



The
SPELL OF
ENGLAND

By

Julia de W. Addison

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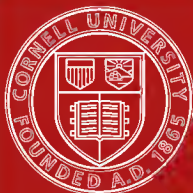
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Caesar's Tower, Warwick Castle
(See page 7)



The
SPELL of ENGLAND

BY
Julia de Wolf Addison

*Author of "The House of the Seven Gables," "The
Story of the Olden Time," "The House of the
Seven Gables," "The House of the
Seven Gables," etc.*



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TO
My Father and Mother
WITH WHOM
MY CHILDHOOD IN ENGLAND
WAS SPENT

FOREWORD

“WHAT did you mean,” asked my matter-of-fact friend, “when you spoke of the spell of England? England has no spell. I can imagine the spell of Greece, or the spell of Venice, or any of those romantic places, — but England!”

“And yet you have been in England,” I ventured.

“Yes, and that is why I cannot imagine what you mean,” replied my friend.

“Perhaps,” I said, “you did not notice the spell of England because there are so many different forms in which it manifests itself.”

“So many?”

“Yes. What do you call a spell, anyway?”

With a puzzled expression, my friend replied, “Why, I never thought, exactly. You can’t describe it. It just thrills you, and you don’t know why. I think it has something to do with a place being very foreign.”

“But every place is foreign to some other place,” I objected, laughing. “Don’t look so worried. Did it ever occur to you to notice

your feelings in driving along a particularly beautiful Devonshire lane, or crossing a wild pass in the Welsh hills? Don't you experience a thrill when you stand in Westminster Abbey and look at the misty vault above you just as the dusk is stealing on? Did you get no thrill in the little church at Stratford, when you realized that Shakespeare lay beneath that small grey stone? "

" I am a Baconian," replied my friend, loftily.

" Then we will omit Stratford," I replied quickly. " You would certainly miss Stratford. Stop and think how you felt in some old Cotswold town, with its little stone houses rising like natural creations from the earth, embodying the poetry and charm of the simple living for hundreds of years of those naïve, delightful folk who tilled the soil and played their games in rustic light-heartedness? "

" I never was in a Cotswold town."

" Well, then, have you followed the legend of King Arthur and his knights, in Tintagel, and in Glastonbury; and have you considered the pixies, and fairies, and gnomes, who can gather around you in a cool shady grove when you allow that most potent of all spells, the spell of legend, to surround you? "

“ Of course, I have read fairy tales,” answered the cynic, “ when I was a child.”

“ Well, it’s high time you read some now,” I continued, “ and I think I will see what I can do to make you feel a few of the spells that invest this dear old island. I want you and every one else who hears me to believe in the reality and constancy of the spell of England. It is not operatic, and it is not sensational. But any one who stands, for instance, by the side of the sedgy moat at Baddesley Clinton, that venerable moated grange which Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote of the sorrowing Marianna; or any one who gazes from the bold summit of sea-cliff where stands Harlech Castle, and remembers those gallant warriors who went forth from those stern walls and inspired by their deeds the stirring March of the Men of Harlech, knows that there is an atmosphere of romance about these places. And who could pass without a sympathetic smile by Banbury Cross, which has amused us in our youth? Who could take a train to St. Ives without recalling the “ men, cats, and wives,” associated with that journey? Even “ waiting for the train at Coventry ” conjures up a charming vision. I am more and more convinced that I ought to draw some little pictures which will illustrate

what I mean. If I write about the spell of England will you promise to read it? ”

“ Yes, I’ll see what I can make of it,” answered my matter-of-fact friend.

“ Very well, it is a bargain. And if you don’t make anything out of it, either you or I will be to blame. It will not be England.”

JULIA DE WOLF ADDISON.

June 15, 1912.

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THE SPELL OF ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

THE HEART OF ENGLAND

IT takes some little calculation to decide just where is the heart of England. But certain persons with mathematical temperaments have located the exact centre of England, and that topographical centre may well be accepted as the heart.

The nearest comfortable large town to this heart of England, where stands a noble oak tree on the road just outside the town, is Leamington. And Leamington, besides being a comfortable and clean town in which to stay, is a splendid centre for the attractions of the surrounding country. It is very near Warwick, Kenilworth, and Stratford, and dozens of other fascinating spots well worth visiting.

Leamington was at first just a small town known as Leamington Priors, being a dependency of the Priory of Kenilworth. In "Dombey and Son" it is recorded that Mr. Dombey stopped at the Royal Hotel. Are we justified in identifying this as the Regent? Possibly; but Leamington has another most attractive hotel, with a famous garden—the Manor House. I should never feel that I had quite seen Leamington without tea in the garden of the Manor.

Leamington itself is now simply a modern town, with pleasant streets and a good parish church. Also, it has a noble park in which bands and illuminations render the summer evenings more sportive to those who enjoy such things, and its Pump Room and gardens are peaceful precincts by day. Like all uneventful places, however, Leamington is a fine place to get away from, and this one proceeds to do, day by day, visiting some new shrine on every occasion, and returning every night to comfortable sleep in a modern and civilized house. This is an ideal method of exploiting a neighbourhood so replete with interest as the heart of England, and we have done it several times.

In the churchyard of the Parish church lies the shoemaker-poet, Richard Satchwell, of local

fame. On the tombstone may be seen this temperate epitaph:

“ . . . Hail the unassuming tomb
Of him who told where health and beauty bloomed;
Of him whose lengthened life improving ran,
A blameless, useful, venerable man.”

Driving is delightful and inexpensive in Warwickshire, and one can go through so many picturesque towns in this way that it is one of the best methods of combining physical rest with mental activity. Little Ufton Church is attractive, and there is a round stone wind-mill on a hill near Harbury which is almost exactly like the mysterious round tower at Newport, Rhode Island. This latter was very likely an adaptation of some English mill remembered by the early settlers.

Then Whitnash, Offchurch, Radford, Cubington, Lillington — all are within easy reach, and all are worth seeing. One drives through five or six such towns in a single afternoon.

In Offchurch cemetery there is an eccentric decoration in the shape of an ivy plant trained to look like an elephant. It is quite weird to see the flexible green trunk waving in the breeze. It is a curious sepulchral monument.

At Lillington there is a tombstone to one William Treen, in 1810, with the inscription:

“ I poorly lived and poorly died,
Was poorly buried, and no one cried.”

The gentleman in question was a miser, who had secretly amassed quite a sum, and who wrote his own epitaph before the town suffered the shock of discovering that he was a rich man! Quite a grim little joke on his neighbours.

The curfew is still tolled at Offchurch at eight o'clock. These villages are all either of beam and brick or of beam and plaster construction, and, with their thatched roofs, are extremely effective pictorially. A good deal of one's drive in this region will be on the Roman fosse road. One is likely also to pass the big tree which has the distinction of standing in the exact centre of England. It is an oak, and therefore an appropriate heart of the empire.

The walk from Leamington to Guy's Cliff, through fields and lanes, is like living in the midst of a picture by Constable. Horses standing in little pools under big oak trees; breezy paths through waving grain; it is full of the delight of rural England. The old mill at Guy's Cliff is picturesque, and the legend of Guy himself full of charm.

Guy of Warwick was only a cup-bearer to the Earl, but he loved the Earl's daughter, and ventured to ask for her hand. She refused him



ON THE WALK BETWEEN LEAMINGTON AND GUY'S CLIFF.

haughtily, declaring that she would never wed any man who was not a knight. Guy immediately applied himself to chivalry, and was soon knighted. Again he sued, and was again refused, the lady having since decided that she would marry none but the greatest knight in the world. Like all great men in legend, Guy was more than ever determined to achieve the lady, and the more whimsical and unworthy she became, the more ardently he desired her. So he went through a gamut of adventures, such as would take long to narrate, and at last, after he had vanquished in battle the leading dragon of Northumberland, the lady seemed to consider him a worthy match, and he won her as his bride.

This is the history of the subsequent adventures and death of the redoubtable Guy, as related by Dugdale, the great Warwickshire historian. After various crusading adventures, Sir Guy returned to his native heath, and for some reason wished to remain incognito — it is not stated what was his motive for this. “Coming hither not known of any,” says Dugdale, “for three days together he took alms from the hand of his own Lady, as one of the twelve poor people unto whom she daily gave relief. . . . And having rendered thanks to her, he re-

paired to an heremite that resided amongst the shady woods hard by, . . . where he abode with that holy man till his death . . . which happened within a short time, succeeded him in that cell, and continued the same course of life for the space of two years after; but then, discerning death to approach, he sent to his Lady their wedding ring by a trusty servant, wishing her to take care of his burial: adding also that when she came she should find him lying dead in the chapel, before the altar, and moreover, that within fifteen days after she herself should depart this life. Whereupon she came accordingly, and brought with her the Bishop of the Diocese and many of the clergy and other people, and finding his body there did honourably interre it in the Hermitage, and was herself afterwards buried by him, . . . which departure of the famous Guy happened in the year of our Lord Dcccxxix, and of his own age the seventieth." The story is certainly highly romantic, if a little disappointing.

In his famous Diary, Evelyn alludes to visiting Warwick in 1654: "Hence to Sir Guy's grot, where they say he did his penances and died. 'Tis a squalid den made in the rock, crowned yet with venerable oaks, and looking on a goodly stream, so as, were it improved as

it might be, 'twere capable of being made a most romantic and pleasant place. Near this we were showed his chapel, and gigantic statue hewn out of the solid rock." Perhaps Evelyn's ideas of improvements might not coincide with ours to-day.

Warwick Castle is one of the most interesting great establishments in England, from its ancient feudal towers to its later additions and comfortable apartments, which keep it from falling into the class of castles which are preserved simply for museum purposes.

"It is the only great residence I ever coveted as a home," remarks Henry James. "There is a Cæsar's Tower, and a Guy's Tower, and half a dozen more, but they are so well-conditioned in their ponderous antiquity that you are at a loss whether to consider them parts of an old house revived, or of a new house picturesquely superannuated."

At Warwick I once heard an American say: "This is my idea of a castle! Nothing shabby or dusty, I tell you! I admire it a great deal more than Westminster Abbey!" To which a compatriot replied, "Yes, I just longed for a scrubbing brush at Westminster — that's what it needs!" And she looked quite capable of using it!

A member of another party remarked upon Warwick being an inhabited house, looking more homelike than many castles. A stout lady from Vermont sniffed, and said, "Well, it don't look homelike to *me!*" (I could readily believe her.)

Warwick the Kingmaker in his day used to treat his friends most royally. Stow says that — "at the castle who that had any acquaintance in that house, he might have had as much sodden and roast as he could carry away on a long dagger." At the various palaces of the Kingmaker, thirty thousand men were fed daily.

Evelyn was much impressed with Warwick. "It is built on an eminent rock," he says, "which gives prospect into a most goodly green, a wooded and plentifully watered country, the river running so delightfully under it that it may pass for one of the most surprising seats one should meet with. The gardens are prettily disposed, but might be much improved. Here they shew us Sir Guy's great two-handed sword, staff, horse-arms, pott, and other relics of that famous knight errant." Warwick Castle figures as a fine foil for Mrs. Skewton in "Dombey and Son," when she explains how her cousin, Lord Feenix, had been to Warwick fifty times, and that if he should come again

to-day, he would make his fifty-second visit to-morrow!

While at Warwick one must make a point of seeing St. Mary's Church, a delightful perpendicular building; but on no account make your only visit on a Sunday, for on that day one cannot see the most interesting feature of the church, — the celebrated Beauchamp Chapel. In the centre is the high tomb of its founder, Richard Beauchamp. Leading from this chapel is a fascinating little oratory, where for years the whole duty of one priest was centred, saying mass day and night for the soul of the worthy centrepiece who lies in brass and marble in the chapel.

Here, among other monuments, is the figure of the "noble Impe," the son of Earl Robert of Leicester, a child who died before he was four years old. Tradition has a dark tale of poison administered by a bribed nurse on account of the deformity of the child, but this story is not told by the authorities in whom one places most confidence. The tomb of Robert Dudley himself is against the wall, and is highly ornate, having pertinently been described as a "mountain of Confectionery."

Evelyn speaks of this church: "Warwick is a faire olde towne, and hath one church full of

ancient monuments." The chimes at St. Mary's play every four hours, and the tune is usually some old English song. Among these are "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and "Warwickshire Lads and Lasses." The tune is changed each day.

Another beautiful spot in Warwick is the old Leicester Hospital, just at the top of the steep street, one of the beam and plaster buildings for which Warwickshire is justly famous. Here are to be seen numerous old pensioners, enjoying local hospitality. On twelve old soldiers may be seen badges which have descended from the days of Queen Elizabeth, when, through the influence of Her Majesty, Robert, Earl of Leicester, founded this excellent institution. "Such an institution," says Henry James, "seems indeed to exist primarily for the sake of its spectacular effect upon Americans!"

The little village of Leek Wooton, on the road between Warwick and Kenilworth, deserves more notice than it receives, on account of its extreme picturesqueness. Soon after leaving it on the road, one comes to the wooded slope on which stands the monument erected to Piers Gaveston, on the spot where he was killed. The inscription is as follows: "In the hollow of this

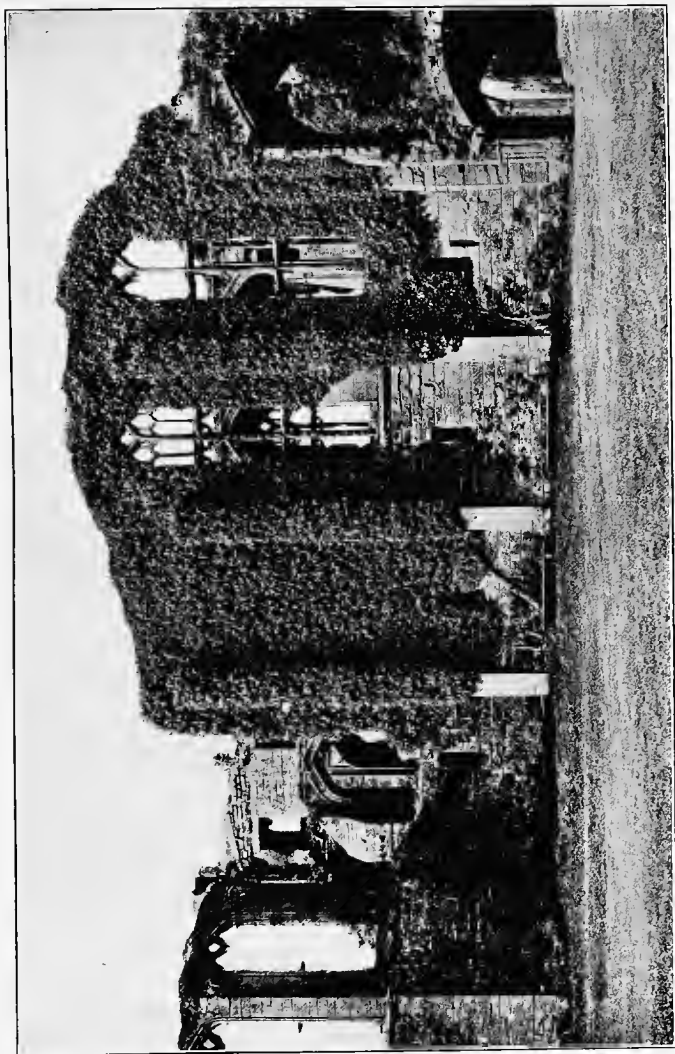
rock was beheaded, on the first day of July, 1312, by barons as lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the minion of a hateful King; in life and death a memorable instance of misrule."

This is one of the few "Stones of Infamy" erected in England. In Italy, especially in Genoa, I recall others. The head of Gaveston is said to have rolled down the hill, and to have been picked up by a friar-hermit, possibly one living in the cell of Guy, and taken away and kept by him. It may have served as the regular "property skull" with which a hermit's cell was always fitted.

A driver who took us from one town to another in Warwickshire was quite a character. He gave himself completely to our entertainment, and the Earl of Leicester himself could not have more generously explained to Queen Elizabeth every item of the royal progress to Kenilworth than he did. His body turned mechanically at the waist, so that, although sitting at ease on the box, with his legs carelessly crossed, he faced us, in the Victoria behind him, for conversational purposes whenever it suited his whim. With one hand he held a loose rein over an intelligent and willing steed, and with the other he gracefully supported his weight

upon the iron rail behind his seat. It was almost the feat of a contortionist. He wore light tweed clothes, and a large straw hat, which appeared to have no relation to the size of his head, but was supported entirely by his ears. At intervals during his monologue his finger rose instinctively to the brim of his hat, especially when, to explain some personal allusion, he observed, "They call me Cairlie, sir." He was a cheerful soul, and a certain emanation of good nature and considerateness made a polished gentleman of him.

Although there are numerous other associations in history connected with Kenilworth, it is natural and easy, and perhaps profitable, to forget them all, and take Scott in hand, and go and sit in the ruins, and read, thus reviving the scenes and the stories which he has there enshrined. Follow Amy Robsart "upstairs and downstairs" (whether they are the actual stairs or not), and watch Queen Elizabeth arrive on her stately progress to make her historic visit to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and you have the real message of Kenilworth, and the true sensations which belong to that shattered pile of vanished splendour. Even the Little One was moved to expression in verse after spending an afternoon among the ruins.



BANQUET HALL, KENILWORTH CASTLE.

For a child of ten years, we thought that she proved that she had absorbed a good deal of local colour! Here are the lines inspired by her visit to Kenilworth:

THOUGHTS AT KENILWORTH

The solitary ruins where once the castle stood
Are dreary — silent — after the gay days of long ago.
I saw it, and I found within, a room
Where once fair damsels danced the night away.
'Tis crumbled into dust; and dead the damsels
After the gay days of long ago.

I hereby give a recipe for all who want to enjoy this castle. Sit back on the grassy bank, and visualize the scene, with Scott open before you. "Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the queen herself, arrayed in a most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity, and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage, you saw the daughter of a hundred kings." After arriving and being welcomed, the progress of the queen continued.

“ Queen Elizabeth crossed the gallery tower, which extended from thence to Mortimer’s bridge, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. . . . Meanwhile the queen had no sooner stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided; for as soon as the music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble a small floating island, illuminated by a great variety of torches, and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea-horses, on which sat tritons, nereids, and other fabulous deities of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake, and, issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed, floated gently toward the farther end of the bridge.”

In “ Princely Pleasures ” there are full descriptions of the festivities at Kenilworth during the stay of the royal lady.

Perhaps the very heart of all hearts in England is Stratford, Shakespeare’s own town. Of course it is very much visited, and is therefore full of tourists; but one of the first requisites for a good traveller is to acquire the ability, for his own enjoyment, if for no other reason, mentally to omit from his view all encroaching objects, and to have the capacity only for looking

at the actual centre of interest. One has infinite opportunity to practise this art at Mont St. Michel; and at Conway, last year, I was glad that I was able, when in the old house, Plas Mawr, to eliminate from its walls the pictures of the Cambrian Art Society, which was there holding an exhibition, and to visualize only the old Tudor house itself.

To sit writing in the Shakespeare Inn, at Stratford, in a room with little high casements with leaded panes, surrounded by Chippendale chairs and an old "four poster," in front of a cheerful fire, smacks of conscious picturesqueness. This is a pleasant house in which to stay during a visit to the historic town, and is almost a sufficient curiosity in itself to repay one for a trip!

The house in which Shakespeare was born has to be something of a museum now, of course. In the eighteenth century it may have had more natural picturesqueness; we are told that the house was then a butcher's shop, and that tacked up on the door was a sign: "William Shakespeare was born in this house. N. B., A Horse and Cart to Let." The town, indeed, hardly waked up to the importance of this monument until P. T. Barnum tried to buy it to carry it to America! Then the Warwick-

shire mind began to unfold to the genial possibilities of American curiosity, and it has been justified in its expectations. The house was prepared to receive Americans, and the Americans came — to such an extent that you wish they would stop coming! If only just long enough to allow you to admire it by yourself!

When one sees that “ Mistress Anne Page ” is still a “ Licensed Victualler ” in Stratford, one conjures up a vision of very musty ale and very blue Stilton cheese. The whole town is a shrine, and one meets Shakespeare in some form on every corner.

No words can express the sensations of a true lover of the poet when he stands in the chancel of Trinity Church, and looks at the little flat stone with its well-known warning in verse. One forgets everything but just the fact that he lies there — the eyes of the imagination look below the surface, and the actual bones lying there take on a sacred significance:

Some say the sonnet's compass is too small,
Too circumscribed its limits, to express
The thoughts of poets, filled with eagerness
To set their spirits free from earthly thrall.

Yet in this little verse's rise and fall
In measured melody of metric stress,



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, SHOTTERY.

Great souls have sung, nor felt their freedom less
For want of space, for Genius conquers all.

How may we judge the value by the size?
An inch will span the priceless Kohinoor;
A single torch dispels a cavern's gloom;
And in a little church in Stratford lies
A small dark stone embedded in the floor
Which serves as covering to Shakespeare's tomb.

They say that the monument to Shakespeare which is on the wall was made from a death mask, with slight improvements, such as opening the eyes, and trimming the beard. It certainly has a dead enough look to account for any theory.

I have several times walked from Stratford to Shottery, that historic walk of Shakespeare's wooing time, and I have never yet failed to see a lark rise from the meadow and sing itself out of sight and hearing among the clouds above. The first time we went, we had occasion to inquire our road; we asked a rustic the way to Anne Hathaway's cottage, and his reply was so charmingly provincial: "It lies just beyond Job Newell's," he said.

One of the quaint features in Anne Hathaway's cottage is that upstairs the windows are almost on a level with the floor, the rooms being in the roof, so that one looks "down and out"

the little dormers peeping from under the thatch edge.

There is a very interesting little institution in Shottery, not well known to many travellers who have a couple of hours to devote to the whole town, and that is a Tapestry Works, on a small scale, in one of the little thatched cottages. This is run for the purpose of teaching lame or otherwise afflicted girls the art of weaving, so that they may earn their support, while still living, as most of them do, in cottages in country districts. Since all the girls will be situated so that they will have neither space nor money for expensive looms, the matron of the Tapestry Works has evolved a loom composed of gas-pipe, which all can afford, and which, with high-warp stringing, answers the purpose as well as a more elaborate piece of machinery. The girls are often very clever in designing and adapting work, and they receive orders for some quite important pieces to be used in England, by people who wish to combine good works with good æsthetic results for themselves. This establishment wove the robes in which Ellen Terry played Lady Macbeth. A frieze which was made here, of a design of Norwegian ships, is most decorative, and was bought by Queen Alexandra. They make large hangings for

altars, and they also have some work executed by blind girls, a good deal like that done by the Perkins' Institution in Boston.

The amount of old Saxon work in the little church at Wooten Wawen quite surprised me. A window has been discovered high in the walls (which were subsequently plastered), and while we were there we had the pleasure of being conducted about by the charming vicar himself, who pointed out the later developments in the work of exploration which is constantly going forward. He told us that few Americans ever came to Wooten Wawen, that he remembered only William Winter. The same scholarly vicar was in Wooten Wawen in the days when William Winter visited the church, and the writer paid a very well deserved tribute to this very practical patron saint, whose zeal and enthusiasm have so spurred on the good work of re-discovery in the old Saxon church.

On our way from Wooten Wawen we stopped at the old church of Beaudesert, on our way to Henley-in-Arden. They were having a "Children's Treat" in the opposite field. The incongruous tones of the piano-organ were wafted to us through the lich-gate, as we stood admiring the ancient Norman door. Beaudesert is simply

a suburb of Henley-in-Arden. The latter is a very quaint town, with remains of a market cross, and the little Inn where one takes tea has been a " public " ever since 1375!

CHAPTER II

THE MOATED GRANGE



DAY which stands out pleasantly is one which we spent in achieving a visit to the old Moated Grange — the fifteenth century manor house of Baddesley Clinton, famous in literature, being selected by Shakespeare as “Marianna’s Moated Grange.”

Marianna is a legendary lady of some centuries’ standing at least. Her chief characteristic seems to have been sitting in the Moated Grange and sighing. When she appears in Shakespeare’s pages it is in “Measure for Measure.” The lady occupies a rather painful position in this drama, and there is only a passing allusion to the Grange; indeed, as the scene is supposed to be laid in Vienna, it is quite a stretch of the imagination to assume that Shakespeare had more than a reminiscence of Baddesley Clinton in mind. “I will presently to St. Luke’s,” observed the Duke. “There at

the moated grange resides the dejected Marianna.”

Tennyson deals with Marianna at more length; as a modern writer, he amplifies the ancient legend, it being difficult to convict him of absolute invention at so remote a range. Tennyson, expanding Shakespeare's theme of the love-lorn maiden, seems to describe the old house more conscientiously. His allusion to the “ancient thatch weeded and worn,” is certainly more suggestive of Warwickshire than Austria, as is also the “sparrow's chirrup.” Marianna, according to Shakespeare, is constantly bemoaning “He cometh not” and “I am a-weary, and I would that I was dead.”

Well, we were a-weary also by the time we got there. But we were too optimistic and too much pleased to wish that we were dead. We took the train to Lapworth, the nearest town to Baddesley Clinton. We found that this town itself lay a mile from the station, so we started out to walk there. The town is so straggling that we were not even sure when we got there. It was a beautiful walk through a delightful country road with hedges and flowers and all the proper setting for a jaunt of this kind. We met a couple carrying a trunk between them, evidently going to the railway station. We

admired their economy, and asked them if they thought we could get a conveyance near by to take us to Baddesley Clinton. They spoke tentatively and looked at each other; "Perhaps at the Boots Inn." So, after walking another half mile, we asked an old man to direct us to the inn. He replied: "Go raound the bend in the road and you're at it." Concise and sufficient. We went round the bend, and found ourselves at it. It was a lovely little rustic hostelry, covered with a luxuriant vine which, instead of growing *up* over the house, grew *down* over the house, apparently starting at the ridge of the roof, and festooning roof and all quite down to the ground. I never saw a more effective green drapery. Inside it was as quaint as out. A tiny "bar" was set out with blue mugs, on curious oak tables with settles in front of them. We asked if they could let us have a carriage. They replied that "it" was out. Deducing from this answer that there was but one carriage, we asked when it would be back. That was quite uncertain. Was there any other form of conveyance that they could suggest? Possibly, but no horse. Then there was absolutely nothing that they could do for us? No, nothing. Did they know of any other person in town who had a carriage that we

might hire? No, they thought there was no one.

So we reluctantly turned our steps back to Lapworth station, in order to take the next train home. On our way we passed a little shop composed of a single gable among shrubs, and we stopped and repeated our inquiry. They told us that there was a man who had a horse, and who lived directly opposite the Lapworth station. So, having walked a fruitless mile in one direction, we hastened to walk the same mile back to where we started, appreciating the reason why the young couple had carried their own trunk.

We had no difficulty in securing a springless wagonette with a partly-animated black horse, driven apparently by the mummy of Thothmes III. This relict could talk, although the "rigour" would not allow it to turn its head, and it informed the landscape that the probability was that we should not be able to see Baddesley Clinton, but that it would see what it could do for us. When we arrived at a discreet distance, we drew up and the mummy dismounted, and disappeared through the park palings, and did not emerge for fifteen minutes. Finally it came towards us, and announced that, if we would go to the inner gate on foot, the



BADDESLEY CLINTON, THE "MOATED GRANGE."

maid would show us the house, as the lady was not at home. The trees standing about this park are genuine remnants of the original Forest of Arden.

The approach to the mansion across the moat is now made by a small stone bridge. Swans were swimming on the green sedgy surface, and a charming tone and texture pervaded the whole scene. The hoary grey house, with its square mullioned windows and flat arches, dipping into the green moat, in the midst of surrounding trees almost amounting to a forest background, was relieved in the most delightful way by the white birds gently moving here and there. Even the little single feathers, floating upturned on the surface, added a note to the colour scheme. We went through the courtyard. The house is four hundred years old, having been built in the reign of Henry VII. The inner court façades are of plaster and timber, not white, as we so often see it, but of a delicate grey tint with a sepia shade in it, which harmonizes perfectly with the ancient oak.

The great hall, the banqueting-room, dining-room, and drawing-room, are all very fine apartments, with stone floors and carved mantels, and are full of rich and quaint things, and also, of course, of strangely incongruous modern bits

of comfort. The lady of the house is herself a painter, and the mansion has many examples of her work. The table in the hall is hewn from a single oak tree which grew in the Forest of Arden many hundred years ago. This wonderful board is twenty-one feet long and four feet wide, and is at least three or four inches thick. In the hall hangs a leather coat which once belonged to Cromwell; it was fished up out of the moat, and is retained as a curiosity. When we see mansions which were private residences and yet which are fortified with battlemented tops, we must remember that in the middle ages this was not merely a form of architectural decoration, as it has now come to be regarded, but the builder of a house was obliged to apply for a "license to crenelate."

Of course the nicest part of Baddesley Clinton is the "haunted room." In this apartment, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, the Lord of the Manor, Nicholas Brome, chanced upon a domestic scene not to his liking. In the words of Dugdale, "coming on a time into his parlour here at Baddesley, he found the parish priest chocking his wife under the chin, whereat he was so enraged that he presently killed him." This room was shown to us with pride. On the floor is a fine "blood stain" neatly var-

nished. The cultivated maid appeared to be one of the most accomplished of Warwickshire antiquaries, and she smiled as she remarked, "That is what they say it is; at any rate, it can't be got out, no matter how hard it is scrubbed!" (I fancy it has been carefully restored from time to time.) Poor priest! And poor lady! If you could only see the remote situation of the house; the absolute isolation of its ghostly loneliness, in its great park with no human habitation within miles, your sympathies would become very elastic. But, of course, you are not in Mr. Brome's position. No doubt the provocation was great; but the poor man did what he could to expiate his offence, by erecting nice little bell towers throughout the neighbourhood, one of them being a part of the Baddesley chapel. Our guide conducted us through a path (chiefly a rabbit warren) to this church. On a stone in the porch is an inscription, "Nicholas Brome, esq., Lord of Baddesley, did new build this steeple in the raigne of King Henry VII. He died in October, 1517." He is buried in the tower porch, too, as the record states, "under a blew marble stone."

Among other attractions in the bewildering old house, is a small subterranean passage, which crossed under the moat and led into the

woods, for purposes of escape in times of difficulty. Even a tiny dressing closet has a great carved Elizabethan fireplace.

We asked the maid if it were not rather lonely in the winter. Her answer was enough to reproach any Englishwoman for daring to complain of the servant problem. "Oh, no," she said, "I have never felt dull; we have plenty to occupy our time." Bless her ingenuous heart! Such a motto ought to be illuminated and framed in every Industrial Employment Office in America!

Deep down in the garden lies a "pool" with its weird lily-pads, and low dipping willows. This is said to be the very pool which Shakespeare had in mind when he pictured the scene of the tragic fate of Ophelia. We met the smug butler, wearing an overcoat over his dress suit, bearing a fishing rod and basket; he had presumably been catching his supper in the moat. But he complained that he could not catch any of the carp, for they scorned worms. He said, wonderingly, that he had lived there twenty years, and had not yet discovered the proper bait for carp. We wondered, too. I thought that an American butler of twenty years standing, if such a thing could exist, would have had the fish trained to come

to him of their own accord! Imagine allowing oneself to be outwitted by the carp in one's own moat!

Baddesley Clinton has always remained a Roman Catholic house. The form of worship, during all the days of Protestant persecution, never changed here, — Protestants sometimes forget that there were Roman Catholic victims of their zeal, as well as the fact that Protestants were martyred. While most of the important families gradually changed their form of worship to conform with that of the Church of England, the Lords of Baddesley remained in the original faith in which they had been reared.

An interesting story is told of one of the early masters of the grange, Robert Greswold. When he was one day walking between Broadway and Baddesley, he met his friend John Sugar, who was a noted Roman Catholic of much influence, who had once been a Protestant. As they walked together towards Baddesley Clinton, they met the constable who was out on a special hunt for papists. With the constable walked Clement Greswold, a cousin of Robert. Knowing the probable fate of John Sugar, Clement said to Robert, "Come our way, Cousin, and you may go in peace." Robert replied, "Not unless my friend come also."

Then the constable spoke up, exclaiming, "Nay, John Sugar goes with me before the judges." Greswold said: "Then I too will go with him." He accompanied Sugar to his trial. Greswold could have been set free had he so wished, but we are told that "for the love of Mr. Sugar and zeal for martyrdom he would not." So on the sixteenth of July, 1664, they were both executed.

When they were led forth to death, John Sugar was dragged upon a hurdle, but Greswold walked behind him. It was a rainy day, and much mud had accumulated in the road. Some one saw how Greswold was ploughing through the mire, and said to him, "Walk at the side, friend, instead of going behind the hurdle, where there is so much mud." To which the martyr answered, "I have followed him through life and to death, and I am not to be deterred by a little mire in the road!" This scene forms the subject of one of the paintings by the present lady of Baddesley. It hangs at Erdington monastery.

Shakespeare Hall lies near Baddesley Clinton, a little over a mile, perhaps; it is believed to have been the home of Thomas Shakespeare, an uncle of the poet. In Wroxall Priory, also near Baddesley, lived Adam Shakespeare, in 1389, and his descendants in all probability

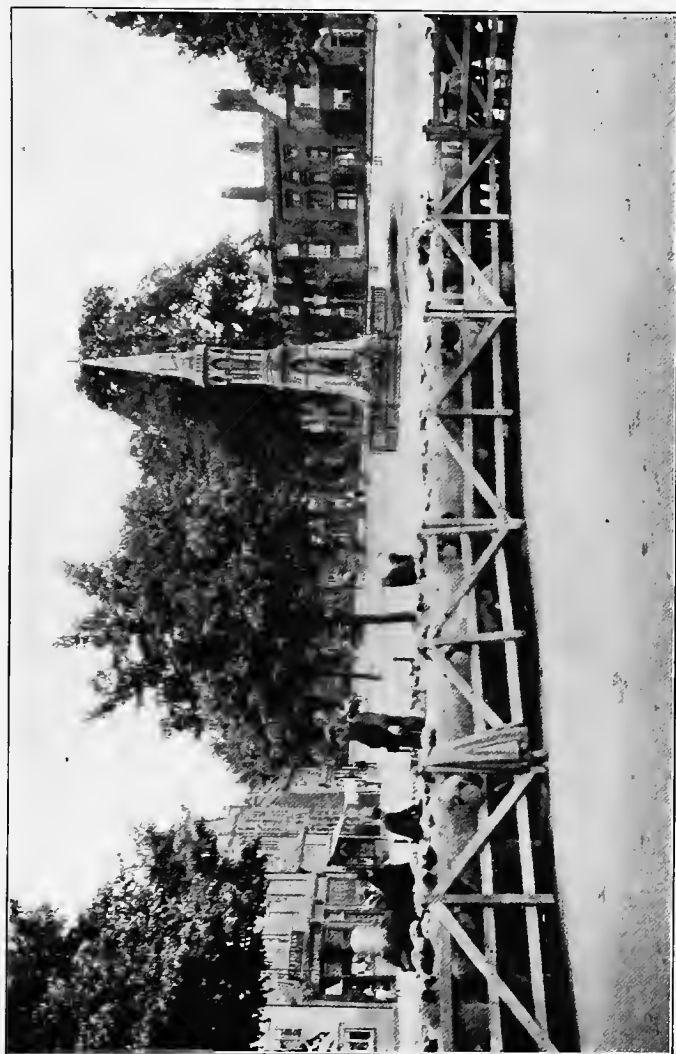
were cousins and neighbours of William, so that it was a natural and easy thing for Shakespeare to visit this neighbourhood if our conjecture is correct.

CHAPTER III

BANBURY CROSS AND OTHER QUAIN'T SPOTS

THERE is one thing about England — it is true also of France: there is not a town that is not worth a visit. You often think, “Oh, there is nothing there to see! only a Roman wall and a Norman church—it hardly pays!” It pays every time. The less there is advertised to be seen, the fewer tourists there will be, and the more real English town remains for those who can appreciate it.

Banbury is one of these nice towns, with its old cross to which we have all been admonished to “ride a cock horse.” The present cross is not the original one, but you do not have to remember that. When we were there it was surrounded by pens enclosing a sheep market. The responsibility of their position was weighing rather unduly upon four sheep dogs, who continuously barked at the corners of the pens. The inoffensive sheep stood quietly regarding the excitement of these dogs, and reminded me



BANBURY CROSS AND SHEEP MARKET.

of the way placid and contented savages sometimes regard the overtures of foreign innovators, who insist upon improving their condition. The cattle market was also being held, right in the open street; and the town is very quaint on such an occasion. Market day in Banbury should be seen by all who desire real local colour.

The other chief sight of Banbury is the Globe Room, which is part of an hostelry, being the apartment where Cromwell held court, and planned the Battle of Edgehill. The room is a remarkable Jacobean relic, with a modelled ceiling, a cast of which is in the South Kensington Museum, proving that it is a really important specimen of its kind. The room has tiny casement windows and a fine fireplace.

A curious item shown in the Globe Room, for an unknown reason, and with marked incongruity, is a dried cat — an example of nature's own mummifying — in an attitude of defiance, mouth open, claws extended, and with all the signs of having been in a pugnacious frame of mind at the last moment of its life. It was discovered, in its present form and condition, in the loft over the Globe Room. The legend is that it is the cat which Cromwell, in an ecstasy of Puritan zeal, had hanged, because it had

caught mice on Sunday! A hanged cat, however, would have assumed a very different attitude. The only explanation that occurs to me of its evident sudden and violent death is that it may have been struck by lightning. They show a similar "remains" of a cock, found in the same place. Another possible explanation of the cat's death might have been a fight with a spurred cock. Who can say? And who cares?

The Banbury cake is a little turnover of pastry, filled with a mince of raisins and citron, and is toothsome, and deserving of its popularity and reputation.

The battlefield of Edgehill lies in this direction, and should be visited. This very interesting encounter took place on the 23rd of October, 1642, and was the first great fight of the civil war. The object of the battle was, from the Roundhead point of view, to prevent the king's going on to London. Although each side claimed the victory, it was actually a defeat for the Parliamentarians since they failed in their aim to check the progress of King Charles, who continued his journey and therefore was really successful, accomplishing what he intended to do, whereas Cromwell did not.

The leaders on the Royalist side made his-

toric remarks on the morning of the battle. Charles I addressed his officers with these words: "Come life or death, your King will bear you company." The Earl of Lindsay, who was the king's lieutenant general, offered up this prayer before the battle: "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be to-day! If I forget thee, do not thou forget me! March on, boys!"

A very dramatic episode during the battle should certainly be selected as the theme for a great picture. The King's banner was actually captured by a common soldier. In the midst of the rejoicing a keen-witted Cavalier, with much presence of mind, stooped and stripped off the orange scarf from a dead Roundhead, and, slinging it over his shoulder by way of disguise, rode in among the men of Cromwell, exclaiming, "Let me carry the banner! the king's standard should not be borne by a commoner!" And even among the Roundheads this argument had sufficient weight to make them suppose him to be an important member of their own party, so the Parliamentarians relinquished the royal banner, and the clever Cavalier put spurs to his steed and flew back with it to the king!

In another direction, farther north, lies the

delightful old town of Coventry, where St. Mary's Hall and the three churches with their graceful spires are among the chief points of interest. The spires of these churches are familiar to any who have "waited for the train at Coventry," as most of us have at some time.

Evelyn tells of a visit to Coventry in his Diary, saying: "The city has many handsome churches, a beautiful wall, a fair free school, and a library to it, the streets full of great shops, clean and well paved. At going forth the gate they show us the bone or rib of a wild boar, said to have been killed by Sir Guy: but which I take to be the chine of a whale."

We were specially taken by some of the epitaphs in the churches; Coventry people seem to have vied with each other in florid obituary. One gentleman designates himself as a "moaning turtle" (dove not expressed but understood!) at the death of his wife; another, one Scroop, is immortalized in the verse following:

"Here lies an old tossed tennis ball
Was racketted from Spring to Fall
With so much heat and so much haste
Time's arm for shame grew tired at last!
Four kings and camps he truly served,
And from his loyalty ne'er swerved.

Father ruined, the son slighted,
And from the Crown never requited.
Loss of estate — relation's blood —
Was too well known, but did no good.
With long campaigns and pains of gout
He could no longer hold it out.
Always a restless life he led,
Never at quiet till quite dead.

.
Death kindly came, all wants supplied,
By giving rest which life denied."

The brass eagle lectern in Trinity Church has a history — it is very ancient, being an early specimen of core casting. It was repaired in 1560, the item being entered in the accounts, "for mending ye eagle's taile, sixteen pence"!

There are lots of things to wait for at Coventry besides trains. It pays to wait for the custodian at St. Mary's Hall, and let him point out its beauties and relics. A splendid tapestry hangs there. The outside of the building is so blunted by weather, that it looks older than it really is. Coventry refused to harbour Charles I. In revenge, Charles II pulled down the city wall, which had been standing since earliest mediæval times.

Coventry rejoices in the distinction of not having been a Roman town, so far as is known.

The earliest associations are faerie and legendary, and the story of Godiva is the choicest legend of all.

The authority for the legend is Roger de Wendover, who, to be sure, indulges in many fairy tales. But legend is much more interesting than fact so often! I give you his words: "The Countess Godiva, who was a great lover of God's mother, longing to free the town of Coventry from the oppression of a heavy toll, often with urgent prayers besought her husband that he would free the town from that service . . . the earl sharply rebuked her for foolishly asking what was so much to his damage, and always forbade her ever more to speak to him on the subject: and while she on the other hand, with a woman's pertinacity, never ceased to exasperate her husband on that matter, he at last made her this answer — 'Mount your horse, and ride naked before all the people, through the market of the town, from one end to the other, and on your return you shall have your request.' On which Godiva replied, 'But will you give me permission, if I am willing to do it?' 'I will,' said he. Whereupon the countess, beloved of God, loosed her hair and let down her tresses, which covered the whole of her body like a veil, and then mounted her



Painted by Jules Lefebure.

LADY GODIVA.

horse, and attended by two knights, she rode through the market place, without being seen, except her fair legs, and having completed the journey, she returned with gladness to her astonished husband, and obtained of him what she had asked; for Leofric freed the town of Coventry and its inhabitants from the aforesaid service."

Walter Savage Landor has constructed an imaginary conversation between Leofric and Godiva, which is most delightful reading, and has considerable verisimilitude: "Godiva, would thou plead to me for rebels?" asked Leofric. "They have then drawn the sword against you? I knew it not," the lady replies. Leofric, angered, answers, "They have omitted to send me my dues, established by my ancestors, well knowing of our nuptials, and of the charges and festivities they require, and that in a season of such scarcity my own lands are insufficient." Godiva: "If they were starving, as they said they were?" Leofric: "Must I starve, too? Is it not enough to lose my vassals?" Then, after long arguments, Godiva throws herself at the feet of her lord, exclaiming, "My husband, my husband, will you pardon the city?" and he replies, "Yea, Godiva, by the holy rood, will I pardon the city when

thou ridest naked at noontide through the streets!" After beseeching her husband to free the city on some other condition, and he continuing obstinate, Godiva comes to the conclusion that she must perform this penance, in the following soliloquy: "God help them, good kind souls, I hope they will not crowd about me so to-morrow; oh, Leofric, could my name be forgotten, and yours only remembered! But perhaps my innocence may save me from reproach; and how many as innocent are in fear and famine! No eye will open on me but fresh from tears. What a young mother for so large a family! Shall my youth harm me? Under God's hand it gives me courage. Ah, when will the morning come? Ah, when will the noon be over?" The legend of Peeping Tom, whose eye was shrivelled for his curiosity, is a legend of later date. The early accounts say nothing of any spectators. The two little heads of Leofric and Godiva may still be seen, in quaint stained glass, in Trinity Church, remnants of the large window in which their figures originally appeared. "Peeping Tom," with his preposterous military hat, his leering smile, and his sawed-off arms, still leans benignly from a top window of the hotel!

Another legendary story of Coventry is told

by Michael Drayton, who describes Coventry in the days when St. Ursula brought

. . . "That goodly virgin band,
Th' eleven thousand maids, chaste Ursula's band,"

as a "poor thatched village."

Daily life in mediæval Coventry began early. A bell was rung to rouse the inhabitants to the day's work. This was "the beating of the bell called daybell." An inconvenient custom was that of allowing all kinds of animals and fowls to roam the streets freely. This made much confusion of traffic; the Leet Book states that "daily hurt comes from having beasts at large!"

Beggars abounded, too, and for a long time unchecked. Finally they became such a nuisance and menace that it was decided in 1518 to deal with them by ordering them to move on. In the Leet Book one finds this record: "And those bigge beggars that wilnot work to get their living, but lie in the fields and break hedges and steal man's fruit . . . let them be banished the town or else punish them so without favour that they shall be weary to bide!" Among curious names of Coventry Inns, may still be seen "The Pilgrim's Rest" and "The Spotted Dog."

The diminutive ornateness of the old carved St. John's Hospital is very quaint. Forty old ladies enjoy its hospitality, although no doubt they find it somewhat "stuffy" for daily living. The buildings in Coventry of this nature are especially attractive. There is another establishment for men, known as Bond's Almhouse, founded in 1506, "for ten poore men so long as the world shall endure, with a woman to look to them." ("Poor Woman!" ejaculated the Little One, upon hearing this slightly ambiguous inscription!)

These beautiful old-world hospitals may be less sanitary than modern brick ones, but they are much more alluring. Henry James says that in Coventry "these pious foundations are so numerous as almost to place a premium on misery!" He makes very pleasant allusion to these establishments. "At Coventry I went to see a couple of old charities . . . places with black-timbered fronts, little clean-swept courts and Elizabethan windows. One of them was a romantic residence for a handful of old women, who sat each of them in a little cosy bower, in a sort of mediæval darkness; the other was a school for little boys of humble origin, and this latter was charming. I found the little boys playing at top in a gravelled court, in front of

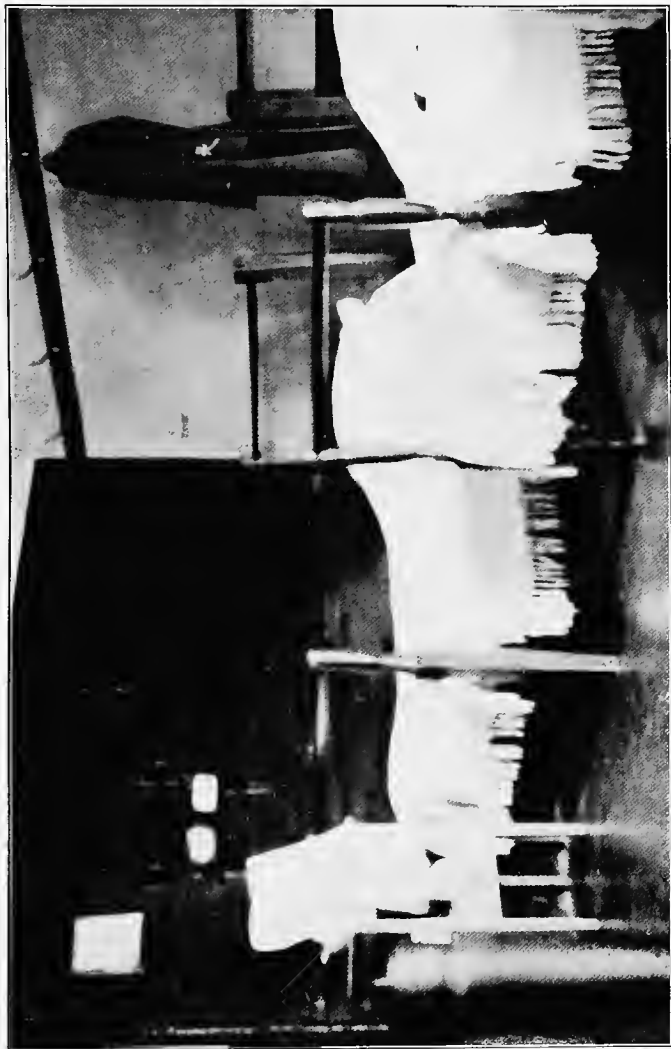
the prettiest old building of tender-coloured stucco and painted timber, ornamented with two delicate little galleries and a fantastic porch. They were dressed in small blue tunics and odd caps like those worn by sailors, but, if I remember rightly, with little yellow tags affixed to them. I was free, apparently, to wander over the establishment; there was no sign of pastor or master anywhere, nothing but the little yellow-headed boys playing before the ancient house, and practising most correctly the Warwickshire dialect." The picture is singularly restful and attractive, I think.

In the station we met an amusing drunken man. He ambled up and asked us if we had a pin. Upon receiving a reply in the negative, he said: "No offense; I only advanced it—(hic)—as an argument." Then, impressively, "What I am about to do is in the interests of my fellow men." Grandiloquently: "Whatever concerns this country, concerns me. (hic) I have put a penny in that machine"—here, with an uncertain side-sweep, he indicated a slot-machine—"The machine does not work. That penny is—lost. So I have written this"—here he produced a dirty slip of paper, on which was printed in pencil "OUT OF ORDER; PLEASE IGNORE IT." It was

the work of an instant to attach this to the offending monument; and he was satisfied. "I must warn my countrymen," he added, as he disappeared in the Birmingham train. Possibly he was a relic of the "bigge beggars" who had been asked to move on in the early days!

A day at Rugby was much appreciated by the Little One, who made it a point to sit on the historic bed of Tom Brown, which our guide assured us was the same bed and in the same position as when occupied by Thomas Hughes. She also ate a biscuit out of the school box, and shuddered before the grate where Tom was "roasted." We were told that we were the first visitors who had ever thought of taking a photograph of Tom's bed, so I think I may claim that the accompanying illustration is probably unique!

It was interesting to drive out to Bilton Hall, the house which Joseph Addison built, and in which he lived with the Countess of Warwick after their marriage. Their initials are entwined in wrought iron over the garden gate, and a curious sort of Georgian pew, set among the trees, is known as Addison's Seat. In the little chapel close by the house there was a nice verse, inlaid in light wood, on the music-rack



TOM BROWN'S BED AT RUGBY.

of the organ. It appealed to me a good deal:

“Mid all the uneven strokes of time
And man’s discord, one strain above
In diapason rules sublime —
The melody of Jesus’ love.

Take then, my lips, good Lord: my heart,
My skill of hand, whate’er it be,
And weave them, with that leading part,
Into a perfect harmony.”

In this little chapel, the only daughter of Addison lies buried. She lived to be an elderly woman, and never married.

I was enchanted with St. Peter’s Church in Northampton. It is an adorable little pile, so hoary and venerable, and with delicious Norman details in its caps and arches. When we walked in upon it the maids in waiting were evidently cleaning house, and everything except the altar seemed to be out on the glebe; the tall candlesticks leaned upon a mossy bank, and vases of wilted flowers tilted about at all angles. Inside the church it was really necessary to summon all one’s antiquarian zeal to face the clouds of dust which greeted us. A pious thoroughness pervaded the work of brush

and broom, to the great detriment of the atmosphere. But my zeal was equal to the emergency. I stood sneezing but entranced before the noble columns with their axe-cut ornament and the delightful grotesques peering out of the dim recesses of shadow.

The mediæval legend of St. Peter's has been translated by the scholarly vicar, Rev. R. M. Serjeantson, and is such a characteristic example of the miracle-working shrines and their origins that I give it here, in part, in the words of the old chronicle which is to be found in the *Vitæ Sanctorum*, a thirteenth century manuscript now in Trinity College, Dublin.

At St. Peter's Church, Northampton, in the early days, a Norwegian servant of the priest Bruningus had a series of visions. Finally, while he was in the church one night, "there stood by him the celestial Being, glistening with clear light, . . . saying to him, 'Rise and follow me,' and it seemed in his dream that he arose and followed Him, until he came to the place where the body of the blessed martyr lay beneath the pavement. Then his guide thus addressed him: 'Lo, here lies the chosen friend of God. Tell thy master, the priest Bruningus, for in this spot he will find him.' Therefore, when morning came, he told his master what he

had seen and heard." The master prayed and hesitated for a time, but, finally, "taking a spade he enters the church, and after offering up a prayer, begins to dig." This practical step was soon rewarded by the tomb of the saint coming to light. "The tomb remained uncovered for several days, and aroused the wonder of the multitude, who flocked day by day to see it. The venerable priest, turning over and over in his mind what to do for the better showing forth of the glory of God," finally decided, to make a long story short, to experiment and see if the relics might not perform some miracles of healing.

So Bruningus interviewed a lame girl in the village, named Alfgiva, whose lower limbs had been shrivelled in infancy, and who had never been able to move except by creeping. He told this girl to go on Easter Even to the church, and to remain in prayer, asking the holy saint to cure her infirmity. This the girl did, remaining alone in the church after all the priests had gone away. "She betook herself to earnest prayer, and, as she had been instructed, besought for the blessing of health, when suddenly in the silence of the dead of night, God, who deals strangely with his saints, had pity on her; and she saw the whole church lit up with celes-

tial splendour, and a snow white dove flying hither and thither, which at length plunged into the font, and thence sped quickly towards her, and, by beating of its wings, sprinkled her and the martyr's tomb with holy water.

“ She arose forthwith to her full height, and continued standing, her feet and ankle bones received strength, and she walked naturally which she had never done hitherto from the time of her birth. Wonders succeed wonders. Two bells hanging at a distance from one another in the same church by divine power chimed alternately in such true time, as though rung by the hands of some skillful ringer. The priest and his clerks were awakened by the sound at so late an hour, and the townspeople also leaped in terror from their beds. All came running up, eager to see whatever it could be that had happened. And now, looking towards the church, they see through the windows as it were flames, playing through the whole interior. . . . Then . . . they hurry on, and running at full speed, hastily unbar the doors and look in. They see the girl whom they had left there deformed, now standing erect and sound, and her skirt, which before had dragged two feet behind her, as she crawled bowed down to the ground, now not even reaching her knees.” This touch

is strictly human, and sounds like a real description, — it would hardly have occurred to a monkish chronicler to visualize this transformation, one would think!

The success of this first miracle attracted a perfect procession of afflicted people, who trooped to the tomb in large numbers; “at length the tomb of the Saint is opened, and the martyr’s bones, deeply to be revered, are before their eyes. A writing also is found, placed near the body, to say that this was Ragner, the holy martyr of Christ, and that he was nephew of the most holy King, and martyr, St. Edmond, and that he had died for the faith of Christ, cruelly slain by the same persecutors, at whose hands the king had suffered. But when the tomb had been opened by the hands of the priest, at once so great an abundance of virtue from God flowed forth upon the sick, that all those who had come together oppressed with divers diseases, were in the presence of the crowd, cured of whatever disease they had.” The attendance at the shrine grew tremendous, so that “every year . . . numberless sick, weak and dying people were laid in carts, and brought to the martyr’s resting place.” Alfgiva, the original beneficiary, became a strong and healthy woman, “she assumed the religious

habit in the same town, and remained a virgin," and was known as the "holy nun," owing to the extreme sanctity of her subsequent life.

St. Sepulchre's Church, too, the ancient circular church of the crusaders, is most interesting. It is hardly as fine a specimen as that in Cambridge, but it is a wonderful building, full of fine vistas from the round part into the square part; it has no triforium, and the arches are pointed. It was probably erected about 1105, the same time as Cambridge. The pointed arches, however, suggest a rather later date.

Remnants of one of the Eleanor Crosses is still standing in Northampton, but it is literally a ruin, and little of its beauty remains.

I remember taking a train for Castle Ashby on the chance of getting "lifted" to Earl's Barton. We found a little wagonette for four, and we got in, with one other man who was on the same errand, congratulating ourselves upon so readily finding what we sought. We were nearly ready to start, when a stentorian voice startled the serene air, saying: "Oh, I say, but I've got a lot of luggage, you know!" and there stood a dominant Briton with two daughters and a wife, flanked by a truckful of black enamel-cloth trunks. The driver coolly told us that we must get out, as this gentleman would

require the entire carriage. We descended and ran rapidly to a similar conveyance on the other side of the railroad track, which was headed for Castle Ashby. This driver agreed to take us to Earl's Barton and Castle Ashby as well, returning in time to take a suitable train back to Northampton.

The dear little old tower at Earl's Barton is as ingenuous and convincing as possible. How often have I met this venerable Saxon relic in connection with various studies! It seemed like an old friend as it reared its sturdy little bulk among the trees, and I felt a genuine thrill as I approached it. It is, I suppose, the oldest complete and ornate Saxon work in England. It is almost pretentious, with its fat balusters and its nicely laid quoins.

Then we drove over to Castle Ashby, a gorgeous but hideous house standing in magnificent grounds. The architecture is poor, and the parapet which surmounts the whole house consists of a gigantic Latin motto in great square Roman letters — it might be a brewery sign! No one could over-estimate the beauty of the park, however. The gardens and the long oak avenues are magnificent. It took us an hour simply to drive through the principal road. The estate is almost feudal in plan — there is a

whole town for the employees, with its own post-office, and shops.

Our driver remarked, with a languid smile, "Quite a nice little place just to enjoy a 'oliday in, isn't it?" The present Marquis only goes there for about six weeks during the shooting season.

The family chapel is rather ugly, too, and is full of white marble tombs of ladies who died at a most unfortunate period from the æsthetic point of view. One of the monuments is a realistic representation of a lady lying clad in a cross between a night gown and a summer party dress, while above her is a bas-relief of her soul fleeing away like a sort of wood nymph, half swimming and half flying. The only redeeming feature among the tombs is the figure of a crusader in dark granite or Purbeck, lying with his limbs conventionally crossed. The slab is set in the floor, like those in the Temple Church, and is the only antique suggestion about the place.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE COTSWOLD HILLS



MR. GISSING, in his very temperamental little book on Broadway, insists that to appreciate this unique town it is essential that you should approach it over the hill, and in a northwest wind. We arrived in southeast rain, and by way of the valley. Yet I doubt if Mr. Gissing were so completely overcome by the combined delights of Broadway as I was. It was almost too much to digest. It seems unreal to walk all through a town and never see a brick villa, or a house later than centuries of age. It is a sort of Tudor Pompeii. It is as typical a place of Elizabethan England as Rothenburg or Hildesheim or Assisi are of their times and climes.

Mary Anderson's home is as perfect a stage setting as any star could wish; and it would hardly be possible to over-rate the charms of the hotel, the Lygon Arms, which has been an inn ever since the fifteenth century, and was a manor house before that! One of the sitting

rooms is the apartment occupied by Cromwell, while another has a stone floor and stone Gothic doorways, and, when we were first there, was used as the smoking lounge.

Broadway has been evolved from the old Saxon name, Bradenwege. An ancient historian speaks of it as "the brode and highe waye from the shepherd's cotes on the mounted woldes, to the fruitful vale of Evesham." We were much amused at a waiter who, in immaculate evening dress and torturingly high collar, informed us that Broadway was named "for a part of New York in America." The town was a prosperous community before America was even discovered.

In this hotel they have a curiosity in the shape of an old man-trap, a hideous iron conceit, now exhibited in a harmless attitude on the wall, but once doubtless the terror of some select rural spot. After seeing Broadway I felt as if I should never consider anything picturesque again.

We were dilating on the joys of the town to a native, who, as it were, gave us the "other side of Broadway." She observed, cynically, "Well, I only know it's terrible in winter!" And, when one comes to think of it, I suppose it would be monotonous to have as one's only



Painted by F. D. Millet.

PROCLAIMING EDWARD VII KING, AT BROADWAY.

outlook that one long street. But what a street! with its rows of delicious houses, that look as if a giant had spilled them on the hill side, where they cling frantically, some to the earth, and some to each other! No two angles of roofs or façades are alike.

The woman smiled, and added: " But sometimes artists come, and they draw us people and the street! Mr. Phil May used to come often, and he made many pictures of us; and, my word, they *were* like! Why, one day he took an old man over to the 'otel, and he gave him so much champagne that he could hardly walk, and then he made him go down the street in front of him, and made drawings of his back! "

This ingenuous description of an artist's wiles was given with pride that her fellow townsman had been accounted worthy to be Phil May's model!

Mr. F. D. Millet, the American artist, has his studio in the most exquisite old priory, with a garden made famous in many well-known pictures. Sargent's picture, " Carnation Lily, Lily, Rose," now in the Tate Gallery, was painted here. The foundations of the old Priory date from the Prior of Worcester in the days of King John.

I felt as if I had exhausted all possible pleas-

ure from seeing old timber fronts, and mossy stone roofs, and thatched cottages, — as if certain emotions had been exhausted, and would never again awaken into appetite. Thank goodness the feeling was transient. I find that my enthusiasms are not yet burned out.

One of our peculiarities is that we never engage rooms in advance. We never make plans to go to any place until we are sure that we are ready to put them into execution. But we have always found rooms, and have always arrived at our destination. Through many years of travel we have discovered that this method works better than one which confines us to a date and hour. After all, if travel is not a pleasure, and a rest, and the actual result of the desire of the moment, it becomes a good deal of work.

Of course, upon each arrival in a town there is that slight uncertainty whether or not this will be the first place where we will be unable to secure accommodation. This question once arose in our minds as we alighted at the now familiar station at Broadway, by the last evening train on a Saturday. The omnibus was not at the station; yet, somehow, it was in the air that we should feel no uneasiness. We sat and told stories in perfect content, sending



OLD COTTAGES AT BROADWAY, SHOWING STONE AND THATCH ON THE SAME ROOF.

messages by every boy on a bicycle that left the station, to state to the authorities at the Lygon Arms that we awaited their conveyance. By and by a 'bus arrived. Every one else who had come on our train had become discouraged, and had started to walk, so we had it quite to ourselves, and were rewarded by arriving ahead of the pedestrians, and securing the last two double rooms in the house. They spent the evening turning people away after that. But we were most comfortable.

We enjoyed seeing the expected arrival of a distinguished guest — a dusky Maharaja from India with his suite, and his — sweet — one could spell it two ways. At all events, they were an excitement on the quiet common, and, if the lady had not come from Paris, certainly her clothes had.

Sunday morning we went to church in due form, and in the afternoon we walked to the ancient church of St. Eadburg, just outside the village. St. Eadburg was known as “happy Eadburg,” and was the granddaughter of Alfred the Great. She lived in a nunnery near Winchester, and was noted for great personal sweetness and amiability.

We revelled in the early Norman work in this little church, with its Saxon font and its curious

tombstones. Among the latter is one raised to the memory of a goodly barber. On the stone, flanking an angel's head, are scissors, curling tongs, and a razor. A benign and ideal verger showed us about, quite one of the dearest old figures one could design for the post. One of the stones bears the inscription:

"As thou art, so was I.
As I am, so shalt thou bee."

One morning we drove to the interesting little church at Wickhamford, in which are some ornate old tombs with recumbent effigies, and highly coloured coats of arms. Long processions of families are praying at the feet of their progenitors, doing all they can to sustain the good work. There is also a tombstone to one Penelope Washington, of whom little is recorded except that she was a cousin or niece of George Washington. This place was originally known as Wicke; Domesday Book says, "the church at Evesham holdeth Wiquene," and later, "in regard to a small stream that watereth it," it became Wickhamford, the "ford" when it appears at the end of an English name usually relating to some sort of river.

A journey from Broadway to Evesham was made in a little stage-coach which stopped at

every pillar box to collect the "post," which was carried by the driver in an open canvas bag. He explained to us that he was a little slow at it, for he was not the regular driver. "I'm going in his place to-day," he remarked confidentially, "because he's off burying his father." He spoke as if it were a pleasure trip or a holiday. We had observed the real driver the day before, and he was an ancient person with white hair. It certainly speaks well for the longevity of the inhabitants of Broadway that this venerable man's father had only just passed away!

It shows how small a pretext was needed in the middle ages for building a monastery, when one learns that Evesham was founded because of the vision of a swineherd named Eoves, under the Mercian king, Ethelred, in 701.

The Evesham bell tower is a charming structure, and one should make it a point to be there at noon and hear the chimes play old English airs. The bells are sweeter in tone and more delightfully played than any I have heard out of Normandy. "Drink to me only with thine eyes" is exquisite when so rendered. When the bells begin even the workmen on the road stop and listen, and the whole town is spell-bound for a minute.

Matthew of Westminster relates a sensational scene in Evesham in the year 1261. He says: "a most violent thunder storm, attended with incessant flashes of lightning, alarmed the country, and a thunderbolt falling at Evesham, hurled down a vast stone, which was placed in the edge of the corner of the upper part of the church tower, with such force that it fell down into the choir, and was broken to pieces by the violence, and penetrated into the ground, and the stone was nearly a foot long. And soon after, the roof of the tower was discovered to be on fire . . . the monks and the people coming up . . . endeavoured to quench the fire. . . . But they laboured in vain until . . . a ray of sun streamed on the fire caused by the lightning, and so entirely put it out and extinguished it *by the command of God.*" If this testimony does not sound convincing, do not hold me responsible; it does not convince me either. But it is a pretty story, and should be taken for what it is worth.

As one stands by the bell tower, one looks out over the field of the battle of Evesham. On the fourth of August, 1265, the Royalists, under Prince Edward, fought the barons, under Simon de Montfort. The barons were completely routed, and the tragic death, in this

battle, of their gallant leader put an end to the Baron's War.

There is a ballad in Norman French written on the occasion of the battle of Evesham, which has been translated by the scholar, Mr. George Ellis.

“On Evesham's plain is Montfort slain
Well skilled he was to guide,
Where streams his gore shall all deplore
Fair England's flower and pride.

“Ere Tuesday's sun its course had run
Our noblest chiefs had bled,
While rushed to fight each gallant knight
Their dastard vassals fled.

“Still undismayed with trenchant blade
They hewed their desperate way,
Not strength nor skill to Edward's will
But numbers give the day.

“Yet by the blow that laid them low
Brave Earl, one palm is given
Not less at thine than Becket's shrine
Shall rise our vows to heaven!

“Brave martyred chief, no more our grief
For thee or thine shall flow,
Among the blest in heaven you rest
From all your toils below.

“But for the few, the gallant crew
Who here in bonds remain,
Christ condescend their woes to end,
And break the tyrant's chain.”

After the battle, the monks of the Abbey took the mangled body of Simon de Monfort, and buried it under the altar. He was later canonized, and his relics are said to have performed a suitable number of miracles.

I remember a Cotswold railway journey which we made, informally accompanied by a "school treat" of three hundred children and a brass band.

And now I will say to travellers, — it is of no use trying to convert rushing tourists — that Cirencester is one of the most attractive places in England. It is a Cotswold town of the larger sort, and is often spoken of as the Capital of the Cotswolds. Perhaps one reason for its unspoiled charm is the fact that it is little frequented. The name is pronounced "Sister" with a slight drag only. In "Richard II," Bolingbroke alludes to a conspiracy in which:

. . . "the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cirencester in Gloucestershire."

When Henry VI was only thirteen, the boy king held court at Cirencester.

When we arrived there the whole place was wild over cricket — the only other guests at the King's Head Hotel (Charles I's head, by the way) were about twenty of the cricket

players, who were conducting a match and made a lively side issue at dinner time. The first evening one of the youths was called upon for a speech. He rose, on the strength of *Moët et Chandon*, and observed, with grandiloquence, "Dear friends, it gives me great pleasure this evening to omit making a speech to you." He sat down amidst cheers. Whereupon the Head of Our House arose, and, from our small side-table, remarked, "Allow me to add these few words in the same spirit from the United States of America." Then the whole crowd arose and toasted us, cheered, and drank our health, singing, "For they are jolly good fellows," and altogether behaved very well.

We went to the Park the next day to see them play cricket, — a restful game, it has always appeared to me. I never yet went to look on at a cricket match that it was not just time for the players to adjourn for light refreshments.

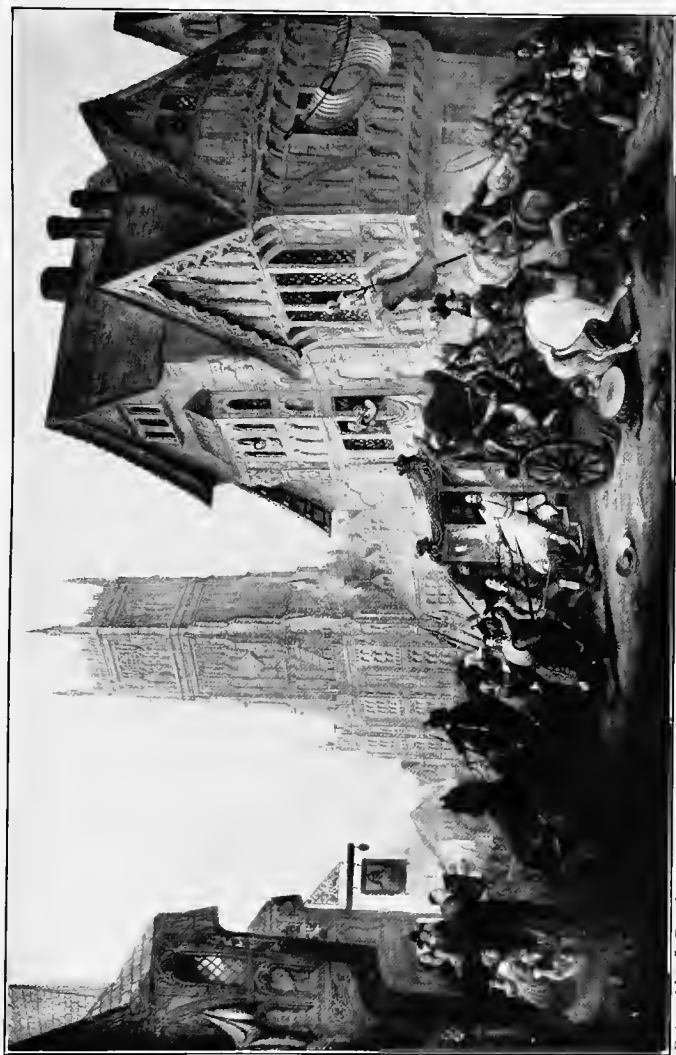
The King's Head is quite a historic house. Thrilling scenes have occurred there. In 1640, Lord Chandos was appointed on behalf of King Charles I to execute the "Commission of Auray." The mob, regarding him as a traitor, attacked him in the street, and it was with difficulty that his retainers were able to assist him to this inn. This skirmish was the first shed-

ding of blood in the civil war. J. Beecham, the artist, living in this vicinity, painted an interesting picture representing the escape of Lord Chandos, and, as it shows the relation of the hotel to the wonderful tower of the fine Parish Church, I have thought it well to reproduce it here in preference to a photograph of the building.

Probably there was a Saxon church on the site of the parish church at Cirencester, for the Roman road between Gloucester and Winchester passed directly by this spot, and foundations of a church were discovered below the present building.

Henry I, about 1100, was often in Cirencester, and it is likely that the final church was commenced in his reign. In the south arcade there is some Roman work, showing that parts of an earlier structure had been incorporated. The tower was not erected until about 1400, and the glass dates from 1430 to 1500. It was alluded to by a local writer in 1639 as "rich coloured glass such as is in Fairford Church," but that it was then "particoloured white in one place and red in another." This church is a splendid example of the best architecture of its period.

Some of the tombs in its interior have quaint verses and effigies. One of them, a large monu-



Painted by J. Beecham.

LORD CHANDOS ESCAPING FROM THE MOB AT CIRENCESTER.

ment dated 1598, represents Sir Humfry Bridges and his wife — she in a tall Welsh hat — not a comfortable head-gear for a lady in a recumbent position! They are lying in state, and are beautifully coloured; the inscription states: “ They had both sonnes and daughts.,” and that “ he gave forty shillings yerely for ever to the poore of this towne,” while “ shee gave six habitations for six poore widdowes with six shillings weekly for ever.” The verger assured us that this was still a most practical charity, saying, “ No sooner does one die, you see, than the next pops in! ” This suggests the fertility of Cirencester in “ poore widdowes.” Of another lady who is buried here, a cheerful couplet announces :

“She lived in love and died in peace,
And now her joy shall never cease.”

The arch commonly spoken of as the Saxon arch, which one passes in walking down the road with the euphonious name, Wigge Ham Way, is really of the period about 1130, and was an entrance to the Abbey.

The street now named Dyer Street used to be Cheeping St., so called because the Lord Mayor originally demanded twopence halfpenny “ half

yearly at Cheepingavel for buying and selling in his fairs and markets.”

One of the chief glories of Cirencester is the park of Lord Bathurst, a magnificently laid out territory extending in length from Cirencester to Saperton, a distance of five miles, with any number of groves, rambling walks, cricket field, and other attractions, all the way along. The original Lord Bathurst, to whom the town is indebted for this generous and public-spirited use of his estate, lived to be ninety-one years old, dying in 1775. He was a friend of all the wits and literary lights of his day — Congreve, Pope, Addison, and Steele — and in a letter from Lawrence Sterne the following passage appears: “Lord Bathurst is a prodigy; at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty; a disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew.” These qualities are indicated by a little anecdote.

Lord Bathurst’s son became Lord Chancellor while his father was still living. One evening they had both been entertaining a party of friends in his country house. At a late hour the Lord Chancellor rose, saying that, since health and longevity were best attained by regular hours, he was going to retire. After he had

left them, his father arose in his turn, and, with a twinkle in his eye, remarked, " Well, friends, now that the old gentleman has gone to bed, let's start another bottle! "

The kennels of a celebrated Cotswold pack of fox hounds are in Cirencester, and it was very amusing to see them in their summer quarters, awaiting the coming of the hunt in the autumn.

Mr. J. A. Gibbs has written a most appreciative book called " A Cotswold Village," in which he tells in a most sympathetic and interesting manner about the wholesome and simple life in these hills. He tells of strange animal pets, and many other things which a superficial traveller could not see. He mentions a day labourer who had been beset by the visitations of Satan, at least so he interpreted his emotions; the simple exorcism of the rustic consisted in writing a letter to the devil, which he gravely posted in a hole in the ground. He pronounced the cure successful, and cheerfully told that he had not been troubled since!

Mr. Gibbs narrates a little tragedy in fox-life, when they found six little cubs lying dead, having all feasted on poisoned rooks! He tells a most amusing incident about an old fox which had survived many hunts, who even knew the

safest local henyards, — where the owners would not allow foxes to be killed, being fond of hunting themselves! This old fox was once seen trotting over a little bridge, while on the other side a flock of sheep awaited him. They apparently took him for a dog, and, when he arrived across the bridge, they all set on him, and rolled him over on his back, and continued this pastime until the fox, discouraged at not being able to pass them, quietly turned back and returned the way he had come!

He relates also an account of the pet hedgehog, which he found rooting in his garden, and which, after a few minutes' overtures, came and ate worms out of his hand! They made a little house for this new acquisition, and took every pains to render his stay comfortable; but in the morning he was found dead of indigestion.

One should be sure to visit the little Roman museum in Cirencester; it has some really good pavements, though none equal to the floor at Brading, in the Isle of Wight. Among the Roman treasures there is an interesting finger-ring, with a key on it; this would be a pretty and useful arrangement to-day, and then one would never lose one's trunk-key while travelling! The wards of a key, when laid flat upon the finger, are very decorative.

The old writer, Leland, speaks of Cirencester: "Among divers numismata found frequently there, Diocletian's be most fairest. . . . In the middle of the old town in a medow was found a floor of *tessellis versicoloribus*, and by the tower was found a broken shank bone of a horse, the mouth closed with a peg, the which taken out, a shepherd found it filled with *nummis argenteis*. In the south-west side of the waul be likelihood hath been a castle or sum other great building, the hills and ditches yet remain. Some say that it was the place where siege was laid to the towne, and not far thence is a stepe round biry like a wind-mill, called Grismunde's Tower. . . . The place is now a warren for conies, and there hath be found menne's bones." It was so common to find Roman trinkets, indeed, that only a few years ago a simple modern messenger boy was wearing a little pin which had been unearthed after having lain for fifteen centuries under ground!

We met the squire of the manor farm at Dagingworth, who invited us all out to tea, and we enjoyed seeing this attractive estate, and also the interesting Roman dovecote on the grounds. It is a very small circular stone building, and one of the few remaining structures of this kind. In the dovecote the revolving ladder for exam-

ining the pigeon holes is still to be seen. There are also the remains of an old nun's cell at this farm, which was the institution of the nuns of Godstow. Fancy owning a farm with Roman and mediæval relics sitting up among ploughed fields and vegetable gardens! The little church at Daglingworth, too, is most interesting, having ancient Norman and even Saxon work in it. An old Crucifixion was built into the east wall, on the outside, and in the vestry there is a Roman altar incorporated into the wall, with the inscription: "Junia dedicated this to the goddess mother and the genius of the place."

We motored over to Fairford to see the wonderful glass in its beautiful church. As early as 862, the King of Mercia made a grant of land to the Abbey of St. Peter, at Fairford. St. Mary's Church was built in 1490 by John Tame and his son Sir Edmund. In this church is one of the most significant set of windows in England. The usual legend in connection with them is that they were captured at sea, on board a Dutch sailing vessel, and that they are the designs of Albrecht Dürer. At any rate, all persons interested in stained glass ought to see them, for they are unique. They are certainly of foreign inspiration. There are twenty-eight of them, and they completely fill the church.



DETAIL FROM A WINDOW AT FAIRFORD.

They are indescribable — full of antique charm, and often of genuine beauty. The quality and tone of the green pot metal used in them is better than any I have seen elsewhere in England. The work is delicate, in a fine stippled sepia grisaille, on the various colours, with several shades of the yellow silver stain used judiciously. The basis is all pot metal of the finest quality. The grisaille shadows are certainly handled by a master, but the windows were undoubtedly designed for the church, so that the theory of their piratical acquisition has been practically exploded. They are possibly the work of Dutch or German artists, since several such were living in England about that time. The church has also some fine miserere carvings, and beautiful woodwork in the screen.

An early account of the finding of the windows of Fairford is worth giving: “ John Tame, a merchant of London . . . having taken a prize ship bound for Rome, wherein he found a great quantity of painted glass, he brought both glass and workmen into England. The glass was of such a curiosity, that Mr. Tame built this church at Fairford, . . . and the windows of the church, twenty-eight in number, he caused to be glazed with this invaluable prize, which remains intire to this daye. . . . In the

Grand Rebellion, the impropiator, Mr. Oldworth, and others, (to their great praise be it remembered) took down the glass, and secured it in some secret place, thereby preserving it from fanatic rage. The painting was the design of Albrecht Dürer, a famous *Italian* master " (shades of Nuremberg!) " and the colouring of the draperies and some of the figures are so well performed that Vandyck affirmed the pencil could not exceed it." Now, with the exception of this last statement about the artist, this account does not involve anything very contradictory. It seems to me that a ship laden with glass — not ornamented — may have been captured, and that John Tame may have found on the same ship a number of artists who were engaged to make windows out of the said glass, and that he may have had a church built and the windows painted by them to fit the necessities. In this way it would be possible to make both legends agree as far as any two legends ever would.

Fairford, according to Leland, was a very inconspicuous town in its earlier days, " Before the cumming of the Tames into it." Rev. John Keble, of " Christian Year " fame, was born in Fairford.

The road between Cirencester and Fairford

is very interesting, and I should recommend any one to try and take this motor-trip, by way of a characteristic drive among the Cotswold villages with their stone roofs and fascinating, tumble-down houses. Bibury is one of the most picturesque towns in England, and one constantly passes almost equally delightful settlements.

At one point on the road we overtook a group of travelling circus vans. We also encountered a primitive form of locomotive containing liquid tar for road mending. One man distributed the thick fluid along the road by means of a hose attached to the engine, while another pumped the supply from the central tank. Following them was a cart filled with gravel, which was laboriously sprinkled, by means of a single spade, over the wet sticky surface, thus composing a highly satisfactory road-bed.

We passed by a novel forge, where the enterprising blacksmith had built himself two enormous iron gate-posts composed entirely of horseshoes overlapping, treated in the spirit of shingles! It was not a bad effect in wrought iron! There was a sign next door to him: "Water Diviner, Well Sinker, and Borer."

Fairford as a town is quite picturesque, and appears to be a quiet fishing resort, in spite of

its two leading shops, which bear respectively the legends, "Cuss the Grocer," and "Yells the Butcher." Very law-abiding and trusting we found the Bull Inn, when we went into the dining-room, and found the table set out with all they had in the house (Cuss and Yells having done their best!) and, with no one to superintend our consumption of viands, were told to help ourselves to luncheon. On the door was tacked a card, announcing, "*Waders* are not necessary in the dining-room." At first we thought this might be Wiltshire dialect for "waiters," but finally decided that it was a sarcastic hint to visitors to remove their high rubber fishing boots while at the table!

A certain stable in town advertised "Funeral and Pleasure breaks," with an N. B. at the bottom, "Noted for cheap funerals." Persons of limited means and delicate health should settle in the Cotswolds!




OLD HOUSES AT SHREWSBURY.

CHAPTER V

VALLEYS OF THE SEVERN AND THE WYE

“ . . . Give me leave to tell
How Shrewsbury stands, and of the castle's seat
The river large and stoney bridge so great.

“The town three parts stands in a valley low,
Three gates there are, through which you needs must go;
But castle Hill spies out each street so plain
As though an eye on them did still remain.”

O sang the romantic poet of the sixteenth century, Thomas Churchyard. The old houses in Shrewsbury are delightful. In summing up his impressions, Dr. Johnson says: “The walls are broken, and narrower than those at Chester. . . . The town is large, and has many gentleman's houses, but the streets are narrow.” This item, “gentleman's houses” should be noted, for there is a great difference between the really fine early architecture of Shrewsbury and the simple peasant houses, often just as picturesque, which one sees in smaller towns. These were the homes of the gentry, and they have an interest of their own, apart from the

mere fact of being of ancient beam and plaster.

The abbey church is one of the most interesting on its scale of any in England. The nave is Norman and very solid. The original triforium appears to have been filled with Gothic windows of inferior style, but the Norman arches remain around them. There are many beautiful tombs with coloured effigies in quaint costumes. The earliest stone figure is that of Roger de Montgomery, second in command under William the Conqueror, having fought at the battle of Hastings. The chancel of this abbey is modern, but in singularly good taste; it is of plain fine stone, with a winged reredos painted in excellent style, restrained and dignified.

Shrewsbury Abbey was founded by Roger de Montgomery, who died in 1093. In his last illness Montgomery requested his countess to allow him to take the vow of celibacy and to retire to his abbey. She consented to this somewhat belated sacrifice (which reminds one of the time-honoured closing of the stable door after the horse has escaped), and he rendered up his life in much honour and satisfaction there, three days later.

One of the tithes granted to Shrewsbury

Abbey by the earl was paid in venison from all Shropshire forests, which certainly ensured the monks a good diet.

St. Winifrid, who was an important factor in the success of the abbey, lived during the seventh century. Her remains were acquired by the abbot in charge in 1138, and proved an important asset, owing to the miracles which they worked.

In the tower of the abbey is a peal of eight bells. One of them was cracked by the extent of the manifestation when it was rung at the coming of age of Prince Edward of Wales in 1862! It has since been recast, and now rings with as mellow a note as any of the others.

I heartily recommend every visitor to Shrewsbury to try

“A Shrewsbury cake
Of Pailin's own make,”

which has held its own through the centuries. In 1495 the royal family came to Shrewsbury and were reported to have enjoyed the “saffron simnels” for which the city was even then famous. This is a slightly different product from the celebrated Shrewsbury cake, the process of evolution having somewhat changed the make.

An interesting feature here is the field of the battle of Shrewsbury, where the young Prince of Wales, in 1403, afterwards Henry V, received his baptism of fire, and where Harry Hotspur perished in defeat. A superb open field it was, — as poor Falstaff says: “ Though I could ’scape shot free in London, I fear the shot here! ” Falstaff, however, survived the battle, and “ fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock,” according to his own account, with the ill-fated Hotspur. “ I gave him this wound in the thigh,” brags Falstaff, but does not explain that he found Hotspur dead before he inflicted it! On this field

“ . . . stained nobility lay trodden on,
And rebel arms triumph in massacre.”

Dear Falstaff! It is such a pleasure to follow his career that one almost forgets that there was a more real story of this battle! The Lord Chief Justice’s grudging appreciation amuses us, when he says “ Your day’s service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night’s exploit on Gadshill.”

I remember once buying a copy of Miss Alcott’s “ Little Women ” to amuse the Little One on the train. This, being an English edition, had a kind of glossary at the back, de-

fining Americanisms as they occurred in the book. Indescribably delicious were these comments by an un-seeing editor. Just glance over some of the definitions, and you will understand that our journey between Shrewsbury and Worcester was a diverting one, as the Little One read them aloud to us!

“ Maple syrup. A favourite American sweet, the saccharine juice obtained from the rock maple tree.

“ In America, ladies frequently speak of children as being ‘cunning,’ when we should say, sprightly, winning or pretty. ‘Cunning brackets’ here means pretty, neat, effective-looking brackets.

“ ‘Rig,’ a vulgarism not common to Americans only, signifies to dress ostentatiously, or beyond one’s means.

“ A Buggy is a light four-wheeled family carriage or chaise, generally built with a top that can be raised or lowered.

“ Servant girls are frequently called ‘Bid-dies’ in America, a familiar rendering of the Irish Bridget.

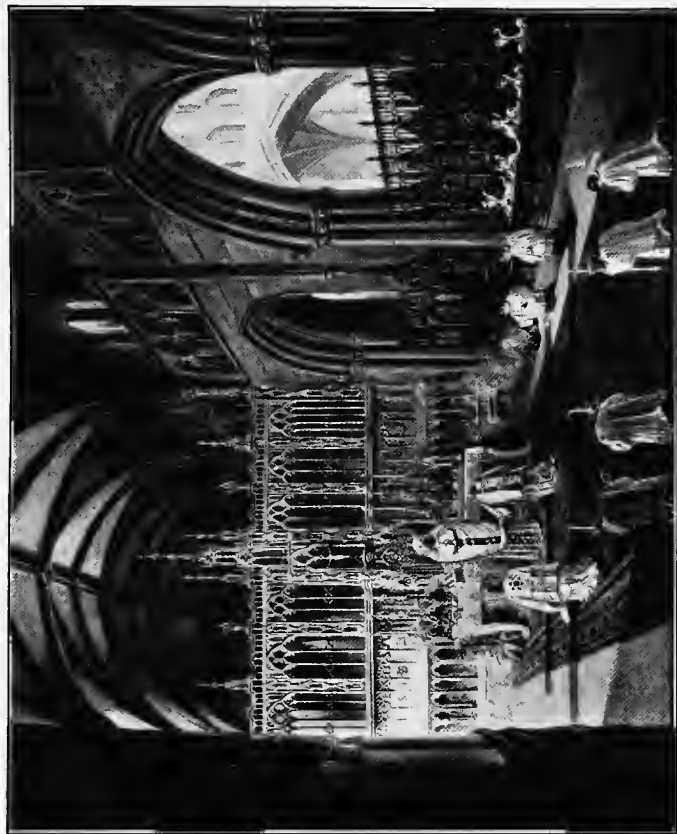
“ ‘If she’s mad with her,’ means, ‘if she is annoyed with her.’” (This particularly amused us, for, as most people know, the English use this word *only* in its *correct* sense, and

indeed overwork it; they speak of a person having "gone to a mad house" if they have retired to a sanitarium for a week's rest!)

"Chewing Gum. The forbidden, not to say forbidding, gum here spoken of, is a gelatinous sweetmeat, variously flavoured, and somewhat larger than a jujube, which used to be much in favour with a certain class of American young lady."

To turn from the consideration of Miss Alcott's editors, let us see what comment Evelyn made on the twenty-second of September, 1651: "Arrived the news of the fatal battaile of Worcester which exceedingly mortified our expectations." Worcester battle-field is visible from the window of the train — we must get out. Perhaps it is not the battle-field — we shall know later.

Worcester does not rank high among the cathedrals of England, but we are not making a specialty of cathedrals — or, as the English say, a "speciality." The cloisters are delightful. Each bay has on the inside a kind of flying-buttress with an opening through which an inspector could look straight down the length of the aisle, and see anything that might be transpiring in the shadow or niche. Probably it was used to observe the illuminators at work, and



Painted by Mrs. R. Dering.

CHAPTER MASS AT WORCESTER.

to see that they did not waste their time. A very exquisite chantry is a memorial to Prince Arthur of Wales, son of Henry VII. In the crypt is a quaint old stone figure of this prince, holding in his hand a leek instead of the prince's feathers usually associated with Wales. The Norman details at Worcester are fine, wherever they occur, and the carved spandrels of a wall arcade in the transepts are very spirited. The misereres, as at Malvern, are also clever and unique. The crypt is of unusual interest, being full of little closely set pillars instead of the big round drums usual in such Norman works, and the apsidal termination is all carried out underground, for Worcester has an apse with chapels instead of the usual English east end, and the central column in this crypt-apse is groined out towards repeating circles of columns, as is customary in round chapter houses. The outside of Worcester Cathedral is not at all striking.

Of Worcester Dr. Johnson writes: "The cathedral is very noble, with many remarkable monuments. The library is in the chapter house. We went to the china warehouse." On the north side, according to Defoe, "lies the unfortunate King Edward II in an Alabaster Tomb."

Among the diocesan records of Worcester there is one concerning a marriage license for "William Shagspere and Anne Hathwey of Stratford," in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Elizabeth.

Of course the most important monument in Worcester Cathedral is that of King John, but there is little enthusiasm kindled in one's breast at the thought of this monarch. Although John actually signed Magna Charta, he was such a mean man, and did it with such a bad grace, that the credit really goes to the Barons whose pluck and determination forced his hand.

Another monument of interest in Worcester is that of the renowned Countess of Salisbury who figures so prominently in heraldic legend owing to the fact of her having dropped her garter while dancing with Edward III. Of course every one knows the story; how the king picked it up, amid the unrefined jeers of the highest society, and exclaimed, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." It has been stated that this was the origin of the motto thenceforth adopted by the Order of the Garter, but it is more probable that, this being already the motto of the Knights, the king used the extremely apt quotation with a genuine sense of humour. At any rate, there must be some truth in the story, for

the monument of the lady is adorned with angels strewing complimentary garters over the tomb. The German, Paul Hentzner, relates the incident as he found it, without question, gracefully remarking that the king, "with a most serious and honourable purpose dedicated it to the legs of the most distinguished nobility," as he snatched up the garter which had thus fallen.

It is sad to see so much skill and labour devoid of artistic sense as is exhibited at the porcelain works at Worcester. The designs usually rendered in Royal Worcester are as a general thing inexpressive and vapid. But some of the old underglaze blue is still made there, and the simpler patterns and forms are good. The chief ingredients used in its manufacture are granite, flint, and ox-bone, with a certain white clay. This is reduced to a state of fluid cream in a very primitive vat with rotary grinding by means of great rocks of very hard granite working on a granite paving, and it takes ten days to reduce the paste to the proper consistency to work with. The firing occupies a week, three days of baking and three days to cool.

The Worcester Beacon is at a height of thirteen hundred and ninety-six feet above the sea level, and was used to signal from at the time when the Spanish Armada was contemplating

attacking the coast. This is probably the highest point in the Malvern Hills.

One of the most splendid old Norman monuments is Tewkesbury Abbey, which is in a good state of preservation, and full of interest.

There is a curious institution in Tewkesbury known as the Italian Tea Garden. This spot immediately adjoins the abbey, and nothing could be more comically incongruous than to sit at a little white iron table in a small garden filled with the most execrable white plaster statues, pirouetting against a background furnished by the hoary Norman tower and the grey stateliness of the apsidal chapels. This meretricious spot has had the boldness to perpetrate photographs of itself in this relation, and the pictures are most amusing as illustrating how thoroughly independent the vulgar mind can be of its environment.

One old gentleman who is buried at Tewkesbury was morbid enough to erect his own cenotaph during his life-time. It represents him after death lying quite divested of clothing, with snakes and toads disporting themselves about his person, while a rat assumes a similar relation to that of the vulture to Prometheus. It must have been singularly enlivening for him to visit this monument from time to time.

I found a photograph in a little shop in Tewkesbury, portraying one of the monuments which I did not recognize. I asked the proprietor whose portrait bust it was that I there beheld? All the caste and prejudice of a monarchy was summed up and thrown in with his reply: "Absolutely nobody! A brewer!"

The Battle of Tewkesbury was fought between King Edward IV and Margaret, the Queen of Henry VI, who was trying to reinstate her son, Prince Edward, as heir to the throne. The pathetic incident which is the chief episode in this battle is thus related by Holinshed: "After the field was ended, proclamation was made that whosoever should bring forth Prince Edward, alive or dead, should have an annuity of a hundred pounds during his life, and the Prince's life to be spared if he were brought forth alive. Sir Richard Crofts, nothing mistrusting the King's promise, brought forth his prisoner, whom, when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuously enter into his realm with banner displayed. Whereupon the Prince boldly answered, saying 'To recover my father's kingdom and heritage, from his grandfather to him, and from him after him

to me lineally descended.' At which words the King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, or as some say, stroke him with his gauntlet; whom directly George, Duke of Clarence, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Thomas Grey, Marquis Dorset, and William, Lord Hastings that stood by, cruelly murdered, for the which cruel act the more part of the doers in their latter day drank of the like cup, by the righteous justice and due punishment of God. His body was homely interred in the church of the monastery of the Black Monks at Tewkesbury."

The vision of Clarence, in after years, as given by Shakespeare, is most graphic:

“ . . . Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud,
' Clarence is come, false fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury,
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments! '
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears,
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.”

Malvern lies about half-way between the Severn and the Wye, but belongs properly in this

place for our consideration. Let us turn to "Long Will" and quote Miss Florence Converse on the subject of the Malvern Hills, in that admirable book which is so full of the spirit of the early days when Langland wrote "Piers Plowman," and roamed the breezy country about Malvern. "There are four chief hills of the Malverns, a round hill, a high hill, and long hill, and a green deep furrowed stronghold whither the desperate Barons withdrew them once on a time . . . and here they beaconsed the warning to their fellows in the plain, and here they fought the losing battle, and here, in the grassy upward-circling trenches, they laid them down to sleep their last sleep. The Great Hill of the Malverns stood over against the dreamer, a bare up-climbing majesty, a vasty cone, making its goal in long green strides." The dreamer here mentioned is a study of Langland, and most sympathetically drawn.

In the Malvern Hills several passes have been cut from time to time. One of these is mentioned in the Record of the days of Edward I. Permission was granted "to Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester and Joan his Countess to continue the trenche which they caste in the ridge of Malvern Hills, by paying yearly to the bishop a brace of does." Philanthropy came

high in those days; one was taxed for the privilege of benefiting one's fellows!

The old Priory Church at Great Malvern has fine glass and good tiles. I think encaustic tiles, however, are an acquired taste; I do not readily admire the brown and yellow glaze, although I often go into ecstasies over the designs. These were manufactured on the spot in monastic days.

It is significant to remember that the squat drum pillars in this church were in existence when Langland wrote "Piers Plowman." The poet may have leaned against them in thought, or sat in the old church and admired the vista.

It is curious to note the extremes to which these two Norman naves, Malvern and Tewkesbury, have run, as regards their round pillars. At Tewkesbury the piers and main arcades are enormously high, so that triforium and clerestory seem only like a string-course or frieze above them; while at Malvern the piers are so short that they are almost like a row of barrels in their proportions, with a great space above, and windows high up, showing surprisingly different sentiments on the part of the builders, in two towns so near together and in work so nearly contemporaneous.

The old bell-tongues are preserved in the

church, and are mounted on a board, with this inscription in brass nails :

“Our duty done in belfry high
Now voiceless tongues at rest we lie.”

The window at Malvern is in good tones; little blue is used, and much green and deep russet yellow. Red is also used sparingly. Certain broken bits, too, suggest an expedient for securing a jewelled effect. These sudden little white apertures give glint, and, if our glass makers introduced occasional high-lights, — very small, very clear white, — I think it would be effective. Of this glass, Pugin says: “The stained glass is truly magnificent. The drawing of the figures is correct and beautiful, and these windows may be rated among the finest specimens of English decorated glass of the fifteenth century;” while the Lichfield Ms. alludes to the Priory Church as “so beautified with stained glass by Henry VII, as to have been one of the greatest ornaments in the kingdom.”

“Cheltenham seems to me a woeful place — I had never seen it before.” So said Edward Fitz Gerald; and I agree with him, and we will omit all further mention of Cheltenham!

At Gloucester we were taken all about by a

charming archdeacon, and then we returned to tea with him and his delightful wife in their attractive sixteenth century house.

Leland writes in 1550: "Gloucestre where it is not sufficiently defended by Severn is wauled." As this indicates, Gloucester is on the River Severn, and, as usual, this helps to beautify the situation of the town. Evelyn also describes it: "Gloucester is a handsome city, considerable for its church and monuments. The minster is indeed a noble fabric. The whispering gallery is rare, being through a passage of twenty-five yards, in a many-angled cloister, and was, I suppose, either to show the skill of the architect, or some invention of a cunning priest; who, standing unseen in a recess in the middle of the chapel, might hear whatever was spoken at either end. This is above the choir, in which lies buried King Stephen under a monument of Irish oak, not ill carved considering the age. The new library is a noble, though a private, design. I was likewise pleased with the Severn gliding so sweetly by it . . . nor yet without sad thoughts did I see the town, considering how fatal the siege had been a few years before to our good king." Gloucester is known to the architectural brotherhood as the "Perpendicular cra-



TOMB OF ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

dle," and it is actually the first great achievement in that style. The Norman parts, too, are massive and perfect in their proportions.

How wonderful the stone lace here is! The unfolding of the lady chapel beyond the great East window always strikes one anew as a lovely feature. Not the least charming thing about it is the row of old ghosts of battle flags, mounted on gauze, which decorate the chapel.

A little stone offertory box may be seen on the tomb of Edward II in Gloucester, the shrine being reputed to work miracles; the offerings placed in this box amounted to sufficient to pay for the vaulting of the choir.

Leaving the Severn now, let us begin our observations on the Wye at Hereford. Leland, writing in 1550, says of Hereford: "This town is auncient, large and strongly walled, . . . I take the castle to be of as great circuit as Windsore. The dungeon of the castle is hie and strong, and in the dyke not far from it is a fair spring called 'St. Ethelbert's Well.' . . . The wall of the town is compassed with a dyke always filled with morisch water gathering and descending into it. . . . This water resorteth to the bottom of the Wye."

Hereford Cathedral may not be as important

as some of the others, but it has charming Norman detail in the nave, and nothing could be more delightfully hospitable than its canons, with one of whom we had a most pleasant experience, ending in our carrying off across the Atlantic an eleventh century sculptured stone to remember the cathedral by.

The curious and ghoulish old custom of employing a "sin-eater" to assume the responsibilities of the sins of the dead, was prevalent in Hereford in early days. The following account of this ceremony is taken from the story by Fiona McCleod, "The Sin Eater." "Andrew Blair stooped and took a saucer. . . . This he put upon the covered breast of the corpse. He stooped again, and brought forth a thick piece of new bread. That also he placed upon the breast of the corpse. Then he stooped again, and with that he emptied a spoonful of salt alongside the bread. 'I must see the corpse,' said Neil Ross simply. 'It is not needful.' 'I must see the corpse, I tell you, and for that, too, the bread and water should be on the naked breast.' . . . With an ill grace the son of the dead man drew back the sheeting. Beneath it the corpse was in a clean white shirt, a death gown long ago prepared, that covered him to his feet, and left only the dusky yellow-

ish face exposed. . . . Andrew Blair unfastened the shirt, and placed the saucer and the bread and the salt on the breast. . . . Slowly Neil Ross extended his right arm. He took a pinch of the salt, and put it in the saucer, then took another pinch and sprinkled it on the bread. His hand shook for a moment as he touched the saucer. But there was no shaking as he raised it towards his lips, or when he held it before him when he spoke.

“ ‘ With this water that has salt in it, and which has lain on thy corpse, O Adam, . . . I drink away all the evil that is upon thee ’ — there was a throbbing silence while he paused — ‘ and may it be upon me, and not upon thee, if with this water it cannot flow away.’ Thereupon he raised the saucer, and passed it three times round the head of the corpse, sunways, and having done this, lifted it to his lips, and drank as much as his mouth would hold. Thereafter he poured the remnant over his left hand, and let it trickle to the ground. Then he took the piece of bread; thrice, too, he passed it round the head of the corpse, sunways: . . . with a loud clear voice he took the sins. . . . ‘ O Adam, give me thy sins to take away from thee! Lo, now as I stand here I break this bread that has lain on thee in corpse, and I

am eating it, and in that eating I take upon me the sins of thee, oh, man that was alive! and is now white with the stillness!’ Thereupon Neil Ross broke the bread and ate of it, and took upon himself the sins of Adam Blair that was dead.”

The sin eater figures prominently, too, in Allen Raine’s book, “Hearts of Wales.”

Both Nell Gwyn and David Garrick were born in Hereford.

I do not recall any trip in the world more full of charm and rural beauty, combined with a great deal of dignity; than the windings of the Wye from Hereford to Tintern. This short but varied journey is like a dream — a vision which leaves you attuned to find just what awaits you at Tintern Abbey.

Tintern is certainly, as Baedeker says, “the most romantic ruin.” The way in which the whole skeleton of the abbey stands, lacking only a roof, open to the sky, with its grassy floor and the green moss creeping half-way up its columns, so that they look as if they actually sprang from the turf, is an indescribable colour scheme.

We arrived very late in the afternoon, but still there was time to go and see the abbey



TINTERN ABBEY.

once before dinner. Other Americans who had come by the same train were at our hotel, and so, to start conversation at dinner, I observed, "You did not go to the abbey this afternoon, did you?" They replied "No," rather stiffly, and so I, thinking they did not care to talk, made no further effort. In the evening, in the drawing-room, the mother of the family plunged into Baedeker, and after eagerly scanning the volume for some minutes, she exclaimed, "Say, girls! Do you know Baedeker says there's a ruin here that we'd ought to see, and he's *starred* it!" They all looked disappointed, and regretted that they had to go on the nine o'clock train in the morning. I asked them why they had come to Tintern if not to see the abbey? Oh, they replied, they had been travelling all day, and this seemed about the right place to stop and get a night's rest. The mother continued, "I guess it's a good deal of a ruin," at which the father spoke up: "Well," said he, "we've seen Conway Castle, and that's ruin enough for me!" Let us hope that they rested well, for they took the nine o'clock train on their way to Land's End, and it would be a pity if they saw nothing and also got no rest on their way from Wales to Cornwall!

That part of the George Inn in which we

stayed at Tintern was standing when Columbus discovered America, as the landlady exultingly told me. A small English inn usually owns but one key to each door. If that is lost the room becomes unavailable until a new key is fitted. A housekeeper came to me once, confidentially, remarking, " No. 3 has taken her key out, tied it in her handkerchief, and lost it; and her 'usband taking a bath at the time! A nice time I've had trying to unlock the door with the pantry key, to let the poor man into his bedroom again, and him stopping in the bath-room and cursing the while! "

There was a sign up at Tintern, which we did not see in the twilight the night before, notifying visitors that they walked in the ruins at their own risk, and that stones often fell without warning. Just what warning falling stones could be expected to give I do not know!

Near Tintern Abbey is a rock known as the Devil's Pulpit, from which, it is asserted, Satan used to preach immoral doctrine to the monks. Once he is said to have asked permission to preach from the rood-loft of the abbey itself, and the monks agreed. But when he arrived at the church he was showered with holy water, which caused him to run away, and he never returned to the same locality.

We discovered why it is that Americans are supposed to be the only people who ride first class in English trains. There is a local riddle, "Why do the English prefer to travel third class?" and the answer is, "Because there is no fourth class." It is not, however, that the Americans are so much more extravagant than the British, but perhaps the former are more strategic. If you buy a third-class ticket, and enter a first-class compartment, no one challenges you, as the tickets are collected at the gate as you pass out of the station after having arrived at your destination. On long trips this is not practicable, for there is a hold-up just outside important cities, so that the tickets may be collected by the conductor—he has to go from compartment to compartment, and cannot do this under cover. The train stops as long as it takes to collect tickets, and hence crowded trains are always late. On short trips, this method of riding first class on a third-class ticket is possible, and often adopted. It is a flaw in their complicated railway system.

They tell a story of a man who was annoyed, in a first-class carriage, by having a large family of noisy people get in. He complained to the conductor, at a station, saying, "These people have third-class tickets, and have no

right in this compartment." The conductor hustled them off, and the traveller returned to his solitary glory. At the terminus, the head of the large party came up to our friend, and asked: "For the curiosity of the thing, I want to know how you discovered that I had third-class tickets?" The gentleman replied, "I saw a corner of your ticket protruding from your pocket, and I recognized that it was the same colour as my own. I also had a third-class ticket!"

Some of the railway station signs are amusing. One always evoked our mirth: "Beware of the trains!" as if they were about to spring at you from some secret hiding place, while "Do not get off the car while in motion," is just incorrect enough to be funny.

People are prone to return from England complaining of starvation, bad food, badly cooked, being the chief object of their wrath. I think it only fair to call attention to the possibilities of the English market, in proof that it is the fault only of the hotels, not of the country. If one goes into lodgings, one can order one's own food, even if at the risk of causing the landlady to fall in a faint at one's exotic preferences. Delicious chickens are very cheap; unusually fine salmon is equally so; and

sweetbreads, delicious crabs, shrimps, mushrooms, artichokes, fine green peas and tender beans are available at very low cost. Strawberries last all through July, and are finer than most of ours; raspberries and greengages follow through August; ducks, pigeons, tender rabbits, splendid cauliflowers, soles, plaice, whittings, whitebait, kippers and finnan haddies in absolute perfection, good lamb cutlets (although the other meats are generally tough), the best ham out of Virginia, and numerous other things that make housekeeping a pleasant adventure. Why is it that, in the face of this abundance of good things, English hotels feel obliged to give one a dinner of five meats and one vegetable, and that invariably cabbage? It would cost nothing but a little thought and initiative to set a good table; but I fear the day is far off when the change will take place. What England has done, England will usually continue to do.

One might almost write a whole chapter on the signs and advertisements which one meets in English travel. A terrible possibility is suggested by the announcement: "Old false teeth bought and sold," while "The Superfine Cotton Spinner's Combine Limited" is almost as difficult to say five times as "Peter Piper."

On a shop in London one reads "Greaves late Huggins." This is a sermon in itself. The more you repeat it, with new contexts, the better it grows.

The colloquial quality which characterizes British public statement is observable in their telephone signs in many places. "You may telephone from here" is substituted for our laconic blue bell. Little hotels often offer the curious combination of "Temperance and Apartments." I saw an advertisement in Wales which caused me to wonder: "Trunks, Fancies, and Mail Carts." Just how such a dealer should be denominated I do not know. There is a certain lack of perception, too, in the firm which advertises "Pianos tuned by appointment."

Euphonious, too, are some of the following selections: "Wiggan's Wagons;" "Wilson's Canadian Pig Powder;" "For Sale, Twenty ram lambs." It is usual to see that a "House" is for sale, "Dilapidations assessed." This is sometimes offered by "Whereat, house agent and valuer." Modern advance is suggested in the black sanded board which announces in gilt letters, "Funeral and Complimentary Mourning Warehouse," and which adds, "Funerals with Economy and Reform." For a tailor,

what could be more select: "Distinguished clothing for gentlemen and their sons' wear," or, "Hat makers to the Nobility and Gentry;" while one is sure that a "Hand sewn Boot Maker" must be especially *récherché!*

A great deal of curiosity and some misconceptions about America still exist among the English; but also they show lively interest in their trans-atlantic cousins, and I do not wish any one to suppose that it is *usual* to meet with this form of ignorance. But once in a while one comes against it. The English never get used to the American habit of drinking water at meals. An English doctor once asked a member of my family what she was accustomed to drink; when she replied, "Water," he said, "Ah, was it recommended?" Their naïve surprise at us is never quenched, but revives with our thirst in perennial freshness.

A lady at tea once asked me where I came from in America. When I told her Boston, she said, rather hesitatingly, "Ah, that is not in Virginia, is it?" I helped myself to a second frosted cake, remarking to the hostess that they were very good. She exclaimed, "Oh, but you have such delicious cakes in America! I have heard of your famous buck *wheat* cakes!" The emphasis placed upon the word

“wheat” seemed to make a new thing of these dainties.

Another old lady said she was much interested in American missions; “In fact,” she added, “I knew the first missionary who introduced Christianity into America.” Well, she was elderly, but it seemed as if there must be some mistake! The Head of the House inquired to what part of America her friend had gone? “To Patagonia,” she replied, cheerfully.

CHAPTER VI

ABOUT BATH AND WELLS

IT is a great change to jump from being entertained by some of the leading professors of Oxford, where there is a great feast of reason and flow of soul, to a country party, a few days later, where the talk was all of horse-racing and betting, and where the spirits of the guests rose as those in the bottles diminished, and the squires had to be lured into the drawing room to smoke after dinner, to prevent their partaking too freely of port!

At Bath one should emphatically live in the past. The modern city is largely without *al-lure*. Going about among the Roman remains and the well-preserved ancient baths, one might easily fancy one's self in Italy. As long as one is studying these relics one does well. Among the fragments are numerous bits of stone roofs, in just the same shapes as those now in use in the Cotswolds — thin oblong slabs, with a round hole at one end, for purposes of applying. Thus it is seen that even in Roman times stone

roofs must have been in vogue in this part of England.

We struck Bath during a carnival, and the first evening was passed amid music and fireworks — large “ set pieces ” intended to be portraits of royalty, although the burst of glory which was supposed to represent Queen Mary might with equal justice have been labelled Lydia E. Pinkham!

The origin of Bath as a city of healing waters is said to have been on this wise. The eighth king of the Britons, Hudibras, had an only son, Bladud. This prince had the misfortune to contract leprosy. The stern parent instantly ordered him into exile. The boy retired, as a swineherd, far from the haunts of men. His mother, however, being of a sanguine temperament, gave him a ring which he was to send back to her in the event of his ever being cured of the disease.

Bladud kept his pigs quietly for some time, and then found to his dismay that they had caught his disease. In order to retain his position he concealed this fact from the owner of the herd, driving the swine to the other side of the Avon. The spot over which they crossed the river is still known as Swineford. (Swinford.) One day his pigs ran away. He chased

them, and found them wallowing in a swamp full of hot springs. After having extricated them with difficulty from their uncomfortable situation, he was disheartened to find that they all went back the next day, appearing to derive some pleasure from the warm mud. After a short time he noticed that they began to recover from their leprosy. Amazed and interested, Bladud decided to experiment with the hot swamp himself. This he did, and became cured as well. He flew to his father's court, sent up the ring to his mother, and was received with joy. When he became king in his turn, he built magnificent temples of health all about this magic mud bath, and the place, under the name of *Caer Badon*, became the royal residence.

A modern versifier has treated the legend in a light vein :

“ Vexed at the brutes' alone possessing
What ought to be a common blessing,
He drove them thence in mighty wrath,
And built the stately town of Bath.
The hogs, thus banished by the Prince,
Have lived in Bristol ever since! ”

In 1138 Bath waters again came into favour for leprosy, and a small leper hospital was built in the town by a bishop.

In 1450 Bath had evidently begun to take on some of its subsequent gay aspect, for Bishop Beckington threatened excommunication to any persons who should go into the baths without clothes on. This looks as if such a proclamation had been rendered necessary by the fact of this misdemeanour having been practised!

In 1574 Queen Elizabeth visited Bath. The city was turned upside down to do her honour, but, among the elaborate preparations of the city fathers, they had overlooked the fact that the drain ran through the middle of the city. The royal nose being sensitive, it seems that all the glory and display of the pageant was lost upon the queen, who did nothing but complain in a truly gracious way of the "stink." I fancy the effect of her dissatisfaction threw a cloud over the festivities.

When one goes now to the Pump Room in Bath, a good deal of mental reconstruction is necessary to resurrect Beau Nash and his circle. I advise a strenuous and immediate course of reading of all the novels which deal with the historic Bath of the eighteenth century. "Beau Nash" by Harrison Ainsworth, "A Nest of Linnets" by Frankfort Moore, "The Bath Comedy" by Agnes and Egerton Castle,

and many more pertinent books on the same order. It is an interesting subject and has been so widely exploited in fiction that it is quite possible to set up an "atmosphere" in which to study the city.

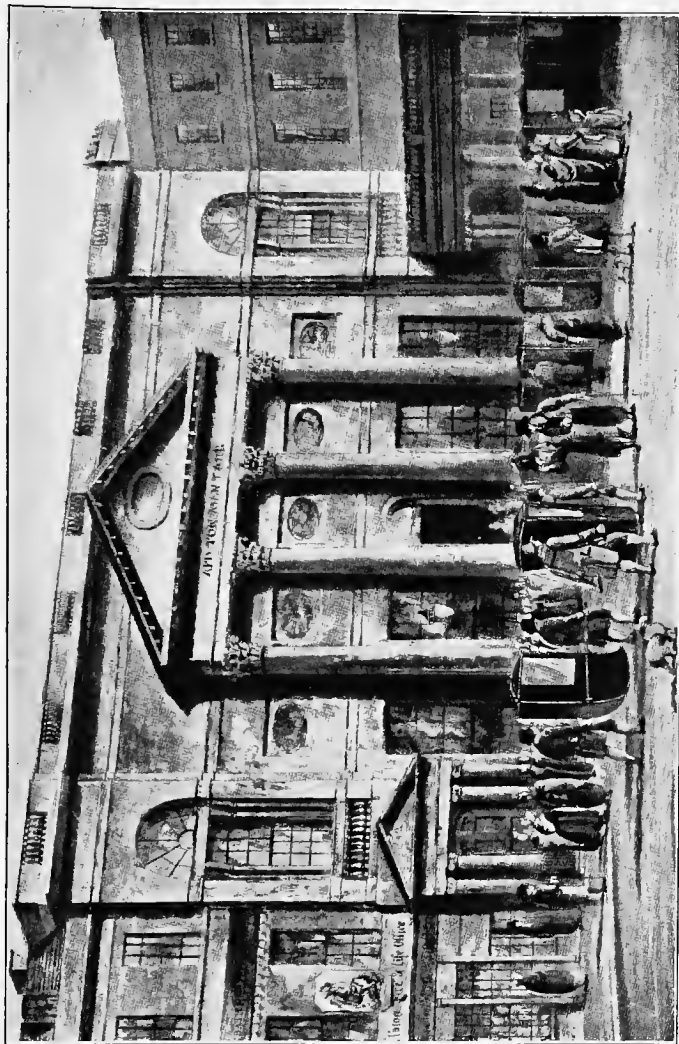
In the Pump Room there are several Roman Remains arranged in cases. One piece is especially remarkable. It is a little black tablet about four inches square, on which, to the untrained eye, there appears to be a few random scratches. Pause: these marks constitute an inscription of great antiquity, and have been three times translated by savants with three separate results. As Sayce translates it, it shows a record of a lady having been cured by Bath waters, and is signed by three witnesses. Zangermeister has discovered on it a curse pronounced upon some one for stealing a tablecloth. Another authority finds in it a curse for stealing a Roman slave. In either case, the balance of evidence is in favour of the curse rather than the blessing. Strange that the centuries should thus obscure the message!

There is also a curious little Celtic cross of lead, with the inscription, "To Christ do I, though stained with sin, suppliantly pray misere-re mei," and on the reverse, "He who by virtue of the cross broke the power of hell, and

opened the celestial gates, and gave salvation to all His faithful people.”

The glory of the Pump Room has departed. Few beaux or belles seem to flourish among the faded old birds who hobble up to get the nasty, acid, warm water. One has to close one's eyes and dream, and then open them and read history, to appreciate the social Bath of the past.

Bath lies in a valley, surrounded, as Defoe quaintly expresses it, “with an amphitheatrical view of hills.” He calls the city in his day “a place that helps the indolent and the gay to commit that worst of murders, that is to say, to kill time.” His account of the process of a fashionable bath is diverting: “The young lady is brought in a close chair,” he says, “dressed in her bathing clothes, to the Cross Bath. There the music plays her into the bath, and the women who tend her present her with a little floating wooden dish like a basin, into which the lady puts an handkerchief and a nose-gay, and of late years the snuff box and smelling bottle are added. She then traverses the bath, if a novice, with a guide; if otherwise, by herself. Having amused herself near an hour, she calls for her chair, and returns to her lodgings.” He speaks of the water, however, as being “admirably grateful to the



THE PUMP ROOM AT BATH IN THE DAYS OF BEAU NASH.

stomach.” A rather scurrilous little publication in verse, entitled “The New Bath Guide,” appeared about 1770, which has some spots of wit, and gives an occasional glimpse of a certain aspect of Bath society. A patient writing to a friend remarks :

“ And so, as I grew every day worse and worse
The doctor advised me to send for a nurse,
And the nurse was so willing my health to restore,
She advised me to send for a few doctors more.”

We sometimes forget that running to sanitariums and water cures is not merely a modern fad; there never was a more neurotic time for invalids and hypochondriacs than the eighteenth century, and Bath was the centre of activity! The descriptions of the beaux and belles wading into the bath is graphic :

“ Oh, 'twas pretty to see them all put on their flannels
And then take to the water like so many spaniels!
'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,
And view them so prettily stumble and sprawl
In a big smoking kettle as big as our hall!”

The writer remarks, however, that the doctors themselves never try the waters which they so highly recommend.

“Since the days when King Bladud first found out the
bogs,
And thought them so good for himself and his hogs,
Not one of the faculty ever has tried
These excellent waters to cure his own hide!”

Whether the Bath waters were responsible for the peculiarities of the noted Sarah Jarvis or not I cannot say, but it is recorded in simple language on her tombstone that she died in 1753, in the one hundred and seventh year of her age, and that “some time before she died she had *fresh teeth!*”

On the site of the present abbey stood in ancient times a Temple to Minerva.

In Bath Abbey King Edgar the Peaceable was crowned in 973. In the Saxon Chronicle the event is related, the audience consisting:

“Of priests a heap,
Of monks much crowd,
I understand.”

In speaking of the abbey façade Defoe says that it is “almost blasphemously decorated, if it may be called decorated, with the figures of God the Father and saints and angels, the work of superstition.”

Evelyn says: “The facade of this cathedral is remarkable for its historical carving. The

town is entirely built of stone, but the streets narrow, uneven, and unpleasant. Here we trifled and bathed, and intervisited with company who frequent the place for their health." There are so many tombs and mural tablets in the old abbey that it is no wonder the wit, Dr. Harrington, composed that couplet:

"These walls adorned with monument and bust
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust!"

One of the largest is the Waller monument, on which lies the effigy of the pugilistic William Waller with his nose broken. James II visited the abbey and was so enraged at seeing this monument to one who so entirely differed from him in all policies, that he smote his prostrate foe across the face with his sword! Do not fail to notice the delightful little children sitting on either side of this tomb. They are full of quaint fascination, and are worth the entire structure.

A notable feature of the façade of the abbey is a couple of curious stone ladders, up which strenuous angels are climbing for dear life, in spite of the fact that they have wings!

Miss Marshall gives an account of the ceremony of "touching for the king's evil" in the abbey at Bath, in the reign of James II.

Miss Marshall says: "The invalids had a weary time of waiting until they were conducted into the choir of the abbey, densely crowded, to await the arrival of the king, whose throne was erected before the altar. . . . The old abbey church had rarely been the scene of a grander ceremony. And when the king at last appeared, in his state robes, standing for a moment to gaze at the multitude before him, a murmur of admiration was heard. . . . Those who had seen the portrait of James II, at Long-leat, will have some idea of his kingly presence. . . . This touching for the evil had a marvellous hold on the minds of the people, and the great mass of the enormous crowd, which filled the abbey on this bright autumn day, believed in its efficacy, though in many hearts, as I have said, there was a smouldering discontent at the Romish ritual, with which the ceremony was carried out. Every eye was fixed on James as, raising his head, after the first part of the service, followed by a fiery proselytising address from Huddleston, he pronounced these words in a clear, ringing voice, 'I confess to God and the blessed Virgin Mary, to all saints, and to you, that I have sinned, in thought, word and deed, through my fault.' Then he made a low obeisance to the altar, reseated himself on

the throne, and one by one the candidates for the healing touch were brought up, the king passing his hand over each one, and throwing over the bowed heads a white silk ribbon, to which was attached a gold coin, with the device of an angel engraved on it. . . . After a day of much turmoil and excitement the city of Bath had sunk into repose. The clanging of bells and the beat of drums, the running hither and thither of king's messengers, the singing and mirth of that part of the population who cared little and knew less about the ceremony of touching for the evil had at last been exhausted, and most of the citizens had sought their homes. There was scarcely a household where patients were not displaying 'the angel' and the white silk ribbon, and did not fully believe that their cure was effected and that they were on the high road to health and happiness."

One of the characters narrates the incident as he saw it on this occasion: "The sight was indeed a strange one — the king's majestic figure, the lights and the grand decorations, the pealing organ, and the voices of the choir."

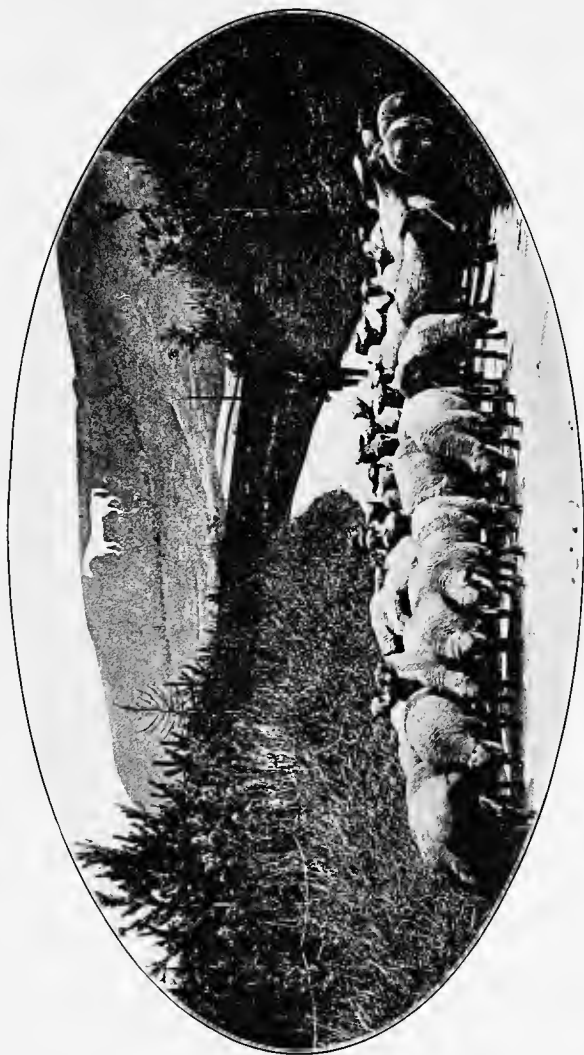
Bath buns are the special joy of the epicure. In one of Miss Marshall's books, she puts these words into the mouth of an old housewife:

“ Mind you insist upon having the buns puffy at the top. Don't let them press on you those with a sink in the middle; they are sure to be heavy! ”

In a little alley near the Parade stood the small bun-shop of the great and only Sally Lunn.

The famous White Horse, visible from a Bath suburb on a clear day, was cut flat in the chalk hills by the soldiers of Alfred the Great after a great Danish Victory. The natives of the region all through the centuries have felt a pride in maintaining the appearance of this silhouette of a steed, and at intervals large fêtes have been held, all the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns turning out to assist in an operation known as “ scouring the White Horse.” All the weeds and dirt are removed from the chalk surface, and the result is that we have literally a survival of the graphic art of the ninth century. It was originally cut in 878. Among the songs sung by the “ scourers ” is one as follows:

“The owld white horse wants setting to rights,
And the squire have promised good cheer;
So we'll gi' him a scrape
To keep him in shape,
And he'll last for many a year.



THE WHITE HORSE CUT IN THE CHALK HILL.

“ He was made a long time ago
Wi’ a good deal of labour and pains,
By King Alfred the Great
When he spoiled the conceit
And caddled those wosbirds the Danes.”

(Caddling is worrying, and wosbirds are birds of ill omen.)

Defoe tells of this ancient custom: “ The neighbouring parishes to this White Horse have a custom annually at midsummer to go and weed it, in order to keep it in shape and colour; and when they have done their work, they end the day in feasting and merriment.”

A verse by Chesterton has striking lines in it:

“ And all the while on White Horse hill
The horse lay long and wan;
The turf crawled and the fungus crept,
And the little sorrel, while all men slept,
Unwrought the work of man.”

I have often laughed at people because the moment they arrived in a place they began to plan to go and see all the surrounding places, instead of attending to the objects of interest where they actually were; but I admit that my chief object in going to Bath was to see the little church at Bradford-on-Avon — the oldest complete Christian church in England, a tiny

Saxon relic in almost perfect preservation, fascinating in its barbaric simplicity, and replete with ancient charm.

We arrived on a very hot day at the station of Bradford. It was too far to walk up into the town on account of the extreme weather, so we asked the Head of the House to go and obtain a vehicle — we were not proud — any sort of vehicle would have answered, so that we need not have been exposed to the torrid glare of noon. He returned in a hack — probably the town boasts but one — the driver of which had agreed to take us up to the church and to call for us in time for a returning train. He was harnessed up on that day for a special purpose; he had been engaged to take a prisoner from the court house to the jail. So our progress through the town was notable, for every one knew that the “ fly ” was engaged thus to uphold the law, and I have no doubt that when they saw us they supposed us to be four criminals instead of one.

More than a thousand years ago, before Alfred the Great, this little church, practically as it stands, was “ the place by the river where prayer was wont to be made.” William of Malmsbury alludes to this little Saxon church as having been built in the eighth century, not

more than sixty or seventy years after the landing of Birinus, the "apostle of Wessex." The church and monastery were founded by St. Aldhelm in Bradford, but for many centuries it was supposed that the Danes had destroyed them. William of Malmsbury thus alludes to the church: "To this day (1120), there is at that place a little church which Aldhelm is said to have founded and dedicated to the blessed St. Lawrence."

Antiquarians began to suspect the existence of the building about 1850 and investigations were started, which resulted after many years in the discovery and restoration of this marvellous little monument. As St. Aldhelm died in 709 it is evident that the structure dates from the seventh or eighth century.

For many years before it had really been blocked in and used for domestic purposes this church had been recorded as "a building adjoining to the church yard, at Bradford, commonly called or known by the name of the Skull House," and was used as a charnel house for the church across the street.

It is a tiny structure with over-conscientiously thick walls. The nave is only twenty-five by thirteen feet, while the chancel measures about thirteen by ten, approached through

an arch only three feet wide. The building is very tall in proportion to these dimensions, as were many of the very early churches. The nave is as high as it is long, for instance, being twenty-five feet from floor to ceiling, and the chancel is eighteen feet. There is a step leading *down* into the chancel, instead of up, as is more usual. The only real decoration attempted in this church is a couple of angels carved rudely in low relief, and placed most inartistically at the very top of the wall which separates chancel and nave. These rude figures have many of the characteristics of Saxon design, resembling those in the Utrecht Psalter.

Almost as interesting as the church is the old fourteenth century tythe-barn, where used to be stored all the provisions that were paid in kind as taxes to the church. It has a massive beam roof, and little cross loop-holed windows.

Every one knows the lovely benign face of the Parish Clerk of Gainsborough, in the National Gallery. This saintly-looking Edward Orpin lived in Bradford. His cottage is still shown, and in it there is evidence of an unexpected bit of shrewdness in this mild-mannered man. Between the windows of his cot-

tage there are two tiny green glazed openings of almost no use. This was a tax-evading measure; all lights at certain distances from each other were taxed as separate windows. The insertion of these small panes at strategic points reduced these distances so materially that five windows came under the head of one! Orpin is buried in the church-yard just across from the old Saxon church.

Bristol has always been rather a butt among cities, especially in literature. It is not a place to inspire poets, Chatterton to the contrary. Evelyn says, even in his day: "Bristol, a city emulating London, not for its large market, but for its manner of building, shops, bridges, traffic, exchange, market place, etc. The Governor showed us the castle, of no great concernment. The city wholly mercantile, as standing near the famous Severn, commodiously for Ireland and the Western world." Later, Defoe remarks: "The river is muddy and unseemly, at low water; nor do fishes of any value care to inhabit so filthy a stream." As an illustration of the provincialism of the English counties, on either side of the island, a story is told of a Bristol man who alluded to some one who lived in Ipswich,—he said, "Oh, he lives in the far east." An American looked at him

pityingly, and observed: " I wonder you don't speak of your western hand and your eastern hand! " And the Bristol man is still wondering what he meant.

In " Bristol Bells," Miss Marshall says: " Bristol Cathedral is not remarkable for stately proportions, and in the eye of many is but an insignificant building, which cannot bear comparison with the noble church of St. Mary Redcliffe. . . . The men that had raised those walls and carved the devices on the pillars, who were they? Was there no record left, no voice to tell of the labour and the toil and the spirit which had moved them to do their work well? "

The great caves at Cheddar are very interesting to visit, and Cheddar itself is a charmingly quaint town, set among frowning stony hills, with tiny cottages with thatched roofs and great fat cheeses displayed in the windows to catch one's eye as one drives down the little village street. The caves have been well described by Rev. A. D. Crake: " One of those celebrated lime stone caves of which so remarkable an example exists in the Cheddar valley: the water which oozed through the rifts had a strange petrifying power, and objects upon which it fell were in due time either encrusted with stone or artificially petrified. From the

roof descended long spars of stone in shape like icicles; fantastic resemblances of various objects met the gaze: here were shrouds and winding sheets, then delicate tracery like lace, here hung graceful curtains, and there were grotesque caricatures of animal life, but all in cold stone. The height of the passage varied; . . . they reached a dark cave which seemed to be hung with funereal trappings, of black stone; in the centre was a sombre pool, into which heavy drops of water from above kept falling with a monotonous splash."

We arrived in Glastonbury on its busy day, for there were preparations going on for the illuminations of the ruins that night, and a Bible Tea was to be held in the Abbot's Kitchen. Fancy an alcohol lamp used in that hallowed cone, where all four fireplaces are capable of roasting a whole ox apiece!

Roger of Wendover chronicles how the body of King Arthur was found in Glastonbury. The occasion of its being discovered was as follows: "Certain people who were digging a grave in the same place to bury there a monk, . . . found a kind of sarcophagus on which was placed a leaden cross with these words carved upon it: 'Here lies the renowned King Arthur, of the Britons, buried in the island of

Avalon.' The place is surrounded on all sides by marshes, and was formerly called the Isle of Avalon, that is, the Isle of Apples."

" Where doubt is disenchantment
'Tis wisdom to believe,"

as Oliver Wendell Holmes sagely remarks.

The legend of the Glastonbury Thorn is, according to Daniel Defoe, that Joseph of Arimathea had been there, and that " when he had fixed his staff in the ground, which was on Christmas day, it immediately took root, budded, and put forth white thorn leaves, and the next day was in full blossom, white as a sheet, and that the plant is preserved, and blows every Christmas day, as at first, to this very time." He continues: " But this place is remarkable for many other marvellous stories recorded by the monks, who formerly possessed it."

Glastonbury was unfortunately ruined, partly with deliberation. Defoe tells that in his day the remains of the abbey were magnificent, but that " within a few yards a Presbyterian tenant has made more barbarous havoc here than had been since the Dissolution: for every week a pillar, a buttress, a window

jamb or an angle of fine hewn stone was sold to the best bidder. And they were actually stripping St. Joseph's Chapel for that purpose, and the squared stones were laid up by lots in the Abbot's Kitchen." He explains that people are too superstitious to employ these stones in private houses, lest they should incur the Founder's Curse — a well recognized form of disaster which was commonly reported to be visited upon those who used stones taken from consecrated buildings; but he says that they are not afraid to pave the roads with them, or to erect barns and stables, and that "where few are so hardy as to apply them to their particular or personal use, a public building shall be erected where all come in for their snack." He adds: "Hereabout were buried King Edgar and many of the Saxon monarchs, whose royal ashes ought to have protected the whole." A naïve recognition of the divine rights of kings!

Glastonbury Tor is a fine landmark, and is visible for many miles. This was originally the tower of a church. It is said that it cost more to carry the stone to the top of the hill than to erect the building itself.

They say that when King Henry VIII commanded Abbot Whiting to surrender Glaston-

bury, the abbot held out bravely and refused to move. The king then threatened to send an army "to burn his kitchen about his ears." Abbot Whiting replied: "Then will I build such a kitchen as all the timber in the forest cannot burn." The great conical stone kitchen was the result. The king, however, had his satisfaction, for Abbot Whiting was hanged from the tower of St. Michael's on the hill. This event was regarded by the superstitious as the fulfilment of an old prophecy, which had promised: "A whiting shall swim over Glastonbury Tor." For centuries the plain folk had been expecting that the hill was to be submerged by some eccentric convulsion of nature — but this rendering of the prophecy surely seemed more plausible.

Henry James tells us what it is we feel at Wells Cathedral — "the interior is vast and massive, but it lacks incident; the incident of monuments, sepulchres, and chapels." This is exactly the matter with Wells; it has less "spell" than most of the cathedrals, although it is interesting structurally, and is finely lighted. It is not poetical.

Speaking of Wells, Miss Marshall says: "The city of deep wells has a charm which is



STATUES FROM WELLS CATHEDRAL.

all its own, but that charm seems to culminate in the palace, with its lovely gardens, overshadowed by the beautiful cathedral, which is rich in architectural and historic interest, and is, in all its details and associations, almost unrivalled." This enthusiasm is not shared automatically, but no doubt the study of any given cathedral in England leads to this feeling in the one who investigates it.

Defoe calls Wells "one of the neatest cathedrals in England." Perhaps that is another flaw in it. He alludes to the west front as "a complete draught of imagery," which is certainly true, and there are no more delightful Gothic statues in the country than these celebrated figures which so completely cover the façade at Wells.

I always go back with zeal to the statements of Henry James, who seems to me to be the most appreciative traveller of modern times who has written his impressions for our amusement. He says: "For those to whom broad England means chiefly the perfection of the rural picturesque, Devonshire means the perfection of England." Certainly there is a great enchantment in Devonshire, especially to those who are weary and want peace, although this,

to-day, cannot be found in the best known towns.

I love to recall lazy youthful days in Devonshire, when just to drive about these beautiful lanes was pastime enough. The ferns were so high and thick on either side of the road that they met across it; it was one of the amusements of the day to sit forward in the carriage, and watch the ferns parted by the horses' breasts as they ploughed through the thick growth; it was not easy to believe that there lay a smooth straight road below, but always it seemed to me to be a fairy adventure!

We spent a good deal of time in Devonshire when I was quite young, and a few items of our life there come before me as I think it over. I remember driving off to a big house in a lovely park, and being ushered into the drawing-room with my mother. There, amidst damasks covered with the inevitable British anti-macassar of heavy knitted lace; and among stuffed birds under glass shades, sat a glorious old dowager with a stately manner and keen dark eyes; she had been a great lady at court in her day, and I recall the subject of conversation on that very occasion. Lady L. told my mother that she had been commanded to dine with Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace,

and that of course she must go. She had been quite ill with bronchitis. She had not left the house for weeks, but I well remember the proudly loyal answer to my mother's question: "Of course I shall go, my dear; I am commanded by my sovereign." Oh, the dignity and the absurdity of the seriousness which now entered into the question: "But I have not worn a low body for years, my dear; I'm a rack of bones!" There was awe in the announcement. My mother suggested that it might be possible for her to go to dinner without a "low body." The dowager gasped. Such an idea had never entered the mind of the social set.

But the idea evidently rankled. Whether it was vanity or fear for her health that finally actuated her, she confided to my mother some days later that she had spoken to Sir Davy Jones, or whatever was the name of her medical adviser, and that he had agreed with her that it would be inexpedient for her to appear in full dress, and had written over his own signature to the Master of the Household to acquaint him with the fact that Lady L., having but just recovered from a severe illness, begged Her Majesty's permission to wear a high cut gown at the dinner, this being a physician's

certificate of her inability to appear in low neck. The dowager smiled peacefully, and added, "I sent my maid to London for a smart cap," and she was assured by return mail that Her Majesty would deign to receive her humble subject even though so unsuitably attired. This was my first introduction to the status of the ritual of dress in England, and I was duly impressed. We afterwards learned that the entire conversation at the dinner table was taken up with discussing this famous "high body," and the old lady made twice the hit she would otherwise have achieved.

I have since seen old ladies who combined prudence with convention by wearing false necks, made of thin gutta-percha, and with a diamond gorget to conceal the juncture at the throat, and a little lace jabot down the back to veil the seam where the neck hooked or buttoned together! There are ways provided for the canny; after all why should artificial necks be worse than artificial hair or teeth?

I remember an occasion on which we wished to enter a certain small museum. We had been trying to obtain admission through a workman on the premises, who was repairing the porch. He asked if we had permission to enter? We

admitted that we did not know that permission was necessary. Well, it was; so we must go to the house of the custodian, a professor, and request it. It was a private museum. We suggested that, considering we were on the spot and that it was quite a distance to the house of the professor, wouldn't it be possible for him to admit us? "No," he replied, wagging his head as one who had been there before; "no; 'e'd have my 'ead off; he's a queer old stick." He laughed merrily but firmly, and we set off to the professor's house. My companion pulled the bell; it came straight out with a yard of wire. On his trying to push it back, the bell rang. I suppose the professor saw no reason for mending it. Any one would be sure to push it back, and then it would always be sure to ring. We were informed that the professor was busy, but that if the person who wished to see him was related to Joseph Addison, he would come down-stairs. It seems that this old gentleman, who was extremely aged, had a single passion in life, and that was, to sit and read — and he read only Joseph Addison. So you may fancy the reception we had. The mere coincidence of the name made such an appeal that he shook our hands, and alluded to Old England and Young America, and got jumping

up and down and nearly killed himself with hilarity!

Another old lady in Devonshire I remember with a good deal of pleasure. With a true British instinct for doing something towards the entertainment of the home, even if not to edify at a more remote range, this old lady used to paint pictures and write verses. These she signed with the name *Meliora Cranthorpe*. Doesn't that sound like a cluster of curls and a harp? As to the works of art, — when I saw her more recent paintings, I attributed certain peculiarities to the decadence incident upon her declining years; but, when I saw the works executed in her youth, I perceived that there had never been an apex from which she could have descended.

I suppose one of the quaintest things in Devonshire is the little seaside village of Clovelly. Dickens' description of it is most graphic: "The village was built sheer up the face of a steep and lofty cliff. There was no road in it, there was no wheeled vehicle in it, there was not a level yard in it. From the sea beach to the cliff top two irregular rows of white houses, placed opposite to one another, and twisting here and there, and there and here, rose, like the sides of a long succession of stages and

crooked ladders, and you climbed up the village or down the village, by staves between, some six feet wide or so, and made of sharp irregular stones. . . . The red brown cliffs, richly wooded, to their extremest verge, had their softened and beautiful forms reflected in the bluest water. . . . Captain J. said: ' A mighty singular and pretty place it is as ever I saw in all the days of my life! ' "

Cornwall is the land of the saints. Brittany and Cornwall have much in common, and both hark back to the Celtic origins. If there were space to consider these numerous saints, and the relations between the three counties, it would be most delightful. This county is dominated by the spell of legend, and this is well, for here was King Arthur's country, and here grew up all the fairy tales of the western shore, which are now the true Cornwall, in spite of tin mines and summer resorts, — I don't know which are most intrusive. I only know that the real Cornwall is hard to find now, and that one might as well be on the coast of Maine if it were not for the old legends.

On the wild bluff of Tintagel once stood the castle of King Arthur, indeed, a few snags of stone are still shown, which are said to be part of the original structure. Here are the cele-

brated birds, the choughs, — black, with scarlet beaks and legs, — said to be reincarnations of the Arthurian soul; only four of these birds have ever been known to exist at one time, and they are said to be found nowhere in the world except at Tintagel.

Of course fairy tales and superstition go hand in hand. A certain clergyman in Cornwall once received the following letter: “ Rev. Sir: I should take it as a great favour if your honour would be good enough to let me have the key of the church-yard to-night, to go in at twelve o’clock to cut off three bits of lead about the size of half a farthing each from three different spouts, for the cure of fits.”

In connection with Tavistock I find an interesting item in the Church Wardens’ accounts, “ 29 April, 1660: collected for a company going to New England taken by the Ostenders, 6s 6d.” This is a casual mention of some of our own early settlers, who often came on Dutch ships, as we know.



THE HIGH ALTAR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AT THE CORONATION OF EDWARD VII.

CHAPTER VII

LONDON NOTES

IN these days, when every one has described all the chief sights of London, I am not going to waste your time with an itinerary of the city.

I suppose one nearly always goes straight to Westminster Abbey, as did the writer of a certain diary in 1437, who speaks of: "going about London town and seeing the sights, and yesterday were at mass in the Abbey Church at Westminster, which is a right fair town very nigh unto London." I recall the first visit of the Little One to Westminster Abbey. She evinced pardonable family pride in the statue of Joseph Addison, and when her father told her "Shakespeare's is just opposite to him," she exclaimed, "Oh, I must see Shakespeare's monument! I am devoted to him! He wrote about Ophelia, who got nervous and died!" In a moment she started, and said, "There is a sign that says 'Don't touch the monuments!' and yet here I am *standing* on the tomb of Alfred Tennyson!"

While we of a later generation regret above everything the vast destruction caused by the great fire of London, this was not regarded as an unmixed misfortune in the eighteenth century. Defoe speaks of the fire as "furnishing the most perfect occasion that can ever happen in any city to rebuild it with pomp and regularity!" In visiting the furtively situated church of St. Bartholomew the Great, in Smithfield, one passes houses that have been standing for centuries, having survived this very great fire. There is no outside to St. Bartholomew the Great, any more than an oyster overgrown by other shells can be said to have an outside which is properly its own! But it has one of the finest interiors in all the world. The heavy Norman, over-conscientious pillars with their numerous high stilted arches enclosed by the apsidal ambulatory, all are expressive of great age. The old polished wooden effigy of the founder, Rahere, the fusty dull white glass in Prior Bolton's pew, are only to be equalled by the delightful triforium gallery filled with broken sculpture and the romance of centuries. A charge of sixpence is made for an ascent to the triforium, for which sum we cheerfully encountered this peril.

To turn again to the founder's tomb, we see

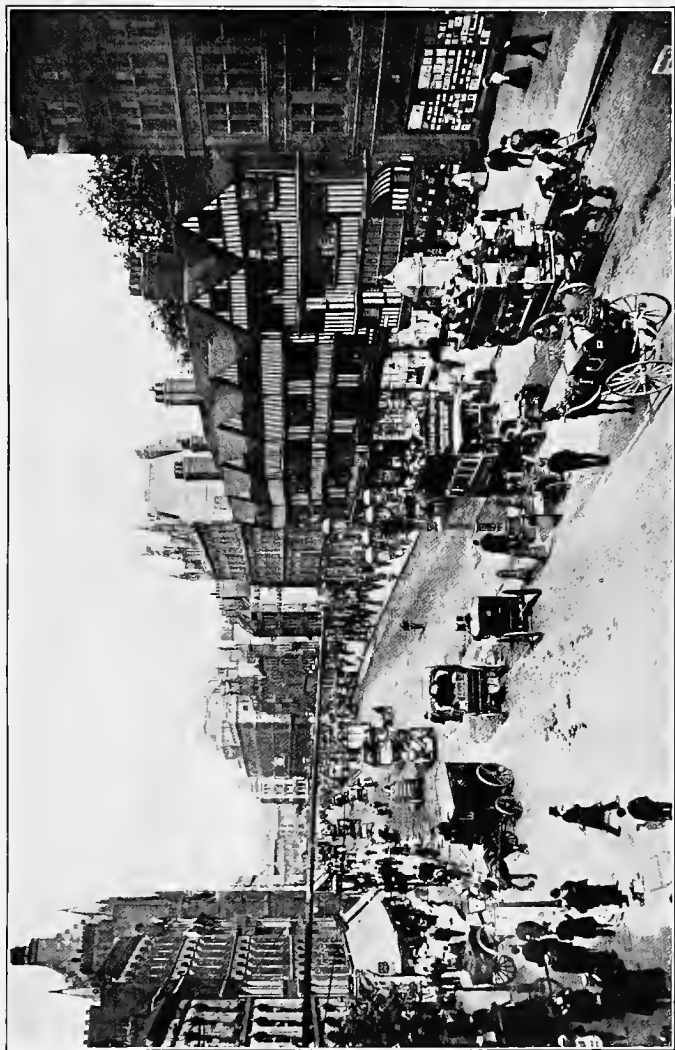
the estimable Rahere lying in state, his head resting on the neatly trimmed edges of his impossibly stiff hair. Rahere was an ecclesiastic. About 1120, after having led a frivolous life, he decided to make a pilgrimage to Rome. Here he indulged in Roman fever. He made a vow that, if he were spared to return to his native land, he would build a hospital. He had a vision, during his convalescence, in which St. Bartholomew appeared to him, and suggested that he should also build a church in Smithfield. With commendable conscientiousness he founded both a hospital and a church on his return, in 1123.

T. Deloney, a writer of the period, tells of Rahere's early days. "At that time," he says, "there lived in London a musician of great repute, named Reior, who kept his servants in such costly garments that they might come before any prince. Their coats were all of one colour, and it is said that afterward the nobility of the land, noting it for a seemly sight, used in like manner to keep their men all in one livery. This Reior was the most skillfullest musician that lived at that time, whose wealth was very great, so that all the instruments on which his servants plaid, were richly garnished with silver, and with studdes of gold; the bowes

belonging to their violins were all likewise of pure silver. He was also for his wisdom called to great office in the city, who also builded at his cost, the priory and hospital of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield."

The Hospital of St. Bartholomew has what Gonzales, a Spanish traveller, calls "a beautiful frontispiece," facing Smithfield, where Henry VIII stands in a niche "in full proportion." It is an interesting old building, with two great wall paintings by Hogarth, and a whole gallery of portraits of defunct physicians, presided over for some unknown reason by Henry VIII once more.

When Sunday comes, it is always the question — "which church." On the continent one cannot exactly "spend Sunday;" in England one cannot do anything else. There is nothing to do but to go to church, and there are plenty of churches to go to. Fortunately the great fire also spared another ancient monument, the Temple Church. Palgrave disposes of the Temple Church in his "Merchant and the Friar," saying: "Red and misty rays, shed by lamps within, streamed through the upper windows of the round church whose structure still remains to excite rather than to satisfy the curiosity of the architectural antiquary." There



OLD STAPLE INN, HOLBORN.

are only three round churches in England; that in Northampton, and that in Cambridge, besides the Temple Church. This is a fascinating old place, with its cross-legged effigies which have been the themes of controversies and argument too abstruse for our present needs. There are nine effigies of mailed knights, two of the twelfth century, seven of the thirteenth; there is also one stone coffin. When the effigies were restored in 1840, traces of colour were found on the stone; originally they were probably correctly coloured according to heraldic use.

“ Their effigies have lain in this vast city,” says Oliver Wendell Holmes, “ and passed unharmed through all its convulsions. The great fire must have crackled very loudly in their stony ears, and they must have shaken day and night as the bodies of the victims of the Plague were rattled over the pavements.” A very realistic picture of the still repose of death and the terrible activity of destruction.

The old Staple Inn in Holborn is the very house in which Dr. Johnson wrote “ Rasselas.” The building is the oldest remaining in the locality, and dates from the reign of James I.

We were once conducted about the “ city ” by an august alderman then in reasonable hope of soon being lord mayor. With this dignitary

we were enabled to enter haunts where only a sesame will open the doors. The halls of the various Guilds are not generally seen by casual visitors, except under similar escort. I was especially charmed with a naïve portrait of Whittington hugging the redoubtable cat. It was a very primitive bit of portraiture, but probably really looked like the subject, not idealized by the flight of time and story.

The dear old giants of Guild Hall! In our matter-of-fact land I think they would long ago have been removed; they would never have been allowed to preside for so long in such a dignified spot, on their funny inadequate legs! It is one of the charms of England that they leave the quaint and frivolous landmarks where they belong, and are not for ever trying to impress one with their modernity.

These figures at Guild Hall were meant to stand as the two giants who assisted the English while at war with the Romans. Corinus of Britain, and Gogmagog of Albion. They are usually spoken of as Gog and Magog. Corinus is forgotten, and the name of his associate has been split in two. So grows legend. Gog holds in his hand a weapon designed to create panic if ever there was one — a spiked ball on a chain set at the end of a stick, which exaggerated flail

rejoiced in the pacific name of the " morning star."

Fabyan's Chronicles relate that in 1411 " Ye Guilde Hall in London began to be new edyfied, and of an olde and little cottage, made into a fayre and goodly house as it nowe appeareth." The Guild Hall was subjected to the great fire; its roof burned, but the walls stood in spite of all.

It was here at the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1663, that old Pepys was dining, when he had been taking some kind of pledge. He relates that he only drank some hypocras, " which," he says, " doe not break my vow, it being, to the best of my judgment, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine."

Guild Hall was paved with Purbeck marble by the bequest of Richard Whittington, who had been much associated with this spot in his life time. In the great fire it is reported to have stood in " a bright and shining coat, as if it had been a palace of gold or a great building of burnished brass." Miss Yonge, in the " Caged Lion," speaks of Guild Hall as " a building of grand proportions, which had lately been paved and glazed at Sir Richard Whittington's own expense. The bright new red and yellow tiles, and the stained glass of the tall windows high

up, as well as the panels of the wainscot, were embellished with trade marks and the armorial bearings of the guilds . . . on an open hearth beneath the louvre or opening for smoke, burnt a fire."

" Who would not be a Boswell?
For miles and miles I'd walk
To sit at ease
In the Cheshire Cheese,
And hear Sam Johnson talk."

Just as I finished inscribing these lines in the Visitor's Book at this hallowed restaurant, I heard an expression come wafted from the consecrated seat under the portrait, " Oh, golly, come off the roof! " Shades of the Dictionary! Verily Americans are a dominant breed!

William Henderson wrote:

"If you'd dine at your ease
Try the old Cheshire Cheese.
At this famous resort
In the Wine Office Court."

Joseph Pennell waxed eloquent about the Cheshire Cheese; he said: " I found I had stumbled on just what I had determined to make a hunt for. I was in one of the green baize boxes into which Mr. Pickwick was always

dropping, under the guidance of Sam Weller, whose knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar." He describes the yell with which the waiter called his order up the stairs, saying: "Soon down the same stairs came the translation of the yell in the shape of the steak I had ordered, and with it the potatoes in their jackets all on old blue willow plates. "Your steak, sir; yes, sir. Anything else, sir? Napkin, sir? Oh, serviette. Yes, sir. All Americans like them, sir." There is no better way of describing the house than by quoting such words as those of Lady Colin Campbell: "A flare of unshaded gas-lights, up a small old-fashioned room the floor of which is covered with sawdust. The ceiling is white, with projecting cross beams, and at the side of the room is a long oak table, at which Johnson, Goldsmith, and a few other choice spirits, were wont to sit and feed . . . all along one side of the room are wooden partitions, exactly like old-fashioned pews, with hard cushionless seats. One of our party says, as she sits down, that she feels as if she were in church."

It takes from six to twenty hours to cook the famous pudding, and it is said that the savoury odour sometimes reaches to the Stock Exchange! The pudding is on a basis of beef-

steak, "agreeably tempered by kidneys, larks, and oysters." At the time of the banquet to the Prince of Wales in Edinborough, four hundred skylarks were put in the pudding.

Many people believe that Shakespeare has probably dined at the Cheshire Cheese. It is comparatively certain that Voltaire has done so; and a long list of names — the "rare" Ben Jonson, Samuel Johnson the "Great," Pope, Congreve, Addison, Swift, Steele — and innumerable literary lights, down to Charles Dickens. King Charles II and Nell Gwyn once ate a chop here, and Oliver Goldsmith, who lived in Wine Office Court, came here frequently while he was in process of writing "The Vicar of Wakefield." Walter Thornbury writes: "We like to think that seated in the Cheese he perhaps espied and listened to the worthy but credulous vicar and his gosling son attending to the profound theories of the learned and philosophic but shifty Mr. Jenkinson. We think now, by the windows, with a coarse light upon his coarse Irish features, and his round prominent brow, we see the watchful poet sit eyeing his prey, secretly enjoying the grandiloquence of the swindler and the admiration of the honest country parson." The Cheshire Cheese withstood

the great fire, also, and the plague (we hope) passed it by. As Lewis Hough says: "The bench may be hard, but Dr. Johnson has sat upon it." It is a bit of old-time London conserved with much intelligence for modern use.

Once, while sitting in this tavern, Ben Jonson and Sylvester had a dispute as to which could make the best couplet off-hand.

" I Sylvester,
Kissed your sister,"

exclaimed the one. Ben Jonson replied promptly:

" I Ben Jonson
Kissed your wife."

" But that doesn't rhyme," objected Sylvester.

" But it's true," chuckled Jonson, amidst applause.

While we are in the vicinity of Wine Office Court, I must not omit to mention a favourite haunt, a small spot, little known by travellers, called "The Arches." It is under the bridge at Ludgate, and is a sampling establishment of the most lavish sort. There are nice little heavy wooden tables, with cozy stubby little arm chairs by them. Here you sit, and order a

“dock sample” of anything you want — the whole place is full of barrels, piled high, and resembling a German Rathskeller.

We stray out occasionally for a study morning in South Kensington with its tabulated beauty, or to the British Museum, where I had permission to examine minutely the most precious of the mediæval manuscripts, and to sketch from the illuminations.

Dr. Holmes professes to tell us how to see the British Museum. “Take lodgings next door to it,” he advises, “and pass all your days at the Museum during the whole period of your natural life. At three-score and ten you will have some faint conception of the contents, significance and value of the great British Institution.”

Any one who has not seen a London “dark day” has an experience “in front of him,” as the Cockneys say. I do not mean a fog; that is a self-evident state of the atmosphere, only differing from other fogs by being thicker and smokier; but we were once overtaken by a “dark day” in June. This is an unusual season for this special demonstration. We happened to be in the British Museum, and at about noon it simply grew dark, just as if the night had fallen. There was no fog; it had been a

good day, and the atmosphere was clear. We went out on the portico to watch the curious state of things, and it was simply a normal night scene. The lights were all lighted, in shops and houses, and it appeared to be night. Objects could be seen only as one sees them at night. The expedient of lighting up did not occur to the Museum, however. When we started to go upstairs, they explained that it would be too dark to see anything. So we descended to the basement for luncheon, to pass the time. While we were thus occupied it cleared off — and day actually dawned again. By two o'clock you would not have known this afternoon from any other. The whole phenomenon had occupied about two hours.

The description of a London fog given by Dickens in "Our Mutual Friend" is inspired. Listen to him while he describes a regular "pea-souper." You can breathe the actual words and get a sulphuric reaction! "It was a foggy day in London, and the fog was heavy and dark. Animate London, with smarting eyes and irritated lungs, was blinking, wheezing, and choking; inanimate London was a sooty spectre divided in purpose between being visible and invisible, and so being wholly neither. Gas-lights flared in the shops with a haggard and

unblest air, as knowing themselves to be night creatures which had no business abroad under the sun; while the sun itself, when it was for a few moments dimly indicated through circling eddies of fog, showed as if it had gone out, and was collapsing flat and cold. Even in the surrounding country it was a foggy day, but there the fog was grey; whereas in London it was, at about the boundary line, dark yellow, and a little within it, brown; until at the heart of the city . . . it was rusty black." And in "Bleak House" he goes even farther into symbolism, and adds: "in the very heart of the fog sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery."

There are many hours in London when one is weary. One has gone about a great deal, over great distances, and finally there comes a moment when the feet demand rest and the brain cries out for a chance to digest some of the marvels that it has been absorbing. Then it is that I collect about me some of the choicest society of the world—the society of the old writers and chroniclers, and, through their eyes, I visit the London of the past, rested, refreshed, and spellbound. The historic spell and the literary spell are perhaps the most dominant things in London, after the obvious immediate appeal of

the whirling modern city. What a debt I owe to Stow, with his charming "Survey of London in the Reign of Elizabeth," and how pleasant it is to follow some of the foreign travellers who have sojourned here — Paul Hentzner, Manuel Gonzales, and the young Prussian priest, Moritz. There is absolutely no limit to the fascinating books dealing with London and its history.

How few people who go down town, and listen to Bow Bells, realize the origin of the name. It comes with a surprise to many to read in Stow's "Survey: " "This church in the reign of William the Conqueror, being the first in the city built on arches of stone, was therefore called St. Mary de Arcubus, or Le Bow." This fact of its having been built on arches gave the church its historic name.

There is a quaint inscription at Newgate which states that "being damnified by the fire in 1666, it was repaired . . . in 1672." The origin of Cripplegate is interesting. According to Thomas Deloney: "St. Paul's steeple was so hie that it seemed to pierce the clowdes; on the top whereof was a great and mighty weathercock of cleane silver, the which notwithstanding seemed to be small as a sparrow to men's eyes, it stood so exceeding hie, the

which goodly weathercock was afterwards stolen away by a cunning cripple, who found meanes one night to climb up to the top of the steeple, and tooke it downe; with the which, and a great sum of money which he had got together by begging . . . he builded a gate on the north side of the city, which to this day is called Cripplegate." A rustic in the Harleian MS. in the British Museum is thus reported as having visited London :

"When I came first to London Town,
I was a novice, as most men are;
Methought ye king dwelt at the sign of the Crown
And the way to heaven was through the Star!

"I set my horse and walked to St. Paul's.
'Lord' thought I, 'what a church is here!'
And then I swore by all Christian souls
'Twas a mile long, or very near."

In "A Short Description of England," by Paul Hentzner, occurs this characteristically Teutonic statement: "It is governed by its own king, who owns no superior but God." (This was written in the reign of a queen, as it happens!) This historian evidently feels that the English are a little too self-satisfied. He adds that they are "active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French," but in his clo-

sing paragraph he makes it clear that he disapproves of their cheerful ways. There is a distinct huffiness in this: "they are vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the mingling of bells, so that it is common for a number of them that have got a glass in their heads, to go up into some belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise." This sounds to me very much as if Mr. Hentzner had had apartments in the neighbourhood of some popular steeple, and had had an overdose of curfew. "If they see a foreigner very well made or particularly handsome," he continues wrathfully, "they will say 'It is a pity he is not an Englishman!'" Hentzner relates how visitors to the Tower, even in Queen Elizabeth's time, had to give up their swords; to-day even small bags, kodaks and parcels are filched from the traveller, lest anything should be brought either in or out that should be undesirable.

How characteristically Spanish is the attitude of Don Manuel Gonzales, who visited London in 1731, and whose mind immediately and instinctively turned to the question of the fighting possibilities, and the protective provisions of the town. Of the adaptability on which Americans pride themselves we have an early instance

told by Stow: " This yeare were brought unto the king three men taken in the new-found islands by Sebastiano Gabato, (Cabot). . . . These men were clothed in beasts' skins, and ate raw flesh, but spake such a language as no man could understand them; the which three men were seen in the king's court at Westminster two years later, clothed like Englishmen, and could not be discerned from Englishmen! "

In the Tower of London, in that pathetic Beauchamp Chapel, where the numerous prisoners have carved their messages to posterity on the walls, are a few precepts well worth studying. Charles Bailey, a firm supporter of the Queen of Scots, cut this inscription in 1571: " The most unhappy man is he that is not patient in adversity; for men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with the impacione which they suffer." Another, equally striking, is by A. Poole, 1564: " To serve God — to endure penance — to obey fate — is to reign." Poole was guilty of a conspiracy to attempt to dethrone Elizabeth. Another, in 1586, " An evil conscience makes men fear even security," is cut by G. Gifford, a pensioner of Queen Elizabeth.

The subtle differences between first-class

London hotels and our own first-class hotels are amusing to note. I have known every one at breakfast to be inquiring at once for teaspoons. All the waiters were searching for them; there seemed to be none. People were using soup spoons for coffee; no teaspoons came. Whether they had all been annexed over-night by souvenir hunters, or what was their fate, we shall never know. Three days later the same state of things prevailed. Again no teaspoons. A request for them elicited only a pitying smile, and an expression on the face of the waiter such as one might assume when asked for a green cheese moon. Dessert spoons were the smallest. Whatever explanation might have been offered, none was vouchsafed. Behind the sympathetic expression of the waiters lurked a secret impossible to fathom. "Oh, if you only knew what you are asking!" it seemed to plead. Perhaps the king had sent out an edict proclaiming that no more teaspoons were to be used that week in Great Britain!

Again: imagine an American city hotel taking all the trunks in at the front door and depositing them in a little entry about five feet wide, through which the guests must also pass. And fancy an elevator with little wooden folding doors on every floor, with handles and

latches for the man to seize, twist, and let go, as he plunges through the air! I marvel every year that the same man runs the "lift." One would have expected him to have lost both hands long ago.

An infantile trust in Cook's Tourist system was displayed one day in the hotel office. A man was making his plans to go to Germany. He said to the ticket seller: "Now you know I want tickets to Munich, but I'm going to get you to just jot down the names of places where it would pay me to get off on the way." As if any place on earth would pay a person with such outlook! I often wonder what motive brings some people across the ocean.

The taxi has now practically driven out the hansom, which is now officially denominated as a "horse-drawn cab." Hansoms had all kinds of possibilities. We were once quietly driving along, when suddenly the dash-board flew into the cab! The horse had kicked, and, if it had not been that his leg was caught up over the dasher, he would probably have started to run. I hope I shall never again have to get out of a carriage brushing against the *sole* of a horse's hoof! I felt that if I tickled him inadvertently he might kick again!

When one goes to take an express in the Lon-

don subway, as we would say, he here boards instead " a non-stop run " in the " tube."

One day we had occasion to inquire for the American Embassy. Naturally we applied to a policeman. The answer was, " Why, I think I've seen it about somewhere! " From his manner one might suppose that the Embassy was a migratory institution, — a sort of furtive gipsy wagon, liable to change its locality without notice.

In one street we saw a house with all the windows bricked up. After swamping ourselves in conjecture as to its use, we noticed that on the other side there were plenty of windows, but all fitted with iron bars! The house was an epileptic hospital, and this device of bricking up the front was simply to keep the inmates from being seen by people in the street!

No traveller should fail to see an English trial in the law-courts, or in Old Bailey. It is so strange to see the judge taking down the testimony himself, with a quill pen, writing it laboriously in long hand. If the witness happens to be a rapid speaker, the judge calmly interrupts him, saying, " Wait a bit — I haven't got that yet," and holds up the evidence till he has caught up with the statement of the witness. It is also instructive to see the partisan attitude

of the judge. We enjoyed the deliberate way he would turn to the witness, and say, "Then you would say on the whole that the prisoner is guilty?" Not liking to amend so excellently concise a statement the witness will admit tentatively that of course this might be the case: "It has something that look, yer honour;" whereupon the judge takes down the evidence, repeating aloud, as being the words of the witness: "It is my conviction that the prisoner is guilty." I suppose this autocratic method of interpretation has grown up through the inherent distrust of the people being capable of doing anything without the guidance of their self-appointed superiors.

All this reminds me of a certain day in 1902, when we were in London awaiting the Coronation of Edward VII, which was to be the great event of that next week. We were in the Law Courts when we heard of the king's illness. A paper was handed to the judge by a messenger. The judge read it, and rolled up his eyes, and dropped the paper with a gesture of despair. This was interesting enough, but the one effort was to keep from alarming the jury. Of course they looked very curious, but no explanation was vouchsafed them. The trial proceeded. Soon we heard whispering in the back of the

court room, unrelated to the trial at issue. Then newspaper "extras" began to leak in — they were passed about, and created much excitement. Finally we grasped the fact that the news so announced was that the Coronation would be postponed. To ascertain the reason (illness being quoted) we arose with the majority of the audience, and went out. We asked the policeman. He said: "Ah, it's his throat, sir." We crossed the street, and read a bulletin. This was worded to discourage any but scientific persons. It said: "The king is suffering from an attack of perityphlitis. There has been a recrudescence, and an operation is deemed necessary." Not being absolutely clear ourselves as to the state of His Majesty, and wishing to learn more, we asked a clergyman. He looked at us aghast, and replied, "I'm sure I can't make out." We had to be contented for the nonce.

All that evening there were reports that the king was dead. We were riding on top of an omnibus, and the driver told us how he had a friend, a cab driver. This driver had just told him that he had taken a fare to Buckingham Palace, and that, as the fare descended and entered, the doctor came out, and remarked to this gentleman, "Ah, the king passed away at five-

twenty." That seemed pretty direct evidence — the driver was more than convinced. The first bulletin which was put outside the palace was promptly stolen. Of course every one thought it was an American who had taken it. I fancy it was.

When our friends heard of the king's illness, they all condoled with us on our disappointment. Now, to tell you the truth, since it had to be, it is a much more interesting sight to witness the London populace in a great national crisis than it is to see a procession go by. To see the stolid English shopkeeper rushing about the streets exclaiming that he is ruined, and to watch the crowds of working people banked around Buckingham Palace waiting for bulletins, while all the time they half suspected that the king was dead, were sights never to be forgotten, and to be seen only once, so far, in English history, in connection with a Coronation. Although we should have been delighted to have seen the procession, this experience was unique, and most interesting.

After a delightful luncheon at Lord F.'s we saw the Coronation "commands," one can hardly call so peremptory a summons an invitation, bidding the Viscount and Lady F. be present at Westminster Abbey on the day ap-

pointed, "All excuses apart." The king did not realize that he himself would be the only excuse why they would not be there! I had the coronet of a viscountess on my head that day, and felt quite near to the ceremony! And a very uncomfortable little coronet it was, held in place by two gold hat-pins which passed through holes in a silver rim — not at all in the right place! The coronet was round, and of silver, partly gilt, with pearls touching each other all the way round. The top, like all the coronets, was of crimson velvet.

We were invited to Westminster Hall to hear the final rehearsal of the Coronation music. It was magnificent, superbly rendered by a choir of five hundred voices. They were conducted by Sir Frederic Bridge (commonly called Westminster Bridge), who is not only a good composer and director, but a good deal of a wit as well. His little interpolations during the rehearsal were most informal and amusing. In one of those momentous pauses, where it is important for all the voices to hold themselves in readiness to come in gently but exactly together, one tenor was suddenly heard to tune up prematurely. Sir Frederic called them to order with a rap of his baton, and exclaimed, "Now I see that this is the place where some

gentleman is going to sing a solo which is not advertised!" When it came to the responses in the Litany, he remarked in a dry way, "This part of the service is to be sung a half-note higher than it is written, as that suits the voices of the bishops concerned." And in another place, he exclaimed, "Don't let foreigners go away imagining that each has heard the service sung in his own language; this is English, and we don't want any doubt about it."

After the rehearsal, we strolled about a little in the abbey precincts, and happened to come upon Sir Frederic's house. On the door was hung a placard, with this inscription: "Sir Frederic Bridge has no vacancies in the choir; he has no tickets for rehearsals; he cannot admit any one into the Abbey. So please do not ring."

Among the Coronation souvenirs which were sold that year were little irreverent gutta-percha masks of the royal family, so that one saw children in the street pinching the king into a wink, or the queen into a cross-eyed stare!

When one goes to Whitehall at noon to see the stately little ceremony of shifting the horse guards, it pays to run in and look at the Nelson relics in Whitehall. With true scandal-loving

zeal I read his letters to Emma, and especially the codicil to his will wherein he bequeaths her to the British nation to honour and protect. The nation evidently declined the legacy with thanks, for Emma, Lady Hamilton, died a pauper in Calais.

London has different large exhibitions each year at Shepherd's Bush, to which the British public flock vigorously, gravely acquiring information regarding the life of other nations. If Americans take these shows in a lighter vein it may be because everything over there seems to be in a lighter vein; it is our holiday and not our responsibility, and that fact shifts the mental attitude surprisingly.

One year the celebration was the "Entente Cordiale," a French exposition, planned largely to meet the long felt want of friendly intercourse and mutual respect between England and France, and which now seems to be happily established. In his "Travels in France" in 1787, Arthur Young remarks, being sufficiently advanced to understand this need, "If an Englishman receives attentions in France because he is an Englishman, what return ought to be made to a Frenchman in England is sufficiently obvious." Well, it was made in 1908. Even the Alhambra took it up, and ran a gorgeous

ballet all summer, called "Two Flags," in which Union Jacks and *tri-couleurs* were so involved with myriads of pink legs that no Frenchman or Englishman of however radical a stamp could have questioned that the two nations had a great deal in common.

Another year the celebration was advertised as a Japanese Exhibition, but the French flavour still seemed to predominate, while the display consisted chiefly of cafés and buffets under the management of the redoubtable Lyons. The Japanese features were extremely furtive. It was possible to wander for hours and not find them. But when we went we found one absolutely worthy and genuine exhibit in the form of the Royal Wrestlers of Japan, including the world's unpronounceable champion heavy-weight, who marched in with the sword given him by the Mikado. The wrestling was really artistic and quite thrilling. We were struck by the extreme likeness between the announcements of the manager of a Japanese wrestling match and the intoning of the service in Latin by a French priest.

I think there has not yet been a German demonstration at Shepherd's Bush. Let us pray that it may be a pleasant one if it occurs.

One season, I recall, there was an American

Exhibition running at the Crystal Palace, which made no attempt to discriminate between Alaska and Peru. Among some of the advertised features were "A voyage down the rapids," "A fairy archipelago," and one which puzzled us — "An aquatic spectacle in the Rockies." I suppose the designer of this pageant thought that the "Rockies" had something to do with rocks on the sea-shore. There was also a popular number called "South American Speciality, or Plantation Pastimes," in which a Virginia negro girl was hailed as "The Queen of Ethiopian Comedy."

Another time, but this was very many years ago, before Shepherd's Bush was inaugurated, we visited a display at Earl's Court, called "Paris in London," and failed to find it. Still earlier they had offered us "Venice in London," which had more verisimilitude in that every available space was flooded, if it would hold water, and gondolas plied upon lakelets in the accepted manner of such institutions. I remember that the system of illumination at Earl's Court in those days was most primitive. Rows of gas pipe ran round all the architectural features, with little lamps at intervals of three or four inches. At a given moment the gas was turned on, and then a man with a gas

lighter began to go around lighting the little bulbs one by one. In five minutes the odour of escaping gas was almost too much even in the open air; and it was fifteen or twenty minutes before the "brilliant illumination surprised the festal night." Their idea of an illumination is only equalled by their interpretation of iced drinks.

Last year there was a general exhibit of the prowess of the British Empire, to celebrate King George's Coronation. The Indian crafts were especially well represented. It was an amusing mixture of Occident and Orient to see an Indian woman doing fine embroidery in native dress, with eyeglasses which were supported on a gold nose-stud!

The languid industry of Indian ivory workers is very characteristic. Slow and lazy, and apparently indifferent as to results, they accomplish miracles of delicate work.

The Colonies were finely represented in all their glory. Canada, the Granary, as usual, was typified with shredded wheat effects under glass, — I don't know why this especial form of decoration seems to appeal to them. They had a Canada arch at King Edward's Coronation, made of glass, with samples of grain, and it was adorned with green and crimson aniline



DRIVING IN HYDE PARK.

dyes. In the rain the whole construction leaked, and the colours ran into the wheat, and it was not pretty at all!

The London Zoo is one of the most delightful spots on a good day. I remember a couple of women whom I once heard talking by the pelicans' pool. The birds were eating fish with their queer, clapping, baggy bills, and one of these persons exclaimed: "No, they're not hostriches after all; I thought not, 'coz their legs didn't stand 'igh."

While driving in the park, I once told the Little One to watch the other carriages, and she would see lords and ladies and duchesses. She replied: "Yes, I have noticed several duchesses." At that moment a couple of stately ladies passed, and I called her attention to them. "They don't look like duchesses," she observed. "Their noses don't turn up." I said, "Why, you don't suppose that duchesses all have turned-up noses, do you?" To which came at once the reply, "Oh, yes; like Alice in Wonderland's Duchess; that's what I've been noticing all this time!"

Many years ago we heard an argument in the House of Commons as to the advisability of having telegraphic communication between lighthouses and life-boat stations on the coast,

to save time in case of shipwreck. It seemed a self-evident necessity, and of course some one observed that it had been customary for a long time in America. That is always a challenge. Sir J. F. got up and remarked that he was tired of hearing what they did in America; and it seemed to him a perfectly useless expense, because wrecks might occur in mid-ocean, where no lighthouse would see them. This brilliant reasoning, that there was no need to look after the wrecks on the coast because you could not take care of those in mid-ocean, seemed to be considered an argument.

The lack of humour among the English is the most humorous thing about them to an American. There is an inability in many English minds to see a humorous situation if it is not intended. This is the real difference between English and American humour; they have plenty of wit—their clever men are cleverer than ours, often; but it is never expected that a laugh will follow if anything happens that is unintentionally funny. I remember once at an Italian restaurant seeing a solemn young cleric place his hat in a precarious rack, and then seat himself below it. As he sat down, the hat fell symmetrically upon his head. Oblivious of our mirth, he rose decorously and replaced it, not

a smile crossing his placid face. It was not intended to fall, and therefore there was nothing funny. If it had been arranged on an elastic, on purpose to perform this feat, in a pantomime, every one would have roared.

It was interesting once to chance upon a great Suffragette rally in Trafalgar Square. We stood and listened to the women shouting their injuries to a sea of smiling faces. These physically weak people were crying aloud for freedom, but most of them looked as if they needed "cherishing" more than anything else. We saw also the great procession, thousands of women marching in squads, representing various professions, whole blocks of trained nurses, rows of teachers, stenographers, and all the artistic callings, jogging along beneath a series of banners. On the banners were portraits of all the leading women in history — they had spared no pains to look up every woman who had accomplished anything, independent of creed or morals — Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Joan of Arc, Catherine Bar-Lass, Florence Nightingale, — women who had become conspicuous or were capable in any line. At the very end of the procession (where of course the women could not see him) came a lone man with a sense of humour. This indi-

vidual bore a pike, from which hung a large fig-leaf, framed, and at the top of which was an apple — a modest tribute to Eve, who had been quite overlooked in this brilliant galaxy. The original destiny of the wife and mother had not received recognition except from a base man! The only other suggestion of it was one woman who carried a baby in the procession!

A sweet little spot to visit in the heart of teeming London is the peaceful little Ely Place, with its church of St. Etheldreda. This was once the London headquarters of the Bishops of Ely, and was probably built in 1295. Shakespeare makes allusion to its lovely garden, of which only a patch containing a few fig trees remains.

In "King Richard III," the Duke of Gloucester says to the Bishop of Ely: "My lord, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there. I do beseech you send for some of them. The Bishop replies, "Marry, I will, my lord, with all my heart."

One can kneel in prayer in this little church and no sound of the outer traffic can penetrate through its walls, which are eight feet thick. It is a Roman Catholic establishment, and has

an old-world charm. At the time of the persecutions of the Catholics in 1622, it served as a refuge for those of the faith who would have been in danger elsewhere. It was then occupied by the Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, and Lady Gondomar and her maids used themselves to rise early and sweep the chapel in preparation for mass. The last time the Passion Play was acted in England it was there performed before Gondomar.

Father Lockhart says that it is likely that the first Christian church in London stood on this site, which was then a wooded suburb outside the Roman city, and that the British bishop may have received on this very spot the news of the martyrdom of St. Alban at Verulam in the Dioclesian persecution, in 303.

One of the nicest experiences at Fulham Palace was going out and eating strawberries "under the nets," a feat warranted to break backs, and which would probably be condemned as cruel if compulsory, but a perfect joy as long as you are not obliged to do it, like any other sport. The old original moat at Fulham, a mile around, is still filled with water.

A striking thing to be seen at Lambeth Palace is a lectern which is a memorial to Archbishop Benson. It bears the inscription: "In

the midst of death we are in life." The inversion seems to me singularly happy.

Midsummer — "towards autumn, when the town is thin," as M. Gonzales says — is about as lonely in St. George's, "Hanover Square," as Robinson Crusoe was before Friday dawned upon him. We once stepped into its glacial isolation late in August. The place was empty except for a curate who was intoning daily prayer all by himself. The instant he saw our heads over the backs of the pews he got up and began the Psalter, waiting for responses!

We once spent an evening watching a large fire consume the top floors of the Carlton Hotel. Our American cerebation would not permit us to comprehend the methods of the London fire department. From where we stood we saw simply flames and smoke pouring out of the roof, with no ladders and no streams of water attacking it; but I am told that on the inner court much was accomplished. After some hours they seemed to subdue the flames, although to our limited vision it seemed as if nothing was being done; as if the actual strength and thickness of the walls were its only hope. The crowd was allowed to accumulate where it would, and in London that means everywhere. When the fire engines arrived,



PARLIAMENT HOUSES.

about twenty minutes apart, they had to slow up not to annihilate the populace! After standing and watching the blaze for some time we moved off; it was amusing to see the electric advertisements of the Phoenix Fire Assurance Company on the opposite corner still "winking" the information that it was "limited." In the midst of the excitement the Home Secretary drove up in a taxi; instantly the crowd cheered, and attention was diverted from the fire. The next morning the paper announced that the crowd hissed, but we happened to hear the cheering ourselves. At intervals well-dressed people who had been dining elsewhere would burst through the crowd and rush to the fated hotel. Some of them may have left babies on the top floor, whereas others at least had elaborate wardrobes at stake. One woman was in a perfect panic, her eyes protruding with terror. It was quite a dreadful sight.

Stopping in at a cigar store on the way back, the man greeted us with a cordial bow, and a busy "Good evening, sir — nice fire, sir!" as one who should say, "See how we put ourselves out to entertain our guests!" An American actor, who was taking a bath at the time, was the only one to perish.

CHAPTER VIII

HERE AND THERE NEAR LONDON



WINDSOR and Eton, and Hampton Court, are almost parts of London, and hardly come within the scope of this chapter. But it is desirable to see them all, of course. The best account of Windsor, even if one were going to read it as a guide, is to be found in Harrison Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle." It would not usually occur to one to apply to such a source, but it is rather a pet theory of mine that really good fiction has often more instruction in it than commonplace statement in an ordinary unimaginative guide book. Some say that Windsor received its name from the *winding shore* of the Thames. Eton, alluded to even in Elizabethan times as "a famous school for polite letters," has always held its own ever since, and remains that and much more, to-day.

Then it is obligatory to wander through the gardens of Hampton Court and get properly lost in the maze. But it detracts somewhat

from the sense of adventure to know that a man is sitting on a high platform in order to see where you go, and to give you instructions how to get out in case you are really seriously mislaid among the bushes! We are told by a contemporaneous writer that the garden at Hampton Court was first laid out "in a parterre of scroll work in box, which was not only very costly at first making, but was also very expensive in keeping constantly clipped; which," he continues, "together with the ill scent, which frequently reached the royal apartments, occasioned its being demolished." Well for the royal family if they never smelt anything worse than a box hedge!

According to a German traveller of Elizabethan times Hampton Court was "magnificently built by Cardinal Wolsey, in ostentation of his wealth." After the gardens, in interest, come the picture galleries. Edward Fitz Gerald says: "Close by is Hampton Court, with its stately gardens, and fine portraits inside; all very much to my liking. I am quite sure gardens should be formal, and unlike general nature." Daniel Defoe says that "all Europe has been rummaged, as we may say," for pictures for the royal gallery at Hampton Court.

Another attractive place near by is Straw-

berry Hill. Edward Fitz Gerald testifies to its charms: "Strawberry Hill for me! I looked all over it, — you know all the pictures, jewels, curiosities were sold some ten years ago; only bare walls remain. The walls, indeed, here and there stuck with Gothic woodwork, much of it therefore in less good taste — all a toy, but yet a toy of a very clever man. The rain is coming through the roofs, and gradually disengaging the confectionery battlements and cornices."

Richmond was originally the famous Palace of Shene, to which allusion is so often noticed by readers of mediæval English history. The name was changed by Henry VII. Fabyan thus alludes to the occurrence: "In this year" (the sixteenth of Henry VII) "the twenty-first of December in the night was an hideous thunder; and this year was the name of the king's palace of Shene changed and called after that day Rychemont." There is little to be seen at Richmond now, and it is usually a very crowded little excursion boat that plies there.

The highest ground between York and London is High Barnet. Over this road once came little Oliver Twist, "limping slowly into the little town of Barnet."

Among the Paston Letters is one from Sir John to his mother, relating to the celebrated

battle of Barnet, April 18, 1471: "Mother, I recommend me to you, letting you weet that, blessed be God, my brother John is alive, and fareth well, and in no peril of death; nevertheless he is hurt with an arrow on his right arm below the elbow, and I have sent him a surgeon, which hath dressed him, and he telleth me that he trusteth that he shall be all whole within a right short time. . . . Item, as for me, I am in good case, blessed be God, and in no jeopardy of my life as me list myself, for I am at my liberty if need be. . . . There are killed upon the field, half a mile from Barnet, on Easter Sunday, the Earl of Warwick, the Marquis Montague, Sir William Tyrell, Sir Lewis Johns, and divers other esquires of our country, Godmerston and Booth. And on the king's party, the Lord Cromwell, the Lord Say, Sir Humphrey Bouchier of our country, which is a sore moaned man here, and other people of both parties to the number of more than a thousand."

Defoe indicates the site of the field of Barnet fight, saying that "it is a green spot near King's End, between St. Albans and Hatfield Road, a little before they meet." In 1740 a stone column was erected on which is a long inscription, with full particulars of the battle.

One of the best descriptions I have ever read of any battle, is that by A. J. Church in "The Chantry Priest of Barnet." One can follow the action as if one were on the field, and the language is well chosen and of a sufficiently archaic type to lend verisimilitude. "There was such a mist as I have never seen at any time," observes the priest. "Already when we set forth from London it had begun to rise from the earth, and now, as we came nigh to Barnet town, it was so thick that a man could scarce see a spear's length before him. This, it was commonly reported, was brought about by the enchantments of one Bungay, a Black Friar. . . . Be the cause what it might, so much is certain, that it favoured the king greatly. . . . Having therefore ascended the hill without hindrance, and passed through Barnet town, he made his encampment on the plain hard by. . . . And now I will make mention of another thing in which the mist served the king. For he, thinking to set his army in array over against the enemy, but not knowing truly where they lay, did extend his right wing too far, . . . so it came to pass that his left wing was withdrawn from the right of the enemy, and thus escaped no small loss. . . . And so did the mist serve the king a second time,

and that by his own error, so wonderful are the ways of God towards man. . . ." When the actual fighting begins, the Chantry Priest is just as graphic.

"About five of the clock, the trumpets sounded for the attack, and the king's army moved forwards. But whither they were moving, or with whom they were about to contend in battle, this they could scarce see. . . . At the first therefore, if I may so speak, there was not one battle, but many. For the soldiers fought not according to the plans and counsels of their leader, but rather contended against their enemies in companies of ten and companies of a hundred, so that there was not one line of battle, but a line broken into many parts." Every phase of the great fight is dealt with in detail. After a long description of the manœuvres, he tells how a west wind came up and dispelled the mist, "and showed the whole plain." He then says that the sight was one on which even the men of war could hardly bear to look, for, although there were not more dead than in many other battles, "yet here the dead lay together in a small space. The cause whereof was this: that the mist had kept them that fought together, none knowing where or among whom he might find himself if he should

move from his place. And even as they fought, so did they fall, so that for the space of two or three furlongs was the ground . . . covered with dead bodies of men and horses. . . . And it seemed to me that the sight was even more dreadful to behold because of the bright shining of the sun." The battle of Barnet, as has been indicated, was fought on Easter Sunday.

After examining a battle-field, Edward Fitz Gerald once wrote to a friend: "I have just seen some of the bones of a dragoon and his horse, who were found foundered in a morass. . . . Poor dragoon, much dismembered by time. His less worthy members, having been left in the owner's summer house for the last twenty years, have disappeared one by one; his skull is in safe keeping in the hall, not a bad skull neither, and in it some of the teeth yet holding, and a bit of the iron heel of his boot put into the skull by way of convenience. This is what Sir Thomas Browne calls 'making a man act his antipodes!' I have got a fellow to dig at one of the great general graves in the field, and he tells me to-night that he has come to bones; to-morrow I will select a neat specimen or two!" These investigations were made on the field where the battle of Naseby was fought. Apropos of the battles of the Civil War, may

be quoted a cynical little verse by Crabbe, summing up the reigns of the two Charles:

“There is King Charles and all his golden rules,
Who proved Misfortune was the best of schools.
And then his son, who, tried by years of pain,
Proved that misfortunes may be sent in vain!”

A good many of the Cathedral towns lie within easy run of London, and they make pleasant excursions when one is staying in town for any length of time.

An agreeable day may be spent at St. Albans, where one sees the old Norman Abbey with its solid piers and quaint grotesques, and one of the finest triforium galleries in England.

St. Albans occupies very nearly the site of the old Roman city of Verulam. An old adage runs:

“When Verulam stood,
St. Albans was a wood;
Now Verulam’s down,
St. Albans is a town.”

In the northern transept are some of the very old Saxon balusters which were used in the building erected by King Offa considerably over a thousand years ago. It must have been a lively scene in the abbey when, in the Civil

war, the soldiers are reported to have ripped up the remains of the Saxon and Norman kings there buried, throwing their bones "against the painted glass."

The oldest house in England is to be seen at St. Albans. It is a tiny octagonal structure, and has been an inn, by name the Fighting Cocks, on which was once a sign, possibly facetious, "Old Round House, rebuilt after the Flood." It has probably been actually tenanted ever since Saxon times.

In 1140 the Abbot of St. Albans, "having observed two pious women to have erected a hut for their dwelling, constructed a house for their better accommodation, and ordered that thirteen sisters should inhabit the same under certain rules and orders. . . . And because the first women used to dip their dry bread in the water of the spring, the place was called Sopwell." This was the origin of the celebrated Sopwell Nunnery, which was one of the numerous places where Henry VIII is said to have been privately married to Anne Boleyn. The most significant figure in connection with this Nunnery is Dame Juliana Berners, the literary abbess, who, in the fourteenth century, wrote her famous "Boke of St. Albans," containing "Treatises Pertayning to Hawking, Hunting,

and Fyshying with an angle." She was what might be called a "sporting Abbess." Her works are full of naïve instruction and are entertaining reading. Among other precepts which she lays down, one is headed: "How gentylnen may be known from ungentylmen," — she was lucky to be able to express such defined ideas on the subject!

On a certain hotel register we were amused to see among the names the signature of "James Simpson, Hell, New York." (Can't you see the man, sick of being asked to register every day, and seeing an opportunity for a little fun?) "Why," the lady clerk would say, politely, "I never heard of such a place!"

"Really? Haven't you?" Mr. Simpson would reply, "It's a very well-known locality in New York!" etc.

When we went to our rooms in the evening we rang for ice-water. The maid arrived; the Head of the House suggested "drinking water," thinking that ice might not be attainable. The maid asked, "Hot?" We then boldly demanded, "Ice-water," and she smiled, as who should say, "Oh, those eccentric Americans!" and withdrew.

At dinner we had also asked for ice. I heard a woman at a table near remark in a stento-

rian voice, "Those are Americans." The man said: "You think so?" to which she rejoined: "They must be. They want ice."

One very enjoyable feature of life in England is reading the large amount of really good fiction that has been written in connection with every city. It is fascinating to keep such books on hand for rainy days, and for evenings when one is tired and does not wish to fare forth.

In her delightful book, "Winchester Meads," Miss Emma Marshall describes Winchester Cathedral with much charm: "Winchester Cathedral awakes a thousand memories, and, as we stand in the stately church, we seem to be reading page after page of the history of a long past. The quaint chests containing the mixed bones of many an early sovereign of this realm are over our heads as we kneel in the beautiful choir. Surely in Winchester Cathedral the words come to us with more than ordinary significance — 'A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday.' . . . Some have left behind them in Winchester the good name which is better than riches and honour, and some the thought only of evil deeds and sorrow caused by sin. The fierce Red King, whose bones, it is said, lie under the heavy stone monument in the choir, is one of the last. William of Wyke-

ham, and Henry of Blois, — yes, and the proud Cardinal Beaufort, whose life-like effigy lies in the chapel outside the chancel on the south side, are amongst the former, and, with Bishop Fox, whose chapel is one of exceeding beauty, must awaken in our hearts nothing but gratitude for the good which in their cases lives after them. . . . It was one of the rules of Winchester College, in its early days, that all the boys should run up St. Catherine's Hill twice a day. . . . William of Wykeham thus provided for the healthy exercise which in our days the Wykehamists find in the pleasant meads lying between the college and St. Cross, where cricket and football are played with equal vigour by the Winchester scholars."

Lord Selbourne, alluding to Winchester, calls attention to

"The huge cathedral sleeping
In venerable gloom,
The modest College tower
And the bedesman's Norman home."

While standing in the cathedral I once heard an American remark, "This place needs a whole lot done to it; I'd like to see a good row of real handsome chandeliers down the length of it; that would wake it up!"

Winchester was the ancient Camelot. Sir Thomas Mallory tells how "the city of Camelot" was "in English, Winchester." In a talk with the dean some years ago, something was said which struck me as interesting. He told how in the ninth century they used to observe "mothering Sunday" once during Lent, when the whole diocese used to visit the cathedral, the mother church. But now, he said, he was trying to carry the mother church to the diocese. The view of the cathedral which I have chosen to show my readers was photographed especially to illustrate a certain lecture which the dean was giving at that time, his object being to interest people in the necessities for repair in the old fabric. It was obtained for me as a particular favour, the picture never having been sold. It was taken from a travelling staging high up among the vaults and ribs, which was erected for purposes of repairing the roof a short time before. Of course a photograph at such an angle could never be taken again except under just the same circumstances, and such a staging would probably not be erected again for a century. The dean said that some of the ribs were so loose that you could "have taken them down with your hands, but for the weight." He told me about the



CHOIR OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

organ which was there in the early middle ages, which was blown by seventy men, and that the bellowing and puffing of the old men could be heard all over town! In speaking of the old chair in which Queen Mary sat, he said he had been obliged to fence it off, to keep it from the Americans, "who always want to sit in it — I can't think why!"

Daniel Defoe shows a more cultivated taste than some of his contemporaries when he criticizes the screen at Winchester: "This screen was designed by Inigo Jones, but, though exceedingly beautiful, I think to join Roman with Gothic architecture is a solecism." Would that others had felt this way more generally in the eighteenth century!

Several scenes in Miss Marshall's "Winchester Meads" recall the city as it must have been in the days of Charles II, when the good old Bishop Ken refused to receive Nell Gwyn in his palace, thus risking his favour with the Merry Monarch.

At St. Cross, in Winchester, we chanced in upon a saint's day service, and it was refreshing to hear the service read again instead of intoned; for the first time in England we had the satisfaction of confessing ourselves miserable sinners in an unaffected tone of voice. At

the Pilgrim's Gate, when they brought us our dole of bread and beer (you probably know that all who pass through are treated in this way), the old porter assured me that the horn cup from which I drank was the same used several times by the king.

A few words more from Miss Marshall on the subject of St. Cross: "She smiled at the porter, who was standing at the hatchway with a horn of beer and hunch of white bread, according to time honoured custom, and about to present it to a pedestrian from Southampton, who looked weary enough, and drank the beer eagerly.

" ' Good e'en to you, madam,' said the porter, ' I saw you pass ten minutes ago, but you did not ask for the dole.'

" ' No, good Denis,' Mistress Lilburn said, calling the porter by his name, ' I pass in and out too often to ask for the dole!' This was said in jest with a bright smile. . . .

" Master Boyle duly drank his horn of ale, and complimented the porter on the excellence of the brew, but craved leave to dispense with the hunch of bread. ' He must be a dull man who is not moved to some emotion when for the first time he passes under this beautiful gateway,' Master Boyle said, as he turned to

look at the Beaufort Tower. . . . ' It makes me long for quiet and seclusion, and that black gown with the cross shining on the breast of yonder venerable brother.' . . . So they entered the church. . . . He walked round the church examining the delicately carved arches, crossing and recrossing each other at every point, then the lofty chancel, and the curious bird-beak moulding in the north transept. . . . Outside the church, Mistress Lilburn showed him the curious triple arch, with its tooth ornament. . . . As they passed out of the hall, a brother in a dark crimson gown bowed low to Mistress Lilburn. ' He is Brother Anthony,' she said, ' A brother of Noble Poverty, and thus distinguished from the rest.' "

One of the best-known emblems of Winchester is the Trusty Servant, that odd little figure with the head of a faithful dog, the mouth closed with a padlock, the hands holding instruments of household usefulness, and the clothes those of a well-appointed flunkey.

Speaking of trusty servants reminds me of a visit which we once made to an old manor house near Winchester, which we particularly wished to inspect on account of some interesting fireplaces. The visit was under the most adverse circumstances. We drove to the house,

and inquired if we might enter for purposes of viewing its charms. The butler replied loftily that her ladyship greatly objected to visitors, but that she was just going out to drive, and, if we would conceal ourselves among some trees until her carriage was quite out of sight, the confidential maid would take us in and show us *everything*. Relying, then, on this trusty servant, we waited until the proper moment, and then, feeling like burglars, we stealthily approached the entrance. A neat maid met us with a formal curtsey, and we were conducted through the house and grounds. The fireplaces were fully worth the adventure.

As Stevenson says: "I never weary of great churches, it is my favourite kind of mountain scenery." Henry James, after mentioning that Salisbury is probably the best-known cathedral in the world, on account of its spire, adds: "It is so simply and obviously fair that when you have respectfully made a note of it, you have summed up the matter." It is not piquant; you have it at a glance. There is little mystery or accident to discover. Old Evelyn was politely enthusiastic upon viewing it: "The cathedral I take to be the completest piece of Gothic work in Europe, taken in all its uniformity. The pil-

lars, reputed to be cast, are of stone manifestly cut out of the quarry; the most observable are those in the chapter house. There are some remarkable monuments, particularly the ancient Bishops, founders of the church, Knights Templars, the cloysters of the palace and garden, and the great mural dial."

Miss Marshall describes a royal visit to Salisbury: "As we neared Salisbury we heard the sweet chimes ringing from the belfry tower, which stood a little apart from the cathedral, on the western side . . . there was a great hubbub, and the train bands with staves were keeping back the people who pressed forward to see the king and the ladies of the queen's train. . . . The clustered pillars, the vaulted roof, the perfect proportions of that noble church, can only be believed when the eye hath duly measured them."

Among the monuments in Salisbury Cathedral is one to Lord Hungerford, who was "hanged and degraded, and had a toad put into his coat of arms," according to an old writer.

One can well see how much delicious old glass has been lost to us in England, when one reads a criticism like this by Daniel Defoe of the glass in Salisbury. He says: "The glass in the sev-

eral windows, being very old, has contracted such a rust that it is scarcely to be distinguished from the stone walls, whereas ” (listen to the fierce alternative!) “ were the windows glazed with squares, and kept clean as might be done, they would be plainly visible at a distance.” This is the criticism of a cultivated man of his times; surely this attitude accounts for much of the painful effects in windows, when they were deliberately “ chirked up ” to be gay and brilliant.

The habit of finding little coincidences, and writing verses appropriate to the demands, is a specially British trait. It is cozily interesting to follow, for instance, this conscientious verse about Salisbury :

“ As many days as in one year there be
So many windows in one church we see.
As many marble pillars there appear
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year.
As many gates, as moons one year do view,
Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true! ”

Dickens makes a singular and unaccountable little slip in “ Martin Chuzzlewit,” when he speaks of “ the towers of Salisbury Cathedral.” If there is a distinctive feature more than another about Salisbury, it is that it has a spire instead of towers. Dickens knew this

perfectly well, too, and a few pages later he alludes quite naturally to the spire. The spire was built purposely to serve as a kind of beacon guide for the inhabitants of the entire flat district known as Salisbury Plain.

The oiling of the weather-cock on this spire is quite an excitement. A ladder leads to within thirty feet of the top, and then the man who mounts it is obliged to crawl the rest of the way. A guide book of an elder day observes: "Many persons have voluntarily and daringly clambered to the top, even in a state of intoxication." To have mounted to the weather-vane for any but strictly business reasons would really seem to indicate a state either of intoxication or insanity. This dizzy height, as Dr. Holmes has whimsically remarked, is a point "which nothing terrestrial has ever looked down upon . . . except a bird, a bat, a skyrocket, or a balloon."

Some of the English preachers have such a painful sense of duty to realism that all possible idealism, and almost all spirituality, are lost in their sermons. I remember hearing what was intended for an earnest appeal one Hospital Sunday. The clergyman gave electrifying statements regarding the needs of the hospitals. I myself had been impressed with

the fearful inadequacy of appointments at one of the London hospitals, not the least objectionable feature being a deeply cut ornate cornice in the operating room—a haven for germs. This preacher had much to say about “diseases of the stomach,” and kindred matters equally poetic. He also described the trials of a death-bed where the usual disadvantages of dissolution were enhanced by the presence of “creatures crawling about,” as he elegantly expressed it, “whose names you would not like me to pronounce.” I was relieved that he *did* draw the line at pronouncing them—I had been prepared for anything. I had hardly looked for such forbearance, judging by the tenor of his other remarks.

This bluntness is a national feature, I think. For instance, it is almost impossible to explain to English friends why in America it would be impossible to gain members for a society for crippled girls called the “Guild of the Brave Poor Things.” Simply, no American girl could so announce herself. The words would go against her. And yet it is a flourishing Arts and Crafts movement in England.

The use of words is very different in the two countries, and it is not easy to make it clear just what the difference is. It is very subtle,

but very easily felt, although it cannot be described. For instance, take the advertisement of a book shop; you would know that it was in England and not in America, that a dealer announced that he had "moved to larger and more convenient premises (opposite Messrs. H.'s Carriage Works, five minutes from the railway station; cars stop at door), forming the largest Book Saloon in the Midlands. Inspection cordially invited." There is nothing really the matter with this statement—it is full of helpful facts; perhaps its very helpfulness has something irritating about it.

And then somehow the expression "Shirt builder to His Majesty" sounds as if armour had come in again for use in court circles!

We found in one town a sign which advertised a "Temperance Laundry," and we are still lost in conjecture as to where the temperance is applied!

Among our most delightful memories is a visit at Ely, with the dean; where, in the old thirteenth century house, our windows looked out between ivy-covered buttresses, and where they apologize for their dining room, because it is only Elizabethan! The laundry is a Norman crypt. As Henry James says: "After spending twenty-four hours in a house that is

six hundred years old, you seem yourself to have lived in it for six hundred years! ”

The patron saint of Ely is Etheldreda, the queen of King Egfrid, a lady so pious that she determined to live a virgin. Fortunately the king agreed to this eccentric choice of his spouse, and she founded an abbey, and became its abbess. Her whole history resembled that of a majority of the early saints. Her title is often bestowed as “ queen, wife, virgin, and saint. ”

Ely has been very fortunate in having a literary man for its dean for many years, so that the cathedral handbook prepared by Dean Stubbs, now Bishop of Truro, is as interesting as a book of essays.

The Isle of Ely has had Christian worship since the seventh century. Episodes of much significance have transpired within its territory, and one of the most dramatic of these is that of King Knut rowing by, and hearing the monks chanting. The old ballad commemorating this event has been translated as follows:

“ Merrily sang the monks of Ely,
Knut the king rowed by,
‘ Listen how the winds be bringing
From yon church a holy singing,
Row, men, nearer by. ’ ”



STAIRCASE TO ORGAN LOFT, ELY CATHEDRAL.

Life in the early days in the Fen Country has been described in a clear way in two works of fiction, Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake," and MacFarlane's "Camp of Refuge." Both of these should be read at Ely. Froude, in "Thomas Carlyle's Life in London," speaks thus of Ely: "His first halt was at Ely. He arrived in the evening, and walked into the cathedral, which, though fresh from Bruges and Ghent, he called 'one of the most impressive buildings he had ever seen in his life.' It was empty apparently. No living thing was to be seen in the whole vast building but a solitary sparrow, when suddenly some invisible hand touched the organ, and the rolling sounds, soft, sweet and solemn, went pealing through the solitary aisles. He was greatly affected. He had come to look at the spot where Oliver had called down out of his reading desk a refractory high church clergyman, and he had encountered a scene which seemed a rebuke to his fierceness."

Fuller tells us that the willow tree "delighteth in moist places and is triumphant in the Isle of Ely." Baskets have always been a conspicuous product of this town; even Martial alludes to "a basket rude from painted Britons come." So even in the woad period it is evi-

dent that the willows were understood and adapted to local needs.

In the "Camp of Refuge" MacFarlane describes Saxon Ely: "The abbey built at Ely in the tenth century . . . was a stately stone edifice, vast in its dimensions and richly ornamented in details. Round-headed arches rested upon rows of massive columns; the roof of the church and the roof of the great hall of the abbey were arched and towering, and high above all the tower and steeple shot into the air, to serve as a landmark throughout the flat fen country, and a guide to such as might lose themselves among the meres and the labyrinths of the willow forests. If the monks of Ely were lords of all the country and of all the people dwelling in it, those people and all honest wayfarers ever found the hospitable gates of the abbey open to receive them, and all comers were feasted according to their several degrees by the Lord Abbot, the prior, the cellarer, the hospitaller, the pietancer, or some other officer of the house. Twenty knights, with their twenty squires to carry arms and shield, did service to the Lord Abbot as his military retainers, and in his great stables room was left for many more horses . . . compared with some of the fen monastic houses, Ely was dry,

being on higher ground than many such establishments." In Ely the monastic discipline is indicated in the *Liber Eliensis*: "There was one rule for all; the chief requirement was obedience, love of sacred worship, and a full resolve to maintain the honour of God's House," and "We believe that the Divine Presence exists everywhere, but above all when we attend Divine Service."

Ovin's Cross, the curious monument in the south aisle of Ely, was used to tether horses to for years, and was secured for the cathedral only in the last century. Its inscription reads: "Grant O Lord to Ovin thy light and rest. Amen." Ovin was probably the steward of St. Etheldreda.

On the tomb of Alan de Walsingham, who built the octagon, is a Latin poem, which, translated, reads:

"These things ye may at Ely see,
The lantern, chapel of St. Marie,
A windmill mounted up on high,
A vineyard yielding wine yearly.
A simple folk whom bridges guard,
Its name doth come, so old men say,
From throngs of eels in water way;
Of all the wealth in many lands,
This wonder choir before all stands,
Which Brother Alan raised on high —
Let travelled men his fame deny.

A sacrist good and prior benign,
 A builder too of genius fine,
 The flower of craftsmen, Alan Prior,
 Here lies entombed before the choir;
 As sacrist twice ten years built he,
 Then Prior crowned all in twenty-three.
 A Sextry hall he made from the ground,
 And Mepal, Brame, church manors found.
 And when one night the old tower fell
 This new tower built, yea, mark it well.
 So now to end his labours great
 God grant him seat in heaven's high gate."

The Ely Imps, though not as clever grotesques as the Lincoln Imp, have been enshrined in a merry verse as follows:

"Ely imps you see
 Pick-a-back imps in glee
 With the wings of a bat
 And the grin of a cat
 Making mock at you and me.
 Sing nonny ho, nonny he,
 Oh, what fools poor mortals be!"

Prior Crauden's Chapel was a functional little sanctuary, really used by the prior in his lifetime. "Hither did he resort by night and day for spiritual meditation, unless prevented by sickness," say the abbey records.

In the aisle is another relic, a representation of the wolf holding the head of St. Edmund,



DETAIL OF THE PRIOR'S DOOR, ELY.

in a stone carving which was once the side of the abbot's chair at Bury.

Stories are told about the occupation of cathedrals by Cromwell and his troopers. Edward Fitz Gerald mentions an occasion: " Oliver marching in as the bells were ringing to service; bundling out canons, prebendaries, choristers, with the flat of the sword, and then standing up to preach himself, in his armour! A grand picture. Afterwards they broke the painted windows, which I should count injudicious, but that I sometimes feel a desire that some boys would go and do likewise to the Pusey Votive windows, if you know that branch of art!" There is a letter from Cromwell, written at Ely in 1643, which shows how drastic were his methods when he was not pleased: " Mr. Hitch: Lest the soldiers should in any tumultuary or disorderly way attempt the Reformation of the cathedral Church, I require you to forbear altogether your choir service, so unedifying and offensive " and more to the same effect, ending " Your loving friend Ol. Crom."

In Ely is the stately tomb to the ecclesiastical author of the Prayer for All Sorts and Conditions of Men. One day, when the dean was conducting a party of Americans, he men-

tioned this fact. A bumptious young man who could teach the world replied: "I beg your pardon, but I happen to know that that was written by Sir Walter Besant!"

I think one should stop a few hours at least in Rochester, either on the way to Canterbury, or as an excursion from London. Dickens' home, Gadshill, was near Rochester; on market days he often walked to town. He so frequently crossed the old bridge that, when it was taken down, the contractors gave one of its balusters to Dickens as a souvenir; it was long used in the garden at Gadshill as a sundial pedestal.

Rochester, according to Mr. Pickwick, produced chiefly "soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers, and dock-yard men." Rochester Cathedral interested us, — it is not an important building, but it has atmosphere. The verger who conducted us about, twenty years ago, had been a choir boy, and told us that he had often seen Dickens come into the crypt, and sit by the hour, apparently meditating, when he was writing "Edwin Drood." In that book he has given us a picture of the choir boys robing at Rochester; it is very graphic, if not as romantic as one sometimes likes to think. "The bells are going for daily service, and he

needs attend it, one would say, from his haste to reach the open Cathedral door. The choir are getting on their sullied white robes, in a hurry, when he arrives among them, gets on his own robe, and falls into the procession filing into service. Then the sacristan locks the iron-barred gates that divide the sanctuary from the chancel, and all of this procession having scuttled into their places, hide their faces: and then the intoned words 'when the wicked man' rise among the groins of the arches, and beams of the roof, awakening muttered thunder."

Rochester Castle is a very pleasingly proportioned specimen of a square Norman keep. When I was there one could go high up among the ruins and prowl about—perhaps one can still. The castle well very nearly became the cause of a tragedy when the celebrated architect, Welby Pugin, once stepped into it inadvertently and was with difficulty rescued!

From Rochester to Canterbury I once rode in the carriage with a sad-faced, shabby clerical person, whose wife sat opposite him. She was a terrible type. She removed her hat at once, displaying a smooth grey "slick" of hair done in a single unyielding knot. She wore boots with elastic sides, and a man's coat. Her belt rose in front and sagged behind, and she was

thin and angular. The picture was completed by a glance at the book which her tired husband was perusing. It was entitled "The Last Hope."

CHAPTER IX

THE GREAT UNIVERSITIES

IN comparing Oxford and Cambridge in that unnecessary neurotic spirit to which travellers seem to be impelled, Henry James says: "If Oxford were not the finest thing in England, Cambridge would certainly be." Suppose we vary the customary method by not comparing them at all? They are two university towns, with certain features in common and certain differences. Both are interesting in different and in similar ways.

A follower of William the Conqueror, Robert d'Oily, built Oxford Castle. He seems to have been a great robber, and he built first great fortresses in which to guard his treasure, and then churches, where he might do penance and atone for his depredations. The Chronicle of Abingdon gives an estimate of this gentleman: "Rich he was, and spared not rich or poor, to take their livelihood away, and to lay up treasures

for himself." The story of his conversion is amusing. "He filched a certain field . . . and gave it over to the soldiers of the castle, . . . the brethren were greatly grieved, . . . and prayed that his robbery of the monastery might be avenged, or that he might be led to make atonement." Robert dreamed, soon after that, that he was carried away by two monks into the very meadow which he had feloniously acquired, into the presence, strange to relate, of the Virgin Mary; and that "most nasty little boys" there were set to torment him. Whether it was owing to these discomforts, or to a real change of heart, Robert awoke with a start, and told his dream to his wife, who naturally advised him to give up this piece of land, and this he did. After that he could not do enough for the monks; he built them a bridge across the Isis, and restored all their churches.

From the earliest days of the university it was destined to pass through numerous trials and vicissitudes. The period of Wyclif was unsettling to the atmosphere of the university. Wood writes: "Wyclivism did domineer among us;" and a heated controversy arose over what were termed his "two-hundred-and-sixty-seven damned conclusions."

Another enemy to the progress of the uni-

versity life was the plague, which, owing largely to overcrowded conditions, broke out each year during the time of the Renaissance and the Reformation.

Later came Colet and Erasmus, in 1497, and the revival of learning seemed assured. There appeared to be less religious fermentation for a time, but this was not dead; it revived again and again. Building activities were greatest during the first half of the sixteenth century, from 1500 to 1530. Brasenose, Corpus Cristi, and much of Christ Church were erected, besides some parts of Oriel College. In the reign of Edward VI a strongly Protestant spirit prevailed, and this was almost as destructive of tradition as were the inroads of the Puritans at a later epoch. Everything that could be suspected of suggesting the papacy was ruthlessly destroyed; piles of valuable manuscripts were burned just because they had red initials. Whole libraries were sold for a shilling a cart-load, and other works of plunder were perpetrated under the name of religion.

The most ghastly moment in the history of Oxford was the burning of Ridley and Latimer. There is a little cross in the pavement on Broad Street where stood the stake and where, on the sixth of October, 1555, " they were brought to a

place over against Balliol College," and there met their tragic fate.

Under James I there was a certain divine, named Haydock, who had a habit of preaching in his sleep. This gentleman was not content to regard this peculiarity as an accidental nightmare, but he would repeat the sermons by day, claiming that they had been sent him during the night by way of a revelation. A flowery sermon is reported by Richard Taverner, in which he said, "I have brought you some fine biscuits baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, for the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation!" This was in the days when Euphues was the standard of English composition!

In the Georgian period appeared a book entitled "Terræ Filius" which, under the form of advice to students, exploited their faults with unamiable zeal. The author claimed that on their arrival in Oxford youths were received "among a parcel of honest, merry fellows who think themselves obliged, in honour and common civility, to make you damnably drunk, and carry you, as they call it, a corpse, to bed." Possibly this may have been typical of the reception of freshmen, for about that time the

accounts of Gilbert White, the naturalist, who was then proctor, shows that he invested in "mountain wine, very old and good," with an occasional "bowl of rum punch from Horsman's." To balance these orgies, simple gastronomic treats seem to have been composed of eggs and oranges! Even these items may have been incipient egg-nogs, of some local brew.

At all times in the history of the university fines were imposed upon the students for various offences. There is a record that one youth, in a fit of melancholy, attempted suicide, and cut his throat badly; he was promptly fined five shillings, and the master sent him word that if he did it again he would have to pay ten shillings!

Andrew Lang has stated what he believes to be the main characteristic of Oxford. "Conservative as Oxford is, the home of impossible causes, she has always given asylum to new doctrines, to all the thoughts which comfortable people call 'dangerous.' We have seen her agitated by Lollardism, which never quite died, perhaps, till its eager protest against the sacerdotal idea was fused into the fire of the Reformation. Oxford was literally devastated by that movement, and by the Catholic reaction, and then was disturbed for a century and a

half by the war of Puritanism, and of Tory Anglicanism. The latter had scarcely time to win the victory, and to fall into a doze by her pipe and port, before Evangelical religion came to vex all that was moderate, mature, and fond of repose. The revolutionary enthusiasm of Shelley's time was comparatively feeble, because it had no connection with religion, or at least no connection with the religion to which our countrymen were accustomed. Between the era of the Revolution and our own day, two religious tempests and one secular storm of thought have swept over Oxford." And certainly these questions will always continue to exercise the thinkers of the university, for religious questions are the most vital in her history and development. Edward Fitz Gerald speaks of a certain war cry of "those opposed to the Oxford movement,— 'The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible!'"

It seems strange to Americans to think of college men being, as it were, under lock and key,— obliged to be in their rooms at a certain hour at night, and in fact treated in many ways as school boys. It is reported that they are not allowed to smoke after ten, a fine being attached to the breaking of this rule! But when one

looks back through the history of the University, in the middle ages, and realizes that this is an institution which began during the feudal system, and how slowly things always change in England, it is not to be as much remarked upon.

The university grew up almost accidentally; that is, it had no founder who said, "Go to, let us establish a college." Teachers and scholars originally met together for educational purposes; Oxford began to be the centre of these associations, and, as the informal schools grew in numbers, they received recognition from the state and from the church. Halls were a natural outgrowth of the demands of the situation; the ever increasing bands of students must be fed and housed, and by the thirteenth century there were three hundred halls of learning in Oxford, with something near a hundred students in each. Various colleges stood for various specialties: Durham College educated monks for the Durham establishment; St. John's was resorted to by Cistercians; while the Welsh students went usually to Jesus College.

Students living outside the regular precincts were called Martinets, because they were supposed to be as free and wild as the birds! Some of the students were very poor, and could not

pay for their accommodation, and, from being first pensioners, they were finally received into some halls which were rented for very slight sums, but were subject to several restrictions. The life was a good deal like that in a monastery. Scripture readings accompanied dinner in the refectory; no fires or lights were permitted in the rooms, and "light or idle talk" was prohibited even in recreation hours. They indulged apparently in only one pastime, and that was walking or running in the evenings, after study hours, in order to warm themselves before going to bed. At Brasenose College the students were obliged to repeat the Pater Noster five times every day, to symbolize the five wounds of Christ.

In 1355 occurred a fierce brawl on St. Scholastica's day, which assumed such proportions of a "town and gown" fight, that the Pope had to interfere by placing the city under a ban until the relations should become more friendly. This disturbance began with a question of some wine, which a student found fault with. The landlord "answered surlily," according to accounts. The student became angry, and broke the flask of wine on the landlord's head. This was the signal for a general rising; it was nothing but the match put to the trail of explosive

that had long been lying ready for combustion. The town, together with the rustics from the suburbs, arose against the students, and cowls and gowns were attacked fiercely, and no doubt responded with equal zeal. The troops were ordered out, but failed to quell the trouble, and for four years these riots broke out from time to time, and became a new feature in university life!

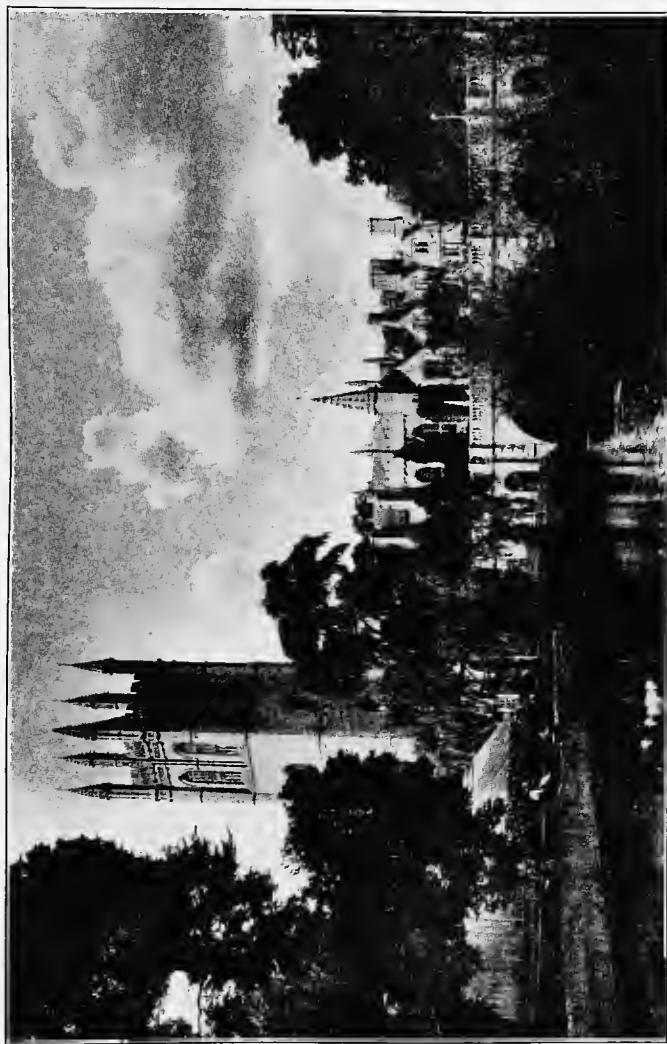
Among pleasant recollections of Oxford is a luncheon with one of the professors, in his own apartments in New College. The room itself was inspiring, with its mullioned windows, and solid oak furnishings, but I was especially struck with the interesting old silver, which seemed to date from every period, and which appeared, course after course, with profusion, in the form of dishes, salt cellars, and ornamental pieces of table silver, as well as the more practical forks and spoons. When I remarked upon the wealth of table silver, so complete for an institution of learning, my host told me that it was the custom, and always had been, for each scholar in Oxford to leave behind him as a present, at his graduation, a bit of silver. Thus, according to the purse of the donor, every piece of silver in the collection represents some student — the name and date

are marked on each. This seems to me to be a particularly pleasant way to remember the alumni of an institution, and a means of keeping them constantly before their successors.

In Oxford one rambles from quadrangle to garden, seeing the beautiful buildings, and fortunately one is not obliged to decide as to their merits; each has individuality and a history of its own.

All around the quadrangle at Magdalen, which is filled with that wonderful grass so famous for its perfection, run the cloisters. This lawn, "delicious to one's sentient boot sole," as Henry James says, can never be appreciated unless it is seen. Between and above each arch is a curious grotesque. Sometimes this figure looks like a prehistoric bird pluming itself; sometimes it is a stunted stone couple, dancing; and, again, twisted beasts, apparently in great discomfort. These are emblematic of the various virtues and vices, but it would take a long time to pick them out. One, which has usually been called the "backbiter," represents a benign, patient creature, on the order of a close-shaven bear, on whose back a smaller beast has settled firmly.

It seems a rather heavy exploitation of wit to



ON THE ISIS, OXFORD.

place a nose made of brass over the door of Brasenose College!

In Exeter quadrangle there is a chestnut tree which has always gone by the name of "Heber's Tree," because it is just under the window of Heber's room at Brasenose. There is another tree, on which, when the figs were ripe, one Dr. Kennicott, wishing to reserve it for personal delectation, stuck a label, inscribed "Dr. Kennicott's Fig Tree." An undergraduate removed this sign, and substituted one reading "A fig for Dr. Kennicott!"

Keble College is a brick and tile abomination.

In the many museums in Oxford there are fascinating objects of interest. One that appealed to me very much was an old picture of Drake with a pistol. The guide used to claim that this was the very pistol with which Drake "shot the gulf!" (This was the usual term when any one went on the other side of the known world.) I was also much edified by seeing the original drawings of Sir Christopher Wren for St. Paul's Cathedral. I wondered why the result was not more full of beauty, although it has majesty. There is also the skull of a Greek girl with a braid of well preserved hair. She was found buried with a copy of Homer under her head.

It is an amusing instance of the gradual corruption of names when one realizes that the little carving over the door in St. Catherine's Hall represented the Salutation of the Virgin, and that the original name, "Piges washael," has come down to our days as the "Pig and Whistle!"

There is a theory that the walls around the colleges are very secure, and that, when the gates are closed, no one can escape. It would be difficult to plan a more ingenious device to tempt youths to stray than to proclaim such a condition. Naturally the chief object of a number of youths is to break bounds — to get out at night, simply because it is assumed that they cannot do it. It has been the stimulating custom of the authorities to mitigate punishment to such offenders on condition that they would tell or demonstrate their method of escape, so that new schemes of guarding exits may be devised to prevent future lapses. A story is told of one young man who could not make up his mind to tell exactly how he had escaped, because he had been assisted by some of his companions, and he was unwilling to give his friends away. Therefore, as a compromise, he asked the college board to consult the twentieth verse of the eighteenth psalm. The

tableau is pleasing — these learned and sedate men opening the Bible, and gravely looking up a text, only to be confronted by the words: “ By the help of my God I have leaped over the wall! ”

In Frewin Hall King Edward VII was housed during his Oxford career. Although he was in charge of a bishop and a judge, he once escaped, and for a day or two the Prince of Wales was actually mislaid in his mother’s kingdom!

Frewin Hall is a wonderful old house. It is now the residence of Professor C. W. C. Oman, the historian. Erasmus stayed in this house while he was in Oxford. It is not necessary to dilate upon its age after this statement. Some one asked me where Frewin Hall was? It is not so easy to say. It is exactly in the centre of a busy section of the city, and yet it is remote — standing in a charming garden, opening on a lawn which was a bowling green in the days of Charles I. Go down the crowded shopping street and, between two commercial buildings, you will see a tiny alley-way. It would never occur to you to penetrate to the end of this passage in quest of beauty; but, when you get there, you are more than repaid, for here stands a stately entrance gate, bearing the date 1662,

—you enter, and you are in an old-world cloister, partly ruined. Beyond this lie the gardens of the house, and no more ideal situation could be conceived.

The house has an Elizabethan dining-room, exquisitely panelled, and all the spacious apartments lead off in a wilderness of charm. Last summer the family was greatly interested over the discovery of a Norman capital in the cellar of Frewin Hall, and after luncheon we all took tapers and went down to explore the excavations which were then in progress, for the entire cellar under part of the house had been filled in with earth for some centuries; it felt like making a visit to the catacombs! A hiding hole had been unearthed, among other attractions. The house also maintains a ghost in regular standing; it comes down the stairs at suitable intervals, and raps at a certain door. This would appear to be the extent of its indiscretions.

Boat-racing at Oxford differs from other colleges in general principle: the race is not simply to the swift, for the prize is to the "bump." The river being so narrow in places, and it being impossible therefore for several boats to race abreast, the inspiration came to some brilliant mind to adapt their standard to

their limitations, and the "bumping race" grew up because it was the best way to harmonize the sport with its environment. It is the effort of each boat-load, not to reach the goal first, as in ordinary racing, but to bump the stern of the boat just ahead of it, and, of course, incidentally, to prevent the boat behind from doing the same thing to itself. When a boat bumps another it is promoted—it moves up one, and the bumped boat takes position in the rear. The boats do not start abreast, but one ahead of the other, according to the record won for each by its bumping capacity. In such a race much depends upon the coxswain, who is the only one in the boat who can see the boat ahead, for which they are taking aim. The crew, seeing plainly the boat just behind, which is trying to bump them, are always instinctively trying to escape rather than to attack.

It was deemed necessary to have each boat accompanied by interested parties who could see both ways, and thus advise both crew and coxswain. So each boat has three runners who accompany the race along the track by the river side, and these persons each carry, for signalling purposes, a bell, a policeman's rattle and a pistol. One can imagine the pandemonium when each boat is being signalled by these in-

sistent sounds, to which involuntary shouts and cheers form a running accompaniment. In short, the race is both on land and sea — three on foot to every eight in a boat!

Turning now to Cambridge, it is interesting to learn that it has a legendary origin, although it is hardly possible at this day to pronounce upon the authenticity of the tale. It is said that a Spanish prince, Cantaber, founded the university “in the four-hundred and twenty-sixth year from the creation of the world” (which in itself is a difficult date to reckon!) and that then, drawn by “the pleasantness of the place,” scholars from Athens came and settled as its first professors, to be succeeded by one Kenet, appointed by King Arthur, and later, by Bede and Alcuin. These last can be attested — the rest must be taken on faith or discarded!

Alcuin, writing to the students from the court of Charlemagne, says: “Forasmuch as Ignorance is the mother of error, I earnestly entreat that youths among you be used to be present at the praises of the Supreme King, not to unearth foxes, not to hunt hares; — let them now learn the Holy Scriptures,” and more good advice to similar effect.

Matthew Paris describes Cambridge in his day as "neither accessible for man or beast, affording only deep mud, with sedge and reeds, and possessed of birds, yea, much more by devils, as appeareth in the life of St. Guthlac, who, finding it a place of horror and great solitude, began to inhabit there." Probably the "birds" and "devils" can still be detected in Cambridge, and no doubt saints also "inhabit there," if not for the same reason!

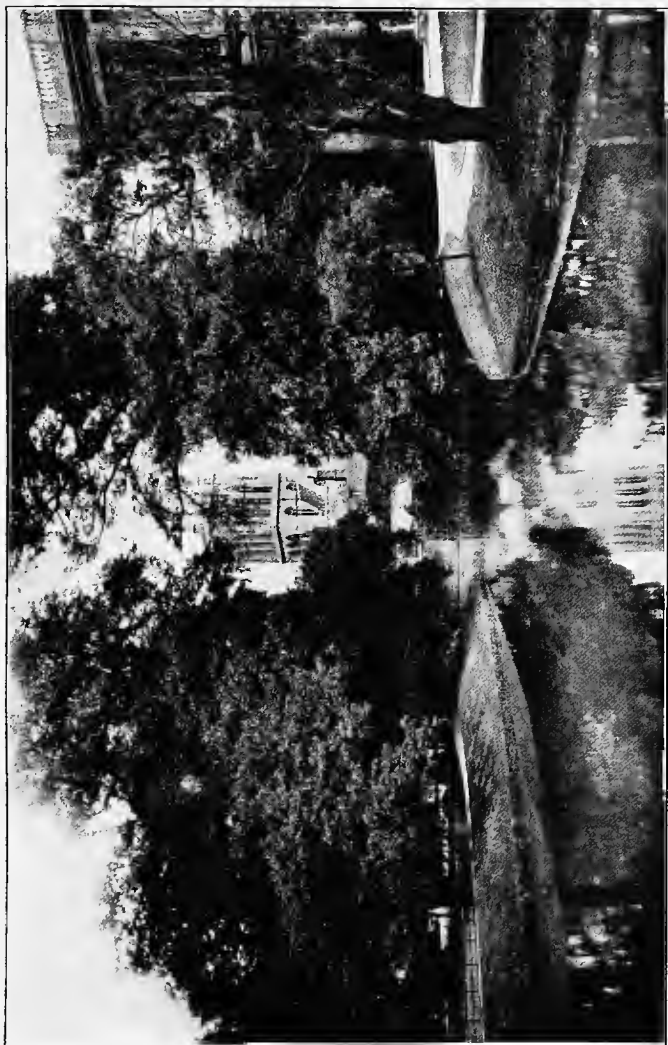
Charles Kingsley testifies also to this early swampy condition of Cambridge. "The fens in the seventh century were . . . a labyrinth of black, wandering streams, broad lagoons, morasses submerged every spring-tide, vast beds of reeds and sedge and fern, vast copses of willow and alder, and grey poplar, rooted in the floating peat. . . . Trees torn down by flood and storm floated and lodged in rafts, damming the waters back on the land. . . . Nature left to herself ran into wild riot and chaos more and more, till the whole fen became one "dismal swamp" in which at the time of the Norman Conquest the "last of the English . . . took refuge from their tyrants . . . and lived a free and joyous life awhile."

Fuller tells us, too, that at this time "King William the Conqueror, going to subdue the

monks of Ely that resisted him, made Cambridgeshire the seat of war." Not that any actual battles seem to have been fought at Cambridge—it was used more as a base of supplies.

The first church recorded in Cambridge is the old St. Giles; the story is that the wife of the Baron Picot lay at the point of death at Cambridge, and she vowed that, if she might recover, she would build a church in honour of St. Giles. "Whereupon," continues the chronicler, "she recovered in three days." Not to be outdone in promptness, the baroness immediately erected a church with other buildings in keeping, and six Augustine canons were started at once upon a career in the vicinity.

The next church was the wonderful little Church of the Holy Sepulchre, of the Knights Templars. Two persons are reported to have started this institution, but both are somewhat mythical. One is described as Peveril, and as being a young crusader; the other is called Ralph with a Beard, and is credited with having received "a grant of land to build a minster in honour of God and the Holy Sepulchre," about 1130. Other authorities state that the church dates from 1101. Its internal dimensions are only fourteen feet by nineteen. It is



ON THE CAM, CAMBRIDGE.

more ornate than the Temple Church in London, and there are many evidences that it was earlier in construction.

The actual colleges were founded in Cambridge by degrees. The first impulse to their existence was the tendency to proselyte among the monastic institutions where the students at first began to gather. Peterhouse, the earliest, was founded by the Bishop of Ely in 1281. In the fourteenth century Clare and Pembroke and some other institutions followed, and then came King's, which had a quaint set of rules and regulations of great interest. No scholar could be under fourteen years of age, and must be, at his entrance into the college, of "good and reputable conversation." He was provided with lodging and clothes, as well as his food, at the eminently reasonable figure of fourteen pence a week. The chief requirement was a knowledge of Latin. Prohibitions were numerous. He must not frequent taverns, nor introduce dogs within the college precincts, nor was he permitted to wear pointed shoes, to carry short swords, bows, or flutes, or to own catapults. Quite an orderly young person must have resulted if all these limitations were observed!

King's College was probably built by a great

admirer of Alan de Walsingham, for, under the patronage of Henry VI, it was erected almost exactly like the lady chapel at Ely, the work of Walsingham. There is no church or chapel of its size more absolutely perfect than King's College Chapel in all æsthetic essentials.

It is remarkable that the iconoclasts allowed the windows at King's to escape. Their prowess was recorded with pride by William Dowson, who writes: "we pulled down two mighty angels with wings, and divers other angels; . . . and Peter with his keys . . . and about one hundred cherubims," adding, "and at Queen's we beat down a hundred and ten superstitious pictures!" Queen's College was built soon after King's, the Queen of Henry VI, Margaret of Anjou, founding it in 1447. Here is pointed out the tower of Erasmus, where he worked for many years. He found the atmosphere singularly sympathetic, in which we should heartily follow the tastes of Erasmus, I am sure. The little quadrangle of Queen's is one of the most fascinating if not impressive spots in the entire university.

In 1680 this tower of Erasmus was described by Andrew Paschal, "the stairs which rise up to his study at Queen's College, in Cambridge, do bring into two of the fairest chambers in the

ancient building . . . to one of them is a square turret adjoining, in the upper part of which is the study of Erasmus . . . that room which for the height and neatness of it and prospect, might easily take his phancy." Erasmus himself wrote to one of his friends: " Here I live like a cockle shut up in his shell, stowing myself away in college, and perfectly mum over my books. . . . I cannot go out of doors because of the plague. . . . I am beset with thieves, and the wine is no better than vinegar. . . . I do not like the ale of this place at all . . . if you could manage to send me a cask of Greek wine, the very best that can be bought, you would be doing your friend a great kindness, but mind it is not too sweet. . . . I am sending you back your cask, which I have kept by me, that I might enjoy at least the perfume of Greek wine! . . . My expenses here are enormous; the profits not a brass farthing."

Trinity was founded in 1350, and is usually alluded to as " the hall." The Lady Margaret foundations were Christ's College and St. John's. She was the mother of Henry VII. Her character may be best understood by noting extracts from her funeral sermon, which was preached by Bishop Fisher. He speaks of her as " of marvellous gentleness " and says

that "all England for her death hath cause for weeping; the poor creatures who were wont to receive her alms . . . the students of both universities, to whom she was as a mother: all the learned men of England . . . all good religious men and women . . . all good priests and clerks, to whom she was a true defendress; all noblemen and women, to whom she was a mirror and example of honour; all the common people," etc. Truly, she must have been a woman in advance of her times.

Dr. Caius, a brilliant but eccentric man, founded Caius College in 1557. He divided his time between superintending the building and fighting on the subject of "vestments, albs, crosses, tapers, and all massing abominations." The Gate of Honour was not built until after his death, in 1575.

Of the great men of the Reformation there is an old saying: "Cambridge bred them and Oxford burned them." This is relatively true, in the extravagant way that such axioms are usually true. Puritan spirit flourished more in East Anglia than farther west.

Sidney Sussex College, which was founded in 1589, has a delightful garden, which has been charmingly described: "Here is a good garden, an admirable bowling green, a beautiful sum-

mer house, at the back of which is a walk agreeably winding, with a variety of trees and shrubs intertwining, and forming the whole length of a fine canopy over head, with nothing but singing and fragrance and seclusion, a delightful summer retreat, the sweetest lovers' and poets' walk, perhaps, in the university." And that reminds me — I have not said a word yet about the "backs!" Those famous "backs" leading from behind the colleges to the river, which produce usually the first, last, and sometimes the only impression of casual visitors!

While we were passing the side door of a college we saw the Sunday ice going in. On a small luggage truck lay a thin, bluish slab, covered with burlap. It was almost in the proportion of a marble table-top, so meagre was it. This was pushed by two men with tender care, and was aided up the steps with as much ceremony and respect as if they had been playing pall-bearers to its coffin.

Once in going from Ely to Cambridge, the journey occupying twenty minutes, all our luggage was mislaid, and only recovered through some mysterious agency, late at night, having been put on a ten o'clock morning train in our presence. I fancy it had gone on to London and back again. I have known this to happen; if

the train is a trifle delayed, they do not take the extra time to unload luggage, but avail themselves of this convenient arrangement to add to the pleasures of travel in a land without baggage checks.



ST. BOTOLPH'S, BOSTON.

CHAPTER X

DAYS IN THE NORTH

BOSTON is an old town full of fascination, and St. Botolph's tower, the "Boston Stump," is all that could be desired. The founding of Boston was on this wise. In a certain noble Saxon family there were two sons, Botolf and Adolf, meaning "Ruling Wolf" and "Noble Wolf." They became Christians in the seventh century. Adolf became an abbot in Utrecht, where both boys had been sent to study, but Botolf returned to East Anglia, and requested the king to grant him some tract of land where he might start Christian worship and try to influence others to join him. The site which now is Boston was given to him. Here, in a little "wattle and daub" church, he started a brotherhood, a genuine Simple Life cult; there were no surrounding towns where anything could be bought, so that everything that they used had to be produced by the brethren themselves. They had to gather their wood, raise all their

own food, animal and vegetable, and, in addition to managing every department of daily life, these enthusiasts held seven services a day.

They were burned out by the Danes in 870, but they escaped to Thorney and to Ely, and the Christian work was not again carried out consistently in Boston until after the Norman Conquest, when a stone church was built, from which, in time, the parish of St. Botolph was evolved.

In a description of Boston by Mr. J. Martin, in his story "May Fair," he speaks of some individual features about the mediæval town. "The now spacious market place," he says, "was then covered with narrow streets with low houses . . . at the corner of every street stood a wooden crucifix or saint, to call forth the devotional feelings of the passers-by, which displayed themselves by a momentary genuflexion. . . . On particular occasions, such as feasts or fasts, every poor person felt it a point of conscience to present his favourite saint or patron with the end of a candle, so that the rudely carved representative of the holy man might at those times be seen with twenty or thirty candles burning before it at noonday." He tells of a "big stone figure of St. Botolf," which stood over the guard house door.

Another writer describes the small projecting porches which protruded from the shops: "the pent-houses which shaded the low windows frequently compelled the wayfarer who boasted a stature above four feet to quit the narrow foot-path, and take his chances with the ducks in the puddle." Such was the character of Boston in the middle ages.

Boston has always had an annual celebration of great importance, known as May Fair; this is first mentioned by an early poet in 1270, who relates that he went to "the Fair at Botolfston in Lincolnshire." In 1287 an exciting event occurred in connection with the Fair. A mock tournament between monks and canons was advertised, and many persons in religious habits came from some distance to compete. They, however, proved to be armed men in disguise, and in the evening they looted and burned the stalls, so that, according to the old account, "streams of gold, silver, and other metal, molten ran into the sea." The ringleader was caught and hanged, but the others all got away by means of ships which stole up the harbour to receive them after dark.

In Boston we made friends with a very attractive character in the shape of Miss Ellen King, of the Church Yard. This sounds as if

she were buried, I know, but no: her little establishment abuts on the grave-yard, just across from the tower, but she is a very much alive purveyor of photographs. Such general interest in my native town I have seldom seen, out of it. Her first remark to us was: "From Boston in America?" Upon our admitting this, she added, with a jovial smile, "We always know!" She seemed to be familiar with every one we knew at home, and she had a collection of all their visiting cards in an album, to which perforce we contributed. It is an excellent method of insuring mutual interest; Miss Ellen King never forgets any one from Boston, Mass., and no one from Boston, Mass., who has had the good fortune to meet Miss Ellen King will ever forget her!

She pointed out the statue of old St. Botolph who stands rather furtively in a quiet nook high up on his tower. Some workmen who were busy on the restorations left their work to come and see him; one of them admitted that, although he had lived all his life in Boston, he had never before seen the statue of St. Botolph!

We were more than amused, on going farther into the town of Boston, to find a certain district deliberately denominated "South End," a sign being put up to that effect!

At the time of the destruction of images, Boston experienced some inconvenience from the iconoclasm of the period. It was the habit of the mayor to go to church each Sunday with his maces carried before him. One day, when he was starting for church, it was discovered that some zealous reformer had gotten hold of these maces, and cut the crosses off the top. He had them carried to church just the same, and they aroused much sympathy and indignation. This wanton mutilation was pronounced "very evil done, and a dangerous matter, a felony and treason, because it was a defacing of the imperial Crown." This argument, however, as might be anticipated, had little weight with those who were bent upon not only removing the cross from the crown, but aimed at taking off the king's crown, head and all!

Indeed, there were some suspicions that John Cotton, who was at that time vicar, might have winked at the offence, being of such strong Puritanical feelings himself.

Another outrage was committed, and this more generally to be deplored; the statue of St. Botolph, on the tower, represented the saint as a mitred abbot, holding the model of the church in his hands. One of the churchwardens, being a Puritan in embryo, deliberately broke

this little model, because he thought the figure was a statue of the pope!

The East Anglian wave of superstition regarding witchcraft struck Boston, and "witch finders" were maintained at a regular salary. This was a wise arrangement, to pay "witch finders" by the day rather than by the job, so to speak; in another town, where the searcher was paid according to the number of witches discovered, twenty-seven women out of thirty were condemned, and in a single day fourteen witches and one wizard were put to death!

The name of greatest interest to Americans in Boston history is that of John Cotton. He was only twenty-six when he was made vicar of St. Botolph, in 1612. Dr. Cotton Mather tells an apocryphal story about his election, saying that John Cotton was really elected by a mistake. The Mayor of Boston had the casting vote; and this elected Cotton. But the mayor, who certainly could not have been much of a student of Parliamentary procedure, had intended to vote against him, and asked for a second ballot. On the second ballot this competent official repeated his error, and again elected John Cotton; but this time a third ballot was ruled out of order, and Cotton remained properly elected.

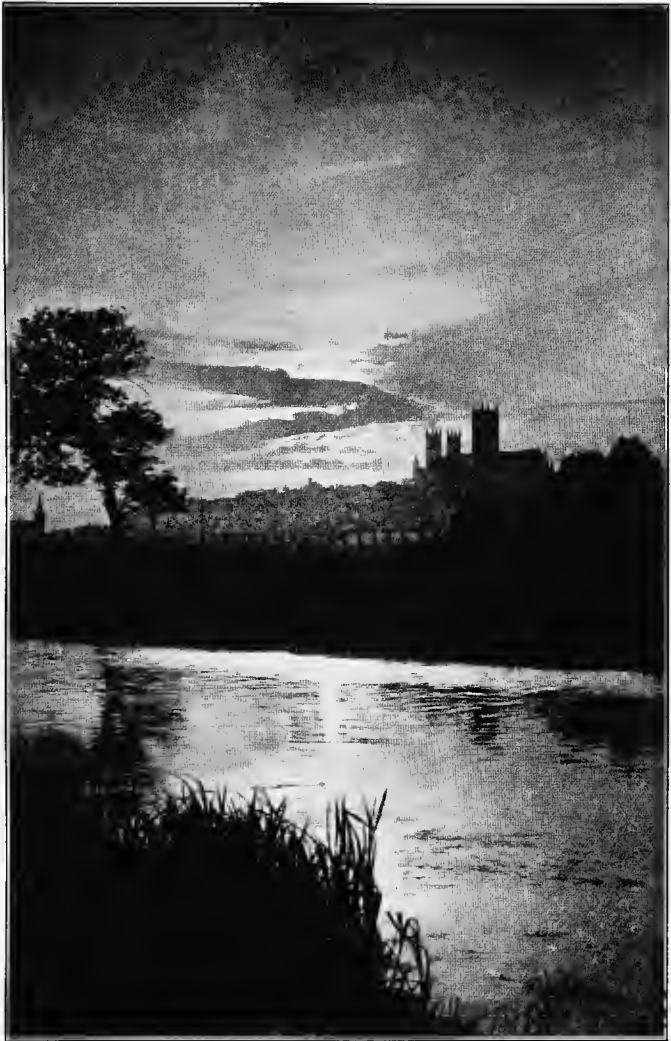
John Cotton soon came into unfavourable notice at the Court of Lincoln owing to his non-conformity with the Anglican requirements of the church as it was then interpreted. He was helped over many hard situations, however, by his pleader, Mr. Leverett, "a plain man, yet piously subtle." Indeed, a great reformation was wrought by John Cotton and many of the old Boston churchmen became Puritans under his teachings. Things became too troublous at last, however, and in 1633 John Cotton sailed for America, having resigned his work, to which he had devoted twenty-one years of his best efforts. His second wife accompanied him, and his son was born on the ocean. With almost too realistic a sense of appropriateness the child was named Seaborn.

John Cotton preached in Boston, Massachusetts, for nearly twenty years. His death occurred in 1652, and was the result of a severe cold taken in crossing the ferry to preach in Cambridge.

As old Fuller says: "Lincoln meets the traveller thereunto twenty miles off, so that their eyes are there many hours before their feet." This is really well expressed. Although the railway did not run in Fuller's day, the

conditions are quite the same. The approach to Lincoln by train is especially favourable, and I hope that every visitor may have the same luck that I did, in seeing the great crown on the hill silhouetted against a sunset which seemed to have been arranged on purpose for it! As we approached, the sunset deepened into twilight—"this interminable English twilight," as Henry James says, "which I am never weary of admiring, watch in hand!" Lincoln is a very grand cathedral, but it has not quite the intimate charm and colour of Ely, to my mind.

Evelyn visited Lincoln, and has said quite a good deal about it. "Lincoln is an old confused town, very long, uneven, steep, and ragged, formerly full of good houses, especially churches and abbeys. The minster is almost comparable with York itself, abounding with marble pillars and having a fair front. . . . The soldiers had lately knocked off most of the brasses from the grave stones, so few inscriptions were left. They told us that these men went in with axes and hammers, and shut themselves in, till they had rent and torn off some barge loads of metal, not sparing even the monuments of the dead, such hellish avarice possessed them;" this is new interpretation of



THE APPROACH TO LINCOLN.

the work of iconoclasts — perhaps they often benefited by their destructive work, for the more marketable products were carted away!

This is the legend of the Lincoln Imp, who is now familiar to every child, through his incongruous position in the Angel Choir! “The wind and the devil, being on a friendly tour, arrived at Lincoln Minster, where the latter addressed his friend thus: ‘Just wait outside here while I go in and have a chat with my friends the canons!’” And he has been waiting even since. The devil was turned to stone when he arrived in the sacred building, and remains, grinning on a corbel, to amuse those who go into the choir.

The names of some of the smaller churches and localities in Lincoln are suggestive and attractive. St. Mary le Wigford appeals to me; the naïve inscription on its tower has been translated: “Eartig had me built and endowed to the praise of God and St. Mary.” I am also impressed with the name “St. Peter at Gowts,” which means St. Peter’s by the channel, and as to the Glory Hole, which used to be called the Murder Hole, it is thrilling!

The most attractive bit of domestic architecture in Lincoln is the Jew’s House, which dates from Norman times. It is one of the oldest

houses in England that is still inhabited. Certain features are indeed very like Saxon work. This is where tradition has it that Little St. Hugh, whose tomb is in the cathedral, was crucified by the Jews. Chaucer has told a similar story, through the Prioress in the *Canterbury Tales*, and alludes to Little St. Hugh in connection with this subject:

“Or young Hugh of Lincoln, slain also
With cursed Jews, as it is notable,
For it 'nis but a little while ago,
Pray eke for us, we sinful folk unstable.”

The castle of Lincoln was converted by William the Conqueror from an English to a Norman stronghold. Twice its constables were women; the first was Lucy Taillebois, and the second her daughter, also named Lucy, for whom the great round tower was named the Lucy Tower.

The “Lincoln Motor Bus and Parcel Delivery Company Limited” does a thriving trade here, and they advertise “Pleasure cars let out,” which expression sounds as if rows of motors were standing in line waiting to spring forward and serve the traveller and to make pleasant excursions under his direction!

As to York, it is cold perfection. It is an architectural alp, but I must admit that geomet-

rical Gothic is not my favourite. York, however, besides the conventional beauties of its formal cathedral, has much atmosphere, as a city, and its history is specially remarkable in one particular. It may be called the home of the miracle play in England.

At first it seems as if the city of York were hopelessly modern, with its vast railway systems and fine hotels; but, if one penetrates into such regions as Mucky Peg Lane, one realizes that much of the quaint mediæval city still survives.

In 1430 Pope Pius II, before his consecration, passed through York, and alludes to the cathedral as "worthy to be noted throughout the world for its size and architecture, with a very light chapel whose glass walls rise between very slender clustered columns." The legend concerning the windows known as the Five Sisters, is, that five actual young spinsters designed this window for York Minster. The designs are said to be based upon motifs for embroidery. These windows are of grisaille, and are dreams of silvery light.

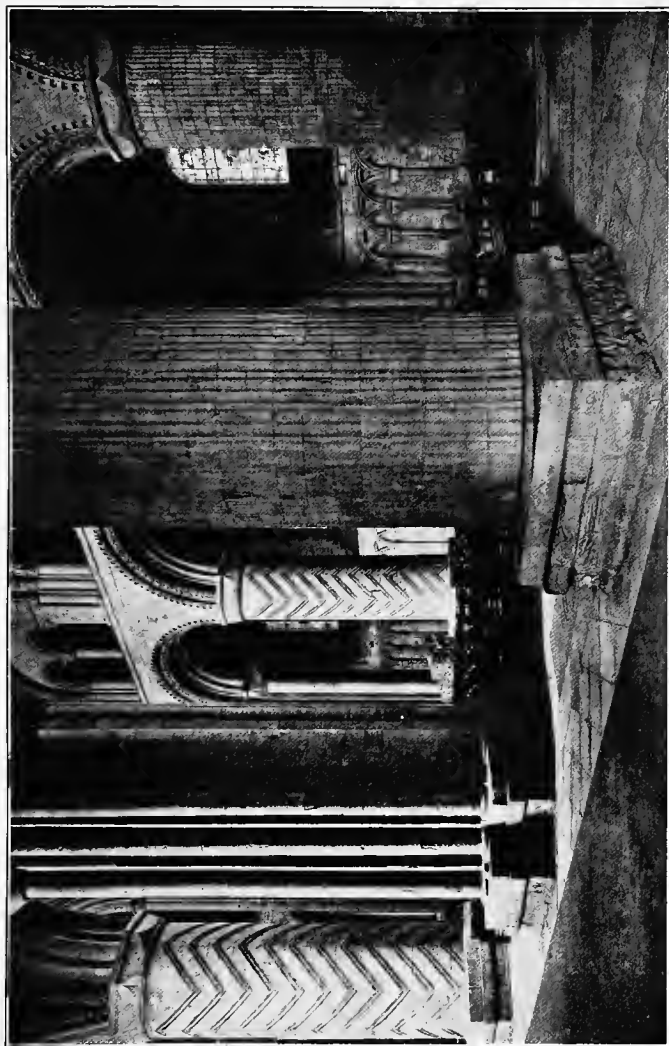
Legendary records give York a central importance from earliest times. It is claimed that this city was extant when David was king in Israel, that the Roman emperor Agricola

died there, and that later King Arthur selected it as the seat of his Christmas festivities, — it was then called Eboracum. After that it had associations with every monarch from William the Conqueror until modern times.

Many prominent men have been born in York, too, — Alcuin, the scholar of Charlemagne's day; Guy Fawkes; William Etty, the painter; Flaxman, the sculptor; and, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer says, "a host of minor sapient Dryas-Dusts."

Many of the northern cathedrals, Lincoln, York, and Durham, for example, have three square towers, not with spires as at Lichfield. The effect is more sturdy and grand, and more in harmony with the colder regions where they stand.

Durham has caused me more genuine joy than any other cathedral, so far as its form and architectural beauty are concerned. Of course associations have much to do with one's enjoyment in many churches, but Durham, if it had no history, and if I had never heard of it before, would have set me all astir with enthusiasm at the first glance. This churchly atmosphere is delightfully indicated by Henry James, who speaks of "that sweet, cool mustiness in the air which seems to haunt these places, like the very



IN DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

climate of Episcopacy!" I shall never forget my first sight of those massive piers, seen by the declining light of a rainy evening. Durham seems to embody the dignity and eternal qualities of religion all through the building, just as Salisbury seems to scintillate with cheerful light.

We were congratulating the verger, as it were, upon the majesty of the cathedral. (Vergers always feel that they are entirely responsible for their churches, and it pleases them to have it recognized!) At that moment a boys' school, which had been visiting the tower, began to descend the stairs with whoops and shrieks on account of the darkness. "There's majesty for you!" exclaimed the verger, starting off importantly on a crusade against them. Durham only improves on closer acquaintance. It was even more stately and grand by sun light.

In Durham may be seen the tomb of the Venerable Bede. The Galilee Chapel is an especially interesting feature of Durham; not being a porch, as such chapels usually are, it can be entered only through the cathedral, so that it is a real chapel leading out of, and not into, the main edifice.

Not far from Durham is Raby Castle, which

is of much interest both to antiquarians and to people who enjoy English country life, for hospitality is still dispensed on a lavish scale at Raby. Some of my friends who had just been visiting there told us some items about it. The hearth fire, which burns in a sort of covered porte-cochère, into which one drives upon arriving, has never been extinguished since the days of Edward the Confessor. The castle is so extensive that the bed-rooms of guests have little door plates on them and there are plans of the corridors placed for their convenience at every turn. The dinner is a charming function: at dessert only crystal and gold appear on the table, all silver and china being removed; and one of my friends was especially impressed by the custom of passing a gold jardinière in which is growing a tiny stunted grape-vine; all the strength of the vine has been trained into a single bunch of grapes, which hangs in the centre, and from this the guest helps himself. It takes five years to perfect the growth of one of these bunches of grapes, and there is always a department in the conservatory given up to their cultivation, so that a new grape-vine may be brought in at every state dinner. Raby was for a long time in the Neville family, belonging now to Lord Barnard.

Two days in Edinburgh can hardly be called a trip to Scotland, and yet the memory lingers on it as a break well worth making, even though one may not be able to include the heather and fog of the moors and all other things connected with a Scottish sojourn.

As old James Howell, that interesting traveller and diarist of the seventeenth century, says: "This towne of Edinburgh is one of the fairest streets that ever I saw: it is about a mile long, coming sloping down from the castle to Holy Rood House." I suppose there is very little doubt that Princes' Street is the finest in the world. The situation of this broad road, with its attractive combination of antiquity and modern life, exemplified on the one side by the noble hill crowned with the ancient castle, and on the other by a bewildering display of attractive shops, is, so far as I know, unique.

At the castle we were fortunate enough to have a typical guide with a Burns twist in his tongue. The tourists all stood about him, drinking in the Scotch, as one might say, while he pointed out the various interesting bits, and the features connected with Mary Queen of Scots. Among the most appealing spots of more recent times is the little cemetery laid out, in due form,

for the dogs of the soldiers. The little head stones bear testimony to the excellences of "Pat," "Chip," and "Flora, the Band Pet," while the general motto on the chief arch is "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie," which strikes one as singularly apt.

A jaunty soldier boy passed us on our rounds, and saluted the old guide in a very stiff and haughty manner. This youth had a mustache much twisted up at the ends, and his whole personality seemed to irritate the elder man. He looked after the dapper figure scornfully. "Does that feller think he's the German Emperor?" he exclaimed, and then muttered, "There's lots of feather-headed bodies round here!"

When we asked at the Edinburgh station if the train was liable to be crowded, the agent replied, "Aye, there's likely to be a goodish few going south!"

We enjoyed Carlisle, and perhaps our enjoyment was enhanced by the fact that we were on home soil — the original Addison's came from this part of the country. It is reported to rain every half hour in Cumberland, and it certainly does so. We were caught in showers every time we ventured out in the sun. I quite fell in

love with the cathedral in Carlisle. It has nice old Norman arches, crushed out of shape, and ingeniously restored! It has no side chapels, and therefore can be seen almost at a glance. There is a pathetic window in the transept in memory of the five children of Crawford Tait, who all died within a few days of each other, at this very Deanery. (The only surviving daughter is Mrs. Davidson, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury.)

Sir Walter Scott was married in Carlisle. He met his bride in July, 1797, and in December they were married in the cathedral.

Mary Queen of Scots was once a prisoner in Carlisle Castle. The cells of this castle are worth a visit. There are curious deep marks under the tiny grated windows; some authorities think that they were made by the fingers of prisoners clinging to the sill to get more air. A gruesome testimony to the discomfort of prisoners in the castle is a certain stone on which the rain used to fall, and which was licked smooth by those who were denied water.

From Carlisle we decided to branch out into the unknown, and find the little town of Torpenhow from which, according to the family legends in America, Colonel John Addison

started to make his new home on unfamiliar shores, and where Dean Launcelot Addison, the father of Joseph, and Dean of Lichfield, lived as a boy. We only knew that no railway went to Torpenhow, but that we could travel as far as Mealsgate, within a few miles of the town, and we trusted fate enough to believe that the way would be opened for us to go the rest of the journey by some other conveyance. We were not sure that the very town was not a myth; we could get no news of it at Carlisle; we asked: they did not know Torpenhow. *Torpentow*, now; — they could direct us to Torpentow — what a pity we did not want to go there! But Torpenhow, — oh, no. They did not know it at all!

So, with quakes of doubtful anticipation, we took the train for Mealsgate. The guard looked at us so inquiringly, and asked “*Two* for Mealsgate?” in so excited a tone, that we decided that we were probably the only travellers who had ever undertaken this special adventure! We certainly appeared to be the only ones on the train that day.

We alighted at Mealsgate. There was nothing in sight except the station and the lovely hills so characteristic of the Lake Country. There was just one man at the station, and he

naturally stared at us. We asked him if it was possible to obtain any sort of conveyance to carry us to Torpenhow. Why this man was so much more intelligent than the inhabitants of Carlisle, I do not know; but he followed our idea. In the first place he gave us the local pronunciation; our ignorance of this was probably the reason they did not know what we wanted in Carlisle. "You mean *Trippennow*," he remarked casually. He then told us that the postmaster owned a horse, and that, if we walked across some fields to the town, we could find him, which we did, in the only available country shop, where he sold all the comforts of home, and ran a few pigeon-holes for the occasional letters incident to his actual calling. The postmaster appeared to be a gentleman of elegant leisure, and said that it would give him pleasure to drive us to *Trippennow*. And an ideal drive it was, over hills and through dales, with the parson in full clericals just returning with a gun over his shoulder, and accompanied by a rudimentary game-keeper in rustic form, just ahead of us in the road when we started.

We waited for some time in the shop while the wagonette was preparing; it was what we usually term a "governess cart," and a close fit for three. This gave us an opportunity to

observe the goods purveyed to the locality by its leading merchant. The centre of the shop was occupied by a full-sized reaping-machine, flanked by a rack of umbrellas, some bars of soap, a glass case displaying collars, and a corset on a form, near a hat display and a candy department. The post-office, about the size of an unpretending barber's rack, was thrust well out of the way at the rear. Correspondence was evidently not a vice at Mealsgate.

Having now assured ourselves at least of the existence of the ancestral town, we ventured to wonder whether the old house itself was by any chance standing. We meekly asked the magnate if he had ever heard of a place called Low Wood Nook. "Oh, Low Wood Nook," he replied casually. "Yes, indeed; we shall pass there directly." It nearly deprived us of breath, the prompt ease of the answer. We were driven up to the very door of Low Wood Nook, which is now a public house, and quite on the road, which passes through the original grounds; and there, sure enough, cut in the stone over the door, were the initials, ^A I E (meaning, John and Elizabeth Addison), with the date, 1663, and the sign "Low Wood Nook" in large letters! We made ourselves

known to the landlady, and the whole staff turned out to greet us, and to welcome from beyond the sea those relics of the days when the house was "a gentleman's mansion," as the proprietress expressed it. They showed us all over it, from the old stone floors and ornate balustrades, still standing, to the ball-room and then to the old water-wheel and farm buildings.

Then we drove on over the Cumberland hills to the little church, which dates from 1150. We were welcomed with true British hospitality by the delightful rector, who, during his ministry there of over thirty years, had been in occasional correspondence with the Addisons in America, and we had a delightful chat and took luncheon with him and his dear wife at the rectory. He showed us all the early records, and told us many items of interest. In 1701 one Thomas Addison founded a "dole" of twenty loaves of bread to be given to the poor each Sunday at the close of the morning service. The canny Thomas also provided in his will that no person should receive a loaf unless he had been present at the *whole* service. This custom is still observed, and there is a deal shelf near the font upon which the loaves repose until the appointed time for their distribution. There is in this church a "faculty pew" still

belonging to Low Wood Nook. The sockets may be seen in the stone jambs of the church door where great beams used to be placed to barricade against the Scottish invasions. They say that these border towns own hardly any of the original Communion plate,—the Scottish churches raided all the English churches, and took their silver, while the English churches filched the Scotch in return!

The region all about here is most beautiful. Torpenhow is only a dot of a town, but the whole country about it is composed of large estates, which are said to have the best shooting in the north of England. It was picturesque to walk through the streets with the rector, and see all the village children bobbing curtseys, in their little brass-toed shoes, while he asked after every relative in turn! The relation is very close and sacred in a little place like this, if the rector be such a man as this was.

Only eight miles from Carlisle is the Scottish border, and the little village of Gretna Green, where romance had so strong a foothold until about a century ago. Runaway marriages were of constant occurrence, and the "blacksmith" of Gretna was kept busy.

One may still see the old "Toll Bar," where many of these irregular weddings were per-



GRETNA GREEN, A CENTURY AGO.

formed, although they also occurred at the neighbouring town of Springfield in the hotel, and at the Hall in Gretna.

The records of some of these matches are amusing. One old gentleman ran away with his housekeeper, and, after having been married at Gretna, was driving home much pleased with himself when he passed on the road a carriage containing his son and a young lady bound on the same errand!

On one occasion the Earl of Westmoreland eloped with the daughter of a London banker. The father followed, and nearly overtook the couple, but the earl, quite desperate, shot one of the horses of the pursuing parent, and the daughter had just time to become Countess of Westmoreland before they were overtaken!

On the windows and walls of the Springfield hotel used to be many verses and autographs; one, for instance, is startling: "John Anderson made a fool of himself at Gretna, 1831," and there was a couplet celebrating

. . . "A young lady from Tooting,
Who married a major out shooting."

The most celebrated blacksmith of Gretna was one Paisley. A regular form of marriage certificate was given by Paisley to the bride,

which began thus: "This is to certify to all persons that may be concerned that So-and-so and Such-an-one both came before me and declared themselves to be single persons, and now married by the form of the Kirk of Scotland, and agreeable to the Church of England, and given under my hand this eighteenth day of May, 1793." Paisley was such an enthusiast in his office that it is recorded that, while he lay on his death-bed, three couples came to be married, and that he performed the ceremonies, dying with the three hundred pounds held firmly in his hand!

A little farther south lies what James Russell Lowell has called Wordsworthshire, the country about the Lakes, made familiar and enchanting to us all by the poet whose life has added another charm to those already so lavishly bestowed by nature. The most picturesque and yet stately hills arise from the shores of beautiful silvery sheets of water; the verdure is luxuriant, and all associations are in tune with the poetical interpretation which this district has received.

The grave of Wordsworth is a shrine of pilgrimage to nature worshippers. There is said to have been one lady who always came at Christmas time, for many years, to Dove Cot-

tage, where the poet did much of his writing, and after plucking a rose from a certain winter-blooming bush, took it and laid it on his grave.

The inscription on the monument in Grasmere is by Keble; it calls attention to the fact that Wordsworth was "a true philosopher and poet, who by special gift and calling of Almighty God, whether he discoursed on man or on nature, failed not to lift the heart to holy things . . . raised up to be a chief minister not only of the noblest poesy but of high and sacred truth." Occasionally he also became the theme for some one's wit, however, as when Edward Fitz Gerald wrote to an artist: "I hear you were for a long time in Cumberland; did you paint a waterfall, or old Wordsworth, or Skiddaw, or any of the beauties?"

Coleridge lived among these inspiring lakes until 1810; to Wordsworth they made a specially deep appeal on his return from France after the stormy scenes of the French Revolution. He had always lived in the Lake District, being born in Cockermouth, and living most of his later life at Rydal Mount and Dove Cottage at Grasmere. Southey, too, found much of his best inspiration among the hills. Two other notables, who lived in their later days among the lakes and hills, became close friends, al-

though I suppose both in temperament and history they were singularly unlike; these incongruous friends were Mrs. Siddons and Hannah More! No doubt each learned a great deal about her own sex from the other.

While there is some likeness between the hills and mountains of the Lake District and those of Wales, there is a curious difference of conformation in the valleys, which give a note of distinction. In Wales the hills rise immediately from the beds of the streams, or the lowest points of the valleys, giving the impression of clefts and rents among peaks, while in the Lake Country the valleys are flat for long distances, and the hills rise rather more abruptly from the broad plains, giving rather a suggestion of flat ground with mountains rising from it than of mountains chopped through here and there into narrow passes. There is more restfulness in the Westmoreland physical structure. There are many little cataracts, and these are known as "forces."

De Quincey's description of Easedale, a sweet nook of rural country that leads from Grasmere, is so exquisite and in harmony with the whole lake flavour that I am tempted to give it in his words: "The little valley of Easedale, . . . is one of the most impressive solitudes

amongst the mountains of the Lake District, and I must pause to describe it. Easedale is impressive as a solitude; for the depth of the seclusion is brought out and forced more pointedly upon the feelings, by the thin scattering of houses over its sides, and not the surface of what may be called its floor. . . . Secondly it is impressive from the excessive loveliness which adorns its little area. This is broken up into small fields and miniature meadows, separated, not as too often happens, with sad injury to the beauty of the Lake Country, by stone walls, but sometimes by little hedge-rows, sometimes by little sparkling pebbly 'becks' lustrous to the very bottom, and not too broad for a child's flying leap, and sometimes by wild self-sown woodlands of birch, alder and holly, mountain ash and hazel, that meander through the valley, intervening the different estates with natural sylvan marches, and giving cheerfulness in the winter by the bright scarlet of their berries." . . .

Castle Rock was the spot selected by Scott for the fairy castle in the "Bridal of Triermain." Some of the names in this region have curious origins. "Scratch Meal Scar" is derived from the presence of a demon, who has descended to modern use under the name of "Old Scratch!"

In Derwentwater are several exceptionally beautiful little islands. The loveliest is St. Hubert's Isle, where St. Hubert, a disciple of St. Cuthbert of Durham, lived in solitude, dying the same moment and day as his master, in 687. Rogers, in his "Pleasures of Memory," alludes to "going

Down St. Hubert's consecrated grove
Whence burst the consecrated hymn
the tapered rite
Aroused the fisher's solitary night."

I remember an instance of informal hospitality so complete in this essence that it is worthy of note. We were invited by a certain Dowager Lady M. to come and take tea on a certain afternoon, with Lady M. and her two daughters, Lady Betty and Lady Diana. The invitation was by note, and appointed the rather unusual hour of quarter to four. So, supposing that there must be some good reason for such a selection, we made a special effort, and got there. We found the house apparently empty, and we seated ourselves to await events. Presently Lady Diana appeared, and apologized for keeping us. We sat and talked with her for half an hour — no signs of tea. At the end of this time she glanced at the clock and said she hoped Mama had not forgotten that we were

coming. "I can't think what keeps her," she remarked, amiably. "She went out such a long time ago!" We expressed our contentment with our surroundings, and in about five minutes three strange and forbidding looking clergymen were ushered in. No one seemed to know why they were there. In another five minutes Lady Betty appeared, and began scolding her sister for having allowed tea to wait. So by quarter past five we had tea. Through the guilelessness of their utterance we discovered that the three clergymen had been lured there also by notes, and that they had expected to meet us on this occasion, but with equal guilelessness the ladies allowed it to transpire that they did not remember the circumstance. A little later old Lady M. came streaking in as unsuspecting as a turtle, walked straight up to each guest in turn, and expressed great surprise and delight at finding us still in town! When chidden with her prolonged stay, she mildly expostulated: "I can't think why I was long—I only drove to the post-office, — but the pony is so slow." He must indeed have been as slow as a clothes-horse, for the post-office was at the foot of her street. By half-past five every one was having a "lovely time" and the evening closed cheerfully. Lord

M. did not appear, being very infirm, but his tea was poured out and taken to him around a screen at the end of the room, where we could imagine him sitting in state. It is pathetic to see a household breaking up so pleasantly and unconsciously, and withal so completely. Lady M. probably never recollected that she had written notes to those people, and on the whole I think the daughters managed the situation pretty well.

A very interesting visit may be made into Derbyshire to see Haddon Hall and Chatsworth and the dear little Bakewell Church, in short, to have a Peek at the Peak. When we arrived at Rowsley we were greatly surprised to see the number of vehicles standing about — the whole locality was broken out with barges and carriages waiting to escort the entire Masonic Lodge of Derbyshire to Chatsworth to a garden party! So we began to fear that a carriage to Haddon would be too much to expect that afternoon. But the amiable hotel proprietor drove us over in his own little dog-cart, and we saw the historic mansion under good auspices. It is quite magnificent from the outside, hoary and stately. Inside it has suffered somewhat from a conscientious whitewasher, but it is a good deal as it was, and rather a chill and barren

spot it must have been even when furnished, although they lived well so far as their food and entertainment went. The bailiff's accounts for one Christmas, when the Earl of Rutland made merry at Haddon, include such items as: "Paid George Wood the cook for helping in the pastry all Christmas, three shillings; Paid W. Creswick for pulling fowls and poultry all Christmas, three and six; Paid Thomas Shaw the piper for piping all ditto, two shillings." Mention is also made of salaries to Otto Bramwell the dancer and his kinswomen, for dancing on this occasion. This was in 1663; it is also recorded that during these sixties every year about thirty or forty oxen, four or five hundred sheep and eight or ten swine were consumed. Sir George Vernon was the father of Dorothy, and was known as the King of the Peak. Haddon Hall has not the charming flavour of age that one finds at Baddesley Clinton, but it is a very delightful place. Of course the Little One traced every step of Dorothy Vernon's elopement, and began at once, upon her return, to read all the fiction on the subject. Henry James enters into the youthful sentiment of this event, saying: "As I stood in the luminous dusk weaving the romance of the spot, I divined a Dorothy Vernon, and felt very much like a Lord

John." Nothing could be more romantic than the situation of Haddon, in its park and garden, against the deep verdure of the hills.

On Sunday morning we drove over to Bakewell church, and saw the monuments of the Vernons and of Dorothy and her husband, with their curious little stiff children ranged kneeling below. The tombs display portraits of most of the members of the families. One is a young babe tightly swathed in grave-clothes, standing erect in a niche and smiling in a bland and smug way, with the pertinent text: "Mine age is nothing in respect of Thee." It is most appealing. Sir George Vernon, the King of the Peak, lies here on a noble tomb, with a wife on either side, in truly amiable relation.

Outside Bakewell church are a lot of stone coffins standing in a casual manner against the wall. A cross, ten centuries old, also stands there. This is a truly venerable relic. An antiquary has pronounced upon this cross, saying, "It has suffered very little since it was thrown down and defaced in the Danish invasion." This suggests a remote antiquity hard to realize. Many of the coffins are of Saxon workmanship, and came from the immediate premises. This proves a very ancient foundation for this interesting little church.



INFANT'S MONUMENT IN BAKEWELL CHURCH.

Chatsworth is a fine and extensive estate, with a "model village" on it for those employed, but it did not interest me much.

Chatsworth has various curious artificial water works in its park-like grounds. I think I feel toward such inventions a good deal as Dr. Johnson did, when he wrote, upon a visit to Chatsworth in 1772: "I was yesterday at Chatsworth. They complimented me by playing the fountain and opening the cascade. But I am of opinion that when one has seen the ocean, cascades are but little things!"

Not far from Derby is the small village of Eyam, which was an inexplicably fruitful centre for the plague. In one field lie seven stones whose inscriptions form a record of the violence of this visitation. They are the tombstones of seven members of one family, who died on seven successive days. A local poet has told the story of his town in simple words, expressive for this very reason:

"Their prison op'ed the murderous fiends burst forth,
While doubting first men marked the rumour vague,
Until, from east to west, from south to north,
Was shrieked that piercing cry, 'The plague — the plague!'
The morning saw uprouse her with the lark
The mother, hale and hearty from her rest;
The evening closed upon a festering mark
That showed the gnawing canker in her breast.

Home came the father down the village street,
Expectant of fond welcome on return —
No loving hand met his, no voice to greet
Perhaps the morrow's break might bring his turn.
The snooded maid that in the cornfield gleaned,
The lad who brooked no cares to crease his brow,
Time honoured age and infancy unweaned
Alike sank victims to the shades below."

Lichfield should be visited on the road to London. This is not one of the first cathedrals in importance, and we are not saying much about cathedrals at this time. But one should notice how delightfully the three spires of Lichfield combine at different angles of approach; sometimes the two front ones seem to be the taller, and the central one to occupy only a point in the perspective; whereas really it is the tallest and largest of the three. But, viewed from any spot, the cluster is always graceful, fascinating, and unique.

On the façade of Lichfield are many statues; one experiences a slight shock in recognizing Charles II, "in wig and plumes and trunk hose, of almost Gothic grotesqueness," as James says.

The chief association with Lichfield is the remembrance that the great Dr. Samuel Johnson was born there. His statue, which is, as Henry James says, "of some inexpensive composite,

ainted a shiny brown and of no great merit of design, fills out the vacant dulness of the little square in much the same way as his massive personality occupies — with just a margin for Garrick — the record of his native place.”

Near Lichfield was the little cell of the hermit Saint Chad. Defoe expresses it with naïveté: “He lived an eremitical life here, by the spring, near Stow church, in a little hovel or cell.”

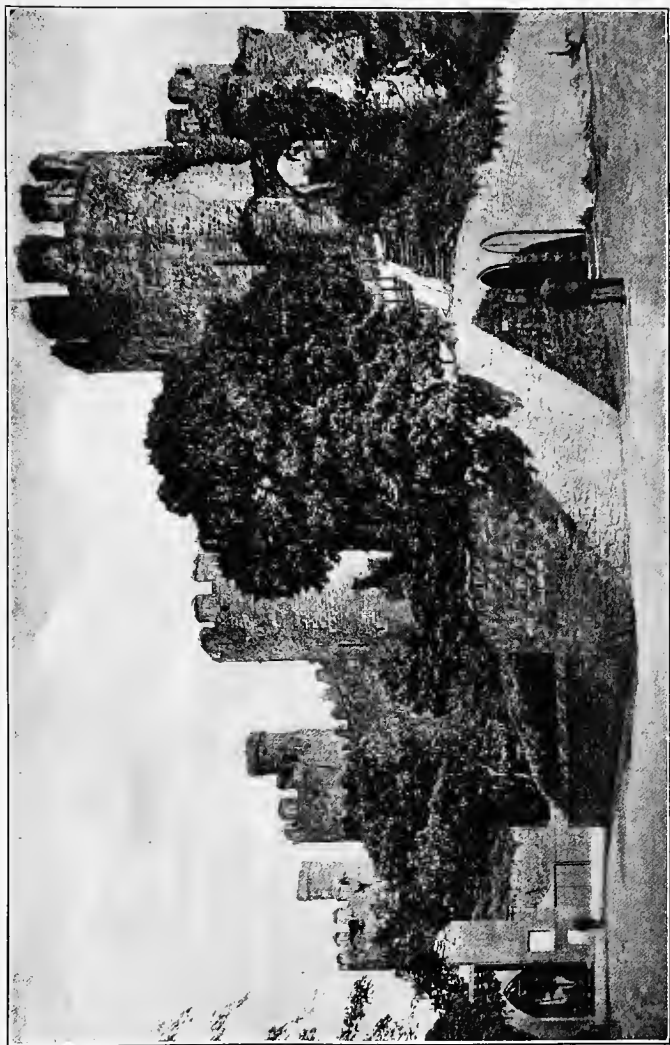
Speaking of Lichfield, Edward FitzGerald says, in a letter: “I love a small cathedral town, and the dignified respectability of the church potentates is a part of the pleasure!” Dean Launcelot Addison seemed to come quite close to us at Lichfield, where his arms are carved in stone over the door at the side, which was built during his administration.

CHAPTER XI

THE VALE OF CONWAY



MAKING a train from Chester to Conway may in itself be an experience. After chasing up and down the length of the platform, looking for seats in the train, we had almost decided that we could get no accommodations at all. The first three cars were empty; but it was decreed that they should be removed. They were not to go, so removed they were. Then it was decided that three more cars should be added in place of those already taken off, so a detachment of cars started from the opposite side of the station, backed down the line, went forward to another switch, and finally backed on to the front of the train, exactly to the place whence the three original cars had been taken away. Just what class of cerebation it was that determined upon thus passing twenty minutes in changing cars, I do not pretend to know. At last we obtained seats — excellent seats — and arrived in a surprisingly short time at Conway, one of



CONWAY CASTLE.

the most fascinating towns I know. Truly did the fusty old poet, Thomas Churchyard, feel the sentiment which he tried to express, when he wrote:

“ Behold but Wales, and note the castles there,
And you shall find no such works anywhere,
So old, so strong, so costly, and so high;
Not under sun is to be seen with eye! ”

We began an immediate attack upon the antiquities with which the town is replete. Of course, the “ sight ” of primary importance is the castle. It is a singularly satisfactory ruin, composing in the most charming manner, with its group of fine grey turrets and imposing battlements. It is just sufficiently broken down to be a defined ruin, and yet every room is there, lacking only the floors and roofs. The colour, a soft rich grey, is in the most delightful contrast to the deep green in which it is set among the hills, rising almost directly from the shore.

The castle was built about 1284, under Edward I, by the architect Henry Elreton, who also built Carnarvon. A great Christmas feast was given in 1291 to celebrate the completion of the castle. The old writer Pennant observes: “ A more beautiful fortress never arose. ” I

am disposed to agree with Pennant, even though there are such fragmentary remainders of this sublime structure by which it may be judged. The ruin to which it is reduced was partly deliberate, for in 1665 Edward, Earl of Conway, to whom the castle had been granted by Charles II, had all the iron, lead, and timber forcibly removed, and sent to Ireland for some purpose best comprehended by his contemporaries. To our minds such a deliberate weakening of an existing building of importance would seem almost inexcusable. There was a good deal left, however, for in 1756 Lord Lytton wrote from Shrewsbury that, had a certain noted architect of his day seen Conway Castle, "he would have fallen down and adored the architect."

The origin of the name, Conway, is from "Cyn" (meaning chief) and "Gwy" (water). This body of water on which the castle faces is so beautiful that it gave its name to the town, which is said to be shaped like a Welsh harp as it lies around the bay on which it is situated.

Many Welsh names are interestingly derived in this way. The name of the country itself has great significance. It makes all the difference whether one speaks of Wales or of Cymru

— Cymru means “ the land of brothers,” while Wales means “ the land of strangers.”

In the days of King John an English army was stationed for a time at Conway, and a contemporary account mentions that it was engaged in “ watching, fasting, praying and freezing ” in Conway during the colder months.

After the castle at Conway, the next appeal to lovers of beauty, and those who are susceptible to that strange and fascinating spell of this part of Britain, will be made by the ancient Tudor house, Plas Mawr. This “ great mansion ” of grey stone is over three hundred years old, and is in an almost perfect state of preservation. One enters by a fascinating courtyard, and proceeds up a few steps into the house. All the rooms remain, with their plaster-modelled ceilings, and their panelled walls, much as they were in the days when Queen Elizabeth stayed there with her beloved Leicester. The tiny oriel windows and lanterns on the outside of the house are most interesting and beautiful in their stubby quaintness. The house was built by Robert Wynne, one of the important Welshmen of Elizabeth’s reign; the motto over the door is rendered in both Greek and Latin — “ anexou, Apexou; ” “ sustine, abstine,” — in English, “ Bear and forbear.”

A most restrained sentiment for its period, surely.

In the courtyard is an ancient bardic stone, on which historic poets are reported to have stood at various times in the life of the nation. Over the fireplaces in the beautiful banqueting hall and other state apartments are the arms of the Wynnes together with the royal arms, and the mouldings around the heavy doors are cut in the solid wood — not applied afterwards, as mouldings usually are. A curious feature in the small kitchen is an old-fashioned bread-safe, suspended from the ceiling beams; this method of isolating the bread suggests infinite possibilities from rats and insectiferous depredators in the past! A lavish accommodation for cooking turkeys and geese is provided by a great revolving spit which must often have been tested to its full capacity when feasts were in progress.

The plaster ceilings of Plas Mawr have been famous always. Pepys alludes to such rooms, saying that “all the house” was filled with “figures of stories,” and Spenser comments upon houses thus decorated in Elizabethan times, when modelling was often gilded:

“Gold was the parget, and the ceiling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold.”

Plas Mawr is said still to support a competent ghost, which makes itself heard in the vicinity of the "Priest's hiding hole" from time to time.

Of great interest, too, is the less pretentious but much older house, Aber Conwy, built in 1300; this is in fact the oldest house now standing in Wales. The original beams and floors are there, and the partitions between the rooms are constructed of "wattle and daub" — parts of this work are exposed so that visitors may see the actual wicker structure, the inside of the house being practically a gigantic basket, overlaid with clay and plaster of crude but powerful texture. The motto on an early sun-dial here appealed to me: "Time tryeth Trothe."

Like all British places, Conway has its curious street signs. When one sees a board announcing, "This house on sale by private treaty," one almost looks for a conspiracy. The express cart advertises, "Railway Collecting Van for Fast Train Traffic." I don't know whether it would deign to wait upon slow trains — probably not!

On a house across the street from the Castle Hotel, was the sign, "Lloyd Llewellyn, Paper Hanger and Writer." What writing had to do with paper hanging I did not comprehend,

until I learned that sign painting was here denominated "writing."

The curfew is still rung in Conway. On the fire engine house is the inscription: "Night fire alarm bell, to be rung between 11 P. M. and 6 A. M." As it is here expressed, this suggests the hideous possibility of a continuous curfew!

The Church of St. Mary and All Saints in Conway is delightful, and one cannot quite understand how nice it is until he goes to a Welsh service, and hears the hearty singing for which these people are famous. The church was part of an ancient monastic establishment, and has a wonderful carved rood screen and an interesting old font. A statuette of John Gibson the sculptor stands near the door; Gibson was born in a tiny cottage very near Conway. A very remarkable grave-stone may also be noted; it has the following illuminating inscription:

"Here lyeth the bodye of Nich's Hookes, Gent.,
who was the forty-first child of his father by
Alice his wife, and the father of twenty-seven
children, who died ye twentieth daye of March,
1637."

There are also stones with fleurs-de-lys on them, which are supposed to date from the time of the Wars of the Roses. The most famous item, connected with this church, is the grave

of the children referred to in "We are Seven." Wordsworth immortalized this little grave in his celebrated lines, too well known to require repetition here.

The most pleasing way to go to Bettws-y-Coed is by coach from Conway, down the beautiful valley of the river Conway, over the rich rolling hills of Wales. Nature is to be seen in many aspects on this drive and the spell of the hills and the fertile valleys is keenly felt. One of the finest things made by man is the bridge at Llanrwst; it was designed by Inigo Jones, and the lines are singularly graceful.

It being Sunday when we visited Bettws, we found difficulty in buying post cards. I went to a little tea-shop to see if I could induce the woman to sell me some. She sniffed, and observed, "You can't get any to-day; everybody is too religious to sell you any." And then, with a superior toss of her head, "I was brought up different. I should not like to live among them." This was precisely what she seemed to be doing, however, but her shop was open, in defiance of public criticism!

There are curious Sabbatarian contrasts and extremes in Wales; a barouche drove past us on Sunday morning, with six men seated in it, playing cards as if their life depended on it!

Even the goblins which are said to infest Bettws-y-Coed often coöperate with the strict Sabbatarians in discouraging undue Sunday entertainment. A fisherman who went out with his rod on Sunday saw a fine salmon in the stream. He cast his line for it, and the fish — a goblin in disguise — took hook, line, and all, and tumbled him into the water.

Appearances of goblins are still believed in by many of the ignorant people in Wales. Hogg has described the aspect of one of these beings, and I think it is a very convincing portrait.

“Then up there raise ane wee wee man
From off the moss-grey stone;
His face was wan like the cauliflower,
For he neither had blude nor bone.”

On the road, the driver pointed out to us the little thatched cottage in which the sculptor Gibson was born.

Bettws itself is not so picturesque a town as tradition leads one to suppose; it is its situation amidst sensational scenic effects which makes it so remarkable. Perhaps the most startlingly picturesque sight near Bettws-y-Coed is Swallow Falls, a cataract which takes gigantic leaps up amidst the cold crags, and yet

is surrounded with verdure in its immediate vicinity. It is reported that the soul of one of the early Wynnes experiences perpetual Purgatory in Swallow Falls, being "purged, punished and spouted upon" for his many sins: a novel form of "water cure."

CHAPTER XII

SNOWDONIA AND THE GELERT LEGEND

IN going from Conway to Carnarvon, one passes naturally through Bangor, and a few hours can be profitably spent in that town. Of course it is necessary to observe the far-famed Menai bridges, across the little strait which separates the main land and Anglesea, but, to people who are used to Brooklyn, these bridges have little to recommend them to our wonder except a prior claim, and a finer situation. George Borrow speaks of the bridge at Bangor completed in 1820, as "the result of the mental and manifest labours of the ingenious Telford."

Bangor Cathedral is small and not especially interesting. Here the great Owen Gwynedd, dying in 1169, was interred.

The new university, opened by the Prince of Wales in the summer of 1911, after his Investiture at Carnarvon, is a really splendid modern building, one of the best and most

coherent structures of recent date that I have seen either in England or Wales.

In the tunnel arch at the railroad station at Bangor, a slant at the outer side of the opening suggests Egyptian construction. In the curious way they have in the British Isles of "following a leader," the builders of small houses in Bangor have adopted this form, and several cottage façades have sloping outer sides, resembling an incorporated buttress!

Carnarvon seems to me to be less attractive than Conway in most respects. We happened upon an unfortunate moment, perhaps, for the whole town was engaged in painting and scraping for the Investiture, which was to take place in a few weeks. The castle looked as if it had been subjected to a course of sand-blast, but it is possible that this is its usual appearance, for I learn that it is built of white sandstone, and that this stone has grown more and more blonde with the centuries. There is something human in a building turning white with age, after all. The castle is grand, and the outside is in a wonderful state of preservation. But, having been restored, it lacks the romance and atmosphere which is such an attraction at Conway. The long structure lies very finely along on the low shore, being usually reflected in the

water, which enhances the romantic effect of any beautiful building, giving it the added charm of the repeat. The towers are all octagonal in form, and this feature is, I fancy, unique, and certainly effective.

Edward I built Carnarvon, and the first Prince of Wales, Edward II, was born there, in the part known as the Eagle Tower, in 1284. The little room is still shown. It has a fireplace and a window, — all the comforts of home as then understood, — although it is hardly more than twelve by eight feet in size. The story of the first prince is as follows: The Welsh people demanded a prince of their own, who should speak no language but Welsh. The king acceded to their request, promising them a prince who should be a Welshman by birth, and who should speak no other tongue. Then he brought from the castle his little son, a few days old, who actually filled these requirements, and the people were more than satisfied, and, ever since, the eldest son of the King of England has been Prince of Wales.

The town has no quaintness and little appeal to casual visitors. Slate is used all about this district, as it comes from quarries in the immediate vicinity, and this makes the general colour of the town less pleasing than when other stones



BIRTH OF THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES AT CARNARVON.

are in greater profusion. One should notice an inconspicuous fence just across the toll-bridge over which one passes to get the best view of the castle. This fence is made in long flat upright slats, wired together, and at first attracts no attention; until suddenly one observes that it is made of slate, when it becomes more curious, if not more beautiful.

House painters were busy at Carnarvon. One could not look out of a window or down a street without seeing active brushes in all directions, whitewashing, colouring, or varnishing to the king's taste. At least, we will hope it was to his taste, for he had to sit up with it for some time soon after that. For our taste, the town had suffered, and was suffering much from this brilliant renewing of surface tints.

In our hotel in Carnarvon the bed-spreads were starched. When turned casually back over the foot-board, the stiff white folds assumed a striking resemblance to the Snowdon range!

We were told that in the old times a hundred men could hold Carnarvon Castle; it was so admirably fortified. This is the more remarkable, since it is situated on low land on the river, and would seem to be singularly assailable among Welsh castles.

I have spent many Fourths of July, and most

of them have been noisy ones; but I do not think I have ever heard more noise in one day than I did on the Fourth of July in 1911, when we took a motor car from Carnarvon and went to Beddgelert and around Snowdon, "the home of eagles," in order to see the quiet loneliness of the dignified Welsh mountains. Our motor evidently felt, with Mr. Baring-Gould, that Snowdon was "to be approached with hesitation and reluctance." This car showed symptoms of exploding every time there was the slightest rise in the ground. The best thing we could say for it was that it was a good coaster. But we soon forgot car and noise, and everything else except the beauty that was all around us. The mists hung over Snowdon at intervals, but sunny patches illuminated it and the other peaks from time to time. The varying greens and greys, with the purples of the slate quarries at Llanberis, and the deep gorges at Aberglaswyn, make a panorama never to be forgotten.

On this trip we felt constantly compelled to quote the old poet, Thomas Churchyard:

"For when one hill behind your back you see
Another comes, two times as high as he!"

We decided the origin of the Welsh leek was from above — the sky "leaks" every ten

minutes, and yet it can hardly be said that it rains. It was not enough to interfere with our pleasure as we jogged on,

“ Beside grey mountain stream and lonely lake,
And through old Snowdon’s forest solitude,”

as Southey says.

The famous Giraldus Cambrensis, monk and author, conducted Archbishop Baldwin through Wales in the twelfth century. He says: “ I must not pass over in silence the mountains called by the Welsh Eryri, but by the English Snowdon, or Mountains of Snow, which . . . seem to rear their lofty summits even to the clouds.” Giraldus proved the human and humourous temper of the archbishop by an anecdote told on a trip through these hills. “ Having traversed the valley,” says Giraldus, “ and reached the opposite side with considerable fatigue . . . the archbishop sat down . . . and relaxing into a pleasantry highly laudable in a person of his approved gravity, thus addressed his attendants. ‘ Who amongst you in this company can now delight our weary ears by whistling?’ Which is not easily done by people out of breath.” An intimate touch like this shows us the mediæval band of travellers

in a more appealing guise than would pages of description!

The view from the top of Snowdon is one of the finest in the British Isles. A verse by R. Williams is appropriate:

“ On Snowdon’s haughty brow I stood,
And viewed afar old Menai’s flood;
Carnarvon Castle, eagle crowned,
And all the beauteous prospect round.”

Apparently Mr. Williams had a better day for the view than did the visitors chronicled by Charles Kingsley, who only remarked: “ And they went up Snowdon, too, and saw little beside fifty fog-blinded tourists, five-and-twenty dripping ponies, and five hundred empty porter bottles; therefore they returned as do many, disgusted, and with great colds in their heads.”

One of the most appreciative accounts of Snowdon occurs in George Borrow’s “ Wild Wales.” This book is available to every reader, but for the convenience of those who do not happen to have it at hand, it will save interruption if the passages are given here. “ Snowdon or Eryri,” says Borrow, “ is no single hill, but a mountainous region, the loftiest part of which . . . is nearly four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and generally considered

to be the highest point of South Britain. The name Snowdon was bestowed upon this region by the early English, on account of its snowy appearance in winter; Eryri by the Britons, because in the old time it abounded with eagles, Eryri in the ancient British language signifying an eyrie or breeding place of eagles. . . . It is interesting from its connection with history: it was to Snowdon that Vortigern retired from the fury of his own subjects; . . . it was there that he called to his counsels Merlin. . . . It was in Snowdon that he built the castle, which he fondly deemed would prove impregnable, but which his enemies destroyed by flinging wild fire over its walls; and it was in a wind beaten valley of Snowdon that his dead body decked in green armour had a mound of earth and stones raised over it. It was on the heights of Snowdon that the brave but unfortunate Llywelyn ap Griffith made his last stand for Cambrian independence; and it was to Snowdon that that very remarkable man, Owen Glendower, retired with his irregular bands before Henry IV and his numerous and disciplined armies, soon, however, to emerge from its defiles and follow the foe, retreating less from the Welsh arrows from the crags, than from the cold, rain, and starvation of the Welsh hills. . . . Yes, to ro-

mance Snowdon is indebted for its interest and consequently for its celebrity." Perhaps Borrow is right; if it were not for all the historic romance connected with it, this mountain would not be any more significant than many another of similar proportions. As it is, it stands, among the modern poets, almost as Parnassus stood to the Greeks.

To descend from poetry to slate — these mountains are quite as prolific in one as in the other — these slates are cut in three sizes. There was once a great discussion between Lord Penrhyn, the owner of certain slate quarries, and the slate merchant, as to a trade-name to be adopted to distinguish these three pieces of different degrees. At length, with the help of Lady Penrhyn, they evolved a system by which the largest slates were known as Duchesses, the next as Countesses, and the smallest as Ladies. Some amusing verses were written on the subject by a Welsh judge:

" It has truly been said, as we all most deplore,
That Grenville and Pitt have made peers by the score;
And now it is said, unless I have blundered,
There's a man who makes peeresses here by the hundred!
By the stroke of a hammer, without the king's aid,
A Lady, or Countess, or Duchess, is made; . . .
And you'll see, when Her Grace is but once in his clutches,
With what little respect he will handle a Duchess!"

Then Beddgelert! What a fascinating spot! The pathetic old stones in the meadow, known as the Grave of Gelert, are often supposed to be the remains of the cromlech of a mighty chieftain who has been forgotten. Some say that the name originated from the presence in this locality of the grave of Celert, an Irish chief. But they have always been associated with the legendary story of the faithful hound of Prince Llewellyn. It is a delight to walk across the meadows to this little canine shrine, and then along the bank of the dimpling stony stream past the old church and into the village, pausing to look at the ancient cottage which is said to have served this early Llewellyn as a palace. Over the door an artist, who might justly be called a "writer," has painted a sign portraying the bloody wolf, the dying hound, the distressed parent and the cooing infant, in suitably lurid colours.

There are a great many versions of the legend of Gelert, but the oldest is in manuscript, in a volume known as the Iolo MS., and I append it here. "There lived formerly at Abergarwan a man and wife, who had a son, and he was their only child, an infant in a cradle. One day, when his wife was gone to attend her devotions, the man heard the cry of hounds on

his land, in full chase after a stag. 'I will go to meet them,' he said, 'that I may, as lord of the land, get the share due me of the stag.' And away he went, leaving his child in the cradle, and near the cradle lay his greyhound. Whilst the man was absent in the field, a wolf entered the house, and would have killed and devoured the child, but the greyhound fought hard with the wolf, and after a long and bloody struggle, and many wounds and bruises, he at last succeeded in killing him. It so happened that during the struggle the cradle was by some means or other overturned, and it lay on the ground with its face downwards. When the man returned to the house, the greyhound, covered with blood, got up to welcome his master. . . . But the man, when he found blood on the greyhound, and a pool of blood on the floor, thought that the greyhound had killed his child, and so, in a fit of rage and distraction, he thrust the greyhound through with his sword, and killed him. But when he went to the cradle, and had turned it, and found his child alive and unhurt, and saw the wolf lying dead by the side of the cradle, and that the greyhound had been mangled and torn by the teeth of the wolf, he became almost frantic with grief." In time, this story became fastened upon Prince Llewel-

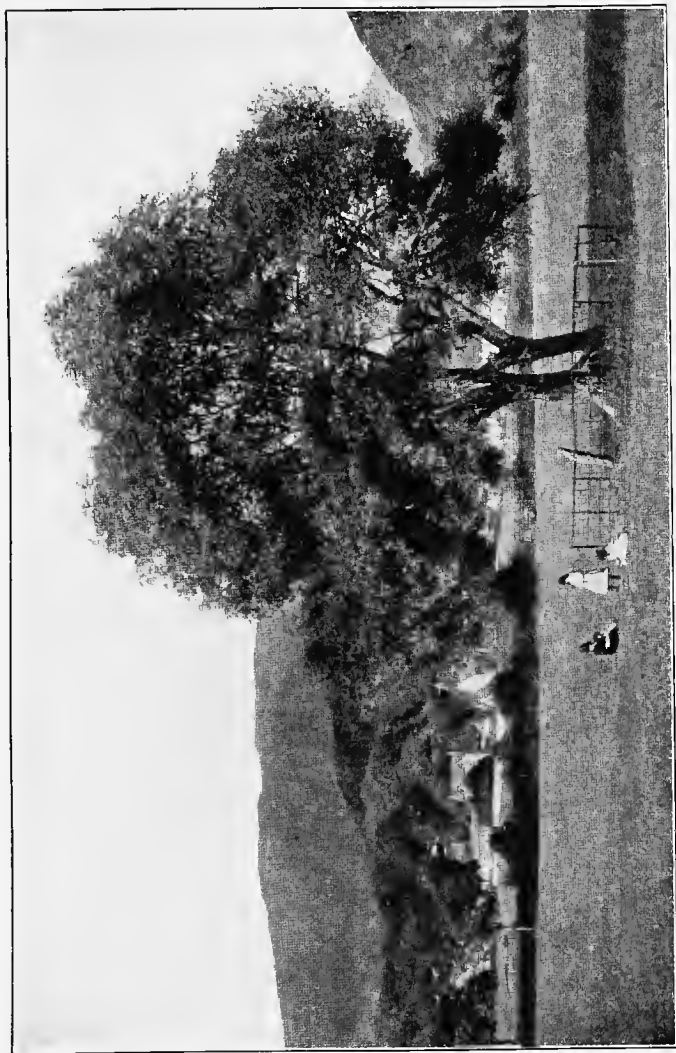
lyn, and the fact has always been told that he buried his faithful hound in an honourable grave, which has been pointed out at Beddgelert.

There are several forms in which this legend has been told in other countries, including one recorded in Sanscrit, concerning a dutiful ichneumon (an Indian household pet, I judge), who did battle with a snake and was rewarded by the same injustice as that meted out to poor Gelert. The story appears in Persian, with certain variations, and in Spanish.

A native of Beddgelert writes, alluding to the widespread myth, that "it had no place at all in the folk lore of this part until it was brought to the parish by the late David Prichard, of the Goat Hotel. . . . It was he, along with William Prichard, the parish clerk, and Richard Edwards . . . who raised the stone that is exhibited to-day on the spot that was afterwards called the Dog's Grave. We heard the latter two saying that they tried to raise up a large stone which lay on the northern side of the hillock, but that they failed, and they carried the present stone from another place in order to put it where it is now." Mr. D. E. Jenkins, who has written extensively on this subject, says, in speaking of Mr. Prichard,

“ The skill with which he used the Gelert legend for the purpose of increasing his own business, and for making popular his adopted little village, will command the admiration of generations of tourists yet to be born! ” Mr. Jenkins goes on to explain that this observation is really intended. He says: “ We can scarcely conceive of any one failing to feel an interest in the grave simply because it is a recent construction. In this grave we find evidence of the vividness with which the Welsh mind takes in the pith of a story; here is his last mark of admiration for such bravery and faithfulness. ” In this grave, too, if one might dig, one might find the remains of an excellent dog, which once belonged to two maiden ladies, who named it Gelert, and who allowed it to be interred in this spot for such reasons as are best comprehended by the sensitive Welsh conscience — perhaps it was to ensure that the affirmative reply might be truthful when visitors asked if it were really the grave of Gelert!

We went up to the Royal Goat Hotel for tea, and found it a delightfully typical and comfortable hostelry. Some of the earlier houses of Beddgelert date from the fifteenth century. The town is so isolated, and yet in such beautiful surroundings, that one can understand Pen-



GELERT'S GRAVE, BEDDGELERT.

nant's feelings when he said it was "the fittest place in the world to inspire religious meditation." Charles Kingsley speaks of the "flat meadows, mountain cradled, and the grave of the mystic greyhound, and the fair old church, shrouded in tall trees." Only fifty years ago all transportation between Beddgelert and its nearest market towns, Carnarvon and Llanrwst, had to be by means of man or beast; carts had not been introduced, and the first small vehicle which was brought to town created quite an excitement.

In the Visitor's Book at the Royal Goat some one has inscribed these lines:

"Beddgelert! Gelert's bed and grave,
Replete with nature's charms,
Great guardian mountains stand around
And hold it in their arms."

Crude as is the verse, it has in it so much actual statement of fact that it somehow lingers in the memory.

In old times hotel accommodation in Beddgelert was most inadequate. It was very primitive when Nicholas Owen wrote in 1792: "The village ale-house of Beddgelert, the place of rest nearest the bridge, affords no variety of accommodation; the catalogue of negatives is

abundant. No butcher's meat, no wheaten bread, no spirits; oat and barley bread, ale, porter and eggs commonly make the improvident stranger's repast." To my taste, this sounds attractive, but the English always demand meat with every meal!

The tiny inn, Ty Isaf, which purports to be the palace of Llewellyn, once owned a celebrated tankard, known as "the large Pint of Beddgelert." The mug held two quarts, and was of pewter. Any man who could drain it at a single draught was not obliged to pay for his drink! No doubt such capacity was so rare that the generosity of the hotel was seldom taxed, whereas frequent attempts and failures must have been a constant source of revenue! It was engraved with a goat climbing up a rock, with a verse on the other side which may be thus translated:

"My fill of beer which makes content
My owner will to thee present,
If with one hand and single draught
Thou wilt but have it wholly quaffed!"

The name of the Goat was given to the larger hotel at the suggestion and request of two travellers, distinguished men, both of them, who, happening to see a goat silhouetted

against the sky on the top of one of the craggy mountains in the immediate vicinity, asked the proprietor to christen the hotel "The Goat." After the visit of the Duke of Connaught, the name was changed to "The Royal Goat." (History does not relate whether his Royal Highness was pleased or not.)

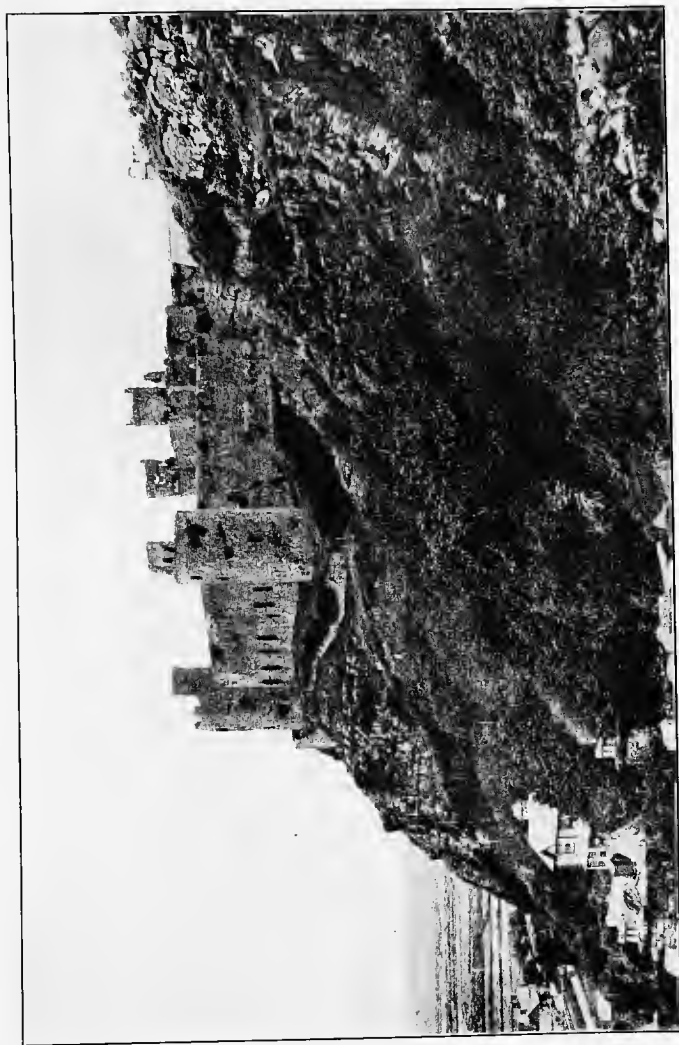
Among the minor legends in Beddgelert is one which refers to a certain old doctor who was fond of the chase, but who, by reason of his profession, had no time to indulge his sporting proclivities. As this gentleman, however, was endowed with supernatural powers, so often met in Wales, he had the ability to raise spirits. So, in the evenings, what should our worthy doctor do but settle himself with a pipe under a tree near his house (for which purpose he brought out his easy chair), and then, for his own entertainment and the pastime of the village, he would summon up from the spirit world "witch ham," a sort of goblin in animal form, with a pack of "hell hounds" to follow, and the hunt would proceed merrily evening after evening!

CHAPTER XIII

MERIONETH AND THE DEE



GRAND climax in Wales was reached in Harlech. This historic fortress, grey and grim, stately and hoary, is reminiscent of the dreams and memories of childhood through its popular association with the well-known "March of the Men of Harlech." When the Yorkists captured the castle in 1468, this march was written in honour of the noble men who, though not victorious, had filed out bravely to their defeat. It has ever since been one of the most stirring and inspiring of the Welsh national airs. Harlech was strongly Lancastrian in the Wars of the Roses. They held out during a long siege against the Yorkists. The constable of the castle is said to have exclaimed, "I held a castle in France until every old woman in Wales heard about it; and now I will hold this castle in Wales until every old woman in France shall hear of it!" Indeed the constable deserved the reputation which he won. Verily:



HARLECH CASTLE.

“ This is the castle of old romance,
This is the hill where the Muses sang,
Where Merlin’s harp, from the sea’s expanse,
Called the cold sea-maids from the dance
And echo in the sea-walls rang.”

So sings the Welsh poet, Ernest Rhys.

When Henry III had won a Welsh victory, the address made to him by an old seer is worth reflecting upon: “ This nation, O King, may now as in times of yore be troubled,” said he, “ but it can never be wholly subdued by the wrath of man unless the wrath of God shall concur. Nor do I think that any other nation than this Wales . . . shall, in the day of severe searching before the Supreme Judge, answer for this corner of the earth.” It looks as if the prophecy of the seer might be fulfilled.

When we were in Harlech they were preparing for a great musical festival, and had stretched an enormous green and white awning over the keep, but the result was not bad, and it might have been so arranged for a tournament in the middle ages.

The opalescent beauty of the distant mountains as we travelled from Harlech to Barmouth was exquisite and restful. I should never advise any visitor with limited time for Wales to stop at Barmouth. No doubt a long

stay in this delicious climate would have its attractions, but there is little to attract one who is looking for the spell of history or of art. Barmouth making no appeal to any of the tastes or temperaments of our party, we went directly through to Dolgelley, which filled every requirement of our associated needs. One passes by Criccieth Castle, which is situated in a romantic way on a high bluff on the shore, but that can also be spared, after Harlech.

The story is told of an old gentleman of Dolgelley, who, in describing his native town to a friend with whom he was dining, took a decanter, and, placing it on the table, remarked: "There — that is the church," and, casting a handful of nut shells around the bottle, added, "And these are the houses." This is still practically all there is to be seen in Dolgelley, and yet it is full of satisfying atmosphere.

The name of the town grew from "Doll-y-cyll," meaning "The Dale of the Hazel Groves."

Dolgelley has a truly pastoral flavour on one side of the town, and a singularly stony and severe but quaint aspect on the other. We spent our first afternoon there sitting out on the common, watching a cricket match, and then saw the cows milked before returning for

a stroll in the vegetable garden of the Golden Lion Hotel. We proceeded then to tea in the other garden, this hotel being blessed with two, and imbibed this refreshment under the spreading trees on an ideal afternoon.

After dinner in the evening we sat out in front of this excellent little hotel, and remarked upon the stage-like setting of the tiny open place lying before us. On the right was the squat tower of the little church, dark and grey, and against it some nestling houses. In front of these stood a spreading squared Japanese-looking pine tree, and, above, the new moon in the sky. On the other side, similar buildings occupied the foreground, while a narrow street, "up centre" as stage-directions would call it, led to a vista view of high mountains, pale Indian red under a white haze, with deep green hills in front. No sooner had we spoken of the sensational and operatic effect of this setting, than a tall man in a frock coat came down the street, carrying a violin case. The orchestra appeared to have arrived! He placed the case on a low stone wall, and began to unpack.

It would not have been possible to plan a prettier entertainment on the vaudeville stage than that which followed. As the strains of

the violin, really beautifully played, arose upon the twilight air, the populace began to gather stealthily about the edges of the square — emerging from the wings, as it were.

Little Welsh lasses in scarlet cloaks stole slyly out from the narrow streets, and stood in spellbound bunches. Youths full of bravado lounged about, shrugging their superior shoulders loftily when asked to contribute their penny. The Curfew interrupted for a brief time, but our musician was artist enough to wait until its peal had ceased. Indeed, he had the true temperament. When the “boots” came from the hotel with money for him, he would not stop playing to receive it, but murmured, “Up my sleeve, Jock,” whereupon Jock “posted” the pennies into the player’s raised left cuff! We were amused, too, when the music had come to an end, to hear a little group of Welsh Taffies request “one more;” and their choice was equally amusing — “Yip-i-addy!”

After dark we strolled up into the little market square. Nearly every one had retired, and the town was as quiet as sleep in the moonlight. We saw a little group, however, standing out alone in the open space; they looked as if they might be conspirators, for they stood with their heads close together as if plotting. As

we got nearer, soft strains of vocal music reached us — we found that our stage villains were three old city fathers, standing there and deliberately singing a trio into each other's faces!

The picturesqueness of Dolgelley does not even pass with the night — daylight finds it equally fascinating in a different way. The following morning a little, bent-over town crier, with a bell nearly as large as himself, was seen going through the streets announcing the news in Welsh.

The country around Dolgelley has been pronounced by one writer to be “a very Garden of Eden,” while another says that there is no place where nature “bears so rich and varied an aspect.”

The followers of Owen Glendower made Dolgelley their great rallying ground, but, aside from this, the town has not an eventful history.

One of the most beautiful mountains in Wales is Cader Idris, which lies just behind the town. A. G. Bradley says: “Cader Idris springs magnificently from its very doorsteps, while the clear stream of the Union . . . sweeps under its ancient bridge and out into the daylight.” This mountain, so beautiful in colour and form, was called Cader Idris, “The Chair of Idris,”

because a celebrated astronomer of that name in the sixth century used often to mount its peak to make his observations. There is said to be a giant living on Cader Idris, who, one day, found three pebbles in his shoe; he threw them down the hillside, where they may be seen to-day. These are three conspicuous rocks on the road from Dolgelley to Machynlleth. There is a little inn near Dolgelley, called by the original name of "The Cross Foxes." From the train, beyond Dolgelley, the view of Bala Lake is the chief attraction, and very lovely is this expanse of calm water, set among tinted hills and verdant plains.

We stayed a day or two at the Hand Hotel in Llangollen, where Browning lived for some time. It is a well situated house. A little waterfall over a dam in front of the hotel keeps up a perpetual murmur. Dinas Bran, that venerable ruin, frowns down upon it from what would normally be "across the street" but is here on the other side of the river, and is fascinating and mysterious in its ghostly decay. Leland says: "The castell of Dinas Bran was never a bigge thing, but set all for strength as in a place half inaccessible for enemyes."

To refer once more to that naïve enthusiast on the subject of Wales, Thomas Churchyard:

“The towne is near the goodlye river Dee,
That underneath a bridge of stone doth passe . . .
And in the stream huge stones and rocks remaine,
That backward it might the flood by force constraine.”

Llangollen bridge was built about 1346, probably by Bishop Trevor of St. Asaph, who was also Chancellor of Chester.

Looking up at the craggy remains of Dinas Bran (I have to make the unsportswomanlike admission that I visited the ruin only by means of binoculars!), I could easily fancy what it looked like when its lovely daughter, Myfanwy, lived there, and inspired the passion of the valley poet, Gutyen Owen. Any poet living in that valley at any period must perforce and almost automatically have fallen in love with any maiden living in that castle. The setting is irresistibly romantic.

Behold a grey castle set on an almost inaccessible hill, rising directly out of a valley which forms the bed of a beautiful river, the banks prolific with all kinds of suitable verdure, and sea-gulls disporting themselves like soaring white doves over the entire landscape. Sit on the opposite side of the stream and contemplate this charming composition. The Welsh poet's harp must have had little rest as he sang:

“ My song shall tell the world how bright
Is she who robs my soul of rest;
As fair her face, all smiles and light,
As snow new-fallen on Aran’s crest.

“ Ah, bid me sing, as well I can,
Nor scorn my melody as vain,
Or, ’neath the walls of Dinas Bran
Behold me perish in my pain.”

Liberal translations into indifferent verse, however, are not as convincing as a prose transcription. Again hear the love-sick poet address his lady Myfanwy: “ In whatever part of the world I am, I lament my absence from the marble castle of Myfanwy. . . . The well-fed steed carried me pensive like Tristan, and great was his speed to reach the golden summit of Bran. . . . I have rode hard, mounted on a fine high-bred steed, upon thy account, . . . the speed was with eagerness, and the strong long-hammed steed of Alban reached the summit of the highland of Bran.” Certainly this verse of the poet carries the conviction of truth. There is great verisimilitude in this description of the effort necessary in climbing Dinas Bran! He bursts forth again: “ thou gentle maid of slender shape, who hinderest me to sleep by thy charms, I bring thy praises, bright maid, to thy neat palace at Dinas Bran.” Dinas Bran was

a rough fortress until the fifteenth century, when it was destroyed, and became a ruin. Whether the expression "neat palace" would seem to have been appropriate at any period, is food for conjecture, but it is certainly a grim scrap of feudal relic now.

Leland tells a curious tale in connection with Dinas Bran. Leland so seldom falls into anecdote that one feels that this fact must have made a special impression on him: "In the rock-side that the castelle standeth on, breedeth every yeere an eagle. And the eagle doth sorely assault him that destroyeth his nest, going down in one basket and having another over his head to defend the sore stripe of the eagle." One would almost fancy that it would be worth while to let the eagle's nest alone!

In the early days the Welsh bards were among the most important institutions. In a sense, the bards were the daily press, and the historians of battle, — they were indispensable to herald the doings of the great, and naturally met with every consideration and were taken good care of, whether for their own sakes or for what they were to accomplish. A bard of the twelfth century describes the methods of some of the warriors, and adds: "Their assault was like that of strong lions, and they

pierced their enemies like brave warriors; they were lords of battle, and rushed foremost with their crimson lances. . . . Their shields were broke asunder with much force, as the high-sounding wind on the beach of the sea.”

Llewellyn the Great is celebrated by the bard Einion, who sounded the key note when he sang: “Obstinate was his resistance to the treacherous English,” and spoke of Llewellyn “the generous, the maintainer of bards.” “Llewellyn the magnanimous hero,” he continues, “whose armour glistened; the maintainer of his rights . . . I have seen him furious in the conflict at Chester, where he doubly repaid his enemies the injuries he suffered from them.” “In Aber Conwy the brave Llewellyn got his right,” says another bard. “He contested with David;” and he confirms the statement of Einion as to the existence also of a delightful peaceful side to the character of the hero: “Though in battle he killed with fury, though he burned with outrageous fire, yet he was a mild prince when the mead-horns were distributed, . . . he gave generously under his warring banners, to his numerous bards, gold and silver, which he regarded not, and Gascony prancing steeds, with rich trappings; and great scarlet cloaks, shining like the ruddy flame, . . . he

bestoweth generously like brave Arthur, snow white steeds by hundreds." It is interesting to come upon this authentic allusion to the national scarlet cloak. In rejoicing he adds: "We the Bards of Britain, whom our Prince entertaineth on the first of January, shall every one of us, in our rank and station, enjoy mirth and jollity, and secure gold and silver for our reward."

Of all the Welsh bards, the greatest was Taliesin. He was the chief bard of the early part of the sixth century. History or legend — perhaps we might call it legendary history — relates that Prince Elphin, while out salmon fishing, experienced bad luck, and caught no fish one day. While he was bewailing his fate, after the manner of spoiled children of every epoch, he and a fisherman espied a small coracle, in which was floating an aquatic waif, in the manner of a more recent Moses. They caught the slender craft, and Elphin carried the baby home to court, where it was his whim to have it educated. The infant developed into the famous bard Taliesin, one of the most noted poets of Wales, and certainly the foremost of his century.

In later years, Taliesin commemorated the occasion in a great poem in which he, in the

character of the new found babe, exhorted Elphin to trust to Providence, and consoled him for the fact that his fishing trip had been unsuccessful, so to speak. "Fair Elphin, cease to weep," he says: "Let no man be discontented with his fortune; to despair avails nothing. Though I am but little, yet I am endowed with great gifts. From the seas and mountains, and from the bottom of rivers, God sends wealth to the good and happy man. Elphin with the lovely qualities, thy behaviour is unmanly, thou oughtest not to be over pensive. To trust in God is better than to forebode evil. Though I am but small and slender on the beach of the foaming main, I shall do thee more good in the day of distress than three hundred salmons! . . . Though I am but weak, on my leathern couch, there dwelleth a gift on my tongue." In case the reader does not happen to be familiar with coracles, I might add that a coracle is a light boat, made of a frame-work covered with leather, for use in rivers, and can be easily carried on the back of a man.

The earliest harps of the Welsh bards are reported to have been strung with hair. There is record of a poet who was proud to relate that his harp was of "glossy black hair," scorning what he called strings "from dead

sheep," with which, apparently, inferior harpists had to be content.

The town of Llangollen itself is rather modern and uninteresting, except for the old house, Plas Newydd, the home of the redoubted Ladies of Llangollen, of which one hears tales and finds souvenirs at every turn. The house is a charming old beam and plaster affair, with panels of ornate carving all over its exterior; evidently these specimens were brought from every land. Breton beds and Spanish altars may be detected, adapted to the enrichment of this eccentric dwelling. The result is pleasing and handsome. On the lawn is to be seen a sort of artificial Carnac, a dolmen surrounded by menhirs in a magic circle. The effect is somewhat bizarre. One can easily see that the "Ladies" must have had "temperaments," and appreciation, and one can understand how their home was a centre of the cultivated society of the Wales of that period. Lockhart describes them, waiting to receive Sir Walter Scott, "fussing and tottering about in an agony of expectation."

Miss Ponsonby and Lady Eleanor Butler fled from their home in Ireland, and settled in Llangollen, where they lived together for half a century. There are rumours that disappointed

love drove them to this — or at least one of them — but nothing is certain except that here they came and here they remained. The descriptions of them are usually rather amusing. Matthews the Elder says that “in their well-starched neck-cloths,” and their “habits, which they always wear, even at a dinner party,” they looked “exactly like two respectable super-annuated old clergymen.” A more sympathetic mention is made by one who knew them personally when he was a boy; he says: “These kind ladies brushed the coat and hat of the writer of these lines, after a fall from his horse . . . and they also filled his pockets with oranges on that occasion, stating that when *they* were school-boys they were fond of oranges themselves!” So it is evident that they had a humourous side.

The same writer also tells how, early in the century, “Plas Newydd was invaded for the first time by cockroaches, causing the utmost dismay to the ladies, who attributed this unwelcome visitation to a baker’s shop recently established on the opposite side of the river Dee, and were confident that they marched across the bridge like an army by night.” This was the story as they told it to the boy — but probably not without a twinkle in the eye!

Many poets and literary men visited the La-

dies, and Wordsworth wrote some verses to them; but he gave offence, because he alluded to their exotic establishment as “ a low-roofed cot.” They did not like the closing lines either :

“ Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb
Even on earth, above the reach of time.”

This suggested such ambiguity as to their ages, — they said they could write better poetry than that themselves!

They had an old servant, Mary Caryll, who had come from Ireland with them; when she died she left the sum of five hundred pounds to her mistresses; they playfully announced that they did not believe she could have possibly laid it all aside out of her wages — they decided that she must have made it by surreptitiously showing them off as curiosities!

They were evidently good old “ sports; ” when Lady Eleanor Butler’s eyes had to be operated on, she sat up in a chair, wearing her hat and all her decorations, and refused to lie down, or to use the blue shade which had been recommended.

In 1879, long after Plas Newydd had passed into other hands, Dean Stanley visited it, and observed: “ I have not been here since I was

ten years old, when I was taken, frightened to death, to see the ladies! ”

If Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby were eccentric, both in dress and manners, they were far from being disagreeable people; indeed, I fancy they were simply rather in advance of their times in many ways. A good deal of their history may be learned from their epitaphs in the churchyard at Llangollen. Their monument is a simple triangular shaft, with three separate inscriptions on its three sides — one to each of the Ladies, and one to Mary Caryll, the servant. This arrangement is certainly democratic, and in every way does credit to the good hearts of the spinsters. The inscriptions around the stone are as follows. The first:

“ In memory of Mary Caryll, deceased 22 Nov., 1809, this monument is erected by Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, of Plas Newydd in this Parish.

Patient, industrious, faithful, generous, kind,
Her conduct left the proudest far behind;
Her virtues dignified her humble birth,
And raised her mind above this sordid earth.
Attachment, (sacred bond of grateful breasts)
Extinguished but with life, this tomb attests.
Reared by two friends who will her loss bemoan,
Till with her ashes, here shall rest their own.”

No more touching tribute of devotion could be paid from mistress to maid. The pictures of Mary Caryll represent her as wearing the conventional Mother Goose clothes — paniers, high-heeled shoes with buckles, a round apron and short red petticoat, with a laced bodice above and a frilled cap.

The epitaph of Lady Eleanor Charlotte Butler comes next on the shaft — she died on the second of June, in 1829, ninety years of age. Mention is made that she was the daughter of the sixteenth sister of the seventeenth Earl of Ormonde and Ossery, “and aunt to the late and present Marquis of Ormonde.” A list of her virtues follows, and the “brilliant vivacity of mind, amiable condescension and benevolence,” play their part among them.

Poor Miss Ponsonby was thus left alone for a time. Finally she died on the 9th of December, 1831. The statement on the tombstone is as follows:

“She did not long survive her beloved companion, Lady Eleanor Butler, with whom she had lived in this valley for more than half a century of uninterrupted friendship, ‘but they shall no more return to their house, neither shall their place know them any more.’ Job. VII., 10.”

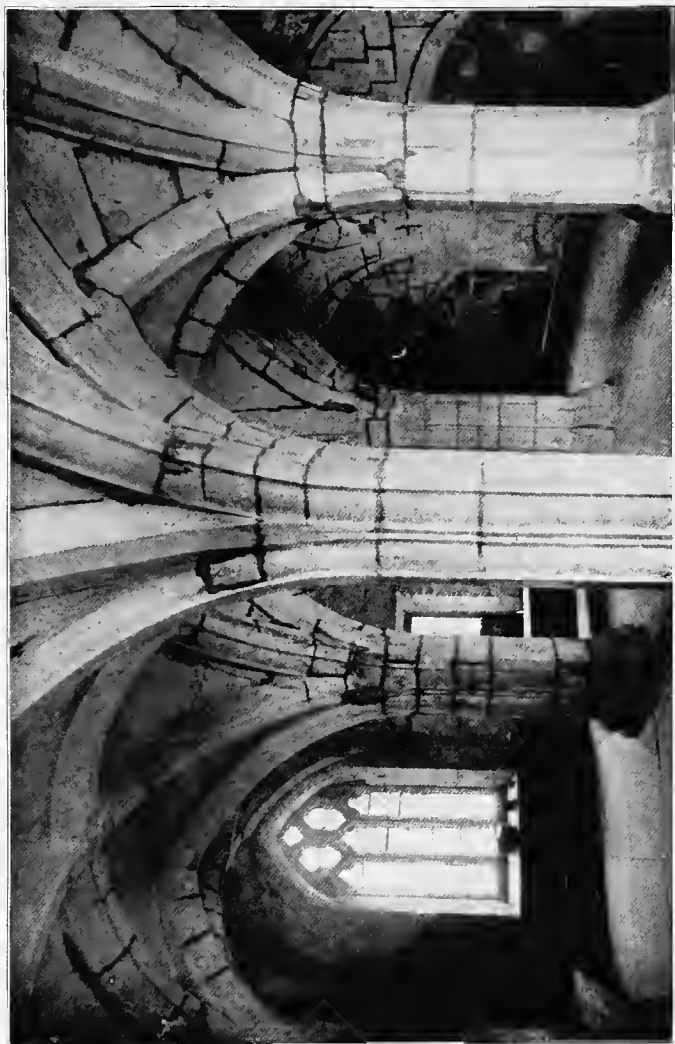
A curious stone in the Llangollen church yard bears the following inscription:

“ Our life is but a winter’s day,
Some only breakfast and away —
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.”

One of the most romantic spots in the neighbourhood of Llangollen is Valle Crucis Abbey.

“ An Abbey near that mountain town there is,
Whose walls yet stand, and steeple too likewise,”

sings Churchyard, referring to this delightful ruin. The architectural features are still quite recognizable, however, in spite of its fallen state. Here are three tombs of very special interest. Myfanwy, the heroine of Dinas Bran, lies here, and the very stone coffin, with the actual hollow where her head rested, is shown. Also here is the coffin of Iolo Goch, the bard of Owen Glendower “the great, the good.” There is a good deal of doubt, however, as to which is his stone; and, since there is a bard lying just beside that of Myfanwy, it is more gratifying to the sense of sentimental justice to believe that this is the grave of her poet



CHAPTER HOUSE, VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY.

lover. Another tomb shows a warrior behind his shield. The sculpture is sunk into the stone, instead of the figure being raised in relief.

The walls of the abbey are still standing, and there is a very beautiful chapter house almost entire. It is quite a rambling ruin, with fascinating little accidental spots of picturesque value. In its palmy days the abbots are said to have dined off "four courses a day, on silver dishes, and drinking claret." Henry VIII changed all that!

On the little rose window is an inscription: "Abbot Adam did this work. May he rest in happy peace. Amen." In the Abbey close is an old spring, which still yields fine clear water. The "Friday" fish-pond, sedgy and picturesque, may still be seen at the back of the buildings. The view of the ruins from the opposite side, reflected in this pool, is very effective.

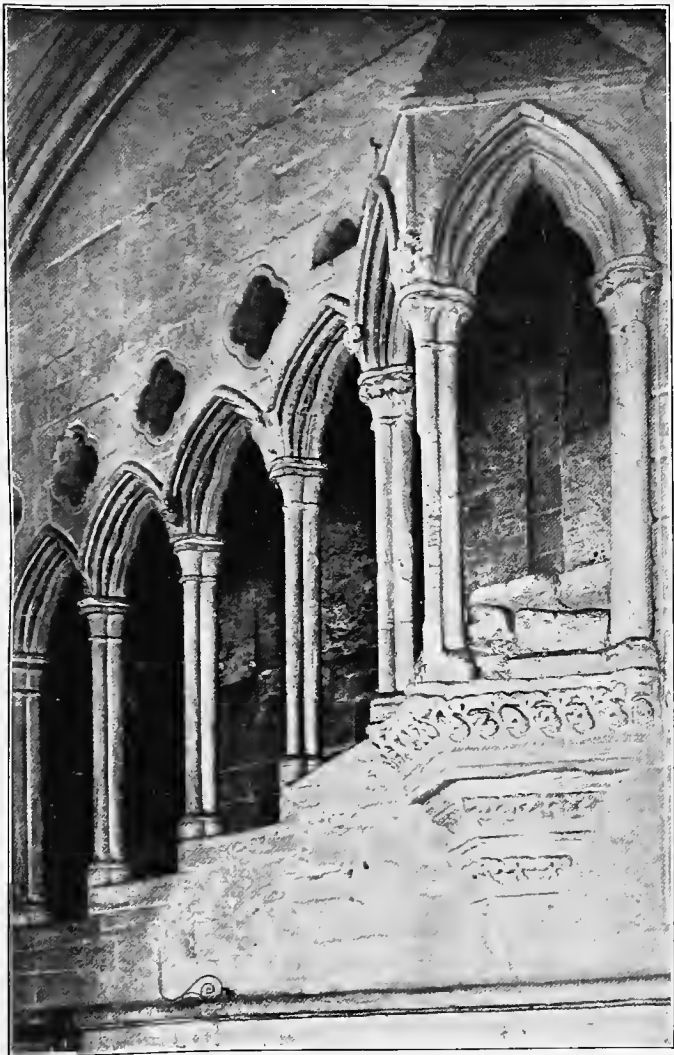
Chirk Castle may be visited from Llangollen, and it has several historic associations of considerable interest. I myself have only seen it from the train, which affords simply a glimpse such as is recorded by Churchyard:

"A castle fair appeared to sight of eye,
Whose walls were great and towers both large and high."

This is hardly less curt than the mention of it by Dr. Johnson, in his "Diary of a Tour in Wales:" "We came to Chirk Castle." This is all that the learned doctor has to say upon the subject. Dr. Johnson did not like Leland's "Tour in Wales." He said "I looked in Leland. An unpleasant book of mere hints." I don't know that Leland could be accused of "mere hints" with any more justice than Dr. Johnson himself!

At the very mouth of the Dee lies Chester. The cathedral, a shade too red to be called strictly hoary, is rather an impressive structure. One of the things which pleases Americans in Chester Cathedral is to see those battle flags which went to Bunker Hill, and now hang in the south transept.

As Henry James says: "An American strolling in the streets of Chester finds a perfect feast of crookedness." Then there are the "rows," a unique feature of this city. They are a set of little shopping streets "up one flight" so to speak—they are galleries running through the first stories of the buildings, and, I am told, were originally planned with a view to being more easily protected in times of siege or riot than shops on the actual street level. James characterizes them as: "An ar-



PULPIT IN REFECTORY, CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

chitectural idiosyncrasy . . . a sort of Gothic edition of the blessed arcades of Italy — and consist, roughly speaking, of a running public passage tunnelled through the second story of the houses.” The shops in the rows are quite up to date, if the construction is not, and one may buy many a charming souvenir of the visit to this interesting city.

A walk around the walls should be taken without fail; many people spend only an hour or two in Chester, and that is a pity. You pass the little look-out tower from which Charles I watched the defeat of his army at Rowton; and you have an interesting opportunity to see the working of the locks on the canal. We stood for some time watching the great, thin, long boats rise and fall with the opening of the flood-gates; the boats were snub-nosed, and looked like gigantic sabots.

Recently another important attraction has been added to those already existing in Chester. They have reopened and restored the old Stanley Palace, which is furnished and renovated with much taste and zeal. This old house is mainly a beam and plaster structure. They show a tiny loft in which the Earl of Derby was concealed for many weeks. The little custodian was extremely pretty in her Tudor dress, a sad

rose-coloured brocade three hundred years old. She betrayed marked modern suffragette tendencies, however. When she told us that the earl was finally betrayed by his servant, she added — “It was a man servant. Not a woman, mind.” And in exhibiting the working of an ancient man-trap, she remarked, “I wouldn’t have used such a thing.”

In a “History of the City of Chester” there is the following mention of the palace: “A little lower down on the opposite side there is an ancient building now occupied as cottages but which in its early days was a mansion of notable repute. Its erection bears the date of 1591. Its antiquity cannot be discovered from the street, the front being built with more modern brickwork; but on entering a narrow court a few paces below Nicholas Street, the sides of the venerable edifice rise into full view. . . . I believe it was formerly the city residence of the Derby family, which is the more probable, on account of its contiguity to the Watergate, of which the Earl of Derby had the custody.”

A subterranean passage once made connection between the Stanley Palace and the castle, also leading to the Watergate, and the trap-door which led to this is still shown in the entrance hall. The seventh Earl of Derby, about

whom centres most of the history connected with the house, was a loyal supporter of Charles I, and was subsequently beheaded at Bolton, in 1652, "for high treason against the Commonwealth of England, by his friendship and correspondence with Charles Stuart, the deposed monarch." He was first in hiding, and then, after his betrayal by his servant, held forcibly by his enemies in prison, in his own house. A contemporary record states: "The Earl of Derby attempted to escape, and was let down by a rope from the leads of his chamber, but some, hearing a noise, made after him, and he was re-taken on the Dee banks." And later, in the same Memoirs, occurs the item: "Letters of the particulars of the Earl of Derby's death, on the fifteenth, at Bolton, who carried himself with stoutness and with Christian-like temper." He left a number of mottoes and precepts for the guidance of his sons, one of which is striking: "The only service of God is not to be evil." If a trifle negative, this was a good motto for an impetuous youth in those days.

St. John's Church in Chester, too, is a sight worth seeing. The approach to it is quaint — down "Little St. John's Street." This small church has magnificent Norman drum pillars.

Some Americans, seeing in Chester a carriage of state, told us, " We saw a big real old-fashioned coach, with a tapestry hanging on in front " (presumably this was a hammer-cloth). They asked a man if it was an advertisement! Imagine the wounded feelings of the British subject so addressed as he answered, " That is the Justice's carriage."

CHAPTER XIV

IN EAST ANGLIA

LONDON in July became suddenly unbearably hot. We could do nothing, so we decided that, as we were wasting time anyway, we might as well waste it where it was cooler. So, having already planned a little trip into East Anglia, we simply consulted the map to see which available seaside resort would be most in our line of travel. The result was that we made a plunge, and landed at Clacton-on-Sea, which is just what it sounds. The town may be said to be laid out in sections devoted to first, second and third class — visitors, tourists, and trippers. Taking our station deliberately among the first-class visitors, we put up at the Grand Hotel at Southcliffe. It proved to be a comfortable place in which to kill time, although, as the Little One said, “Time is too precious to kill.”

We travelled through a good deal of Constable's country, lovely soft meadows, glowing fields of ripe golden corn, bordered with puffy

irregular trees with fetlocks of foliage, — an ideal flat and restful country for a painter in one mood. And an enterprising bit withal: in a large verdant pasture full of contented kine one read on a sign-board, “ This desirable brick-yard to let.” Some of the towns in this district have jaunty names, — Jay Wick rather attracted me. It sounds light-hearted.

Clacton rejoices in the reputation of being “ the Mentone of the Eastern Counties; ” and, not content with one such high-flown claim, the local guide advises a visit to the Operetta House, which is said to be the “ Aladdin’s Palace of the Essex Shore! ” There is a well-appointed pier, with slot machines and other popular conceits; the band plays day and night on the esplanade, with chairs to be hired. The seats where the acoustics are good cost two-pence, and the bad ones threepence, according to some British law of compensation not yet fathomed by Americans.

Clacton is one of those places whose chief attraction is an excursion to another place. In this case the point of real interest is St. Osyth’s Priory. St. Osyth was, on a small scale, a feminine counterpart of St. Denis, having been beheaded by the Danes in the sixth century, and having immediately picked up her head and

walked indignantly away! The fragments of her original priory are scanty, but on its site there had been a fine Augustinian monastery, which survived until Henry VIII "ordered it up," so to speak. The entrance gate has considerable majesty, and is a good example of the East Anglian "flush-work," a sort of rubble faced with small squared flints, and decorated with tracery and finials made of sandstone and laid on flush with the surface. The impression is somewhat similar to an elaborate brick and beam structure imitated in stone. Over the door of this gate may be seen in the spandrels of the arch old carvings, St. George, on one side, being separated from the dragon, on the other side, by a central angel, — a new rendering to me of the legendary hero.

One could hardly say too much of the excellent "vergeress" at the little parish church at St. Osyth. This good woman is not only thoroughly well informed upon everything which concerns her charge, but she has made a substantial contribution to the parish in the shape of nine sons and six daughters, eight of the boys, at intervals, having been "solo voices" in the choir, while her husband is also a choir singer. She said she had seven grand-

children; she has not a grey hair in her head, and is a better illustration of perennial youth than the whole Metchnikoff System!

She explained two small side openings into the chancel as being "squints" for those sitting in the transepts to view "the h'isting of the Host." Nothing could be more expressive.

The chancel at St. Osyth's has a curious feature. In the centre is a horseshoe-shaped enclosure, known as "the fold." This is surrounded by the chancel rail. The communicants go inside this fold, and kneel at the rail, while the celebrants stand on the outside; this is a curious and pretty idea of the shepherding of souls.

Driving back through the Constable country, we saw a ploughed field with the furrows all filled with sea-gulls. Our driver explained that they always "follow the plough." You have no idea how strange it was—the chocolate brown earth, among the deep midsummer greens, and the white birds parading solemnly through the ruts hunting for worms!

One day at Clacton a few large drops of rain fell and a little girl called out to her mother that it was raining. The lady replied: "Oh, those are just thunder-spots!" It is evidently a recognized term, and a defined type of the man-

ifestation of English weather, for no more drops fell, and it thundered in the distance.

As soon as the weather permitted, we moved like Evelyn: "Hence to Ipswich; doubtless one of the sweetest, most pleasant, well-built towns in England." Evelyn liked Ipswich; he again alludes to it: "Ipswich . . . in a word, 'tis for building, cleanness and good order, one of the best townes in England. Cardinal Wolsey was a butcher's son of this towne, but there is little of that magnificent prelate's foundation here, except a school and I think a library which I did not see." Defoe expresses it succinctly, saying, "The famous Cardinal Wolsey was born in this town, his father being a butcher in it."

No sooner did we enter the town of Ipswich than we realized how completely Dickens had made the most of his opportunity. Not only is the "Great White Horse Hotel" still graced with the "statue" like an "insane cart-horse" which he describes; but the whole town is full of names which sound as if Dickens had invented them! One has only to note them at random from the shop-signs as one drives up from the station. We pass from Binks to Trot, from Stubbs the Stationer to Poppy the Milliner, and Sneezum the Chemist. William

Slack's Toffee-works may be visited, and Morris Death "Undertakes jobbing in all its branches," which sounds very much like a paid assassin! Wines and spirits may be purchased from Dantsie and Co.

We were so fortunate as to secure Dickens' "double bedded room,"—the scene of Mr. Pickwick's encounter with the middle-aged lady in curl papers—and we passed one evening sitting there and reading the chapter aloud. It seems that Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton stayed at the White Horse in 1800.

Ipswich's "Ancient House" is really a remarkable place. Ipswich is famous for quaint houses, and this one is the finest of all. The embossed plaster moulding on its upper story, known as "pargetting," has figures emblematical of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Of course the latter is represented by an Indian with bow and arrows. The house is now the home of a temperamental publishing-house and book-shop, and they have all the local traditions for sale in attractive form. It is quite one of the most pleasing shops I have ever seen.

There is a little chapel in the roof which is really only the upper part of the original room, which accounts for its very low raftered roof. At the time of the Reformation it was consid-



MR. PICKWICK'S "DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM," IPSWICH.

ered prudent to close the little Roman Catholic oratory by placing a floor at the spring of the arches, thus ceiling the lower part, and making it into a sitting-room. The chapel above was not re-discovered for some generations.

One of the most interesting historical characters of Ipswich was Margaret Catchpole, an adventurous heroine of wild romance in a domestic setting, a combination of confidential maid, rough rider, and horse-thief thrown into one; — her story has been charmingly written by Rev. Richard Cobbold, and recently re-published at the Ancient House. This girl was a maid-servant living in the family of the author's mother, and was in all essentials of character a pretty good girl, and yet, so arbitrary is fate, she was condemned to be hung for horse-stealing; she actually stole a horse, and rode it from Ipswich to London in ten hours, dressed as a groom. But as one reads this affecting and "perfectly true story" one realizes that poor Margaret was more sinned against than sinning, for her worthless soldier lover was really responsible for her evil deed; she would never have stolen a horse for herself. Her greatest error was loving not wisely but too well, if one may be forgiven for using such a quotation in the twentieth century. It seems

to fit the case and the period. I advise all readers to get the history of Margaret Catchpole and follow her on her daring ride, which was such a feat for a girl as was Paul Revere's for a soldier, or that of John Gilpin for "a citizen of renown." Margaret, from her earliest childhood, had always been a very fearless and skilful horsewoman, evidently intended for life on the Western plains in America. Her spirit was mislaid by some pre-natal oversight, and came to consciousness in a poor girl in a staid East Anglian village. What wonder that something had to break?

Mr. Cobbold says: "Gainsborough and Constable were lovers of the scenery around Ipswich, and many are the sketches in possession of their Suffolk friends which speak their admiration for the beautiful landscapes which surround the river Orwell. Had these artists seen Margaret in her equestrian character, they would have immortalized her; for nothing could have been more appropriate to the spirit of their works. Margaret was as fearless as a Newmarket jockey, and never was known to have had a single fall." He goes on to say that the circus riders of a celebrated troupe probably "could not have sat a Suffolk cart-horse with the same composure." Now and then at the

aces, when a rider failed to reach the highest point of excellence, some of the lads were heard to exclaim, "Margaret would beat him hollow!" Rushing off for the doctor was a specialty of Margaret's, as may be well understood, and indeed her unusual skill only once led her astray, and then, if her sentence had not been commuted to banishment, it would have cost her her life.

Among the other publications is an interesting little history of the martyrdom of two women who were burned in the open square in Ipswich for their opinions. In the Cornhill there was originally a preaching cross, which stood until the sixteenth century, when a market cross was erected in its stead. This remained until 1812. On the nineteenth of February, 1556, two Protestant women were burned in Cornhill. A grim bit of early recording is the chamberlain's accounts of this disgraceful occasion: "Item: paid for a writ for the Exicusion of the two women who were burned, five shillings. Item, paid to four men for carrying wood and broome to the place of Exicusion, four-shillings and seven-pence. Item, for a stake at the said Exicusion, six shillings."

Another attractive book of local interest is a romance about the Ancient House itself, called

“ A King’s Ransom,” and telling a good story of Charles II, when he was in hiding under its roof after the battle of Worcester.

Cardinal Wolsey, who was a native of Ipswich, took pleasure himself in suppressing the Augustinian monastery and founding his own college on its site. In their turn, the Augustinians may be pardoned a chuckle when, upon the fall of Wolsey only five years after the college was started, it also collapsed in its turn. The gateway alone remains.

Of the many churches in Ipswich, several suffered greatly at the hands of the Puritans. In the journal of one of the leaders of the Iconoclasts, is an entry: “ At Peter’s ” (you see he won’t even say St. Peter!) “ was on the porch the crown of thorns, the sponge, and the Trinity, in stone . . . all which I ordered to break in pieces.”

A pleasant excursion from Ipswich is to Framlingham, with its remains of an old castle and charming church. We inadvertently selected the day of its annual horse and cattle show, as well as the date of the Commencement exercises at the boy’s school, so the trains were rather crowded. In addition, a “ treat ” was taking place; hundreds of poor children from London were being conveyed in special cars for

an outing, yelling and almost spilling out of the train doors with glee. When they saw a horse-chestnut tree, they began shouting, "H'apples! h'apples!" and wanted to pick and eat the fruit at once!

So we saw much in addition to the castle, which is but a dispiriting ruin of brick and rubble, with a fungoid graft of twisted Elizabethan brick chimneys; the ruins are garnished, too, with notices calling attention to the fact that the walls have become dangerous, and that to go within was at the visitor's own risk. This was not inviting, but we risked it.

The founder and architect of Framlingham Castle was probably Redwold of East Anglia, who lived in 617; a warlike personage noted for being "noble by birth though ignoble in his actions." Unfortunately for the antiquary the destruction of Framlingham Castle was quite deliberate; in the will of its owner, Sir R. Hitcham, he instructed the Masters and Fellows of Pembroke College as follows: "Item, I devise that presently after my decease all the castle saving the stone building be pulled down, and the materials thereof coming to be converted into" — something else. The rest is immaterial.

The funeral of its duke in 1524 is described

by Martin as being a most striking affair. He speaks of "the order and manner of decking and garnishing the castle of Framlingham when the noble prince died: next the chamber of state, the great chamber of the hall, the chapel and the choir, were hung with black cloth garnished with escutcheons of his arms, and in the midst of the choir was a place ordained with four great principals bearing certain lights, which burned day and night, and were made with bars about them, hung with black cloth, garnished with escutcheons of his arms, in which place the noble corpse was to lie until such a time as all things might be in readiness for his removal thence to the place where he was to rest." A practical item follows: "The black cloths . . . were four hundred and forty yards." If one can visualize this sombre setting covered at intervals with heraldic display, it certainly conjures up the fine Gothic pomp of the duke's obsequies. The funeral of the duke was further described as consisting of a long processional pageant, items of which are of quaint interest, as, for instance: "three coaches of friars," and "the noble corpse in a chariot, wherein it lay garnished," and "gentlemen in black . . . to the number of nine hundred." The poet, Bernard Barton, has thus

apostrophized what is left of Framlingham, taking the license of his order in idealizing the remains :

“ Still upon moat and mere below
Thine ivied towers look down,
And far their giant shadows throw
With feudal grandeur's frown.”

On the site now occupied by Framlingham Church was a much earlier structure, and in the Domesday records allusion is thus made to it: “ There is one church having six acres, and one villan, four bordars, and two ploughs, which is worth fifteen shillings.”

The romantic poet, Surrey, is buried in the church at Framlingham. The monuments in this church are exceptionally fine, — one has a row of kneeling sons all alike, in sepulchral coloured sculpture of the fifteenth century. The inscription on the most important of the Framlingham monuments, that of Sir Robert Hitcham, reads :

1636

“ The children not yet born with gladness shall
Thy pious actions unto memory call;
And thou shalt live as long as there shalt be
Either poor or any use of charity.”

Surely this involves almost an eternal recognition of his virtues!

Around the top of the church, at the gutter line, runs a low parapet of lead, with texts in pierced Gothic letters, curiously decorative and effective. It has also a very interesting little side door, set in the bulk of a buttress, original and strange.

An epitaph written in a whimsical strain of legal burlesque is as follows :

“ Here lies the body of Thomas Wrongey, Gent., one of the attorneys of the King’s bench at Westminster. According to the liberties and privileges of the same court, on the third day of April, his privilege notwithstanding, it was arrested by Death, and is here detained in the Prison of the Grave. From whence it shall not by any quirk be delivered before the General Gaol Delivery, when Christ shall come to judge the whole world.”

This epitaph is to be seen in the churchyard at Beccles, a small town not far from Yarmouth.

There have been many interesting literary men who have been born in, or associated with, East Anglia. George Crabbe came from Ipswich; his verses are among the most fascinating “ simple life ” sketches in English literature, and should be read among the cruder folk of Suffolk and Norfolk to be really enjoyed and appreciated. There have been few men who better understood British traits and conditions

than George Crabbe; he has a strong sense of humour, and yet — who reads him? In a sense, he belonged to his period, of course; but it would be to the advantage of many a modern thinker to assist his sight through the spectacles provided by the cleverness of Crabbe.

His poem, "The Village," is indeed gruesome, and pessimistic; but perhaps a closer association with some of the villages such as he describes would make us believe his morbid estimate of the degeneracy of small communities. He has a quaint touch, and a happy turn of expression, at any rate:

"I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
For him that grazes and for him that farms,"

he says. His verses are a natural reaction against the sentimental rural shepherd songs of the romantic period which he followed. He often makes me recall Browning's point of view in "Up at a Villa."

"No, cast by fortune on a frowning coast
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast
By such examples taught, I paint the cot
As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not."

He is a realist, and like all realists, he sees a little too conspicuously the ugly in realism, not

recognizing sufficiently the beautiful, which has so long been over-sung.

He rejoices in the description of funerals, and his pictures are certainly graphic!

“ Up yonder hill behold how sadly slow
The bier moves, winding from the vale below;
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad Parish pays the frugal fee . . .
Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid, and devoutly dumb! ”

Crabbe enjoys cynicism, — his mind runs that way. Listen to him on the subject of the newspaper :

“ I sing of News, and all those vapid sheets
The rattling hawker vends through gaping streets;
. . . To you all readers turn, and they can look
Pleased on a paper, who abhor a book! ”

On the subject of “ The Church ” George Crabbe is amusing :

“ ‘ What is a Church? ’ Let truth and reason speak,
They would reply, ‘ The faithful, pure, and meek.’
‘ What is a church? ’ ‘ A flock,’ our vicar cries,
‘ Whom Bishops govern, and whom priests advise.’
‘ What is a church? ’ our honest sexton tells,
‘ ’Tis a tall building with a tower and bells! ’ ”

He goes on in a most delightful strain — I wish I had space to quote Crabbe as I should like to.

Many of the small villages of East Anglia are very poor. I was told on good authority that the average family income was about ten shillings a week. And sometimes the vicars do not understand how much their church might help in cheering these necessarily sordid lives. I was told of a vicar, not of this generation, who used to forbid his people even the slight and innocent joy of singing in church! He claimed that it disturbed the choir, and he wishes his flock to listen, instead of taking part. Another discouraged their reading at home; he said it unsettled them; as if it were not the one hope for their poor cramped lives to be made to realize something outside their own blank existence!

Edward FitzGerald speaks of one of the towns in Norfolk as "a place elegantly called Bungay." Much of the coastwise part of East Anglia looks so much like Holland that one easily appreciates how Edward FitzGerald felt after a view of Holland itself. "I have at last done my Holland," he writes to a friend, "and you will not be surprised to hear that I did it in two days. . . . The country itself I had seen long before, in Dutch pictures, — and between Beccles and Norwich!" He speaks of having been in the garden in Lowestoft in which Wes-

ley used to preach: "The other day I was sitting in a garden at Lowestoft in which Wesley had preached his first sermon there; the wall he set his back against yet standing. About 1790 Crabbe the poet went to hear him; he was helped into the pulpit by two deacons, and quoted:

" ' By the women I am told,
 Poor Anacreon, thou growest old! ' "

An afternoon is enough to devote to Yarmouth. It is a curious place now. The masses parade the beach. As we sat on the shingle it was borne in upon us that the British clerk wants a holiday, but he does not seek quiet. Far from it. Between the boom of the waves, the cries of seamen getting up sailing-parties, and phonographs turned into one's ear every minute, it was a question whether Yarmouth or London could make the most noise. How different it was when Peggotty had his little house on the beach! Dickens describes Yarmouth in "David Copperfield," perhaps better than has ever been done by other writers. The town is laid out like a gridiron, with tiny streets between the wider ones. These are known as the "rows." Dickens says that some of the rows are so narrow that two stout people whom he

had in mind could not possibly pass each other. There are said to be one hundred and fifty of these narrow passages. A little child might stand in the middle of some of them and touch the opposite walls with either hand.

When Peggotty said that "for her part she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth bloater," she had in mind not only the fact that the natives of Great Yarmouth were called "bloaters" at that time (the whole region along this shore being often alluded to as Bloateropolis); but also the coat of arms of the town shows three bloaters on its shield.

On the road to Yarmouth from Norwich we passed an interesting tower at Accles. It is round, with an octagon top, unique in effect. As one approaches the shore the railway runs by one of the famous Norfolk Broads. The Norfolk Broads are a series of little lakes, highly picturesque, "where the water-lilies rock on the little waves," as a writer has prettily expressed it. I have somewhat lost desire to cruise on the Norfolk Broads after having seen a few. To Americans, with their many rivers and lakes available, the Broads do not make as strong an appeal as to the Englishmen who, as a rule, see only little ponds and streams.

Along the shore of Yarmouth itself are many

boats and wharves; advertisements meet one in quick succession, — excursions to “Lowestoft and Return,” and to “Caister and Return,” and so forth. Among these was a sign “Pertwee and Back.” Never having heard of Pertwee, I glanced a second time at the prospectus, and was entertained to find that Pertwee and Back were a *firm* who made ice-crushers, not an excursion at all!

Swindon, a reliable authority of early date, announces: “All the records of Yarmouth universally agree that the place where Great Yarmouth now standeth was originally a sand in the sea, and by degrees appeared above water and became dry land.” This is a quaint way of describing a receding sea line by which the coast is increased.

Edward FitzGerald found Yarmouth attractive in his day — there were no phonographs then! “Went to Yarmouth, and took a great fancy to it. The sands are very good, I assure you, and then, when one is weary of the sea, there is the good old town to fall back upon.” Ever since the Charter of Henry III it has been customary for Yarmouth to send to the sheriff of Norwich, annually, twenty-four pasties of baked herrings, which the said sheriff has delivered to the Lord of the Manor of East Carl-

ton, who in turn has presented them to the King.

Norwich is a most attractive old town. It has an excellent inn, too, with a room in which Queen Elizabeth slept. Sleeping seems to have been Queen Elizabeth's strong point, just as hiding was a special talent with Charles I. He appears to have been concealed in most towns at some time, and Queen Elizabeth always "passed nights." The question of her having "passed days" does not seem to have aroused nearly as much interest!

The Maid's Head was long ago known as the Murtel Fish, whatever that aquatic novelty may be. It has been stated by some theorizers that the hotel gradually evolved its present name from the fact that a murtel fish was a kind of skate, and that skates, in Norfolk, were called colloquially, "old maids." But this seems rather a far cry. Of course the more natural and agreeable theory would be that it was named out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth, only unfortunately it had been already known by that name for a hundred years before her visit!

In the Paston Letters, in 1472, one finds a reference to this inn. John Paston writes to a relative in the neighbourhood, advising him of

the approach of a visitor, saying: "I praye you make him good cheere, and if it be that he tarrye, I must remember his costs; . . . if he tarrye at Norwich therewhyles, it were best to set his horse at the Maid's Head, and I shall be content for their expenses." The old Paston House stood in a narrow lane near the cathedral, which has since been closed. During the days of Henry V this lane was complained of "because of the lying in waite of malefactors there in the night season."

When Ket's rebellion took place in 1549, there was much fighting on Mousehold Heath, just out of the town limits. At this time the Maid's Head was a famous rendezvous, being the headquarters of several leaders.

It was also a centre for the Freemasons in the eighteenth century, and the Maid's Head Lodge has left several records in an old minute book. One rule reads: "No ridiculous trick shall be played with any person when he is admitted." Another item proves that the meetings did not suffer for want of conviviality: "Every Master on his election shall treat ye Brethren with two bottles of wine, and ye Wardens with one bottle each, and on their second election the Master one bottle, and ye Wardens a bottle between them."

Another possibly more frivolous institution used to meet at the Maid's Head, called the Everlasting Club. This was so named on account of its peculiarity in holding its sessions so late that no one was ever awake to see it break up. No member was allowed to go home as long as he was able to accomplish the test of "riding the stone horse." This referred to his being placed astride on top of the wall of the church-yard. If he were so drunk that he could not maintain his position he was considered qualified to retire; but, if he were able to sit on the wall, he was taken back to the inn and plied with the necessary amount in addition to that already imbibed.

The cathedral at Norwich is a splendid piece of Norman construction. I have seen few interiors that so delighted me. It has a good deal of the majesty of Caen, and indeed there is naturally a pronounced Norman flavour all through East Anglia. Norwich has numerous columns, some of them sturdy round drums, like a reduced edition of Durham. The verger told us of a visit from Queen Kapiolani of the Sandwich Islands, some twenty years ago. She stood at the door for some time before she would enter, saying in alarm, "Too many props! It will fall down!" The verger said

that was the first time he had heard Norman architecture criticized as being insecure! He told us also of a visit made by King George, while Prince of Wales, in company with the German Emperor. George was looking up at some corbels, and saw the head of a Saxon, figured with long mustaches, twirled up at the ends. He called to the Kaiser, and, pointing to the fierce warrior in the carving, he exclaimed, "Look at history repeating itself!" The head was quite like the Kaiser, who entered into the joke, and they had a good laugh.

The cathedral suffered a good deal during the rebellion. In the choir and nave the very floors were broken up by the fury of the invaders, while monuments and windows received scant consideration. The mob got hold of the organ pipes, and blew ribald tunes on them, to add to the desecration. We are told that "many a lovely cluster of flowers and leaves, carved with consummate skill, centuries before, was battered into powder." The figures of Moses and the four Evangelists were torn down, and, together with several religious pictures, were burnt in the market-place.

In the cathedral is a floor stone to Edward Stanley, father of Dean Stanley, who was for twelve years Bishop of Norwich. The inscrip-

tion, rather flowery, states that he was "buried amidst the mourning of the Diocese which he had animated."

The cheerful open square from which the cathedral close proceeds rejoices in the now inappropriate name of Tombland. Its name was deserved on the occasion of a celebration when Alderman Anguish became mayor in 1611. There was to be a grand display of fireworks, but unfortunately they went off prematurely, and the result was thirty-three funerals in the church-yard, and two hundred deaths in all. The quaint account of this catastrophe alludes to the victims by name, and remarks that these persons "were all slayne at the fireworks in Tombland, Mr. T. Anguish then entering his Mayoralty." A very paternal letter was received by the new mayor, the following day, from the Duke of Suffolk, in which he said, "I am very sorry, but seeing it proceeded from the will of God, you are to take it patiently, and to be contented with his pleasure," and then, in somewhat drastic words, adds, "Upon the like occasion of concourse of people, you will be careful to avoid like danger."

At either end of Tombland is a great gate, one the Erpingham Gate, and the other the Ethelbert Gate. There is a scene by the Er-

pingham Gate given in Miss Marshall's romance, "In the East Country." A man passing under the gate, remarks, "See those letters which are sculptured everywhere; they bid us think of the noble Sir Thomas Erpingham. There he kneels aloft, as if in prayer, and everywhere the same letters 'Yenk.' — 'Think on me,' the word means. And yonder are the arms of his sons, both named John, and still the same letters, 'Think' — 'Yenk.'" Sir Thomas was a warrior who fought at Agincourt.

Daniel Defoe gives a description of the Norwich of his day. "If a stranger were only to ride through or view the city of Norwich on ordinary days, he would be induced to think it a town without inhabitants; but . . . if he were to view the city either on a Sabbath day, or on any public occasion, he would wonder where all the people could dwell, the multitude is so great. But the case is this. The inhabitants, being all busy at their manufactures, dwell in their garrets at their looms, and in their combing shops, as they call them, twisting mills, and other workhouses; almost all the works they are employed in being done indoors." This is quite a picture of a real English town of weavers, like a model Arts and

Crafts village! The manufacturer was protected, eight Wardens of the Worsted Weavers being chosen each year to see that there was no fraud in spinning, weaving, or dyeing. Their seat in the Town Hall was inscribed "Worsted Reformers."

Norwich Castle is a magnificent stronghold. One can understand how even a woman could hold it in a siege, as did the lady of Ralph de Guarder, in the days of the Conqueror. It had a well a hundred and twenty feet deep. They still show the dungeons and the ramparts, but the keep suffered from restoration and re-pointing — a necessary evil, from the artistic point of view, as it is used as a museum. Strangely pacific stuffed birds have been substituted for warriors, — the only sporty touch is a stuffed chough, that red-beaked, large raven which disports itself on the Cornish coast, and is said to be a reincarnation of the soul of King Arthur.

The castle is square, with small courses of high Norman arcading all over it. The famous old Norwich dragon, Snap, used to be carried in processions. He now reposes in the castle. In a glass case directly opposite where Snap is suspended from the beams, is exhibited a volume of the Apocalypse, illuminated, in

which the "Beast" is figured exactly like the dragon. No doubt this picture served as a model for the manufacture of Snap!

Wages in mediæval times were astonishingly low. It is said that a stone-mason received three sous a day, and archers would stand all day shooting, or ready to shoot, by the loop-holes and machicolations of a fortress, for the equivalent of three English pennies.

Ralph de Guarder was Earl of Norwich at the time just after the Norman Conquest. This town felt keenly that William the Conqueror was no king by right, and the Castle of Norwich was strongly fortified against any advances from his troops. Ralph de Guarder and the Earl of Hereford "concerted together an open revolt," says the historian of the time. They condemned William as a murderous bastard unworthy to reign. Roger of Wendover tells how this conspiracy came about. "Ralph married the sister of Earl Roger, and it was at the celebration of the marriage that they planned the conspiracy . . . the friends of both parties assembled at Norwich, and after a sumptuous feast, being intoxicated with wine, they began unanimously and with loud voices to plot treachery against the king." With many arguments "the conspirators vented

their treason," and rumours of it reached the king. Whereupon William laid siege to Norwich Castle. Ralph de Guarder escaped by sea, chivalrously leaving his lady to carry on the siege. Terms were finally made, but the wife of de Guarder received the credit, which she certainly deserved, of having held the castle against the Conqueror for three months! This was pretty good work for a woman. As Roger de Wendover tells the story: "King William sent an army against Norwich, and there besieged the wife of Ralph with her family, until her provisions failing, she gave her promise on oath to depart from England never to return." This banishment caused Ralph and his lady to retire to his patrimonial estates in Brittany.

It was not unusual for women to be capable fighters in early days. Even in the field they often rendered active service. St. Adamnan saw a woman, on the field of battle, deliberately kill another woman by striking a reaping hook into her bosom, and then proceed to drag the body from the field by this weapon, which had conveniently become engaged in the victim's ribs! The abbot was so horrified that he sent a plea to the kings thereafter to exempt women from war duty.

The cattle market in Norwich is well worth

seeing. It extends over twenty acres, and it is a most interesting sight when all its paved pens are full of live stock. It is well, also, on a mild day not to inspect it from the leeward side. Ever since the days of James I the cattle market has been held in this square.

One is overcome by the amount of "thank-ing" that is showered upon one's head in England. You go into a shop—you do not find what you want, and you leave the shop amidst exclamations of "Thank you!" set in bows and curtsies. You refuse a dish at a hotel, and the waiter smiles, and observes "Thank you!" Everything you do, from asking the time to ordering dinner, or from buying tickets to dropping your purse and having some one pick it up for you,—always all acts are accompanied by the same expression, "Thank you!" So, when we saw on a bus at Norwich, "Unthank Road," we immediately boarded it, and rode to the very end, just for the change, and to unwind our indebtedness.

Norwich is fuller of churches than any other city of its size I have seen. It is possible to stand in a certain little open square, and to look about one and see distinctly six separate churches at once, and all very close by. The church of St. Peter Mancroft is the most interesting. It has



STATUE OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE, NORWICH.

a well-proportioned tower, and many curious things to be seen inside, as well as good ancient communion silver in the treasury. The statue of Sir Thomas Browne stands outside. It is very artistic, and easy in pose. I have seen few "open air memorials" that I like as well. Poor Sir Thomas! I hate to think of the fate of his own remains after all his Urn Burial disquisitions! While excavating, the authorities came upon his bones, and gleefully carried off his skull to a museum! It was not fair play, really.

The description given by Emma Marshall is probably a good pen-portrait of Sir Thomas Browne. "His features were refined and regular, his mouth, shaded by a short moustache, was sweet and benevolent in its curves. He wore his hair in long curls, parted on the forehead, which was wide and open, the outline softened by a few stray locks. The eyebrows were delicately pencilled, and raised above the full eyelids, which gave to the face the expression of inquiry, and searching after truth on all subjects. . . . The eyes were singularly beautiful, of that deep colour which varies in the different lights, and may appear hazel, liquid brown, or dark grey. A small pointed beard, which he stroked habitually while in deep

thought, gave a firmness of contour to the face, as did the setting of a wide linen collar, closely fastened above a vest, over which he generally wore a thick cloak or cape of cloth or velvet.”

Matthew Stevenson, in 1673, wrote a poem commemorating the visit of Charles II to Norwich, in which he thus alludes to the honour of knighthood then conferred on the scholarly physician :

“ . . . Norwich did what was fit,
Of what with them was possible at least:
(That city does enough that does its best!)
There the king knighted the so famous Browne
Whose worth and learning to the world are known.”

A little after this event, Evelyn writes: “ My Lord Howard . . . would needs have me go with him to Norwich . . . this, as I could not refuse, I was not hard to be persuaded to, having a desire to see that famous scholar and physician, Dr. T. Browne, the author of *Religio Medici* and *Vulgar Errors*, now lately knighted.” Sir Thomas’ own allusion to the occasion is very modest; he mentions the visit to Norwich of Charles II, adding, “ of which I had particular reason to take notice ”! One might collect a book of epigrams from the letters of Sir Thomas; such sayings as: “ If ava-

rice be thy vice, yet make it not thy punishment," or, "Measure not thyself by the length of thy morning shadow, but by the extent of thy grave." This also gives food for thought: "Persons lightly dipped, not grained in generous honesty, are but pale in goodness and faint-hearted in sincerity." If any of my readers are not familiar with Sir Thomas Browne, I advise application to his well-stored mind.

Mousehold Heath is a large public park just outside the city, on a height, "as East Country folk understand heights," as Miss Marshall says. In early times it was literally an open, wild heath and is associated in our minds with Crome's large canvas in the National Gallery — that historic picture which was once cut in two, and sold in different places, finally being rediscovered, and sewn together, and now known as Mousehold Heath. This spot was a favourite of the painters of the Norwich school, Crome, Cotman, Gainsborough, and others. George Borrow, too, introduces scenes on Mousehold Heath in his studies of gipsy life. Borrow was a delightfully whimsical Bohemian, sometimes a little heavy, but full of charm, describing the nomadic existence of these strange wayfarers.

When Queen Elizabeth left the city it is re-


corded that she exclaimed, " I have laid up in my breast such good will as I shall never forget Norwich." That is the way I felt myself as we started to move on to Bury St. Edmund.



GRAVES OF THE ABBOTS, BURY ST. EDMUND.

CHAPTER XV

THE SHRINE OF ST. EDMUND

HE trip to Bury St. Edmund by way of Thetford is an interesting one. The curious hexagonal tower with Norman features is clearly seen at Wymondham, near the scene of the celebrated tragedy of the Babes in the Wood, and one passes a delightful ivy-crowned ruin at Barnham.

Bury itself is a charming town. The remains of the great abbey are quite numerous, and its Norman tower is a superb monument. There is not very much of the actual fabric remaining, but the tombs of five abbots lie in line just as they were discovered in what used to be the floor of the chapter house, but is now a green meadow with only a snag of crumbling wall here and there to indicate the former pomp. The curious illustration is a photograph taken at the time of the opening of these tombs, with the skeletons just as they were found. Of

course they are now sealed up with their original stone coverings. The skeleton of Abbot Samson is that of a tall man, and the skull proves that the head was high in brow and very broad. The bones of the Abbot Richard de Insula lay in the third grave. This abbot died in France, in 1234, and his body was embalmed and taken home to his own monastery. It is a curious fact that this skeleton is coloured as if by some dark stain, and the skull has been cut open, evidently in order to introduce the preservative of the period, whatever that may have been. We are told by an ancient author that "The abbey was first built of wood by Sigebert, king of the East Angles, soon after Christianity was planted here."

Dickens calls London shabby in contrast with "a bright little town like Bury St. Edmund." It is still that to-day, cheerful, and in most localities very modern. But there are a few bits remaining in this town of charming old world remnants and wonderful memories. Here was martyred the boy king Edmund, who, at the age of fifteen, in 870, was bound to a tree by the Danes and shot to death, "his bodye being covered with arrowes like a porcupine with quills," as an early record tells us. Not content with this, the Danes cut off his head, and

wantonly cast it into the thickest part of the forest so that it might be impossible to give the young king Christian burial. But see how nature even in a low form was better than the Danish victors! The legend states — and you know what respect I have for legends — that, when the followers of Edmund were beating the woods and trying to find the missing head of their “king, martyr, and virgin,” they became separated, and, in order to find one another, they called out “Where are you?” Each of them distinctly heard a voice reply “Here, here, here!” So they all hastened to the same spot, and there they found a monumental wolf, sitting up like a sphinx, guarding between its paws the head of the king. This wolf, second in benignity only to that of Romulus and Remus, reverently followed the procession back to the selected place of sepulture, and then beat a dignified retreat, wailing, back into the forest.

From this moment miracles began to occur; the king was canonized promptly, and the great monastery grew up and flourished. The body received great care and was worshipped with much reverence. The remains, “the precious undefiled uncorrupted body of the most glorious king and martyr,” were transferred to the final resting place in the great completed

church in 1095, and, after that, a seething history of miracles, excitements, jealousies, and monastic autocracy followed for several centuries, until a great fire in 1465 began the work which the Dissolution completed. Many royal visits were recorded at the monastery, but from the time when Queen Elizabeth drove over from Long Melford in 1578, no crowned head had visited the historic shrine until King Edward and Queen Alexandra went there in 1904.

In the middle ages there was a ditch around the monastery, a kind of moat fed by the river Linnet and the town sewer in pleasing combination. A singularly disagreeable death must have been to drown in this ditch, a fate to which many persons are said to have succumbed. In 1439 it became swollen, and flooded the nave of the abbey some feet deep. It was not filled in until the eighteenth century!

The interesting abbey gateway stands in perfect condition. There is a gallery above the portal, and the gate is a curious example of a peaceful entrance to a cloistered retreat, combined with a fortress. Behind the statues on its front were concealed loop-holes for archers, and the inner gate was a powerful iron clad structure, betokening prudence and piety in expedient juxtaposition.

Yates speaks in flowery terms of the view which must have been seen from this gate-house. "In the foreground," he says, "would appear the court and palace of the abbot, with the magnificent and peaceful abodes of religion; then the beautiful gardens and vineyard, between which the Lark and the Linnet, winding in highly decorated banks through a fertile valley, unite their waters under the picturesque bridge at the extremity of the monastery."

Edward the Confessor granted a mint to Bury St. Edmund in 1065. The mint seems to have ceased to exist about 1326, no coins later than that date having survived. Mints were established in a majority of monasteries in England, and one of the perquisites of the abbot was to coin money.

The Saxon tower, the most beautiful of all the remaining buildings in Bury, was erected in the eleventh century by Abbot Anselm. It served as the entrance to the cemetery. Early authors allude to it as "the great gate of the churchyard." In this churchyard is a monument to seventeen Protestants who were martyred at Bury under Bloody Mary. The church of St. Mary, with its interesting wagon vault and its enormous west window, occupies the site of the original church built in 673. King

Edward was crowned in this early building, he being then only fifteen, in 856. This church survived until 1107, when it was incorporated into the larger monastic church. In 1424 it was entirely rebuilt, substantially as we now see it.

Among epitaphs in St. Mary's Church is one to John Baret, in which these lines occur :

“ From earth I came, and unto earth I am brought
This is my nature, for of earth I was wrought;
This earth to earth together now is knet,
So endeth each creature Qd John Baret.”

Another is on a wall tablet to a printer, Peter Gedge, “ who first established the newspaper in this town.” He died in 1818. The epitaph follows: “ Like a worn out type he is returned to the founder in hope of being recast in a better and more perfect mould.” Mary Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII, and widow of Louis XII of France, also lies in St. Mary's Church, her remains having been transferred from the abbey at the time of the Dissolution.

In St. Mary's Churchyard there is a curious stone on which is stated: “ Here lies interred the body of Mary Haselton, a young maiden of this town, born of Roman Catholick parents, and virtuously brought up, who, being in the act of prayer repeating her vespers, was in-

stantaneously killed by a flash of lightning, August 16th, 1785, aged nine years.”

A blacksmith's tombstone is inscribed as follows:

“ My sledge and hammer lie reclined
My bellows, too, have lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid.
My coals are spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.”

Miracle plays used to be given in this churchyard until the twelfth century, when Abbot Samson put an end to this custom. In this yard, too, was a curious spot known as the “ pardoned grave.” In this place were laid, as a sort of reward of merit, persons who during their lives had achieved the distinction of paying for their entire pardon in Purgatory! Such zeal was naturally encouraged by those whose duty it was to dispense the funds so acquired.

On the buttress at St. James' Church is a sun-dial with the pertinent motto “ Go about your business.”

A benefactor at St. James' seems to have been Edward Darbie, who, according to his epitaph, “ maintained a public catechizing

every fortnight . . . of sixty-five poore people, to each of which he allowed a twopenny loaf of bread . . . each time of their catechizing for their further encouragement.”

Perhaps the most notable figure in connection with Bury St. Edmund was Abbot Samson, a great personality who found a most acceptable Boswell in the monk Jocelin of Brake-londe, in 1211. Every one who visits Bury should read the account of this striking and dominant character in this fascinating Chronicle, which has been reissued in late years. It is with a distinct thrill that, on one of the five tombstones that lie out in isolation in the ground, one sees an inscription, “Hic Jacet Samson Abbas, MCLXXXII . MCCXI.” Extracts from the Chronicle of Jocelin de Brake-londe will help us to visualize Abbot Samson. In 1173, Jocelin says: “In those days, Abbot Hugh grew old, and his eyes were dim. He was a good and kindly man, a God fearing and pious monk, but in temporal matters he was unskilful and improvident.” This little note of polite dissatisfaction shows that the monks meant to have a man of greater executive ability for his successor; and they got him. In fact the term “improvident” is a mild one considering the practices of Abbot Hugh, whose

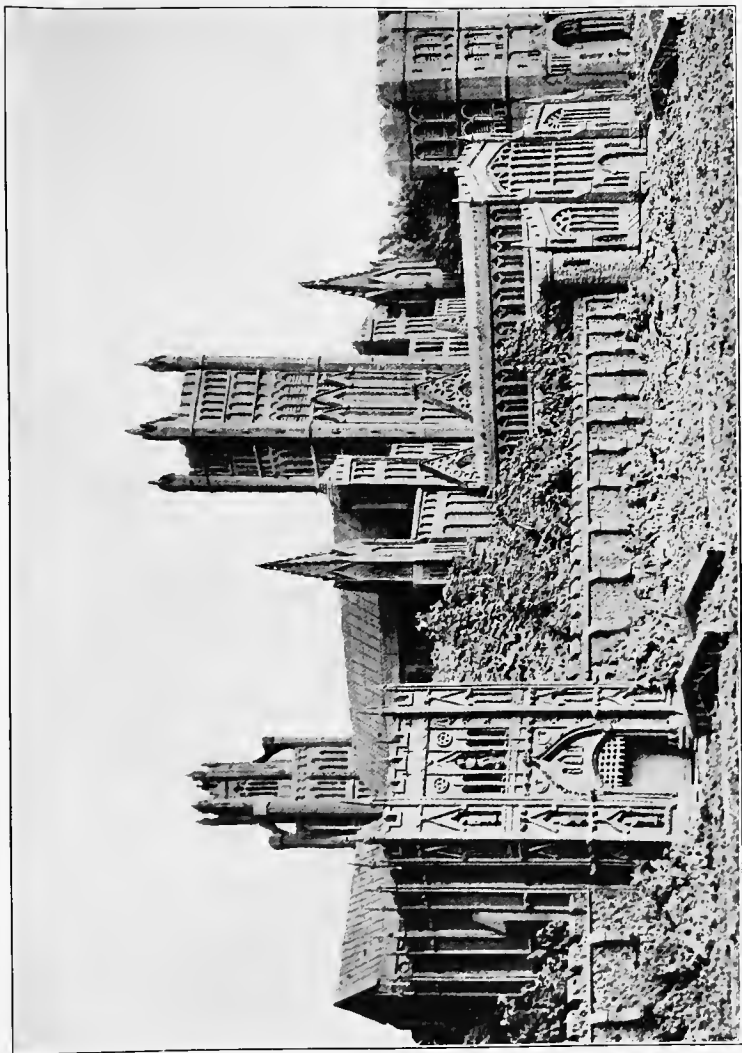
“ sole resource and means of relief was borrowing money; ” and Jocelin tells how he has seen bonds to one Jew for four hundred pounds, and to another for eight hundred, so that the monastery owed large debts through the foolishness of Abbot Hugh. This abbot met his death on a trip to Becket’s shrine, where he had a fall, in which “ his knee-pan was put out and lodged in the ham of his leg.” Blood poisoning set in, and “ in the fourth fit he died,” as Jocelin ingenuously expresses it.

The election of a new abbot always was a hot campaign. One party wished to elect the present prior, and the other party desired Samson. Finally a majority turned in favour of the latter, and the king agreed to Samson’s election. “ Therefore he was elected, and fell at the king’s feet and embraced them. Then he arose quickly, and hastened to the altar, with his head erect, without changing his expression, chanting the ‘ Misere mei, Deus ’ with the brothers. And when the king saw this he said to those that stood by, ‘ By the eyes of God, this elect thinks that he is worthy to rule the abbey! ’ ” And he proved himself amply competent to cope with the situation as he found it.

An early instance of his reforms is this: “ The abbot ordered that the houses of the

sacristan in the grave-yard should be utterly destroyed, as if they were unworthy to stand above ground. And for this the cause was the frequent drinking bouts and certain things which cannot be mentioned, which he had seen when he was sub-sacristan with sorrow and pain. So he caused all the buildings to be levelled with the ground, and in a year, where there had stood a noble building, we saw beans growing, and where casks of wine had stood, we saw nettles in abundance." When he became abbot several distinguished people began to claim relationship with Abbot Samson, but he would have none of them, saying that he preferred to recognize those who had discovered their relationship while he was a poor monk!

At the siege of Windsor Abbot Samson bore arms, and had his own standard. He stood in no fear of Earl John, and firmly excommunicated all who opposed him, so that he held quite a sway on the battle-field! On this occasion, Jocelin admits, "he gained a reputation rather for skill in the council than for virtue." It was also said of him that he was over-shrewd for a churchman, that he "spared his own money, and allowed his corn to lie in his barns until such a time as the price should be high."



ST. EDMUND'S ABBEY, RESTORED.

Perhaps he was only somewhat in advance of his times?

Another canny step was arranging with the king to have the Jews expelled from Bury. This is an admirable way to dispose of creditors. In short, there is every evidence of business ability, and a perusal of his life would be entertaining to financiers if they only realized it!

Jocelin gives a thrilling account of a fire which broke out near the shrine, and of Abbot Samson's behaviour at that time. "In the year one thousand one hundred and ninety-eight, the glorious martyr Edmund willed to terrify our monastery, and to teach us that his body should be more reverently and carefully guarded. There was a certain wooden floor between the shrine and the high altar, on which were two candles, which the guardians of the shrine used to relight. And they were wont to put one candle on another, and to stick them together carelessly." These candles are supposed to have fallen, and to have started a fire in the immediate vicinity of the shrine. The master of the vestry discovered it in the night; "then he ran at once, and sounding the gong, as if for a dead man, he cried with a loud voice and said that the shrine was on fire." They

extinguished the fire, but considerable damage had been done to parts of the shrine. "Yet the golden image of the saint at the front of the shrine remained firm and unharmed, and the image was more beautiful after the fire than it had been before, because it was of pure gold." They also had the shrine quickly mended, "that the scandal might be avoided, and we caused the sign of the fire to be covered up with wax or in some other way." After this warning, the body of the martyr was again transferred to a still safer place.

When King John visited St. Edmund's shrine his behaviour was such that the brethren were evidently disappointed. The monastery had been used to rather more demonstrative guests. One can readily comprehend that, after seeing King John, they had no objection to the meeting in their church of the Barons prior to the signing of Magna Charta. Jocelin thus expresses his displeasure at the lack of generosity in the king. "We thought that he would have made some great offering, but he offered a silken cloth, which his servants borrowed from the sacristan, and have not yet paid for! He enjoyed the hospitality of St. Edmund, which involved great expense, and when he left he gave nothing at all honourable

or beneficial to the saint except thirteen pence sterling, which he paid for a mass for himself on the day on which he departed from us." Shortly after this occurred the celebrated meeting of the Barons, chronicled on a pier which is still standing among the ruins. The inscription reads thus on the tablet: "Near this spot on the twentieth day of November, A. D. 1215, Cardinal Langton and the Barons swore at St. Edmund's altar that they would obtain from King John the ratification of Magna Charta." And we all know that their determination was carried out. While John was in a state of indecision about agreeing to justice, at the demands of his subjects, these Barons made a special pilgrimage to the shrine on St. Edmund's day, and, laying their hands on the altar, solemnly swore, one by one, that if their requests were not granted, they would make war on the king.

The shrine of St. Edmund was behind the high altar. At the time when this monastery was subjected to the depleting process of the Dissolution, the Commissioners made an interesting record of the various relics which they had discovered. Their account is significant: "The coals that St. Lawrence was toasted withal; the parings of St. Edmund's nayles; St. Thomas of Canterbury's pen-knife and his

boots(!); divers skulls for the head ache; pieces of the holy cross able to make a whole cross," and other details of "superstitious usages." Curiosity as to the authenticity of relics was a dangerous indulgence, however. We are told of one Leoftanus who announced scepticism as to the existence of the body of St. Edmund, "arrogantly ordering the tomb to be opened," and it is related that "he saw the body of the Saint uncorrupted, but, being immediately seized by a demon, he miserably expired."

The story of the blaspheming Bishop of Hulm is so naïvely told by Archdeacon Herman, who was an eye-witness of the event recorded, that we must read it in his own words: "The bishop riding one day and conversing on the injuries which he meditated against the Bury St. Edmund monastery was struck upon the eye by the branch of a tree, and a violent and painful suffusion of blood occasioned immediate blindness. St. Edmund thus avenged himself, and punished the invaders of his rights. . . ." He remained blind for a long time, and finally took the advice of his archbishop, who told him to go to Bury and see if the saint's forgiveness could be procured by an apology in person! "The feeble bishop

came to the monastery, being graciously received by the Abbot, . . . they proceeded into the church, where in the presence of the elder Brethren, and certain Peers, the Bishop declared the cause of his misfortune, recited the injuries he had conceived against this holy place, confessing himself culpable; he then advanced with sighs and tears to the foot of the altar, placed on it his pastoral staff, prostrated himself before God and St. Edmund, performed his devotions, and received absolution from the Abbot and his brethren. Then, having made trial of the Abbot's medicine, and as I saw, by the application of *cauteries colliriums* assisted by the prayers of the brethren, in a short time he returned perfectly healed; only a small obscurity remained in the pupil of one eye as a memorial of his audacity." This reads very like a case of one cured by prayer after having tried all form of medical aid—one never knows how much the treatment had to do with the cure, when the credit is all given to the faith!

Dickens has laid certain scenes in Bury; the immortal Pickwick stopped a boarding-school elopement in this "handsome little town of thriving and cleanly appearance." Pickwick stayed at the Angel Hotel, without doubt, for

he speaks of the coach rattling over the well paved streets and stopping "before a large Inn situated in a wide open street nearly facing the old Abbey." On Angel Hill there has been an Inn of that same name ever since 1452, although the present house was not built until 1779. One should still stay at the Angel in Bury.

An ancient author tells us that "the sun shines not upon a town more agreeable in its situation," with which I firmly agree. Defoe adds: "Such as is the town for situation, is the neighbourhood and gentry about it for politeness, and no place glories in handsomer ladies or better families."

There are many modern improvements in Bury, and it is a thriving manufacturing centre; one of its products bears the formidably British appellation: "Robert Boby's Patent Self-cleaning Corn Screening and Dressing Machine." I presume this is also "Limited." as most things are in the British Isles.

The home of Lydgate, the poet, is still pointed out among the houses near the abbey ruins. A very interesting small museum is to be seen at Bury, in an ancient building known as Moyses Hall. This is of about the proportions of a good sized private house, and is also

known as the Jew's House. It dates from the eleventh century, and is of stone. No doubt some of the abbey creditors who were so ingeniously disposed of by Abbot Samson may have dealt in "moneys" over a counter in this very house with poor incompetent Abbot Hugh! Dr. Margoliouth, in an article on the "Vestiges of the Historic Anglo-Hebrews," speaks of it as follows: "Moyses Hall is a fair specimen of synagogues built in East Anglia about the time of Henry I. It was known among its original possessors as 'The Synagogue of Moses,' and was no doubt a Jewish place of worship. It corresponds in its architectural details with the oldest synagogue in Europe — that of Prague." He, in fact, pronounces it and its precincts as a "sort of Hebrew Abbey of Bury." The precincts are now the market place of the town.

CHAPTER XVI

CANTERBURY



HERE is no city in England more satisfactory to stay in than Canterbury. Since the landing of Augustine, in 597, it has witnessed many strange scenes, especially in connection with its ecclesiastical life. The landing of Augustine took place on the shores of the little island of Thanet, where the band of monks hailed with joy the end of their journey. Augustine must have made a picturesque leader of the company, as described by Capgrave, "tall of stature, of a dark complexion, his face beautiful, but withal majestic." We can imagine him leading the little procession from the monastery in Rome, and tramping away to Ostia, where they were to set sail for Marseilles. Proceeding thence through France, they finally sailed for Britain from Boulogne, then known as Gessoriacum. At Ebbes' Fleet they landed, resting there while a messenger was sent to the

Kentish king, Ethelbert, to acquaint him of their arrival.

On the rock on which the foot of Augustine was supposed to have been first planted a marvellous impression is said to have remained. Pilgrimages were afterwards made to the spot, "in gratitude to the living God for having led thither the Apostle of England."

An answer came from Ethelbert appointing a time and place for their meeting shortly. Ethelbert's queen, Bertha, was already a Christian, and services were held in St. Martin's by a French priest at the time of Augustine's arrival. St. Martin of Tours was the saint selected as the patron of the tiny chapel, possibly on account of this French influence. He was one of the most famous martyrs, and his relics had always worked notable miracles. He was a great favourite among the early English — there are many St. Martin's Churches in England, and always have been.

One of the stories connected with St. Martin's relics is as follows. When the body of St. Martin had been stolen, and was carried from place to place, it is recorded to have worked unexpected miracles at every station. While at Auxerre it seems to have been especially inspired with curative abilities. The

people of the town contradicted this; they said that the miracles of healing had nothing to do with the presence of the body of St. Martin, but that their own patron saint, St. Germain, had worked these wonders. Finally they consented to a test, and the relics of the two saints were solemnly set out side by side in the church, and between them was placed a paralytic man. Strange to say, the paralytic recovered on one side of his body—that which was turned towards St. Martin! The people of Auxerre, however, remained unconvinced. “Our saint,” said they, “was always especially courteous to visitors. He has allowed St. Martin to receive the credit of his cure, through sheer politeness. He is a model host, and his fame will spread the farther on account of this act of consideration!”

When such interesting cures were taking place, it was natural to think that every one who was cured rejoiced at the miracle of healing. But there is another side to the picture. Two cripples are described as having shown much indignation at finding themselves cured of their lameness. They complained that their recovery had taken away their means of support, since they were professional beggars, who had relied on their infirmities to assist them in

collecting alms; and they wanted to do the mediæval equivalent for sueing the relics!

At their arrival, St. Augustine and his train must have seen two churches, the first, a Christian church, St. Martin's, and the second, "a temple or idol house midway between St. Martin's and the city walls, where King Ethelbert and his nobles used to worship according to their national rites."

Ethelbert came to Thanet to interview Augustine, and there, under a great oak, the king of Kent, with his court, was met by the ambassador of the faith, with his followers in procession carrying a cross, and singing a litany for the salvation and conversion of Britain. The king was convinced of their good intention, and invited them to come and begin their work in Canterbury, which city they entered in triumphant procession, singing, "We beseech Thee, O Lord, in all thy mercy, that thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city, and from thy holy house because we have sinned. Hallelujah!"

So began the work of Augustine in Canterbury. He purified from its pollutions the temple or idol house of Ethelbert, broke its heathen images, and converted it into a church, and this was the first chapel in which Augus-

tine ministered. The foundations of the building still remain, and against the wall there is a mass of stone which was evidently the early altar. This is probably the very spot where the idol had stood. Augustine celebrated at this altar in 598, and Thorn, in 1397, tells us that in the east wall of the chapel there were still marks of the claws of the devil, who made a great effort, when he saw Christian services going on in the building from which he had been ejected, to wreck the chapel. His only success seems to have been to leave the marks of his violence on the outer wall!

Bede tells of the life of the monks in the early period. "They began to imitate the course of life practised in the primitive church, applying themselves to frequent prayer and watching and fasting, preaching the word of life to as many as they could, despising all worldly things as not belonging to them, receiving only their necessary food from those they taught, living themselves in all respects conformably to what they prescribed to others, and being always disposed to suffer any adversity and even to die for the truth they preached."

They had brought with them a few books; one of these, the "Canterbury Book," is now in the Library of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Augustine was consecrated in November, going for that purpose to Arles, and at the Christmas season of the same year, we are told, ten thousand persons were baptized in the Swale at the mouth of the Medway. Certainly a more thriving work could not be demanded by the most exacting evangelist. In time the king himself was converted, and on Whitsunday, 597, his baptism was solemnized, probably in the church of St. Martin, and in the very font shown there to-day.

There is a tradition that Queen Bertha was afterwards buried in the same church, but this is much disputed. On a print, hanging in the vestry of the church, this verse is appended:

“ A humble church recalls the scenes of yore,
To present memory, yet humbled more
By lack of years, by lack of reverent care,
And ill-advised expedients for repair.

Oh, would this age its taste and bounty blend
The faults of by-gone ages to amend,
And liberally adorn this lowly pile,
Where sleeps the first Queen Christian of our isle.”

Perhaps it is as well that this “ liberal adornment ” has been withheld, and that we have as much of the simple original structure as even the meagre parts which remain! The “ taste

and bounty " of the Victorian period are not often improvements.

The church of St. Martin was granted by the king to " his faithful friend, Wighelm, priest," with the provisional curse appended for any who should alter it, " stirred up by diabolical rashness," saying, " may his portion be diminished from the land of the living, and may he stand guilty before the judgment seat, a sharer in the condemnation of those who sold and crucified the Son of God." So tender hearted were the early Christians towards those who differed from them!

The first Christian king in Britain gave Augustine an ancient Roman temple for worship; and this, called Christ Church, was the nucleus, though many times rebuilt and restored, of that noble and most interesting English monument, Canterbury Cathedral.

The first structure was built with an apse at either end, the main entrance being at the south side, and in this building, seated on a marble throne, Augustine conducted the services, surrounded by his brethren in their brown habits, with the costly robes of the king and courtiers in picturesque contrast. The marble throne now shown in the cathedral is probably of later date.

Augustine was far from satisfied with the conversion of Kent alone. His aim was to prevail upon the entire British Church to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope of Rome. The Britons were somewhat reluctant, for they derived their rites and ceremonies from the East, and already regarded the Bishop of Caerleon-on-Usk as their spiritual head. They applied for advice in this matter to an oracle, who told them, with the ambiguity characteristic of such autocratic individuals, that they would do well to obey Augustine "if he were a man of God." In reply to their natural question, "How are we to know whether he be a man of God?" the oracle said that, as Christ came to preach humility and meekness, it would be proof of Augustine's worthiness if he were humble before them. If he were haughty or stern, they need not regard his wishes. At a synod which followed, Augustine, not realizing the enormous significance which would be attributed to his smallest action, failed to rise from his seat to greet the British members of the Council; they therefore interpreted this oversight to mean that he was haughty, and decided to withhold their allegiance. At their refusal to respect his wishes, Augustine unfortunately rose in wrath, and threatened them that he would force

them into subjection, thereby proving that their judgment of him was not entirely without foundation, I fear!

St. Augustine's monastery was built near St. Martin's, but he himself only lived to see the foundations laid, for he died in 605, having consecrated his own immediate successor during his lifetime. He was interred, as he had made request, on the road leading from Richborough to Canterbury, over the hill of St. Martin. Bede speaks thus of the burial of Augustine. "Now Father Augustine, the beloved of God, died, and his body was laid to rest close to the above mentioned church, but outside, for the church was not yet finished or dedicated." The body was removed later, and laid under the high altar of his monastery, which continued building long after his decease. In the days of Prior John de Marisco, in 1220, the relics were exhumed, and the head was retained, and placed outside the shrine, wonderfully decorated in a reliquary of gold, silver, and jewels. Somner, writing in 1639, speaks of the bodies of saintly men who are buried in this abbey, saying "some gloriously inshrined and others honourably intombed there, have 'enfamoused' the place." The abbey was a flourishing monastery for some centuries.

There is a legend that during the Danish invasion, a Dane having taken hold of the pall which covered St. Augustine's tomb (in his monastery) his fingers stuck to it, so that, until he yielded himself up to the monks, he could not get free. This occurrence, to which Somner makes allusion as "a miracle so mainly tending to the advancement of monkery," is not related by the earliest and most reliable authorities.

Denys of Burgundy writes on monastic joys: "Great gate, little gate, so many steps, and then a gloomy cloister. . . . all are slaves, and of what? of a peevish tinkling bell . . . tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, and you must sit to meat, with maybe no stomach for food . . . tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, and ye must to church; tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, and you must to bed, with your eyes open. Well, by then you have contrived to shut them, some uneasy imp of darkness has got to the bell rope, and — tinkle, tinkle, tinkle — it behooves you to say a prayer whether you know one or not. . . . well, you drop off again, and get about an eyeful of sleep; lo! it is tinkle, tinkle, tinkle for matins!" Certainly the artificial restraints of the monastic system must have been distressing to temperaments with any initiative.

Here we may make a short digression and look at the subsequent fate of St. Augustine's monastery, with its stately tower of St. Ethelbert. In the early nineteenth century, Hasted says, "So little veneration is now paid to this once sacred habitation, that the private apartments adjoining the gateway are converted into an ale house, the gateway itself into a brewery, the steam of which has defaced the beautiful paintings over it, the great courtyard into a bowling green, the chapel and the *isle* of the church into a fives-court, and the great room over the gateway into a cock-pit," and in 1841 it was used as a sort of general casino, known as the "Old Palace Gardens."

A letter appeared in the *English Churchman*, in 1843, stating that "two pilgrims" had visited Canterbury, and after seeing the cathedral . . . had proceeded to the abbey, where they expressed themselves "disgusted and horrified at the scene of sordid revolting profanity and desecration which presented itself." After a description of revelries which were anything but hallowed, the letter continues: "Wearied and heart-stricken, they turned from the sickening spectacle, not, however, without a feeling of satisfaction on learning that God's righteous retribution was about to

bring the property to the hammer." Whether this was as intentional on the part of Providence as they thought, or no, to the hammer it came, and the nuisance was abated. The "Old Palace Gardens" were doubtless on the order of Vauxhall or Ranelagh, to which Defoe alludes as "grand seminaries of luxury." After its sale it was again converted into a brewery, but of later years it has fortunately been recovered and, with added buildings, been converted into a Missionary College, which is a very fitting climax to the original intention of the founder. Ethelbert's tower was partly pulled down, so that the stone might be used elsewhere; but it was so strongly cemented that the labour was found to be too expensive, and the work of demolition was discontinued until part of it gave way, and it was pronounced unsafe. It was then rased by means of a battering-ram, and the stone used in repairs in the cathedral. The stones were as sound and square as when first cut, though nearly twelve hundred years had passed. Some stone coffins of monks were found, with skulls, hair, and bits of cloth remaining.

The cathedral at Canterbury had a most eventful early history, and I cannot resist taking time to glance at a few of the chief vicissi-

tudes through which it passed during the early centuries. The ancient Roman building which Ethelbert had given to Augustine was said to have been miraculously preserved from the weather, during the period of its roofing, through the prayers of Archbishop Odo. It was destined, however, to demolition at the time of the Danish invasion. Somner expresses it vigorously: "A fire kindled by that implacable and insatiable rout of Danish devilish furies" consumed it and the whole town. The cathedral was reconstructed, but evidently succumbed again soon, for it was reported to have been "greatly ruined" at the time of the accession of Lanfranc. Under this famous Lanfranc the structure was rebuilt, as Somner says, "after this newe French form;" in other words, whereas it had been formerly roofed with timber, the cathedral was now covered with a stone vaulted roof, supported on arches, and was the first and purest Gothic church in England. However, this was not the end of its troubles. It was surely "tried by fire," if ever a building was so: "in the yeare 1174 I read of yet another combustion of this sacred edifice," sighs Somner.

One of the most conspicuous events in the history of Canterbury Cathedral is the murder

of Archbishop Becket, in 1170, a scene too well known to need describing here, with its subsequent circumstances of shrine-worship, miracles, and pilgrimages. Enormous numbers of persons travelled from far and near to be cured of their complaints at the martyr's tomb, and Canterbury crypt must have exhibited much the same appearance as the shores of the Pool of Bethesda at Passover time.

Dugdale tells us that the valuables at the shrine filled two great chests, each of which required eight men to carry it. One of the functions used to be to pass St. Thomas's skull about to be kissed, ever since the year 1303; but when the commissioners, in 1538, discovered the body in its tomb, with the head quite intact, the forgery was burned, and no more skulls were passed around. An attempt was made to induce Mme. de Montreuil to kiss the relic, and there is an amusing account of the episode. "The Prior opened St. Thomas's head, and sang to her three times 'This is St. Thomas's head,' and offered her to kiss it, but she neither kneeled nor would kiss it, but still viewed the riches thereof." The lady must not be regarded as simply refractory — she was not visiting the shrine as a pilgrim, but simply as a sight-seer!

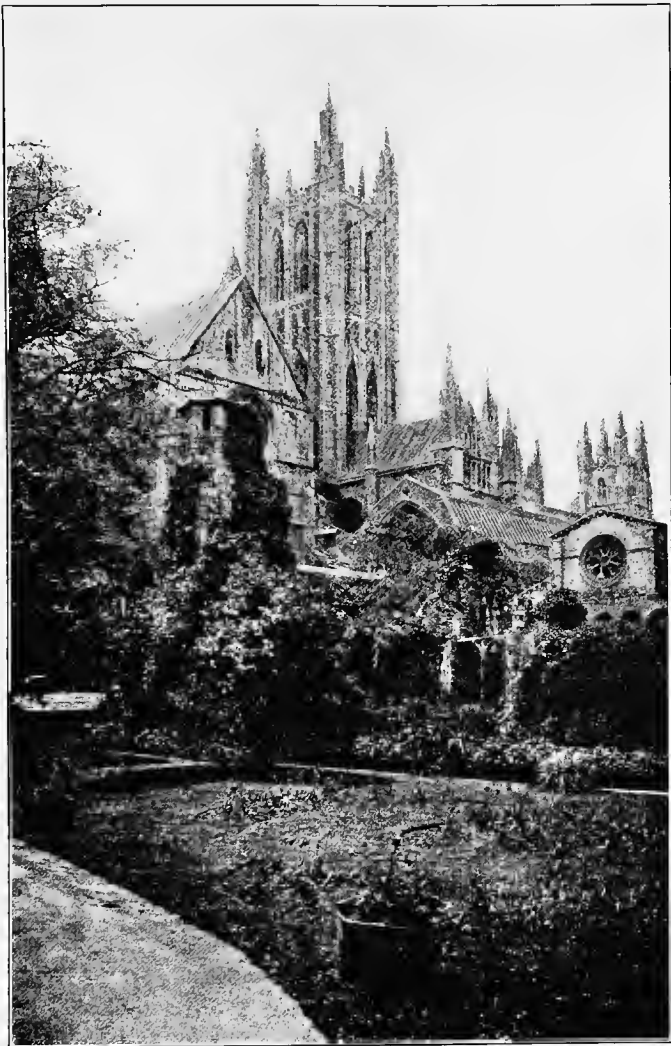
The Canterbury of the middle ages to which the crowds hastened, was a truly picturesque old city. We can follow Chaucer's pilgrims more intelligently if we glance first at a view of the town as described. There were many gardens, orchards, and open courts; the Dane John Mound, which had probably been a Danish camp, was the Common, or public recreation ground; many towers, especially on the gates, raised substantial heads to the sky, and the city was surrounded by walls, with a river flowing beyond. This river also ran through the city. One may follow the description to-day, and see the same general landmarks.

Among the most notable pilgrims who entered the city was Henry II., when he came to perform penance at the shrine of Becket, for whose death he was largely responsible. After this, a constant procession wended its way at almost all times,

“The holy blissful martyr for to seke,
That them had holpen when that they were sicke.”

especially on the festivals of the saint, and the feast of the translation of his relics.

On the eve of the martyrdom, a great feast was held. A pageant was the chief event on



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

this day, and there are extant some records of the year 1504, which tell some of the expenses connected with this occasion; for instance, to Thomas Stark, carpenter, and his fellows, was paid three shillings and sixpence "for making the pageant," which feat they performed in the surprisingly short period of four days. Certainly they were not exorbitant in their charges. "One hundred and eight foot of board" was purchased "for the flooring of the same pageant," and there is an item "Ale spent, one penny." Also: "To James Coleman for hys horse hyre, fourpence. Item, to Gilbert, Paynter, for paynting the awbe and the hedde, sixpence. For linen for St. Thomas's garment, sixpence; for a dosen and a half of tynen silver, sixpence; glue, earthen pott, and a packthredde, three pence. Item, in coals to melt the glue, and a reward given to Johan a Tent for the hyre of a sword and the washing of an albe and a amyss, total, ten pence." This is a new expression for paying laundry bills — to "reward" the laundry puts a more dignified premium on the act of washing clothes. No detail was omitted — "Item, for tallow for the wheels, a penny." In 1521 the pageant was repaired, and twelve pence was paid "for a quarter of lamb and bread and drink for the

knights and other that holpen to carry the pageant after the watch." " For the standing of the pageant in her barn this year " the prioress of St. Sepulchre was paid twenty pence!

Fosbroke gives a description of the pilgrims as they appeared on their penitential progress to the healing shrine. " I know well that when divers men and women will go thus after their own wiles, and finding out one pilgrimage, they will order with them before to have both men and women that can well sing wanton songs; and some other pilgrims will have with them bag-pipes, so that every towne they come thru, what with the noyse of their piping, and with the sounds of their singing, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking of their dogges after them, they make more noyse than if the kinge came thereaway with all his clarions and many other menstrels! "

It would certainly seem that a bad influence was at work to make possible the celebration which took place every year in many churches in England and on the Continent also, the Feast of Fools. On Innocent's Day, in Canterbury, the monks elected a Bishop of Fools. For three days a sort of profane religious carnival was held, during which time the bishop thus

elect occupied the marble throne of St. Augustine, and all the cathedral staff attended upon him. He was surrounded by minor canons, choristers, and others. As he entered the church the *Te Deum* was sung in solemn burlesque, and a lunch of wine and fruit was served in the sacred edifice. The bishop then began a comic rendering of the church service, intoning and singing in an exaggerated manner. The congregation either applauded or hissed, according to their emotions, and according to whether the buffoonery was clever or stupid. Du Cange states that "the Feast of Fools was celebrated by various masquerades of women, lions, players, etc." They danced and sung in the choir, "ate fat cakes upon the horn of the altar," and ran and jumped about, and burned old shoes in the censers. The porter then preached the sermon, from the pulpit, and the benediction was pronounced by the Bishop of Fools, who immediately afterwards rushed out into the street, where a general frolic ensued. All this time he was arrayed in full vestments, and, during the three days which he officiated, he performed high mass, and played dice on the altar at that time. He gave the benediction to the crowd in the open square, from the windows of the episcopal palace.

It is evident, from the accounts of the enthronizations of certain archbishops, that a luxurious and inconsequent way of life had obtained in ecclesiastical circles, and this is what the Bishop of Fools travestied. When Boniface came to the chair in 1264, the feasting and drinking were so excessive that the guests were obliged to resort to blood-letting between meals, not to mention the usual reliefs such as accompanied the Roman banquets. The Earl of Gloucester carried off, as souvenirs of the feast, "the bishoppe's silver cuppe and scarlett robes, surrounded by his idle and roustering fellowes." On the second day they indulged in unlimited "drinking below the bar."

Among what Somner calls "the many solemnities and celebrious assemblies," held in the great hall of the episcopal palace, was the enthronization of Archbishop Warham, in 1504, on which occasion the bill of fare was of most generous proportion, including lings, congers, carp in "sharp sauce," roasted oranges, "tarte Lumbarde," "custard planted," salmon in aloes, fritter columbine, cumfettes, and a "fritter dolphin," which does not suggest a very delicate dish! As a centrepiece, there was a "subtletie" in three stages, one above the other, "with vanes and towers embattled,"

with figures of the Virgin and the king presenting the Master of the Rolls to St. Paul! and on another stage of this interesting erection was displayed "a quire of men in surplices, and doctors in their grey amysses at a desk, with a booke written and noted with the office of the mass borne up, and well garnished with angels." The prelate took the "surnap" which was brought "with courtesy," and washed his hands, pronouncing a blessing. He stood on his feet for this ceremony—let us hope, steadily! The records of expenses mention that two shillings and a penny were paid for a load of sand to strew in the street, that the new archbishop might follow the ancient custom, and walk barefoot to church!

That ecclesiastics had a good deal of wine is manifest from items in the "Christ Church Letters," in which volume are some letters from the vintner to the prior, containing such passages as: "I send you . . . a pipe of claret wine, and a hoggished of whyte wine and one butt of wyne Greke. I would have sent you another butt of wyne Greke, save I understood that Barnewelle the fishmonger had ready for you a butt of Malvesey, and therefore I send you but one butt." In a letter from Thomas Langton to the prior in 1483 he requests that

he should "prayer his servant to buy him two tuns of wine, and to bring it home with yours," and also states that "the King will write to his said cousin as specially as he can for your wine . . . send Smith your servant for your wine," and numerous other letters of the same character.

In 1550 there occurred a very amusing episode. Mr. John Grigg was sent to Rome to solicit a bull of indulgence from the Pope in order that a special jubilee might be held in Canterbury in honour of the saint. Dr. Grigg writes from Rome to Archbishop Warham, to propitiate the pontiff: "If your Grace should send a cuppe of golde to the Pop it had been wel done; and should do much in this cause. I am in great favour with the Pop hys sister, the which knoweth his nature. I trust she shall do great good in this matter." Dr. Grigg's worldly wisdom and diplomacy won, and, Bately the historian writes, "after a tedious and dilatory proceeding, and the expense of vast sums of money and rich presents, the Jubilee was granted, but upon such terms as seemed hardly reasonable, yet such as could not be resisted, namely, that the Pope should receive half the oblations made in the church during the whole year of Jubilee. And herewith all

Jubilees have for ever ceased to be celebrated in the church." Surely, the Pope was as good a business man as Mr. Grigg!

The Canterbury pilgrims always received little leaden bottles filled with sacred water from a well in the cathedral precincts, into which the general débris of the martyrdom had been swept upon the occasion of the clearing up after the murder of Becket. This water is said to have exhibited signs of being tintured to all eternity with the deposit of martyr's blood which fell into it at that time. Of course it worked miracles. Originally it used to be put into little wooden bottles, but these cracked, which was interpreted also as a miracle, to signify that the saint considered the vessel unworthy. So the leaden bottles, or "ampula" were introduced, and these appeared to give satisfaction.

In the days of Henry VIII the saint was deposed from his exalted position and brought to trial. The judgment of "ouster" would have been passed against him (for, as might have been foreseen, Becket failed to appear to answer the charges!) had not Henry magnanimously assigned him counsel at the public expense. The sentence finally passed was that "Thomas, sometime archbishop of Canterbury,

had been guilty of contumacy, treason, and rebellion, and that his bones should be publicly burned, to admonish the living of their duty, by the punishment of the dead, and that the offerings at his shrine should be forfeit to the Crown, his pictures destroyed, and his name erased from the list of saints." It was not a bad speculation for the Crown that it should receive the offerings at Becket's shrine, for in one year the offerings to the Deity had amounted to three pounds, those to the Virgin, sixty-three pounds, and those at Becket's shrine, eight hundred and thirty-two; while, at a later date, nine hundred and fifty-two pounds were received at the shrine, four at the Virgin's altar, and no offerings at all were made to the Deity!

The offerings were not only in money, but in jewels and ornaments which were often sent by wealthy patrons. In "Christ Church Letters" there is a note of thanks to the Countess of Valois "for a silver image with a base," after expatiating upon which the writer adds "we have especially prayed for you and yours, and propose to continue our devotions in this particular. We have placed the said image in front of the shrine of St. Thomas, close to another silver image which was offered by your dear

son, whom God assoil." Richard, the prior in 1332, writes to the queen of Navarre, " Know, madame, that on the seventeenth day of April your servant J. de Couffle came to the shrine, and offered in your name five florins and a gold ring set with a ruby, and please to understand that the said ring was affixed to the said shrine in the presence of the said John, on the aforesaid day."

At the time of the Reformation, all things pertaining to the shrine and St. Thomas were done away with. Cranmer, in a letter to Cromwell, says, in 1538, " Father, because I have had in great suspect that St. Thomas hys blood in Christ Church Canterburie is but a fayned thinge, and made of some red ochre or like matter, I beseech your lordship that . . . my chaplains may have the King's Commission to try and examine that and all other things there." These " other things " were certainly duly examined, and cast aside; but then follows the inevitable tragedy in the period of the iconoclasts, when the soldiers of Cromwell desecrated the cathedral, and all signs of so-called idolatry, and nearly everything else, were swept relentlessly away.

Among the iconoclasts was one named Richard Culmer, or " Blue Dick," a minister of

Godneston, to whom Wharton, the Royalist writer, alludes as "a man odious for his zeal and fury." Culmer was appointed to superintend the demolition of idolatrous symbols at Canterbury, which work he seems to have relished exceedingly. He was the author of a work entitled "Cathedral Newes from Canterburie, showing the Canterburian Cathedral to be in an abbey-like rotten and corrupt condition, which calls for a speedy reformation or dissolution." Both processes seem to have been employed by Blue Dick at once. He describes his own success, in 1642: "Many window images or pictures in glasse were demolished that day, and many idols in stone. A minister was on the top of the city ladder, near sixty feet high, with a whole pike in his hands, rattling down proud Becket's glasse bones!" The troopers on this occasion were instructed to play upon the organ until it would play no more, and we may imagine the sounds that must have issued from the cathedral during the accomplishment of this work of devastation. They finally succeeded, for "they thumped upon the case of whistles which never were in tune since," exclaims Blue Dick, gleefully. Evelyn thus mentions Canterbury: "Here I visited the Cathedral, then in great splendour,

those famous windows being intire, since demolished by the Phanatiqs."

While Culmer was thus disporting himself, a townsman who was standing by asked him what he was doing; he answered, "The work of the Lord." "Then," replied the man, "if it pleases God, I will help you!" and he aimed a stone at Blue Dick, who was obliged to duck his head ignominiously to escape sharing the fate of the defenceless "idols!"

In 1660 Culmer was brought to trial for complicity in a plot, and when he was asked why, in one window representing the devil tempting Christ, he "brake down Christ and left the devil standing?" he replied that he had orders from Parliament to destroy all images of Christ, but that he had received no instructions regarding the devil.

As a town to-day, there is no more typical spot in England than Canterbury. A great many people visit the cathedral, and consider that they have seen all there is to see. Not at all. Much of the mediæval city remains, especially the quaint buildings of the various brotherhoods. In 1595 "there were in the city three Friars, namely, the Augustines, the Grey, and the Black, or begging friars. There is one main street in the city, which goeth directly

through the same city, coming in it at the West gate, and going out at St. George's gate, being the East gate." This description might be printed in a modern guide book, for one can walk along this very street, with these very gates at either end, and see, on the way, the most fascinating houses and little narrow side-streets leading off as they must always have done.

It is a privilege to take the old records, and go and stand on the bridge over the little river, and read what the book says about its appearance in mediæval times, and see how little is changed. There were the same old mills by the river; the houses were generally rather insignificant, but some were ornamented in Gothic taste, and showed many grotesque devices. Swans were to be seen swimming on the river, presided over by keepers called "swanupers." The lanes and narrow streets rejoiced in curious names, the Angel, Little Pet, Break-pot, Speech-house, while one whole district was known as "Le Poulletrie." This meant the poultry-market. The markets were distributed all over the city; in one place would stand the flesh-market, in another the cloth-market, and so on. In Burgate Ward there stood a cross, at a place that was called the "bull-stake," which

name, says Somner, "is tooke from the baiting and chasing of bulls there, by an ancient order and custom of the city Butchers, before their killing; not so much, if at all, for pleasure, as to make them man's meat, and fit to be eaten, which bull's flesh, without such baiting and chasing, is not held to be." This is a new excuse for bull-baiting which I have never met elsewhere!

Somner suggests a possible use for the twenty-one turrets in the old city walls, saying that they might make "what we much want, convenient pest-houses and receptacles for the poor visited people of the Citye." Certainly twenty-one pest-houses would have been ample accommodation for a city the size of mediæval Canterbury! There were already hospitals; one, we are told, was founded by Lanfranc, for the leprous, and one for the "aged and impotent." In this one was reserved an old shoe of St. Thomas à Becket, "faire set in copper and crystal," which all were privileged to kiss.

Steeple, spires and belfries rose at intervals, there being thirteen churches in the town. One of these, a little chantry chapel, called Lukedale, was "forsaken for the smallness of the meanes," at which we cannot wonder when we learn that the Lukedale revenue consisted of

“ thirty-two acres of land, sixteen shillings and five pence, and eight cocks, and nineteen hens.” One of the cemeteries was connected with the Priory of St. Gregory, but interment there was considered a costly extravagance; “ neither can they bury in it unless they pay twopence for an old body and a penny for a child ”! Even the cemetery allowed children at half price, it would seem.

I once happened to be in Canterbury on Sunday. The Sabbatarian hush was on all traffic except pedestrians, who galumphed up and down the street to that extent that it sounded like the noise of rotary mill-stones! It was a positive grinding of feet on the pavements.

They are clever enough to adorn the tables in the hotel with Canterbury bells. The hotels of Canterbury are typically English, comfortable, unaffected, and unspoiled by hordes of Americans, who usually only remain long enough to see the cathedral, and then speed on!

In the cathedral on this special Sunday the sermon was delivered by what Phillips Brooks would have called a “ moth-eaten angel,” a wearied and benign old party who spoke of things that we had “ handled with our eyes.” No one seemed to notice the slip; after all, that is almost what one does in Canterbury!

It is inexplicable that the most recent monument in Canterbury should be the ugliest; this is the very philistine tomb of that most saintly and worthy of men, Archbishop Benson. All the influences of art and history were powerless to affect the designer of this later shrine.

One remembers that David Copperfield and his aunt drove through the Canterbury streets on market day. David observes: "My aunt had great opportunity of insinuating the grey pony among carts, baskets, vegetables, and huckster's goods." A good many Dickens associations are recalled in Canterbury. The school which Copperfield is supposed to have attended was probably the one in the cathedral close known as King's School. In one of the little shops an old man asked me if I knew that years ago, Dickens himself used to pass his door often. "I have seen him," said he, "for Uriah Heep lived just above here, and Dickens was constantly coming and going!" The "'umble 'ome" of Uriah Heep is still pointed out.

On one occasion when we visited the cathedral a middle-aged lady from Maine joined the party. She had with her a grandson, Thomas, who, she insisted, was a lineal descendant of Becket; in fact, she alluded to him as "the last

of the line." Probably the line had been drawn taut and thin by emigration! Thomas was about sixteen, shy and awkward, of course, as any youth would be when made such a centre of attraction by a proud and injudicious grandmother. When we arrived at the throne of Augustine she seated herself with alacrity, and bade him do the same, saying, "Come, Thomas, you must be able to say that you've set down in this chair when you get home!" She actually detained the whole party until he complied. He was kept in alternating states of blush and pallor all through the visit. Probably it developed into a fever by night. As to the spot where Becket fell! When we came to the martyrdom chapel, she pulled him forward and cried, "Come and stand on the spot where your ancestor fell!" As we left the transept I heard her say, "You'd ought to go down on your knees and kiss it!" I did not wait to see whether he obeyed or choked her.

She explained that Canterbury reminded her a little of Trinity Church, New York, only she thought Trinity was larger, and of course handsomer, because it was so much newer. But she began to get more respectful as we progressed from chapel to cloister and from cloister to tower, and she admitted finally that it did seem

larger than she had thought from the outside. She criticised severely the fact that there were so many tombs within the sacred walls. "We have given up burying people in churches in America," she announced. "We don't consider it healthy." When we arrived at the tomb of the Black Prince, she pointed to his shirt and coat of mail suspended overhead, and exclaimed, "Lor'! it looks as if he'd worn 'em all his life and never taken a bath at that!"


When we came to the tomb which one old sufferer had erected to himself during his lifetime, and curiously carved with skulls and bones to keep himself advised of his latter end, she observed, "Well, if that isn't just the kind of thing the Sandwich-Islanders do, instead of Christians!" Then she asked the verger, "How is this establishment kept up?" and at intervals one overheard her murmur, "I'd like to know the difference between this and the church of Rome"!

As we entered the vast library of the cathedral we found the voluble lady before us, and heard her asking the librarian to open the window — she said it was "awful stuffy." Well, of course, it was; and an American house-keeper would have aired it twice a day; but the expression on the face of the old librarian,

when he heard this proposition to do something which I suppose had not been done since the fifteenth century, if then, was a study. It would take the whole Church Militant to move the tracery in one of those windows, I have no doubt.

CHAPTER XVII

ALONG THE SOUTHERN COAST

OMETIMES one lands at Liverpool and sometimes at Southampton. I can recall a certain winter arrival, during a storm which broke the English record for fifteen years. Then again I remember summer seas without even a ground swell to dispel the illusion of the ship being a good hotel with restricted accommodations. I remember other trips when shipwreck seemed the only escape from the horrors of pitch and roll, and when a watery grave would have been almost soothing.

There is a type of arrogance which is displayed by those immune travellers who are not sea-sick. That pride in a superior constitution acts as an irritant to those less lucky ones who are reclining in their steamer chairs. These people take delight in parading across one's vision, and it is difficult to believe that their hilarity is natural. I recall one lady who always wore a pink and grey knitted outfit—

sweater, cap, etc. — and our party used to call her the Animated Bed Slipper.

Some ships have the name for being especially steady. I think this is largely a matter of weather. The first day out, people mention it; they say, "How wonderfully steady this ship is!" The day after, they mention it with more reserve — that reserve which characterized Dr. Johnson's mention of a little dog which walked on its hind legs; not that he walked especially well, but it was remarkable that he could walk at all. So, usually, the ship is not so very quiet, but it is remarkable that it is quiet at all.

On one of our arrivals in England, when the pilot came on board, he brought the news of peace between Briton and Boer, and all the men drank to the success of peace at the risk of their own, and dignified, subdued Britons got gay, and it was very merry.

One of us once asked a steward some question relating to sea-sickness. He replied, "Nobody can be sea-sick on this boat; there is nothing to make anybody sick, — unless," he added thoughtfully, "it might be the motion." As this has usually been the cause of this special complaint, his expert testimony left us unmoved.

At any rate, the voyage, good or bad, is quickly forgotten as soon as land comes in sight. The description of England as given in the Chronicle of Gildas stands as true to-day as it did in the sixth century, when it was penned: "The island of Britain is embellished by certain castles, with walls, towers, well barred gates, and houses with threatening battlements built on high, and provided with all requisite instruments of defence." This is one aspect. Gildas continues: "It is decked . . . with transparent rivers, flowing in gentle murmurs, and offering a sweet pledge of slumber to those who recline upon their banks." In whatever direction one decides to proceed, after landing in England, one surely sees castles and rivers, not to mention cathedrals and the numerous features which render this island the most fertile in interest to foreign travellers of any territory of its size in the world.

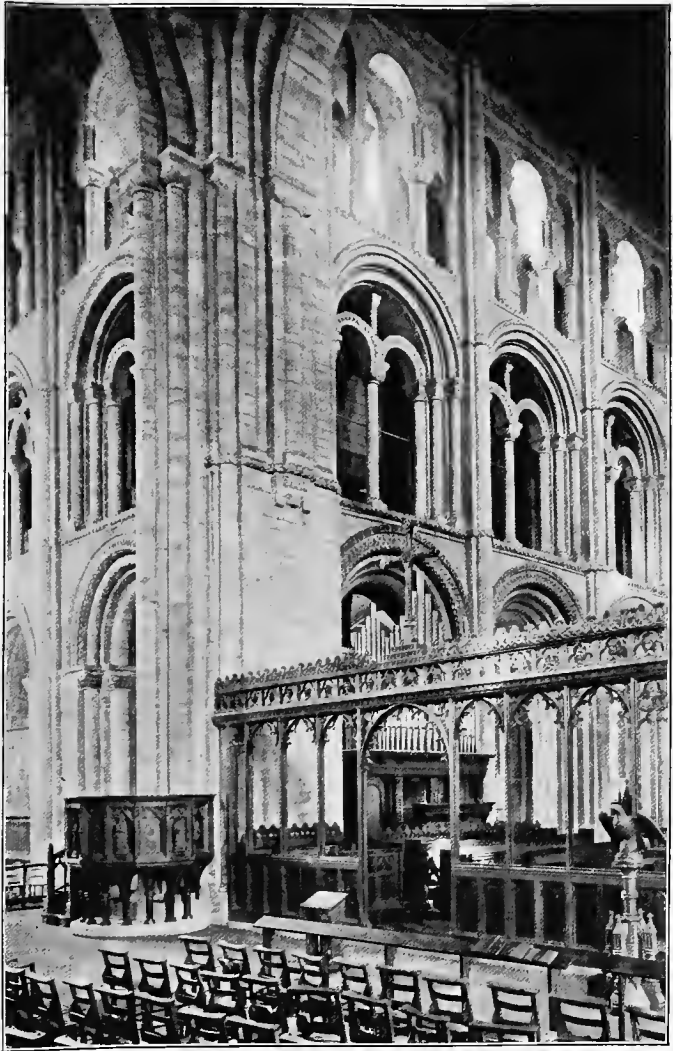
I remember landing once at Southampton, after a wretched voyage, in a cold rain. We went to a quiet and thoroughly British little hotel, where our room was the picture of coziness, with its chintz curtains and four-post bedstead, but it was catacomb-like in its chill. The sheets appeared to have been iced. We tried to light a fire, but, with characteristic obstinacy,

it went out after nearly smoking us out of the window. The servant cheerfully accounted for this by saying, "Yes, it is the wind. All the chimneys always smoke when the wind is in this direction."

Southampton is well worth seeing, but many people run right through it, either up to London, or to the Isle of Wight. We were taken about the town by a loquacious driver, who pointed out the old Norman walls, and the statue of Dr. Watts standing in solemn isolation in a large park, where there is nothing between him and the stars, good soul; no doubt he has by this time discovered what they are. St. Michael's Church, too, is little known and very interesting. It has a curious tower termination over the chancel, with four open arches, a very unusual feature. Parts of the building are Norman. There is a good twelfth-century font suggestive of the celebrated one at Winchester, and an instructive case full of chained Bibles.

The best known feature of Southampton is the Bar Gate. We were amused at the faded remains of the portrait of the giant Ascupart, and one of the redoubtable Sir Bevis of Southampton, so familiar in legend.

There is a great old beam and plaster house



ROMSEY ABBEY.

on the corner near St. Michael's Church, which has the reputation of being one of the residences of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn.

One ought not to leave Southampton without going to that delightful old building which forms so large a part in the education of a student of historic architecture, Romsey Abbey, Hants. I had met this name so often under illustrations of Norman windows and corbels, in architectural text-books, that it was like meeting an old friend to see it "in the flesh," so to speak. We went all over it, even through the dust of ages in the triforium, and enjoyed the ancient Saxon crucifix and the delightful grotesque heads under the eaves on the exterior. The old Saxon crucifix at Romsey is of an unusual design; the Christ is crowned, and does not suffer from his weight on the cross; this had theological significance at the time, because the idea of a humiliated Saviour was repulsive to many people, and the regnant Christ was chosen for representation.

At Romsey there is a large factory of brick near the station, with the ingenuous inscription: "Manufacturer of Home Made Preserves," and a hotel, candidly admitting its limitations, is named "The Railway View."

My earliest associations of England are in the Isle of Wight, where my childhood was spent. Among many early experiences, one especially stands out with the clearness of criminal recollection, and this was my indefensible behaviour at my first sight of Queen Victoria. I was only six years of age when we went to live in Ryde, and, having been a young American up to that time, I had never been brought to feel that reverence for royalty which was the heritage of the other children about me. So, when I learned for the first time that I was to see the queen of England drive by our house, I had mixed emotions, consisting chiefly of curiosity and a sort of bravado almost akin to contempt.

Several of us were ranged in line on Castle Street, waiting for the outrider to appear, and the English children and nurses were in a state of excitement over the anticipated event. The queen, who was at her summer home at Osborne, was to pass that way, accompanied by her faithful John Brown and all the usual members of the royal party.

At last the outrider came in sight. He was cheered by the children, not for his own sake, but for the promise of better things to come, — much as we welcome early thaws in March.

After a few minutes, in which I admit that I became greatly infected by the enthusiasm of my friends, the carriage appeared in the distance. I saw — what did I see? Could it be two faces close together? No, they were not quite large enough for that. The carriage came nearer — I saw that the things I had taken for twin faces were the bare knees of John Brown, who was sitting in the rumble, behind Her Majesty, but a little higher. In front, lower down, I distinguished an unpretending head in a quiet black bonnet, which head belonged to the sovereign of the nation.

One of the English nurses whispered to me, “Now, you must make your prettiest curtsey, you know!” Curtsey! To royalty? No! All the republican blood in me rose in rebellion at the thought. Why should I, a free American, bow the knee to a woman? This evil spirit of obstinacy dominated me as the carriage rolled by, and, as the other children obediently ducked, the party was surprised and shocked to see the young American turn a complete and deliberate somersault in the sight of royalty. It was a rude way to behave, and I was soon made to appreciate this. I was immediately regaled with narratives about all the good, polite little girls whom the queen liked; I was told how

little Polly, my friend, had run out into the road and made such a graceful reverence to Her Majesty that the royal equipage was stopped, and the queen had asked the name of the well-bred child. By degrees I began to see the folly of my proceeding, and to realize that I had done a very silly and impolite thing, and that no matter where she might see me in future, the queen would be sure to remember, and to say, "Oh, that is the disrespectful American child who turned a somersault as I passed!" and no favour would ever be shown me. My presentation at court when I should have attained the desirable age of twenty, would be quite impossible. Remorse set in, and I fully believed all the nurses said, for I had noticed that the queen had singled me out for an astonished and shocked glance at the time of my misdemeanour. Self-reproach in its bitterest form visited me.

Then I began to hear anecdotes of the amiability and sweetness of the good queen. I was told by some friends who lived near Osborne House that one day they had met her visiting poor people who lived in some of their own cottages, and that she carried grapes with her own hands to some who were ill. This seemed very human, and not at all like a lady with a crown

and sceptre. Then a very domestic story was related by an old admiral in Ryde. He had been in command of the royal yacht, and Queen Victoria and her children were returning one day from a cruise. They were getting into their carriages after landing, when suddenly a cry went up from the little Beatrice, who was then the baby. In a few moments Princess Louise, with the screaming Beatrice in her arms, came running towards the carriage in which the queen and Prince Albert were sitting, and, exclaiming, "You told her that she should drive with you, and she shall!" she dumped the baby into its royal mother's lap. And it rode in that carriage, too.

All these incidents awakened in me an affection for the queen, such as her own subjects felt, and by the next year I was her devoted admirer. When it was time for her again to drive through our street, I was on hand—in fear and trembling, it is true, lest I should be recognized and denounced—in a fever of loyal expectation, waiting at the tall iron gates which enclosed the garden of our villa. This time I made a profound obeisance, and longed to sing "God Save the Queen." On finding that I was not an object of special disdain on this occasion, I became bolder, and after that I used

always to climb up on the gate posts and sit on the stone balls on the top, cheering as Her Majesty passed, and I received one or two smiles while so engaged. The unusual noise was such that her attention was attracted to look up, and having once glanced toward me, and caught the eye of an enthusiastic child, she was too gracious a sovereign not to smile at the youthful offender.

I remember, too, that I felt a thrill of envy when I went into the parish church at Whippenham, and saw the comfortably upholstered chairs and the cozy little fire-place in the royal pew. I thought that any one might enjoy church-going if one had an arm-chair and a nice fire to poke during the sermon!

One day my mamma and papa came home from making a call on a certain dowager, and they told me that their hostess had given them tea from the same golden cups from which the queen had been served, she having just made a call at the same house, and the tea-things being still on the table when my parents arrived. This seemed to bring her quite into the family! I felt then that I should not be a bit more afraid of her than of my own grand-mamma, whom I had left at home in Boston.

At last we were indirectly the means of ministering to the actual comfort of the royal lady. After our first English winter, my father had felt that we must have some means of warming the house which should be more thorough than the small fire-places. How should we obtain a furnace? Such a thing had never been heard of in Ryde, and it was out of the question to buy one. So my father went to a local stove dealer and bought a regular stove of ample proportions, and over this he had a hood constructed, on the general principle of a furnace, from which one primitive pipe arose through the floor into the front hall, surmounted by an apology for a register — a plate of tin with holes punched in it. Our butler was lost in admiration. He had never conceived of so perfect a method of distributing heat. We used to hear him bring his friends into the cellar, show them the stove with its attachments, and then gravely lead the way upstairs, pointing out the little register with a stately wave of the hand, upon which exclamations of surprise would follow. Finally, one day, the stove man came in person and asked my father if he would object to having the stove duplicated. He explained that the queen's chamberlain had heard of the American invention in Ryde, and that it

was the royal wish to introduce one in a wing at Osborne House.

How glad I was to think that the rude child of former years should be able at last to feel that the transgression of her youth was wiped out in the introduction of creature comforts for the dear lady through the existence of this American family in the Isle of Wight!

There have been many changes in the Island since those days! I am almost inclined to sigh with Sir John Oglander, "The Isle of Wight, since my memory, is infinitely decayed!" It only shows that from century to century human nature always feels that the inevitable changes that occur are for the worse — perhaps we flatter ourselves.

At Nunwell Park, where agreeable social duties frequently took us, we have been shown the room in which Charles I was concealed, while he was hiding in the Island. Sir John Oglander, who, in those days, was the chief man of the Isle of Wight, and a loyal subject to the king, has left a quaint diary, in which he tells about the king's taking refuge there. "I heard a rumour," writes Sir John, "that the kinge was that night landed at Cowes. I confess I could not believe it;" but he goes on to state that the same evening he received a

message, commanding him and his son to meet His Majesty at Newport. He relates the reason for the king's flight from London. "Hee informs me necessity brought him hither, and there were a sort of people near Hampton Court, from whence he came, that were resolved to murder him, or words to that effect. And therefore so privately he was obliged to come away, and so to thrust himself upon this island, hoping here to be secure." Sir John Oglander harboured King Charles at Nunwell; part of the time of his stay in the Island he was a prisoner at Carisbrooke Castle. The story of his attempted escape through a window is well known; the space between the bars was too small for the passage of his body, and he was obliged to relinquish the attempt.

Sir John had a great friend in Sir Richard Worsley of Appledurcomb. Although this gentleman had but one eye, Sir John says that he was "wonderful studious," "insomutch that he affected no country sports, either hawking or hunting, but spent his time wholly at his booke, when he was alone." He had a playful streak, however, for Sir John also says that he was "very merry and a notable good fellow in company that he knew." One of the most amusing pictures I can conjure up is the scene

described by Sir John when he, the leading personage of the Island, and his august friend, Sir Richard, indulged in a pillow fight. He says: "He delighted much in flinging of cushions at one another's heads, only for sport and for exercise; until that with a cushion I was like to put out his other eye!"

Ingenuous, too, is the allusion to Mr. Emanuel Badd, who "By God's blessing and ye loss of five wives" grew "very ritch."

The Oglanders all lie buried in the dear little old church at Brading, and old Sir John lies out on his tomb dressed as a crusader, with his son's monument in a little niche just above him. This figure is an exact miniature of his own effigy, about two feet long, the only variation being in the length of the swords, and the absence of a mustache from the son. It is very quaint and mannered, done in coloured stone.

At one time the Isle of Wight was a kingdom, for Henry VI crowned his friend and favourite, Henry Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, as King of Wight. But this monarch only lived two years, and the Island then lost its title, for Edward IV appointed in his place a Lord of Wight instead, so it was a short lived glory.

Quarr Abbey was a flourishing institution in its day, the abbots living like princes. It had



TOMB OF SIR JOHN OGLANDER, BRADING.

communication with the sea through Ryde, which was then La Rye, and it garrisoned itself securely even when La Rye was burned by the French.

A delightful day may always be spent in the Isle of Wight by taking the regular coach around the Undercliff drive, lunching at Ventnor, and visiting Shanklin Chine, that most picturesque faerie land of gorges and rills. The frugal plan of charging admission to chines and vales and rural beauties, which in most lands are recognized as being part of the landscape, and free to all, is well noted by Henry James, who speaks of a "respectable person" who appears and "demands a penny, and on receiving it, admits you with great civility to commune with nature." Even these guarded spots are garnished with sign boards, "threatening legal pursuit if you attempt to evade the payment of the sacramental penny." We once took this drive on a day when the eclipse of the sun took place at noon, as predicted, and we saw it clearly. There were light clouds, and they took the place of smoked glass, and acted as a veil. We obtained a photograph of it, too, by turning the camera up at the sky — this is quite a curiosity!

Though Carisbrooke Castle has had an event-

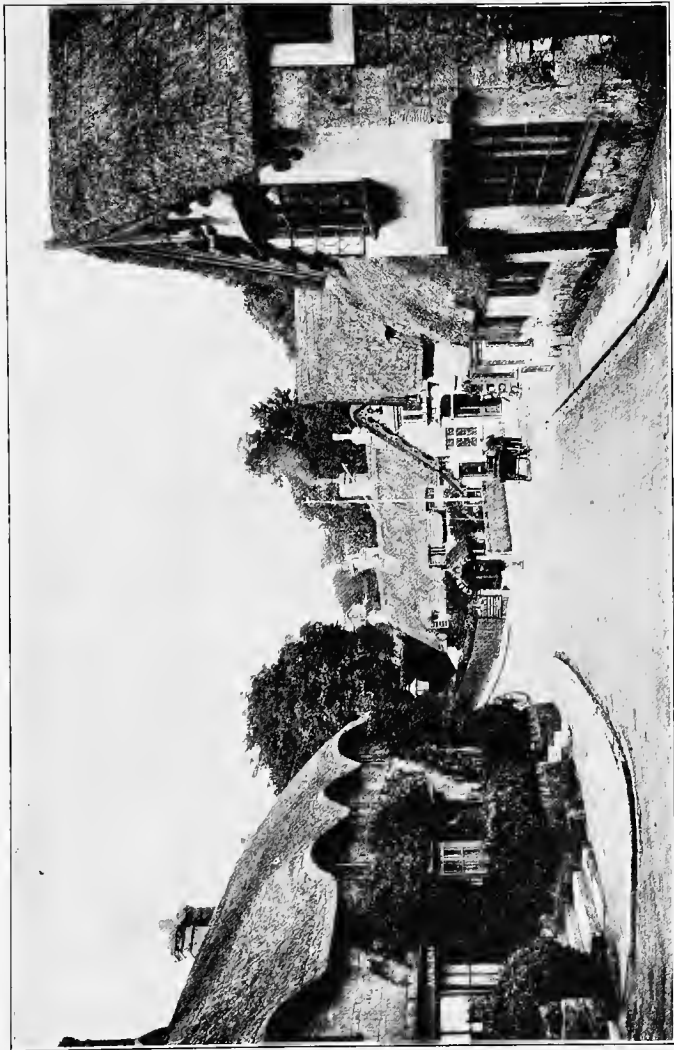
ful history of siege and adventure, the chief things that attract the casual visitor to-day are the little donkey who treads the mill to raise a bucket of water from the deep well, and the diversion of parading the extreme top of the wall with a single line of gas pipe between you and destruction. Also it is supposed to afford much amusement to throw a pebble down this well, and hear it go down "nickety nock, like a pebble in Carisbrooke Well."

Between Sandown and Brading lies the most remarkable remains of a Roman villa, probably, in England. Every visitor to the island ought to see it, with its pavements of truly remarkable mosaic, and its hypocaust which supplied heat under the floors. It is more up to date than English houses of this century!

At Newport station we once saw a calf tethered to a post; on the post was the sign "Cowes Train." And we were the only ones who laughed!

Among the interesting relics one of our Ryde friends has to show is a letter from the Duke of Kent, announcing the birth of "our little daughter Victoria." To think of the august queen being so informally treated!

The great annual attraction in the island is "Cowes Week," which occurs in August. The



SHANKLIN VILLAGE.

yachts are out in full force, and races and festivities take place, and the town of Cowes is packed to overflowing with personages who would resent a prison cell if it resembled the rooms for which they pay fabulous prices!

It was a particularly interesting thing to see Cowes Week in 1902, just before the Coronation of Edward VII. The royal yacht lay as a centrepiece in the harbour, with the convalescent king aboard. And, because he was safely floating there at anchor, they sang the hymn "for those in peril on the sea" in the churches!

We met at lunch one day in Cowes the son of the owner of the first boat which ever raced for the America's Cup; — the *Aurora* was defeated by the *America*. It is interesting to come thus in touch with people who are connected with our own sporting history.

Then shortly after followed the actual Coronation, which had been postponed. In Ryde the occasion was celebrated by varied decorations and festivities. All small brick villas, ours among the number, had fully developed cases of "flags on the string," and the streets were gay to overflowing. The fleet in Spithead assembled for the naval review the following week, fired imposing salutes at the moment of Coronation, and were most picturesque lying

out in the grey water enveloped in clouds of smoke.

The week after Coronation was a gay one in the island. Visitors were assembling for the naval review, and parties to go around the fleet started every two hours. The Victoria Yacht Club in Ryde is one of the few clubs of which the king was still a member, and the club gave a ball which far outclassed anything I have seen in its special line. In the first place the tickets were sent all over England, and even into Scotland, so you may imagine that there was a mixture of all sorts and conditions of guests, from countesses who were off for a quiet flirtation, to duchesses who were interested to watch them. The best supper that I ever saw served under such conditions was served any time between eleven and three; you went in as often as you liked, and the dainty tid-bits were not sufficiently solid to prevent your coming again later. Champagne was on each table, and as soon as a few glasses had been filled a fresh bottle replaced the earlier one, so that it might be absolutely sparkling. You may imagine that it was a trifle gay. And it was so intelligently arranged! The club gardens reach straight down from the house to the water, ending in a stone wall along the coast

line. No lights were visible in this garden, except the occasional gleams of cigarettes, — two tiny lights, close together, at intervals emanated from the lips of couples leaning on the wall or strolling up the paths. It was usual to stumble frequently, owing to the lack of brilliant illumination, and when you looked to see what had impeded your progress, you usually found that it was two little chairs placed strategically together in the depth of the shadow. How much more tactful than Japanese lanterns! The lawn was covered with small tents, each containing two chairs. It was an unusually well set English party.

The ball had engaged the best band in Southern England, when suddenly the king took it into his head to have music on his yacht that evening; so we had to have any old music. At the garden party the next day, which was as grand a social event as the ball, in a daylight way, we were to have been regaled by the Japanese band from one of the Japanese war ships; but, by a curious coincidence, His Majesty felt a longing for Japanese music at precisely the same hour, so we had the redcoats instead.

We watched the naval review from the pier, thus enjoying at no extra charge the sight for

which Cook's Tourists were paying ten guineas! The Isle of Wight was a most strategic place just at this juncture. In the evening the illuminations were magnificent. We all went to the house of a friend, and there, overlooking the Solent, and regaled at intervals with refreshments, we watched in luxury the display. It was most effective; the use of coloured search-lights was very well handled, and the ships were entirely covered with electric lights, as close together as they could be placed, thus suggesting, not ships outlined by lights, but veritable ships of fire. As they lay together on the water, with their masts uprearing like steeples and turrets, they seemed to me to resemble the popular idea of the Holy City. (The Mayor of Ryde, by the way, was the author of that song — Mr. Maybrick, whose *nom-de-plume* is Stephen Adams). At eleven o'clock all the other lights went out, leaving the king's yacht the only bit of illumination on the waters. Then, at a signal, the coloured search-lights all broke forth from every ship in the fleet, and were thrown so as to form an arch of fire over the royal yacht. At twelve o'clock the royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired. It was quite thrilling.

A charming field-by-lane walk from Ryde to

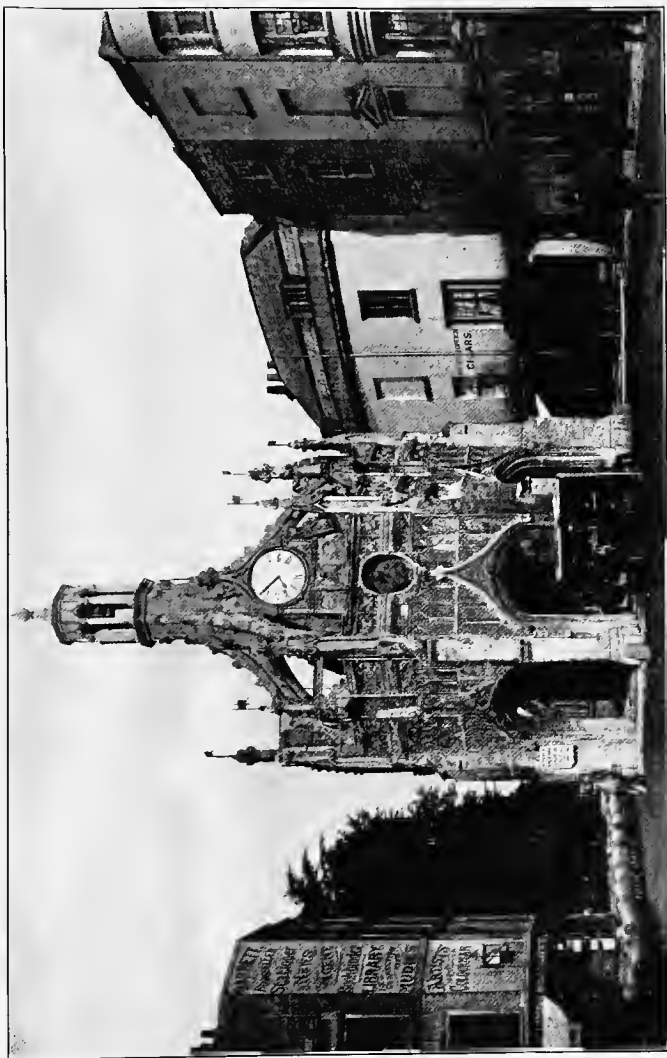
Binstead is a diversion on a fine day. Over the gateway leading to the dear old church is an age-blunted carving which is supposed to have been a Saxon idol. It represents a man riding a ram. The local legend is that every time this little man hears the clock strike twelve, at midnight, he gets down and runs three times around the church. Children are constantly testing this proposition!

And dear little Bonchurch! One cannot think of it without an indulgent smile, such as one bestows on a fascinating child. One can hardly take it seriously as an actual village with people living in it! It lies buried in verdure, and has to be sought to be discovered. Henry James says that Bonchurch is "indeed, in a manner, quite absurd. It is like a model village in imitative substances," he continues, "kept in a big glass case. The turf might be of green velvet, and the foliage of cut paper!" We were amused there one day to see a little boy, about five, carrying a bludgeon, who accosted us: "I don't suppose you've got a penny to give me?" The Head of the House asked this peaceful highwayman, "What would you do if I gave you one?" The mite, with a bow, replied, "Say thank you." This was so original that the penny exchanged hands promptly.

Thanks were elaborate. Mite: "It's a real big penny, isn't it?" Head of the House. "Yes. What shall you buy with it?" Mite: "Sweets. That's all." (With the manner of saying, "I don't drink.")

He then walked along with us, and soon we came to two girls of about nine and ten years of age. He waved his bludgeon airily, and cried: "I've got a penny!" Then to us: "I never share my sweets with girls." But when he afterwards met two boys he was discreet enough not to mention the penny at all, and he waved his stick even more freely. He was beginning to understand the essentials of bread winning.

From the Isle of Wight one should run to Portsmouth just to glance at the harbour and Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, which lies there. As it has been quaintly expressed, "a very capital convenience to the harbour of Portsmouth is the safe and spacious road of Spithead, which lies between the continent of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight." A great fire destroyed the docks at Portsmouth in 1760; we have a graphic account of it from a "gentleman" who wrote at the time. "On July third at twelve in the morning a dreadful fire broke out in the dock yard of this place, in a fine pile



MARKET CROSS, CHICHESTER.

of buildings that was fitted with some of the best stores of His Majesty's navy . . . the beams, by the violence of the fire, flew in the air like so many paper serpents, and many of them fell in Gosport. It rained very hard all night. It is thought that the stores caught fire by the lightning, which was very terrible; the element appearing as all on a blaze. . . . Yet with all this devastation, amounting to a very great loss, such was the diligence exerted and such was the quantity of stores in the naval way at Chatham, . . . that all was easily supplied, without any very sensible loss by the public, though in the midst of a heavy and expensive war." Leaving the harbour of Portsmouth, one looks at the old hulk of the historic black and white war-ship, remembering, as Lord Lytton said, that - -

" At the head of the line goes the *Victory*
With Nelson on the deck."

The great market cross at Chichester, with four broad streets leading to it, and a Roman wall in close proximity, is the best one I have seen in England. The proportions are particularly charming. The cathedral is small, but effective. The old Saxon sculptures there are as interesting as anything else, and the details

of the tomb of Maud of Arundel are pleasing. A funny old tempera painting of Henry VIII is very quaint. The king is making remarks in the form of scrolls proceeding from his mouth. In 1861 the spire of Chichester fell; it is reported to have "sheathed itself in its tower;" as if it were a sword in a scabbard.

A large Roman stone was found in Chichester, in 1723, while digging was going on, over which was an inscription translated as follows: "This temple was dedicated to Neptune and Minerva, for the safety of the Imperial family, by the authority of Tiberias Claudius. It was erected by the college of Artificers of King Cogidubnus, Augustus, lieutenant in Britain, and by those who officiated as priests or were honoured in it at their own expense, the ground being given by Pudens, the son of Pudentinus."

Let not the heedless visitor go to Brighton and fail to see the two old churches at Shoreham, both Norman and fascinating, and attainable by a humble trolley car. In one of them there is a detail with crude round drill holes that might have been cut at Ravenna, with naïve foliate forms and little grotesques.

Swinburne has written a few lines on New Shoreham Church, as follows:

“ Strong as time, and as faith sublime,
Clothed round with shadows of hopes and fears . . .
Stands the shrine that has seen decline
Eight hundred waxing and waning years.

“ Tower set square to the storms of air
And change of seasons that glooms and glows
Wall and roof of it tempest proof
And equal ever to sun and snows;

“ Bright with riches of radiant niches
And pillars smooth as a straight stem grows. . . .

“ Dawn falls fair on the grey walls there,
Confronting dawn on the low green lea,
Lone and sweet as for fairies' feet,
Held sacred, silent, and strange and free,
Wild and wet with its rills, and yet
More fair falls dawn on the fairer sea.”

Defoe prophesied a destruction of Brighton, which has not yet occurred, saying: “ The sea is very unkind to Brighthelmstone, having by its continual encroachments so gained upon the town that in a little time the inhabitants may reasonably expect it will eat away the whole place, above one hundred houses having been devoured by the water in a few years past.” In riding along the Brighton beach and cliff road, we noticed that the third rail of this electric road was laid simply along the sands — not protected in any way. The children were play-

ing all about. We were somewhat shocked, and asked if they did not consider it dangerous, and whether they did not have accidents. The conductor replied, "Oh, no; it is a very slight voltage. A great many comes here and takes it for the rheumatiz." This is a comment on the phlegmatic disposition of the British, and the proportionate power of their electric currents. If a row of them were sitting on the rail, surely the car would have to wait until they had obtained their shocks, before traffic could be resumed! We asked an old stableman how many persons his large wagonette held. He replied, "Twelve generally — sixteen if intimate!"

Of the fishing smacks along this coast Defoe says: "They whisk away to market under such a crowd of sails that one would wonder they could bear them."

It is well worth while to stand on the barbi-can at Lewes Castle and look out over the battle-field. The records of Lewes have certain items of interest, and a few taken at random form food for thought. The Chronicle of Mailros states quite casually, "Lewes and other parts of Sussex are said to have been infested with serpents of enormous size." This writer of the eighth century is considered a great liar,

and so his testimony has about the same weight as that of those who report on the sea serpent.

John de Warenne (1239-1304) seems to have been a leading martinet at Lewes; among other conspicuous acts, he, "for the sake of his hares and wild game, imprisoned and fined at will other persons who hunted; he had seized the oxen of Richard A., at Edburton, for this cause, and confined his servants in Lewes Castle, where he asserted a right to imprison people at his pleasure, for three days, and had refused entrance there to the king's writ." In 1530 Lewes Castle became the county jail.

Protestant martyrs were burned at Lewes in 1556 — one of them was a minister named Thomas Wood.

No wonder Lewes is something of a ruin. Flint was sold out of the castle in 1620 for fourpence a load, to be used as the inhabitants liked; many small establishments around are erected out of the original stone of the castle.

Puritan names at Lewes were often very curious, — records exist of persons named "Faintnot," "Weepnot," and "Graceful!"

In 1585 Mr. John Kyme inaugurated in his will a strange charity; he left a bequest of "forty shillings a year . . . to be distributed by the constables to poor housekeepers and old

maids." If the recipients were obliged to apply for this assistance, I fancy the legacy rolled up considerably!

In 1710 the local authorities were excited regarding the spread of small pox in Lewes; several men were paid twelve shillings each to watch "and prevent Mr. Holmwood from bringing his son up in the town with the small pox."

Gundrada, the daughter of William the Conqueror, is buried amidst the ruins of her own priory at Lewes. Her tomb, a flat slab, highly decorative in its ornamentation, may be seen in a little oratory, and is well worth a walk to the great open field where the priory fragments are to be seen.

In Lewes Priory was also interred the Earl de Warenes, on whose tomb the following inscription appeared in French:

"Thou that dost tread this silent way
Forget not for the dead to pray
The bones that in this tomb are laid,
In life's fair bloom were once arrayed;
Like them shall thine in time consume,
And others trample on thy tomb;
John Earl of Werenne's buried here,
May mercy his flown spirit cheer;
For his repose whoever prays
Gains an indulgence of three thousand days!"



TOMB OF GUNDRADA, LEWES.

Defoe, speaking of Dover in the seventeenth century, remarks: "The packets for France go off here, in time of peace, as also those for Ostend, and all those ships which carry freights from New York to Holland, and from Virginia to Holland, come generally hither and unlade their goods . . . and pay the duties . . . and so they go away for Holland." In the days of Henry VIII an old traveller, Nicander Nucius of Corcyra, writes: "I now proceed to state those things which occurred from Calais and the passage itself to the British Island of England. . . . Having gone on board ship straight-way at first we moved out of the harbour by rowing. And a gentle breeze blowing from land, low waves came rippling and smiling as it were under our stern. And it being now night, we being borne along by the tide, were accomplishing our voyage in smooth water, . . . but it fell out not as our master conjectured . . . it being now midnight a certain wind called the north wind sprung up, the sea was suddenly ruffled, perhaps having undergone a change from the time of night, or this being produced by the mere will of fortune. The sound of the approaching storm was now heard, cleaving the waters of the ocean; and being tossed by huge waves rapidly succeeding each

other, and undergoing every species of danger, and being within a hair breadth of sinking, we entertained slender hopes of being saved; and although a side wind fell upon us, yet however towards sunset, we reached the promontory of the island, and came to land in the harbour of Dover." This all sounds very true. Crossing the Channel can still be just about what it was when Henry VIII himself sailed in the *Great Harry* to visit the Field of the Cloth of Gold!

THE END.

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