Mr. Norris. He had one daughter only, and at her decease the property was sold. It is a small estate, but the country round it is charming. When it was in the market it was purchased by Mrs. Benjamin Disraeli, the widow

<sup>1</sup> Since writing the above I have ascertained that several restoring clergy entertain such an idea, and they say that if the huge shade trees that "cumber up" a churchyard are cut away they can supplant them with shrubs and flowers that can be made "emblematical"—whatever that may mean. When will the laity rise in defence of their cherished monuments?

of Mr. W. Lewis, Mr. Disraeli's fellow-member for Maidstone. At Hughenden were found quite a number of Roman coins in the year 1795; these had been struck in the reigns of Adrian, Trajan, and Marcus Aurelius. These coins were enclosed in a very ancient earthen vessel, which was concealed by about eighteen inches of soil on a place called Picket Common. Among the records of Temple-Wycombe near here is a curious presentment (of 3d Henry VII.), in which an inhabitant is taxed with keeping a "scolding woman" on his premises; and in the twenty-sixth year of his granddaughter's reign there is a more singular presentment which calls the inhabitants to account for not keeping a proper quantity of bows and arrows. Of course gunpowder was in use then, but the unwieldy arquebuses were almost as dangerous to friends as foes; and when we remember that they had to be fired with fuses, we can scarcely wonder at the preference given to the ancient weapon, which was well understood and handy.

Our road from Loudwater took us along the Chalfont St. Peter's and Chalfont St. Giles' roads. If we turn off towards Uxbridge we shall pass through the woods of Bulstrode, which formerly belonged to a family of that name, but was afterwards transferred by succession to the celebrated Bulstrode Whitelock, a son of Sir James

Whitelock, who was well and honourably known among the lawyers of the seventeenth century. He married the heiress of the Bulstrodes, and on his death the property reverted to Bulstrode Whitelock, who has given us an account of the ever-memorable scene that occurred when Charles I., with a dignified contempt for legal forms, ordered the arrest of five members who were obnoxious to him—Pym, of course, being among the foremost; and it is on record that Charles went to Parliament after telling his wife that he would soon put everything right. Here he took the chair from the Speaker and summoned the five recalcitrant members, but was surprised to find that as he had entered the House they had left, and a dead silence was all the answer he received when he asked the five hundred members where they were. He had brought a host of several hundred cavaliers with him, and these had engaged a mob to assist them, and, as he never dreamt that he should not find them and commit them to durance, his rage was great. Whitelock was a member of Parliament, and present on this occasion, and he says: "It was believed that if the king had found them there, and called on his guards to have seized them, the members of the House would have endeavoured the defence of them, which might have proved a very sad

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and unhappy business ;” and commenting on this, Dr. Green says that it is hardly probable that some five hundred gentlemen of the best blood in England would have looked calmly on while Whitehall bravoës coolly took five respected members away from them.

All this part of the country abounds with beautiful scenes, though in that respect it must only take rank after the enchanting scenery that lies between Maidenhead and Marlow, and which will form a subject for the next chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

Thames scenery—Boulter's Lock—Formosa Island—Taplow Court—Barne Elms, and the Triple Duel—Cliveden—Nathaniel Horne—Geology of the Thames.

OFTEN has the writer been asked which he should call the most beautiful part of England, and which the finest old town remaining. The question is always a pleasant one, and generally leads to acquiring some valuable information from the questioner. York, Lincoln, and Canterbury stand pre-eminent among the old towns, though many others, such as Salisbury, Shrewsbury, or Worcester, are hardly inferior in interest and beauty. But for picturesque charms there are many localities in England that put in a claim for pre-eminence, and there is not a single country in which it would be difficult to find many scenes of beauty. These all differ more or less in character, and appeal to different sympathies in different people; but the reach of Thames



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between Maidenhead and Great Marlow has delights of its own that appeal to every one who loves scenery, and the hanging woods of Cliveden are the most beautiful objects of this beautiful river. At Boulter's Lock the Thames assumes a more imposing appearance than in any other part, and the overhanging heights of Taplow and Cliveden might almost suggest the high lands of Loch Lomond or Loch Katrine. But in every direction art has come to the aid of nature, and greatly increased the quiet placid beauty of the landscape. Parks and halls abound here in every direction. Hedsor, the beautiful seat of Lord Boston, is just above Cliveden, and Dropmore is a little beyond, in Buckinghamshire. In the parks and grounds about here are plants from all the quarters of the globe, which have either been acclimatised, or else have been made comfortable in glass houses. There is one great advantage that Eton has in this part of the Thames, beyond any other public school perhaps in England. The train may be taken to so many places—Taplow, Maidenhead, Cookham, or Woburn—and from each of these there are many different roads back to the College; while, if the time is short, a station on the road may always be found from which to return, by making a slight *détour*. The river-side road runs

from Eton to the Orkney Arms at the end of Maidenhead Bridge; so called from the celebrated Countess of Orkney, the owner of Taplow and the friend of William III. When the other side of the river is reached it takes the right bank, and proceeds with little interruption to Great Marlow. No part of the river is so well known to tourists and excursionists, and indeed to anglers. A list of fishermen and their stations is given in Dickens's admirable *Dictionary of the Thames*. It is, of course, always best to secure the services of one of these men, and do exactly as he says: a "likely" place may be a blank, as he well knows.

The part of the Thames we are now traversing is a perfect paradise for fish of all the kinds that frequent the river. Formerly salmon were quite common, and the book just named says: "From observations taken at Boulter's Lock and Pool, above the bridge at Maidenhead—until comparatively recent years the first lock and weir on the Thames—by the Rev. George Venables, from 1794 to 1821, a period of 28 years, there were 483 salmon only taken, of an aggregate weight of 7346 lbs., or about an individual average of 12 lbs. taken in the nets." Of course the causes of the disappearance of salmon are many, and not at all difficult to reach. Steamboats and increased

traffic are much against their migrations. But with ponds similar to those at Stormontfield (and these would soon be forthcoming if proper returns could be calculated on for the outlay) a fair head of salmon might yet again be found along the waters of the upper Thames. They would easily dart through any obstacles these would offer, but the probability is that we are not sensible enough of the real cause of their disappearance. The old open ditches in London are a by-word and a wonderment to modern notions of cleanliness, and these and the cesspools were a continual source of pestilence. Drainage has carried the refuse these contained away into the Thames, and no salmon could possibly face such a barrier as this. We are, however, yet on the way to greater improvements, and it is not at all improbable that the time may be near when the sewage will be all turned to useful account, and the river left free. Then the salmon may easily be lured back, and the delights of the upper Thames increased by the presence of these noble fish.

In the reach of waters we are now wandering over are some of the best roach swims in the river. There are about four fishermen at Maidenhead, and at least a dozen at Marlow, who can take an angler out, and show him where the fish are. Angling for roach has

become quite a science. It requires less exertion than is needed for the capture of trout or salmon, but quite as fine a hand. The books that have been written upon



FORMOSA ISLAND AND REACH.

roach-fishing are so complete, and the practical directions of a Thames fisherman are so easily obtained, that any words on the subject here would be very uncalled for ; but a few suggestions may be permitted.!

The roach is an excellent fish for breakfast or for dinner. When the "take" is brought home, let the fish be wiped,—handling them as little as possible,—sprinkled with fine table salt, and laid in a row or rows on a cold larder slab. They will be firm and full of flavour the following day. The salt should be taken off and the fish washed but very little. They should be scaled and wiped clean, and fried to a golden brown colour in melted lard, and then served with Ravigotte, or Italian, or piquante sauce. An ingenious Etonian following these lines might compound some new sauce that exactly suited the requirements of the day, and raise these fish—which literally swarm, not only in the Thames, but in other rivers, such as the Severn and Dee—to the rank of a mullet. The flesh itself is hardly inferior to this good but overrated fish, if it is at all, at the latter end of summer, and then indeed he might say with Ovid, in the Epilogue to his *Metamorphoses* :—

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignes,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

Pike, of course, are found in this reach of the river, but they are not so common as to damage the fisheries very much. Their culinary merits are well known,

and have often been descanted on, though, for myself, I would willingly see them out of all rivers, because of the damage they do to other fish. Bala Lake, for example, which used to abound with trout, was stocked perhaps nearly a century since with pike by the genial baronet who was the owner of the principal part of the lands that enclose the sheet of water, and the result is exactly what might have been foreseen. Some few trout yet remain, and these are indeed, if report speaks truly, worth catching, but they are very coy. Efforts have been made to introduce the incomparable Black Bass into the Thames, and there is no stream in the world that is more suited to their habits and growth. If these fish are properly naturalised from the Canadian rivers—and nothing, as it seems, could be more easily accomplished now that steamers run daily between the continents, and are supplied with conveniences for carrying everything alive or dead—then indeed a fish will appear that would reduce the commoner kinds, and be a perfect treasure not only to an angler, but to a dinner-table. Many readers of *Belgravia* will remember the sport these fish gave them at St. Anne's or the "Thousand Islands" on the St. Lawrence, and welcome their appearance in the Thames.

From Marlow to Taplow is perhaps also the best

reach of the river for collecting botanical specimens. In the guide to the Thames already mentioned is an excellent list on page 28, but it will be enough to say that in most of the still bays and creeks the white and yellow water-lily are to be found ; also along the water-side are patches of purple loosestrife, and its continual neighbour, the yellow loosestrife. Like the water-lilies, though these have the same surnames, they are very different indeed in kind. Then there is the water parsnip, which is common along the banks, and is said to be very useful in cases of scurvy after a long sea voyage. The water dropwort and the beautiful flowering rush grow along the waterside in the most shallow parts, and rise for some four feet above the Thames. The crown of flowers both purple and white is very beautiful. There is also the fringed buckbean, the beautiful "meadow-sweet," and the meadow rue and the snowflake, which has much the appearance of a snowdrop; and, in a word, nearly every wild flower that enliven the banks and the quiet waters of an English stream, may be found in this delightful district.

Taplow is the first place of interest in this reach of the Thames, and Taplow Court is a charming residence, abounding with old associations. There are some curious brasses in the church, a modern building ; the



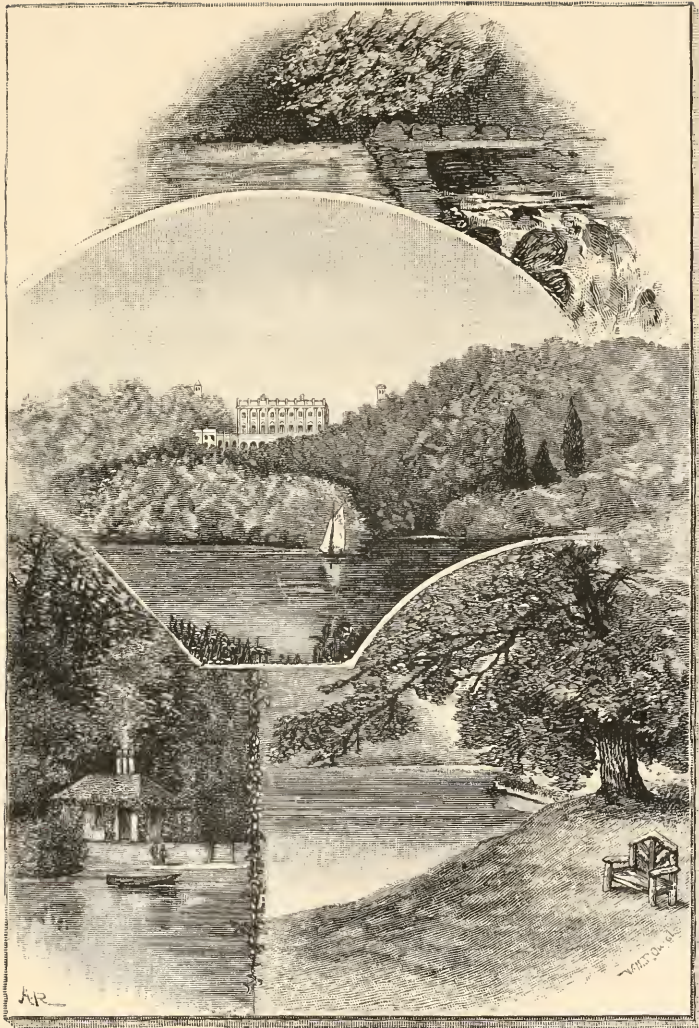
site of the old church is, however, still marked by a mound and a yew tree. The living of Taplow is a wealthy one, and it formerly appertained to the rich Abbey of Merton, a religious establishment that had estates in six counties. Then it came into the possession of the Crown, and now the gift of Taplow Rectory is vested in the See of Oxford. Taplow Court belonged to the Hampson family for some generations. Thomas Hampson was created a baronet in 1642, and in 1700 the heirs of Sir Dennis Hampson sold it to the Earl of Orkney, who occupies a somewhat remarkable place in the history of the House of Orange. The family of Hampson yet remain, and are at present represented by the ninth baronet, who lives in the neighbourhood. The Countess of Orkney was married by George Hamilton, a very able soldier, who had fought in Ireland and Flanders, and who was much esteemed by Marlborough. Of his wife it will be sufficient to copy two extracts from Macaulay. "Elizabeth Villiers, when a girl, inspired William with a passion that caused much unhappiness at the Hague. Her influence over him she owed not to her personal charms, for it tasked all the art of Kneller to make her look even tolerable on canvas; not to those talents which peculiarly belonged to her sex, for she did not excel in any

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playful talk, and her letters are remarkably deficient in feminine ease and grace ; but to powers of mind that qualified her to partake the cares and guide the counsels of statesmen." And at a later period of the history he says, "William was well pleased with the marriage, bestowed on the wife a portion of the old Crown property in Ireland, and created the husband a peer of Scotland by the title of the Earl of Orkney." This was exactly the grievance that cropped up when the celebrated commission was appointed to investigate the land tax ; and as the majority of them were not well disposed towards William, they rejoiced greatly at the prospect of exposing this business, and they even said that the rentals of the property so conveyed amounted to twenty-four thousand a year, whereas Macaulay avers they never exceeded four thousand a year. Taplow Court afterwards went by marriage to the Marquis of Thomond, and now is the residence of Mr. Grenfell, M.P. Cliveden at one time belonged to an old Buckinghamshire family of Manfield, and it was purchased by the notorious Duke of Buckingham, who was the philosopher and friend, and, so far as it was required, the guide to Charles II. He was the worthy son of "Steenic," as James I. was fond of Scotticising the Christian name of his father. He was born at

Wallingford House, Westminster, and during the civil wars he entered her services in behalf of the Crown. His vast estates were in consequence sequestrated, but he gained the favour of the Parliamentary party by marrying the daughter of Lord Fairfax, and for the time changing his politics.

At Barne Elms the celebrated triple duel was fought that has been so often described. "Triple," it is not necessary to add, is not the same as "triangular," which is an institution pertaining especially to that part of the American continent that lies to the west of the Mississippi, and is a duel that can only be decided by arms of precision. But in this case, as Pepys tells us, the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes, and "one Jenkins," fought Lord Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and "one Bernard Howard," all about my Lady Shrewsbury. And this interesting lady, it is said by the same chronicler, held the Duke of Buckingham's horse while the duel lasted. Disguised as a page, she had the satisfaction of seeing her rightful husband run through the body by the Duke, and then retired with the Duke to Cliveden. The Duchess of Buckingham, who was an excellent lady, seems to have objected to the arrangement, and said, in the words of Pepys, that "it was not for her and the other to live together in a house." He



CLIVEDEN.



answered, "Why, madam, I did think so, and have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father's;" and to this Pepys naturally adds, "which was a devilish speech, but they say true; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there still." The Duke's character has been well sketched by Dryden in his *Absalom and Achitophel* as Zimri; and he paid the minor poets of the day to write a satire upon Dryden in consequence, in which he himself assisted. It is scarce now, but it does not seem to have annihilated the great poet. No doubt his lines left some stinging subjects for reflection in the mind of the Duke.

"A man so various, that he seemed to be  
 Not one but all the world's epitome.  
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long;  
 But in the course of one revolving moon  
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.  
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ  
 With something new to wish or to enjoy.  
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,  
 And both to show his judgment in extremes.  
 So over-violent or so over-civil,  
 That every man to him was God or devil."

Cliveden was purchased by the Earl of Orkney after the death of the wretched duke, and through

various owners has become invested in the present proprietor, the Duke of Westminster. Villiers ran through all his property before the mansion which is engraved in *Vitruvius Britannicus* was completed, and would have died almost in want at Helmsley, in Yorkshire, but for the charity of Lord Arran, who had some compassionate remembrance of his former splendour. His vast wealth was dissipated in extravagance and licentiousness. Pope gives a terrible account of his latter days, which were spent in a miserable country inn, with mud walls and wretched conveniences.

“ Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend,  
And see what comforts it affords our end.  
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,  
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,  
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,  
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
Great Villiers lies—alas ! how changed from him,  
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim.  
Gallant and gay in Cliefden’s proud alcove,  
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love ;  
Or just as gay at council in a ring  
Of mimicked statesmen and their merry king.  
No wit to flatter left of all his store,  
Or fool to laugh at, which he valued more.  
There victor of his health, his fortune, friends,  
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.”

Twice has Cliveden been burned down, and the



present structure is from the designs of the late Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament; but the Italian style was more to his taste, and more suited to his special genius, than Gothic. The house spreads out in a vast broad façade of nine



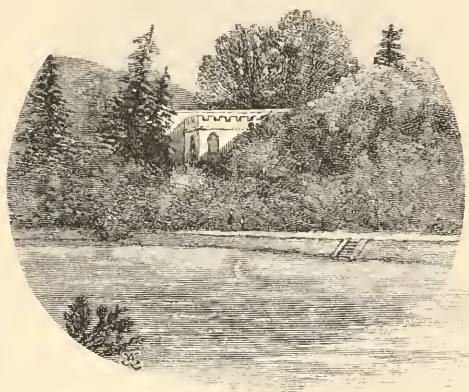
WALK AT CLIVEDEN.

noble bays, rising from a terrace of great beauty, and it has wings on each side. In magnitude it may be said hardly to equal the palace of Eaton, the Duke of Westminster's principal seat, which is perhaps the most costly private dwelling in the world; but it certainly has a more imposing appearance, and gives us the impression of greater size. The style is peculiarly

Barry's, and resembles an Italian palace in the best style of Roman architecture.

The beautiful estate of Dropmore was laid out by Lord Grenville in 1801. There was a hill which interfered with the view of Windsor, and this, at a great cost, was levelled. It was Grenville's father who alienated the American colonists, and so eventually caused them to gain their independence. They were loyalty itself until the proprietor of Dropmore took alarm at the magnitude of the national debt, and discovered that, when it had amounted to a hundred and forty millions, there was no salvation for England except by taxing the colonies, even though they were not represented in Parliament. The grounds of Dropmore are extremely beautiful, and not inferior to those of Cliveden or Hedsor. We may enjoy one of the most delightful walks in England by taking the train from Eton to Slough, and going through Stoke, leaving Stoke Pogis on the right. From here the pedestrian will find two roads that will take him to Dropmore, but the most beautiful is through Burnham. There are several pathways through fields that cut off angles, and these abound on each side with wild flowers of interest and beauty. But the roads are rather devious, though very saving of distance, and it is always well, if pos-

sible, to find a companion who knows them. When we arrive at Dropmore, if we turn to the left hand we shall be on the Cookham road, and reach the station through the woody lanes of Cliveden. The road lies past the beautiful Formosa Island, which has been



FORMOSA ISLAND.

right well named, and is laid out in grounds of wonderful charms. On it is a house built by the late Sir George Young, and there are many pleasant places for landing. The circumference of the island is about one mile, and the surface covers between forty and fifty acres. Above this island is another of great beauty, laid out

in walks, and planted with very choice flowers and shrubs. There are many pleasant seats and resting-places on it, and from both islands there are magnificent views of the woods of Cliveden and Hedsor. The latter is the seat of Lord Boston, who was raised to the peerage the year after the accession of George III., at the time when, as Walpole said, "We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one." Or, as Green more truly says, "England had never played so great a part in the history of mankind." The woods of Hedsor, as also those of Cliveden, are quite a paradise for nightingales. They sing often during the day. Sometimes in May one will enliven the scene all day long from some shady bower where it is sheltered from the sun's rays. Nothing is more delightful than to glide quietly past through the calm waters on a warm day in May, and hear two of these birds answering each other. The cooing of the turtle-doves is a constant accompaniment, and these are continually flitting out of the woods and flying across the river to other plantations. In the autumn they perch on the shocks of corn, and are often singularly tame.

Dwarfs used to be held in as much importance and account in England as they would seem to be now by our

Transatlantic cousins, and there is preserved in the Hall at Hedsor a portrait of Conrad Ernest Copperman, a celebrated member of the fraternity of dwarfs, who was page to Dowager Princess of Wales, and died at the age of thirty-five. His height was only three feet five inches, though he was properly formed. In this parish there is a small property called Lambert Farm, that affords a curious instance of the way in which lands were sometimes held, and it illustrates the different relative values of marketable things in the present day. This property was held on what must have been considered, at the time the bargain was made, something like an equivalent for its value; the holder was simply required to bring in the first dish to his lord's table on St. Stephen's Day. The reason for this day is not very apparent; but as it is the day after Christmas Day, it may be this was the best apparent method of keeping alive the orgies, which might be beginning to wane. He was also required to present the chief lord with two hens and one cock, a gallon of ale, and two manchettes of bread, and in return he was presented with a sparrowhawk and two spaniels, which he was required to keep at his own cost and charges for the use of the lord of the manor. This service has long been dispensed with, and a composition paid in its place.

In the churchyard are laid the remains of Nathaniel Horne, who will be known to Etonians as the author of a Roman History in four volumes, which is now, for practical purposes, of course, out of date. The volumes of this work appeared at long intervals; the first having been issued in 1733, and the subsequent volumes in 1745 and 1764 (the year of his death); a posthumous one was published in 1771. This gentleman had rather an eventful life. He lost a private fortune in the South Sea Scheme, and then he betook himself to literature. He edited the *Memoirs of the Duchess of Marlborough*, which was called an account of the Duchess of Marlborough from her first coming to Court to 1710, and for this he received the liberal sum of £5000; but he subsequently had a difference with her in consequence of an attempt to convert her to the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a fervent member. He was the author also of other learned works; and a monument to his memory, bearing an inscription in very good Latin, has been erected by Lord Boston. Horne, however, will live principally by his Roman History, which embraces a period from the earliest records to the settlement of the empire under Octavian.

Geologically the Thames has been divided into three districts, the upper, the middle, and the lower.

All the district we shall have to consider in the present series is in the middle one. The upper part is oolitic, so called from the form of the particles of which it is composed (*oos* an egg, and *lithos* a stone), for they are supposed to resemble the ova of fishes, and in some formations the particles are coarse and the likeness is very apparent. This is the formation in which are found the wondrous animals and reptiles that beautify the approaches to the Crystal Palace. The oolite districts are usually pleasant and fertile, but a tenacious soft dust settles along the roads, and is fatal to broadcloth. The central district, which we are now considering, might be said to commence at Wallingford, and to continue as far as Richmond, and this consists of chalk formations. Whenever, as Dickens in his *Dictionary of the Thames* has said, the river cuts through the great escarpment, it is common to find one bank much higher than the other; and the way that the course of a stream can alter through the nature of the banks may be easily studied if ever we have occasion to go to the brooks in Wales, say at Bala or Cerrig-y-druidion. At the latter place is a stream that runs into the Dee, which much resembles the Thames in its course. It was only a brook that had cut its way through mountain turf, but it was the boundary,



in part of its course, between some moorland farms that belonged to the farmers who tilled or pastured it. An ingenious but very candid Welsh guide, who instructed me as to the best spots for trout, pointed out at different places a bank of gravel, which he said had been thrown in some years before, to induce the river to deflect its course, and crumble the opposite bank, and so add to the area of the enterprising proprietor; a game at which, as some half-dozen gravel beds would appear to indicate, each of the farmers could play. This is only alluded to to illustrate the conformation of the banks of the Thames. But the geology of the river is intensely interesting, and it has been so thoroughly simplified by the cuttings of the stream that it will be better dwelt upon with greater opportunity. "On the right," as Dickens says, "there are five river slopes or cliffs, notably on the right bank from Wargrave to Henley and opposite Great Marlow, and on the left bank from Hedsor to Taplow, including the grand sweep of Cliveden. Wherever, in a word, the river deflects, it will be surely found that a harder bank has met the stream, and caused its change of course." But this subject, with the exceedingly interesting fossils that can be collected with a geological hammer, and a little patience and hard work, will be the subject of a chapter at some future time.

## CHAPTER V.

Cookham—Bisham—Cookham Church—Medmenham—Sir Thomas Hoby—Hurley Place, and the invitation to William of Orange—Henley—Thames and Isis—Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*—Great Marlow.

COOKHAM is on the Berkshire side of the river, and is a charming village, nestling on the banks of the Thames. The church is an ancient building, and has a square Norman tower, and chancel, nave, and aisles. It also contains some very interesting old stained glass, and a monument to the lamented artist, Frederick Walker. But Cookham Church is rich in other monuments, and is a happy hunting-ground for collectors of brass-rubbings. In the north aisle is a brass with three full-length figures and an inscription, "Pray for the souls of William, Andrew, and John Monkeden, and Margaret—which William deceased in 1506." A brass plate near the chancel commemorates Sir Edward Stockton, a vicar of this parish, who is styled, "Pyl-

grym of Jerusalem, and canon professed of our Lady at Gisboro in Yorkshire." There is also a brass with a full-length figure of John Babham, dated 1458, and an alabaster monument to another of the Babham family and his wife, with a quaint inscription. Then there is a brass almost concealed by the organ ; and, indeed, few country churches are richer in memorials of the past. It contains, also, a very interesting monument to Robert Peck, an official of Henry VI.

The living is a valuable one, and is in the gift of J. Rogers, Esq. ; a relative of his is the present incumbent. In all this part of the Thames there are great beds of reeds and rushes, which are resting-places for pike, and where the coot and the water-hen delight to dwell. In the winter a flock of ducks may often be seen, and some of the rarer kinds of geese have been shot in the locality. One peculiarity in these strangers is their apparent indifference to man ; and we may be sure that when this occurs the water-fowl are strangers, and come from a long distance. They have certainly presaged coming frosts, and as surely predict a hard winter. Occasionally the writer has been surprised to see a flock of wild fowl on the water, evidently settled down after a long flight ; and though he could hardly say with Cowper's hermit, " Their tameness was shock-

ing to me," he certainly was surprised at their indifference. But a change was not long in coming. A boat or two creeping along till within shot of the flock, and a double discharge had to be repeated hardly more than twice before the strangers discovered that they were not in hospitable quarters.

Formerly Cookham was a market town, and in Domesday Survey the market tolls were valued at the respectable sum of twenty shillings per annum, which, of course, is very different from such an amount at the present day ; though, indeed, the principal manor contributed but little to the tollage, for it belonged to the crown, and all the tenants were free from tolls in every market in England, and they were also exempted from service on juries. Within this manor, as Lysons informs us, were some suit-holders, or those who held lands by suit ; and a singular law prevailed that, on the death of the holder, the heriot paid to the lord of the manor was the best horse and saddle that belonged to the deceased gentleman ; and if he did not possess a horse, then the lord of the manor claimed the best of the household goods, and half a year's quit-rent. The name of the suit-tenants, one seems to think, must have been derived from the French *suivre*, to follow, and they were only a phase of the feudal system. The

same word is intelligible when applied to a suite of rooms, but it only occurred to me recently that the technical expression, "sweet curves," which runs its changes through engineering and architecture—so much so, that we even hear of "sweetening" an abrupt curve—is another change on the same exotic word. Nearly all such tenures as those just named have now been commuted.

Cookham is a great rendezvous for boating and pleasure parties generally, and it is pretty certain that the head of any river crew will be tempted by the church tower, which is distinguishable for some distance, to bring his boat to the bank and rest at the "Ferry Inn;" though, if that is full, which is most probable, he may still find quarters at the "Bell and Dragon," or the "King's Head." It is certainly a very delightful village, or small country town, if about 900 inhabitants can be considered to constitute one. There are several roads from Cookham to Bisham: we can either follow the course of the Thames—which, though a delightful walk, is probably the longest, though an ordinary pedestrian will accomplish the journey in something like an hour and a half—or we may take the way through Cookham Dean. There is another road through Pinkney, which is very pleasant; but

between the two last-named is the most direct of all,



BISHAM.

and a comparatively short walk will land the traveller at Bisham, which is situated about half-way between

Oxford and London. Bisham Abbey, the seat of the Vansittart family, is a place of amazing beauty. It formerly was of considerable importance, and had large revenues. Medmenham Abbey was given to the abbot and convents of Bisham, and at the dissolution it was granted to Thomas Moore. All the country round here is full of historical associations. In the abbey were buried many men of renown; among them the Earl of Salisbury, who was for some time a prisoner in Paris. It is needless to add that it was of his wife that was told the celebrated story of the garter, which led to the foundation of the Order of the Garter. At Bisham also were interred the remains of Neville, the great king-maker, whose character has been powerfully sketched by Green: "Out of the wreck of a baronage, a family that had always stood high amongst its fellows towered into unrivalled greatness. Lord Warwick was by descent Earl of Salisbury, a son of the great noble house whose support had been mainly instrumental in raising the House of York to the throne." He had doubled his wealth and influence by a marriage with the heir of the Beauchamps, and his services to the cause of the House of York had been enormously rewarded by confiscations of the estates of the Lancastrians. "He was Governor of Calais, Lieutenant of



Ireland, and Warden of the Western Marches. This personal power was backed by the power of the House of Neville, of which he was the head. Lords Falconburg, Abergavenny, and Latimer were his uncles. His brother, Lord Montague, had received as his share in the spoil the earldom of Northumberland, the estates of the Percies, and the command of the Northern Border. His younger brother had been raised to the see of York, and the office of Lord Chancellor ;” and, as Green remarks, “At first sight the figure of Warwick strikes us as the very type of a feudal baron ;” and perhaps Shakespeare’s speech of Edward, after the battle of Towton, is not far from expressing the feeling with which he was at first regarded by the new king :—

“ Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be ;  
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat,  
And never will I undertake the thing  
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.”

It is computed that at one time on his vast estates one-eighth of the whole inhabitants of England resided ! Bisham Abbey was given by Henry VIII. to Anne of Cleves, whose features even Holbein could not make attractive ; and here Queen Elizabeth was in captivity for three years ; not, indeed, during her stepmother’s residence, for Anne of Cleves exchanged the place for

a seat of Sir Philip Hoby's, in Kent, and these Hobys seem to have been very worshipful men indeed. There are monuments to them in the church, and one singular one contains the knightly effigies of two brothers, one of whom, Sir Philip, seems to have been the same who made the exchange with Anne of Cleves. They have peaked beards, and are in full armour; and on the tomb is a somewhat lengthy epitaph, recording their many virtues.

When Sir T. Hoby was at court shortly after the accession of Elizabeth, she made the happy speech to him: "If I had a prisoner I wished to see most carefully guarded, I should entrust him to your charge. If I had a prisoner I wished to see most tenderly treated, I should entrust him to your *care*." There is a very pretty legend of Bisham Abbey, which it is quite probable may be founded on truth; and, indeed, every circumstance and accessory would point in that direction. One of the Montacutes was on his way to the Holy Land at the time of the Second Crusades, and he went to visit a relative who was the Abbot of Bisham. At this wealthy monastery he was, of course, entertained in becoming splendour, with his retainers and his high-born squire. The Montacute had a daughter at Marlow—Great Marlow, as a published

account says, but in reality this must have been "Little Marlow," where, in turning to the pages of Dugdale, I find there was a nunnery kept in a very select style indeed—quite a Clapham boarding-school of the most exclusive kind; only five or six nuns were ever admitted, and there would seem to have been about twice as many servants as recluses. At the dissolution the surveyor reports that the buildings were in perfect order, and among other luxuries the nuns had "eight acres of woods." Willis, who wrote in the eighteenth century, speaks of the hall, sixty feet long, and the chapel, which then stood, but which have since been ruthlessly demolished. The nun was naturally invited to spend the few days with her father before he left for Palestine, and the romance of the situation was, we must admit, with our present light, a cruel strain upon the vows of the young squire and the recluse. A country-house, as every one knows, is a dangerous place for a bachelor, even if the sirens he meets there had no charms for him in Belgravia; but for a recluse to meet a young warrior on his way to the holy wars, of all others—why, the result wants no comment. So Montacute's squire most naturally eloped with his daughter; but their bliss was brief, for a hue and cry was raised, and the retainers of the abbey were

told off in searching parties. The happy pilgrims were overtaken at Great Marlow, and the nun was forwarded to the convent, while the squire was taken under guard to Bisham. Even here, however, his good-fortune did not forsake him, for he was confined in the tower of Bisham Abbey till Montacute left to join the enemies of Sultan Saladin, and in the night he tried to escape and find his enslaver, but he fell on the ground and broke his leg, and Montacute had to leave without his squire. He was taken into the abbey and tenderly treated, and beat, as one may say, his sword into a ploughshare. Indeed, after becoming a monk, he was noted for his sanctity, and could always think that the author of his accident lay in a nunnery near at hand.

From Bisham a short walk will take us to Hurley, on the road to Medmenham ; it is a short one, but very beautiful, and the delightful village of Hurley breaks upon us quite suddenly ; indeed, though near the Thames, it is so secluded that it is not noticed in passing along the river. Ladyplace, Hurley, was the seat of the Lovelaces, and occupied the site of a Benedictine monastery. It has figured often in history, but never so conspicuously as in 1688, when the adherents of the House of Orange met in the vaults

to invite the third William to free the kingdom from the Stuart tyranny. Macaulay gives a graphic account of the tone and tenor of these secret meetings.

James II. was the most desperately lawless even of the Stuarts, and is perhaps one of the worst kings of whom any record is preserved in history. His rule had long become intolerable to England; but though every nineteen out of twenty would have been glad to raise a hand against him, the scenes of terrible dramas were still fresh in men's recollections. Forty years had hardly elapsed since Charles had expiated his crimes on the scaffold, and it was only three years since the "Bloody Assize," and the infamous judge who presided was in high favour; so that William had his enterprise surrounded with danger and care. If, as he argued, an army, through fear of James, should oppose him, and he were successful against it, he would make a thousand enemies where he had none. But the birth of a prince, which was, unjustly enough, doubted at the time, exasperated men's minds, and William said to his trusty friend Van Dykvelt, "Aut nunc aut nunquam." He well knew his time had come, but he wished to avoid even the appearance of such an ill-starred adventure as Monmouth's. Russell, who took the invitation to the Hague, easily discovered how the

subject presented itself to his mind, and at Hurley Place the meetings were held that drew in adherents, and sealed the fate of the Stuart dynasty. There is hardly a vestige left of the old mansion ; Mr. Fairholt visited it in 1837, just before it was destroyed, and he has left some very interesting records and sketches. The piers from which the groined arches sprang were square, and the groinings were very solid. A strong circular trap admitted those who were in the secret, and through this Sidney, Devonshire, Halifax, Shrewsbury, Danby, and a few more, were in the habit of letting themselves down. A broken wall shows the locality, but the house and vaults have nearly disappeared. Henley-on-Thames is one of the most delightful towns in England ; it is a little out of the ten miles radius that was proposed for this series of Rambles, but it is easily reached by rail, as there are some twelve trains a day each way through Slough and Twyford. Henley is situated in a charming valley, almost encircled by high wooded hills, and in all directions are delightful country houses. It can be reached with such ease in half-an-hour from Windsor Station that one has no difficulty in calling it a surrounding of Eton. The bridge of five arches is really a fine structure, and was built in 1787, when they really could build good

bridges—though a cynic might say, very little else good. Here are the celebrated key-stones of the Thames and Isis, that were carved by the Hon. Mrs. Damer. They are not without merit, but I cordially agree with the remark in Dickens's *Dictionary of the Thames*, that the excessive praise bestowed upon them "would not have been expressed, had it not been for the extravagant eulogium of Horace Walpole, the artist's cousin." At the end of the bridge is the Red Lion Inn, where the amiable Shenstone, who was perhaps a sort of diluted Cowper, wrote his lines, "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round," etc.,—perhaps his happiest effort. On the road either to or from Henley we can visit Wargrave, where the author of *Sandford and Merton* is buried; in the church is the inscription :

"In memory of Thomas Day, Esq., who died September 28, aged 41 years, after having promoted by the energy of his writings, and encouraged by the uniformity of his example, the unremitting exercise of every public virtue.

"Beyond the reach of time or fortune's power,  
Remain, cold stone, remain and mark the hour  
When all the noblest gifts which Heaven e'er gave  
Were centred in a dark untimely grave.  
Oh ! taught on Reason's boldest wings to rise,  
And catch each glimmering of the opening skies ;



Oh, gentle bosom ! oh, unsullied mind !  
Oh, friend to truth, to virtue, to mankind !  
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,  
Secure to feel no second loss like thine."

Mr. Day himself wrote these lines for another occasion, but they were considered so appropriate that his mother, who erected the monument, had them placed on it.

Wargrave is quite a delight for artists, and perhaps there are few exhibitions of any note in England that do not contain some record of its beauties. The old church forms a charming object from the Thames. The door is Norman, but there is no other remain of the ancient building. It is surrounded by spreading, venerable trees, and the village in which it is situated is long and very pretty. Shiplake is opposite, on the Oxford side of the Thames. There is a chalk hill overhanging the lock, and from this there is a grand view of the river. In the church is some stained glass that was originally fixed at the Abbey of St. Bertin, at St. Omer ; a place which English travellers who go to France through Calais will remember well on account of the floating islands, covered with trees and excellent pasture, which are rowed about by the proprietors to take on or land their cattle. Grainger, the author of



MEDMENHAM ABBEY.



the *Biographical Dictionary of England*, was vicar of this place, and died while officiating at the altar. The pleasant river Loddon joins the Thames at Wargrave.

And now the radius begins to get quite out of our distance, and we must return to the Buckinghamshire side of the river. Here the railway serves us in good stead, for we can take the rail from Windsor to Henley, and walk along the road to Great Marlow—a road of eight miles in length, and abounding in beauty. We pass by the delightful grounds of Fawley Court, the seat of the family of Mackenzie, who were partners with Brassey, the railway contractor, and at the end of the fourth mile we reach Medmenham, of which mention has already been made. The “Abbey” is rather of the Rosherville type, and it sadly disappoints an artist who expects to find Cistercian ruins; hardly a trace of the old building is left; and again I must borrow a description from the *Dictionary of the Thames*: “Medmenham Abbey, as it stands at present, is but a bogus affair, and there is little if any of the ancient abbey to be found among the tea-gardeny ruins; but it stands in so beautiful a situation, and commands such lovely views, that its cockney appearance will be readily forgiven.” Originally this abbey was an off-

shoot of Woburn, and in 1204 the Cistercian monks selected its beautiful site for their new buildings ; but it never seems to have been very prosperous in its financial condition. At the dissolution its revenues were only £20:6:2, which would in those times have been about £300 of our money. Still, as the report says there were only two monks, and they both wanted to get away to some other house, the outgoings could not have been very considerable. The distance to Marlow from Medmenham is put down as three miles, which is correct ; but it must be remembered that this is not Marlow Station, which is about eight minutes' walk farther off. Below Marlow the river Wick runs into the Thames, and it is the stream already spoken of as flowing through Hughenden and High Wycombe, and past Londwater. This river is singularly rustic and beautiful in its course, and abounds with good trout. It turns a large number of paper mills, and as there is nothing deleterious to trout in the manufacture of this useful article, the dams and sluices that are required are singularly adapted for their increase. Leave to fish is required from the proprietors of the mills, but it is hardly likely to be refused. In one of the mill pools as many as forty trout, averaging from  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. to 1 lb., have been killed in an afternoon. The Thames

Angling Association preserves the river from Temple Mills, near Henley Place, to the Shrubbery, and the Association seems resolved to spare neither pains nor money to improve the sport. A reward of ten shillings is given for every otter caught—but these can hardly now be very numerous;—rewards are offered for information as to poaching; and, beyond all, there are great numbers of trout turned out annually into the waters of the very enterprising Society. Marlow was at one time the property of the same Earl of Warwick—the king-maker—who was killed at Barnet Field, and is interred at Bisham Abbey. Formerly it must have been a town of great beauty and interest. Even in Lysons' time it was Salisbury or Chester, if one may so say, on a small scale; but the many quaint houses of his time have given way to somewhat staring modern improvements, and the Marlow of old is no more. Still it is one of the most charming resorts on the Thames, and no stucco or brick can rob the place of its inherent beauties. The church is modern and stucco, though, as it happens, the outline of the spire is rather conspicuous at a distance from the river, and at a quarter of a mile it might quite easily pass for an antique of the later and more debased perpendicular kind. The ancient church, had it been allowed to

stand, would have added very greatly to the interest of the place, and indeed it was rich in monuments and brasses. Some relative of the Vicar of Bray would seem at one time to have been the incumbent; for we read in the year 1647 of payment to the bell-ringers when Charles passed through the town, and in 1650, the year after his execution, of one shilling being given by the church for "defacing the king's arms." But indeed it seems to have been a happy gift here for those in office to accommodate themselves gracefully to circumstances, and not to permit some slight difference of opinion to stand between them and the favour of the ruling powers. Formerly Marlow belonged to the Paget family, represented now by the Marquis of Anglesea, who is a descendant of the Waterloo general. It was granted by Philip and Mary, with whom Lord Paget of Beaudesart was in high favour, and who managed so well as to retain the confidence of four successive Sovereigns. Indeed, if we may judge by the following memorandum found in his diary, the method these gentlemen employed was better than that which the poet put into the mouth of the Vicar of Bray:—

" Flye the courte,  
Speke little,  
Care less,  
Devise nothing,





GREAT MARLOWE.



Never erneste,  
In answer colde,  
Lerne to spare,  
Spend with measure,  
Care for home,  
Live better,  
And dye well."

Certainly, if anyone could be found to act up to all this, supposing that we restored the words to their pristine meaning, we might add with Wolsey, if he failed, "Then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, thou fall'st a blessed martyr." Formerly Marlow could boast of a picturesque wooden bridge, but unfortunately this was destroyed in 1835, and a well-proportioned suspension bridge, 225 feet in span, has deducted from the beauty of the landscape. Like the Dee at Chester, or the Severn at Shrewsbury, the Thames flows through alluvial pasture lands on one side, and high lands on the other, where the woods creep down quite to the water's edge. The same conformation is found in other rivers—the Rhine, the St. Lawrence, and, indeed, in streams in all parts of the world. At Marlow the two principal streets meet each other in the form of the letter T, and at the intersection is the market-place. Marlow ale has a local celebrity, though to a stranger, who may not be exactly accustomed to the flavour, it

possesses a herby taste ; still, much depends upon habit, and to many, as the "Shepherd" told the elder Weller, all taps are vanity. This would seem to be peculiarly the case with those who are unaccustomed to malt ; for it is recorded of an Indian Nabob, who was spending a summer in London, that he could never be brought even to comprehend the differences between the various brewers, and the comparative merits of Combe, Whitbread, Barclay, or even Guinness. Indeed he came to the conclusion that Londoners had the command of the best water in the world, though for some reason they neglected their blessings, and drank a foul black compound, not unlike what he would imagine printer's ink if diluted would be ; and he said that, to his amazement, they did not seem to drink it to keep off any disease, but simply because the astonishing compound was grateful. This reminds me of a celebrated saying connected with Marlow, which somewhat perplexed me a few years ago. I was walking along the Chester and Ellesmere Canal, in one of the most beautiful parts of that beautiful reach of water, when a barge boat coming along disturbed some juvenile anglers who had hooked a large fish and were engaged in landing it. An altercation would appear to have arisen, and the usual inquiries as to "who stole

the barn-door?" and "who ate the puppy pie?" fell as harmless shafts on the bargee, whose acquaintance with Thames life had not begun. The tale is that an innkeeper near the bridge had many raids made upon his larder, and the chicken pies and rabbit pies disappeared in spite of locks and bolts, the culprits being the boatmen on the barges. A happy thought, however, struck the landlord, and he had some puppies made into a pie and seasoned, and in the morning they had disappeared. There is one contingent objection to this mode of freeing one's self from depredators: if the threatened invasion of labour from China should ever take place, the device, so far from having any terrors, might prove an element of weakness.

The streets in Marlow are West Street and High Street, which leads down to the river. In West Street is the House where Shelley lived, and where Lord Byron was his guest; it was here he wrote the *Revolt of Islam*.

## CHAPTER VI.

Langley Park—Fish Ponds at Black Park—Flora of the District—Stoke Pogis—Gray's Elegy—Manor House of Stoke—Old Windsor—Ankerwyke—Magna Charta Island—Runnymede—Staines and Egham.

IF we again take our way to Slough, and, in place of turning to the west to enjoy the scenery of the Thames, continue our journey in a northerly direction, we shall find as much to interest us as before. Langley Park, Stoke Place, and Stoke Park succeed each other at short intervals, and some of the lanes here are in parts almost obscured by dense overhanging trees that meet in the middle of the road. There is a fine pool of water in Black Park, a quarter of a mile in length, which is surrounded by woods ; and at Fulmer, a little farther on, there is a succession of fish-ponds fed by a little stream that runs through Fenton woods and joins the Colne near Uxbridge. All these parts are full of interest for a collector of natural-history specimens ; in

the still parts of the pools are microscopic objects not commonly met with in other districts, and the pools themselves abound with pond fish. Here we may meet with the Edible Frog (*Rana esculenta*), though it is not very abundant. It is easily distinguished from the common frog by its prominent eyes, its triangular head, and its greater bulk. The body is also covered with a warty coat, and it is not so yellow in colour as the common frog. The hind legs are, of course, the parts which are eaten, and when nicely fried in bread-crumbs they are very excellent and delicate. In the woods here we find both the green snake and the viper. The smooth snake, though not so common, is also occasionally met with. It has been mistaken by country people for the adder, but the resemblance is outward only, for it is perfectly harmless. The Lepidoptera are in great abundance and variety here, and indeed it is doubtful if there is a single species of which an example cannot at one time or another be obtained in these parts. But perhaps the greatest charm is in the wild-flowers along the hedgerows. Foxgloves raise their stately heads in vast numbers, and many bushes are covered over with the beautiful flowers of the honeysuckle. The yellow toad-flax, with its yellow flower and orange lining, the bitter-



sweet, the old-man's-beard, and wild violets, and cowslips, with hosts of others, line the roadsides all along the way from Slough to Stoke Pogis. In the plantations bordering on the road we find many examples of the Early Orchis (*Orchis mascula*); and I am indebted to Mr. J. E. Taylor's delightful book on *Green Lanes* for the following: "The tubers of this species, like the base of the cuckoo-pint, contain such a degree of starchy or farinaceous matter that it was formerly much sought after, boiled in water, and sold at the corners of streets in London and elsewhere under the name of saloop." These tubers have been said to contain more nutritious matter according to their bulk than any other vegetable production, and writers have gone so far as to assert "that one ounce a day was sufficient to sustain a man."

In some parts of the hedge we meet with the beautiful delicate little Bluebell, or Harebell, as it is sometimes called; but *Campanula rotundifolia* hardly expresses its characteristics when the flower is out, for the rotund leaves have all disappeared, and are only noticeable when the plant is springing above the ground. Many are the old tales of soft chimes rung by fairies on the campanulas, and indeed the fairies seem to have been often connected with the wild flowers of our

meadows and hedges. The fungous growths we often hear called "fairy rings" are an apt example, and sometimes these may be seen in great perfection and beauty in the fields here; so that Shakespeare was only giving expression to an everyday belief when he said in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—

“And I serve the fairy Queen  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours;  
In those freckles live their savours.”

The foxglove, which we see in such beauty in our rambles in Buckinghamshire, is only a perversion of "folks' glove" or fairies' glove. But the flowers that are to be found and that flourish here embrace nearly all that our island can boast of; indeed, it has been the writer's pleasure to see a beautiful and quite extensive greenhouse entirely furnished with plants that could be gathered in the irregular quadrangle which lies between Eton, Burnham, Fulmer, and West Drayton. The projector was an enthusiastic Etonian, who would never allow a foreign plant in this apartment; and he always contended—truly enough, as it seemed—that it had more charms than any other

exotic greenhouse he might have on his land. At Stoke Pogis we are only a short distance, if we go through Farnham Royal, or the charming but devious roads through East Burnham, from Dropmore Lodge and its neighbouring mansions of Hedsor and Cliveden. "Devious roads" I can say without fear of contradiction, for there is no part of England in which any wayfarer can be so easily lost as the district between Stoke Pogis and the Thames—from, let us say, Hedsor to Taplow. The roads are numerous, but quite erratic and misleading; and as laid down on the Ordnance Map they almost remind one of a very ancient apricot-net that has been patched again and again, and bears but few traces of its former regularity.

Gray's *Elegy* is one of the three poems with which it is hardly too much to say that every one is familiar who is able to read the English language. No iteration can wear off their native beauty, but they remain in their freshness and in their pathos for all time. Perhaps the *Elegy* is more frequently quoted than Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* or *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, even if it cannot be said to excel either of the others in its merits.

Strangely enough, Goldsmith never appreciated it, or if he did, it was with a very niggard praise. A



STOKE FOGIS, BUCKS.



writer in the *Edinburgh Review* more than a quarter of a century ago, when the *Review* was at its best, says : "Gray can at once appreciate Goldsmith, Goldsmith cannot appreciate Gray. In spite of Mr. Forster, we must think that Goldsmith's praise to a Lyrist unsurpassed and an Elegiast unequalled in modern literature was as niggard and cold as it could well be ; while his indirect sneers at Gray imply unequivocal disdain, and he actually thinks that Parnell's *Night-Piece upon Death* (which we fear Death has long since kindly accepted) 'might be made to surpass all the churchyard scenes that have since appeared.'" He clubs Gray with Hurd and Mason, and if we believe Mr. Cradock (and there is no reason why we should not), he actually proposes to amend his matchless *Elegy* by leaving out an idle word in every line, as thus—

"The curfew tolls the knell of day,  
The lowing herd winds o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his way."

It seems almost incredible that such a genius as Goldsmith should have had so little appreciation ; but if we look at his equally celebrated *Deserted Village*, we shall see that he relies entirely for descriptive phrases on things we can see, and such a beautiful expression as "glimmering landscape" would find no place in his

work. If Goldsmith was resolved to make a telegraphic announcement, so as to save the words in the message, he might have shortened the verse into—

“ Curfew tolls,  
Lowing Herd winds o’er lea,  
Weary Ploughman homeward plods,”

and in this, every circumstance is portrayed ; but here I must again quote the *Edinburgh* of now nearly forty years : “ Goldsmith’s systematic aversion to epithets is indeed a sign of defect in the imaginative faculty. For the epithet is often (and in no poet more than Gray) precisely that word in a verse which addresses itself most to the imagination of the reader, and tests most severely that of the author. Shakespeare has a line made up of epithets—‘ The gaudy, babbling, and remorseless day.’ Our amender would have thought he rid it of impertinent superfluities by reducing the line to ‘ the day ’ ” !

I searched the churchyard for inscriptions that might have inspired Gray’s poem, but found very few. There was one which Gray must often have seen, beginning with—

“ If brief to speak thy praise, let it suffice,  
Thou wert a wife most modest, loving, wise.”



But this is much obliterated, though it only dates back to 1745. Perhaps the "uncouth rhyme" may have struck Gray's eye.

The history of the ancient manor-house is extremely interesting. It was visible from the church, and was near the present Italian building that was designed by Wyatt for Mr. Penn. Wyatt was the architect for the Pantheon, and succeeded Sir W. Chambers as Surveyor-General to the Board of Works. He was, I believe, the only architect that ever arrived at the presidential chair of the Royal Academy. The ancient manor-house was the subject of Gray's *Long Story*. "The dim windows that excluded the light were filled with the arms of the family of the Hastings and its alliances, those of Sir Edward Coke, and many of his contemporaries in the law." We learn from Lysons that Coke entertained Queen Elizabeth here very sumptuously, and even made her presents of jewels that were valued at more than £1000. Coke had held the manor as a tenant of the Crown, but in the year 1621 the fee-simple was conveyed to him. He seems to have fallen out of favour, however, and was committed to the Tower by James, and remained there till August 1622, when he was ordered to confine himself to his house at Stoke Pogis, and not visit the English Court again

without express license from the king. Coke's daughter married Sir John Villiers, the elder brother of the Duke of Buckingham, whose family has been already spoken of in these pages ; and one of the last acts of his public life was to denounce with all his energy the Duke of Buckingham, as the author of the misfortunes that, in the close of his life, began to overshadow the land. It almost recalls his unjust and malignant language when, in 1603, he conducted the proceedings against Sir Walter Raleigh, which James, in his craven fear and weakness, had instituted at the desire of the Spanish ambassador. But in one case the invectives were well deserved ; in the other, they were directed against the greatest of Englishmen.

It should be remembered, when we search over the churchyard to find any of the quaint inscriptions we might expect from the *Elgy*, that the warm humid atmosphere which so much prevails here has hidden scores of inscriptions with moss and lichen, which in Gray's time were recently cut. The "frail memorial still erected high" clearly refers to the wooden boards raised on two uprights that are so common in the south of England, but are hardly ever seen north of the Trent. The beech alluded to, that "wreathes its old fantastic roots so high," is easily distinguishable ;

and the "stream that bubbles by" is the brook which runs from Brockhurst Wood, and joins the Thames by several mouths between Beveney and Datchet. According to Mr. S. C. Hall's *Book of the Thames*, Upton, which is almost a part of Slough, is the churchyard that Gray had in mind when he wrote his *Elegy*. "It was one of his early haunts; the gloomy character of the church and neighbourhood in twilight must have been well suited to the thoughts of the poet." In spite of this, however, I feel certain that the graveyard of Stoke Pogis, where indeed Gray himself and his mother are buried, is the one he was alluding to in his poem. A plain tablet can be seen on the wall opposite the tomb, on which is inscribed a record that the great poet was buried "in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent."

What gives especial prominence to the *Elegy* here is, that Gray was himself an Etonian, and studied under his maternal uncle, Dr. Antrobus, at college. He was a student of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and devoted himself assiduously to the study and translation of the Greek classics. We are reminded of the celebrated letter of Queen Elizabeth to Sir Christopher Hatton, by Stoke Pogis manor. It was invested in his daughter-in-law, the widow of Sir William Hatton, who

married Sir E. Coke, and it does not seem that she was happy with the great man, for they lived separately for some time ; and on hearing of the death of Coke, she went at once to claim it with her brother, Lord Wimbledon ; but at Colnebrook she met the physician, who assured her that the renowned lawyer had improved in health, and she went back to London much disappointed.

There is more than one version of Sir Christopher Hatton's obtaining possession of the Bishop of Ely's house in Holborn. It is even said that in the first instance he only wished to build a town house in the garden, but the Bishop objected, and then he thought that Ely Place itself would suit him better, and hence the well-known letter of the Queen to the Bishop. But probably there was really a gentle hint to his lordship that the Lord Keeper wanted the house for his town residence on lease, and that was sufficient to induce the prelate to offer it. Queen Elizabeth then having herself taken a fancy to it, occupied it in place of the Lord Keeper ; but a new Bishop of Ely, who considered the see and all its belongings sacred, entered an objection to the arrangement, and received the reply which makes anything in the *Complete Letter-writer* read very weak indeed :—





OLD WINDSOR CHURCH.

poetess, and the brilliant if not judicious "Perdita."





BELLS OF OUSELEY.





The park that comes on to the Thames here, Beaumont Lodge, is now a Catholic college, called "St. Stanislaus," and is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, but it formerly was the residence of Warren Hastings. The "Bells of Ouseley" is the name of the picturesque inn on the side of the river, and in it a traveller may be well accommodated. Its ale has some celebrity, but in giving a verdict on such a subject it must be admitted at once that a "casual" like the author must plead incapacity, as local tastes differ, and especially so when predilections come into play. The gravelly shelving shore and the shady trees all combine to make this place very delightful, and the fishing is almost the best in this part of the Thames.

Ankerwyke, on the other side of the river, once contained a nunnery, and at the dissolution the revenues were returned at the respectable sum of £132 : 0 : 2, all of which was granted to Lord Windsor ; there are now no remains of the conventual buildings. In the reign of Edward III. a humble petition came from the "poore nuns of Ankerwyke" to the King, saying that during the presidency of the previous abbess, Alice, Hugh Despenser had deprived them of thirty-nine acres of land at Datchet, and kept it for his own uses, and they prayed for its restitution, and damages to the

extent of £100. They seem to have obtained a hearing, as the reply was, "Declare in whose hands the land is." The site of the nunnery is occupied by a modern mansion, which has changed hands several times. And though every trace of the monastic building has vanished, some noble old trees remain that formerly were in the grounds.

Magna Charta Island is a little higher up the river, and though it has the credit of being the place where the Great Charter was signed, there are those who would rob it of its ancient honours, and who profess to find evidence that would point out the opposite shore of Runnymede as the place where John—being, it is said, like the rest of his race, unable to write—affixed his mark.

The Magna Charta is of course not the first document that endeavoured to secure the liberties of the people against the Crown. There was the Charter of Henry I., that imposed some limitation upon the despotism which had been established by William I. and the Red King, and this formed the basis of the still broader Magna Charta. This Magna Charta was the result of the errors and immorality of John—not of his weakness, as we so often read, for, as Dr. Green freely admits, he was possessed of remarkable quickness

and penetration, and even with courage at times, when this was required. He had recaptured Angiers, the home of his race, and made a crafty submission to the Pope, hoping to secure his power to misgovern at home. But the battle of Bovines, in the north of France, quite changed the aspect of affairs, and a precipitate retreat to England saved him. Stephen Langton, who had been appointed by the Pope to the throne of Canterbury, proved a welcome prelate for the people, and boldly withstood the frightful tyranny of John, whose cruelties are only excelled by those at a later time of the Spanish Inquisition. Langton even condemned his submission to the Pope, and insisted upon his conforming to the charters of the Confessor and Henry I., which he produced in St. Paul's, even while the King was himself triumphing in France; and if John had returned in triumph to the kingdom, he would doubtless have made short work of Langton and the barons and the Charter; but the combined army of Flemish, English, and Germans were completely routed at Bovines. And though the English stood their ground the longest, they were routed by the Beauvais troops. These were led by the Bishop of Beauvais in person, and it is doing him scanty justice to say that his skill in weapons of carnal warfare was

equal to his knowledge of the breastplate and the helmet with which he had so often told his congregations they must resist the rulers of darkness. He rode furiously at the head of the troops, and himself struck the leader, the Earl of Salisbury, to the ground. If John had only believed the prophetic words that Shakespeare puts in the French king's mouth before the field of Angiers—

“ Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy ”—

the progress of English freedom might have been delayed for a century or more. But on his return from France he found that the clergy and laity of all ranks were up in arms against him. Still, their forbearance was very great, and they did not depose him ; they knew of his crimes and his merciless cruelties but too well, and only wished to curb his license and “leave him to himself—how to live better.” So far, indeed, as the loose canons that entitled a monarch to rule in those days were concerned, the people had law, and certainly power, on their side, if they had given him a successor ; but the long-suffering multitude, who in this instance were well represented by the barons, only required him to sign the document which is the foundation of English liberty. Some may say that it only obtained its full sway after the battle of Evesham,

and indeed we all know how often its humanity has been hidden under a cloud ; but it was destined at last



THAMES AT  
RUNNYMEDE.

to prevail, and the quiet meadows and woods at Runnymede were the scene of the compact by which nobody

could be imprisoned, or deprived of his goods, or harassed, unless it was in accordance with the laws of the land as expounded in open court without fear or favour. And we only gather from this suggestive clause what the condition of Englishmen must have been before the Great Charter was signed. One is almost surprised at the homeliness and quiet beauty of the rustic meadows, the shady stream, and the groves that saw such memorable deeds done.

“What sea—what shore is this?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!”

any pilgrim to the shrine might say with Byron—but in how different a sense! Byron tried to incite the Greeks to rise by pointing to their ancient glories, and wanted them to make a stand once more against their Turkish tyrants, but in Runnymede we only see a peaceful victory of right that has “broadened down from precedent to precedent.” Magna Charta Island and Ankerwyke and the surroundings are happily described in guide-books, and, though so central, they have never been cocknified as we might have expected, situated as they are in parts of such beauty.

There were, of course, many copies of the Charter, and one in Lincoln, sent by the celebrated “Hugh,”



Bishop of Lincoln, is still extant in the cathedral archives, but it is not so old as the one in the British Museum. Then there is another at Salisbury; and though it is not prized quite so highly as the celebrated *Gregorian Liturgy*, with its Anglo-Saxon version, or perhaps even as the well-known *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, which lies on the same shelves, it is yet held in high esteem. The Charter in the British Museum is beautifully written in monkish Latin, and though it has suffered from fire, and the seals are blurred in consequence, it is very legible. On the island is a small cottage, built by the Harcourt family, who also at one time inhabited the dwelling at Ankerwyke before alluded to, and in this cottage is the stone upon which the Charter was confirmed; on this stone is an inscription: "Be it remembered, that on this island, in June 1315, King John of England signed the Magna Charta, and in the year 1834 this building was erected in commemoration of that great event by George Simon Harcourt, Esq., lord of the manor, and high sheriff of the county."

Just below here the Colne joins the Thames, and many are the delightful scenes on its banks.

Instead of keeping by the river side, we may return from Old Windsor to Staines and Egham by Cooper's

Hill, and this is a walk of great beauty ; one of the prospects, called *par excellence* the prospect, is commonly regarded as among the finest scenes in England. Several counties are rolled out like an Ordnance survey at our feet, and Windsor Castle rises like a mountain from the plain. Perhaps we never get a juster idea of its magnitude than we do from here, when we can take in at one glance its immensity, and yet remember that it is nearly four miles distant. Cooper's Hill is best known from having given the name to the celebrated East Indian Engineering College ; and it would almost seem as if the extraordinary advantages this establishment offers were imperfectly known,—otherwise, surely, it would be better supported. The army or the church afford no such openings as Cooper's Hill College, and yet the total cost of a student, from his entrance till he is placed on an appointment, is hardly more than two years of Oxford terms would amount to. The salaries commence at the respectable sum of £300 a year, and rise up to £3000 for engineers of the first class. It was intended to open the college only to those who could pass a preliminary examination in the elements of engineering and science, which was to be competitive ; but this would not answer at all, and the doors were soon thrown open to all who were capable at a

future time of being serviceable ; and when we consider the enormous sums that are being paid for developing State railways, public works, civil buildings, and irrigation, through the length and breadth of this vast country, we shall have no difficulty in comprehending the number of openings there are for engineers. The professors are skilled men practically, and, as at Woolwich, they have had more than a theoretical knowledge of their department. Commenting on this, an amusing anecdote is told in the *Builder* of 4th February 1871, on "high official authority." When the nation was, so to say, in mourning at the loss of the *Captain*, and people were puzzling themselves as to the cause, a civil engineer who had a high reputation wrote to the Admiralty department that much had been said about the "centre of gravity" of the *Captain*, but in point of fact, being a hollow body, it could not have any centre of gravity at all (!) Doubtless, if the gentleman had only continued his luminous comments on physical science, he would have insisted that hollow bodies had no specific gravity. Indeed, that is of necessity the corollary to his startling problem.

The bridge between Staines and Egham is a light handsome three-arch one, and, according to the *Book of the Thames* before quoted, the middle arch is seventy-

four feet in span. This also reminds the writer of another stone bridge across the Dee which he sees daily, and which has a span of two hundred feet. The only excuse for alluding to it in connection with the arch of Staines Bridge must be that it is often asked if it is, as claimed for it, the widest span in the world. It is not only the widest stone span in the world, but the widest that is ever likely to be made, as now iron is so much more serviceable in bridging great openings. Staines is not an interesting town, and the church is a modern brick building, though the tower is said to be by Inigo Jones. Near the church is a venerable mansion of the early Elizabethan style, though popular tradition dates it back to a much earlier period. The three-arched bridge that connects Staines with Egham was built in 1832, and this latter is also a town of little interest. It is twenty-one miles from the Waterloo Bridge Station on the South-Western Railway, and some of the trains run the distance very quickly. The church also, like Staines, is without architectural interest, but there is a curious brass under the south gallery, with four kneeling figures, and the inscription, "Antonye Bond, gent., once cittezen and writer of the Court Letter of London, 1576."

“ Christ is to me as lyef on earthe, and death to me is gayne,  
Because I wish through Him, saluation to obtayne.  
So bryttle is the state of man, so soon it doth decaye,  
So all the glory of this worlde must pas and vade away.”

There is also a tablet to Rev. T. Beighton, who died at an advanced age, and is honoured with having an epitaph by Garrick, which Dr. Johnson has called the finest in the English language. There is also a painted bust of Thomas Foster, a Justice in the Stuart period of English history; and there is near this a curious one to Richard Kellefet, who seems to have stood high in favour with Elizabeth, and is described as a “most faithful servant to hir majestie, chief groome in her removing Garderobe of beddes, and yeoman also of her standing garderobe of Richmount.” There are other monuments of interest, and one is almost surprised at finding so much mural literature of value in a church of so uninviting an exterior. Below Egham and Staines is Chertsey, which fully reaches the limit of our rambles round Eton. Formerly there was an abbey at Chertsey, where Henry VI. was for a time interred after his murder by Richard III., who plunged his dagger again into the expiring king with—

“ If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither.”

There are yet some remains of the walls. Cowley once lived at Chertsey, and the room where he died is still to be seen. He lived at one time at Barne Elms, but found Chertsey more congenial to his health. His devotion to the cause of the Stuarts was great, and he spent much of his time in dangerous missions between England and Charles II. in his banishment to the Continent; and, indeed, in 1656 he was arrested for his treasonable journeys, and had to give £1000 bail for his better behaviour. It was he that had much to do with the abortive insurrection of 1655, when Lord Derby lost his life at Bolton in Lancashire, and within a few minutes' walk of the room where this is written is the ancient timbered house, beautifully carved over, where Lord Derby spent his last night on earth. Cowley is a fairly good writer, and his lines, that so strongly reflect on the evils of civil war, and end with the words—

“In all the pangs we felt before,  
We groaned, we sighed, we wept—we never blushed before,”

are frequently quoted.

Nothing has been said about Windsor, partly because the subject has been so often and so well treated before, and partly because anything like even an approach to a proper notice of it would have taken the greater part

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of this volume. But in one word, Windsor Castle is the most magnificent palace in Europe, and it is more connected with the history of the country that contains it than any other royal residence with which we are acquainted. Indeed, with this chapter our Eton rambles must close, and in the next Harrow rambles will commence ; but as a ten-mile radius of one intersects the other, many very delightful scenes will be common to each. Easthampstead, Chobham Place, Botley, and Addlestone, with many other resorts of interest, lie to the south of the Great Western Railway, but they still come within the ten-mile radius.



## CHAPTER VII.

Henry VI.—John Lyon, Founder of Harrow, a Yeoman—Harrow Church  
—Harrow Library—Ivy House—Chapel and School—Greenford Road  
—Perivale—Manor-House of Uxenden—Bentley—Bushey—Roman  
Antiquities.

HARROW, like Eton, stands in the middle of a charming country, and, like its fellow, it is always remembered with delight by those whose good fortune it may have been to have spent their earlier years within its precincts. The delightful reaches of the Thames, as they wind through scenes of surpassing beauty, may not be quite so accessible, though even these are not remote, and Runnymede and Marlow are within reach of a holiday's ramble. Harrow also cannot quite lay claim to the same antiquity as Eton. More than a century had elapsed since the gentle scholar who was so sadly out of his place as the Lord of Windsor had founded the latter, before the wealthy yeoman who founded Harrow conveyed his lands to the good foundation.

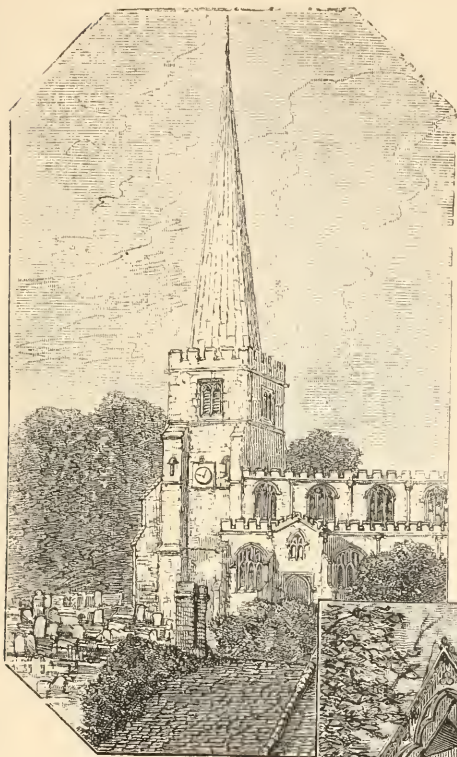
There is no monarch of whom fewer details are handed down to us than Henry VI., yet it has always seemed to me that if we knew more of him none would be more likely to command our sympathies. Altogether out of place and time among the turbulent, insolent landholders who figured so terribly in the Wars of the Roses, we have perhaps a juster estimate of him from the pages of Shakespeare than from any other source. He died, indeed, only some hundred years before Shakespeare was born. It is impossible not to feel strongly towards the man who left the horrible field of Towton, where two large armies, and those English ones, were slaughtered, that he might avoid the sight of carnage. Margaret, his queen, and Clifford too, had chid him from the battle, "swearing both they prospered best when he was thence;" but he sat upon a molehill, and thinks but too surely that "It were a happy life to live no better than a homely swain." He "carves out dials quaintly point by point" in his imagination, and tells over again and again how he would spend his days, his weeks, and his years—

"So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,  
Passed over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs into a quiet grave.  
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!"

Often has it seemed in writing the articles on Eton that the quiet meadows and the shady banks of the Thames are just the scenes the unhappy king delighted in, and such as he would desire to devote to an academic life of leisure.

John Lyon, the founder of Harrow, was a very different man, and much more of the typical Englishman. A wealthy yeoman of the most exact business habits, he drew up a set of statutes that are principally in force now. This was in the year 1590, or two years before his death. He mentions his intention of founding the school, and gave the fullest instructions for the endowment and disposal of his property, and he indicated the very site for the house of the master and usher ; but we shall have to refer to him again.

The church at Harrow, like others of its fellows, has been modernised, but we can see an excellent etching of it in Lysons' *Environs of London* ; and in its old state—though, indeed, it bears the marks of the iconoclast—it must have been a much more interesting building. It was firm and sound, even though it bore the records of the Civil Wars—records, however, which were patched substantially, and which never failed in their measure to illustrate the history of the times. The chancel roof, according to Lysons' etching, seems



HARROW CHURCH.

both inside and outside the church. But the most interesting of these is the tomb of John Lyon, who founded the

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to have been on a level with the nave, and there are no battlements. The nave windows are, however, quite the same. Many are the curious records that Lysons gives of the monuments and the inscriptions



LICHGATE, HARROW.

school. "Here lieth buried the bodye of John Lyon, late of Preston in this parish, yeoman, dec<sup>d</sup> the 11th day of Oct., in the yeare of our Lord 1592, who hath founded a free grammar school in the parish, to have continuance for ever, and for maintenance thereof, and for the releyffe of the poore scholars in the universityes, repairinge of highwayes, and other good and charitable uses, hath made conveyance of lands of good value to a corporation granted for that purpose. Prayeis be to the Author of all goodness, who make us myndful to follow his good example." John Lyon is always alluded to as a yeoman, though he had a very fine landed estate; and one would have thought that old documents, which are very precise, would have spoken of him as gentleman, or esquire. If we try to trace the meaning of the word yeoman, we shall find obscurity in every direction. The origin is uncertain, and even the pronunciation is various; yŷmman and yemman both have their authorities, though the long yōman is commonly received in England as correct. According to Worcester, a yeoman is "a freeholder under the rank of a gentleman; a commoner, a man of small estate in land; a farmer; an upper servant in a nobleman's family," etc. Pulleyn says that the title of yeoman "was formerly one of more dignity than now

belongs to it. It signified originally a *yeoman*, so called from bearing the bow in battle." But this view would hardly seem to be confirmed by anything in Shakespeare. When Henry V. was before Harfleur, he encouraged his men according to their degree. To the leaders he said :

" On, on, you noblest English,  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument."

This, of course, alludes to the men of high family, with whom it was the courtly belief, even as lately as Shakespeare's time, that the most conspicuous valour rested. But if we read a few lines further on, we shall see that he seems to hold yeomen much more cheaply. They might be men-at-arms, he appears to think, but very far indeed from valiant knights.

" And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture. Let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes."

This would seem to imply that valour might exist even in a man whose estate was slender. Mr. Lyon, how-

ever, certainly must have belonged to the yeomanry class who are alluded to in the well-known old distich :

“ A knight of Calles,  
A gentleman of Wales,  
And a laird of the North Countree,  
A yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,  
Would buy them up all three.”

Then, again, in *King Lear* we find the fool saying to the king, “ Prythee, nuncle, tell me, is a madman a gentleman or a yeoman ?” And when Lear says “ A king, a king,” the fool replies, “ No, he’s a yeoman that has a gentleman for his son, for he’s a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.” The allusion, of course, is to his giving his kingdom to his daughters and being himself destitute. But there is much obscurity about the word, and it would seem to denote many degrees of condition according to the whim of the user. I should have little hesitation in supposing that the French “ gamin ” is a parallel word, though the class to whom it is applied in France differ very widely indeed from the worshipful founder of Harrow.

Whatever Mr. Lyon’s precise status may have been, however, his directions as to the disposal of his pro-



perty are very precise. £10 per annum, equal to about £100 now in those parts, were to be paid "for thirty good and learned sermons preached in the church of Harrow; the schoolmaster or vicar, if thought a mete man by the governors, to have the preference." £20 was to be given among the poor householders of the parish on Good Friday, at the rate of 6s. 8d. each. Then certain rents and profits were to be expended in the repair of roads from Edgware and Harrow to London, and between Preston and Deadman's Hill. When Lysons wrote his work, now nearly a century ago, the rent of Lyon's estates amounted to £669, but now they are, of course, vastly increased. This extraordinary man went so far in his directions as to state with great precision the hours of attendance at school, the number of forms, and the books and exercises for each, the vacations and play-days, and even the nature of the scholars' amusements, and these are confined to driving a top, tossing a hand ball, running, and shooting. It was customary until the latter part of the eighteenth century for the scholars of Harrow to have on each 4th of August an exhibition of their skill in archery, and a silver arrow was shot for. The founder was very particular in his directions about this, and required all parents and guardians to

furnish the pupils they sent with proper materials for archery, and those to be of the best kind procurable. We can scarcely form an idea of the enthusiasm that prevailed on the subject of archery at that time. It was cricket and rifle-shooting, as it were, combined. We learn that in 1594 there were in Finsbury Field a hundred and sixty-four archers' targets set up on pillars crowned with some fanciful device; and the Finsbury archers soon became famous all over the land. But the most humorous archery meets were at Mile End and Windsor, under the presidency of "Prince Arthur" and the "Duke of Shoreditch." The latter title was conferred by Henry VIII. on a youth named Barlow, after an archery match at Windsor. He was the last to shoot, and Henry told him that if he could only beat the archers who had gone before he would make him "duke over all archers." His shot was successful, and the king asked him where he lived, and, learning that he came from Shoreditch, he at once named him "Duke of Shoreditch."

The library at Harrow, which is shown here, was built in 1863 as a memorial to the late head-master, the Rev. Dr. Vaughan. The building is opposite to the gates of the school, and between the church and the head-master's house, and is most convenient.

The library itself is an extremely shapely and well-proportioned room, and the situation is very beautiful. Indeed, there was a fine chance for making a very effective exterior, but unhappily the



LIBRARY.

coloured materials of which it is built have marred this, and an unpleasing effect



CHANCEL OF CHURCH.

is the result. There could hardly have been a finer opening for an artistic effect, and the proportions

are not bad, but the chequered background of distant fields and trees and hills has been left out of the reckoning. The result is that there is nothing for the eye to rest on, and the beauty of the landscape is lost, or at any rate sadly marred. All this comes of designing in an office, and not on the spot. The task was very clear; all the landscape and effect was found, and a flat front to the road, built of light, warm-coloured stone, would have given the necessary repose. In this, carefully designed windows, like those at Temple Balsal or old St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, or, indeed, a hundred more, might have been inserted; and then landscape and buildings would have assumed their proper proportions, and each would have been a delight.

The group called Ivy Cottage is a very pleasant one, and the buildings combine happily together; on the left is the chapel, built of flint and dressed with ashlar, and on the right is a part of the new schools, while the picturesque spire rises up in the background. There are many pleasant nooks and artistic incisive scenes like this in Harrow; and the hotel, which tradition says was once a considerable mansion, is exceedingly homely and pleasant; some more modern ones have appeared, but the King's Head still holds its own against new-comers.

The church at Harrow is often called the “visible church,” and the name has almost passed into a



IVY HOUSE, CHAPEL AND SCHOOL, HARROW.

synonym. The origin is this. Some learned doctors were disputing at Windsor about the necessity or otherwise of a visible church, and when Charles was

appealed to upon some point in the argument, he pointed to Harrow Church, which is singularly conspicuous from Windsor Castle grounds, and said that at any rate there was one there. It is out of bounds to attempt to enumerate the great men who, like Peel and Byron, were brought up at Harrow, but we must all remember the beautiful lines which Byron wrote when he revisited his early associations :

“ Again I behold where for hours I have pondered,  
As reclining at eve on yon tombstone I lay,  
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wandered,  
To catch the last glimpse of the sun’s setting ray.”

The view to which Byron alludes commands a charming panorama of the rich lands of the Thames, and shows in parts this river lost in plantations and fields, but again emerging and pursuing a circuitous course like a silver thread on a green velvet mantle, and on the east is London, with St. Paul’s dome conspicuously outlined, on any clear morning. The towers of Windsor and the undulating Surrey hills complete the panorama on the south.

But we must leave Harrow now for the surroundings, in which it has been the writer’s lot to spend many happy days, and we may take for a first ramble the Greenford road. A house on the Greenford highway



is here shown. It is a small country-house by the roadside, and introduced here on account of its



ANCIENT HOUSE IN GREENFORD ROAD.

chimney, which is very bold and fine, and would seem to be of considerable antiquity. A few words on



chimneys may not seem quite out of place here. It is an error to suppose that chimneys were not used so far back as the Conquest, as some old histories of England seem to allege, for we have a few remains of them left, especially one at Winwall House, Norfolk, one of the oldest houses in England, and well engraved in Britton's *Antiquities*; and there is one of equal antiquity at Conisborough Castle, in Yorkshire. Both of these are copied in modern buildings, and the one on the Greenford road might make a good model for a rubble building. The well-known example of a raised stone hearth in the middle of a hall at Penshurst, Kent, is constantly cited; and indeed it is only a type, though a very excellent one, of many similar fireplaces. The hall was spacious, and a fire could almost as easily be lit in it as in a field. Those who have ever camped out in Canada will know how well a log fire warms the surrounding parts; and if, when it has become a smouldering mass, the tent openings have been arranged opposite to it, a large amount of warmth is distributed among the October or November occupants. One thing is a little singular, and at once it suggests an important consideration. When chimneys increased and multiplied, the number of fires greatly increased too, so that it would appear that a fire open in the middle

of a room had fewer dangers than one in a chimney that might be connected with bearing-timbers. If an apology is necessary for these digressions, it must be in this, that these articles will be read by many who have built or who will build houses for themselves, and the digression on chimneys has been the result of conversations with a friend during a summer's ramble. But one thing is certain—there must be something very wrong somewhere, and it may but too surely be that modern improvements have their share of the damage to answer for. It is a curious circumstance that since the national loss which the burning of Warwick Castle entailed, there have been no fewer than four great historical mansions destroyed by fire, and even at the early part of the present century these were as strong and as lasting as they were when John Lyon laid the foundation of Harrow. But a "restoring architect" had drawn the proprietors into his toils, and hence the loss to the country. I think all these four mansions are subjects of Nash's *Mansions of the Olden Time*, a book that stands quite by itself, just as Prout's pictures do.

The lanes are very pleasant here, and many are the sketches that an amateur artist would make. The small streamlets we shall see on our road are feeders

of the Yedding brook, which at times is nearly dry, but contains many fine fish after a flood.

Greenford is said to owe its name to a ford over the river Brent, which runs through the parish. It is situated about a mile to the north of the Uxbridge road, and contains some two thousand acres of land. The parish church is a very unpretending building, and consists of nave and chancel, and at the west end is a low wooden spire. Mr. Brittain, as we learn from the pages of Lysons, was a great benefactor to the church during the period of his rectorship, and collected old stained glass for the windows, and did many other things for the security of the small fabric. He also preserved a valuable brass of a priest, which was in excellent order, and inlaid it on a marble tablet. The road to Greenford from Harrow is very pleasant, if we go through Roxeth and Northolt, and many are the fine shady trees and country-lane scenes we shall find to delight us. Yedding Green is a little off the road, but as it lies within an hour's walk of Harrow, it is very well worth a visit, and is a good example of an old English hamlet.

The rectory and advowson of Greenford, which formerly belonged to Westminster Abbey, was granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Thomas Wroth, and was finally

purchased by King's College, Cambridge, who still own it. It is of great value, and even in the reign of Charles I. it was computed at "£160 per annum." In the Clergy List it is put down at £614, though this is below its actual worth. The population is also recorded as being 573. Near Greenford is Hanwell, which also contains a church—a valuable living. The Brent, which joins the Thames at Brentford, and gives the name to that place, passes through Hanwell, and empties itself into the Grand Junction Canal. Angling-books sometimes allude to this river as being an excellent place for sport, but in summer it is often nearly dry, except at Finchley and Hendon and Kingsbury, where there are some deep holes that contain good fish. There is another way to Greenford, though a little longer, through "West End," and over the Paddington Canal.

Perivale, or Little Greenford, as it has sometimes been called, is a curious instance of the way in which the English tongue has altered in its pronunciation. Norden says that it doubtless is a corruption of Pure Vale, in allusion to the healthiness of its climate and the fertility of its soil; but the ever-accurate Lysons finds that in all old records it is called Parva to distinguish it from the other Greenford, and Perivale is a

gradual corruption. We learn much of the early condition of England from the description of this place in the Domesday Survey. "Ernulphus held three hides in Greenford of Geoffrey de Mandeville; the land was one carucate and a half, on which one plough was employed. Two villeins held half a hide, and there were two cotters and a slave; pannage for forty hogs. The land was worth twenty shillings, but produced only ten when granted to Geoffrey de Mandeville. In the Confessor's time it was worth forty shillings. This land had been held by two sokemen; one of them was a canon of St. Paul's, who had two hides, and might alien them at his pleasure. The other was Ausgar, a servant of a master of the horse, who could not make any grant without his master's leave." A sokeman, also called a socman, is one who holds his lands by soccage, and this is a term of very wide signification, but in general it may be said to refer to some condition higher than vassalage. In *Domesday Book*, which contains an accurate account of these lands, a perfect picture is given of England after the Conquest, and, indeed, probably no other country possesses so complete an account of the condition of society eight centuries ago. The boundaries are so well defined that they are final evidence even now in court. The

four northern counties are not included in the Survey. The value of the estates was to be triply estimated; once as it was in the Confessor's time, and again as it stood when it was granted by the king to any of his followers, and finally, as it was when the laborious Survey was taken; and the record forcibly shows how invasion and spoliation ruin a country. It was found that twenty years after the Conquest the rental of England had been reduced by one-fourth, and, startling as this may seem, it is even less remarkable than the value of lands and produce in those unsettled times. The figures given as the rental of Greenford Parva are sufficient testimony on this head. Near Perivale is Ealing, which lies on the Uxbridge road, just six miles from London. Indeed, the western part of the metropolis almost extends as far as this suburb. To the south of the Great Western Railway is Ealing Common. It stands high, and when the breeze is from the west the Londoner may enjoy as pure fresh air as anywhere in the kingdom. The line from Paddington passes through Kensal Green Cemetery, where so many notables lie buried. On the other side of the Great Western Railway is Hangers Hill, where there is a tower that commands magnificent views of the surrounding country. Not far from the station is the

viaduct which spans the Brent, and is called the "Wharncliffe Viaduct," in compliment to Lord Wharncliffe, who was the chairman of the House of Lords' Committee on the Incorporation Act. The total length of this fine structure is 900 feet, but it is not so imposing as the one over the Dee, which exceeds 1500 feet in length. The country about Hanwell is very pleasant, but some parts of the road back to Harrow are a little dreary, especially near the railway works that have been built. Of the celebrated Asylum at Hanwell it is not necessary to say much here, but even this abode has pleasant features that contrast strongly with the cruel treatment that lunatics met with in old times. The Asylum is situated in the middle of large grounds and flower gardens, which are principally kept in order by the inmates, with, it need not be said, the best possible results.

The manor-house of Uxenden, in Harrow, was formerly in the possession of the Travers family, from whom it passed to Sir Nicholas Brembre, and from them to the Bellamys, and from them to the Pages of Wembly. Of the latter family, Lysons, writing in 1795, makes the curious footnote that they are almost the only family of Middlesex who have held landed property without exchange for two centuries and a



half ; nor, indeed, would the cause be far to seek, if we remember the ever-changing character of the metropolis. There still is a farm here where a very tragic incident is recorded to have occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. Every one knows more or less of the Babington plot to assassinate Queen Elizabeth, and place Mary Queen of Scots on the English throne. There can be no doubt that Mary was an accomplice, though some of her apologists try to throw doubt on this, but the evidences of her crime now stand out in the glare of day. She had implored Elizabeth to let her go and "prepare her soul to die ;" and when this was refused, she is said to have helped in various ways the shocking designs of Babington.

At Rheims there was an English Seminary distinguished for its intolerance and bigotry, and the celebrated bull which Pius V. issued against Queen Elizabeth found great favour there. It is even said in an old history which I found in America at an auction during the civil war (the book came from some southern residence) that the bull inciting the assassination of Elizabeth came directly, it was supposed, from the Holy Ghost. Ballard, a priest of Rheims, suggested the assassination of Elizabeth to Babington, a Derbyshire gentleman, who communicated the plot to some

others, among whom was Chidioc Tichbourn, whose descendant was lost in the celebrated "Bella," and caused the memorable lawsuit. Babington, when the miserable scheme failed, stained his face with walnut dye, and wandered about from place to place till he found shelter in the farmhouse near Harrow, and was executed with his associates under circumstances of great cruelty. Even his shelterer met with death in consequence of his harbouring him. It is only an hour's walk to leave Harrow by the old Swan Inn, turn to the left over the London and North-Western Railway bridge, and then, skirting Wembly Park, we arrive at once at this memorable place, and a walk past Woodcote and Kenton brings us back again. There are, however, several stile roads known to the initiated that would somewhat shorten the distance. If when we are at Kenton we turn to the right, we shall pass Kingsbury Green, and come to "the Hyde," on the St. Alban's road, some six miles from London; a walk of three miles to the south will take us to Kilburn Station, whence a train in a few minutes will bring us back to Harrow. In this route we shall cross the Brent River, and pass by the "Harp" that has figured in the pages of Dickens.

Formerly there was a priory called Benethly or

Bentley situated at the extremity of Harrow parish, but very little is known of it. The buildings were about four miles from the school. Singularly enough, Dugdale says nothing about it in his *Monasticon*, and the best account of it is to be found in Lysons's *Middlesex*. It was founded by the Austin Friars, and in the absence of Dugdale's accurate assistance we can only conjecture, but that pretty safely, that it was handed over to the monks of St. Gregory at Canterbury, who were in fact more like almoners than monks, and were infirm old people, and presided over by regular canons of the order of St. Augustine—the first house of regular canons in the kingdom, as is very generally supposed, for in the archives we find that Cranmer the archbishop gave the priory lands to the king in exchange for others nearer home. Through many hands it passed to the Coghill family, and it was finally purchased by the Marquis of Abercorn in 1788, who proceeded at once to rebuild it on a magnificent scale; Lysons gives some very interesting accounts of the art treasures within its capacious walls,—among them the bust of Marcus Aurelius, the calm, philosophical emperor, whose lineaments represent, in their clear, majestic outlines, a very high type of an English statesman; and of course there is no want of Gainsboroughs,

Reynolds, and Knellers. The house is charmingly situated on an eminence, in the middle of about 300 acres of pleasure-grounds, and the views from it are delightful. In the latter part of last century Bentley Priory was in the occupation of a Mr. Duberly, and in digging the foundations for a wall, a great number of Roman coins were discovered.

Mr. Lysons, in his *Middlesex*, says:—"Perhaps some of my readers may recollect having seen, in several periodical publications, a calculation of the middle chapter, verse, etc., of the Bible, with an account of the number of times that some of the most common words occur, with many other particulars, the whole having been said to be the labour of three years. When they are told that it was the amusement of a blind man's leisure hours, they will be more apt to admire the wonderful powers of his memory than to blame him for mis-spending his time. These, however, are not the only calculations in which he has been employed. In the month of June 1790 he published an account of the solar eclipses for 1791 and 1793." He must indeed have been a very remarkable man, but I learnt from Mr. Lysons's son, the late canon of Gloucester, and a brother of the soldier whose name is so often before us, that this blind scholar was not free



BUSHEY VILLAGE.



from some taint of suspicion. He used to calculate nativities and coming events, and was looked upon by the public as a very remarkable astrologer.

The village of Bushey is another example of an old, comfortable little country town; and, rightly considered, we are very much indebted to railways for these remaining as they are. Had coaches still been the means of conveyance, not only the lust for modernising—which has almost destroyed the old churches of the land—would have been at work, but beyond this, the rapid transit of goods and passengers has made it more convenient to convert the great towns into central *dépôts*, and these form a much cheaper medium for the distribution of merchandise. Had the old means of conveyance still been in existence, with advancing requirements and an increasing population, it is more than probable that old-fashioned country towns would of necessity have been enlarged, and almost rebuilt. The quaint country inn, with its swinging sign, must have given way to a modern brick or stucco hotel; and the country store, with its low rooms and gabled roofs, must of necessity have yielded to a warehouse of more or less pretensions, in order to store the necessary supplies for the surrounding habitations.



## CHAPTER VIII.

Bushey—Canons—Pope's Satires on Canons—Harrow Weald—Oxhey and its Proprietors—The River Colne, and Natural History along its waters and banks—London Orphan Asylum—Watford Church and its Monuments.

IF we leave Harrow Station and continue our journey past Harrow Weald, we shall have Belmont on the right, and skirt the delightful grounds of Bentley Priory, before alluded to ; and we shall arrive, after a walk of about three miles, on the London high road again, with its low long country inns, and wooden drinking-troughs on tressels, where at any time during a summer's day picturesque groups of cattle or waggon horses may be seen resting from their dusty travel and slaking their thirst in the water, which is supplied by a pump at one end of the little reservoir. And now we are at one extremity of Bushey, which was engraved in the last chapter.

Bushey was called *Bissei* in *Doomsday Book*, and

it was granted to Geoffrey de Magnaville by the Conqueror. It seems to have had many possessors in succession, and to have occasionally reverted to the Crown. At one time it was held by Edmond de Woodstock, Earl of Kent, who was beheaded in the reign of Edward III. through the influence of Queen Isabella and Mortimer. A terrible fate, however, met him in return, for he was arrested by Edward III. in person at Nottingham Castle, as he was in the council chamber; the entrance to this, in the wonderful rock, is still pointed out. But John Britton in one of his works gives a shocking list of the ill-starred owners of Bushey Manor, and a few of their immediate connections. The Duke of Exeter and Richard II., sons of the lady of the manor, were both put to death in Henry IV.'s reign, and Thomas de Holland, lord of the manor, was murdered the same year. Neville, Earl of Salisbury, whose wife was lady of Bushey Manor, was beheaded at Wakefield; and so Britton runs through the melancholy list, until he closes with Margaret Plantagenet, of whose innocence there has for ages been no doubt.

The church stands very picturesquely by the roadside, and is only not illustrated here from lack of space. There is a noble elm before it, and a pond,

and the combination of the group is very striking. This church is built of flint and rubble work—a style of masonry that seems to be almost perpetual, and it is in excellent preservation. In the floor of the chancel is a marble slab inscribed to “The Right Honourable Lady Mary Howard, wife of Gilbert, Lord Barnard, and daughter of Morgan Randyll, Esq. ;” and in the churchyard is a monument to Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller, of Watford Place, who founded the free school at Watford town, and who, as we learn, was thrice married, and outlived her third husband. The pointed arch that opens from the tower into the nave of the church is very well proportioned. It may be remarked that if, instead of pursuing our journey, we turn to the right, we shall have a charming walk past Caldicot Hill and the reservoir, and as far as Elstree, from which another turn towards the south will bring us to Stanmore and Edgware, and from there to the Roman road which leads us to London.

All this district is believed to abound in Roman antiquities, even to the present day. There can be little doubt that Brockley Hill is the site of the ancient Sulonica. Britton hesitates to pronounce on this with certainty, but now it is generally accepted as true. Beautiful remains have been found of various Roman

periods, and some bronzes of exquisite grace that were discovered at the end of the last century are carefully preserved yet. From Brockley to Pennywell the principal part of the city seems to have lain, and the relics that from time to time have appeared gave rise to the distich :—

“No heart can see nor tongue can tell  
What lies from Brockley to Pennywell.”

How soon after the exotic civilisation of the Romans the country relapsed into its former condition may be learned from the pages of Matthew Paris, in his *Life of the Twelfth Abbot of St. Albans*, wherein he describes the woods between London and St. Albans as almost impenetrable, and so infested by robbers and beasts of prey—which, of course, can only mean wolves—that the pilgrims who travelled along the Roman road were exposed to considerable danger. This dreary tract was called the “Forest of Middlesex” in after years. In the twelfth century Fitz Stephen says that “beyond the suburbs of the city, which afford cornfields, pastures, and delightful meadows, an immense forest extends itself, beautified with woods and groves, and full of the lairs and coverts of beasts and game—stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls.” In all this forest the citizens had the right of free warren, but in the year

1218 it was disforested. Perhaps, if we could see some parts of Hampstead Heath as it was at the beginning of the last century, we should have a slight idea of "Middlesex Forest." All about here the land rises and falls, and it may have afforded much cover for the larger game. But we learn from *Doomsday Book* that there were clearings and farmsteads in these thickets, and some few oases in the wilderness, which was given to the Earl of Moreton, the half-brother of the Conqueror. Near here, in a villa called "The Grove," Aaron Capadoce, a Jew, died in 1782, at the very advanced age of 105. Stanmore Parva adjoins this parish, and it is often called "Whitchurch." In this parish was the celebrated palace of Canons, once the residence of the Duke of Chandos. "It was," says Britton, "the wonder of the existing age for its splendour, and was in an equal degree the wonder of the age succeeding, on account of its abrupt declension and premature ruin." Three architects were employed—Gibbs, James, and Sheppard. Traditions yet linger about the magnificence of the pile, but one item that is preserved suffices to indicate what it must have been. The steps of the principal staircase were, we are assured by the ever-accurate Britton, in one solid block of marble, and each twenty-two feet in length. The

palace was built for posterity, as the walls were twelve feet in thickness below and nine above. The magnificence of the Duke's establishment was in keeping with the house, and he even affected the style of a sovereign prince ; imitated a quondam royal custom of dining in public, with flourishes of music to announce the change of dishes, and when he went to chapel was attended by a military guard. The total cost is said to have exceeded a quarter of a million sterling ; and when we consider that building of all kinds has nearly doubled in the last twenty or twenty-five years, we can form some idea of the magnificence of the pile. Even decorations are more costly than when Canons was built. Pope wrote a satire upon it, which caused the Duke much pain. It appears in his *Moral Essays*, Epistle iv. :—

“At Timon's villa let us pass a day,  
Where all cry out, ‘What sums are thrown away!’  
So proud, so grand ; of that stupendous air,  
Soft and agreeable come never there.  
Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught  
As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought.  
To compass this his building is a town,  
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down,  
Who but must laugh the master when he sees,  
A puny insect shivering at a breeze !  
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !  
The whole a laboured quarry above ground.”

The allusion to his parterre being like a down doubtless arose from the circumstance that there was no wall or fence to intercept the view, but all was divided by a light iron railing. The chapel walls and ceiling were decorated with saints by Verrio and Laguerre, and hence Pope says again :—

“And now the chapel’s silver bell you hear,  
That summons you to all the pride of prayer ;  
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,  
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.  
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre ;  
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,  
And bring all Paradise before your eye.  
To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,  
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.”

Pope regretted that he ever wrote this, and even went so far as to say that he never intended it for Canons :

“Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,  
And sees at Canons what was never there.”

But nobody credited him. The Duke of Chandos was a most amiable and charitable man, and Pope saw his mistake, but all he could say or do was of no avail with the public. It was commonly supposed that Pope received a thousand pounds from the Duke as a tribute to his literary worth, though this is not certain.



At any rate Pope wrote an exculpatory letter, which the Duke answered very magnanimously, though he said that to have ridiculed his buildings might have been indifferent in another man ; but from Pope, after the mutual kindly feelings that had existed between them, it was less excusable. The successor to the Duke made several attempts to sell the place, but, not succeeding, he took it down and sold the materials at auction in 1747. The great staircase was purchased by Lord Chesterfield for his house at Mayfair, and Mr. Hallet, a cabinetmaker, purchased the site, and built a very excellent villa where the old mansion stood. One entrance to this is from Edgware, and another, about a mile distant, is from Stanmore. Edgware is a long, straggling, dull village, eight miles from London, on the Edgware road, which commences at the west end of Oxford Street, and leads past Maida Vale, St. John's Wood, and Hendon. The ancient way of spelling it was *Eggeswere*, and this continued to be the received method until the reign of Henry VIII., when the present orthography was substituted. Near Edgware is a small piece of land called Piper's Green, which derived its name from a curious custom mentioned by Blackstone. The lord of the manor had to provide either a piper or some other kind of musician

to amuse his tenants when engaged on his service. The inhabitants were apparently kept well up to the mark in old times. Thus we read that in 1551 two men were fined for playing cards and tables; and a few years later a man was fined for selling his ale at a price the court considered too high, though to modern ears three half-pints for a penny does not seem to indicate any grave offence. In old times a hundred acres of land at Edgware were held on the service of supplying a pair of gilt spurs, and fifty acres were rented for a pound of cummin.

A little to the west of these parts is Harrow Weald, and it retains its name still from its woody character, *weald* in Saxon signifying *wood*. *Wald*, of course, is the present German word for the same. The land all about here is undulating, and at the northern extremity of the weald is a spot of ground so much higher than the other parts that it was at one time a landmark for mariners who approached England from the German Ocean; and until very recently there were ancient gnarled trees to be seen, that formed part of the great Middlesex Forest. There is also an ancient earthwork here, called Grimes's Dike, of which little is known, but it is of great antiquity. Here there is also a very comfortable and picturesque farmhouse, with three

gables and mullioned windows ; quite a model of an old English homestead, with barns, and a Dutch oven. If we continue our journey to the northward, we shall arrive at Watford Heath, and at the end of this a narrow stile leads us into a considerable district to



FIELDS NEAR OXHEY.

which the name of Oxhey seems to apply. There is Oxhey Lane, Oxhey Place, Oxhey Lodge, and Oxhey Hall. All this district is singularly wild-looking for any locality so near the metropolis, and the new fir plantations almost seem to suggest the idea of a place that was being for the first time enclosed. I was sur-

prised even to see a covey of partridges ; but whether that was their home, or if they had sought it as a



OXHEY CHAPEL.

refuge from the Purdys and Westley-Richardses, whose "merits" they did not hold in as much estimation as the patentees of such weapons would seem to do, I cannot say. This district may be said to commence

at Burnt Oak, just outside the earthwork alluded to, and to extend for two miles into Hertfordshire ; and at the extreme end is Oxhey Hall, which was formerly the property of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, a gentleman to whom any one within a hundred miles of Charing Cross is indebted for the luxury of a London paper at breakfast time. But besides the literary contributor who has done so much to make the early part of the day enjoyable, Oxhey can boast of another benefactor to the breakfast-table who may fairly divide the honours with Mr. Smith. Oxhey Hall was purchased by Mr. Blackwell, of the great firm of Crosse and Blackwell ; and though he only occasionally resides there, it is still his property.

The main line of the London and North-Western Railway goes through Oxhey, and it is crossed by several bridges. There are both cuttings and embankments to adapt it to the irregular surface, and shortly after leaving this part to go northwards is the celebrated Watford Tunnel, which extends for more than a mile in length. Oxhey is drained by several small brooks, which are formed in the hollows and flow into the Colne.

The church is a rather curious building embedded in ivy, and it has no very particular architectural char-

acter. Services are not held regularly there, nor is it necessary that they should be. The living is vested in



THE COLNE.

the Right Hon. T. H. Sotherton-Escourt. It stands in the park of Oxhey Hall before alluded to, and it has been sometimes admired for its picturesqueness. Its



situation is certainly very beautiful, and the trees round it are very majestic. It is said that some of the splendid tree studies that figure in J. D. Harding's book, which is now so rare, were from examples at Oxhey, and it almost seemed to me as if one or two could be identified; but he left no references behind him by which to recognise the locality, and other places besides Oxhey lay claim to some, at any rate, of the matchless crayon drawings.

In the road shown at Oxhey that goes down a steep hill, we see our old friend the river Colne again, and very beautiful and interesting it is here. In June and July there are banks where we can find the sand-martens in great numbers feeding, and often have I been interested in noticing their curious movements. If we are still for a little, and keep at a short distance away, we shall see them in little black knots, apparently feeding on minute insects; and all at once a group will rise with a scream and fly to another bank, or else skim the water and pick up the ephemerae that have in an ill-starred moment touched the glassy surface and run their little race. Sometimes, as if by a sudden impulse, two or three will rise together from different parts of the gathering, and fly away as if for the pleasure of motion, and then return to the same spot,



occupying almost their old places. Sometimes, again, the whole of the denizens will leave without notice, and be succeeded by other birds of the same kind; and from the energy with which they commence proceedings, one would think the bed had never been reaped or gathered at all. The now comparatively rare bird, the kingfisher, is occasionally seen here, and I saw two of them almost flash over the waters of the Colne. Perhaps there are only two English birds that have equally bright plumage.

I do not know if there is a heronry in the neighbourhood, but herons are not at all uncommon on the Colne waters, and I noticed a curious habit with them. Sometimes they will poise their long heavy beaks in the air for a considerable time, as if to escape for a little from the leverage; but still their eyes are all there, for they will suddenly seize a fish as if by lightning. I had some further notes on this subject, but I find them anticipated in a charming book on *Wild Life in a Southern County*. Although the night seems the heron's principal feeding-time, he frequently fishes in the day. Generally his long neck enables him to see danger, but not always. Several times I have come right on a heron, when the banks of the brook were high and the bushes thick, before he has seen me, so

as to be for the moment within five yards. His clumsy terror is quite ludicrous: try how he will, he cannot fly fast at starting; he requires fifty yards to get properly under weigh. What a contrast to the swift snipe, that darts off at thirty miles an hour from under your feet! The long hanging legs, the outstretched neck, the wide wings and body, seem to offer a mark which no one could possibly miss; yet with an ordinary gun and snipe shot I have seen a heron get away safely like this more than once. You can hear the shot rattle against him, and he utters a strange, harsh, screeching "quaack," and works his wings in mortal fright; but presently he gets half-way up to the clouds, and sails away in calm security.

At Watford is the noble institution known as the London Orphan Asylum. It was instituted in the year 1813, for orphan boys and girls of respectable parentage, who were left in the world unprovided for. At the age of fifteen they leave their foster-home, and are provided with situations. Some go out as clerks in offices or warehouses, or in retail shops, and the girls are generally sought after for pupil-teachers in schools, or as governesses in private families. Children are admitted between the ages of seven and eleven, and are elected. The total expenditure of the institu-

tion is £15,000 annually, and it is pleasant to be able to say that the chapel, which is an excellent one, is the gift of an old pupil: it was built at an expense of £5000. Near this place also is the Commercial Travellers' School, a very well-designed block of buildings, and liberally supported by the class for whom it was designed—a class that I have met with, now for many years in wanderings that have extended over every English county, and a class from whom I never received anything else than kindness and civility, and to whom I am indebted for much and valuable information. Watford, which formerly belonged to the Abbey of St. Albans, came into possession of Lord Chancellor Egerton, Baron Ellesmere, in whose family it remained for some generations. The celebrated Duke of Bridgewater was a representative during the last century, and to his lot it fell to engage the services of Brindley, the water engineer, to construct the Bridgewater Canal—Brindley, who has had no equal, perhaps hardly a second, recorded in history. In 1760, when money had to be raised for the canal, Watford was sold to the family of the Earl of Essex, and with them it has remained till now. Watford Church is a fine roomy building, that does not seem to have suffered very severely from the hands of the



WATFORD CHURCH.



restorer. It is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and has the usual aisles, nave, chancel, and tower ; but its great glory is the chantry chapel of the Morison family of Cashiobury, now pertaining to the Essex family. In beauty and dignity it almost may be said to rank with the celebrated Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick. There are two very noble monuments by Nicholas Stone, and one even in Queen Elizabeth's time cost the enormous sum of £260, which would represent three or four thousand pounds of our money. The upper and central parts of this splendid tomb consist of a pediment and canopy, resting on Corinthian columns, and underneath is Sir Charles Morison finely sculptured in white marble. He is represented in armour, with one elbow on a cushion and the other on his sword. His beard is of the Vandyck fashion, and the whole figure is most characteristic of the Elizabethan period. At each end, under a canopy of flowing drapery, is a kneeling figure : one represents a son and the other a daughter of Sir Charles. There is a long Latin inscription, which is characteristic of the period, and which enlarges, as was the custom, upon the many virtues of the deceased. This tomb was erected by Sir Charles Morison, his son, who in his turn has another and even more beautiful and costly monument. It is similar in

general appearance to the former one, but the knight and his lady are sculptured with greater skill. The features of Lady Morison are particularly pleasing. Walpole possessed Nicholas Stone's pocket-book, and he informs us that the cost of this monument was £400. There is a curious entry after quoting the price of the elder Baronet's tomb. In addition to the £260, he says, "besides four pieces given me to drink." There are other monuments in this interesting chapel well worthy of notice. There is an alabaster figure of Lady Bridget, Countess Dowager of Bedford, who died in 1600 at the age of seventy-five. The westernmost of the tombs supports the figure of "The Right Honourable Lady Dame Elizabeth Russell, daughter and sole heir of Henrie Long of Shingay in Cambridgeshire, and wife of William, Lord Russell, of Thornhaugh, son of Francis, Earl of Bedford." The costume of this figure is very interesting, and at one time it was coloured. There are many other memorials here. One to "The Honourable John Forbes, second son of George, third Earl of Granard, admiral of the fleet and general of marines;" and another to "The Right Honourable Mary Forbes, daughter of William, third Earl of Essex, by the Lady Jane Hyde, daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Clarendon;" and on the



floor are some interesting brasses to servants of the Morison family. These old monuments are always impressive, and contrast strangely with the pseudo-classic of a later age. Roubilliac or Rysbrach might have appealed, as they did, to the sympathies of the stilted, artificial Chesterfield; but how weak their monuments are if compared with the effigies in so many secluded country churches. There is no pomp of power about these: the lawyer is not addressing an imaginary court, or the general inciting a supposed army, but each lies on his tomb, in his habit as he lived. There are in this interesting church many other memorials that are well worth examining. Formerly the interior was much more picturesque than now, and quaint galleries and black oak pews crowded it pleasantly; but though the renovator has not swept every trace of antiquity away, he has contrived to make its appearance somewhat more bald than it once was.

The Morisons and the Capels seem to have enjoyed this fine chantry in succession; but the Capels, of whom the present Earl of Essex is the representative, are the inheritors of the Morison property, and the magnificent seat of Cashiobury passed to the present owner through a marriage between Elizabeth Morison and Arthur,

Lord Capel, of Hadham. The Capels were for long seated at Stoke Nayland, in Suffolk, on Capel Manor ; but in 1503 Sir William Capel had acquired considerable wealth in trade, and became Lord Mayor of London. His wealth was sufficient to attract the cupidity of Henry VII. and his servile tools, Empson and Dudley, and he was mulcted in the sum of £2000 by the process of ready reckoning for which that monarch was celebrated. The system of "Benevolences" was reintroduced in this reign, and "a dilemma of his favourite minister, which received the name of Morton's fork, extracted gifts for the exchequer from men who lived handsomely on the ground that their wealth was manifest, and from those who lived plainly on the score that their parsimony had made them wealthy." When Capel refused to pay another sum of £2000, he was imprisoned in the Tower until the death of Henry VII. His son accompanied Henry VIII. to France, and appears to have been very skilful in deeds of arms. Cashiobury Park, of which some notice will appear later on, has always been in the hands of the family till the present day. There is one singular epitaph on a tablet of white marble on the south wall of the nave, which was written by Dr. Johnson.

In the Vault below are deposited the Remains of  
 JANE BELL, Wife of JOHN BELL, Esq.,  
 Who, in the fifty-third year of her Age,  
 Surrounded him with many worldly Blessings,  
 Heard, with Fortitude and Composure truly great,  
 The horrible Malady which had for some time begun to afflict her,  
 Pronounced Incurable ;  
 And for more than three years  
 Endured with patience, and concealed with Decency,  
 The daily tortures of gradual death ;  
 Continued to divide the Hours not allotted to Devotion  
 Between the Cares of her Family and the Converse of her Friends ;  
 Rewarded the Attendance of Duty,  
 And acknowledged the Offices of Affection ;  
 And while she endeavoured to alleviate, by Cheerfulness,  
 Her Husband's Sufferings and Sorrows,  
 Increased them by her Gratitude for his Care  
 And her Solicitude for his Quiet.  
 To the Memory of these Virtues,  
 More highly honoured as more familiarly known,  
 This Monument is erected by  
 JOHN BELL.

Watford is now a favourite resort for London men  
 of business who are not tied very rigidly to hours, and  
 who can, in their half-hour's ride, read the morning's  
 news. It lies literally embedded in ancestral parks,  
 through which a public road is always allowed, and it  
 is one of the most charming districts within easy reach  
 of the Metropolis. Much taste is displayed in many  
 of the residences, and some of them are surrounded  
 with grounds of considerable beauty.

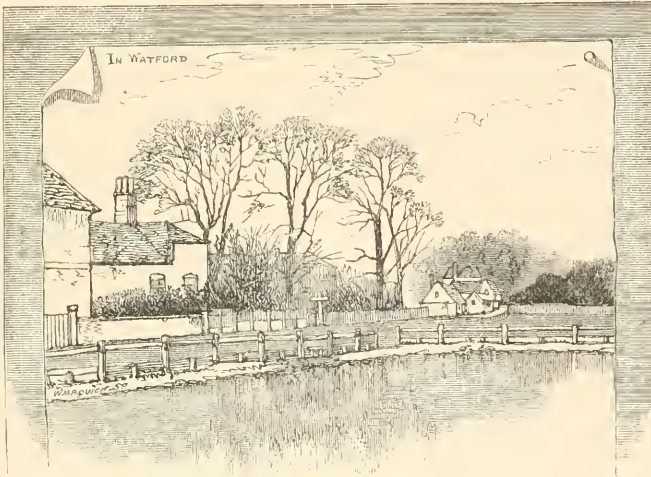
## CHAPTER IX.

Watford—Market Gardens about Watford—Parks and their uses—  
Cashiobury—Verses by Lord Arthur Capel, written in the Tower—  
Water-mill at Cashiobury—Rickmansworth—Sir John Fotherly and  
his tragic end—Stone Crosses—Moor Park and its owners.

WATFORD, according to Mr. House of Culham College, derives its name partly from Watling Street and partly from a ford over the Colne, and it carries on a rather large trade; the local requirements also are very considerable, as the easy access to London has made it a favourite resort of the wealthier classes whose avocations lie in the metropolis. There are some iron foundries in it, and one or two picturesque paper-mills. Silk also is manufactured at some mills here; and it has often occurred to me that cottagers might greatly increase their resources by keeping silkworms. They are easily attended to, and produce a certain crop.

The French have long been alive to the value of silkworm culture, and the industry which so characterises

the peasantry of that country, and enables them to send eggs and poultry to England, also enables them to supply us with silk ; and so the mills on the Colne might be the means of greatly increasing the income



of the rustic population. The mulberry, on which the silkworms feed, is a hardy plant, which, though it grows in the tropics, will also resist the cold of the Hebrides ; and though silkworms will readily devour lettuce-leaves, mulberry is their very best food, and that, too, which produces the best silk. This is not the place to enter upon the culture of these little creatures, but,

in a word, it is work for which women and children are peculiarly adapted, and cocoons might easily be raised along the rooms of a farmhouse, where they would be out of the way, and bring in a handsome return.

But the most interesting industry in this part of Hertfordshire is the fruit-cultivation. The apple and cherry orchards have no superiors in England, and the loose soil is admirably adapted for the production of early vegetables ; indeed, some of those that we see in gardens round Watford are the finest that are sent to Covent Garden. The straw-platting has declined here, and has removed to Rickmansworth and other centres. We notice but few sheep and oxen, but the reason is that the grass land is principally used for raising hay, and not for pasturage. Very little land is allowed to lie waste, and the facility with which the best market in England can be reached has always made agriculture a profitable occupation. Malting is carried on to a considerable extent, and the country ale is said to be very excellent—a verdict which, if the judgment of the writer were worth recording on such a subject, he would readily confirm. In no part of England does wall-fruit attain greater perfection than in the southern part of this county, and in a favourable

year the *magnum bonum* plums and apricots and nectarines are a perfect show along the garden walls. The grapes and fig gardens, however, that flourished during the palmy days of St. Albans Abbey, have given way to other and perhaps more indigenous fruit.

The very largest parsley in England is grown in some of the gardens of Watford, though, when the plants are taken to other soil, they begin to deteriorate in size and strength. It is perhaps to be regretted that grapes have ceased to be cultivated, as the soil is so admirably adapted for them, and resembles the beds of Rudesheim, and other good vineyards.

From Watford begins a succession of parks and great country seats, and the lanes are hardly equalled for rich sylvan beauty in any part of England. If we take a parallelogram from Hatfield to Rickmansworth, six miles broad—which would be, in other words, a rectangle of fourteen miles by six—we should include no fewer than five noble seats, whose joint grounds would cover eight square miles; and when we remember that a sufferance road lies through the middle of four of these, we can understand the sylvan delights we may expect. Nor can I ever understand the feelings that prompt people to call these wasted lands. Plough up Stonehenge, and the hundreds of thousands of acres



of waste lands, and rich marshes and commons, before doing so, and even then it is doubtful if these parks are not as productive as any agricultural land. New varieties of fruit, and new varieties of every kind of



WATFORD CHURCH.

vegetable, are husbanded and perfected; wealth and care and seclusion are all at command for them; and the results, when they are useful, soon find their way into the public service; so that, with improved seeds and roots, a cottager's plot may yield nearly as much produce again as it did half a century ago. And when we

come to the item of live stock, the benefit is still greater. In the days of our ancestors, the kine of England were lean and ill-favoured; we should not see the like "in all the land for badness:" but now all is changed, and the cattle of even small farmers "are

well-favoured and fat-fleshed." The sheep also of our ancestors were hardly better than the mountain flocks of the remotest parts of the island, but now they have been transformed just as completely in their quality as the cattle have ; and as for poultry, their improvement in size and in productiveness is quite as conspicuous. Of course the changes spoken of are for the most part perfected in what is called the Hall Farm, but it is absurd to suppose the parks themselves are unproductive. The herds of clean, shapely cattle that we see in them, sheltering from the summer sun under spreading elms or beeches, find their way to Leadenhall, and indeed to the principal markets of England, according to the county they are situated in. The same of the sheep. And even the deer are not useless cumberers of the ground ; they too, in their measure, add to the food of the country. As for the other uses of such parks as we are considering—especially if the public have a road through them, which is the rule, and certainly not the exception—the advantages are great indeed. Gilpin, in his *Forest Scenery*, says : "It is no exaggerated praise to call a tree the grandest and most beautiful of all the productions of the earth. In the former of these epithets nothing contends with it, for we consider rocks and mountains as part of the earth itself ; and

though among inferior plants, shrubs, and flowers there is great beauty, yet, when we consider that these minuter productions are chiefly beautiful as individuals, and are not adapted to form the arrangements of composition in landscape, nor to receive the effect of light and shade, they must give place in point of beauty—of picturesque beauty, at least, which we are here considering—to the form, foliage, and ramification of a tree.” All this is just, and well told; and we may go even further, and say that the private parks within reach of Harrow and London have cheered and helped many a sojourner in the metropolis, when he has sought their delights at the end of a summer’s day, and allowed his faculties to revive and expand for another struggle in the battle of life. In speaking of fine parks it is not, however, to be understood that these are all or nearly all of the country residences in the vicinity. Round Aldenham especially are many mansions and parks, and there are many neatly-kept grounds that are seen from the road all the way from Watford Station to Hemel Hempstead. Cashiobury Park, which commences at Watford, is, like the others in the neighbourhood, splendidly wooded; the hall stands on the site of a more ancient one that was demolished in the first part of the present century.

There is, I believe, no drawing of the old one preserved. The present building is the work of Wyatt, and it is very characteristic of the man. Had he lived when Gothic principles were better understood, he would not have put up so dreary a pile; but his best efforts were in classic architecture. The house is built round a quadrangle court, and exposes a front of ten windows wide to the broad lands of the park. The front is feeble and unpleasant, but the arrangements internally are on a noble scale. At one side of the house is an elm tree of great beauty, and on the other, a little in front, is a cedar of Lebanon of grand proportions. There are many well-known pictures in the gallery, which have become familiar to all the world through engravings; and is it not delightful to think that ancestral homes are so often the luxurious resting-places of pictures that are secure from danger, and speak yet from their canvas? But as far as the exterior of Cashiobury is concerned, there is little that would accord with our present notions of Tudor architecture. The adaptation of sash-windows to Gothic heads is not, and cannot be, successful. Sash-windows are themselves not only the most clumsy of all modern contrivances, and the most signally inconvenient, but they must mar the symmetry of a Tudor window,

which is intended only for shapely, handy casements. Wyatt showed an early aptitude for art, and Lord Bagot was at the cost of sending him to Italy to study. The Pantheon in Oxford Street seems to have been the crowning-piece of his fame and fortune, and on the death of Sir William Chambers he was appointed Surveyor to the Board of Works.

Lord Arthur Capel, the only son and heir of Sir Henry Capel, had an eventful career. He was noted for his hospitality and his many charities, and was chosen to represent Hertford in Parliament. At the breaking out of the Civil War, he supported the Parliament, and voted for the execution of Strafford; but he seems to have turned round, and raised a troop for the King. He fought with great valour, but finally had to capitulate, and retired to his estate at Hadham, and in Hadham Church is his monument. Unhappily for himself, he ventured to try his success again, and was compelled to surrender to Fairfax. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were shot, and the Lord of Cashibury committed to the Tower. It is said that some angry speeches between him and Ireton sealed his fate. But however true this may be, he was brought to trial, and condemned for heading another outbreak of Royalists. He was sentenced to be hung,

drawn, and quartered ; but this shocking sentence was commuted to beheading, and he met his end with the same valour that he had shown through his eventful life. Some verses that he wrote in the Tower found their way into the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1757, and they are deservedly admired :—

“ That which the world miscalls a jail  
 A private closet is to me,  
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,  
 And innocence my liberty.  
 Locks, bars, and solitude together met  
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

“ Where sin for want of food must starve,  
 Where tempting objects are not seen,  
 And these strong walls do only serve  
 To keep rogues out and keep me in—  
 Malice is now grown charitable sure,  
 I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

“ I'm in this cabinet locked up,  
 Like some high-prized *margarite*,  
 Or like some great mogul or pope  
 I'm cloistered up from public sight,  
 Retir'dness is a part of majesty,  
 And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

“ These manacles upon mine arm  
 I as my mistress' favours wear,  
 And for to keep my ankles warm  
 I have some iron shackes there.  
 These walls are but my garrison, this cell  
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

“ Although I cannot see my King,  
Neither in person or in coin,  
Yet contemplation is a thing  
That renders what I have not, mine :  
My King from me no adamant can part,  
Whom I do wear engraven in my heart.

“ Have you not heard the nightingale  
A prisoner close kept in a cage,  
How she doth chant her wonted tale  
In that her narrow hermitage ?  
Even that her melody doth plainly prove  
Her boughs are trees, her cage a pleasant grove.”

After his death, it was discovered that he had left a request in his papers that his heart should be buried near the King's, and it was finally deposited at his estate at Hadham. The history of his son Arthur is even more dramatic. The estates of Cashiobury were sequestered, but after the restoration of Charles II. they were again returned to him. He filled many high offices with ability and with credit, and was one of those concerned in what is commonly called the “Rye House Plot ;” and though he had opportunities of escape offered, he preferred to remain in prison and share the fortunes of his friend Lord Russell, fearing that his flight might injure his cause. He was found dead in prison, and some attempt was made to show that he fell by his own hand, but this was not credited at the time.





MILL AT CASHIOBURY.



The water-mill at Cashiobury, which forms the subject of the opposite plate, is very beautiful. It would seem, indeed, to have fallen into disuse, and to be retained simply for its picturesqueness: and it would be well if similar consideration were shown to other objects, where not actually in the way, that they might continue to delight the passer-by. A valuable collection of drawings or lithographs might easily be made of water-mills in different parts of England and Wales: I can recall several, perhaps nearly a dozen, that I remember to have seen during midsummer holidays, when, as a boy, it was my delight to take a knapsack, and wander without any direct aim—except, perhaps, to reach a trout stream—wherever fate or fancy led the way; and though that is many years ago, I can hardly join in the reminiscences of those who say that once the sun shone more brightly, and the larks and thrushes were more musical. Watford Mill is of considerable antiquity, and resembles the beautiful one in Gresford Vale, near Llangollen. The latter is more ancient, and is one of the few black-and-white ones that are left in the country. The road through Cashiobury Park is quite free, and the mill is reached easily from the Watford Lodge by keeping to the left after a few minutes' walk from the Lodge gates. If we take the

canal bank through Cashiobury, and proceed in a northerly direction, we shall arrive at another mill on a much larger scale. It is also very picturesque and pleasant, and much of its charm in summer weather is owing to the volume of clear water that we see flowing past, and which never seems to fail :—

“ Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;  
Strong, without rage ; without o’erflowing, full.”

The road which we shall arrive at is the delightful lane which separates Cashiobury from Grove Park, the seat of the Earl of Clarendon ; and if at the end of a ten or twelve minutes’ walk we take the lane on the left, we shall arrive at five lane ends, of which the most southerly takes us past Chandler’s Cross and Red Heath, and through Croxley Green to the old-fashioned town of Rickmansworth, which is very well worth a visit as a specimen of a small market centre. It is on low marshy lands that lie near the confluence of the Gade and the Colne, and these rivers have between them five channels as they pass the town, but reunite outside. There are many curious and interesting associations with Rickmansworth, which formerly belonged to the Abbey of St. Albans, and is noticed in Dugdale as part of the vast possessions of that establishment. We read of what seems a small privilege in

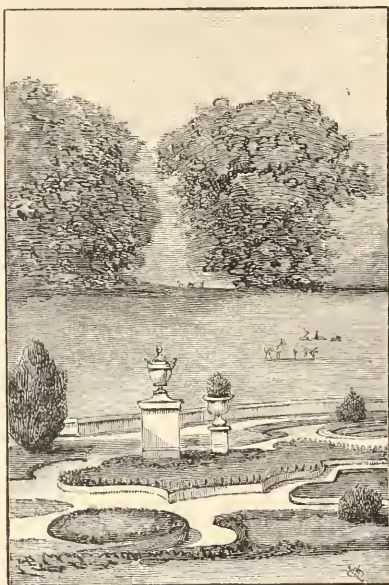
these days—a weekly market, which, though any village may now enjoy it, on its own responsibility, and without let or hindrance, seems, by a singular anomaly, to be hedged about with pains and penalties when the metropolis of Great Britain—the largest market, without any exception, in the world—is concerned; though, indeed, it would almost seem that Londoners should claim the first relief. The manor of Rickmansworth belonged to Ridley, Bishop of London, who went to the stake with Latimer; and by a singular freak of fortune it was afterwards conferred upon Bonner, who, whatever attempts may have been made to whitewash him, was at least a bitter persecutor, though it would be unjust to say that he was as dead to every feeling of human kindness as was Gardiner. The old records of Rickmansworth abound with curious interest, for on the death of Bonner it reverted to the Crown, and it was sold, or perhaps mortgaged, to Sir John Fotherly, whose son was the high sheriff of the county in the reign of Charles II. His end was a tragic one indeed, for he happened to visit Jamaica with his only daughter, and they were both engulfed in the terrible earthquake which, in the reign of William III., spread disaster over nearly all the island; and then the manor, which had lapsed, became the property of

Mr. Fotherly Whitfield, the nephew of this gentleman. The church is a plain and roomy building, and consists of the usual appliances to an ecclesiastical edifice: nave, aisles, chancel, and a handsome embattled tower of hewn flints at the west end. This style of building in flint is always local, and it would seem to be quite indestructible; walls stand as firmly and are as "plumb" as they were the day they were built. The interior of Rickmansworth Church is also very interesting from the number of monumental stones it contains. On one is, "Here lyes in hope of a joyfull resurrection, ye Body of ye Rt. Honourable Henry Cary, Baron of Lepington, Earl of Monmouth (sone of Robert, Earl of Monmouth, and Elizabeth Trevanian, his wife, wh. Robert was ye 10th sone of Henry, Baron of Hunsdon). He died ye 17th day of June, An<sup>o</sup>. Dn<sup>i</sup>. 1661, aged 65 years. He was married 41 years to the Lady May Cranfield, eldest daughter of Lionell, Earle of Middlesex, and had by her 10 children, two sonnes and eight daughters, viz.; Lionell the eldest (never married), was slayn Anno Dn<sup>i</sup>. 1664 at Marston Moor fight in his Maties. service, and Henry who died of y<sup>e</sup> small pox, An<sup>o</sup>. Dn<sup>i</sup>. 1649, and lyes interred at the Savoye. He left no issue but one sonne, since deceased, also y<sup>e</sup> last heir male of this Earle's familie." . . . This



is only half of the inscription, and it is given here merely as a most characteristic specimen of the monumental records of the period, which in many cases would seem almost to have been expected to answer for reference where records in church folios were so loosely made and loosely kept.

Close to Rickmansworth lies the entrance to Moor Park, which was also anciently a parcel of the over-spreading Abbey of St. Albans; and we cannot sufficiently regret the destruction of a monument that lay,



MOOR PARK.

indeed, a little out of our radius, but was worthy, it is said, of the wealthiest abbey in England, and that is, the Eleanor Cross, that stood a few miles to the north of Watford, and near the vast Abbey Church of St. Peter's. It is by no means improbable that portions



of this are buried, and now exist, and that at some future time they may be discovered in an unlikely or likely place, and joined together again. It was my lot to be employed in writing an account of the stone crosses of England some few years ago, and especially did the Eleanor ones claim attention for their unrivalled beauty ; though three only remain, it seemed a certainty that the nine others are not all destroyed ; and since writing these accounts, no less than three carved crosses have been unearthed in different parts of England, and sketches sent to me. None of them, of course, were Eleanor ones, but it is very probable that if we could know what lies only a few feet under the ground, the excursionists from Harrow would find another cross besides Waltham within their easy reach, and that possibly a finer one. Some of the tenants of the Abbot of St. Albans, who held the manor by service, seem to have been rather of the Land-League fraternity, and entered unreasonable objections : thus one Fleete refused either to pay quit rents or to perform the covenanted services ; though, indeed, one was only to find a nag-horse to carry the Abbot, or any of his successors, to Tynemouth whenever they should visit that cell ; and if we consider the time this would have occupied, and the great inconvenience in those days, we cannot think the exaction very extortionate.

Ralph de Boteler, the Lord of Sudeley, who is the



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hero of a somewhat romantic ballad, was the next owner, and among subsequent possessors was George

Neville, Archbishop of York, a brother of the great Earl of Warwick, who, according to Godwin, built a house here, long since demolished. Edward IV. was often entertained here, and a curious tale is told by Godwin as occurring shortly before the defeat and death of his brother :—

“The archbishop was hunting with the king at Windsor, when he made relation to him of some extraordinary kind of game wherewith he was wont to solace himself at a house which he had built, and furnished sumptuously, called the Moor, in Hertfordshire. The king seeming desirous to be a partaker of this sport, appointed a day when he would come hither and hunt, and make merry with him. Thereupon the archbishop, taking his leave, got him home, and thinking to entertain the king in the best manner possible for him, he sent for much plate that he had hid during the wars, and also borrowed much of his friends. The deer which the king hunted with being thus brought into the toils, the day before his appointed time he sent for the archbishop, commanding him, all excuses set apart, to repair presently to him at Windsor. As soon as he came, he was arrested of treason ; all his money, plate, and moveables to the value of £20,000 seized upon for the king, and he himself a

long space after was kept prisoner at Calais and Guisnes: during which time, the king took upon himself all the profits and temporalities of the bishopric. Among other things then taken from him, he had a mitre of inestimable value, by reason of many rich stones wherewith it was adorned; that the king broke, and made thereof a crown for himself." Henry, in his *History of Great Britain*, vol. ix. p. 203, records that as Edward was dining one day with the archbishop, he was privately informed that he was that day to be put to death, on which he immediately rose, and departed to Windsor.

The history of Moor Park is extremely interesting, and, indeed, it is connected with many events in history. Formerly it belonged to the Duke of Monmouth, having been purchased by him from the Earl of Ossory. He was, it is curious to note, one of three scions of the House of Stuart, who, within a period of ninety-eight years, met with death by the hand of the public executioner. Without going through the lists of each proprietor, it is interesting to know that at one time Moor Park was purchased by Lord Anson, after his return from the Ladrões, of which islands he has left so charming an account. He would have little difficulty in purchasing the estate after the prize-money that

he took from the Spanish treasure-ship which he intercepted, when thirty-two waggons, well escorted, were required to bring the spoil from Spithead to London. Moor Park belonged also to Sir Lawrence Dundas at one time, and again to Mr. Robert Williams, the eminent London banker, and now is owned by Lord Ebury, whose name has been so often before the public as a philanthropist, and who is an uncle of the present Duke of Westminster.

Formerly there was a hill before the house, but this was levelled by one of the proprietors of the mansion who had acquired an immense fortune through a judicious sale of shares in the South Sea Scheme. Pope, in his *Moral Essays*, alludes to this circumstance :

“ Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,  
You'd wish your hill a sheltered seat again.”

“ This,” Pope observed in a note, “ was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, by which means, merely to overlook a dead plain, he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.” Upon this note Britton observes with great justness, “ Satirists are generally more severe than just, and Pope is not an exception ; his dead plain conveys an idea of sterility and loneliness, which the prospect itself belies. It opens rather

upon a fertile vale animated by the meanderings of the Gade and Colne rivers, and rendered beautiful by a luxuriance of verdure, intermingled with noble seats, villages, and farmhouses, together with the towns of Rickmansworth and Watford." Mr. Styles, the fortunate seller-out of South Sea stock, it was who built the present mansion, and he employed for the purpose the then celebrated architect, Giacomo Leoni, a Venetian architect, who was formerly in the service of the Elector Palatine of Germany. He settled in England, and wrote a very excellent edition of Palladio in 1742, and was employed by Mr. Styles for the building of Moor Park. The house, as the Duke of Monmouth left it, was a brick building, though of no inconsiderable dimensions. Sir James Thornhill painted the saloon, and acted as surveyor for the building. His paintings are a good example of the pseudo-classic taste of the period. In the hall are paintings to represent the story of Io and Argus as told by Ovid in the first book of the *Metamorphoses*, even to the last scene where Mercury appears to cut off the head of Argus:—

“Without delay his crooked falchion drew,  
And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew,  
And all his hundred eyes with all their light  
Are closed at once in one perpetual night:  
These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,  
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.”

Some doubt is expressed as to the actual artist, but it is much in Thornhill's style. The cost of the building was £150,000, and the carriage of stone from London amounted to the enormous sum of £14,000. But other, and almost equally extravagant, sums were afterwards spent upon this place by Lord Anson and Sir Lawrence Dundas. Mr. Rous, an East Indian director, had possession for a short time, but his means were not equal to the strain of keeping up such a great estate, and he pulled down the wings to sell the building materials! He had hoped to be a member of the Board of Control under Mr. Fox's celebrated Indian Bill, but he was doomed to disappointment. In the west wing which he pulled down lay the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Styles. They were buried in the magnificent chapel, and now they lie under a grass plot at the west end of the house. One of the wings pulled down contained the chapel, and the other the offices, and they were united with the main building by a fine Tuscan colonnade. The central part of this mansion was, however, untouched, and it forms one of the finest seats in Hertfordshire. The saloon, the library, and the ball-room or long drawing-room are all on a grand scale, and the author of the *Beauties of England and Wales* very simply says of the ceiling of



the latter: "It was one of the finest works of Sir James Thornhill, but was copied from one of Guido's at the Respigliari palace. Sir James was paid £3500 for executing it, but not until he had established its value by the testimony of some of the most celebrated artists in a court of justice." The park is extremely beautiful, and if a nightingale is to be heard anywhere it is there. It is said that the oak trees have begun to fade and decay from the top, and this would give credence to the generally received belief that the Duchess of Monmouth, after her husband's execution, caused the tops of all the oaks in the park to be cut off. Lord Anson destroyed the pleasure-ground so much praised by Sir William Temple, and laid out the present one, and his planting of foreign trees and shrubs greatly enriches the beauty of the park. The kitchen garden also was not neglected, and here the far-famed "Moor Park apricot" was perfected. Brown, commonly known as "Capability Brown," was the surveyor employed by Lord Anson to effect the improvements, and it is probable that they will rank among his best works.

## CHAPTER X.

Grove Park—Lord Clarendon's Picture Gallery—King's Langley—King's Evil—Abbot's Langley—Brakespear, the only Englishman who was ever Pope of Rome : His Character and Career—Splendid View from Abbot's Langley.

A PLEASANT, shady lane divides Cashiobury from Grove Park, which is situated about seven miles in a direct line from Harrow, on the Hemel Hempstead road, so that the many broad acres that are covered by the grounds of the two residences are almost contiguous. The lodge is at the corner of the lane, and no exception is taken to any one walking through to enjoy one of the most beautiful scenes that all the parks in this charming district can offer. The road slopes down to a bridge over the Colne, which runs through the grounds, and herds of deer are either resting under the shade of beeches and elms, or gazing with surprised eyes at the passer-by. Perhaps the road that is spoken of is unsurpassed in beauty by any in either Cashiobury or

Moor Park. The grounds of Grove Park are some three miles in circumference, and they enclose, among other objects of interest, a very successful farm, which was laid out and conducted with great sagacity by the great-uncle of the present proprietor when he enjoyed



GROVE PARK.

the estates and dignities. "The quantity of land which his lordship has now in cultivation includes about 600 acres, and, as the prevailing soil is a sharp gravel, the skill and industry necessary to render it productive must be of a superior description. On this farm about 100 acres are every year laid in artificial

grasses, which remain for feeding and cutting for three years, in which time, from live stock—particularly sheep—being kept upon them, they are so well dressed that on breaking them up at the expiration of that period three good crops of corn are taken from them in succession, without any other dressing, providing the seasons are favourable. The rotation is generally oats, wheat, and barley; but this is sometimes varied by the introduction of peas. By pursuing this system, the other parts of the land can be dressed more highly, and a greater number of sheep is admitted to be kept.

“ In the management of the sheep stock his lordship generally purchases the best Ryeland ewes that can be procured, about Michaelmas, or sometimes sooner: to these a large-sized Leicester is added, and sometimes another, but always a well-shaped animal. The ewes commonly cost from twenty-five to twenty-seven shillings a head, the lamb sells for at least the prime cost of the ewe, and the ewe fattens at the same time, and both are sold within the year for not less than thirty shillings.

“ His lordship’s stock of deer is generally from 350 to 400, and of these a few brace are annually fattened for sale.

“Considerable attention is also given to poultry ; and geese, turkeys, guinea-fowls, ducks, etc., are bred here in abundance. A complete carpenter’s yard forms part of the farming establishment, and the whole is conducted with the greatest liberality and judgment.”

This is the account of a contemporary, and was written in the very early part of the present century, but it is a faithful comment upon what has been already said of the utility of private parks ; and indeed the management of the farm as here described is a just picture of a well-conducted one, even with our present knowledge. But the glory of “The Grove” is its picture gallery, which was in part brought away from Cornbury, the ancient seat of the Earls of Clarendon, and now the residence of Lord Churchill, who is some descendant of the great Marlborough, and whose family was raised to the peerage in 1815. On the walls of the Grove we see through suites of rooms men who have left their names and their mark in English history, and their lineaments are almost as vivid as they were when they were first portrayed. Vandyck, Lely, Carl Janssen, are all well represented here, and indeed this magnificent collection of portraits is almost as interesting to a picture-collector as to a historian. Of course the most interesting of all the portraits is

that of the Lord Chancellor, from whom the present family derive their title, and who, as Granger says, "was of too subtle a nature for the age of Charles the Second. Could he have been content to enslave millions, he might have been more a monarch than that unprincely king; but he did not only look upon himself as the guardian of the laws and liberties of his country, but had a pride in his nature that was above vice, and chose rather to be a victim himself than to sacrifice his integrity. He had only one part to act, and that was of an honest man; and he was a much greater, perhaps a happier, man, alone and in exile, than Charles II. upon his throne." The portrait is a very noble one, and full of dignity. There are also other chancellors in the collection, such as Lord Cottington, who held the seals under Charles I., and Chancellor Wareham, who was Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor at the same time—almost corresponding in kind with the prince-bishops of the Continent,—but the mixture of trusts was quite usual in the Middle Ages. It might be puzzling to the reader of Shakespeare to understand all at once the dialogue between Falstaff and the Lord Chief Justice which occurs in the second part of *Henry IV*. Falstaff's ready wit is far too much for the Chief Justice,

even though the latter was as able a man as Gascoigne ; but when he says, "Will your lordship lend me a thousand pounds to furnish me forth?" it would seem a most unreasonable request. A thousand pounds would equal at least fifteen times such a sum now, and, even if the security were all that Lombard Street could desire, a Chief Justice is not a money-lender. This was not, however, the plea for declining at all. "Not a penny, not a penny ; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well." He could, however, quite easily have complied with Falstaff's request, as he had by virtue of his office the control of the resources of the Treasury.

The origin of the Chancellor's office forms also a natural subject for reflection as we look over the grand collection of portraits at the Grove, but it seems to be lost in puzzles. The Conqueror brought his chaplain with him into England and made him the head of a college of notaries, who seem also to have been the king's chaplains, and in his capacity of arch-chaplain the Chancellor became the keeper of the royal conscience and of the chapels royal ; in his character of grand notary he became the keeper of the Great Seal, which was raised to the plural number, either out of compliment to the phraseology of France, or because



William made it a double seal, with his equestrian figure on one side and his robed figure on the other.

Chancellor is a word of wide signification, and formerly denoted merely an usher or secretary to the imperial court, and, as we see, the Archbishop of Canterbury was frequently the Chancellor. Wareham's portrait (who held the double office) is preserved in the collection. Finally, the Chancellorship was a law office, though Lord Clarendon declared when he became a politician he was obliged to relinquish law, and here again we are confronted with a pronounced difference between the selection of English judges and French. An English judge is an old advocate; a French judge has for long been chosen early in life, and learns his duties in a different way. "The legal magistracy of France," as has well been remarked, "with its virtuous chancellors and courageous presidents, was one of the chief glories of the ancient monarchy. Their names are a line of light along French history; and while no system can keep up a race of L'Hôpitals and D'Aguesseaus, it is more than mere good fortune to have produced them once."

There is a fine portrait of Lord Keeper Coventry here. He was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal during the reign of Charles I., after having filled the offices of

Recorder of London and Solicitor - General. This painting is by Cornelius Janssen. There are several very fine ones of others by the same artist in this collection, especially one of Sir George Villiers, the father of the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, and the evil genius of the house of Stuart, or perhaps we should say one of them. This is a very fine painting, though the face is not a pleasant one. It has been considered Janssen's masterpiece, and the peculiarities of his style are very apparent in it. He generally painted on panels, and used ultramarine in his black colours as well as in his carnations, which is supposed to be one cause of their continuous lustre. He was commonly regarded almost as a rival of Vandyck, but he wanted the ease and grace of that consummate master. In delicacy of finish, however, and perhaps almost in brilliancy of colour, he is Vandyck's superior. The growing fame of Vandyck, however, rather placed Janssen in the background: commissions of great value that would have been Janssen's found their way to Vandyck's studio, and at the breaking out of the civil war he returned to Amsterdam. There is another of his paintings here, of the "Queen of Bohemia." She was the Princess Elizabeth, and married Frederick V., the Elector Palatine. There is an exceedingly interesting portrait of

the learned and virtuous Lord Falkland. Historians of both sides agree that his life was blameless even for those days. All his sympathies were with the popular cause, but he believed his duty lay in following the fortunes of the king, even though he mistrusted him. Often at the end of his musings he would call out "Peace, peace," and lament over the calamities of the country he loved so well. He was the leader of some very learned men who strove to reform the Church, to separate secular from ecclesiastical offices, and relieve bishops from their attendance in the House of Peers. When he buckled on his sword for the battle of Newbury he felt sure it was for the last time, and he fell at the end of the day "ingeminating 'Peace, peace,'" at the early age of thirty-four. There is also a portrait by Vandyck of another nobleman who lost his life in the Civil Wars, though in a different manner. James Stanley, Earl of Derby, with his wife and son, fill a large space over the sideboard in the dining-room. The Countess is in white satin, wonderfully painted, and the Earl is in black; the child is in a dull red dress. Within a furlong of where these lines are written is the house where Lord Derby passed his last night on earth before the melancholy procession set out for Bolton. Anything like an account of this

invaluable collection is of course impossible, and all that can be even attempted is to notice very shortly a few that made the strongest impression during a short visit. There is a large picture of Monmouth, who indeed looks no better than any other of the worthless race from which he sprang, and the description of it is, "Monmouth consulting his astrologer." But Brayley and Britton give it a different complexion. "In the library is a full-length picture of the Duke of Monmouth, in armour, accompanied by a man who appears like a foreign seaman, pointing to the Netherlands on a globe." There are some beautiful female faces, such as Charlotte, the daughter of the second Clarendon; she is simple and almost rustic-looking, with fine, pleasant eyes, and another of the same name dressed as Mary Queen of Scots. Sarah Jennings, also the first Duchess of Marlborough, is hardly the imperious-looking person one would expect, who held such influence over Marlborough, and made Queen Anne do anything she desired. The cold, cynical Marlborough says that he looked at the cliffs with his "perspective glass," in hopes that he might catch a sight of her once more, as he set out on one of his campaigns. But as for her impetuousness, she caused the grand pile of Woodstock, which had no equal as a

royal residence in England, to be swept away, considering that it was not fit company for Blenheim. Still, as seen in the gallery at the Grove, she is simple and pretty; and so far from being the violent, malignant person we know her to have been, we should almost think she was an unsophisticated country rector's daughter. James II. is finely painted in armour, with his dark gloomy face, and indeed his picture is an excellent comment upon the vivid descriptions that Macaulay has given us of his evil life. But, singularly enough, there is a beautiful painting of the family of Charles I., and in this he appears as the Duke of York, a vivacious, laughing boy, with a pleasant and almost a luminous expression. Then there is a fine portrait of Ellesmere sitting with his hat on in court, as was the custom in old times. He was also Chancellor of Oxford, and there is a portrait of him in the Bodleian Library. Like Clarendon, he was an upright judge, and indeed one of his sayings used to be, "Frost and fraud end in foul." He was once required to sign a document which would have wronged a subject, but pleased a Stuart king. "And would you have me put my hand to this?" he said, and received an affirmative reply. "Nay, then," he said, "I will do more: I will put both hands to it,"

and then he tore it in two. He died at York House, and was buried at the country church of Doddleston, a few miles from Chester. Among the other portraits is one of Luther and the reformers. Luther is probably an excellent likeness, and indeed closely resembles the one at Wartburg. There is also another portrait of an English reformer, John Bunyan, which is a good painting. He is represented here as younger and more sprightly than we commonly see him. There is also a portrait of Cromwell, with a bâton in his hand, that closely resembles one of the likenesses of the Protector in the British Museum. But one of the most interesting portraits is that of the late Lord Clarendon, the diplomatist and statesman. He held the seals of the Foreign Office under the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, during their tenures of office ; and in the hall is a marble bust of him which corresponds wonderfully with the portrait. There is more refinement in the face than in any of the old portraits, and at the same time there is as much latent power and firmness. But, as before said, a volume might be written on this collection without once trenching on old ground.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is a description of these portraits by Lady Theresa Lewis, which will be found in her *Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Clarendon*.

If we leave the lodge gate again at Grove Park we shall find ourselves opposite Russell Farm, as it is called, though it is in reality a very fine residence, now occupied by a great China manufacturer. And here it may be well to point out that those who go by the present issue of Ordnance maps may be often misled, and it must rejoice pedestrians to think that a new issue may be expected in the fulness of time. Between Watford and Russell Farm is another farm bearing the name of "Nascot," and laid out apparently in a park. This is now occupied by the residences of professional men or merchants from London, and of course the houses are restricted to a certain size. Some are in well-kept grounds and have hothouses and vineries, and the usual accessories of wealth, and a walk along the lanes through them is always pleasant. Flower-beds and velvety lawns greet the eye, and remind us that there is as much beauty in cultivated nature as in the wildernesses and solitary places. The last house that has been built along the Hemel Hempstead road stands in somewhat broader grounds than the others, and these have been well laid out. Some fine oaks that grew in them have been left untouched and untrimmed, and these give it a snug, residential appearance. It was customary not long ago to





KING'S LANGLEY CHURCH.

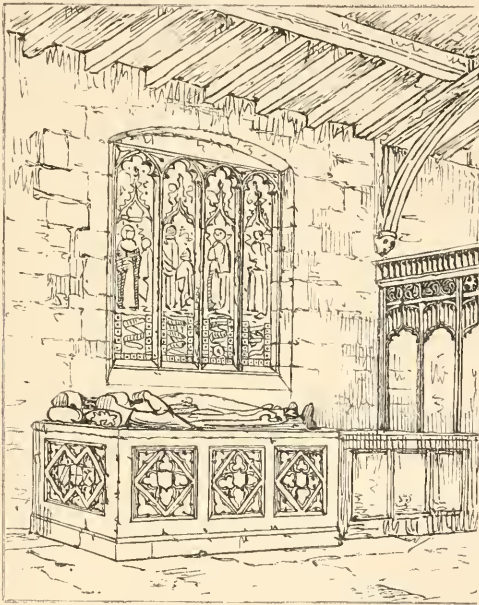


“clear” the land where a house was to be built, and replant trees according to the owner’s fancy in horticulture—an absurdly wrong practice, to say nothing of the circumstance that he could never live to see his trees more than shrubs. I have often seen a house built by a brother of a prominent member of the present Government. The house is a very admirable one as far as accommodation and convenience are concerned, but unhappily the indigenous trees were cut down some thirty years ago, to make room for newer and more fashionable growths, and the death of the proprietor has been in the way of his ever realising his expectations. The entrance to Grove Park is near the seventeenth milestone from London, and the pleasant village of King’s Langley lies between the nineteenth and twentieth. The church is of various dates, but it is principally of the sixteenth century, though there are parts of much greater antiquity ; and from drawings left of it before it was modernised, it would seem to have been a place of great interest and beauty. Still this has not been entirely swept away, for the demolition of its old features has been only partial.

The monuments of King’s Langley are very interesting, and the group shown overleaf is extremely

picturesque. The tomb in the foreground has often been called the tomb of Sir Piers Gaveston, the worthless favourite of Edward II.; but the architecture and the costumes point to a more recent period, and it is more probably the tomb of Sir John Verney of Pendley, who was Sheriff of Herts and Essex in the fourteenth of Henry VII. The costumes, it is true, would indicate a somewhat earlier period, but we often see now old gentlemen in fashions of the last generation, and a slight discrepancy in costume might be further accounted for by the circumstance that the effigies we see in ancient tombs were often chiselled during the lifetime of the deceased. According to Stowe, however, it would seem that Sir Piers Gaveston was first buried at the Preaching Friars at Oxford, and afterwards re-interred in King's Langley Church. The screen divides the monumental effigies from the small chapel where Edmund Langley, the son of Edward III., was buried. According to a fine mellow copperplate now before me, published in 1812, the tomb of Edmund Langley stood within the altar rails, and a wall, where the screen here shown stands, blocked up the north-east end of the church. Britton says: "The tomb was originally differently situated, as appears from the sides being surrounded with shields

of arms ; though from its present position those only on the west and south can now be seen. The arms on the west side are those of Westminster, England, and



CHANCEL SCREEN OF EDMUND LANGLEY, DUKE OF YORK.

Mercia ; the shields on the south display the arms of Edmund, etc., and all the shields are in the centres of ornamented square compartments." Since Britton wrote, the tomb has been removed into a chapel, of

which only the first bay of the screen is shown : perhaps, however, the original situation was not far distant from that shown on the old copper-plate ; and if the rank and dignity of Langley are remembered, it is not at all improbable that he lay within the altar rails, provoking the envy of the rhyming cynic on chancel tombs—

“ The further in the more they pay,  
Here I lie as warm as they.”

King's Langley was formerly not only a magnificent royal residence, but a place where parliaments were held. There are yet foundations in existence showing where the royal palace stood, but the dressed stone has long since been carted away,—as we may easily perceive if we notice the walls and farm-buildings in the neighbourhood. Edmund Langley, whose tomb is in this quiet country church, it is hardly necessary to say, is the direct ancestor of our present Queen.

Formerly there was a priory of Dominicans here, founded by the son of an English baron supposed to be Roger Lucy, but commonly called Robert *Helle*, and his cognomen may be left for explanation to the eminent antiquary, Gough, who says : “ A Vallensibus ita cognominatus eo quod eosdem Wallicos regi Angliæ rebelles, tanquam inferni undique devastavit.”

—(Gough, p. 349, vol. i.) The buildings at the latter part of the reign of Edward I. must have been on a very fine scale. Indeed, through the munificence of the Edwards it became the most splendid of all the Dominican houses in England. The first four of the Edwards seem to have vied with each other in their munificent bequests, and indeed it is so near a royal residence that we can understand the advantages “Preaching” friars enjoyed. Tanner calls this a house of Friars preachers founded by Hella, and “enlarged by Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., and Edward IV.,” so that at the dissolution it was among the wealthiest of the Dominican houses. Speed estimated its revenues at £150:14:8, but Dugdale places them rather below that sum. I should, however, have no difficulty in believing that Speed’s estimate was well within the mark. It of course followed the fate of similar establishments at the dissolution of monasteries, and the lands belonging to it were divided among favourites.

Queen Mary indeed restored the establishment as a nunnery, with a prioress and nuns, but it was dissolved in the first year of Elizabeth’s reign.

A strange superstition once prevailed in England — “touching for king’s evil,” as it was called — and



this till recently was commemorated on a printed proclamation in King's Langley Church. The king's evil, as it was termed, is (it is needless to say) a form of scrofula, and just such as might have been expected from the habits of the day. It appears now to arise from improper food, or insufficient clothing, or neglect, or improper treatment during dentition. It is not necessarily hereditary, though it often is so, and some authorities in speaking of it have said that it died out and reappeared. Still, all we know of it is that it is the result of such insanitary habits as prevailed of old : but that did not suit the advocates for royal prerogative, and it was commonly held that the cure, and only cure, was touch from the king's hand. In King's Langley Church a proclamation was printed, and remained until recent times, in which it is said that James II. would officiate upon the unfortunate between All Hallows and Christmas, and Lady Day and Midsummer. The origin of the ceremony I could never learn. It is doubtless connected with some ecclesiastical rite, though whether pagan or early Christian is uncertain. A proviso appeared in the proclamation that no person who had been *once* touched should enter another appearance, and this would seem to be in admirable keeping with the

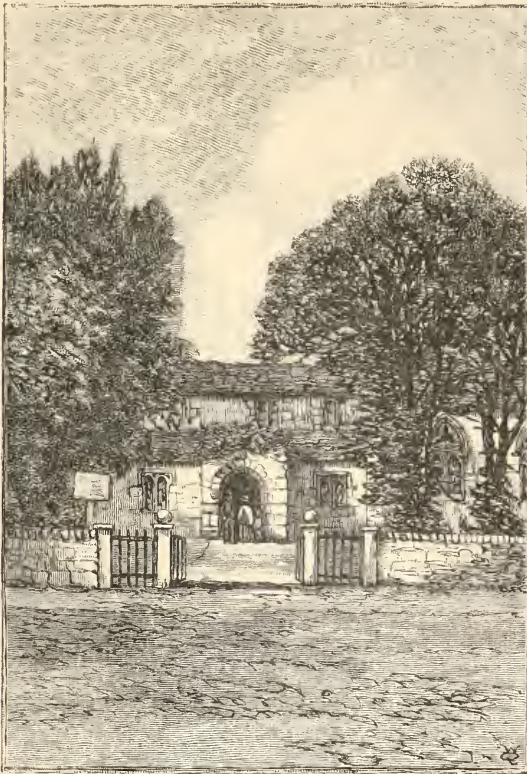
ceremony itself, as he would be, officially speaking, perfectly well, notwithstanding any crude and orthodox belief to the contrary he might entertain. Under this proclamation was another, with so respectable a name as the Archbishop of Canterbury's (Sancroft's) attached, and he says that the feast of St. Matthias is not to be held on the 25th of February, as "common almanacs have *wildly* and *erroneously* fixed it," but on the 24th for ever, leap year or not. He seems to have been taken to task by Wallis, the famous mathematician and astronomer of Oxford; but I see upon reference to almanacs, both leap year and otherwise, that the feast is still kept on the 24th, without, as far as we know, any disturbance sidereal or terrestrial.

A short walk from King's Langley leads to Abbot's Langley, and it is so called from its having at one time belonged to the abbey of St. Albans. At the dissolution it came into possession of the Crown, and remained so till the latter part of the reign of James I., when that monarch granted it to Francis Combe, of Hemel Hempstead, who bequeathed it to Trinity College, Oxford, and Sidney College, Cambridge. The village of Abbot's Langley is exceedingly pleasant—long, straggling, and very picturesque. The church is quite a model of a "rustic beauty," and, before the

black-oak pews with all their quaintness were swept away, the interior must have been as attractive as the exterior.

The only Englishman that ever held pontifical sway was born at Abbot's Langley. An English cardinal recently stood high, indeed, among Italian sporting men, who wished to *back* their opinions at the last election, but he was distanced sadly in the voting. Nicholas de Brakespear was certainly not the man we should have expected to fill so high an office. There is a place called after his name in the parish of St. Michael's, near the seat of Lord Verulam. According to all accounts the English Pope was a rather stupid boy, and the recluses of St. Albans refused him a monk's gown, because he was not sufficiently a scholar to satisfy the requirements of the order. By way of giving his talents a further chance of development he went to the abbey of St. Rufus in Provence, and became a canon, and afterwards Abbot of that picturesque pile. Here, however, his fatal aptitude for misgovernment reappeared, and the monks appealed to the Pope, and Nicholas Brakespear appeared before the pontifical court to answer, and so ingratiated himself at Rome that he was made Bishop of Alba, and sent on a rather hopeless expedition to convert

the Teutonic races. When the Pope died in 1154 Brakespear was elected to the pontifical chair, and he



ABBOT'S LANGLEY.

assumed the title of Adrian the Fourth. Dressed with a little brief authority, he did indeed play fan-

tastic tricks. He refused to invest the Emperor Frederick with the imperial diadem till he had prostrated himself before him and held the stirrup of his palfrey while he mounted it. He held the chair for five years, and was buried at St. Peter's Church, near his predecessor Eugenius. It was commonly reported that a fly had choked him, but a more readily received belief was that some philtre cunningly administered was the cause of a vacancy in the Holy See. Such is a brief sketch of the only Englishman that ever wielded the thunders of the Vatican, and it is just possible that, after their experience of the specimen we sent them, the cardinals did not think England a happy recruiting-ground for popes.

There is a beautiful example of a country house at Abbot's Langley, which is beautifully wooded, and stands very near the church. The trees round are fine, even for this part of England. The cedars of Lebanon grow almost as if they were on the mountain from which they take their name, and there are some wonderful horse-chestnuts. One is especially grand; its spreading boughs reach the ground, and there they take root almost like a banana tree, and spring up again into fine branching stems. There is a beech tree like this in the Marquis of Lothian's grounds at Dalkeith, but here the circle

of beech trees that surround the parent stem have acted like parasites, and would seem to have emaciated the original branches that reached the ground ; these are quite thin in the middle, for want of nourishment : their extravagant offspring have drained them. But at Abbot's Langley the original branches of the horse chestnut have not acted so undutiful a part, and they are strong and powerful. There is a footpath from Abbot's Langley to Brickett's Wood on the St. Albans road that is very beautiful, and indeed the view when we first emerge from the village is simply one grand panorama. It would perhaps be too much to suppose that there are many Londoners who have not seen it ; but if there are, they may at any time, for a small cost, and within three-quarters of an hour's ride, see one of the grandest views in England. Epping Woods stretch out like a long black line in the horizon, and the vast landscape is dotted over with village church towers and country seats. London is visible on the right, and to the left we may see the long roof of St. Albans Abbey, which is about six miles distant. Speaking from recollection, which is of course often misleading, I should say that the celebrated view from Heidelberg is not superior in beauty to this, though there is another view, which lies in Middlesex, and is even somewhat nearer to London,

that equals it in interest, and one which the several Londoners I have asked say they have never had an opportunity of seeing, and this is the magnificent prospect from Harefield.



## CHAPTER XI.

Bentley Priory—Stanmore Park—Queen Adelaide—Lord Abercorn—Sir Walter Scott and *Marmion*—Beautiful Scenery—Chandos Arms—Edgeware—Edgeware Church—Monken Hadley—Wrotham Park—Admiral Byng—Beech Hill House.

IT will be necessary once more to retrace some of our steps and to suppose ourselves at Pinner Station, in order to recommence the delightful walk that lies between Bentley Priory and Stanmore Park. Strangely enough, one of the places is offered for sale, and the other is to be let, since alluding to them on a former occasion; and indeed it was rather surprising to see so many houses, that offered every apparent attraction, with boards before them intimating that they were at the disposal of any passer-by they might suit. The very week that I had seen these empty houses I found in an illustrated paper, the organ of architects, a very interesting account of Bentley, which must almost have rivalled Holland House in the literary associations

that hang around it. Rogers, Southey, and Wordsworth were among its guests, and they all knew the haunts of the park well; and here sometimes Lord Sidmouth, the sententious Addington, used to meet Canning, of whose terrible satires he was so often the victim. And later on Bentley was a favourite rendezvous of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. Scott revised *Marmion* in a summer-house in the grounds, and Rogers wrote some of the *Pleasures of Memory* here—inspired, it has been suggested, by the shady avenues and the tranquil scenery of the park. Bentley was purchased nearly a century ago by Lord Abercorn, and it is interesting as having been the residence of the Dowager Queen Adelaide. It was rented from Lord Abercorn for her for three years, but she only lived to enjoy half the lease. Many old people yet living in the neighbourhood speak of her kindnesses, and her genial love for every one about her. Strathmore and Harrow Weald knew her well; and the last time that she appeared in public was when she laid the foundation stone of Stanmore new church, which stands at the corner of the boundary lane that ends the easterly direction of Stanmore and Bentley Parks. For nearly three years after Lord Abercorn had decided to live in Ireland, Bentley Priory re-

mained without a tenant, until Sir John Kelk, the eminent contractor, purchased it, and now again it seems to be at the disposal of the public. There are six lodges on the roads by which Bentley is surrounded, and some of them are very neat and tasteful. In no part of England do laurels and rhododendrons and yews grow to greater perfection. Often the house is lost to sight until we approach near its entrance, and by whichever road a visitor comes he must perforce arrive at the mansion by the northern entrance. The principal rooms from the hall are the billiard-room, picture-gallery, and great drawing-room, and library. But on the same floor are two rooms—the morning-room, and gentlemen's-room. These were usually occupied by the Queen Dowager as a sitting-room and bedroom, and in one of these she died. She chose these rooms on account of their having a warm southern aspect. They are undoubtedly very pleasant, and from the morning-room a door opens into a magnificent Italian garden and conservatory, 126 feet in length. In a summer-house on the lake Scott and Rogers spent many delightful days, and here much of *Marmion* was written. The stables of Bentley are models of perfection; there is accommodation for fifty horses. The fernery, the lime-tree avenue (which is

only inferior to the magnificent one at "The Quarries" in Shrewsbury), the orangery, the cedars of Lebanon, and the yews, are among the finest of their kind in Middlesex. Bentley Priory seems never to have remained for long in one family. After the dissolution of monasteries it would appear that Henry VIII. granted the lands to Messrs. Needham and Sacheverel; but they did not remain in their hands for long; they sold them to one Elizabeth Colt, and in the reign of Queen Anne this estate passed to two owners of the name of Coghill; and, though that was only in the first part of the eighteenth century, it passed through three hands—Mr. Bennet, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Duberly—before it was purchased in 1788 by the Marquis of Abercorn. Sir John Kelk made few additions to the mansion, only adding the projecting Italian front to the south.

It is said that Lord Abercorn induced Scott while he was here to write the lines on Fox :

"For talents mourn untimely lost  
When best employed, and wanted most."

Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, says that these lines came from the pen of the very conservative peer, Lord Abercorn.

From Stanmore Church, which lies at the extremity of Bentley and Stanmore Parks, a walk of rather less

than a mile will take us to the Edgware Road, a few paces beyond the ninth milestone from London ; and if we turn to the right, we shall skirt the old boundary wall of Canons and arrive at Edgware. This is on



LANE NEAR STANMORE.

the old Roman road of Watling Street, which traverses the kingdom, and appears in its proper name in a small street in London, and often after as it passes through country towns. But the journey from Pinner Station to Edgware Road is very beautiful and full of sylvan delights. One of the shady lanes is here shown ; the

trees meet over the pathway just as we crest the hill ; and beyond the woods of Canons Park are seen. It is a charming picture, and one that would have inspired Gainsborough or Constable. It seems to require no composition ; that is all done, and nothing more than a careful copy is needed to make the scene a picture. A short walk leads us to the London road ; and if we turn to the north, we can arrive at St. Albans through Elstree and Aldenham ; whilst, if we turn to the south, we shall arrive at the quiet, straggling village of Edgeware, with its quaint old houses and its ancient church. A station now connects it with the Midland and Great Northern Railways, and makes it easy of access ; but for all this it lies in a comparatively lonely district ; and even in Middlesex is a stretch of country from Tittenhanger to Chipping Barnet, some two miles in width, covering eight square miles, that is not intersected by a railway ; and we meet with broad-wheeled waggons, and yokels in smocks with strangely and elaborately embroidered fronts, that are more really primitive than anything we see in Cheshire or Staffordshire. On the road to Edgeware we skirt Canons Park, of which mention has already been made. Of course the name of Chandos Arms is readily derived from the family who built and resided at Canons. The gables and



chimneys are picturesquely grouped ; and, though few calls are now made on its resources, it is said that at one time a good dinner and a bottle of excellent



CHANDOS ARMS, EDGEWARE.

red wine were at the disposal of the traveller. Part of Edgeware is called Little Stanmore, and beyond this is Brockley Hill, which is not far from the borders



of Herts. This was formerly the property of Mr. Sharpe, secretary to the first Duke of Chandos. A handsome drawing-room, which still remains free from alteration, was fitted up by Mr. Sharpe for the reception of the Duke and some other officers of state who held occasional meetings at this place. Fastened to the panels are the following large pictures, several of which are said to have formed part of King Charles's splendid collection:—A whole-length portrait of King James I.; a whole-length portrait of a lady who is supposed to be Mary, Queen of Scots, but which is unlike such portraits of that princess as are believed to have the best claims to authenticity; Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador in the reign of James I.; a picture representing two boys, in the style of Murillo, and said to be the work of that artist; and portraits of the family of Sharpe, comprising those of Mr. Sharpe, his lady, and thirteen sons and daughters.

This account is taken from an interesting and valuable writing called *The Beauties of England and Wales*, though some deductions must be made from a history more than half a century old.

But to return to Edgeware, which, though of great antiquity, is not mentioned in the survey of Domesday. The principal manor belonged to the Countess of

Salisbury, who was the wife of Longespee, and she



EDGEWARE CHURCH.

granted it to her son "Nicholas and his espoused wife" upon the singular condition that the occupant

should provide one sparrow-hawk each year. But singular conditions seem to have been the rule here. A hundred acres were held under the Manor of Edgeware in 1328 for a pair of gilt spurs, and fifty acres by an annual rent of a pound of cummin.

Edgeware Church is not of any great interest ; it is situated on the north side of the village, at the foot of a steep lane. The tower is ancient ; but the present church was built in 1764, at the expense of the family of Lee, who were patrons of the church in consequence of their possessing the Manor of Edgewarebury. Among the curates occurs the name of Francis Coventry, who was presented to the living by his relation, the Earl of Coventry. He would seem to have passed a creditable career at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and he published a romance called *Pompey the Little* and a poem called *Penshurst*. The church consists of chancel and nave, but it does not contain any monument of interest.

After passing Edgeware Church there is a rather secluded lane that leads northwards in the direction of the Midland Railway tunnel, which tunnel was cut at an enormous cost through Deacon's Hill and Woodcock Hill. This lane is well worth traversing on account of its very primitive character, but it leads to nowhere in particular. Edgewarebury is at the end, and when we have

arrived there we may turn to the left and regain Edgware by an equally lonely route. Near Edgware is Whitchurch, previously alluded to as the chapel to Canons, and here the "Harmonious Blacksmith" lies buried, and a monument in the churchyard marks the resting-place of this immortalised man. Inside the Church is the organ that Handel built when he was chapel-master at Canons.

There are two ways by which we can approach Chipping Barnet and Monken Hadley: one is through Highwood and past Barnet Gate, when the road turns to the right over the top of a high ridge, and enters the county town by Minorca; and the other road is past Totteridge Park and by Totteridge Green, from whence a road to the left leads straight on to Chipping Barnet, which lies between Monken Hadley and East Barnet.

Hadley, Lyson says, is so called from its elevated situation, *Head leagh*, signifying in Saxon, a high place. Formerly this parish was a hamlet of Edmonton. The church is dedicated to St. Mary, and consists of a chancel, nave, two aisles, and two transepts. The aisles are separated from the nave by depressed arches and clustered columns. At the west end is a square tower of flint with stone quoins; on the front is the date (1494). The fours somewhat resemble the nine, which is quite common in inscriptions of that date.

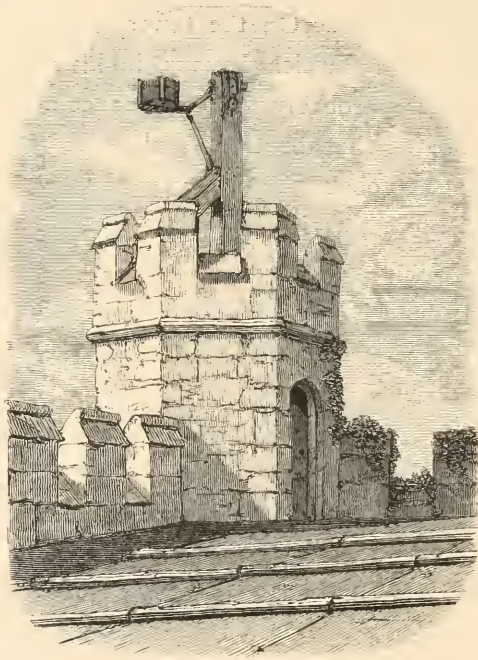
Hadley has been called Monken Hadley from the hermitage that used to be here. It was attached to Walden Abbey, in Essex, and situated in the parish of Edmonton. This abbey is very fully described in Dugdale. Its situation is at the junction of the Cam and Bourne, and the recollection of it is still preserved in Saffron Walden. The name of the abbey remains, and of the Saffron, but both have gone. The most complete account, however, of this abbey is found in the great storehouse of national records, the Harleian MS. in the British Museum, which was compiled in 1387, and is written on 260 sheets of vellum, exclusive of compendious and exhaustive tables of contents, and it is to this that we must turn for information regarding the hermitage. Norris Brewer, in his topographical work on Middlesex, says: "The approach to Hadley is through an irregular avenue of trees, and the village is thus progressively displayed to considerable advantage. At the most favourable point in the approach, an ancient domestic structure in the foreground and the venerable church, half obscured by foliage, at the termination of the avenue, together with various intermingled rural buildings, combined to produce an instance of the picturesque, attractive from the repose which prevails, and replete with interesting character."

There would seem to be no mention of Hadley in the record termed Domesday ; but it was granted at the dissolution to Lord Audley, who afterwards surrendered it to the King, and then it was granted by Queen Mary to Sir Thomas Pope. On the tower is also a device of a rose and wing, which Lysons, in his *Environs of London*, says are probably "the cognizance of either the abbey or one of the abbots of Walden." Mr. Brewer thinks it may probably be the recognisance of one of the abbots ; and, as it certainly is not that of the abbey, this is probably true ; for it was customary, I have often noticed, in different counties in England, for any buildings connected with a collegiate or monastic establishment to bear the name of the head of the establishment for the time being, just as in later years the names of churchwardens are duly recorded over any alteration or decorations of the Georgian period.

The church of Monken Hadley is a rectory. It is in the gift of Mr. Cass, who is also the rector, and he has collected some interesting memoranda regarding the venerable structure. Speaking of the singular iron cradle that projects from the tower turret, he says : "The cresset that forms so distinguishing and well-known a feature of the church may probably stand in



the position of successor to some more ancient landmark, which in a former age crowned the more elevated table-land on which the church stands. We know, at



ANCIENT BEACON, MONKEN HADLEY.

all events, that in the reign of Elizabeth, and subsequently, this locality bore the designation of Beacon's Hill. During the great gale of January 1, 1779, it



was blown down, and on Monday the same month a vestry meeting was convened to consider about the repairs of the roof of the church, but there is no express mention of the beacon. The last occasion of its illumination was the night that followed the Prince of Wales's marriage, March 10, 1863." This gale is spoken of in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1779; and it is recorded that a dreadful hurricane swept over the greater part of the island, and that the damage was so great that the Magazine would not be able to contain an account of the damage done even though it were filled up with no other subject. Of course the same beacon would be replaced, and any repairs easily made to the malleable iron of which it is constructed. Beaconsfield is another place where such warnings were placed; and as it cannot be more than twenty-five miles from one station to another, about five in the interval would be all that was required from defenders who had so many means of communication. Beacons of course dated from very early times indeed; but their services were also in great requisition during the Wars of the Roses, and even at a later period when Parliamentarians or Royalists were required to meet some sudden emergency.

Among the records of Hadley are some curious

ones respecting the church property and appliances, which appear in the Public Records "Augmentation Office"—church goods—in the sixth year of King Edward VI., and on the third of August. This seems a little confusing at first, for Edward only reigned six years, as all our school-books tell us, and died in July; but as Henry VIII. died in January, we should deduct a year. The items contain—

A gilt crosse weying . . . . .	xxx ounces.
Item, one gilt challys weying . . . . .	xiii ounces.
It'm iiij belles whereof the great bell in foote wydnes in the mouth, from the owtsyde of the skeartes . . . . .	iiij ft. iiij inches
Item, the next bell unto the sayd great bell broken, in wydnes as is aforesaid	ii foote xi ins.
And in depth . . . . .	ij foote ins.
Item, one saunce bell, in wydnes . . . . .	i foote iij ins.

"The saunce bell or sance bell is a corruption of sancte bell (sancte bell is pronounced as one syllable), called often the saints' bell. It was rung just before the elevation of the host, and also sometimes at the words Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus, Deus Sabaoth, whence probably its name. Sometimes it was a hand bell, but generally was hung in the sancte bell cote, of which very many remain in Norfolk, with a rope hanging through the chancel arch. Occasionally the sancte bell

was in a turret on the tower, as at Trumpington, near Cambridge, where there is an arched recess in the basement of the tower, from which the bell was rung. Sometimes, again, the bell was hung outside the spire ; the little bell still rung in some places before the sermon is no doubt a relic of the sancte bell." Another item in this interesting list, of which only a part is given, is "one lytle sackering bell." This, according to Pugin, was a small bell in the shape of an inverted cup, commonly made of silver, to ring at mass, or before the sacrament when carried in procession, but the name must also have been given to the bell which rang to early matins. "I'll startle you worse than the scaring bell," Surrey angrily says to Wolsey, when he had the list of accusations in full to read to him, in one of the most dramatic episodes in the language. One slight addition to this digression may be excused, which is copied from a rare book in Chester Cathedral library. "At the celebration of the mass, as the priest said the sanctus, the custom was to toll three strokes on a bell, which was hung in the bell cote between the chancel and the nave, that the rope might fall at a short distance from the spot where knelt the youth or person who served at mass. From the first part of its use the bell got the name of the "saints' sanctys" or "sanctus" bell,

and many notices of it are to be found in old accounts." "It is very likely there were two bells—one for the sanctus, and one for the devotion ; sometimes they were made of silver, and were called the sacring bell. On hearing the sacring bells first tinkle, those in the church who were not already on their knees knelt down, and with upraised hands worshipped their Maker in the holy housel lifted on high before them."

The grounds of Wrotham Park extend to Monken Hadley, and greatly beautify this pleasant country. The park is triangular in shape, and it is about three miles in circuit. The north side extends from Dancer's Hill to Ganwich Corner, and roads from each join at Hadley ; about an hour's walk of great beauty will be sufficient to complete the circuit. Wrotham House was built by Admiral Byng, in 1754, from designs by Ware, whose style somewhat resembled Vanbrugh's and Adams's, though by many he is thought to be superior to either of these. Wrotham was the birthplace of the Admiral Byng who was sacrificed by the advisers of George II. in order to excuse or to hide their own shortcomings ; but history has since done a gallant and excellent gentleman abundant justice. He was the fourth son of Admiral Byng, who was a contemporary of Marlborough and one of the ablest officers in the navy. He was

raised to the peerage under the title of Viscount Torrington, and had eleven sons and four daughters. An evil star seems to have been over the family at the time. Admiral Byng's younger brother, when he went to see him under close arrest, was so shocked at the lampoons that were gathered all over the country, that he was seized with convulsions and died suddenly before he saw him ; and the year before the execution of Admiral Byng his brother's son had met with a more terrible death at the Black Hole of Calcutta. The tale is simply thus : The Duke of Newcastle, one of the most incompetent and unprincipled of ministers, had succeeded his brother in the head office of State. Pitt was for a time excluded from the Cabinet, and then everything was chaos : even the cool, cynical Chesterfield cried in despair, " We are no longer a nation." It was during the absence of Pitt from the Cabinet that the French fitted out an expedition to capture Minorca, which was regarded before the days of steam as the key of the Mediterranean. In vain the Government were advised of the intentions of France ; they stupidly adhered to the belief that the expedition was to invade England, and only awoke to the truth at the last moment. Then Byng was sent out in command of a fleet perhaps quite large enough, but only half equipped and hardly half

manned ; an indecisive action took place near the island ; and the French account is that night put a stop to it, and in the morning the English fleet had disappeared. Without waiting for official despatches Byng was superseded, and sent home under close arrest, for cowardice. Newcastle at once determined to sacrifice him in order to turn away popular indignation from himself, the real author of the many misfortunes of England—a task for which his genius peculiarly fitted him. “I never dealt better since I was a man—all would not do ; a plague of all cowards, say I.” Walpole bitterly said that if Newcastle neglected Minorca, he knew how to transfer the blame to other shoulders. The court-martial was a foregone conclusion, and a discredit to all connected with it. We are puzzled at this distance of time to account for such eccentricities and illogical conclusions as the members arrived at. A dark shadow is cast even over Anson’s good name by it, and would indeed have been over Newcastle’s ; but he would have required, like Falstaff, to “know where to try a commodity of good names,” before such a misfortune was possible. Admiral Byng’s father, in addition to Wrotham, possessed a seat in Bedfordshire, and there the admiral was buried. In the church at Southill is an inscription :

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To the perpetual disgrace  
of public justice  
THE HON. JOHN BYNG,  
Admiral of the Blue,  
Fell a martyr to political persecution,  
March 14, 1757, at a time  
When bravery and loyalty were insufficient  
Securities for the life and honour of a naval officer.

If, as some have thought, this is rather a bitter legend to appear in a place where the wicked ought to cease from troubling, we must remember that a sense of injustice is the strongest provocation that can influence human nature.

On the other side of Monken Hadley are two very noble residences. Beech Hill House is situated on one of those fine rises of land that lend such charms to this part of Middlesex, and the grounds are diversified with noble plantations. The road that leads from Southgate through Potter's Bar to Hatfield divides this from Trent Park, a very fine seat. It was built by the eminent physician Sir Richard Jebb, who obtained a large grant of land from the Crown, when Epping Forest was broken up. The Park palings enclose nearly five hundred acres, and the enclosure was well stocked with deer soon after the mansion was built. The surface of Trent Park is bolder and more diversified than is usual



in other parts of the country ; and it contains some remains of Epping Forest, which was a remnant of the primæval woods that, until comparatively recent times, covered so much of Middlesex.

Near Monken Hadley is Chipping Barnet ; indeed, it may be said to form almost a part of it. Here the terrible battle of Barnet was fought that proved fatal to the house of Lancaster, and in which the great Warwick lost his life. Warwick at one time almost owned counties, and it is said that he had no fewer than thirty thousand people on his various estates. Stow, the ancient chronicler, describes him as coming to London with six hundred retainers, each wearing his livery and badge, the bear and ragged staff ; but he was destined to fall at Barnet, and sadly reflected as he fell—

And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?  
So now my glory, smeared in dust and blood,  
My parks—my walks—my manors—all I had  
Even now forsake me ; and of all my lands  
Is nothing left me but my body's length.

Dugdale said that the battle was fought near Friern Barnet ; but, according to Mr. Norris Brewer, it took place some way off, and nearer St. Alban's Abbey. There is an illustrated MS. at Ghent, where many of the Lancastrians fled after the fray, which shows St.

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Alban's Abbey very clearly, as overlooking the field of slaughter ; but this was probably the work of some monk in whose eyes the wealthiest abbey in England was the most important part of the scene. Then, also, it must be remembered that on a bright day at the end of April the abbey would show quite clearly—it is hardly eight miles distant. In Gladsmere Heath, “according to the tenor of modern conjecture, the battle was fought. This was until lately a large and dreary plain, well suited to the business of multifarious slaughter ;” but singularly enough, there are no features that can be recognised to confirm this belief. A column was erected at the Gladsmere, in 1740, by Sir James Stanbrook, and on this he says that the battle was fought there : “Here was fought the battle between Edward IV. and the Earl of Warwick, April 14, 1471, in which the earl was defeated and slain.” It does not seem, however, that the spade and plough have uncovered the relics we always expect to find on the site of a great battle.

## CHAPTER XII.

Country delights round London—Road from Rickmansworth to Uxbridge  
—Harefield—Harefield Church—Sergeant Newdegate—Uxbridge—  
Uxbridge Church—Recollections of the Stuart Period—Finale.

SHOULD it ever be my good fortune to get the ear of Mr. Cook or Mr. Gaze, I shall urge upon them to advertise as a great attraction, and I fear I must add novelty, a few trips into Middlesex. A most attractive programme might be issued, wherein the expedition would compare favourably with others into foreign lands: no sea-voyage—English spoken everywhere, which is perhaps more than could be said of some counties—and so the translator, who is often a great deal fagged, I fancy, at the end of the day, could be dispensed with. In his place a local antiquary could with great advantage be installed, who would expatiate upon church monuments, and upon old farms, and halls

that had seen more stirring times, and figured, however humbly, in the country's history.

One difficulty at the outset might present itself, but that, under the skilful management of either of the contractors that have been named, would soon disappear. The Continental hotels are so accustomed to visitors from all parts of the world, especially England, that the commissariat is in perfect working order; but in even the most charming parts of Middlesex an excursionist is so rare a sight, that the long-forgotten arts of the landlord of the inn (a word one much prefers to "hotel") would be sorely taxed by the apparition of visitors. Still, I am sure the hosts would not be found wanting, nor would they prove unworthy of their ancestors.

I was surprised to find how many Londoners there were to whom scenery is not a matter of indifference, who never saw the beautiful lanes that lead from Kingsbury past Wembly Park, and through Preston on to Kenton, and through Kingsbury Green to the Welsh Harp; of course, many have taken their walks in this direction, but there are many who are quite ignorant of the delights of this charming country. Yet Kingsbury cannot be more than six miles from Paddington, and if a very short ride is taken on the rails, it

may be approached within a mile or two from several parts of London. There is a church here which was originally built of Roman bricks: Dr. Stukely thinks it has been built from the ruins of Verulum, but Mr. Gale thinks the Roman bricks which he measured, and which we should call tiles, were from Villa Regia, from which residence it is said Kingsbury took its name. This locality may offer some interest to Harrovians from the circumstance that John Lyon, the sturdy yeoman who founded Harrow, had property here, and made the following provision in his "statutes" and in his will. The governors are to "see and provide that tenn loads of wood, that is to say, six good loads of lath bavines, and four good loads of tall wood, shall yearly be brought into ye school-house from his lands at Kingsbury, to and for ye common use of ye scholars of ye said school." Dr. Goldsmith lodged here, and here he wrote his work on natural history, the great poet being actuated, it is supposed, by a belief that he knew something of the subject. An amusing anecdote appears in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, from which it would seem that the celebrated chronicler called on Goldsmith, and finding that he was out, he went up to his room, "having a curiosity," as Mr. Boswell simply said, "to see his

apartment; we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled on the walls with a black-lead pencil."

Perhaps the north-eastern part of the county is almost more untravelled, and if we simply take the district that lies between South Mims and Waltham Cross (which is only just over the Middlesex frontier), Ponders End, and Chipping Barnet, we shall find old churches, lanes, and landscapes that we could hardly believe were near the metropolis. If, however, we turn to the west side of Middlesex, we shall meet with even more interesting scenes. Rickmansworth, it is true, is just beyond the boundary of the county, but a very short walk will bring us into Middlesex again, and then there is a walk of great beauty to Uxbridge through Harefield, which extends over seven miles, and is literally full of interest, and abounds with historical associations. The grand prospect that meets us after passing Harefield will be noticed, but I was struck with the absence of pedestrians, and even of vehicles. Now, though these lines are written in Cheshire, and within a moderate reach of Shropshire, Flint, and Denbigh,—counties that suggest every variety of beauty,—I am bound to admit that there is nothing near Chester to equal the view from Harefield. Of

course these remarks are sadly cramped from the fact that they only pertain to one county, and that—all but one—the smallest in England. This is a subject on which one could almost grow discursive ; but if nearly every form of rural delight can be found in a county that contains only 282 square miles, or which is equal to about the eighth part of Norfolk, and if we remember that out of this the vast metropolis and its vast suburbs are to be carved,—forming in all, perhaps, the largest city in the world,—it will be seen what untravelled delights there must be in every other county in England. Year by year, of course, the denizens of London extend themselves in all directions into the country, and take up parks and fields ; but for all that, the rural districts of Middlesex are still fresh and fair ; and, indeed, we may in one sense owe much to railroads for being able to enjoy rusticity so near home ; they sweep past them, and convey their freight to more distant settlements in Kent or Essex or Hertfordshire.

The road from Rickmansworth to Uxbridge is about nine miles in length, and is full of sylvan beauty. There are not a few quaint-gabled farmhouses and broad-spreading beeches before we reach Harefield, but it is only after passing Harefield that the beauty of the road begins. Harefield itself is a perfect model of an



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old English village of large size. The parish occupies the north-west angle of Middlesex county. At the Norman survey the Manor was called Herefelle, which in Saxon is the Harefield. There were some singular entries in the survey; such as two mills valued at fifteen shillings, and four fish-ponds producing a thousand eels. On Harefield Moor there are still some ponds called the fishery ponds, and it is not impossible that the name may have remained with them till now. A glance at the old estimated returns will show how the parish fell off in value, as did others, after the Conquest. In Edward the Confessor's time it was estimated at £14, but in William's reign £8 was all the return it gave. It may be curious to remark, as an instance of how lands sometimes changed hands, that at one time Harefield belonged to the family of Newdegate, and remained in their possession from the reign of Edward III. till Elizabeth, when it was exchanged for Arbury in Warwickshire, and this is now the seat of the genial member for North Warwickshire. Harefield passed through several hands, including those of Sir Thomas Egerton, the keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord Chandos, until it again reverted to the family of Newdegate through Sir Richard Newdegate, who purchased it back again; and Lysons, in his *Middlesex Parishes*, mentions

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this as the only instance in all Middlesex in which he has been able to trace back possession to so remote a date. The Newdegate who repurchased it was a grandson of the one that sold it. Near Harefield Park were the works of George Spedding, built in 1803, and here the copper bolts were made for the Royal Navy during the French wars. The village of Harefield is scattered round a very large green, and consists of pleasant cottages, village houses, and shops. In the middle of this green formerly stood a May-pole, which indeed was there till comparatively lately ; and there is the typical pond, where cattle may be seen at mid-summer, deep in the water, cooling themselves from the sun, and lazily lashing off the green flies as they settle on their sides. Shortly after passing Harefield we come to some picturesque ancient almshouses built by Alice, Countess of Derby. They were to accommodate six poor widows, who received £5 each, and £1 each for repairs. Before we arrive at the almshouses a magnificent prospect opens up and continues for nearly an hour's walk. Middlesex, Hertford, and Buckingham are rolled out like a map at our feet, and on the left-hand side, in the park of Harefield Place, is an ancient church, with a low embattled tower, such as is peculiar to this part of the country. The church is of the

fourteenth century, and literally nestles in great elm-trees, which we look down upon from above. The road continues very beautiful till we arrive at the sign-post which points to the roads which lead to Denham, Langley Marsh, Slough, and Windsor, and then the view is shut out by high thorn hedges that are none the less picturesque from the fact of their generally being in want of pruning. In places these seem almost to be choked with the beautiful yet parasitic bindweed, whose winding roots cling to those of the thorns, and with wild roses and blackberries, and the lane here is planted on each side with elms and poplars. Harefield Church consists of a chancel, nave, and two aisles, with a south chapel called the Brackenbury Chapel, which contains ancient monuments of the Newdegate family. On the east wall is a monument with a long Latin inscription to Sir Richard Newdegate, Bart., who died in 1678. A singular event in his life may be noticed here. Cromwell had removed nearly all the judges on the bench, in consequence of their attachment to the royal cause; and casting about for proper successors, he very naturally selected Newdegate, who was then a sergeant at law, and paid him the high compliment of offering him a judgeship. It is said that Newdegate, perhaps coquettishly, declined, for it

must be remembered that in those days a counsel's fees were less, and not, as is often now the case, much more than a judge's pay; and Cromwell replied: "Well, if you gentlemen of the red *robes* will not execute the laws, my red *coats* shall," and the "*nolo episcopari*" was gracefully sunk by Sergeant Newdegate. He seems, however, to have lost his high office by deciding in the case of Col. Halsey and other cavaliers of York that, though it was treason to levy war against a king, he could not find that the law affected those who levied war against a Lord Protector; and we may depend upon it, that when this sophistry was communicated to Cromwell, he very soon was practising at the bar again. The church is full of monuments to the Newdegate family, and they are for the most part of very considerable beauty. One to Lady Newdegate is by Grinling Gibbons. The one to Alice, Countess Dowager of Derby, who died in 1637, occupies the south-east corner of the chancel. She was married first to Ferdinando, Earl of Derby, who is said to have been poisoned in 1594, and afterwards to Lord Keeper Ellesmere. This monument is very costly and gorgeous; but quite a work might be written on the monuments of this interesting church, and the historical associations connected with them. From Harefield, if we look



UXBRIDGE.





towards Harrow, we shall see some extensive forest lands at Clayton, Bayhurst, and Ruislip, which is remarkable for the number of ways in which it is spelt; some have written it Rouslip in records, some Ruslip, and one enterprising scribe has gone so far as to spell it Rushellype.

We are now in decidedly the quietest part of Middlesex, and no part of Nottingham or Northampton could give us a more complete picture of rural seclusion. If you cross along a footpath, it is quite common to startle a hare or raise a covey of partridges; and a velveteen-coated keeper is not at all out of keeping with everything, as he passes by with his dog and a gun under his arm, and, having thoroughly satisfied himself that you have no nets or gins in your coat pocket, touches his hat as a sort of apology for the keenness of his scrutiny. The roads, which are very good from Rickmansworth to Uxbridge, become broader as we reach the town, and they are more elaborately finished with foot-walks and curb-stones and macadam. One thing which strikes a stranger as he enters the country town is the size and importance of the houses, which extend for a considerable distance along the principal street, and are like the residences of wealthy London merchants. It is not apparent why they are



here, for they must have been built long before the time of railways, and when nobody in business in London would think of coming so far to live. In remarking on these houses in 1816, Mr. Brewer partly accounts for them by saying, "This town derives considerable advantages of trade from its weekly market, and from the numerous family seats in the neighbourhood. In addition to these favourable circumstances, the situation of Uxbridge on the road to Oxford and Gloucester and Milford-haven is productive of much benefit to the inhabitants, while it imparts a constant air of bustle and vivacity to the main thoroughfare." If to these sources of income we add the mills that have for so long been at the extremity of the town, we may in part account for some of the large old dwellings. In Speed's catalogue of religious houses, he mentions a monastery here, dedicated to St. Mary; but Dugdale gives no account of it, and Lysons says he has been unable to discover any other mention of it. Leland saw Uxbridge in the time of Henry VIII., and his description conveys a perfect picture of the old class of country town, of which we may yet see so many traces left in Chester, Shrewsbury, and Warwick, with the great timbered gables and heavy breast-beams quaintly carved, and speaking so loudly of a picturesque outside

and comfortable rooms inside. "In it is but one long street, but that for timber well builded. There is a celebrated market here once a week, and a great fayre on the feast-day of St. Michael. There be two wooden bridges at the west end of the towne, and under the more west goeth the great arm of Colne river. The lesser arm goeth under the other bridge, and each of them serveth to turn a greate mille." What would a lover of the picturesque give to see Uxbridge as it was when Leyland saw it? The black and white mill houses, the undershot wheels, and the wooden bridge like some of those almost too picturesque ones we meet with in the remoter parts of Germany, make one feel almost a pang to think that such things have passed away. A few of the old houses are still left, but they are rapidly disappearing.

The quaint market-place is built of brick, and was constructed in 1789. The staircase shown outside leads to schoolrooms, and was originally intended also for grain dépôts. Everything seems to be out of right angles at this part of Uxbridge, and the chancel of the church comes quaintly in. Both Brewer and Lyson speak of Uxbridge Church as a commonplace building, in the "pointed style," as Brewer says, and "destitute of the imposing beauty which that mode of

building is capable of producing." I confess, however, that I saw it before I had read the remarks of either author, and was struck with the venerable appearance and the quiet unobtrusive way in which it was adapted to the irregularities of the site. Inside Uxbridge Church are some very old monuments; one on the north side of the chancel is to the memory of *Dame Leonora Bennet*, who died in 1638. She is represented in a recumbent posture; and in front of the table part of the monument is a circular piece of sculpture with an iron grating, intended to describe the aperture of a charnel-house.

The date of Uxbridge Church seems to be the middle of the fifteenth century, and this would almost correspond with the record that in 1447 Robert Oliver and other inhabitants founded a guild in the chapel of St. Margaret at Uxbridge

At the extreme end of Uxbridge, to the north-west, is a very beautiful corn mill, which is on the site of the one mentioned by Leland. But one of the most commonly recorded events of Uxbridge is the meeting of the Commissioners of Charles I. and the Parliamentarian representatives, in which some compromise was offered.

The Crown Inn still stands where this was attempted,

and the fine panelled oak room is in perfect repair, though the inn is hardly more than a beer-house, with



THE SWAN INN.

an abundance of empty space. Lysons gives in his *Parishes of Middlesex* an excellent copper-plate etching of this inn; it was, when he wrote, in a more

perfect condition than it is at present. Of these meetings we have an account in Clarendon, which is as accurate and graphic as the rest of his narrative:—  
“Uxbridge being within the enemy’s quarters, the King’s commissioners were to have such accommodation as the others saw fit to leave to them, who had been very civil in the distribution, and left one entire side of the town to the King’s commissioners, one house only excepted, which was given to the Earl of Pembroke.”  
Some few records that throw a little light upon the mode of proceeding are very interesting, and are copied verbatim from Lord Clarendon’s exhaustive work.  
“There was a good house at the end of the town, which was provided for the treaty, where was a faire room in the middle of the house, handsomely dressed up for the commissioners to sit in; a large square table being placed in the middle with seats for the commissioners—one side being sufficient for those of either party; and a rail for others who should be thought necessary to be present, which went round. There were many other rooms on each side of the great room for the commissioners on each side to retire to when they thought fit to consult by themselves, and to return again to the publick debate; and there being good stairs at either end of the house, they never went

through each others quarters, nor met but in the great room." This great room has not been altered or restored, and if the traveller is fortunate in coming to terms with the hostess, he will see the room where the commissioners met to discuss a foregone conclusion. "As soon as the King's commissioners came to the town, all those of the Parliament came to visit and to welcome them, and within an hour those of the King's returned the visit with the usual civilities, each professing a great desire and hope that the treaty would produce a good peace. The first visits were all together and in one room, the Scots being in the same room with the English. Each party eat always together, there being two great inns, which serve very well to that purpose. The Duke of Richmond, being steward to his Majesty's house, kept his table there for all the King's commissioners, nor was there any restraint from giving or receiving visits apart, as their acquaintance and inclination disposed them ; in which those of the King's party used their accustomed freedom as heretofore. But on the other side there was great wariness and reservedness ; and so great a jealousy of each other, that they had no mind to give or receive visits to or from their old friends, whom they loved better than their new. Nor would any of them be seen alone with any of the

King's commissioners, but had always one of their companions with them, and sometimes one whom they least trusted. It was observed by the town and the people that flocked thither, that the King's commissioners looked as if they were at home, and governed the town; and the others as if they were not in their own quarters; and the truth is, they had not the alacrity and serenity of mind as men use to have who did not believe themselves to be in default.

“The King's commissioners would willingly have performed their devotions in the church. Nor was there restraint upon them from doing so; that is, by inhibition from Parliament, otherwise than that by the Parliament's ordinance (as they called it), the book of Common Prayer was not permitted to be read, nor the vestures, nor the ceremonies of the church to be used, so that the days of devotion were observed in the great room of the inn.”

Close to Uxbridge is Hillingdon; the grounds of Hillingdon House adjoin the outskirts of the town, and in some of the records are curious items. There were two mills of fifty-one shillings value, and half a mill that produced five shillings. There was also an *arpent* of vineyard (the old French *arpent* is rather less than an English acre), and one weir, which produced five shillings.



This latter was of course for the capture of eels, which



HILLINGDON CHURCH.

in those days formed a considerable item in charges on all kinds of property. In this church there are many

monuments and some valuable brasses. The churchyard is unusually full of gravestones and altar tombs in consequence of its connection with Uxbridge. Among the monuments in the churchyard is one to *John Rich, Esq.*, with the inscription—

Sacred to the memory of

JOHN RICH, ESQ.

Who died Nov. 26, 1761, aged 69 years.

In him were united the various virtues that could endear him to his family, friends, and acquaintance. Distress never failed to find relief in his bounty, unfortunate merit a refuge in his generosity.

Mr. Rich was the patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, and is handed down to fame as the inventor of the English harlequin, a character which he performed under the assumed name of Lunn.

The rectory-house of Hillingdon was formerly used as an inn or resting-place by the bishops of Worcester, on their visits to London; the reason being that, as there was not any inn in the neighbourhood, this place should be assigned to them for their use, as they were often sent for by the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury. On the north side of Hillingdon Church is Cedar House, where the great cedar-tree, from which it takes its name, stands, and its dimensions would do no discredit to its ancestry in Palestine. It is more

than fifty feet in height, and its enormous diameter from branch end to branch end is not very far from one hundred feet. The girth of the trunk is sixteen feet.

At Hillingdon the public-house called the Red Lion stands, and it can boast of an old title, for King Charles I. rested here when he escaped from Oxford to join the Scots in 1646. Dr. Hudson thus speaks of the circumstance in his examination before the Parliamentary Committee:—"After we passed Uxbridge, at one Mr. Tisdale's house, a tavern in Hillingdon, we alighted and staid to refresh ourselves between ten and eleven of the clock, and then staid two or three hours, when the King was much perplexed what course to resolve upon—London or Northward. About two of the clock we took a guide towards Barnet." It is interesting to learn from the court rolls of the manor of Colham, on referring back, that the Red Lion does appear to have been kept by John Tisdale. To the north and west of Hillingdon are many seats of great interest and beauty, and not a few have historical associations connected with them.

From Hillingdon, if we take the road to Ruislip, we shall pass Ickenham. In Domesday Book it is said that three knights and one Englishman held the manor

of Earl Roger, and there is a note in that accurate survey that "the whole of this land now lies in Coleham, where it was not in King Edward's time." In Ickenham parish is Swakeley House, which formerly belonged to a family named Brocas; and Norden, speaking of it in 1596, mentions it as "sometime a house of the Brockeyes, now of Sir Thomas Sherleye's." This manor in 1629 became the property of Sir Edmund Wright, alderman of London, and the present mansion was built by him in 1638. This date appears on some of the leaden pipes, with E.W. over it. Sir Edmund became Lord Mayor of London in 1641, but as his tendencies were to the royal cause he was removed from his office by Parliament, and then Swakeley became the property of Sir William Harrington, a man of singular abilities, and one who sat on the trial of King Charles. The general appearance of this mansion is most pleasing and venerable. It is built of the beautiful red bricks which were wrought with such skill in the seventeenth century, and show how well the builders of that period understood their materials. The entrance, which is shown in the porch, leads into a fine hall paved with black and white stone, and there is a well-carved-oak screen in it, with a bust of Charles I., and a lion guardant on each side. There are fine, well-proportioned rooms



SWAKELEY HOUSE.



---

and a grand staircase of black oak in this stately mansion. The grounds are perhaps rather flat, but they are finely diversified with spreading timber. Formerly there was a much more ancient residence here, and remains of it have from time to time been discovered on the premises. Swakeley has for generations been the residence of the Clarke family, who nearly a century and a half ago purchased the advowson on Ickenham Church.

Of course, only a very few of the scenes that are so well worth visiting, and that lie so near Harrow and Eton, can be given in this series of papers, and a guide-book is hardly attempted. Yet many an old Etonian or Harrovian may be reminded of scenes and friendships and early impressions that have left an indelible mark on the memory. Thackeray, in one of his many fine passages on the recollections of academic days, says that, as we turn over some old letters or memoranda, a strange sympathy is often aroused. "How strange the epigrams look in those half-boyish hands, and what a thrill the sight of the documents gives one after the lapse of a few lustres! How fate in that time has removed some, estranged others, dealt awfully with all! Many a hand is cold that wrote those kindly memorials, and that we pressed in the confident and generous grasp of



youthful friendship. What passions our friendships were in those old days, how artless, and void of doubt! How the arm that you were never tired of having linked in yours under the fair college avenues or by the river side, where it washes Magdalen gardens or Christ Church meadows, or winds by Trinity and King's, was withdrawn of necessity when you entered presently the world, and each parted to push and struggle for himself through the great mob on the way through life! Are we the same men now that wrote those inscriptions—that read those poems, that delivered and heard those essays and speeches, so simple, so pompous, so ludicrously solemn; parodied so artlessly from books? . . . Here is Jack moaning with despair and Byronic misanthropy, whose career at the university was one of unmixed milk punch. Here is Tom's daring essay in defence of suicide and republicanism in general, *à propos* of the death of Roland and the Girondins,—Tom's, who wears the starchest tie in all the diocese, and would rather go to Smithfield than eat beefsteak on a Friday in Lent. Here is Bob of the——circuit who has made a fortune in railway committees, and whose dinners are so good, bellowing out with Tancred and Godfrey,

“On to the breach, ye soldiers of the Cross!  
Scale the red wall and swim the chocking foss.

Ye dauntless archers, twang your crossbows well !  
On, bill and battle-axe and mangonel !  
Ply battering-ram, and hurling catapult !  
Jerusalem is ours—*id Deus vult.*”

After which comes a mellifluous description of the gardens of Sharon and the maids of Salem, and a prophecy that roses shall deck the entire country of Syria, and a speedy reign of peace be established ; and there are essays and poems along with those grave parodies, and boyish exercises (which are at once frank and false, and so mirthful, and yet somehow so mournful) by youthful hands that shall never write more. Fate has interposed darkly, and the young voices are silent, and the eager brains have ceased to work.

“This one had genius and a great descent, and seemed to be destined for honours that are now of little worth to him—that had virtue, learning, genius, every faculty and endowment which might secure love, admiration, and worldly fame. An obscure and solitary churchyard contains the graves of many fond hopes, and the pathetic stone which bids them farewell.” Thackeray in this beautiful passage is only giving expression to his own recollections of a friend : “I saw the sun shining on it in the fall of last year ; and heard the sweet village choir.” But most of us can look back to our

academic days with less of sadness than the great fiction-writer, and, after more than a quarter of a century of absence from old collegiate scenes, can still find familiar faces, and talk over bygone times ; a little bulk may be added to the friend of our youth, but he is there still, and bearing fruit according to his measure, or according perhaps to the measure of fitness he possesses for the lot into which the chances and changes of life have thrown him. Some Continental academics can teach us a lesson in this : they not only regard the fitness of a youth for business, but even keep an eye to his aptitude in sports ; and a well-known Jesuit college, that corresponds in a measure with Eton, especially takes care that pupils shall remember kindly every circumstance of their early years. Thorns there may be, and bramble-bushes, in all collegiate assemblies, though they are not the rule ; and when they crop out, they hardly flourish among their fellows. They produce neither figs nor grapes, and, by a singular but unerring rule, they seem soon to be lost sight of. Most of our fellow-pupils we are not only glad to meet after a lapse of years, but when we compare notes we find that the influences of our early days are present with us yet, and the just and kindly professor or master has installed himself for ever in our recollections.

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