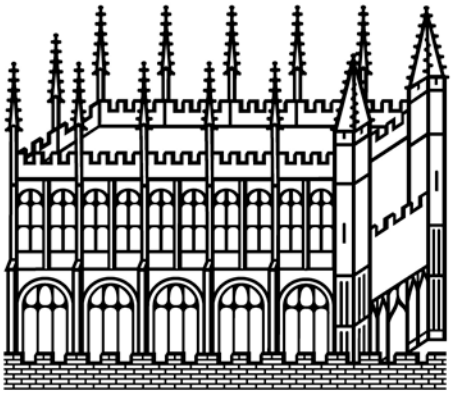

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AND NEIGHBOURHOOD OF
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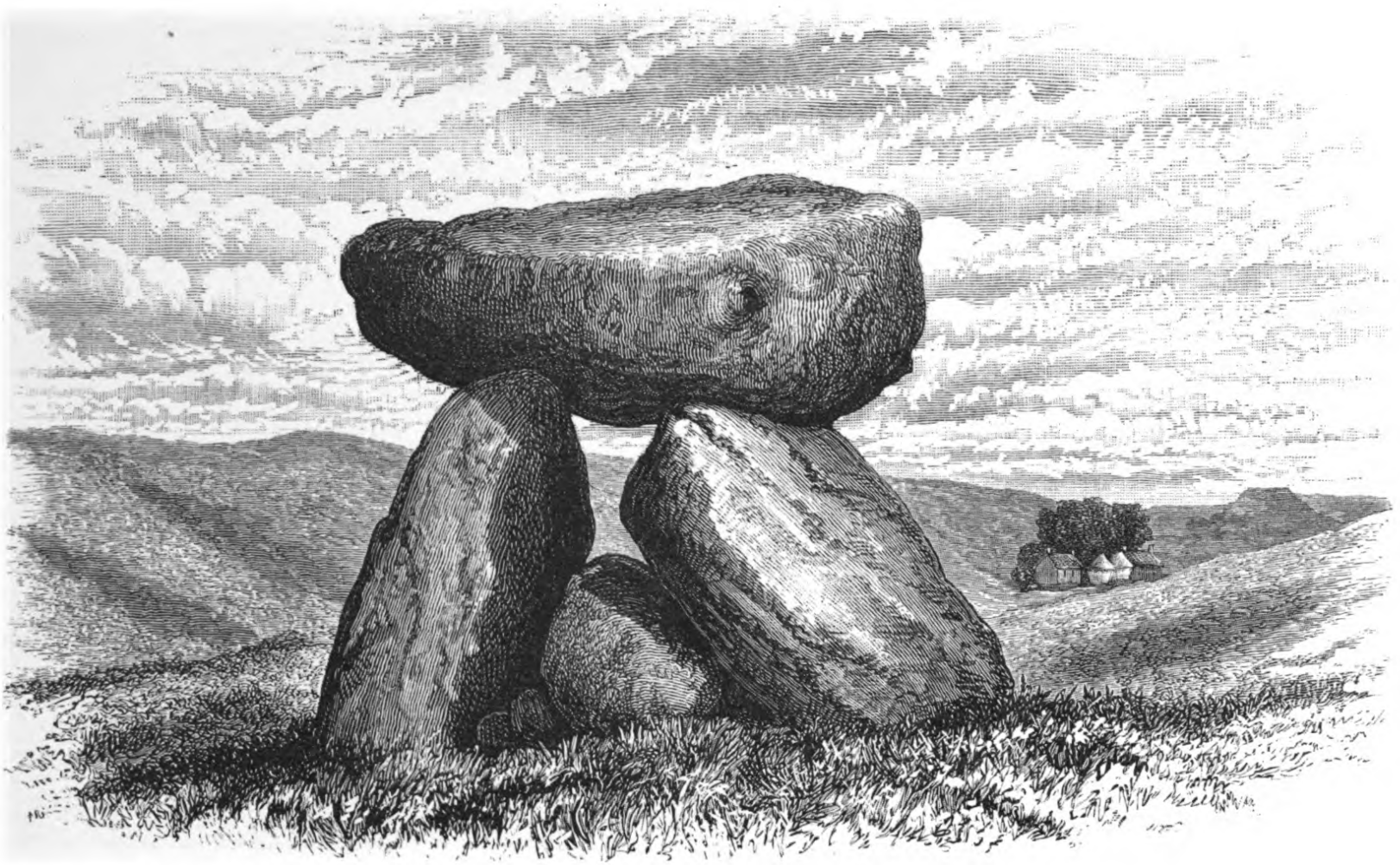

THE DEVIL'S DEN, CLATFORD BOTTOM.

THE TOWN, COLLEGE,

AND

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF MARLBOROUGH.

BY

F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "FAMILIAR WILD FLOWERS," "ART TEACHING," "THE PRINCIPLES OF ORNAMENTAL ART," "MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS, AND HOW TO USE THEM," ETC. ETC.

ILLUSTRATED.

"I was inclined from my childhood to the love of antiquities; and my Fate dropped me in a country most suitable for such inquiries."—JOHN AUBREY, 1648.

"When thou seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel,
Make me partaker of thine happiness."
—SHAKESPEARE.

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INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH it is the ordinary fate of prefatory remarks to be passed unread, they afford the writer a desirable opportunity of justifying himself to his readers by vindicating his claim, so far as may be, to their patience and consideration. We avail ourselves then of this opportunity, and find, we believe, our full justification in the two quotations on our title page; for we may echo the words of John Aubrey, written in reference to the same district, and may point out, in the first place, how full of all manner of interest the old town of Marlborough and all the country round about are, and then in the spirit of our second quotation, endeavour to share with others the gratification we have ourselves so bounteously received. When we were told during a parliamentary election that the eyes of Europe were upon us, it was felt by some possibly that the old town was receiving its due recognition at last, while others, we are aware, were conscious that the remark savoured of hyperbole; but the men of Marlborough are heirs in no

mean inheritance. Old families pride themselves on a descent from the Norman conquest, and see in the long pedigree extending from one of the great horde that flocked from all parts of Europe to the plunder of Britain, the charter of their social position ; but the old town of Marlborough was flourishing long before William the Norman was ever heard of, and it reappears time after time in our country's history, surviving many a peril of fire and siege, and even that more modern danger, the breaking up of the old coaching times; and is now perhaps more widely known, and more firmly established than ever, thanks to the vivifying influences of the great school in its neighbourhood. Some few pictures of its past and present it will be our pleasant task to portray, as we call up the long line of Druid priests wending their way to their temple ; the funeral procession of some Belgic warrior going to his rest on the far-extending downs ; the tramp of the Roman legionaries to their station ; the invading hosts of Danes and Normans ; the marching and counter-marching of Royalist and Parliamentarian, and the stream of life flowing later on between London and Bath. Marlborough, too, is more or less intimately associated with many who have individually played no mean part in the history of England, and whose names are from other causes familiar to us as household words ; but these we must dwell on at greater length later on. We have, we

trust, said sufficient now to stimulate our readers to desire to know more of this ancient borough. Should we, after all, fail, the fault will lie in the exponent, in the unsatisfactory use made of the materials at hand, not the lack of interest in the materials themselves. Farewell then, reader, for a while; we shall meet again, we trust, as Chapter I. opens before us, and we would fain hope that we may be companions together all the journey through, and only part when we have traced together the fortunes of the ancient borough of Marlborough.

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THE TOWN, COLLEGE,

AND

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF MARLBOROUGH.

"Now pray I to hem that harkene this tretyse or rede, that yf ther be onything that displease hem, I praye hem that they arrete it to the defaulte of myn unkonnyng and not to my will, that would have seyde better if I had knowing."—*Chaucer.*

CHAPTER I.

SOME ten or twelve years ago we received an appointment at Marlborough; whereupon several of our friends said, "And where is Marlborough?" As possibly some of our readers may feel in the same dilemma, anxious to be interested and yet unable to give a local habitation to the name, we may at once say that it is in Wiltshire, some seventy-five miles from London, and on the old coach road

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between the metropolis and the west of England. This position on one of the great lines of communication gave it, in times past, a share in almost all that was going on. When Bath was in its glory and height of fashion, Marlborough was a favourite stopping-place on the road, and thus it shared in the golden shower; on the other hand, when the fugitives fled from the plague-stricken metropolis, the contagion scourged the inhabitants. The place, in the civil wars, was too important to be overlooked: batteries sprang up on all the heights; the boom of the cannon and the rattle of musketry were no unfamiliar sounds, and its stout resistance more than once provoked barbarous revenge in the hour of triumph. During the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster the district was attached to the fortunes of the Henries. During the war between Charles I. and his parliament the sympathies of the town were strongly with the latter, and in each case they shared fully in the triumphs of their cause, or bore their full portion of the bitterness of defeat.

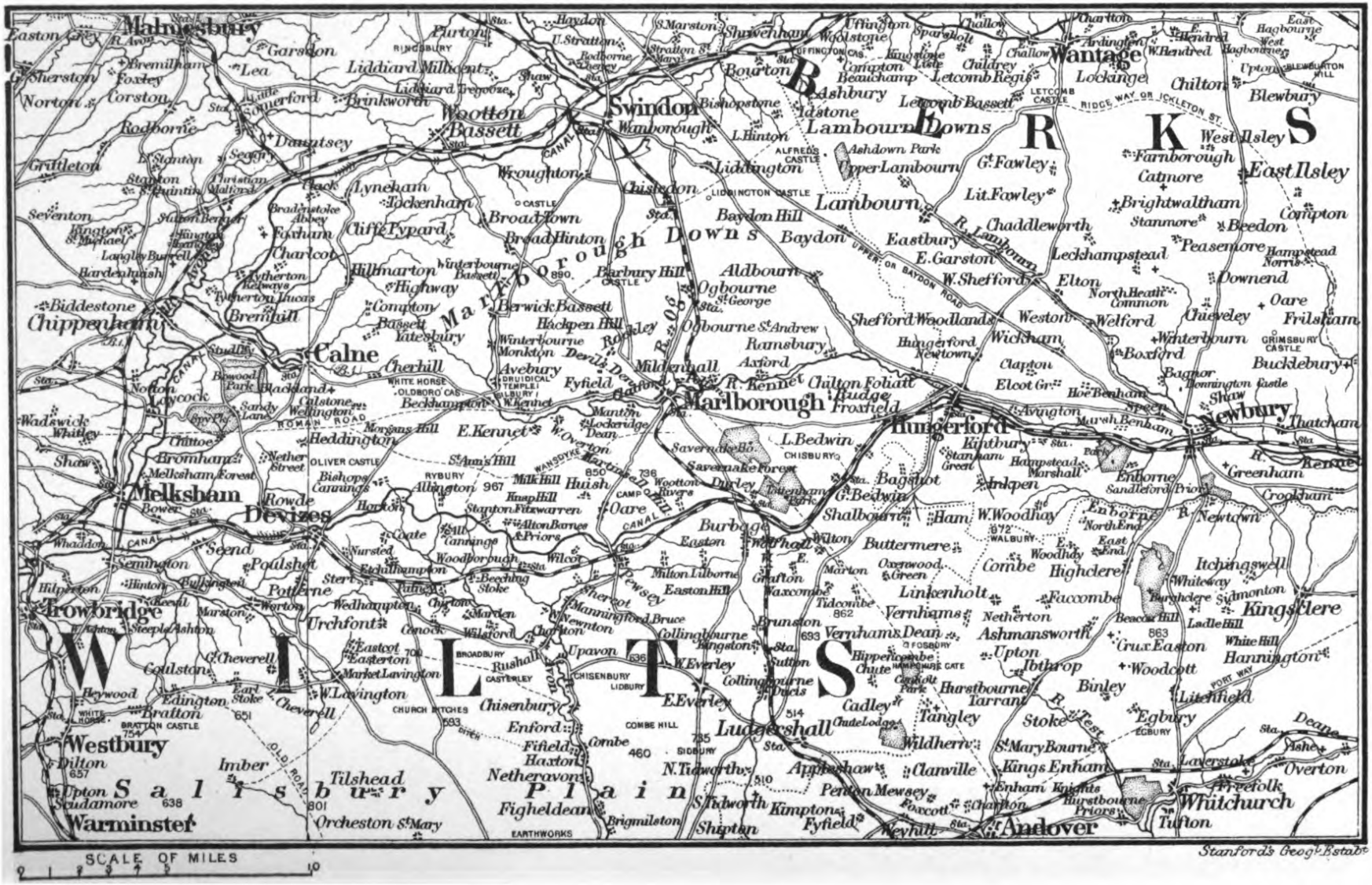
We may perhaps, with best advantage, in the first place describe Marlborough as it is, as the place in its present condition is well worthy of consideration. We shall then very soon discover that it owes much also to the past—that it is in fact what centuries have made it; and we shall then the more readily turn to its records. The noble school in its neighbourhood may well receive attention in another chapter, as we trace it from its small beginnings to its present fame, and see how the early days of difficulty and adversity have been the prelude of a great prosperity—a

prosperity not alone in a mere money sense, but in the greater wealth that springs from the love of its sons and makes it a sunny memory all the world over. Some who have been educated within its plain brick walls have carried its lessons of patient perseverance amidst the long winter of the arctic snows ; some have borne its lessons of manly devotion to duty through the difficulties of Indian administration ; while others, not a few, have given their lives for England in the trenches of Sebastopol, the scorching plains of Africa, or wherever else the call of duty found them at their posts. How different soever their careers, how widely separated in life or in death, all were alike the children of Marlborough, and it their Alma Mater. In other chapters we must dwell for a while on the wonderful records of antiquity, the pre-historic monuments found in the neighbourhood—the mysterious hill of Silbury, the great stone ring of Avebury, the tumuli that dot in such profusion the open downland, the traces left by Saxon and Roman, and, in conclusion, say something of the wealth of natural beauty found in the long sweep of these chalk downs, or in the rich umbrageous recesses of the noble forest of Savernake. The difficulty will be, rather where and when to stop than any lack of interesting materials ; so we plunge at once into our subject, and endeavour to give our readers some idea of what they will see when they visit the Marlborough of 1881.

The ordinary visitor to the old town will now probably arrive by railway, though it is within a comparatively small number of years that he has been

enabled to do so, Marlborough having been without railway communication long after most English towns enjoyed that advantage. Even at the present time the service cannot be considered brilliant, though a railway now in course of construction will, it is to be hoped, prove a great advance. The passenger leaves the main line at Reading, and, after a series of stoppages at intermediate stations, finds himself at Savernake, the junction for Marlborough, the whole journey from London being timed to take three hours. This space of time would, on the Midland Railway, take him as far as Nottingham. Marlborough suffers not only as places suffer that are on branch lines, but has the additional aggravation of being a branch even from a branch. The line to which we have just referred as in process of construction runs, roughly speaking, at right angles to the present system, and is the one link wanting to connect such important places as Liverpool and Southampton in a more direct communication. Even as early as the year 1845 a Manchester and Southampton line was planned, but the scheme came to nothing. Thirty years afterwards, in 1875, the first sod of the Marlborough, Swindon, and Andover Railway was turned; but the scheme for some time received but little support, and it is only quite recently that matters have been pushed actively forward. This railway, some twenty-seven miles in length, is the missing link. The completion of this line will bring Marlborough and the south of England into direct communication with the manufacturing districts and coal-fields of the north. We need give no

MAP OF THE DISTRICT ROUND MARLBOROUGH.



further details beyond this one striking fact, that the distance from Swindon to Marlborough may be walked in something under three hours, while it can only be done by railway after a journey of some fifty-five miles. As the new line will do it in about twelve miles, the increased facility of communication is something enormous.

The main road from London to Bath has become so favourite a track with bicyclists, that many probably will have made their first acquaintance with Marlborough as they have ridden in, in lordly independence of the Great Western Railway. The distance is some seventy-four and a half miles, and the road for the most part excellent. A line of telegraph wires borders the road for the whole distance, and prevents any possibility of straying from the track. The principal places *en route* are Hounslow, nine and three-quarter miles from London; Slough, twenty and a half; Reading, thirty-nine; Newbury, fifty-six; and Hungerford, sixty-four and a half. For some few miles of the latter part of the journey the road traverses a portion of the forest of Savernake, and the pedestrian, or the bicyclist of the present day, after enjoying the verdant shade, emerges, as did the passengers in the old coaching days, from a somewhat deep cutting, and finds all at once a widely stretching panorama spread before him, the silvery Kennet winding at his feet, the downs stretching miles away into blue haze, and in the middle distance the ancient towers and town of Marlborough.

Whether we enter by the railway or the road from

London, the first impression will possibly be disappointing ; though the general view of the town, either from the platform of the railway station or from the eminence called the London Hill, is strikingly picturesque. Our feeling, on first entering, is that things are decidedly common-place ; as we, however, journey on, we turn a corner sharply to the left, and see at once before us the noble stretch of the High Street—one of the widest in England, and almost half a mile in length. The houses that fringe it are no two of them alike : as the town is built on the side of a hill, the level of the pathway on the north side is considerably higher than that of the south—a feature that adds to the quaint picturesqueness of the place. The houses on the north or upper side are many of them perfect studies for the artist, who lingers with delight as he scans their projecting gables, and hunts up bits for his sketch-book. The vista is closed by the dark red buildings of the college and the stretch of down that rises beyond.

It has been from time to time suggested that this noble roadway should be planted with an avenue of trees, but this would, we think, on the whole be a mistake. Such avenues are a charming feature in many Continental towns; but in Marlborough the country can be so readily reached, that this *rus in urbe* is not so called for, and the houses are themselves so quaintly attractive, that one would hesitate to run the risk of blotting out the general view that can now be obtained. It was originally proposed that a line of telegraph posts and wires should run down the street ; but the prompt action of some few in-

dividuals averted such a Vandalism, and this ingenious but unsightly development of the nineteenth-century science and energy makes a slight detour round the town, instead of cutting through it.

Marlborough is the post and market town for a considerable outlying district, and it is also a municipal and parliamentary borough. Its nearest neighbours of any note are Salisbury on the south, at a distance of twenty-seven miles, Devizes to the south-west, some fourteen miles away, Swindon about eleven miles to the north, and Hungerford some ten miles to the east. The municipal borough is composed of the two parishes of St. Peter and St. Mary, and at the census of 1871 contained a population of 3,660 souls; while the parliamentary borough includes the two parishes already mentioned and the adjoining parish of Preshute—a population of 5,034, according to the same census.

Marlborough was first formally incorporated by charter in the fifth year of the reign of King John, but it claims the privilege of having been a borough by prescription for a hundred years or more before it received its charter. Since its formal enrolment, several of our monarchs have granted confirmatory and additional charters, preserving and extending its ancient rights, immunities, and privileges. The original arms of the town, granted to it "for ever," consisted of a castle in silver on a black shield; but about the middle of the seventeenth century those still in use were adopted. Avoiding, in a book of this character, the somewhat pedantic course of adopting the phraseology of heraldry, we must

endeavour in a necessarily more roundabout way to describe the bearings. The upper part of the shield has a broad horizontal band of gold ; in the centre of this band is placed a battlemented tower, and on either side of the tower a red rose ; below this golden band the shield is divided by two slanting lines into four parts, the upper and lower being red, and the two lateral portions blue : the upper portion bears on its scarlet a silver bull, and the lower has three silver greyhounds ; the two side portions each bear a silver cock on the field of blue ; the supporters are two silver greyhounds ; the crest is a battlemented tower on a grassy mount. These arms may be seen duly emblazoned in the Town Hall, carved on the gates of the College, and elsewhere. It was in former times the custom for each person, on admission to the corporation, to present the mayor with a white bull, two white capons, and two greyhounds ; but this tribute has since been changed into a money payment.

Impressions of the ancient seal of the borough—the castle the sole device on the shield—may be seen on deeds preserved in the Record Office, London, and in the British Museum. The legend surrounding the shield is, " Sigill commvne de Marleberge."

The present Market-house and Town Hall possesses no architectural beauty, though its position at the head of the High Street is an admirable one. The building contains the assembly-room, court-room, and council-chamber ; and though considerable alterations at a heavy cost have been made in it in the last few years, the greatest improvement of all—its demolition and the erection of a more worthy building—yet

remains for some future time. Compared to the stately hôtels-de-ville of Belgium and Germany, buildings with a duration of centuries and fraught with associations, the municipal building of Marlborough would appear to have a peculiarly evanescent character, as within the last three hundred years there have been four successive buildings. We find in the town accounts during the reign of Elizabeth that extensive repairs were required on what is there called the Guildhall, and early in the seventeenth century the building was demolished. In the corporation accounts for the year 1631 we find an order for the erection of a new building, and particulars of its cost; but the great fire of the 28th of April, 1653, destroyed this second building after a brief duration of twenty-two years. In an interesting old book entitled, "Take Heed in Time, or, a Brief Relation of Many Harms which have of late been done by Fire in Marlborough," and published in London in the same year, we have a very graphic account of the terribly destructive nature of this conflagration. In it we read that, "The famous and flourishing town of Marlborough had of late two faire parish churches, one called by the name of St. Peter, and the other church called by the name of St. Marie's. There was likewise many fair streets and stately buildings, especially one gallant street called the High Street, in which they kept their markets. The street wherein the market was kept is supposed to be full as large in length and breadth as Cheapside, and on both sides had many goodly shops well filled with rich and costly commodities; no braver wares can be

had or bought in London than was to be had in the famous towne of Marlborough. At the upper end of the market-place was a gallant building called the Town Hall, wherein the magistrates sat and held the sessions of the peace: there were many faire innes, taverns, and victualling houses, to entertain carriers and travellers, and such which had occasion to make use of them; for it stood upon the road between London and Bristoll, and, to be briefe, it was a towne of very good orders and government. Thus, having told the situation and substance of the towne, I shall with God's leave, though with a grieved heart, declare unto you the manner of the ruine and destruction of the same. On Thursday, the 28th of April, in the house of one Mr. Freeman, a tanner, as some of his servants were imployed with drying of barke, the barke took fire so suddenly that it quickly did much harme. The house standing on the south side of the street, towards the west end of the towne near unto St. Peter's church, the fire prevailed so much that it took hold of the dwelling-house, and so running a crosse the street from one side to the other, it came to be of such force and vehemency that the like was never seene in England before, by the report of some of them that were eye-witnesses of that sad object. It burned in both sides of the streete all the innes, taverns, gentlemen's houses, shopkeepers' houses: grosers, mercers, haberdashers, all lost both houses and goods in that consuming fire. Thus was the stately, flourishing towne of Marlborough consumed with fire on a sudden. It would make a heart drop tears of blood that had but heard the doleful cryes

and heavy moanes that passed between men and their wives, parents and children, the wife crying out to the husband, 'O dear husband, what will become of us and our children?' the husband answering the wife, 'We are all undone; I know not what to doe.' Thus were the poore made poorer, and some of the richest became as poore as the poorest. Now are they all in a sad condition: the Lord in his mercy send them comfort. Little did they that had plenty in the morning thinke that they should be made desolate and destitute before night." Though the destruction appears to have been very complete, and the total loss at the time estimated at over sixty-three thousand pounds, only six lives were lost.[1] The Town Hall that rose the same year from the ashes of its predecessor had a duration of over a century, as it was not taken down till 1793, when the state of general weakness and infirmity into which it had fallen rendered its demolition necessary. We have seen a representation of it in an old drawing, and the effect, we imagine, was more quaint than beautiful. A projecting veranda stood boldly out all round it, and its steeply pitched roof had two rows of windows in it; at each end were high pinnacles, and the general effect seems to have resembled, on a greatly reduced scale, the fine guildhalls of the Low Countries. On its demolition in 1793 the present building was erected in its place.

The town maces are very interesting pieces of workmanship: they were made in London in 1652, and have the badges, mottoes, and arms of the

[1] See Appendix I.

Commonwealth upon them. When the Commonwealth came to an end, and England had a king again, the loyalty of the corporation to the new state of things was seen by the addition of a regal crown and the coat of Charles II. surmounting the previous insignia. Their original cost made them too valuable to be lightly destroyed, and they were therefore adapted, as well as might be, to the new regime. Round the head and immediately beneath the regal crown the coat of arms of the borough twice occurs, and there are three inscriptions: one stating that the maces are the work of Tobias Coleman of London, goldsmith; another, that they were made for the corporation of Marlborough, Mr. Robert Clements being then mayor ; and the third is, "The freedom of England by God's blessing restored, 1660." The maces are of silver-gilt, and are fine examples of such municipal insignia. They are borne before the mayor on state occasions, and are each, if our memory serves us rightly, some four feet long.

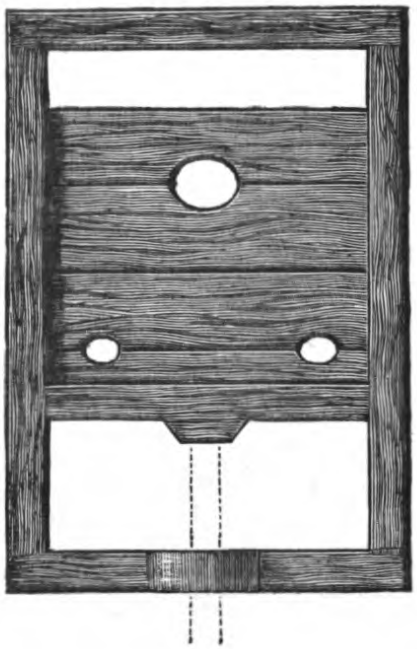
Amongst the archives of the corporation are many interesting deeds, charters, and records; such as the charter of Queen Elizabeth setting forth and confirming the charters already granted to the town by John, Henry III., and Henry IV.; and a precept of Henry VII. detailing various privileges granted to the Queen Consort, Elizabeth, within her manors and towns, and commanding these to be observed in Marlborough. Other curious old deeds deal with conveyance of property in the town and neighbourhood ; one of the fifth year of the reign of Edward II. deals with land at Manton ; and there are others of

the thirty-fourth of Edward III., the eighteenth of Edward IV., the twelfth of Richard II., and the seventh of Henry VI. These two latter are interesting as referring to property in Kingsbury Street—the name still given to the street that leads up the hill on the north side of the Town Hall.

Other curious objects are the Marlborough weights and measures. They are like large mugs, and serve the double purpose, as their bulks are so regulated as to form weights, while their internal capacity is a test for measures. Each has the borough arms on it, and the inscription, a word on either side, "For Marlborough," and below this the date, 1670.

Another interesting relic of "the good old times" is the pillory. Its general appearance may be gathered from our illustration. The outer framework is about four feet by three; and the boards within the framework slide up and down to allow the neck and wrists of the victim to be inserted in the openings prepared for them. Its surface is a good deal discoloured; and when it was lent for exhibition, on a visit of the Wilts Archæological Society, it was especially desired that no attempt should be made to clean it, as these marks have a certain historic interest, being caused by the rotten eggs and other missiles hurled at the offender held in its grip. The stocks, another favourite punishment devised by the ingenuity of our forefathers, have now, like the cucking-stool, entirely disappeared. Both the stocks and the pillory were unsatisfactory methods of punishment, as they placed the fate of the offender too entirely in the hands of the mob, who have thrown

garlands at the feet of the man who represented the popular cause, and hurled vengeful missiles at another who had the misfortune to find himself out of accord with mob-sentiment. Justice should itself award and administer the punishment, and it equally suffers contempt when an irresponsible crowd, composed largely of the lawless, either diminishes or exceeds the penalty inflicted. The pillory was used in



Marlborough up till 1807 : it was abolished by an Act of Parliament during the reign of George III., in the year 1816, for all offences but perjury ; and finally swept out of the statute-book in the first year of the reign of Victoria. The last man who ever experienced it made his involuntary appearance outside Newgate in 1821. In the Marlborough registers we find repeated notice of its application, and of public whipping and other forms of punishment now

deservedly obsolete. An "able man" was appointed to punish all wandering vagabonds; and proclamation was made in every town in the county that householders should themselves "detain any rogue or poore person that shall come to his house to aske relief," and hand them over to the constable, "who shall presently cause the same poore man or rogue to be whipped until his body be bloody."

The cucking-stool at Marlborough was placed on the banks of the Kennet, at the base of what is now called Granham Hill. This was the recognised punishment of "common scolds," and consisted of a long beam attached about its centre to a couple of large wheels, and having at one extremity a chair in which the woman was securely fastened. The other extremity afforded space for some half-dozen of the mob to push, and so, raised high in air, the victim rode, an awful warning to others, through the principal streets. On arriving at the river's edge all let go their hold, and she promptly descended with a great splash into the stream amidst the shouts and jeers of the crowd. If she had the sense to be quiet, the one immersion might suffice; but if she, as not unfrequently happened, gave sample of her vicious temper, one or more further applications of the remedy became necessary.

As we glance presently over the municipal records, or pore over a file of old newspapers, we shall find many other interesting and curious items; but if we allow ourselves to be now so long detained at the Town Hall, our perambulation will be over-long deferred.

As a parliamentary borough the glory of Marlborough has departed. In the Reform Bill of 1831 its representation in the great council of the nation received some little shock; but it was allowed to retain its two members, the borough being enlarged by the addition of the outlying parish of Preshute. It was for a series of years one of the smallest boroughs returning two members, and in the Reform Bill of 1867 Marlborough was one of the twenty-three places that lost a member. As it is now one of the smallest places possessing even one member, we may perhaps assume that at some more or less distant date some rising constituency will profit at its expense. At the time we write, its voters number six hundred and eighty-nine.

In the year 1267 Henry III. held his parliament at Marlborough in the fifty-second year of his reign. This was the twenty-fourth parliament summoned to meet this sovereign. Here, on November 18th, 1267, were passed the Statutes of Marleberge.[1] In the preamble they are asserted to be made by the advice and consent of the more discreet men of the realm, both of the Higher and the Lower Estate, or, as we should now say, of the Lords and Commons; and their aim was to correct divers abuses that had crept in "during the late troubles." They are divided into twenty-nine sections, and may be duly found set forth in the works of Coke and other great legal luminaries. We have in modern days got so accustomed to the idea that the parliament meets as a matter of course in the metropolis, that we can

[1] See Appendix II.

scarcely imagine it elsewhere; but during the middle ages, Clarendon, Northampton, Nottingham, Salisbury, York, Lincoln, Winchester, Gloucester, Shrewsbury, Dublin, Paris, and several other places, were at divers times the seat of its deliberations.

As we enter the town, before reaching the High Street, we pass on our left hand a red brick building, almost completely ivy-grown. This is one of the numerous grammar schools we owe to the munificence of Edward VI.

The king, in the year 1550, granted the hospital of St. John, and other lands, to the mayor and corporation of Marlborough and their successors for ever, to erect and maintain a grammar school for the town. He gave them full power and authority to make all needful rules for its management, but reserved to the Duke of Somerset and his heirs for all time the right of nominating the master. Many of the rules then made have become obsolete. It was originally required that the children of all who had lived seven years in the town should be taught free of cost to their parents, that the boys should talk Latin, that school hours should begin at six o'clock in the summer, and that dinner should be at eleven. It was further ordained that twice a year the mayor, accompanied by learned examiners, should visit the school, test the proficiency of the scholars, and award prizes; that no scholar should wash himself in the river under pain of severe correction; that the holidays should be from the eve of St. Thomas to the morrow of Twelfth Day, four days at Easter, and Trinity Monday, and that on Sundays, "at the sound of the

sermon bell," the scholars are to attend the church to which the mayor goes. A surveyor was to be appointed whose duties were not only the care of the fabric, but to see that all school rules were observed, and that the master himself was diligent at his post. On the day each year that the mayor was sworn in, the senior scholar was required to make a congratulatory oration both in Greek and Latin, standing in the open street before His Worship's door. About one hundred years after the establishment of the school, the Duchess of Somerset founded some scholarships, to be equally shared and held by boys educated in the grammar schools of Marlborough, Manchester, and Hereford. These scholarships are tenable at Brasenose College, Oxford, and St. John's College, Cambridge. About thirty-eight additional acres of land were awarded to the school by the Inclosure Commissioners in 1792. Other benefactions have from time to time been received: thus Jane Browne in 1706 left a sum of money by will for the benefit of any scholar going to the university, and in 1838 Sarah Lawes gave a large amount to be added to the endowment after her death. The letters patent and statutes of the school are preserved amongst the corporation papers; its property consists of a little more than a hundred acres of land besides the site and the school buildings. The hospital of St. John the Baptist held lands, not only in Marlborough, but in the neighbouring villages of Manton, Oare, Lockeridge, Ogbourne, East Kennett, and Mildenhall.[1] All these estates and the other revenues of the

[1] See Appendix III.

hospital were handed over to the new school, but some portions have since been sold.

In an old local paper of the date of August 20th, 1773, we read that "on Tuesday last was held the Anniversary Meeting of the gentlemen educated at the school in this town. The company, which was numerous and respectable, met at the said school to hear several exercises performed by the young gentlemen, who acquitted themselves with applause, and afterwards adjourned to the Castle Inn, where an elegant dinner was provided, and the day spent with much harmony and cheerfulness; and on Wednesday a splendid ball and genteel collation was given for the ladies." This pleasant gathering of the former members of the school, the old boys, has fallen into abeyance in these days. Of the Castle Inn we shall presently hear a good deal more.

The best known names amongst the old boys are probably those of Lieut.-General Picton and Dr. Sacheverell. The latter is a very old boy indeed, being born at Marlborough in the year 1672. He was a notorious political preacher. His grammar school education seems to have bestowed on him no great learning, but he rendered himself conspicuously obnoxious to the ruling powers, by the violence and rancour of his sermons. He was impeached, suspended (fortunately for him not by the common hangman, but only from preaching), his sermons were publicly burnt, and he himself was consigned to prison, thus earning a fame and notoriety that raised him for a while from the insignificance and contempt that more properly were his due.

On entering the High Street the curious colonnade, or "penthouse" as it is locally called, will not escape notice. It stretches a considerable distance along the upper side of the street, and forms a covered walk that would be very enjoyable if it had only been made a little wider. At present only two persons abreast can walk comfortably in it. We remember to have seen very much the same sort of arrangement in one of the principal streets in Nottingham, but there the arcade is more than twice as wide, and supplies an admirable promenade, sheltered alike from sun and rain. As the Marlborough colonnade is of varying height, and its supports of various shapes and materials, it supplies an additional picturesque feature, and one well worth preserving as far as possible intact. Britton, in his *Beauties of England and Wales*, refers to it, pointing out that "part of the street presents rather an unusual appearance, a piazza projecting before the shop windows, which serves as a promenade for the inhabitants in wet weather." He also speaks of a shambles, or meat-market, now non-existent.

Leland's description of the town is so quaintly and pithily put that we are glad to avail ourselves of it. He writes—"The towne of Marlebyri standith in lengthe from the toppe of an hill flat east to a valley lyinge flat weste. The chief paroche church of the towne standythe at the very weste end of it, beynge dedicate onto Seint Peter. By it there is a ruine of a great castelle, hard at the west end of the town whereof the doungeon towre partly yet standith. There is a chappel of St. Martyne at the entre at the est ende of

the towne (north of the road leading to Mildenhall, between Blowhorn and Cold Harbour). There is a paroche churche of Our Ladie in the mydle of the towne. There was a priorye of white chanons caullyed St. Margarets a little by south out of the towne over Kenet. Kenet Ryver cummethe down by the weste end of the towne from the northe and so by the botom of the towne and vale lyinge sowthe, leving it on the left ripe, and so runneth thens by flatte est."

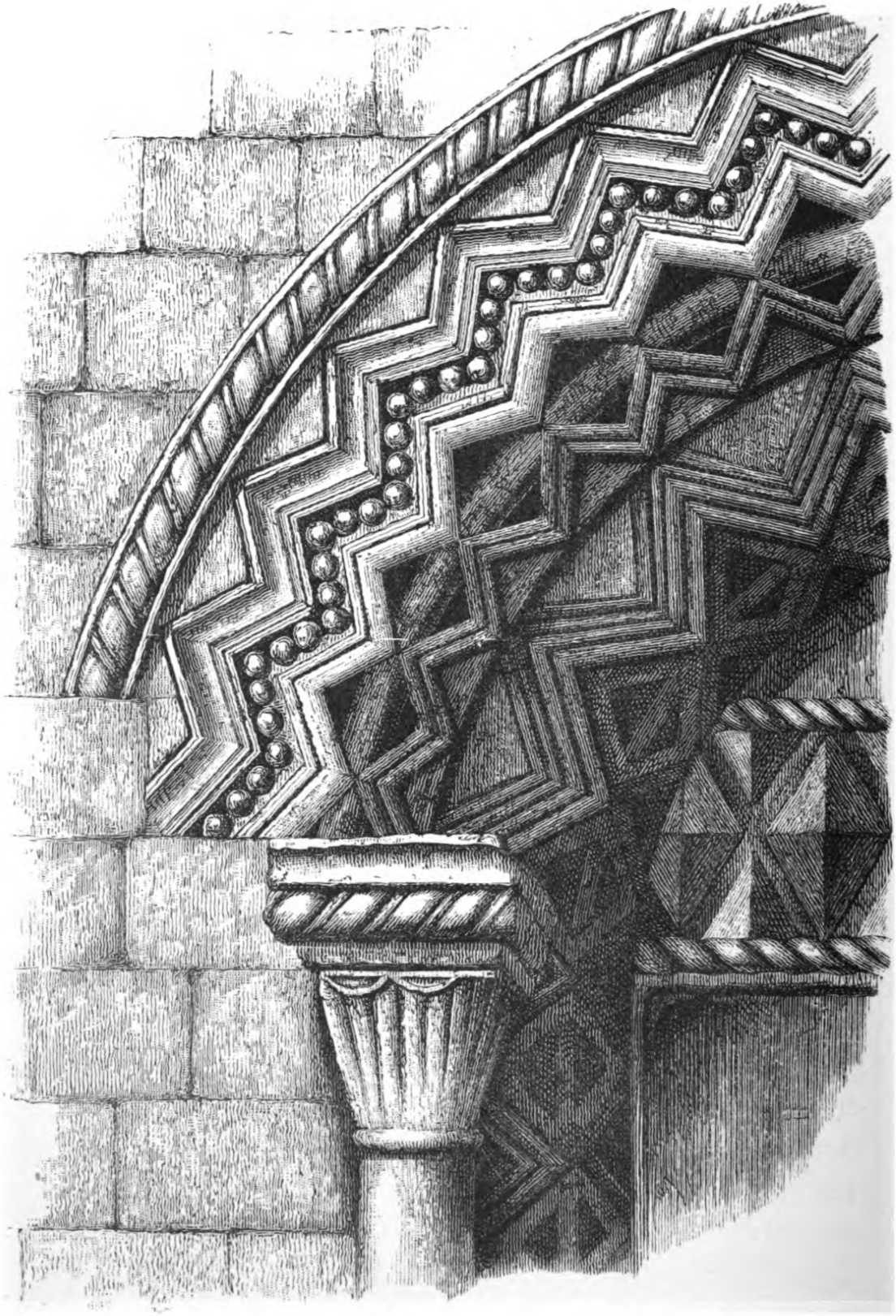
Of the five buildings there mentioned the castle and the chapel of St. Martins have entirely disappeared, while the two parish churches still form a very conspicuous feature, one at either end of the High Street. On leaving the railway station the first building on our left is a fragment of St. Margaret's priory, but the whole has been so modified and transformed into cottages as to give little notion of its original appearance. The two districts south and east of the town respectively still retain their old names and are known as St. Margaret's and St. Martin's, though they are now incorporated in the parishes of St. Mary and of Preshute.

Another ecclesiastical building, then standing, seems to have entirely escaped Leland's notice, a house of White Friars in the middle of the south side of the town. It was founded in the year 1316, and from its position, a little back from the line of houses, escaped the various destructive fires that have swept over the town. Camden, in his *Britannia*, speaks of having seen the gateway and other remains, and it was not finally demolished until the year 1820, when, on a

portion of the ancient site, and by aid of the ancient materials, a modern house was erected, which, by its name, the Priory, still preserves to some extent the recollection of the past.

The church of St. Peter stands, as Leland says, "at the very weste" of the town. It is built in the perpendicular style and has a certain bold massiveness of character. It was erected at the beginning of the 15th century. The tower is about 120 ft. high, and the chancel has a stone vaulting. In 1864 the exterior underwent a thorough renovation, and the interior was at the same time brought more in accordance with modern ideas—the gallery and old high square pews removed, a new organ provided, and many of the windows filled with stained glass. The bells, eight in number, all bear the date 1831, and beyond the maker's and churchwarden's names have no other inscription. There are several monuments; one, of marble, in the north side of the chancel bears the date 1607, and is in memory of Sir Nicholas Hyde, of Mary, his wife, two sons, and a daughter, but there is nothing of any general interest. A brass, which was formerly affixed to the floor of the church, is now in private possession; how far this may be justifiable is a matter for consideration. It was to the memory of Robert Weare, alias Browne, and bore the date A.D. 1570. It is engraved with the following lines—

"Here lyeth Robert Weare, otherwise Browne,
Who was seven tymes Maior of Marleborough Towne;
And lyved in peace all his dayes
With Anne his wife to their great prayse
And dyed ye XXVI. of October in ye yere of our Lorde 1570,
Who allwaies in God did put his hole trust."



DOORWAY OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, MARLBOROUGH.

Like many of these old epitaphs the sentiments are better than the method of their expression.

Weare, otherwise Browne, was also one of the burgesses in Parliament for the borough in the reign of Queen Anne.

The living of the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, to give it its full official title, though, in an ordinary way, one always hears it spoken of as St. Peter's, is in the gift of the Bishop of Salisbury. Owing to the orientation of the church, it stands slightly at an angle with the line of the street. The old custom of the curfew is still maintained, the bell ringing vigorously for some five minutes, and then, after a slight pause, striking the day of the month.

The church of St. Mary the Virgin stands behind the Town Hall and can be readily reached from the High Street by a short passage. Like the sister church it is chiefly perpendicular in style, the tower being the oldest portion and having at its base a fine Norman doorway well worthy of inspection. The characteristic cable, zigzag, and other Norman mouldings are very well illustrated. The tower holds a peal of six bells, one of which rings every evening at nine o'clock, and is known locally as the nine o'clock bell. Like the curfew, it concludes by ringing out the day of the month. Most of the ancient building was destroyed in the great fire of 1653; the present structure underwent a thorough restoration in the year 1844, but the chancel, designed by G. E. Street, R.A., was not added until 1874. All the sittings are perfectly free and unappropriated. The church register dates from 1602. Like St. Peter's the living is in the gift of the Bishop

of the diocese. St. Mary's parish has an area of one hundred and sixteen acres ; St. Peter's of seventy-nine.

Over the southern porch of St. Mary's church is a rude carving, scarcely now discernible, but which is said to represent a cat with a kitten in its mouth. The local legend is to the effect that, during the fire that consumed the church, a cat, who had domesticated herself in the tower, brought down one by one her young ones, and each time with increasing danger from the advancing flames, until at length she fell a victim to her maternal devotion, and lost her life, but gained, in the new-built church, this monument to her memory. The old carvers show so often so complete a sympathy in their works that we hesitate to consign Pussy to the region of myths, but would rather think the story true from beginning to end, and that the brave devotion of the little mother touched a chord in some true human heart and earned her this memorial.

In the Record Office, London, is a deed relating to the sale of a house in Marlborough, one item in the bargain being that the purchaser and his heirs for ever should render annually thirteen silver pence to St. Mary's church to defray a mass for the soul of the seller of the property. Rather an ingenious way this of deriving advantage both in this world and the next from the sale !

Attached to St. Mary's Vicarage is a library. This was given by will in 1677, the donor expressing a hope that each succeeding vicar would add at least one good book to it. Amongst the books we find a præ-Reformation Book of Offices, in which, under an

ordinance of Henry VIII. to meet all such cases, each reference to the Pope is struck out with a pen line through the words. There is also a curious book of the *Hours of the Blessed Virgin*, dated 1535, and having many quaint illustrations. The idea of such a library is undoubtedly a very good one, but its increase will be very slow, scarcely a dozen books a century.

Other religious denominations, as the Congregationalists, Wesleyans, Baptists, and Primitive Methodists, have their chapels in the town, and the Brethren have a "room" for their meetings; but none of these call for any special comment. The Quakers or Friends were at one time numerous in Marlborough, but neither they nor the Roman Catholics have now any place of worship there. In 1745, and again in 1747, John Wesley preached in Marlborough, and in 1771 Rowland Hill preached on what is still called the Green at the back of St. Mary's church. Wesley's experience of the men of Marlborough seems to have been a fairly good one, but Rowland Hill records of them:—"They pelted me with stones and eggs, but through God's mercy I was not hurt." At the conclusion of the Parliamentary War many men, disgusted with the laxity of the Court of Charles II. and the courtly subserviency of many of the preachers of the establishment, joined the Society of Friends, and amongst the distinguished names associated with the old borough we find that of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, who is recorded to have preached here on his journeyings through the country.

The endowed charities for distribution in the town

have a value of about £70 per annum. Other institutions for the benefit of the town and neighbourhood are the Reading and Mutual Improvement Society, the Coffee Tavern, and the Cottage Hospital. There is also a good range for rifle practice, very successful cricket and football clubs, an archery club, another for lawn tennis, and so on.

The Marlborough Reading and Mutual Improvement Society was founded in 1844: a comfortable reading-room, well supplied with papers, periodicals, and books of reference, was opened in 1854, and there is a library of about three thousand well selected volumes. The society numbers some two hundred members, who annually elect from themselves a committee for its management. As an offshoot there is a well-attended debating class, and lectures and other entertainments are given by friends or members of the Society.

The coffee tavern was established in 1879, and has so far proved successful. Its position is unfortunate, as, being in a side street, many casual visitors in the town know nothing of it; but the number of regular customers is increasing, and at fair times, or when troops are quartered in the town, its capacity is taxed to the uttermost. It is answering a demand more extensive than even its promoters had anticipated, and those who originated it may be fully justified in congratulating themselves on its success. With the idea of increasing the usefulness of the tavern, and of making it in a still greater degree an attractive place of resort in the evening, a collection of books has been formed. In most households there are books

that are lying idle, perhaps even in the way, and for these the committee made a vigorous appeal by circular to all who might be considered well-wishers.

For the sake of health the Cottage Hospital is some little distance from the town, but it is readily seen from the common and elsewhere, and may fairly be included in our survey. It stands at the top of the hill by the side of the London road. It was originally established in a large cottage there in 1866, but rapidly outgrew its space, and a special building was opened in 1872. The cost was some £5,000. Though the parishes of Marlborough and Preshute naturally, from their situation, derive the lion's share of the benefit, its valuable services are appreciated over a much larger area, for we notice in the report before us for 1879 that during the year 184 cases were admitted, and that these were contributed by forty-three different parishes. For the year the subscriptions of its friends amounted to over £380. Appeals are also very properly made in the various districts benefited, and a sum of over £220 was received from parochial and other collections, while legacies and donations added between six and seven hundred pounds more. Others again contribute in kind, supplying old linen, newspapers, &c. During the year 105 patients were cured, forty were relieved, seven were pronounced incurable, and twelve died. It is impossible to tell the advantage of so beneficent an institution in a rural district. Instead of the long and painful journey to the wards of some town hospital, careful nursing and medical advice are brought within easy reach, and home ties are not

severed. A very interesting article on Cottage Hospitals will be found in *Good Words* for 1866. The first Cottage Hospital was established at Cranley in Surrey, by Dr. Napper, during the year 1859, and it was by his unfailing exertions and advocacy that the idea took root and rapidly spread throughout rural England.

The rifle range is reached by traversing the noble stretch of open common to the north of the town. Though the range is a very extensive one it is placed in a valley, thus placing men at a disadvantage when they meet opponents at Wimbledon and other ranges where allowance has to be made for the breezes that blow across the open space. Attempts have been made to procure another and less sheltered range, but hitherto without success.

The views from the common are very extensive and beautiful, and well repay the journey up the hill. To the left of the common, and skirting it, we see the building of the Marlborough Union, built in 1837. It is a rather large building of Bath stone, and receives the aged poor of nineteen parishes. A little beyond this is the Cemetery. The grounds are very neatly kept: it was opened in 1855, but the chapel was not erected till 1864. On the common itself the householders have certain privileges as to the pasturage of cattle. A herdman is appointed to take charge of them, and at night he drives them off, each cow finding its way to its own home quarters, and in the morning, when it is turned out, wending its way again to the herd assembling on the common. Races were at one time held on the common, and it is only within

the last few years that the old "grand stand" has been demolished. The ground rises so rapidly to the plateau on which the common is situated, that very little of the town, beyond the church towers and a few roofs, is visible ; but if we cross the Kennet, and ascend Granham hill on the opposite side, the town from end to end lies before us in the valley, and beyond it we see the great stretch of the Marlborough downs. At our feet the river winds in graceful undulations, beyond this we see the stately pile erected by Inigo Jones, and several of the other buildings forming the College, the detached residences of several of the magistral staff, and the tree-clothed tumulus that is archæologically so interesting a feature, and of which we shall hear more from time to time. On our right on a neighbouring hill we see a portion of the great forest of Savernake, and to our left the eye travels over downs and pastoral country until the horizon fades away into a blue haze. No one visiting Marlborough should fail to visit the clump of fir-trees on the common and Granham hill. From each the view is really fine, and well repays the very slight exertion involved in reaching it.

The almost complete invisibility of the town from the common, even though one is not half a mile from it, stood it in good stead during the Parliamentary Wars, as it prevented an effective bombardment from that side. The marks of cannon shot are still said to be visible on the north face of St. Mary's tower, though it is now so built in on that side that it is difficult to verify the assertion ; but most of the shot flew harmlessly over the town. The account of the

siege given by Clarendon in his *History of the Rebellion* is so interesting that we gladly give it. He tells us that "the king was hardly settled in his quarters when he heard that the Parliament was fixing a garrison at Marlborough, a town the most notoriously disaffected of all that county; otherwise, saving the obstinacy and malice of the inhabitants, in the situation of it very unfit for a garrison. This place the king saw would prove quickly an ill neighbour to him, not only as it was in the heart of a rich country and so would straiten and even infest his quarters, for it was within twenty miles of Oxford, but as it did cut off his line of connection with the west; and, therefore, though it was December, a season when his tired and almost naked soldiers might expect rest, he sent a strong party of horse, foot, and dragoons, under the command of Mr. Wilmot, the lieutenant-general of his horse, to visit that town; who coming hither on a Saturday found the place strongly manned; for, besides the garrison, being market day, very many country people came hither to buy and sell, and were all compelled to stay and take arms for the defence of the place; which, for the most part, they were willing to do, and the people peremptory to defend it. Though there was no line about it yet there were some places of great advantage upon which they had raised batteries and planted cannon, and so barricaded all the avenues, which were through deep narrow lanes, so that the horse could do little service. The king's forces presently entered both ends of the town, yet were not so near an end as they expected, for the streets were in

many places barricaded, which were obstinately defended by soldiers and townsmen, who killed many men out of the windows of the houses. Upon which fire was put to the next houses, so that a good part of the town was burnt, and then the soldiers entered, doing less damage than expected, but what they spared in blood they took in pillage, the soldiers enquiring little who were friends or foes. This was the first garrison taken on either side."

As we stand now in its quiet streets it seems impossible to realise that December day in 1642, with its scenes of horror and bloodshed, the fierce assault, the obstinate defence, the rattling musketry, and the roar of the flames above the din of battle. The town hall was broken into, and valuable deeds scattered and in many cases wantonly destroyed. Fifty-three houses were burnt down; the market waggons were filled with corn and spoil of all sorts and driven off to Oxford; some £50,000 worth of damage was inflicted it was estimated, and, besides a large number of prisoners, a great store of small arms and ammunition, together with four cannon, formed a part of the solid fruits of the victory. The attacking force was about seven thousand strong, and their loss in killed was about two hundred. When the triumphant royalists returned to Oxford the surrounding country came forward with measures of relief that were sorely needed.[1]

This was by no means the only experience that Marlborough received of the meaning of civil war, but it was certainly the sharpest. After the battle of

[1] Appendix IV.

Newbury, some twenty miles to the east, the king retired on Bath, passing through Marlborough, to join Prince Rupert. He then again faced east and retraced his steps, and ordered Marlborough to be fortified and held by a royalist garrison. Doubtless both in the embittered retreat and the arrogant advance the soldiers of the king laid a heavy hand on a town known to be so hostile in feeling to them.

The notorious disaffection, obstinacy, and malice, as Clarendon calls it, of the men of Marlborough, or as they possibly would have termed it, the strength of their political convictions, seems to have led them more than once into violent antagonism with the ruling powers. On the accession of George I. to the throne, so little were the inhabitants in accord with the existing state of things, that the health of the Pretender was publicly drunk, and his birthday was celebrated by the ringing of the bells and other ostentatious manifestations of rejoicing. On the other hand, when foreign foes menaced the realm, Marlborough took its full share in the means of defence, contributing a force of pikemen, matchlockmen, archers, and billmen to the national army raised for the defence of our shores against the Invincible Armada of Spain. In 1794 again, during the war with the French, the Wilts yeomanry corps was raised, a troop being contributed by Marlborough, and in 1798, when a bill was passed for the formation of a volunteer force, and in a few weeks over a hundred thousand men sprang to arms to preserve the integrity of our land, the old town voted £100 as a contribution

to the state, and raised a regiment of men. These were not disbanded until 1813, and for many years afterwards their colours were deposited in St. Peter's church. On the resuscitation of the volunteer movement Marlborough again took its share, and to the present day supplies its contingent to the national force.

In old accounts of the town we read of three establishments not now visible, the county gaol, the theatre, and the charity school. This latter was founded and endowed in 1712, its object being the clothing and education of a certain number of poor boys, and was at its origin one of the richest charities of the kind in the county. The prison was a large and commodious building, but seems to have been scarcely expansive enough for the requirements of both town and county, as in 1807 it was pulled down, and a new one built at Devizes. Its existence was a short one, as it was only erected in 1787. The previous arrangements seem to have been as painfully defective as it was unfortunately the almost universal custom to find them, for Howard, the great philanthropist, speaking of the Marlborough gaol in 1774, says of it: "All the rooms are on the ground floor. There is a sewer within doors most offensive, and close to the night room, in which I saw a man dying of gaol fever on the floor."

Of the theatre no trace remains, and we should have been entirely ignorant of it ourselves if we had not, in turning over a file of old local papers, found that on April 10 (1772), "the Sieur Rea intends displaying his amazing exhibition of bees and new

magical deceptions at the theatre in this town to-morrow evening."

Having now given our readers some little idea of the Marlborough of to-day, we propose to dwell at somewhat greater length on its past history, though, as we have seen, past and present are so intermingled that any very definite line of division is impossible.

CHAPTER II.

IN the following chapter we shall deal with some few of the instances in which Marlborough has been associated with the history of our country, or where curious old local customs throw a light on the lives of our predecessors. It will be sufficiently evident that the events of centuries can only be in the most superficial way treated in the limited space at our command; rather therefore than attempt any formal and historic analysis, we shall be content to let the stream of life flow on, and snatch here and there some relic of the past as it is borne past us, and, as the panorama of our island story passes before us, to arrest a picture here and there for a moment.

The origin of the name of Marlborough has given rise to various theories, but the derivation most generally accepted is that it was named after the ancient British enchanter Merlin. Though the name

of the town has varied in its spelling in the most grotesque ways,[1] the earlier forms, such as Merleberg, Merlingesbrœ, and the like, all strengthen the theory that the old town was in some way connected with this British hero. The second half of the word is either a corruption of Berg, a hill, or Bury, a fortress. The great tumulus or mound within the College grounds naturally suggests itself as the burial place of some great hero or sage of ancient days, and becomes by a very easy development Merlin's mound, though some antiquaries would assign it a much higher antiquity than this.

The arms of the borough have as their motto "*Ubi nunc sapientis ossa Merlini?*" and the crest is the grassy mound surmounted by the Norman castle.

Merlin was a great hero of the ancient Britons, and the subject of many a legend; he predicted the coming invasion of the Saxons, and by his magical arts built Stonehenge, fetching the stones from Ireland.[2] Such, at least, was the common belief, and the name of so potent a magician was naturally associated with such a district as that surrounding Marlborough, for we know that within comparatively recent times its downs bore several cromlechs, and the great stone circle of Avebury is yet sufficiently complete to show us how grand it must once have been. Many of the tumuli that spot the grassy uplands are undoubtedly sepulchral in character.

The Danes from East England and the south coast overran all the district frequently. Such invasions are recorded as occurring in the years 995, 1003,

[1] Appendix V. [2] Appendix VI.

1006, 1010, 1015, and 1016, but though we know of a great battle having been fought at Kennet some few miles away, we do not find any mention of Marlborough in any way. We may notice, by the way, how ingeniously these robbers from over the sea timed their visits, harrying the luckless natives at just such judicious intervals as would allow them to recover some little state of returning prosperity after the previous attack.

We find no reference, so far as we are aware, to Marlborough in any Saxon records, but we have seen a Saxon coin bearing testimony to the fact of its having been struck here, and in Domesday book we find the town mentioned as part of the royal possessions. A very curious sepulchral urn, known to archæologists as the "Marlborough Bucket," was dug up in St. Margaret's mead, a mile from the town. It is two feet broad and twenty inches high, chiefly of iron, but plated with thin brass, embossed into the form of grotesque human and animal forms; when found it contained burnt human bones, and though no clue to its period can be definitely assigned, it has been generally held to be of Anglo-Saxon date. We remember to have seen it figured in Hoare's great work on *Ancient Wiltshire*, and the original is itself carefully preserved, and was exhibited in 1879 on the occasion of the visit of the county archæological society to the town.

Probably the castle of which we hear so much in later times was already in existence at the time of the Norman conquest, for, though we read that William built a castle at Marlborough, it is more probable

that he added largely to what he already found. As a royal possession in Saxon times it would probably be fortified, and we read, too, that several of the nobles and ecclesiastics who were deposed by the Conqueror were imprisoned in the castle of Marlborough. The old Norman keep was built on the great mound already on the ground; and the place rapidly sprang into importance. William I. established a mint here: some of the coins bear the moneyer's name, EILD, and the name of the town, variously rendered as Mierlbi, Mierleb, or Mrlbrgei. The curfew still rings out every night in the old town.

During the Easter of 1110, Henry I. held his court in the castle of Marlborough, and at his death the old place took its full share in the sanguinary contests waged between the rival claimants for the crown —the sympathy of the place being in favour of Matilda, and the castle held in her name. The governor was one John Fitz Gilbert, described by a contemporary historian, whose interests were with the opposite side, as "a very firebrand of hell and all wickedness, who appeareth to rule in that castle for no other purpose than to scourge the realm with ceaseless injuries, seizing on the lands and possessions not only of civilians but of religious houses of what order soever, and though frequently excommunicated, this only added to his fury." While Henry, Matilda's son, was yet a claimant for the throne, he was often at Marlborough, and it was from thence he marched to meet Stephen and make the treaty that insured him the succession; and on his

elevation to the throne as Henry II. his old attachment to the place was not forgotten, as his visits were still frequently renewed, and he chose it as the depository of the royal treasure.

Henry II. granted the castle to his son John, afterwards king, who often dwelt here; and it was doubtless from this personal influence that the governor, Hugh de Neville, was one of the few who took the king's side when the great charter of English liberty was wrung from him at Runnymede. The castle was a favourite royal residence during several of the succeeding reigns, and during the stormy period of Henry III.'s reign was held by Robert de Waleran; and Marlborough again during the long contest between the king and the barons took its full share of the fortunes of war, and here was held, in 1267, on the conclusion of civil war, the parliament that passed the statutes to which we have already referred, when a general amnesty was proclaimed and "a law passed for the appeasing of all tumults." The principal points contended for by the barons under the leadership of Simon de Montfort were here conceded, and the evil association of the name of the town with Runnymede was more than obliterated by the fact that here were passed those measures that confirmed and extended the liberties gained in the Great Charter.

During the reign of Edward I. the castle was granted by that sovereign to his queen, Eleanor of Castile; and in the following reign we find his weak successor bestowing it on the worthless Hugh le Despencer in 1308.

The Marlborough assessment of the unpopular poll tax levied in the reign of Richard II. is still preserved in the Record Office. This was imposed on all over fourteen years of age, except the clergy, married women, and beggars. Two hundred and seventy-four persons paid it in Marlborough, their names and callings being all duly set forth. This was in 1378.

Passing over almost one hundred years, we come to the times of the Wars of the Roses, when the old town again furnished its contingent, and news of battle again echoed in the troubled air. In *Hall's Chronicles*, written in 1548, we read that when Queen Margaret landed in England and an army rallied round her, King Edward sent out scouts into all the western country, "the kynge beyng in a great agony because he knewe not what waye his enemyes toke, determined surely to encounter them at some one place before they came to London. Newes were brought to hym that hys enemyes were come to Bathe, and there did soiorne and tayre purposely to augment and encrease their number of such as dayly to them dyd resort, wherfore the kyng without delay remoued straygh to Marleborough, being distant from Bathe xv miles."[1] The shock of arms, however, took place at Tewkesbury, in the adjoining county of Gloucester, May 4, 1471.

We have already referred to the siege of Marlborough by the king's forces during the parliamentarian wars. The harsh and impolitic tax of the ship-money—a tax that brought matters to a head and proved the first step in the king's downward path—

[1] Bath is thirty miles from Marlborough.

was levied on the whole kingdom, and the share of Marlborough was £60. We have before us "An humble remonstrance against the tax of ship-money lately imposed." This was written by Prynne during his imprisonment in the town. "A list of ships to bee furnished by the subjects, with their charges," is given. By this we see that Wiltshire is expected to provide "one ship of 700 tonnes, 290 men, and £7,000." [1]

While these events were in progress the old castle was gradually changing its character from the old Norman stronghold to the stately mansion; and when the civil wars were over, its doors were opened to Charles II. and his queen on their progress through the west. They were received in great state by Francis, Lord Seymour, a devoted adherent of the royal cause in the past, and the builder of the stately pile that now forms what is called "the old house," an integral portion of the College. The building was prepared from the designs and under the superintendence of Inigo Jones. A winding path was made from the bottom to the summit of the old mount, and a grotto cut into its base, this was roofed with shells arranged in ornamental patterns, and may yet be seen, though it has now fallen a good deal into decay. An old print still preserves to us the appearance of the house at this time, and its surroundings of straightly cut paths, yew hedges, cascades, and artificial ruins. Dr. Watts is one of the guests, the poet Thomson another—much of his poem on Spring in his *Seasons* being written at

[1] Appendix VII.

Marlborough. In 1738 a small portion of the old castle was still standing, for we find in a book of that date entitled *Magna Britannia Antiqua et Nova*, the following passage, "This Castle is now by the Injuries of Time so miserably ruinated that there are only within the Ditch some small Remains of the Walls." No trace of it now remains.

The lordly manor house of the Seymours passed by marriage into the hands of the Northumberlands, but the new owners preferred their princely homes at Alnwick and Sion, and seem to have taken little heed of the Marlborough house. It was ultimately let on lease in 1742 to a Mr. Smith, under whose hands it became "The Castle," one of the best known and best conducted hotels on the road from London to Bath. In these days the High Street resounded with the rattle of the forty-two coaches that daily passed through, and the town was in the full tide of its prosperity. These golden days came to an end with the advent of the locomotive, and the Castle Inn closed its doors finally on January 5th, 1843. The town would doubtless have passed into the state of decay we find here and there exhibited by towns whose glories faded with the coaching days, and which have been left unvisited by the railway; but happily at this time the idea of a new public school was being developed—a school which should promote general education, giving exceptional advantages to the sons of the clergy. Its promoters saw in the desolate hotel the nucleus they desired, and Marlborough College sprang into existence on August 25th of the same year. Long may it flourish, winning

the ever-increasing confidence of England, the ever-increasing love and devotion of its sons!

Though the history of the castle and the town are necessarily intermingled, we may now, having devoted our chief consideration to the former, turn to the municipal records and journalism of the latter. These records appear to have been very carefully and fully kept, and have survived far better than might have been anticipated the troublous times through which they have passed. We must be content to extract a fragment here and there, though the doing so will give no more idea of their interest and value than did the brick in the old classic story which the would-be vendor extracted to give a notion of his house.

At the Mayor's Court on the 21st October, 1525, William Boswell was examined "wherefore he had struck the bells of St. Martin's on Saturday then late past at nine o'clock of the night, and he saith it was for no other cause save that he was then and there drunk,"—a mediæval illustration of what, even in the nineteenth century, seems held by many evildoers as an extenuating circumstance. There are many other references to St. Martin's, St. Margaret's and St. John's. Robert Nutyng, September 28th, 1524, appears as complainant against the prior of St. Margaret's for trespass "by a horse of the colour grey," in costs and damages to the amount of ten shillings; and at the next court, October 5th, he lodges a second complaint to the extent of thirteen shillings and fourpence. On this second occasion the town clerk appears to have been in a little uncertainty about the colour of the offending horse; it was first described

as "coloris baye," which description is then struck out, another word is begun, but it is struck through before it is finished, and the scribe finally falls back on "coloris grey." The mention of the town clerk reminds us of our own pleasant duty, and we are glad to take this opportunity of confessing our obligations to the present holder of the office for his ready and kindly courtesy in allowing us the use of these extracts from the documents under his charge.

In a community so compact as was that of Marlborough, it is to be expected that the same names should be of frequent recurrence on the minutes of the local courts. This was certainly so in the case of one litigant named Peter Peers the younger. We hear of him first as suing Walter Cullern, of Manton, for a debt of ten shillings; and it is clear that this claim originated in some exercise of the healing art, because, after divers presentments of non-payment by Cullern, a declaration of the cause of action discloses that the same Peter, so he avers, has cured a certain wound in the left hand of the said Walter. After a cross suit by Cullern, and some other instances of the "law's delays," the dispute is referred to two arbitrators, who in their award decide that Cullern is to pay to Peers seventeen shillings, in full satisfaction of all matters in difference between them; and that the said Peter and his father "are to administer to the aforesaid Walter, ointments and other salves necessary for him, for the cure and healing of two fingers and one thumb on his left hand." The arbitrators, somewhat boldly, also awarded that the parties are hereafter to be on good terms. This was on the 11th of

January, 1525, but ere long the adventurous spirit of Peter Peers the younger brought him again before the court. About six months afterwards we find the mayor, who, as the sequel shows, was not a vindictive magistrate, examining the two sub-constables for what reason they had put Peers the younger in *le cage* against the commands of the Mayor. They confessed that they had done wrong and were forgiven. This introduction of Peter to the cage arose out of what in a police report of the present day we should hear described as a "row" between him and the watchmen. At the court held on St. Martin's Day, 1526, Peter Peers produces a supersedeas under the seal of Thomas York, Knight, a county magistrate, requiring his discharge from custody. It is probably in answer to this interposition by the county justice that the mayor proceeds to state at large the behaviour of Mr. Peers. His narrative is as follows:—

The complaint of Richard Wren, being mayor of Marlborough, against Peter Peers the younger. The third day of July in the XVIIth year of the reign of King Henry the VIIIth, about the hour of XI of the clock in the night, came one Peter Peers, the younger, among the king's watchmen at Marlborough, and then and there assaulted the said watchmen with force and arms, that is to say with a forest bill in his right hand and a dagger by his side. Then came one of the said king's watchmen, whose name is John Cumlyn, and met with the said Peter in the High Street of Marlborough beforesaid, against the door of John Matthew, and saluted the said Peter, saying,

"Good evening," and furthermore asked this question of him saying, "Is it almost bedtime with you?" Then the said Peter answered and said, "What wouldst thou with that?" and incontinently smote the said watchman, insomuch that he felled him to the ground and brake his head, that the blood ran about his shoulders. And after that the said watchman did rise from the ground, the said Peter drew out his dagger upon him, saying these words: "And if thou were not the king's watchman I would make thee eat this dagger." And moreover did swear by the cross of the dagger if he might take him on the morrow he would make him eat it indeed. And so departed from that watchman. And after this came another of the king's watchmen, whose name is Thomas Wyse, and said to the same Peter these words, "Goodman Peers, it were more time for you to be in bed than to make any business with the king's watchmen at this time of the night." To whom he answered and said: "What, ye knave, do you take his part?" and gave him three stripes with his bill. And in the next night immediately following, the same Peter Peers came and assaulted the king's watchmen about the hour of eleven of the clock with force and arms, that is to say, with a bow in his left hand ready bent, with six arrows at the least, by estimation, under his girdle, and an arrow with a forked head in his right hand. Then met with him one Richard Skeller, one of the king's watchmen, and said to him, "Who comes there?" Then said Peter Peers, "Here is a good fellow." Then said the said watchman to him, "Goodman Peers, for what intent

do you bear your bow bent, and your arrow so ready in your other hand at this time of the night?" To whom answered the said Peter and said, "What you boy, will ye therewith, have ye to do to stop me from my lodgings," and there withal leapt back and notched an arrow ready to have shot at the said watchman, and if he had not come shortly within him intended for to have slain him. Then came another of the king's watchmen, whose name is Robert Dixon, and said to the same Peter these words, "Peter, I pray thee be content and make no more business, and if thou wilt not be content I will lay my bill upon thy face." Then said the said Peter Peers to him, "What, you beggarly knave, I shall make the town too hot for you within these few days." Then the two watchmen brought him to Thomas Bacon, one of the constables of the said town of Marlborough, and called him forth of his bed, and then he came with all the reasonable haste that he might, and so the watchmen showed this matter to the constable. Then the constable commanded one of the watchmen to go for a sergeant, and in the meantime the said Peter railed upon the constable, and called him John Moone and John Foole, and said "Whether shall I go to the Blind House." Then said the constable to him, "Peter, I pray you be content, ye shall go thither as ye have desired," and incontinently the constable and the watchmen brought him to the prison-house door; and then came the sergeant and said he could not come by the key, for his fellow had it in his purse. Then the said Peter desired of the constable that the door

might be left open upon him, and to have liberty to go in and out at his pleasure, and the constable of his gentleness granted him upon the condition that he should not go away, but there to abide as now prisoner; and upon that the said Peter plight his faith and truth in the constable's hand that he would not go away nor make no fray nor quarrel with the watchmen; and when the constable was gone, and the watchmen about the king's watch, the said Peter took his pleasure and went his way from the prison, and broke the constable's arrest. And upon the morrow, when the mayor and his brethren were in the Guild Hall, to keep the King's Court of Pie-Powder, the said Peter came before the mayor and his brethren with a dagger by his side. Then the mayor examined him what revel he had kept the two nights past, and why he did wear his dagger contrary to his commandment; and he made answer and said he kept none but good revel, and would wear his dagger whosoever said nay to it. Then the mayor commanded him to ward unto such time he might have the watchmen and him face to face. Then the sergeant, after the mayor was gone home, at the desire of the said Peter, put him in a place of punishment contrary to the mayor's commandment, called the cage, which is ordained for vagabonds and purse-cutters; and when the mayor heard of that, he was not contented, but as fast as he might he came to constables' houses and commanded them to bring him out of that place into that place that was meet for him, and the mayor went with them. And when they came thither, the mayor commanded the said

Peter to deliver him the dagger, to which he answered and said: there should no man have his dagger. Then the mayor commanded him to come forth, and he said he would be drawn out with wild horses first. Then the mayor commanded the constables to set him out, and one of them, whose name is Thomas Bacon, went into the prison called the cage to get him out, and then he drew his dagger and smote at the said constable, insomuch that if he had not pulled the door between them he had surely slain him, and all this is approved by good witness.

The whole narrative furnishes a deliciously quaint picture, and is well worthy of being transcribed from the old records.

In the year 1558, the sixth of Queen Mary's reign, John Hunt and Richard White, husbandmen of Marlborough, were sentenced to be burnt at Salisbury for holding the new opinions, but Michel, the under-sheriff, "a right and a perfect godly man," burnt the writ instead of the men, and before a new writ *de comburendis hæreticis* could be obtained, Mary herself died, and the Marian persecutions were an evil memory alone. Though Marlborough therefore did not actually furnish in the literal sense any of the men who laid down their lives for the truth, Hunt and White deserve to be held in the same remembrance, for they were prepared to do so, and it was only the courageous act of Michel, and the fortunate circumstance of the queen's death immediately afterwards, that interposed between them and the fiery death they faced unflinchingly. Nor should the daring deed of Michel be forgotten,

for it might not improbably have brought him to their side to share their fate.

In 1572 the pillory figures in the town accounts, its cost being given ; and in 1577 a present of "wyne and trowte" appears in the items. The Kennet is a good trout stream, and "trowtes" frequently appear in the records. In 1608 there was an alarm of the plague, and sugar, nutmeg, vinegar, &c., were supplied to the sick poor out of the town funds ; and next year we find an item of £10 5*s.* 7*d.*, the charge of four men who were kept in quarantine on suspicion of the disease. In 1618, on the coming of King James, an item appears for cutting the weeds in the river. During the spring and the greater part of the summer the water buttercup, the brooklime, and other weeds spread rapidly, and almost block up the stream, and each year we have ourselves been obliged to cut them ; the difference between having a silvery stream at the end of one's lawn and a mass of rank and choking vegetation being something very considerable. We quite appreciate the action of the town council in concluding that one way of showing the old town at its best would be to clear the course of the Kennet.

On turning to the forty-fourth volume of *Archæologia* we find some interesting details concerning the will and funeral expenses of James Montagu, Bishop of Winchester. He died in London in 1618, and was buried at Bath. The first day's journey was from London to Reading ; the second brought them to Marlborough, and the next to Bath. The funeral charges included all expenses of the journey, and the grief of the party does not seem to have impaired their enjoyment of the

journey. "Tusday nights' supper att Marleboarough at ye White Harte" included "mutton rost and boyled, veale rost and boyled, capons and pulletts, rabitts, chickins, boyled neats' toungs, bread and beere, trouts, frute, cheese, wyne, sugar, milke, sallets," &c. Incidentally we get some curious notions of the respective values of things: thus the milk, a local product, is set down at 2*s.*, while the sugar is 16*s.* The mutton cost £1 14*s.* 0*d.*; and other meats in like proportion. There was also "horrse-meat" to be paid for, such as "otes, beanes, and hey." Another item in the account is "a sick mare's meate and the ostler to looke to her," and again "for fyer at night and in the morning." On the return journey the company stopped at the same place, feeling possibly that they could hardly do better, and the bill of fare is very similar. The state of the roads may be indicated by the fact that both in going and returning the smith was called in to shoe horses and to repair the carriages. They also indulged *en route* in "calves' head, a peece of beefe, marye bones, plouers, partriges, pyes, creame, sucketts, and comfates," and many other delicacies, so that we derive the idea that the Marlborough inns of that day were very liberally provided.

In 1648 began the circulation of tokens. These originated in a public necessity, the scarcity and badness of the legitimate copper coinage; but they soon developed into a public nuisance, as they were largely used for advertising purposes, and could often only be paid away at the shop that issued them. Their use was forbidden by proclamation after August 16th, 1672. The bad state of the national coinage, owing to

its deterioration by hard usage and old age, gave so great encouragement to the production of spurious specimens—it being reckoned in an official record of the period that not more than one-fourth of the pence and halfpence in circulation were genuine—that business dealings became seriously hampered. Disputes were constantly arising, leading to daily appeals to the law, and this went on so long, in spite of petitions to Parliament, &c., that at length the higher traders took the law into their own hands and made a determined stand against accepting any payment which was not made in what was termed Tower money, the coinage being then minted in the Tower. This decided step, however, only led to greater confusion than before, as the great bulk of the labouring and other humble classes of the community were too uneducated to be at all capable of distinguishing the good from the bad, and the demand for the reform became at last so urgent that the wisdom of our rulers had of necessity to be brought to bear on the problem.

The expedient hit upon was a most extraordinary one : they allowed everybody to make their money for themselves. Any man who chose to make a thing he called a penny was free to do so, and it was a legal tender, no restriction as to size, device, quality of metal or any other consideration, being required.

This was too good an opportunity to be lost, and everybody at once began coining, the result being that the country was swamped with pence and halfpence of the most startling description. Those bearing date 1666 are the commonest, and those of 1648 and 1672, the first and last years of issue, are the rarest. These

token coins find but little favour with collectors, owing to their recent date and the poorness frequently of the execution ; but many have a certain interest, as they represent buildings now destroyed, as the older Houses of Parliament and Ludgate, or record local history, Lady Godiva or the Dunmow Flitch.

A second issue of tokens took place in 1784, and continued in circulation until 1818. Marlborough was not behindhand in availing itself of the opportunity of doing a little coining. The corporation struck a piece for general use, and several of the traders made others for themselves and their customers. Fourteen varieties are recognised, and it is curious that with one exception, a halfpenny, they are all farthings. The corporation piece bore on one side a castle, with the inscription "Marlborough Farthing" round it, and on the other a bull and the words "In ye County of Wilts, 1668." The dates of the pieces, so far as they are marked with a date at all, are as follows: 1656, 1657, three of 1665, 1666, and two of 1668. In every case the obverse has the name of the maker surrounding some device, such as an angel, a sugar-loaf, two crossed tobacco pipes, a man making candles, three doves, a clasped book, or the arms of the Salters', Mercers', Grocers', or Ironmongers' Companies ; while the reverse usually has in its centre the initials of the person issuing it, and surrounding this the word "Marlborough," often prefixed by "of," "in," or "at." The spelling of the name of the old town exhibits a strange lack of uniformity. Malbrow, Mallbrough, Marlborow, Marlebrough, Malburrow and even Moulbrough all appear. There is a very good series of

these token pieces in the valuable collection of coins in the College Museum.

Later on, in 1794, the Wiltshire Yeomanry Cavalry had a special token, and one of rather an elaborate nature. On one side it bore the figure of a mounted yeoman in full gallop, and the name of the regiment and the date, and on the other were three mounted men, two having drawn swords and the third a flag, together with the letters P. A. ET. F., an abbreviation of *pro aris et focis*—a motto significant of their intention to defend their homes against all comers. The present official title of the regiment is the "Prince of Wales' own Royal Regiment of Wiltshire Yeomanry Cavalry," even the abbreviated form running to the tremendous length of P. W. O. R. R. W. Y. C. The regiment would appear to be in a high state of efficiency, as it has won golden opinions at the great army manœuvres on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere. The leading towns of the county, as Salisbury, Devizes, Calne, Marlborough, and others, each raise a troop.

In the winter of 1664-5 a few isolated cases of the plague occurred in the metropolis, and great alarm arose as it was found that the deaths from it were gradually increasing. At length with the warmer weather of May the evil burst forth in all its terrors, the infection spread rapidly, and a general panic ensued. The nobility and gentry fled, and all who valued their personal safety more than considerations of home and profit made ready to follow their example. This dire visitation was thus carried far and wide, and though when we hear of the great plague we naturally associate it with London, its ravages in

many country towns, and especially Norwich, Winchester, Cambridge, Colchester, and Salisbury, were fearful. In Marlborough we have seen they had already had one or two alarms, as the position of the place on the high road to Bath and Bristol made its inhabitants the more exposed to such dangers, and more especially as it was a recognised stopping-place on the journey. Under these circumstances the mayor issued a proclamation, pointing out the great danger of infection from coachmen and travellers lodging in the town or even passing through. The householders formed themselves into a body, and kept diligent watch day and night to see that no suspected persons should enter the town, and those who had received friends and relations from London had to confine them and themselves to their houses for a certain period. People were warned not to let their children or servants go abroad more than was absolutely necessary, and all dogs and cats were destroyed lest they should carry the infection. In spite of all these precautions, or perhaps in consequence of them (for the confinement indoors and the state of nervous terror created would not be favourable to health), sickness greatly increased, and a woman presently died of what was undoubtedly the plague. Fortunately the most rigorous confinement of all who had in any way been in contact with her proved sufficient to arrest the danger, and the old town thus escaped a great peril.

The cleansing fire that swept the metropolis in the following year was no doubt the very best thing that could have happened to it, and we may probably take

the same roseate view of similar visitations in Marlborough. What is known in an especial degree as the "great fire" we have already mentioned, but the old town seems to have had many narrow escapes, the latest being only a few years ago. In the year 1679 a fire broke out, doing considerable damage, and in 1690 there was a much larger destruction of property, and a much greater peril to the town from the same cause. This attracted considerable attention, and in the same year, the second of the reign of King William and Queen Mary, an act of Parliament was passed entitled, "An Act to prohibit the covering of houses and other buildings with thatch or straw in the town of Marlborough." It was enacted "that all houses, outhouses, and buildings which should at any time hereafter be built within the said town, or which should hereafter be newly covered, should be covered with lead, slate, or tyle, and not otherwise." Matters had got rather lax again by 1771 we find, for in that year it was notified that "this salutary law having of late been very much forgot and neglected, will for the future be strictly put in execution, for preventing such accidents happening by fire, which this town has more than once fatally experienced."

In the year 1771 the *Marlborough Journal* was established, and a file of it lies before us as we write. It was first published in April of that year, the issue being weekly, and the price twopence-halfpenny. Its size is about that of a page of the *Illustrated London News*, but each number only contains four pages. The heading is in old English characters, and on one side of the title is the usual sitting figure of Britannia,

so familiar to us on our coinage, and on the other the arms of the borough, each device being surrounded by a wreath of oak.

In their opening address to their readers, the editors and proprietors promise early intelligence from London, and flatter themselves that they will succeed in this, "not only from their advantageous situation, but likewise from an express established for this purpose only between London and Marlborough." They also "solicit the assistance of men of genius for essays and articles of a literary nature, and the correspondence of men of business." Advertisements were receivable in Marlborough, in London by Longman of Paternoster Row, and by local agents in surrounding towns. The London news gives Parliamentary items, army and navy intelligence, and foreign affairs. We read that at the Suffolk Assizes three persons, one of them a woman, were condemned to death for stealing a cow, housebreaking, and setting fire to a straw stack respectively. The law was stern and sharp in those days. We find that those old foes, the Turks and Russians, were once more going to have a passage of arms, forty thousand Russians being ready to confront sixty thousand followers of the Prophet. A report, too, is spreading in London that the King of Poland is on the point of abdication; and members of the Society of Arts will be interested to know that this society, founded for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, had just adjudged a gold medal to some worthy fellow who had devised a plan of bringing up calves without milk. The literary article is a poetical essay, a column and

a quarter long, on the attributes of God, by a Fellow of Eton College. All these items and many more we find in the opening number, but the local news is unimportant, and compressed into a very limited space.

The one hundred and seventy-first number, dated July 2nd, 1774, contains an intimation that the expenses of the *Journal* have exceeded the receipts, and that the present number is the last that will be issued. One hundred years after this an attempt was made to revive it, and the new *Marlborough Journal* was published on the same premises as the old, but the ground was already occupied by another paper, the *Marlborough Times*—a paper that compares favourably with most local papers—and the venture was a second time a failure.

In turning over the old periodical much curious matter presents itself; but we must confine ourselves here exclusively to local intelligence, picking out here and there some few items to illustrate the Marlborough of a century ago.

We have already referred to the pillory, and we find repeated notices of its use: for instance, on December 17th, 1773, on Saturday, the market day, "Edward Messenger stood an hour in the pillory in this town, in pursuance of the statute, for having in his custody several pieces of venison, and part of the skin of a fallow deer, without giving a proper account of how he came by the same"—the authorities no doubt shrewdly suspecting that the aforesaid venison was the result of a visit to the neighbouring forest of Savernake.

The whipping-post seems to have been another

valued town institution. As early as 1692 we find a charge of one shilling in the town accounts for "whipping Coleman's boy," and in the *Journal* for April 13th, 1771, we read that John Hillier was sentenced to be publicly whipped for an error that he had fallen into about a silver pepper-box; and another day we have no less than five culprits all receiving the same sentence, two for stealing iron, another for appropriating a brass pot, the fourth for converting some butter to his own use, while the fifth was found with his hand in another man's pocket—a circumstance that seems to have told against him. Even women did not escape this degradation, for Mary Price, on stealing an apron, was publicly whipped in the market; and so lately as 1807 another woman, found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretences, was similarly punished.

In another number of the paper we find that "Last week Curtis King, late of this town, was outlawed by the sheriff of the county for a felony in the barbarous stabbing of horses and cattle; the consequence of which is, that if he should ever be apprehended, he will be executed without any further form of law." Another day we read that, "eleven transports were sent from our gaol to Bristol to embark for some of His Majesty's plantations in America"—a doom as fatal in the end, thanks to disease and exposure, as the scarcely more swiftly plied noose of the common hangman.

Amongst the advertisements we come upon a reference to another old custom. One of them runs as follows: "Inoculation. Dr. Smith has opened

Poulton House, by far the most convenient in Marlborough, for the reception of patients. His Terms agreeable to their circumstances."

State lotteries were at this time in full swing, and in the number for December 20th, 1771, we read that the lottery ticket No. 43,827, held by Mrs. Thomas Hancock, John Brathwaite, and James White, all of Marlborough, drew a prize of ten thousand pounds. Naturally therefore the agents of the lottery advertised it in the local paper next year, and we find that, "Tickets, and shares of Tickets, in Halves, Quarters, Eighths, Sixteenths, Thirty-seconds, and Sixty-fourths, are now selling by E. Harrold, C. Spackman, and J. Furnell, in Marlborough; where a correct Register and Numerical Book of the Tickets and Shares will be carefully kept, and everything relative to the Lottery transacted with the greatest Honour and Punctuality." The scheme of this lottery included two prizes of £20,000, four of £10,000, five of £5,000, ten of £2,000, twenty of £1,000, forty of £500, one hundred and eighty of £100, five hundred of £50, and nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty prizes of £20 each—twenty thousand and eleven prizes in all, representing a money value of £593,000. The prices were as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
A half share	6	14	0
A fourth	3	7	6
An eighth	1	14	6
A sixteenth		17	6
A thirty-second . . .		9	6
A sixty-fourth		4	9

No doubt the demand for shares and portions of

shares would be enormous when people recalled the good fortune of Marlborough men in the previous year, and saw that for something less than seven pounds it was quite within the possibilities to reap a similar golden harvest, and that even the possessor of five shillings might dream of its transmutation into a pile of gold. "All persons" they are told, as a proof of the good faith of the vendors, "who buy shares at this office will be shown the original Ticket, as we sell no shares without having the Original by us. It is submitted to the consideration of the Buyers whether two halves, four quarters, eight eighths, sixteen sixteenths, &c., are not rather to be chosen than one whole ticket. All tickets will be paid their full amount either in Marlborough or London. Not two blanks to a prize." We do not, however, read of any more prizes falling to the share of Marlborough.

In the following advertisement we have an allusion to an old sport of the town, now defunct, though one or two attempts have been made recently to revive it; and we also come across the "Castle" again, and the "White Hart," a sign still to be seen in the town. It was at an inn of the same name, it will be remembered, that the mourners of the good old Bishop Montagu fared so sumptuously in the year 1618. The notice runs as follows: "Marlborough Races, July 30th, 1771. On Tuesday will be run for on Barton Downs the noblemen and gentlemen's subscription plate of £50. On Wednesday the town plate of £50. Any dispute to be settled by the Mayor. An ordinary at the Castle Inn the first day, and at the White Hart the second. Marlborough

Assembly at the White Hart Inn. To accommodate the Ladies and Gentlemen a coach will be kept in readiness to set them down after the ball at any house in the town, gratis."

Another favourite diversion seems to have been the old English game of backsword, so graphically described in *The Scouring of the White Horse.* "On Tuesday the 28th of September, 1773, one guinea will be given to be played for at Backsword, which shall be adjudged to the Man who breaks most heads; and eight men breaking eight heads shall receive 5*s.* each. The Blood to run an inch or deemed no head. There will be wrestling, and the man who throws most falls shall be entitled to half a guinea." The notice ends, "N.B. gamesters may depend of being paid with money full weight." The gold coinage appears to have been often light, and open to suspicion, thus "George Hewett, goldsmith, Marlborough, begs leave to acquaint the public that he has invented a portable money balance for weighing gold coin with the greatest ease, expedition and accuracy;" and the collector of his Majesty's duties of excise in Marlborough gives public notice that "at the next sittings for receiving the above duties, he will not take any Portugal or other foreign gold coin in payment." Soon after this we meet with the following advertisement, "Light gold coin, Portugal gold, Pistoles, Ducats, Dollars and all other foreign gold or silver bought by B. and M. Merriman."

In the *Journal* for December 12th, 1771, we have an interesting reference to the way our great-grandfathers posted over the country before the rush of

the "Flying Dutchman," devouring time and space at the rate of a mile a minute, was dreamt of. "Whereas a Report has been industriously propagated in the Cities of London, Bath, and Bristol, as well as in the capital Towns on the Road between those Cities, that the connexion of running of Post Chaises on the said Road at Sevenpence Halfpenny per Mile is dissolved: We, whose Names are here underwritten, beg leave to assure the Nobility and Gentry, that we have mutually agreed to run at the following prices, for which purpose we are provided with neat Carriages and able Horses, viz.:—

From Daniel Ross, the Pelican, Bristol—	£	s.	d.
To Matthew Rond's, the Pelican, Bath		10	6
To William Halcomb's, Castle and Bull, Devizes		14	0
To William Liddind's, Golden Lion, Marlborough		9	0
To John Pottinger's, King's Arms, Speenhamland		12	6
To Joseph Clark's, the Upper Ship, Reading		10	6
To Thomas Young's, the Black Bear, Slough		12	0
To William Day's, Hounslow		7	6
To John Colley's, Bell, Haymarket, London		8	6
	£4	4	6"

The journey from London to Bristol can now be accomplished in three hours and twenty minutes, at a cost of £1 6*s.* 1*d*, though we cannot help, in the

midst of our complacency, recalling the view taken by an old advocate of coaching, "You bowls along easy, and if the coach upsets, there you are; but if one of these trains upsets, where are you?"

A short time previously to this, on November 15th, the feelings of the town had been justifiably hurt by a paragraph which had appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, in which a gentleman who had just come through Marlborough asserted that there was a very dangerous distemper, not unlike the plague, raging there, and that the doctor refused to go near the infected, so that few who were seized recovered. Such a report could not fail to do great injury to the town, and public notice was at once given that there was not the least foundation of truth in the above report, but that the whole was a most scandalous imposition on the public. Possibly this may have been the same gentleman as the person who spread the unfounded report as to the discontinuance of the post-chaise communications.

Provisions of some kinds at least seem to have been cheaper than now, for we read of good beef, mutton, and lamb selling in the market at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a lb., a price at which our modern butchers certainly do not retail it; but all kinds of colonial produce were naturally much dearer than now. A curious squabble arose between the municipal authorities and the market people as to how butter should be sold. We read that on the Saturday the mayor went with his officers into the market, and seized more than a hundredweight of butter and afterwards distributed it to the poor, because it was being sold at less than

eighteen ounces to the pound. The market people called an indignation meeting, and next week an advertisement was inserted in the *Marlborough Journal*, giving the names of some twenty people who would for the future only sell in sixteen-ounce rolls. This of course provoked a rejoinder, and in the following week a very official and peremptory order from the mayor appeared, stating that butter would only be admitted in nine and eighteen-ounce parcels. As we find no further reference to the matter we may conclude that the sixteen-ounce party took their butter elsewhere, muttering more or less audible references to Might *versus* Right. This recalls an experience of our own in local arithmetic. Our gardener got a hundred young cabbage plants, and as we found that he was putting them in at the rate of twenty a row, we made some common-place remark about being plenty of room for the five rows; whereupon we were corrected and told that they would make six rows. All our recollections of Cocker and Colenso seemed to favour our view, and we ventured to contest the point, but our arithmetical demonstrations were soon put to the rout, for our man seemed to think that every one ought to know that a hundred of cabbage plants was six score!

As a specimen of the lighter literary food provided for the readers of the *Journal*, we may give the following letter from an Avebury correspondent:

"Sir, if you think the following worthy a place in your paper, by inserting the same you will oblige a constant reader. Enigmatical list of villages near Marlborough.

1. Two-thirds of a liquor, two-thirds of a word, and a vessel used by the ancients at funerals.
2. What no church is without, and three-sevenths of the name of an English duke.
3. Half a river, a vowel, and what we commonly do with the dead.
4. The contrast to narrow, three-fourths of a swift beast, and a weight.
5. Three-eighths of a liquor, the beginning of beggary, and the contrast to youth.
6. Three-fourths of what the dead generally leave behind, and part of the dwelling of the laborious villager.
7. Part of a garment, a double consonant, and where corn is produced.
8. The contrast to under, and three-fourths of a musical term.
9. What is frequently used by watermen.
10. Half a late patriot, and a royal palace.
11. Ancient battering engines, three-fourths of what fire doth, and the last vowel.
12. Three-fourths of a county, and a trap." [1]

This attempt on the part of the correspondent and the editor to divert the readers of the paper does not appear to have been an unmitigated success, for in the next number we find the following letter:

"To the printer. Mr. Harold, however innocent or however entertaining the making of conundrums, rebusses, and scraps of poetry in praise of beauty may be, I shall not at present attempt to investigate; I

[1] Appendix VIII.

shall give you an instance now of the danger, and I doubt not but many of the readers of newspapers have been afflicted in the same manner. Know then, that I read the newspapers of the county, and yours happened to be brought to my house as dinner was getting ready. My two daughters, although I have educated them pretty well, could not withstand the desire of solving your enigmas; they left cooking dinner and began to explain your correspondent's list of towns * *[1] The pudding was spoilt, and the fowls roasted to a cinder. I was chagrined and vexed, but it was all in vain I advised my daughters to mind their serving, learn to manage a house, read a tale of virtue, and leave the unravelling of such silly conceits as things unworthy of the notice of women of sense. I am a prating old fellow, and seem rather impertinent, but of your readers, correspondent, and you, I ask pardon, and shall not tresspass on their time or your paper any longer than by a single reflection, that an hour's more study in the writer might compose an essay in praise of virtue, and surely the advantage reaped from the perusal would be greater. A few anxious moments may be spent in the solution of those conceits, but the perusal of a tale of virtue shall leave a consolation in the breast of the reader, a pleasure in the bosom of the writer, and be of general use in teaching us to look forward to a better hope, and leave without reluctance the vain frivolities of a trifling world. S. J."

Clearly dinner was no trifle with S. J., and though

[1] At this point the old gentleman grows needlessly emphatic.

he speaks of consolation in the breast, we imagine that his solace found another resting-place. The asterisks and the peroration do not seem to blend into one harmonious whole.

The numbers of the old *Journal* are full of bits, not only of local interest, but of fragments of news of a wider bearing; but though the temptation to quote is great, we must be content to forbear, and to put the quaint old print aside.

On August 13, 1817, we find William Jay, the celebrated Independent minister of Bath, preaching at the opening of a chapel in Marlborough. He had a peculiar interest in the old town, as it was the home of his old schoolmaster, and in his *Memorials of Cornelius Winter* we see how deep was his attachment. "To him," said Jay, "I owe all my opportunities of public usefulness. Though not a child by birth, I have been one by adoption." Winter was the minister of a small chapel in the town, and kept on week days a little school. He was a friend of the Wesleys. His life would appear to have been a noble and consistent testimony to the Master he served, and one of his contemporaries said of him, "I am never with this man without being reminded of Paradisaical purity." Jay was with him as a pupil from 1785 to 1788, and the loving tie once formed was never afterwards severed. All sectarian bitternesses died out in his gentle presence, and men forgot to wrangle over debatable points and questions of strife as they marked his Christlike spirit, and felt the common tie, the unity of spirit, and the bond of peace.

Though the town has given its title to some men of eminence, and entertained as passing guests many more, it has not itself produced many of the men whose names long outlive their lives. The name of Lord Churchill will naturally occur to us. Raised from the station of a page to the peerage by James, he forsook the old king for the new, and was by King William raised to the dignity of Earl of Marlborough in the year 1689. In 1702 he was created Duke of Marlborough, in the first year of the reign of Anne. We meet with the name of the old town again as a title when Thomas Morley was, in November, 1537, consecrated at Lambeth under the title of Suffragan Bishop of Marlborough.

Amongst native Marlborough men we find, towards the close of the fourteenth century, Henry of Marlborough, an ecclesiastic and an author. Hughes, a poet and writer of essays, born here in 1677, was for many years a writer for the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*. Sir Michael Foster, a justice of the King's Bench, was one of the sons of Marlborough, and William Harte, once of some little fame as a poet and historian, was another. We have already named Dr. Sacheverel, and Stephen Duck is another who may be considered rather as notorious than famous. This Duck, originally a farm labourer in St. Margaret's, had a certain talent for rhyming, and was fortunate enough to attract the attention of the Countess of Hertford, whose taste for the spuriously pastoral and poetic had already filled the old castle grounds with meandering streams and sham ruins, and who saw in every rustic a Corydon. His poems

were read before the Queen by Lord Macclesfield, and the royal patronage took the substantial form of an annuity and a post as yeoman of the guard. He was finally educated for the Church when the Court had got tired of him, and he received from Queen Caroline the rectory of Byfleet in Surrey. Swift, in his scorn of the man so unduly elevated in fashionable regard, handed him down to posterity in the following scathing lines:

> "The thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail;
> The proverb says 'no fence against a flail';
> From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains,
> For which her Majesty allows him grains:
> Tho' 'tis confest that those who ever saw
> His poems, think them all not worth a straw.
> Thrice happy Duck! employed in threshing stubble,
> Thy toil is lessened, and thy profits double."

The Wiltshire Archæological and Natural History Society visited the town and neighbourhood in 1859, and again, after a lapse of twenty years, in 1879. We have thrown a slight sketch of each meeting into the appendix.[1]

The long line of royal visits to the ancient borough of Marlborough has for several reigns been discontinued, but in 1873 the old town broke out into decorations, and held high rejoicing over the passage of the Prince and Princess of Wales through the borough on a visit to the College. The inevitable address of welcome was duly read, and the High Street was gay with triumphal arches. The day was doubtless one long to be remembered by the crowds of happy

[1] Appendix IX.

people who flocked in on foot, on horseback, and in waggon loads from all the country round, and even succeeded in filling from end to end the stately width and length of the principal street.

Though we have now travelled hastily through the centuries, beginning with the very unfair Danes who pillaged without mercy our homes, and ending with the fair Dane who robbed us of our hearts, there is one curious survival, like the curfew, which we see we have omitted to notice. This is the performance of the mummers, who come round before Christmas, and act a kind of drama founded on a legend of St. George. This custom is almost confined to Wiltshire and the far distant counties of Cornwall and Cumberland. Probably the railways have elsewhere driven the custom away, and the mummers, like the ghosts and the fairies, have disappeared before the greater wonders of modern science. The verses represented in different places are all founded on the same legend, though differing in detail. The characters are ordinarily Father Christmas, Mince Pie, a Turkish knight or Saracen, Little Jack, an Italian doctor, and the great St. George himself. St. George and the Turk challenge each other to fight, the infidel is vanquished, St. George relents, and the doctor opportunely arrives and successfully practises his art, whereupon in gratitude the Turk turns his back upon all his evil ways, and becomes a Christian. This is the main incident of the drama. The functions of the other characters we do not clearly remember, though we have more than once had the performance enacted in our dining-room by the wandering bands who carry on the tradition.

The performers appear in as appropriate a costume as their means and ideas suggest.

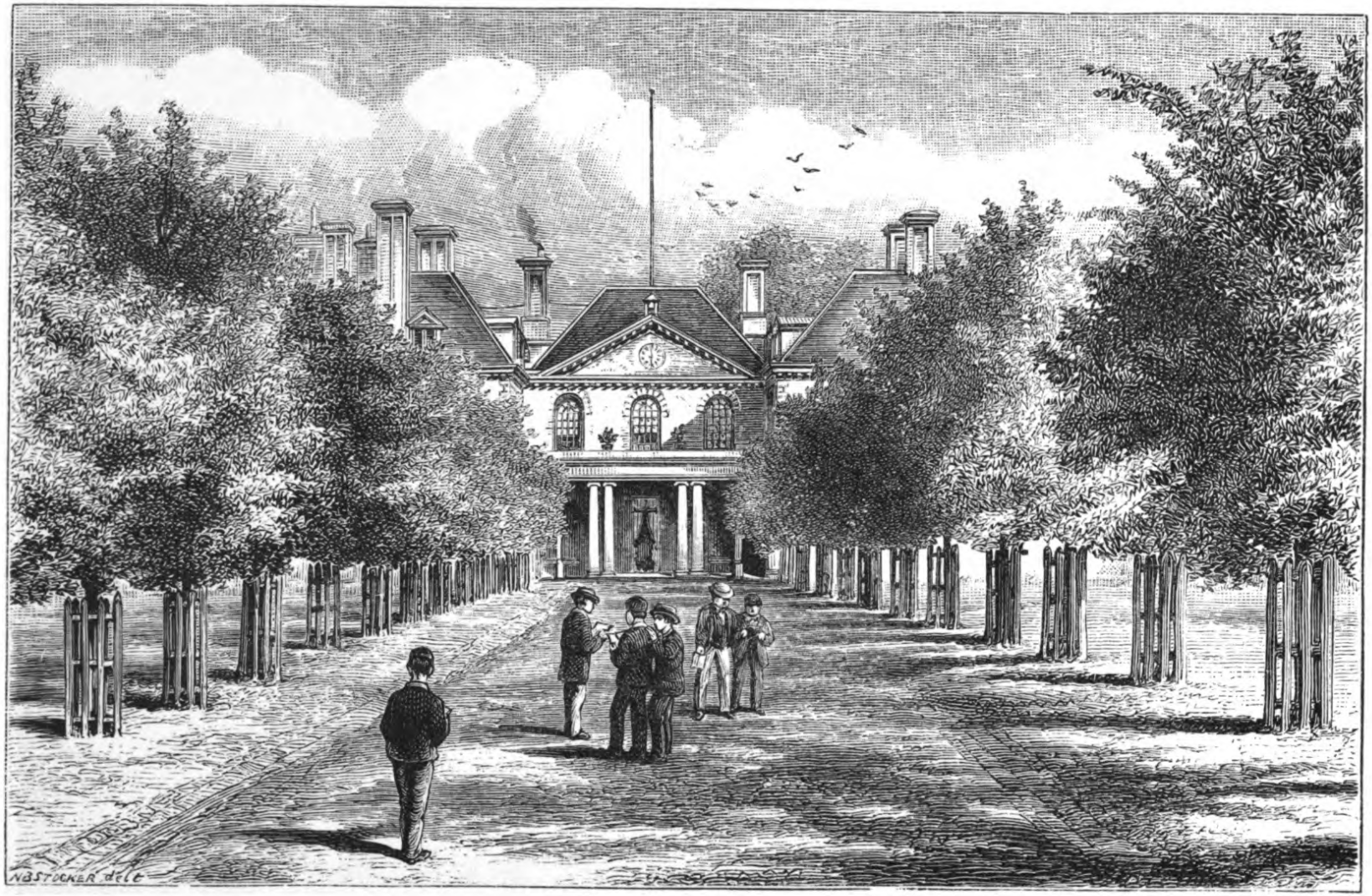
Another good old custom that still survives at Christmas time is carol singing. The choirs of several of the neighbouring churches come round; and there is also each year a carol concert in the town hall, and some twenty or more of the amateurs who compose this choir sally forth with torches about midnight, and spend the next two or three hours in singing before the houses of the clergy, the mayor and other friends; the fine old mediæval Latin and English carols being chosen. Both the sentiment and the execution are admirable, and it is to be hoped that for many a long year these songs of the night may be wafted over the quaint old gables of the venerable old town of Marlborough.

CHAPTER III.

HAVING endeavoured to give our readers some little idea of the past history and present appearance of the town of Marlborough, we now proceed to give a sketch of the College. We would, ere doing so, just pause to point out how admirable the situation is for a great public school. Placed far from the temptations and restrictions of a town life, the boys have abundant liberty, and are free to wander for miles over a healthy and varied country district; and the large stretches of uninclosed downland give a freedom that many other agricultural neighbourhoods do not afford. The locality is eminently healthy; the forest, freely accessible to all, stretches for miles in one direction, and other walks will bring one to the rich verdure and picturesque

variety of the valley of the Kennet, and to the ancient monuments that give so abundant an interest to the surrounding country. The whole neighbourhood is rich in historic associations and prehistoric remains. Those who go in with the greatest zest for cricket and football do so in a playing field that affords singularly varied, extensive and beautiful prospects in every direction; those who go in for natural history have abundant scope for their special tastes. We could ourselves imagine no more enjoyable boyhood; and fully comprehend how the mere mention of the name awakens associations of loyalty and regard in the breasts of all who have ever passed any portion of their school life here.

The visitor to Marlborough will no doubt have soon begun to make some acquaintance with the big school; he will have wandered down the High Street, and peered in at the big gates by St. Peter's church, and admired the stately old pile of buildings stretching away from him, and their background of fine trees; or have wandered a little further and found himself at the porter's gate, gazing up the avenue of limes, and noticing the various college buildings that surround the great central court, or, in any case, he will have come across the boys in every direction. All wear a distinctive cap, and are therefore readily recognisable. This is of black cloth striped with eight thin bands of crimson that radiate from its centre. In the case of boys who are in mourning the stripes are black, but being of another material than the body of the cap, are clearly visible. The exceptions to this sumptuary and necessary law are all of an honourable character.



COURT, MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

The boys we meet in blue caps striped with white belong to the cricket eleven who fight the battles of the school against all opponents; and immediately below them come the cricket twenty-two—these may be recognised by their blue caps striped with red. The football twenty are held in equal honour, and have also the distinction of a special cap—a black one with white stripes. The boys we occasionally see about with black caps and bright blue stripes, belong to the town grammar school. The College, as we shall presently see, is divided into houses, and each of these has its badge, and its distinctive colours for its cricketing flannels, the bands of the straw hats, &c., so that any one who knew these colours would at once know to what house a boy belonged. In one house the band is a stripe of yellow between two stripes of black; a second takes black, red, and white; a third adopts red, white, and blue; a fourth goes in for scarlet and white; another is black and red; while others again are black, blue, and black; or black, red, and black; or, broad blue between two narrow yellow bands; or chocolate, white, and chocolate, and so on. One house takes for its badge the escallop shell, another a crescent, a third the Maltese cross, a fourth the fleur-de-lys, while others range themselves beneath crossed arrows, the sword and key, St. Andrew's cross, or the Tudor rose. The gymnasium eight take as their colours purple, white, and black.

We propose to first deal with this great school as it is, and afterwards to give some little history of its foundation, and the steps by which it has travelled to the present point.

As we leave the town at its western extremity we skirt the College buildings on our left until we arrive at the entrance lodge, immediately opposite to which is the entrance to the playing field. The school is so continuously growing in all sorts of ways, that almost every year sees some addition or improvement, and the new lodge is an example of this, as it supplanted a much less dignified looking cottage only so recently as 1876. The stone pillars bear carvings of the arms of the school, of the diocese, and of the corporation. As we enter the court we see that it is surrounded by numerous red brick buildings, presenting a somewhat irregular appearance it must be confessed, but all having their practical uses, and not without a certain picturesqueness in their variety. We will now turn to the left, and journey round the court, noticing anything that seems of intent. After passing the fives courts the first building is the Bradleian, so called from its being erected by the school and other friends in affectionate remembrance of Dr. Bradley, a former head master. It has four distinct uses. As we enter it we see a series of desks around its walls; it is the home of a certain number of privileged boys. It is also the room in which the greater part of the art-teaching is carried on, a large cupboard at the end of the room being filled with models and other conveniences of study. At the end of the school term it is used as an examination room, and it is a convenient hall for various evening gatherings, such as lectures, concerts, and entertainments. Across the farther end of the room stretches a large cast from the Parthenon, at the other end is a cast of the bas-

relief of the Demeter and Persephone found at Eleusis, presented by Sidney Colvin, the Slade Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge. On the right hand wall are casts of Flaxman's "Charity" and "Maternal Affection," presented by T. Woolner, R.A. In various other parts of the room are casts from the antique, the results of a movement initiated by one of the masters to make a collection of classic art for the benefit of the school. Over the two fire-places are carved panels, each having a shield in its centre, one set having the arms of the head masters painted upon them, and the other of prominent members of the council. It is characteristic of the modesty of him in whose honour the hall was erected that, when the question of his armorial bearings arose, it was found that he had never troubled about such things, and could, in fact, give no help in the matter. The Bradleian was opened at the close of 1873, all generations of Marlburians being present to do honour to him, "whose hand every one pressed round to grasp, whose voice came back to all with a bright familiar ring, whose mere presence in that room was a delight." Over the chimney-piece nearest to the door is the following inscription :—

IN HONOREM
GEORGII GRANVILLE BRADLEY, M.A., I.L.D.,
COLL. VNIV : APVD OXON : MAGISTRI,
QVI HVIC COLLEGIO PRÆPOSITVS.
ADJVTORES EXEMPLO, PRÆCEPTIS PVEROS, MORIBVS OMNES,
ITA INSTITVIT VT PER XIII ANNOS NVLLVM
VSQVAM COLLEGIVM FELICIORE FAMA FLORVERIT,
HANC AVLAM EXTRVENDAM CVRAVERVNT
DISCIPVLI, COLLEGÆ, AMICI.

The gymnasium is to our left as we pass out. It

contains the usual paraphernalia of such an institution, and round its walls are placed in panels the names of the gymnasium eight of each year. The weapons in one corner remind us of the existence of another institution, the College detachment of rifle volunteers. Like all school societies it must necessarily fluctuate somewhat, and those who have had anything to do with gatherings of boys will know that certain waves of feeling pass over them, and an institution or society becomes suddenly popular, or sinks for a while without any obvious cause into the cold shade of neglect. The rifle corps has certain popular features that render it attractive. Apart from the feeling that they are taking part in a grand national movement, enjoyment is derived from the long journeys to battalion drills, reviews, and inspections, that are made from time to time, and the old country roads are vocal with the glees and catches of our young defenders. The shooting, again, will always have an attraction. Matches are arranged each year with Winchester School, the teams meeting each other on the Reading range, and at Cirencester Cheltenham meets them in friendly rivalry. The school, too, is each year represented at Wimbledon, and the two great public school prizes, the Ashburton Shield and the Spencer Cup, have before now been carried off by the sons of Marlborough. As some nine or ten schools compete, this is no slight honour. The shield is placed for a day or two in the Town Hall for general inspection, and then the corps marches down and fetches it, and for the year it is held by the school it is placed in the school library. The Spencer Cup was won in 1875 and in 1880.

We now pass several of the ordinary class-rooms, and find ourselves in the room appropriated to the meetings of the art society. The drawings and casts round the walls, the shelves of books, and the art periodicals on the table sufficiently indicate its character.

The art society is one of the younger institutions of the school, and, like the natural history society, has as its president one of the masters, the general management being carried on in each case by a mixed committee of boys and masters, while the members are such of the boys or magistral body as find themselves in sympathy with the aims of the two societies. A small subscription towards library and other expenses is levied. The first meeting of the art society was held on July 3rd, 1877. The work of the society comprises out-door sketching parties in the summer, and evening meetings every fortnight throughout the school year. At these meetings sketches from nature or in illustration of a subject previously announced are shown, and a paper by one of the members frequently read; prizes are given for the best show of holiday work, for the best essay, &c. As an illustration of the subjects given out for treatment we may instance "Winter," "An Old Bridge," "A Quiet Corner," "A Line of Gray's Elegy," "A Proverb Illustrated;" and amongst the papers read by the school members have been the following—"Electrotyping," "Armour," "Stained Glass," "Wood Engraving," "Thorwaldsen," "Religious Art," "St. Mark's, Venice," and many others. The work of such a society as this supplies one of the numerous refining influences

available, and draws all those of artistic tastes into a pleasant and profitable association. We may add with legitimate pride, that Marlborough College Art Society is the first that has been established in any of the public schools.

The "large school-room," as it is called from its exceptional size, is used to some extent for teaching purposes, though most of the work is done in the class-rooms. Its leading function is to supply a room sufficiently large for such exceptional gatherings as the Bradleian proves insufficient to accommodate. Entertainments and lectures open to the whole school are given in it; the great annual prize day tests its capacity, and the no less great annual concert fills it each Christmas to overflowing. Familiarity with the scene may have blunted some of our earlier vivid impressions, but it remains one of striking interest. As we enter the great room we see that the decoration committee has been hard at work, and that the old school is gay with wreaths and banners. On raised benches, tier above tier, round three sides of the room, are the boys, and as the masters come in with their families and friends to the space reserved for them, they are greeted with vociferous cheers and clapping —for the relationship here between masters and boys has been happily described as fraternal. The leading townsfolk also receive invitations. With the exception of some part of the orchestra the performers are past and present members of the school. The choir contributes largely, and one feature is always the introduction of some part songs by old members—men who come from university studies, from busy business

careers in London, or quiet country parishes, and stand again shoulder to shoulder in the old school so dear to them all, revisit the old place, renew old friendships, gaze again on the long rows of happy boyish faces, and form a living link between the present and the past. As the concert draws to its close, the first notes of the school song, the "Carmen Marlburiense,"[1] are eagerly waited for, and as they strike upon the ear the scene grows wonderfully impressive, the whole school rising as a living wall together with the masters and the old Marlburians, and continue standing. The first four lines of each verse are sung by the choir, and the last four by the whole school with a fervour that leaves no doubt of their loyalty to Marlborough. This is followed by the national anthem, but the dispersion of the audience takes place slowly, for another old custom rapidly develops itself. All the old Marlburians present scale the platform; all arms on the platform and on the tiers of benches are crossed, and each Marlburian, old or young, grasps the hands of those adjoining him, thus forming a living ring round the room, connecting with electric thrill the bearded business-man or sedate vicar with the little fellow who only made his first entrance into school life a term ago, and with all the links between, while the whole brotherhood, with infinite zest, sing "Auld Lang Syne." Then amidst hearty cheering all disperse, never to be entirely reunited within those walls, but carrying with them all the wide world over that devotion to their school that is so characteristic of all public school boys.

[1] Appendix X.

Various class-rooms lead out of the large room, and into one of these we now enter. The desks in the centre of the room are used during work hours by the boys of one of the forms, but the look of the walls shows us that we are in the museum of the natural history society, for all around us we see the glass cases full of specimens, the book-shelves laden with scientific lore, and the cabinets devoted to butterflies, moths, eggs, coins, and so forth.

The natural history society held its first meeting on August 24th, 1865, and has from that day to this carried on a prosperous and useful career. Its collections have gone on increasing, thanks to the liberality of friends all over the world, until they are now really valuable. A botanical garden was established in 1871, but circumstances of an adverse nature proved too strong, and it has since been discontinued. The society was for some time the only one of its kind at the public schools, but several, as at Harrow, Cheltenham, and Rugby, have within the last few years been established.

To give some idea of the scope of the society we may give the names of some few papers that have been read, as for instance, "The Antiquities of the neighbourhood," "Ants," "Hops," "Fungi," "Migration of birds," "English coins," "Monumental brasses," "Natural history of the fourteenth century," and "Deep sea soundings." The insects, birds, and plants[1] of the neighbourhood have been closely studied, and daily readings of the barometer, and of the temperature, are made, together with observations of the

[1] Appendix XI.

direction and velocity of the wind, the rainfall, and other meteorological matters. Anthropological observations are also made, at the request of the London Anthropological Society, all boys when they enter the school being weighed, and measured round the head, chest, &c., and again periodically during their stay in the school, the increase in any direction being recorded. Prizes are given each year, the subjects taken up being botany, physics, entomology, geology, and ornithology. The examination includes both book knowledge and practical work; for instance, a candidate for geology would be required to not only show his knowledge of the text-book appointed, but also to produce a good collection of Marlborough fossils, and to make a geological map of the district.

The museum includes not only specimens of natural history but also things archæological, and objects of interest contributed by old members of the school. Prominently among these may be seen a fine collection of things dug up in various ancient British camps in the neighbourhood, specimens of Roman and other pottery, glass and mosaic, prehistoric stone arrow-heads, and other implements, Afghan and Zulu weapons, large collections of Indian and Chinese objects, and others fabricated by the Esquimaux. Amongst the things more intimately connected with Marlborough are a fine collection of fossils, and part of a book that was once the property of Frances Seymour. This is entitled "*The Generall Historie of Women; of the most holy and prophane; the most Famous and Infamous of all Ages.*" On the back of the title is written "F. Seymour's Booke. Given her by her

Dere Brother, Charls Lord Seymour. 1658. At Morle Brought." The lady, whose writing gives so interesting a character to the old title page, was Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Seymour, the owner of the old house prior to its transformation into the Castle Inn and thence into Marlborough College. Another curious item in the collection is the old key of Marlborough Castle. Fastened to it is a piece of parchment with the following inscription: "Novr. 26th 1830 The key of the original castle at Marlborough, found at the time of the riots, A.D. 1830 by [name illegible] and presented by him to W. Binsden." It is of iron, some seven or eight inches long; much worn, and very rude in form and manufacture. Other features of interest are the various coins struck at the old mint here, and the tokens used by the local traders.

The sixth form class-room adjoining reminds us of some other features of school life that may here engage our attention—the debating society and the school paper; as the first is supported by the higher members of the school, and the second is under the authorship of a committee selected from the same learned body.

A debating society, despite some evident drawbacks, is a valuable feature in a large school, as it trains those who will before long be taking their part in the world's business and their own, in the habit of weighing evidence; and gives them by practice the power of, first, forming an opinion, and secondly, of

expressing it. The society was founded in 1859, and, with the exception of Eton, no public school debating meetings can boast of so long continued and prosperous a career. Amongst the subjects of debate we notice the following—that compulsory education ought to be introduced; and that England is degenerating. This latter proposition naturally met but with few supporters, three being for the motion and twenty against it. At other meetings, the points that it is not unreasonable to suppose that glimpses of the unknown are revealed in dreams; and that the present tendency of cricket and other games to degenerate into a science is excessive and deplorable—duly found their seconders and opponents.

Marlborough, in establishing a school paper, only follows the precedent set by some of the other and older schools: thus Rugby has its *Meteor*, Winchester the *Wykehamist*, and Christ's Hospital the *Blue;* and the *Marlburian* finds itself by no means alone either in its nature or the construction of its title, for we find similar papers flourishing under the names of the *Cliftonian*, *Harrovian*, *Etonian*, *Rossallian*, and *Cheltonian*, the antipodes sending us the *Sidneian*. The first number of the *Marlburian* was issued Sept. 20th, 1865, and it has continued to flourish ever since. Its contents comprise essays on various subjects, full details of matches and concerts, accounts of the meetings of the various school societies, correspondence, and all kinds of items of school interest. Some considerable time before its establishment a previous attempt, under the title of the *Marlborough*

Magazine,[1] had been made to supply the school with a paper, but this was very short-lived, as its contents were exclusively of the nature of essays and poetry. A boy would very much rather read how decisive a victory his house achieved over another in the cricket-field, and the success of his own school at the butts over a rival, than any abstract dissertation, and will dwell on the scores made on either side long after an essay on Milton has palled.

Every member of the sixth form is expected, on leaving, to contribute his photograph to the album, and a book to the form library ; but both rules appear to be often rather laxly observed, though their interest and utility are sufficiently obvious.

After emerging from the big school-room, we have to our left the sick-house and reading-room, and straight in front of us the building known as "B" house, or the new house. The original building of the Seymour time is called "C" house, or old house, while the big building on the opposite side of the court is called "A" house, or the lower school. The reading-room is used for school work, and out of school hours certain boys have the privilege of sitting there and preparing their work. The name is somewhat of a misnomer so far as it suggests the idea of a room supplied with books and such-like appliances; but the room itself affords an admirable refuge for quiet study, and may on this ground be held to be rightly named. Some busts and engravings from the works of Durer, Raffaelle, &c., are placed round the walls.

The Adderly library is located in the old house.

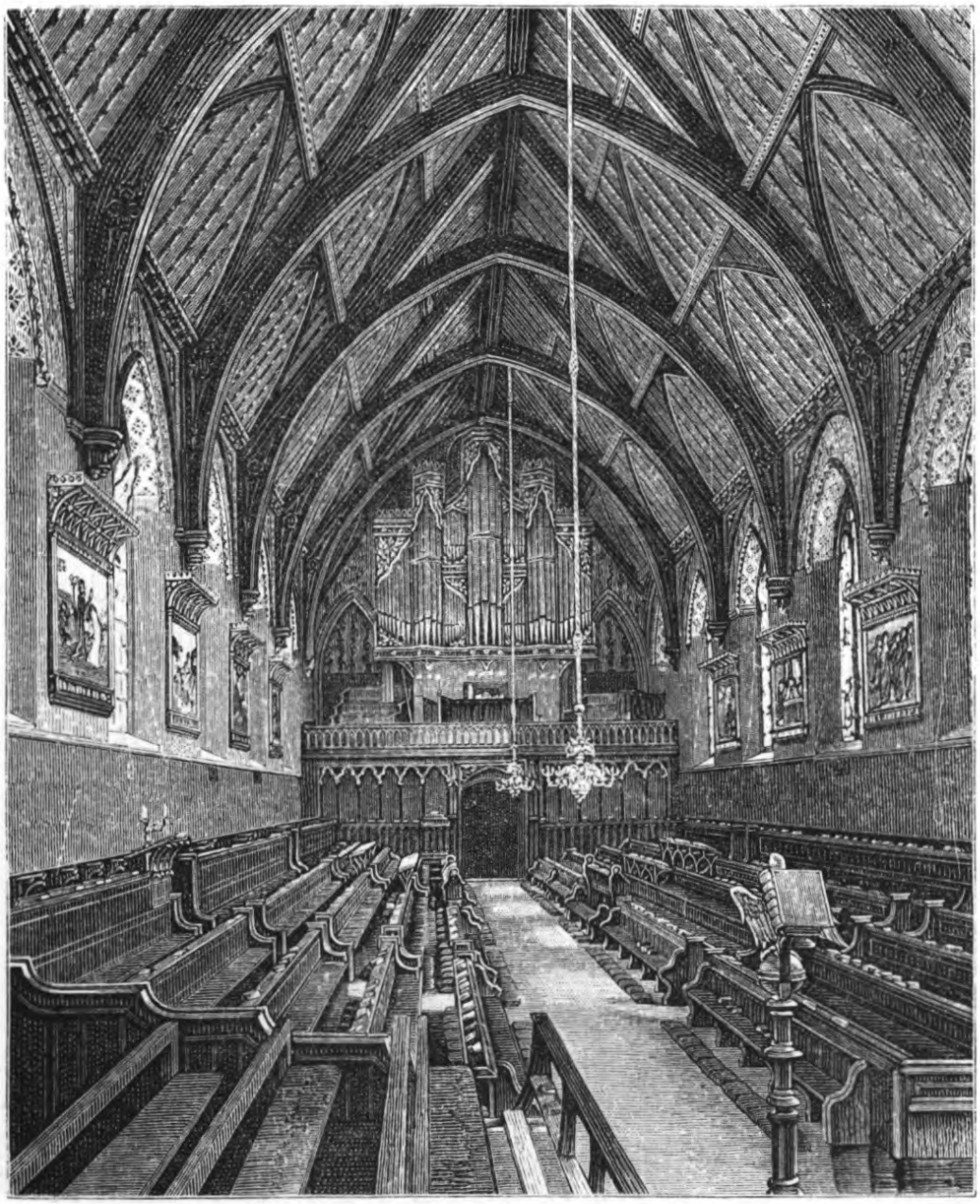
[1] Appendix XII.

It was founded in the year 1848 by one of the council of the school, and contains some eight thousand volumes. It is open to all boys in the higher forms of the upper and modern school. The collection consists of standard works in divinity, classics, biography, history, poetry, and general literature. As we leave the room — once the dining-hall in former days—we see before us the old staircase down which the Seymours and their noble guests passed in stately courtesy; and above this is the minstrels' gallery, filled in those bygone days with musicians discoursing sweet music.

The college dining-hall is to our left as we pass out from the porch of the old house. It contains the portraits of the head masters, Dr. Cotton occupying the central position, and, on either side of him, very characteristic likenesses of Dr. Farrar and Dr. Bradley. We also see the portraits of Dr. Wilkinson, the first master of the College, and of some of the members of the council.

The only building of any note now remaining to be noticed in our perambulation of the court, is the chapel. This building was erected from the designs of Edward Blore, and was consecrated in 1848. It is dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels, and the interior decorations are in harmony with this dedication. Amidst the diapering of the roof we frequently see the letter M (very small boys have been known to be under the impression that this bore reference to Marlborough rather than to the great archangel); and at the east end of the chapel are pictures of angels, members of the celestial choir

hymning praises to God, or striking their harps of gold before the throne. Around the walls are other pictures, all dealing with the ministry of angels; thus we see the angelic comforters during our Saviour's sojourn in the wilderness, the angelic visitors to Abraham, the familiar scene of the Annunciation, the angelic guide revealing to John the glories of the celestial city, the New Jerusalem, and several others. The decorations were not commenced until 1872, and may now be pronounced fairly complete, and in 1878, the small organ that had hitherto done duty was removed, and the present noble instrument substituted. The windows are chiefly of stained glass, and are, in almost every case, memorials either to old masters or old boys. In one, the Congreve window, we see the conflict of Michael and the dragon, the final act in the great drama of the world's history, the triumphant close of the centuries of warfare between good and evil. Beside it is the youthful Christ gazing into His mother's face as He says, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Each boyish face upturned to it may read its lessons, if he will, for it points, not obscurely, to a warfare to be waged, and to the work to be done for God's sake. This was placed in 1874 in memory of a boy who died at the College, and who sleeps now in the neighbouring churchyard of Preshute. Almost the whole school stood around his open grave, and for months a path was trodden over the turf by boyish pilgrims to his resting-place. The Cotton memorial window was placed in 1869. The scholars' window, subscribed for by the holders



INTERIOR OF COLLEGE CHAPEL.

of the College scholarships, is one of the most recent and most satisfactory. The design is by Burne Jones, and represents, in its two compartments, single figures of Samuel and Timothy, and below these in small panels the first named receiving instruction from Eli, and Timothy learning the Scriptures from Eunice.

Other features of interest are the old terrace walk and the wilderness, together with the bathing-place and the old Druidic mound. In the playing-field opposite to the College we see the pavilion for the use of the cricket club. This pavilion was the anonymous gift of an old Marlburian, and was first used in the spring of 1874; around its walls are the slabs that bear the names of each year's eleven. The view from the balconies and the terrace in front is very extensive, varied, and beautiful. Besides the fine ground for the matches, each house in the school has a portion of the field set apart for its own use, and contests each year between the various houses for the honour of being "cock" are very keenly fought out both in football and cricket.

Another valuable school institution is the College bank, established for the convenience of individual members of the school, and for the various societies. Each depositor has his bank-book for entering his deposits and withdrawals, and these deposits are entirely at the will of the depositor, and may be drawn out by him, either wholly or in part, whenever he pleases, subject to no questioning or interference of any kind whatever. This bank is open daily.

"A" house is the home of the lower school. All lower school work is done in its class-rooms, and by

far the greater number of its boys live within its walls. "B" and "C" are each divided into three parts, called "houses," and each of these six accommodates between forty and fifty boys, under the immediate charge of a master who is called the "house master." He is responsible in matters of education and discipline; and as their office places them in immediate personal connection with the boys in their respective houses, all ordinary communications, either from parents or other masters, as to their progress or welfare, are addressed to them. To the west of the College, and within easy distance of it, are three large masters' houses, each accommodating some fifty boys, and other masters in the town take a smaller number. Parents, before entering their boys at the school, select the house to which they wish him to belong. All, whether in-college or out-college boys, dine together in the common hall, but the out-boarders have their other meals in their respective houses.

The house masters are also form masters, and take their full share in the teaching work; but the boys are distributed into forms quite irrespective of their houses, so that in every house there may probably be one or more representatives of every form, and in each form there will be boys from most of the houses. A boy's form master may or may not be his house master as well; the two functions are quite distinct. The members of the highest form are called prefects, and have various privileges and duties, one of the latter being to keep order in the various houses to which they belong.

Each house is a social unit, having its house master

at its head. In the common hall they meet together at their own table, have their own ground in the common playing-field, and have their representative teams in the school games, each adding to their loyalty to the school their belief in the invincibility and special excellence of their own house.

The magistral staff is composed of the Master and about thirty assistant masters, and for teaching purposes the five hundred and eighty boys or thereabouts are divided into three schools, the upper, the modern, and the lower. The lower school is preparatory to the other two ; no boy is allowed to remain in it after reaching the age of fifteen, excepting on special recommendation.

In the modern school the subjects of instruction are mathematics, French, German, history, geography, English composition, and the like. It is divided into six forms of about five-and-twenty boys each. The four highest forms are taught science in addition to the other subjects, such subjects as acoustics, geology, and chemistry being taken up ; and all the forms, also, receive one or more hours of art-instruction each week, special masters taking the science and art subjects. The instruction is meant for boys intending commercial or professional careers, positions in the civil service, or commissions in the army, and the records of Woolwich, Sandhurst, Cooper's Hill, and other public examinations, together with the position taken by old Marlburians in public life and professional careers, are a gratifying proof that it is well adapted to the objects in view.

In the upper school the education is chiefly

intended as a preparation for the universities, and is therefore mainly classical. Mathematics form another subject of instruction, and all learn French, history, and geography. Some of the forms add science to the list, and opportunities of learning German are given, when desired by the parents, in the same way that a boy in the modern school can add Latin to his course. Drawing is voluntary in the upper school, several hours each week being set apart for the attendance of any members of the whole school who care to attend. Each prize-day the long list read out of university honours obtained during the year is a sufficient proof of the soundness of the instruction imparted.

The mention of prize-day leads us, by an easy transition, to the prizes themselves. Though Marlborough, unlike some of the older schools, has no splendid endowments, she offers to her sons no slight encouragement, the exhibitions and scholarships being numerous, while the book and other prizes are liberally dispensed. Seventy "Foundation" scholarships of the value of £30 per annum, are tenable so long as the holder remains at the school. These are only open to the sons of clergymen of the Church of England. There are also numerous "Senior" scholarships of the value of £50 per annum, and "Junior" of the value of £30. The first of these are tenable so long as the boy is in the school, and the second for two years, or until he gets a Senior. There are also "House" scholarships of the value annually of £80, and several others given by various well-wishers of the school, and tenable under certain conditions of

ages, subjects required, and so forth. In addition to these are various exhibitions to the universities, such as the "Cotton" of £50 annually, the "Council," the "Hodgson," and others. The most interesting, perhaps, of these are the "Old Marlburian," divided into classical and modern, and subscribed for by old boys in loving memory of their school. The modern exhibitions are tenable at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and at such other place ot education as the master may approve.

During the Lent term several prizes are awarded. Amongst these we may mention the "James," for the encouragement of literature and history; the "Congreve," for general culture, especially in the best literature and the most important epochs of history; the "Few," and "Parr," divinity prizes, and others for the cultivation of classics, history geography, music, and other subjects.

In the summer term the member of Parliament for the borough gives a prize for the best Latin poem in hexameters; the Marquis of Ailesbury gives four for modern languages, called the "Savernake," and there are others for Greek iambics, original English poem, mathematics, and success in practical laboratory work, &c.

The leading prizes for the Christmas term are the "Farrar," to encourage the study of the English language and literature; the "Stanton," in aid of the study of natural history; the "Cotton" prizes for the best Latin and English essays respectively; the "Colbeck," to encourage good reading, and the "Fisher" for divinity. In addition to those we have

mentioned the College itself gives many others for success in various directions, so that there is certainly no lack of stimulus.

Having thus glanced at the present state of the school, we may with advantage devote the rest of our chapter to a sketch of its past history. During the present century several new public schools have been established, in which peculiar privileges to some special class in the social community have been a leading idea, and where all the advantages of the older foundations could be secured at a charge not absolutely prohibitory to professional men. Of these we need here only refer to two illustrative examples—the Colleges of Wellington and Marlborough ; the first of these affording exceptional facilities for acquiring a sound education to the sons of officers, and the second to the sons of the clergy.

In the original scheme for the new school the sons of clergymen were only considered, but as soon as matters got into working order it was seen than an admixture of the lay element would be not only useful and profitable, but on several other grounds desirable, though in the earlier days the lay element was not to exceed one-third of the total number of pupils. The idea of such a school originated in 1842 with the Rev. Charles Plater, and a council of twelve clergymen and thirteen laymen was formed. The first charter of incorporation was dated August 21st, 1845, after the school had been in existence two years. Donors of £100 were to have the privilege of life-nomination, while a donation of £50 gave the power of once nominating a boy. A very consider-

able sum was thus received from well-wishers, and the total justified the council in securing for their purpose the famous old mansion known far and wide as the Castle Inn, Marlborough,[1] a building that most opportunely chanced to be available. The fees were originally fixed at thirty guineas per annum for the sons of clergymen, and fifty guineas for all other pupils; and on August 25th, 1843, two hundred boys, strangers to each other and the place, were assembled in the court, and formed, according to one of their number, "a very mixed lot, and some of them rather rough." The first head master was the Rev. Dr. Wilkinson. The opening years of the new school were stormy ones; the assistant masters were few in number, there was an utter absence of public school feeling, and while on the one hand there was a free and severe use of corporal punishment, on the other was a spirit of disaffection and rebellion, either latent or in open opposition to authority. In 1852 things had arrived at so bad a pass that the numbers rapidly fell off, as parents naturally refused to send their sons to a school with so ill a reputation, and the idea was seriously entertained of abandoning the enterprise.

Much of the difficulty no doubt arose from the fact that the council soon found themselves seriously hampered for want of funds. Sixty thousand pounds had been received altogether in payment for nominations, but the buildings alone absorbed more than that, and even in the first year it became necesary to raise ten thousand pounds on bonds, and in a few

[1] Appendix XIII.

years the debt incurred amounted to almost forty thousand pounds. A serious miscalculation had been made, and in 1848 the council, with great reluctance, raised the terms to £36 for the sons of clergymen, and £60 for the sons of laymen ; this afforded only a very temporary relief, and the governing body struggled on for another five years, accumulating, in spite of most searching and careful economy, an ever increasing debt. At the end of this period a thorough reform was found to be indispensable, and though the fees for the children of laymen remained the same, the charge to the clergy was raised from £36 to £45. Dr. Wilkinson resigned the arduous task in 1852, and Dr. Cotton was selected to fill the vacant post.

On the retirement of Dr. Wilkinson he received the living of Bishop's Lavington, and in 1873 was appointed vicar of Melksham, and here, at his post, he died on March 2nd, 1876. Of his work as a parochial minister we have heard some of his flock speak with most loving appreciation. No one rejoiced more than he did in the increasing prosperity of Marlborough College, and so recently as the year 1868 he preached within the walls of its chapel. Circumstances over which he could exercise no control were too powerful for him, and though he failed, the failure carried with it no dishonour. Each year a commemoration sermon is preached on the anniversary of the consecration of the chapel, men of eminence being invited to preach before the school; and it was a graceful courtesy to welcome to the spot once so familiar to him, its first head master.

The debt of Marlborough to Dr. Cotton is past all

GARDEN FRONT, MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

computation. He had himself as a boy received a public school education, a valuable experience that his predecessor had lacked; and as a master he had had an equally valuable experience as an assistant at Rugby under Dr. Arnold. He entered most cordially into various proposals of reform, and himself initiated others, and the success of the means then adopted was evidenced in every department, and has continued in increased measure ever since. He instituted periodical meetings of the assistant masters, wherein all were invited to make suggestions they thought valuable, and where all propositions were frankly discussed. The distribution of the boys into "houses," and the creation of house masters was also his work, and he instituted the modern department in the school. Many other valuable features owe their origin to him, though it is needless here to particularise them, but the result in a year or two was very apparent. Even he could scarcely have accomplished so much, weighed down as the institution was by a crushing debt, had it not been that, in addition to the help and confidence of the council, he had been surrounded by old pupils and friends who rallied to his aid—men who, in their personal regard for their chief, worked at salaries altogether inadequate to their worth, and who were ready to take any duty, however onerous and disagreeable, if only it would advance their task of founding another great school, and strengthen their leader's hands.

In a letter to a friend on his appointment, he says, "I set about my work with much trepidation and misgiving, but I hope by God's blessing to do my

best," and that blessing on his work was abundantly bestowed. The poverty of the school, the memory of a successful rebellion against the authorities, and the bad odour into which the place had fallen in public esteem, made it hard to fill up masterships. How hard the struggle at first was may be seen by another extract from a letter of his. Speaking of a person to whom he had offered a post, he said, "I hope that we have a work to fulfil, and I believe that his coming would be an important help towards preserving us from destruction. I believe that a man would find a real definite work here, which it rests with himself to make of an earnestly religious character, but at the same time, till our horizon is clearer, and our foundation less sandy, I cannot press him to come." Indomitable patience, firm and even-handed justice, intense self-devotion, an entire sympathy with boys, and a confidence in their honour, added to a fervent and prayerful faith in the Master he served, produced their effects, and bore abundant fruit before long to the lasting benefit of the school he served so well.

In 1858 Dr. Cotton was appointed to the bishopric of Calcutta, and there are many who can gladly recall the part they took in the enthusiastic reception he met with when he came down, after all preliminaries for his departure to India were settled, to bid good-bye to Marlborough. One of his college friends, bound by no common ties, sat up with him for the greater part of the night, as they read and knelt in prayer together in gratitude for all the past, and faith for all the future; and next morning the whole school

turned out to cheer him as he started on his journey. One whose friendship gave him a right to speak said of him, "To know him was to venerate him; to know him well was to love and venerate him with an ardour and depth of devotedness to which I know no parallel." The tragic nature of his death will be remembered by many, and Marlborough grieved for his loss with no common sorrow.

Such a hold had Dr. Cotton gained upon the council, so fully had he won their confidence and admiration, that on his recommendation alone was his successor appointed, without the usual process of competition and selection; and it is with truth that the author of *Memoirs of Bishop Cotton* says, "Rarely has a successor so entirely entered into his predecessor's labour; rarely has a predecessor watched with such loving and grateful affection the continuation and improvement of his task in the hands to which he himself committed it."

The new master, like Dr. Cotton, was an old Rugbeian. Dr. Bradley had been not only indeed an assistant master at Rugby, but had derived his own education from the same source, and both as master and boy came under the influence of Arnold, and imbibed the spirit of his teaching. The reforms, scholastic and financial, commenced by his predecessor, were carried on and developed. Two years after his appointment the great rise in the price of various necessaries, provisions and the like, and the largely increased demand for assistant masters of superior qualifications, causing a necessity for higher salaries, again produced a strain upon the revenues of

the College, and the payment for clergymen's sons was necessarily raised to £54 10*s.*, and for laymen's sons to £72. The council has ever since been enabled to carry on the concerns of the College in a satisfactory way, and they are doubtless encouraged by the estimation in which the College is held in public opinion to feel fully assured that it is now established on a firm foundation.

The necessary provisions cost some eight thousand pounds per annum; wages take over another thousand; the necessary repairs of fabric, and replenishing of furniture, bedding, crockery, and so forth, may be put down at two thousand; salaries take between seven and eight thousand, and there are many other items that help to swell the total.

During the head mastership of Dr. Bradley the school suffered more than once in public estimation from a belief in its unhealthiness. Men of scientific eminence were invited to make suggestions, and no expense was spared in any way in carrying out the suggestions they made. The natural healthiness of its position soon re-asserted itself, and the measures taken were so effective that in 1875 we find the following passage in the *Lancet*:—"Of the schools as yet visited by the *Lancet* commission Marlborough decidedly takes the lead with regard to the excellence of its sanitary arrangements. We have therefore selected this school for our first report, as it so nearly approaches the standard we laid down in our introductory articles as to what such a school should be."

In 1870 Dr. Bradley, owing to ill health and the

strain of school life, resigned his position at Marlborough, and received the appointment of Master of University College, Oxford. He bid his farewell to the school at Christmas, and none of those who were present at the school concert, or subsequently on the opening of the Hall erected in his honour, could doubt how true was the esteem in which he was held, how affectionate the remembrance.

Readers of *Tom Brown's School Days* will no doubt remember the interruption of the great fight on the arrival of the porter. This functionary was no mythical character. After a service at Rugby of twenty-eight years he filled the same position at Marlborough for another twenty-three, and has only within the last few years gone into honourable retirement, his declining years being gilded in the most practical way by the consideration of those who knew his worth. Both the name and person of Voss are well known to thousands, as he outstayed many generations of Rugbeians and Marlburians.

Dr. Farrar succeeded in the spring of 1871 to the magistral chair, and in 1876 resigned it for the canonry of Westminster. As an author of many standard and popular works, and as a powerful orator and preacher, he is known to so wide a circle that the mere mention of his name suffices to recall the position he holds in general esteem, and we need here only add that Marlborough under his rule certainly lost nothing of the high position the labours of his distinguished predecessors had secured it. On his retirement the present popular head master was

selected by the council, and under his guidance the school continues to prosper.

Young as the school is, compared to several of the great public schools, it has won for itself a high position, and we may here well quote the stirring words of Dr. Cotton in a lecture which he delivered to the school in 1855 :—

"We are proud of our mound, our old house, our limes, our terraces, and wilderness; we are glad to be able to people them with the Arch Druid, and John of Marlborough, and Henry III., and the Protector Somerset, and Inigo Jones, and Lady Hertford, and even Thomson. Certainly the work of training up boys to be good Christians and wise men is a nobler, and, we trust, under God's blessing, a more permanent use for our walks and buildings, than those to which they were put by any of their former occupants. A great College ought to endure far longer than the essentially transitory age of Norman feudalism, or the generations of a ducal family, or the shifting popularity and prosperity of an inn. Westminster, established in its present form by the greatest of Queens, claims to have been a school before the Conquest. Winchester, founded in the reign of Richard II., has lasted nearly five hundred years. Eton, in that of Henry VI., has lasted four hundred, and even the comparatively modern Harrow and Rugby have nearly completed their third century. Our fifth act, then, should be of far longer duration than those which have preceded it. It should only terminate with the greatness of England. But that this may be so, the members of this school must

make it worthy to endure; they must adorn it now by the industry, the ready obedience, the manly vigour, the unaffected piety, which are the best graces of boyhood; hereafter, by the active usefulness and Christian earnestness and calm wisdom, which are the brightest ornaments of manhood. We must discourage and root out any habits or feelings which, if suffered to become general amongst us, would make our continued existence an evil instead of a blessing to England. I said that as a College we have no history and no antiquities. Let us hope that if ever we are ancient, we shall also be historical, and have a history worth remembering. Let us at least do our best that this school may long flourish as a useful and honoured seat of Christian education; and if it perishes, let it not perish through our fault."

All schools are glad to watch the careers of their "old boys," and to rejoice in their successes and honours. The youth of Marlborough debars it from much of this, as the roll of great names grows as the centuries roll on. Individual careers often ripen slowly, and the old boys of Marlborough have scarcely yet had time to climb into positions of world-wide cynosure. One hesitates too to speak of living men, and it is one characteristic of a young school, that its distinguished men are most of them still doing good work in the world. A school, moreover, need not be judged by the careers of some few distinguished sons; and it is one of the good points of Marlborough that she does not devote her special attention to those alone whose promise would in after years give a reflected lustre to her name, but strives

as far as in her lies to do her duty to the full for all her children. Beneath the rays of tropic sun, or in the quiet parsonages of the mother land, hundreds of men whose names have not travelled far beyond the sphere of their labours, are fulfilling their careers, and doing useful work in the world.

The roll of honour has received its opening names already, and it will doubtless grow as the years pass by. In the chapel will be seen a memorial window to those who fell in the Crimea amidst the clash of arms or from wounds or sickness, some of them in the brightness of their youth, some in the full vigour of their life, but who all alike died in honour, and gave their lives for England. This memorial window is a record to all succeeding generations of sorrow for their loss and of pride in their heroism ; an appeal to their successors to do their duty, wheresoever they find it, with the same devotion.

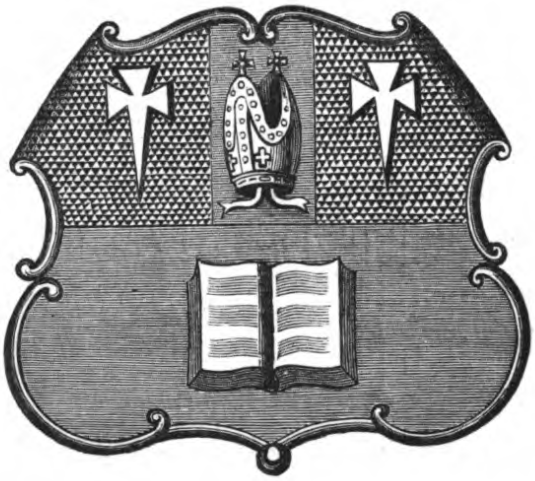
In the Indian Mutiny, in China, Ashantee, Afghanistan, Zululand, the school has had worthy representatives. The first officer and the fourth man to enter Magdala was a young ensign of the 33rd, an old Marlborough boy. In India we find another receiving the Victoria Cross for his cool intrepidity and daring in extinguishing a fire in the Delhi magazine, under a close and heavy musketry fire, at the imminent risk of his own life ; while another earns the same coveted guerdon for saving another's life at the very possible loss of his own, running over a thousand yards to the rescue of a wounded sowar of the 13th Bengal Lancers. The man was in a dry river bed exposed to the fire of the enemy in unknown

strength on either flank, and also from a party in the channel itself, when our hero gathered a handful of soldiers together, reached the wounded man, kept back the enemy, and bore him back in safety.

Another old Marlburian, who only left the school in 1869, received from the Emperor of Russia the Cross of St. Stanislaus, for his services to the Russian wounded during the Russo-Turkish war. He was present with the army as one of the artists of the *Illustrated London News*, but devoted much of his time to the succour of the wounded on the battle field, time after time bringing men in. On one occasion he volunteered to fetch water from a distant well, because the road was so exposed to fire that no Russian soldier dared to go, yet the English lad—for he was then little more—took his life in his hand for the succour of men with whom he had no tie beyond their common humanity, and brought the cooling draught to their dying lips. This was but one incident out of many.

Unselfish devotion shines brightly again and wreathes a crown around one whose name we may here mention with all honour, for he died at his post of duty. Herbert Llewellyn was the surgeon on board the *Alabama* during the civil war in America. In the final struggle, when the ship was sinking, the only two uninjured boats were lowered, and the wounded placed in them. When the boats were full an unwounded man endeavoured to enter one, but Llewellyn held him back. "See," said he, "I want to save my life as much as you do, but let the wounded be cared for first." The officer in command

of the boat offered to make room for him, but still "I will not peril the wounded men," was his reply, so he remained behind, and sank with the ship. His fellow students at Charing Cross, proud of his devotion to duty, and his chivalrous act, erected in the hospital a tablet to his memory. He had already greatly distinguished himself in his studies, and as his gallant spirit was quenched in the cold waters of the English Channel a career that might have been hereafter famous was lost to the world.



ARMS OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

Other distinguished sons of Marlborough are the authors of the *Earthly Paradise*, and *Jason*, and of the pamphlet *Dame Europa's School*, that made so great a stir on its publication, and found so many imitators. Colonel Pulleine of ill-fated Isandlhwana, and Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., who so greatly distinguished himself in the same campaign, may also be mentioned, and to these others doubtless could

readily be added. Enough however has been brought forward to demonstrate that the training given at Marlborough makes its pupils fit to take their place wherever duty calls them; and though the examples given are chiefly military, insomuch as we thus deal with events well known to all our readers, the same devotion to duty is doubtless shown in many a career that earns no cross of valour or memorial tablet, nor receives other recognition than the great "Well done" of Him who sees and judges all alike.

CHAPTER IV.

S we have now given some little sketch of Marlborough itself, and of the great school that derives its name therefrom, we propose to devote the remainder of our space to a description of the leading objects of interest that lie within a reasonable walking distance of the town. The great Temple of Avebury claims our first regard, and to it we first bend our steps. It lies due west of Marlborough, and can be most readily reached by following the main road until we arrive at the village of West Kennet, when the road to the right in the centre of the village is taken, and Avebury is reached in about another mile. Those who are familiar with the great open downs can reach it more speedily by

bearing upon it regardless of path or road, finding the walk a most enjoyable one over the flowery turf; but the high road is not by any means without interest, as we shall hope to show. The whole district is rich in the memorials of the past—a past in many cases so remote, that as we gaze on its relics we find ourselves lost amidst the bygone centuries, silent before the dumb monuments of a prehistoric period.

As we emerge from the west end of the town we see, standing in the grounds of the College, the great mound to which we have already referred. Silbury Hill, a mound near Avebury, is the largest artificial hill in Europe with the exception of one in Eastern Russia, and the College mound takes rank immediately after Silbury. The base is about 1,000 feet in circumference, and the diameter of the summit is 110 feet. It is now so grown over with large trees that it is impossible to form any just idea of its size. During the time of the Normans the castle keep surmounted it; later on, in mediæval times, it became part of the formal pleasure garden of the Seymours. At its base a recess or grotto was excavated, the roof of which was ornamented with patterns in shell work; this is still visible, and the sides of the hill were cut into so as to form a spiral ascent, the summit being crowned with a summer house. Probably before it had thus been tampered with and modified, its dimensions rivalled those of Silbury. John Evelyn, who lived in the stirring times of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II., and William III., has in his diary, under the date of June 9th, 1654, the following

entry: "Dined at Marlborough, which, having been lately fired, was now new built. At one end of this town we saw my Lord Seymour's house, but nothing otherwise observable save the Mount, to which we ascended by windings for nearly half a mile. It seems to have been cast up by hand."

Another reference to it will be found in Macaulay's *History of England.* In writing of the state of England in the year 1685 he gives the following passage: "Of the old baronial keeps many had been shattered by the cannon of Fairfax and Cromwell, and lay in heaps of ruin, overgrown with ivy. Those which remained had lost their martial character, and were now rural palaces of the aristocracy. The moats were turned into preserves of carp and pike. The mounds were planted with fragment shrubs, through which spiral walks ran up to summer houses adorned with mirrors and paintings." In a footnote the author intimates that the Marlborough mound suggested these remarks.

There can be little doubt that it was sepulchral in its origin, and that it owes its exceptional size as a barrow to one of two causes: either that it covers the remains of a large number of men who fell in some struggle hereabout; or that it marks the resting place of some mighty chieftain. The first theory is scarcely tenable in the present case, as one would have imagined that in the various excavations it has undergone some trace of interment would have come to light, though the theory on its own merits is not an unreasonable one, as the next largest mound in Europe, that of Waterloo, covers the remains of the Belgians who fell on that sanguinary field. If on the

other hand we deem it possible that it holds the remains of some one hero, we have a ready analogy in the Egyptian pyramids, colossal monuments that form the tombs of single individuals. Amongst almost all nations, however diverse in geographical distribution or in chronological sequence, some method has been adopted to mark respect for the dead. The most simple and natural kind of monument, and therefore the most ancient and universal, consists either of the barrow or the cairn, a mound of earth or a heap of stones, raised over the remains. Of such monuments we find repeated mention in the Bible, and in the poems of Homer,[1] Virgil, and Horace. The Normans often availed themselves of existing barrows when they lay within the sphere of their building operations; the castle keeps of Oxford, Canterbury, and Lewes are examples of this, and human bones have been found at the base of the two latter.

We have already referred to the association of the name of the great wizard Merlin[2] with the tumulus, the town of Marlborough thus deriving its name from its proximity to Merlin's barrow; but "time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things," draws a veil over the past, and all is vague conjecture. "What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and councillors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism, not to be resolved

[1] Appendix XIV. [2] Appendix XV.

by man. Had they made as good provisions for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration ; vain ashes which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation."[1]

Shortly after passing the tumulus, we see on the face of the down to our left the figure of a white horse, formed by cutting away the turf, and allowing the chalk beneath it to become visible. This has no great claim to antiquity, having been cut by the boys of a school in Marlborough in 1804. An appeal for subscriptions is from time to time made when it appears necessary to scour it. It was no doubt suggested by the great white horse of Uffington, in Berkshire, some fourteen miles away. The Berkshire white horse marks the site of the battle of Ashdown, where King Alfred in 871 won a great victory over the Danes, and its antiquity is undoubted. We find it, for instance, referred to in a charter of King Henry II. to the abbey of Abingdon, the *mons albi equi* being mentioned in defining the position of some adjoining property. The battle of Ashdown had then been fought and won some two hundred years. The Uffington horse is 325 feet long, and covers more than an acre of the hill side. The Marlborough animal is of much more modest proportions, being sixty-one feet long from its nose to the tip of its tail, and forty-seven feet from hoof of fore-leg to tip of its ears.

[1] Appendix XVI.

As we journey towards Avebury, on the hill before us, but too distant for us to include it in our walk, we see a lofty obelisk, the Lansdowne column. This is some three and a half miles from Calne, and is distinctly visible from Granham hill, from the College playing-field, and other points near Marlborough. It stands within the area of Oldbury camp, one of the earthwork fortifications so characteristic of the district, and commands a noble and far-stretching prospect. We refer to it here, though lying somewhat outside our area of country, because on one flank of the hill is a second white horse, that of Cherhill. This was cut in 1780, and its large size makes it visible for many miles.

Another white horse may be seen in the vale of Pewsey. This one was cut in 1812, and may be seen over Salisbury plain from villages twenty miles away. The animal is 165 feet long from head to tip of tail. Yet another of these white horses, and one fully within the district covered by our book, may be seen on the face of the down to our left as we go northward from Marlborough to Broad Hinton; like all the others it dates from comparatively modern times.

Immediately after passing the white horse, and on the same side of the road, the little church at Preshute, surrounded by fine horse-chesnuts, yews, and elms, comes into view. The parish is a very large and straggling one, its area covering 4,479 acres. The church underwent a complete restoration in 1853, but enough old work of one sort or another remains to make it well worth a visit. As we enter the porch we see the ancient piscina. It is in the form of a

flower, four shallow circular bowls forming the four petals; it is, however, no longer in its original position, but it will be seen built vertically into the wall of the porch.

On entering the church, the font is immediately on our left—an interesting object, not only from its history and associations, but from its magnitude and curious form. Within the grounds of the castle, and in close proximity to the mound stood, in ancient times, the chapel of St. Nicholas. All trace of it has now vanished, but it is traditionally held that the font we now see at Preshute was originally in this building. As we find no mention of the castle church until the year 1249, while parts of Preshute are undoubtedly of an earlier date—most of the capitals of the pillars being pure Norman—we may perhaps assume that the older building had no need to go elsewhere for so necessary a feature, and that the font we see before us has always occupied the same position. It is, however, very unlike ordinary Norman work, and as some of King John's children were baptised at Marlborough, and therefore probably at St. Nicholas, local antiquarian feeling would gladly, if possible, associate the event with the font now in Preshute church. The material of which the font is composed is black marble, some parts that had got broken having been, within the last few years, repaired by a cement containing a sufficient quantity of similar marble to agree fairly well with the original. A band of brass surrounding the circumference of the bowl is also a modern addition. It is polished within and without, and its hardness makes no lining necessary. The

form is circular throughout, the shaft being quite plain, and the bowl and foot having mouldings of a very simple character. The dimensions are much greater than one ordinarily sees in such things, the bowl having an exterior diameter of three feet six inches, while the interior measurement is almost three feet. An examination of the font of the neighbouring church of Fyfield will at once show how abnormal in size the Preshute example is. The former, too, is a good and characteristic specimen of Norman work that enables us to see the departure of the latter from the typical work of the period in this direction also. We find amongst other allusions to it in old writers, the following passage in Camden; when speaking of the people of Marlborough, he says: "They brag of nothing more than of the font in the neighbouring church at Preshut," and it may undoubtedly be included amongst those objects of which the inhabitants of the district may legitimately be proud.

The pillars and capitals are, as we have already said, genuine Norman work, great care being taken in the restoration of the church not to tamper with them; the only exception is the semi-pillar attached to the eastern wall of the south aisle. This has conventional floral ornament on its capital of early character, but it is of modern date. Let into the pavement at the foot of this pillar will be found a brass, the only one in the church. It represents John Bailey and his wife and children, the three daughters being placed in a row under the effigy of their father, and the seven sons beneath the mother, and all in a similar attitude of deep devotion. The inscription is

as follows: "pray for the soules of John Bailey and Maryon his wyf, which John decessed the ix day of May, the yere of our lord God MDXVIII, on whose soules Jesu have mercy."

In the vestry of the church will be seen the hatchments of the Daniel family, a race now extinct in the neighbourhood. On the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., the priory of St. Margaret was turned into a private house, and passed into the possession of one "Master Daniel." Portions of the house are still remaining. The Daniels seem to have been great people in their day and generation, as we find them repeatedly entertaining various notabilities passing through the town; and James I.'s prime minister, Sir Robert Cecil, while a guest of the family, died there. Jeffery Daniel of St. Margaret's is mentioned by old Aubrey in his preface as one of his expected coadjutors in the county history, and others we find sitting in Parliament, or occupying other distinguished and honourable positions.

The church registers record the baptisms of three of the Seymour family, and the interment of others, the death of some of the workmen who were accidentally killed in building the family mansion that now forms part of the College buildings, the donation of five guineas towards the national subscription for the rebuilding of St. Paul's cathedral after its destruction in the great fire, and many other interesting items.

Four of the bells bear the date 1710, the fifth being marked 1809, and, like many of the Wiltshire church bells, bears the name of Wells of Aldbourne as its

maker. Beyond the maker's names and the dates, the bells, with one exception, bear no inscriptions or devices.[1] The exception, one of the older set, has the words "*Me resonare jubent pietas mors atque voluptas.*"

We are unable to find any direct reference to Preshute in Domesday book, but this need not surprise us, as Preshute is the name of a parish that includes several villages and hamlets, and there is no actual village of Preshute at all. The various villages and hamlets—such as Manton and Clatford—comprised within its boundary, do appear in the great Norman record. The name is Norman-French, and may be read either as Près-de-Chateau, near the castle, or Prés-de-Chateau, the castle meadows. In 1215 we find King John granting to "Eve, the recluse of Preshute," the gift of a penny a day for life, "for the safety of our soul, and the souls of our predecessors and successors." John, as we have seen, was a frequent visitor to Marlborough, and probably regarded his investment as a very profitable one, not only bearing interest in the increased esteem of those who might else have thought over much of the papal ban, but securing him in addition a place in the heavenly kingdom, when his earthly possessions passed from his grasp.

Soon after passing Preshute church, the village of Manton comes in sight on our left, but before reaching it we see a small chapel by the side of the high road. Adjoining this, and separated from the road by a rough stone wall, is a small plot of turf

[1] Appendix XVII.

overhung by yew trees. This is the burial ground of the Society of Friends, or Quakers,[1]—a sect once numerous in these parts, but now for a long time extinct. Disused and uncared for, the place might readily be passed unnoticed, did we not know that it was the resting place of the nameless and forgotten dead, and therefore fraught with a melancholy interest. Manton itself is a short distance off the high road. It is a long and straggling village, and presents few features of interest. The national school for Preshute parish is situated here, and one of its rooms is, throughout the winter, used nightly as a reading room. There is no regular subscription, but every one using the room pays one halfpenny every time he comes, and for this he is entitled to the enjoyment of well lighted and warmed quarters, the use of a large number of books, periodicals, newspapers, draughts, bagatelle, and so forth.

In a barn on the outskirts of the village are preserved two old carriages, and the harness of the horses. They are very good illustrations of the sort of thing used by our ancestors some 150 years ago, having the high wheels, the broad leather suspension bands, and other features characteristic of that period. They were built for one of the Baskerville family on his being appointed High Sheriff of the county, and bear his coat of arms on their panels. The family formerly lived in the neighbourhood, and their names frequently appear in the Preshute parish register. In a perambulation of Savernake forest ordered by the king in 1300, we find amongst the bourdaries named,

[1] Appendix XVIII.

"the cross of Manton." No relic of this now remains, though in Somersetshire and elsewhere such village crosses are still common. Though the village now bears no trace of it, a considerable degree of antiquity attaches to it. We find it as Manetune in Domesday book,[1] in the possession of Milo, one of the Norman host; one Wigot, its previous holder since the reign of King Edward the Confessor, being dispossessed by the right or wrong of conquest.

A mile or so beyond Manton we come to the inconsiderable hamlet of Clatford. This too is mentioned in Domesday book. Its mill paid twenty shillings to the lord, one Radulphus, and its wood is said to be three-quarters of a mile square. Mills and woods are more often mentioned throughout Domesday book than anything else besides land. The former ground the necessary food, while the latter gave fuel, litter, and provender for swine and other animals, and the pleasures of the chase. The lords of the manor, soon after the conquest, founded here an alien priory in connection with the Abbey of St. Victor en Caux in Normandy, but of this all trace has utterly vanished.

To our right as we journey along the main road is a dip in the downs, known locally as Clatford Bottom. A ten minutes' walk up the road in this hollow brings us in sight of a cist-vaen on the hill side to our left. Amongst the people of the district it is known as the Devil's Den, anything exceptional being in the rustic mind ascribed to Satanic agency; and certainly as we stand before it, it is difficult to explain how the

[1] Appendix XIX.

massive stone that forms the roof could ever have been poised on its supports, and placed in its lofty position by men unprovided with more engineering knowledge than we are in the habit of ascribing to these remote ancestors of ours. The inner clear space is between five and six feet high, and the top stone about thirty-two feet in circumference, its form being roughly circular. On the north-west side natural depressions in one of the supporting stones enable any one to climb to the summit, and in no other way can one so well realise the bulk of the crowning stone. It is naturally the subject of many legends in the district, and few, we imagine, of the people about would care to find themselves too close to it at the solemn hour of midnight, though one of the stories necessitates such a state of things; for we were told that if any one pours water into any of the natural cup-shaped cavities on the top stone at midnight, it will always be found in the morning to be gone, drank by a thirst-tormented fiend; while another of the local stories tell us that as twelve o'clock arrives each night Satan arrives with eight white oxen, and vainly endeavours to pull the structure down, while a white rabbit with fiery eyes sits on the top stone, and aids matters by his advice and general encouragement of the proceedings. Another belief is that if a good child walks seven times round it nothing in particular happens, but that on the seventh revolution of the bad boy or girl a toad comes out and spits fire at them. This legend has probably been constructed by some possessor of ne'er-do-weels, as a sort of bugbear or bogey to hold over them, in the same way that our

immediate ancestors were scared into propriety by the terrors of "Boney," and its efficacy having been proved, it has been incorporated in the mass of beliefs floating in the rustic mind. The examples given are only a very few out of the many stories associated with this ancient pile.

The origin of these singular erections is lost in the mists of far-reaching time. They were erected by those who left us few other records, and none of a literary nature, so that conjecture has had free play, and numerous theories have been broached. In most cases they are evidently sepulchral, the stones forming a cist, large chest, or chamber for the reception of the body. Numerous examples of arrangements of this nature have been found on opening the earth mounds or barrows scattered throughout the land; some having a series of these chambers, each containing an interment, as at Stoney Littleton, though in most cases the arrangement is less elaborate. As we find such erections beneath the superincumbent earth of the barrow, we may perhaps assume that all the dolmens we now see open to the air were at one time the centres of such mounds, the earth having been either removed because it was necessary to level the ground for farming purposes, or in the search after hidden treasure. The Lanyon cromlech[1] in Cornwall furnishes a good example of the way such things may have been denuded. The man to whom the surrounding land belonged had often cast longing eyes at what appeared to be a mound of rich mould, and at last resolved to cart it to his fields; day after

[1] Appendix XX.

day cartloads of the earth were removed, until after the removal of some hundred loads the men came to a large stone which defied all their efforts, and as they went on clearing the earth more carefully around it, a fine cromlech was gradually revealed. The upper stone, the one they first reached, proved to be some eighteen feet by nine in dimensions. As this denudation has occurred within living memory, it supplies us with a solid fact that may in turn be used to indicate how many a mound may in like manner have been stripped, though no record of the operation has been preserved. Within the Cornish cromlech were found, as usual, several funeral urns and human bones.

The earlier students of these antiquities ascribed to them a Druidic origin, and thought them the altars on which human sacrifices were offered to the deities; while others, seeing that the greater number lie east and west, have endeavoured to associate them with sun worship; but more recent researches, and the almost constant evidence of interments, has demonstrated that these cromlechs were sepulchral chambers. The position of the Clatford cistvaen is fairly north and south, and gives, therefore, no countenance to any theory built on orientation. An irreverent visitor once suggested to us the theory, as we stood in front of the venerable pile, that some ancient tribe, finding the time hanging heavily on their hands, had erected it on the same principle that boys will make a snow man, just because they had nothing else to do and the materials lay temptingly to hand, but as even the broacher of the theory probably did not believe in it, we need scarcely ask others to do so.

Well within our own recollection, the valley near the cistvaen was thickly strewn with large stones of the same nature as those of the cromlech itself. These, being comparatively near the road, have now been largely broken up into blocks for paving, but we have only to follow the dip of the valley for a mile or so to find them in thousands. At a little distance they suggest the idea of a flock of sheep grazing, hence they have received the name of the greywethers. These greywethers, or sarsen stones, as they are also termed, form a very curious feature in the district, and one of no mean beauty, as they lie, tinted over with grey and orange lichens, half imbedded in the verdant turf and fern. Their geological association with the Bagshot sand that once covered all the district and which in the distant ages has been swept away, leaving only these memorials, is a very interresting one, and any one turning to the *Journals* of the Geological Society of London may learn much more of their history than can well be recorded here. They are found in the greatest abundance in the valleys north and west of Marlborough ; and in many of the surrounding villages may be seen walls of almost Cyclopean grandeur, produced by piling these enormous blocks on each other, no mortar, of course, being employed. The railway bridge over the Thames at Windsor was built of sarsens from Clatford Bottom ; and an altogether incredible number of them have been utilised in the bridges and other works of the Swindon and Andover Railway. A more interesting example of their use is found in the great circles of Avebury and Stonehenge. Of the former we shall

have more to say presently, but as Stonehenge is rather beyond our district, we may take this opportunity of pointing out that the outer ring of stones, each from fifteen to twenty feet high, exclusive of the portion below the surface of the ground, together with the cross stones that rested on them, and the five great trilithons in the centre, must every one of them have been brought from the Marlborough downs, that being the nearest point where stones of that character are to be found. The syenite stones forming the inner ring are not naturally found nearer than Devon or Wales, so that the monument represents an enormous amount of labour in mere haulage, apart from all considerations of squaring the stones, raising them, and so forth.

Why these stones are called sarsens does not immediately appear. It has been suggested that the Saxons called them Saresyn or Saracen stones because so many of them were used in the construction of the heathen temples of Avebury and Stonehenge—the term, we are asked to believe, being merely equivalent to heathen or pagan ; but in the first place the Saxons were, for a long time, heathens themselves, and in the next, we imagine that the term Saracen would be wholly unknown to the Anglo-Saxons, so that the definition appears to our mind a faulty one. At the same time we are told that the Saxons applied the term "Saresyn" in a similar sense to the invading Danes. If this be any more than a mere random assertion, it may be possible that the Saxons on their conversion to Christianity affixed this name of reproach on the stones. At the

same time we must remember that not one in a thousand, or more possibly one in ten thousand, of these stones, had any association with paganism whatever.[1]

John Aubrey, who personally examined almost everything in Wiltshire between the years 1659 and 1670, and whose writings, in manuscript, are now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, calls them sarsden or sarsdon stones. The meaning of the name puzzled him, and he ascribed it to a village near Andover, called Sarsdon, which he thinks might have its name derived from "Csar's-dene, Cæsar's-dene, Cæsar's-plaine, now Salisbury plain." This perhaps is as lame a definition as could well be concocted, for Cæsar had nothing in any special degree to do with Salisbury plain ; while we know precisely that the greywethers have nothing to do with it, as they do not occur there. Others will tell us that the Romans called them *saxum*, which is possible enough, as that is a legitimate Latin word for rock or stone, but we are further asked to believe that the Romanised Britons corrupted this into sarsen. Many other derivations, all apparently more or less wide of the mark, have been suggested, and the only point that we can be said to know absolutely, is, that we really know nothing about it and must be content to take the word now as we find it.

Many of the people of the neighbourhood firmly believe that the stones grew where they are lying, and that they have not done growing yet. As one walks amongst them—the stones, not the rustics—

[1] Appendix XXI.

we see them at various heights above the ground, some being masses of three or four feet or more in height, while others scarcely protrude at all through the over-lying turf. These latter are, in popular belief, the growing ones, just bursting out of the ground now, but ultimately to be as large as any that surround them. Any attempt at argument or explanation is thrown away—there are the stones, a far more solid fact than anything that can be brought against them. An old writer affirms that as the chalky matter hardened at the creation of the world, these more solid bodies were thrown out by centrifugic force, owing to the rotation of the globe on its axis, and they were thus cast on the surface as we now see them; while others, equally wide of the mark, have sought to account for their presence by the eruptive force of an earthquake. The composition of the sarsens is pure silex, silicious sand agglutinated by a siliceous cement; no fossils have ever been detected in them. It has been conjectured by some that these blocks were transported to their present position by glacial agency; but the uniformity of their nature at once precludes the acceptance of this theory, as it is sufficiently evident that far-travelling, ice-borne boulders would no doubt include rocks of very differing natures. They are without doubt the remaining relics of a long period of denudation, when the land level was lower than we at present find it, and the whole district was submerged—

"Wave rolling after wave, where way they find
If steep, with torrent rapture; if through plain,
Soft ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill;

But they, or underground, or circuit wide,
With serpent error wandering, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore." [1]

Wonderful, therefore, as such relics of an unknown race, as the Devil's Den or the temple at Avebury are, their hoary antiquity shrinks to nothing in comparison with the stones from which they were formed, the memorials of a nameless ocean, that for ages before the advent of man into the world modelled in its flowing these massive boulders, and on its retreat left them stranded as we now see them.

Returning now to the main road and continuing our journey westward, we speedily find ourselves at the small village of Fyfield. The church stands back a little way to our left and is worth a visit. It is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and though it underwent a very thorough restoration in the year 1850 it seems to have survived it better than is always found to be the case, as a great deal of the old work has been carefully preserved. Some fine oak carving in the gallery, of the crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension should be noted; and the old Norman font with its interlacing arches and characteristic mouldings is an interesting feature. The picturesque position of the old grey church amongst the tall elm-trees, the lych-gate at the entrance of the churchyard, and the fine view looking back over the meadows to the forest-crowned hill, make the slight necessary diversion from the road well worth the making.

The village is insignificant now. The area of the parish is almost two thousand acres, while its entire

[1] *Paradise Lost*, Book VII.

population is only some two hundred souls, yet it is a place of no mean antiquity. It is recorded in Domesday Book as possessing large acreage of plough-land

LYCH GATE, FYFIELD CHURCH.

and pasturage, and a wood three furlongs in length and one in breadth. The Bishop of Winchester and one Ulmar seem to have been the leading holders of property before the arrival of the Normans; but in

Domesday Book it is recorded amongst the possessions that fell to the share of Alured de Merleberg, Ulmar, by the grace of Alured, being allowed to retain one hide of his own land on paying due rental. It is also noted in the Norman valuation that a blacksmith's forge worth twelve pence annually is situated in "Fithide."

As we pass out of the village we ascend a long and somewhat steep hill, and on reaching its summit find to our left a road that leads us to the village of Lockeridge, a village that, like Fyfield, figures in the pages of Domesday, where we read that "Durandus tenet Locherige." Much of the village has been lately rebuilt in a decidedly picturesque fashion, and it also possesses fine schools for the joint accommodation of the children of Lockeridge, Fyfield, and Overton. These were erected in 1874, and will seat some 150 children. Unlike most of the villages of our land, the village church may be said to be conspicuous by its absence; there is in fact no such building. The village is in the parish of Overton-cum-Fyfield, and the church-going population of Lockeridge wend their way either to Overton or to Fyfield for their devotions. The sarsen stones we have been describing lie thickly round the little hamlet, and about a mile away from it we come on the line of the famous earthwork, the Wansdyke, of which we shall have more to say presently.

Regaining the high road, a wide stretch of country opens out before us, conspicuous on the crest of one of the nearer hills being a line of tumuli or barrows, the silent monuments of a forgotten people,

while beyond these the hills gradually fade away into the blue haze. As we dip into the valley, we presently find on our left a road, leading to the village of Overton, its church conspicuously crowning a hill, and fully visible from the main road. This church, lately rebuilt and well worthy of inspection both internally and externally, occupies the site of an older building, too ruinous for satisfactory restoration and too small for the requirements of the parish. The old bells of St. Michael's have been re-hung in the new building. One of them bears the inscription "*Sancta : Marga : ora*," an invocation to St. Margaret; another records a fact of which the interest has now perhaps a little passed away—"Thomas Hall, George Browne, churchwardens, 1683"; while another, dated 1606, bears upon it an appeal to "Prayse God." So early as the year 939 we find the village mentioned in a charter of Athelstan; Kennet, Wansdyke, and Hackpen are also mentioned in it, together with the various barrows still scattered about the hills that served in any way to indicate more clearly the boundaries of the domain.

The quiet and deserted aspect of the road renders it difficult for us to realise that we are really on what before the days of railways was the great highway into the west, and we have to stretch our imaginations vigorously before the old days of coaches and "flying machines"[1] can be recalled. In 1743 the men of Marlborough inserted a clause in one of their road bills empowering them to erect lamps on the

[1] Appendix XXII.

roadside between their town and a place called Shepherd's Shore, a point between nine and ten miles from Marlborough on the road to Devizes, a piece of energy of which no trace now remains, as the traveller in 1881 immediately on his exit from the town plunges into the darkness of the night. The road along which we are now inviting our readers to travel with us may be called either the Bath or the Devizes road, traffic for either place running along it until at some distance beyond the farthest point our present journey will reach, the road bifurcates, the Devizes road going off to the south-west.

Soon after leaving Overton behind us a long steady ascent takes us to the summit of the eminence known as Overton Hill and crowned by the line of barrows already referred to. Even the prosaic line of telegraph posts that skirts the road fails to destroy the sense of awe with which these silent mounds in the midst of the open and wide-stretching downland appeal to us, and their effect is peculiarly striking as we climb the hill and see their rounded masses against the sky.

The barrows on the downs of North Wilts would appear, judging by the articles found in them, to have been either earlier in date or belonging to a more primitive people than those found near Salisbury and the southern districts of the county. We read elsewhere of chased and engraved *fibulæ* and of torques and bracelets of gold being disinterred, but the products of the Marlborough barrows give no costly ornaments of jet or amber or gold. Avebury with its grand circle of unhewn stones was a far

older temple doubtless than Stonehenge, and the barrows found in the neighbourhood of each are a further testimony, the costly and elaborate ornaments found in the interments round Stonehenge testifying to a later people and one more conversant with the arts.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare, a most enthusiastic antiquary, and the author of works on the subject of perennial freshness and interest, was no mere theorist. All the barrows now before us were opened under his supervision, though the careful way in which it was done makes it difficult to realise that any such operation was ever performed. In the mound that stands by itself on the left or south side of the road a human skeleton was found, at a depth of ten feet, deposited in a cist of the native chalk of the hill. It lay on its left side, having the head turned to the east, and in the bent-up position of the lower extremities that is so characteristic a feature in all these early interments. Near to the head were found a small lance, a long pin, and a little celt, all of brass. Hoare says of it that it was one of the most perfect interments he ever found: "We uncovered every bone, and were enabled to leave it unmoved and undisturbed." The ancient hero, therefore, still sleeps in peace, undisturbed by the tramp of the Roman soldiery, the Norman host, and all the bustle of the centuries, as the stream of life has flowed on within a few feet of his resting-place, his name, rank, tribe, his alliances, his hopes and fears, his creed, all buried far beyond all human ken in the dust of oblivion. With this exception, all the mounds opened

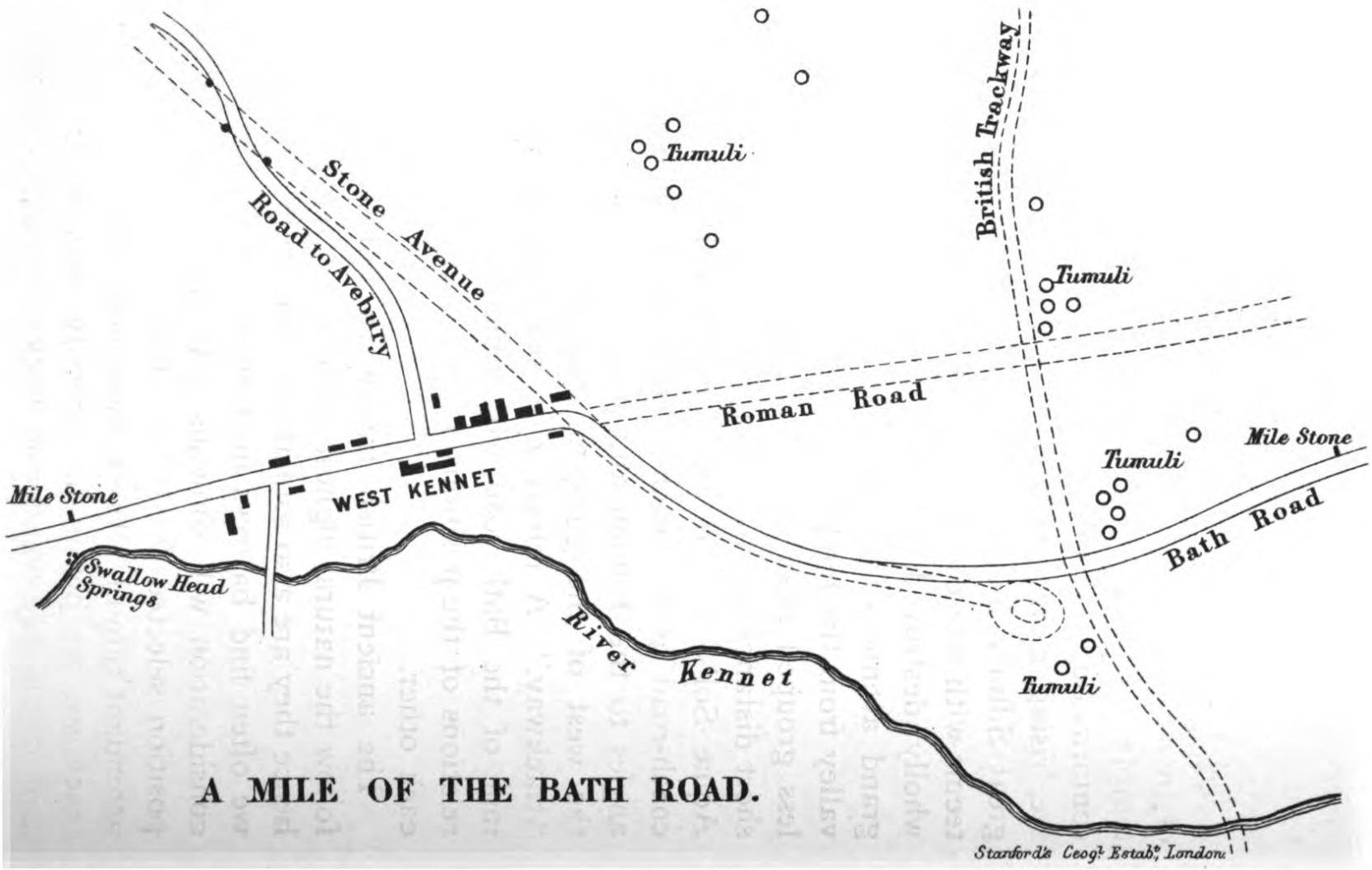
yielded evidences of cremation. The adjoining barrow on the other side of the road is a very fine one, and is even now some seventy feet in diameter. On its being opened a small coin of Edward I. was found, some fourteen inches under the surface; how this got there it would be difficult to say, as it seems too deeply sunk for any casual loss by a mediæval visitor, and yet, judging by the enormous number of these tumuli opened for the first time within the last hundred years, barrow-digging was not one of the pursuits of the learned in the middle ages. The human remains were some few burnt bones, found at a depth of less than eight inches below the natural level of the hill, and near them was discovered a little cup-like urn. The second barrow from the road is 110 feet in diameter, and contained at a depth of over twelve feet a simple interment of burned bones in a cist. The next but one to this is a fine bell-shaped barrow of over 100 feet diameter. On opening it at a depth of only two feet from its summit was found a large urn of rude workmanship, filled with burnt bones and secured from injury by a ring of sarsen stones around it, and another as a covering above. At a depth of ten feet was found the primary deposit, a pile of burnt bones lying on the natural soil.

Numerous other barrows, most of them covered with a little wood of fir-trees, are visible to the north of us. The situations chosen for the burial of these early ancestors of our race is often very striking, commanding a wide prospect over hill and dale; nor is this a peculiarity of the early inhabitants of our own

island. Such monuments, whether seen in Wiltshire or on the rolling prairies of America, are ordinarily placed where they can be seen from afar, and probably formed not only monuments of remembrance, but places of meeting for the tribes on high occasions. Even the mighty pyramids of Egypt are but barrows, a mountain of stone taking the place of the mass of earth. Antiquaries distinguish various forms of barrows, and class the remains found in them into three great periods: the Celtic, the Romano-British, and the Anglo-Saxon; but into the technicalities and details of this most interesting subject it would here be foreign to our purpose to enter. It would appear that when a barrow had once been constructed a certain sacredness attached to the spot, and subsequent interments were made in the same mound, some being by inhumation and others by cremation; and there are often sufficient indications to prove that these interments were not fairly contemporaneous, such as would be those of the relatives of the deceased, but belong to an entirely different period and an altogether different people.[1]

In a book, published in 1725, we read: "On seven burrowes hill, four miles west of Marlburrow, near London way [this does not mean on the London side of Marlborough, but on the main way or road between Bath and London] are forty large stones, sometime standing, but now lying in a large circle, inclosing an

[1] The necessities of our space prevent our dwelling longer on this fascinating study, but the reader will find much interesting information thrown into a very readable form in Llewellynn Jewitt's *Grave Mounds and their Contents*, a very freely illustrated and excellent book on the subject.


Tumuli
Stone Avenue
Road to Avebury
British Trackway
Tumuli
Roman Road
Mile Stone
Tumuli
Mile Stone
WEST KENNET
Bath Road
Swallow Head Springs
River Kennet
Tumuli
A MILE OF THE BATH ROAD.
Stanford's Geogl Estabt, London

inner circle of sixteen large stones, now lying also; testified to be an old British Trophie by the Anglo-British name theirof—Seaven Burrowes, and by those seven large burrowes very near it, with fragments of men's bones." We are now approaching the great temple of Avebury, and though, owing to the conformation of the ground, it is yet invisible, we see, rising clearly before us, the upper half of the great Silbury mound. The present neighbourhood teems with interest, for the "trophie," now unhappily wholly destroyed, marked the termination of the grand avenue of stones that wound over hill and valley from the temple, and these tumuli were doubtless grouped near it from its peculiar sanctity. A short distance to the north ran the Roman road to Aquæ Solis, a road incorporated with the modern coach-road as we reach West Kennet, while at right angles to the Roman and present road, and just to the west of the group of tumuli, ran the ancient "trackway." A reference to our map, showing one mile of the Bath road, will sufficiently indicate the relations of the positions of these various features to each other.

The ancient British trackways almost invariably follow the natural highest contours or ridges of land, hence they are also sometimes called ridge-ways, and we often find barrows near them. A few moments' consideration will show us both the reason for the position selected for the roads and the cause of the attendant tumuli. As we stand now upon the ancient track, we see before us not only the swelling downs and the slowly wandering flocks of sheep, that feed

there on sweet pasture, but the valleys bear everywhere the mark of the plough and the signs of cultivation. The ancient Briton saw no landscape chequered with fields of every shape and colour, no farmsteads or broad Bath road, no strip of verdant meadow in the Kennet valley; but all the lowland was a pathless waste of forest, one great expanse of swampy thicket, for abundance of foliage means humidity of climate, and in this primæval forest lurked the wild boar and the fierce wolf. The hillsides probably and the broad plateaux of down-land on their summits were by no means so bare as we see them now; for both fir and beech grow well on the most exposed heights, and in the earliest days of which we have any record the island is described as one great forest. In such a country the roads would naturally be made where the low-lying swamps could be avoided, and where the bearings of the country were more or less visible; and if we restore in imagination these trackless forests of almost impenetrable foliage, we shall see clearly why the native roads clung to the eminences, and only descended into the valleys when it became necessary to cross them. For the same reason, the advantage of a clear look-out, the numerous camps that surround the district are on the higher ground, the hill forts being defensive positions and places of refuge into which the shaggy herds could be hastily driven when the keen-eyed sentinels detected the stealthy movements of a marauding enemy, while huge bonfires might blaze the alarm abroad and wake up all the neighbouring posts to a sense of approaching peril.

These trackways were the means of communication between the various camps: but of the camps themselves we shall have more to say hereafter.

As we stand on the summit of Seven Burrows Hill, in the south-west we see a high hill, now known as Tan Hill, or St. Ann's Hill, a portion of the southern line of fortified positions, and it was from this defensive post that the ridge-way entered our district and travelled along to Barbary camp, a noble example of primitive fortification that crowns the lofty downs that rise to the north of Marlborough. From thence it travelled to Liddington camp and the more famous camp of the White Horse in Berkshire. We have driven along it for a considerable distance, and in many places its course is very distinctly marked even yet, a broad grassy road with a low mound on either side, as the destroying plough has not wholly penetrated these wilds, and much of the down-land is untouched. This road was the only means of communication between the fortified villages, and along it would travel not only the warlike expeditions, but all the necessary traffic and carriage of supplies, the herds of cattle, and the needful fuel, while the barrows of illustrious chiefs would in some degree make it a *Via Sacra.*

When we have endeavoured to picture to ourselves the state of the country at this early date, we begin to realise the energy of the Roman road-makers and the science they brought to bear on their work, for it could have been no easy thing to carry their track so truly through so difficult a country. Their object was to drive their roads straight from town to town,

and to this principle, the provision of the readiest intercommunication between the various garrisons, all else was subordinate. As we picture to ourselves the steady tramp of the armoured legions marching on the road that their own energy had carried through the gloomy forest, and see the solid roadway carried as straight as an arrow over hill and dale, across morasses and every difficulty, we have a good illustration of the invincible determination of the conquering hosts of Rome, carrying the Roman arms across land and sea hundreds of miles from their base, and in this distant dependency leaving a legacy of good intercommunication that the races which followed them took little trouble to maintain.

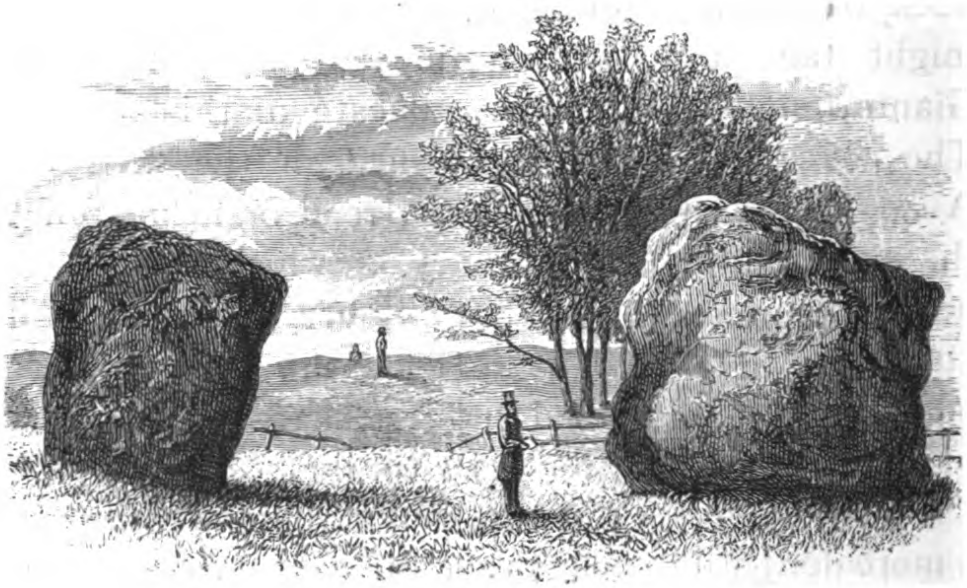
The highest point of the ridge we are standing on is called Hackpen. The meaning of the name is now lost, some authorities inclining to the Saxon *heag*, high, and *pen*, head, while others think it may possibly have marked Haca's pen or inclosure, though history is wholly silent as to the existence of any such person ; he is purely mythical. Another derivation associates it with serpent-worship ; the sum of the whole matter being that we have only the vaguest conjecture before us. To the south we see the white spire of East Kennet church amongst the trees in the valley. It is dedicated to the Saviour, and has been largely restored within the last few years. The parish has a very small population, not possessing a hundred souls to its area of over eight hundred acres. East Kennet was before the dissolution of the monasteries the property of St. Margaret's Priory, Marlborough.

Continuing our walk along the Bath road, we at once descend the western slope of Overton hill, and very shortly find ourselves in the village of West Kennet, an altogether inconsiderable place in itself, but the seat of the manufacture of Kennet ale, an article enjoying a widely-extended reputation. Almost the whole village is associated in this industry, most of the buildings being either concerned in the actual production or storage, or the houses of those connected with it. "Chenete" appears in Domesday Book, Alured de Marleberg being the chief proprietor under the new state of things resulting from the Norman Conquest.[1] About half way through the village we find a road branching off to the right, the road to Avebury.

The approach to Avebury is very striking. The village is itself for some little time invisible, but curiosity is excited and interest sharpened when we pass from time to time massive sarsens by the roadside, and see others in the land adjoining the track, not lying haphazard, but clearly parts of a grand avenue of such stones. As we come in sight of the modern village we see at its entrance other enormous stones, and surrounding all a mighty bank of earth and a deeply-sunk fosse encircling the place, and as we scale the bank and look from its commanding height down into the inclosure we see other massive stones fringing the edge of the ditch, or forming portions of circles in the meadows included in the area. Imposing as these remains are, they are but the poor remnants of departed grandeur, as the

[1] Appendix XXIII.

hand of man has ruthlessly destroyed, within the last hundred years, what centuries of time had been powerless to effect; and one can now only bitterly regret that the village ever found a site within these venerable relics of the past, and that man's cupidity should have destroyed, for the mere value of building materials, or any alleged inconvenience arising from their presence, this grand memorial of a pre-historic



PORTION OF OUTER RING, AVEBURY.

age. Had Avebury temple stood, like Stonehenge, far from the daily life of men, it would probably have been now as perfect as on the day of its dedication, for time itself would fail to corrode it, and the centuries as they rolled by would have seen the mighty fane flourishing in its pristine grandeur.[1]

Aubrey was the first archæologist to bring this noble

[1] Appendix XXIV.

monument into general notice; he may indeed almost be claimed as its discoverer, for we meet with no earlier reference to it. For many centuries it seems to have escaped general attention, and even Aubrey's first introduction to it was of the nature of a surprise. In his book we find the following interesting account of the district. He writes, "These Downes look as if they were sewen with great stones, very thick; and in a dusky evening they looke like a flock of sheep; from whence it takes its name: one might take it to have been the scene where the Giants fought with huge stones against the Gods. The chace led us at length through the village of Aubury, where I was wonderfully surprised at the sight of these vast stones, of which I had never heard before, as also at the mighty Bank and graffe about it. I observed in the inclosure some segments of rude circles, made with these stones, whence I concluded they had been in the old time complete. I left my company a while, entertaining myselfe with a more delightfull indagation, and then, steered by the cry of the Houndes, overtooke the company, and went with them to Kynnet. Our repast was cheerfull, which being ended, we remounted and beat over the downs with our grey hounds. In this afternoon diversion I happened to see Wensditch[1] and an old camp. The evening put a period to our sport, and we returned to the Castle at Marleborough, where we were nobly entertained."

The old Antiquary found a real pleasure, and does

[1] The great earthwork, Wodens-dyke, now called the Wansdyke, to which we shall hereafter make reference.

not hesitate to say so, in the fact that, even in name, he might claim some little connection with his discovery. All readers of archæological tastes must be aware in what diverse forms the orthography of all proper names is encountered: Avebury, no exception to the rule, is even yet often called Abury, and some of its modifications brought it considerably nearer to Aubrey, though the honest old writer himself spells the place Aubury. It would take too long to quote all his remarks on the temple of Avebury: suffice it therefore to say that he gave the remains his closest and most loving attention, not merely as a sentiment, but by an appreciative analysis of the structure; hence his notes will always possess a value that those of some later writers fail to give, as instead of telling us what they truly saw, they have been too eager to make the facts conform to their theories—Stukely being a notable example of this failing.

Aubrey was so far fortunate in being the first in the field, that his sole object was to record his own impressions: he had neither theory to uphold nor to combat; and while he says that "it is very strange that so eminent an antiquitie should lye so long unregarded," antiquaries may rejoice that the earliest record proceeds from his pen.

The quaintly gossiping and always readable Pepys on one of his journeys from Bath, gives us the following interesting allusion to the district. The date is June 15th, 1668. "Rode all day, with some trouble for fear of being out of our way, over the Downes, where the life of the Shepherds is, in fair weather only, pretty. In the afternoon came

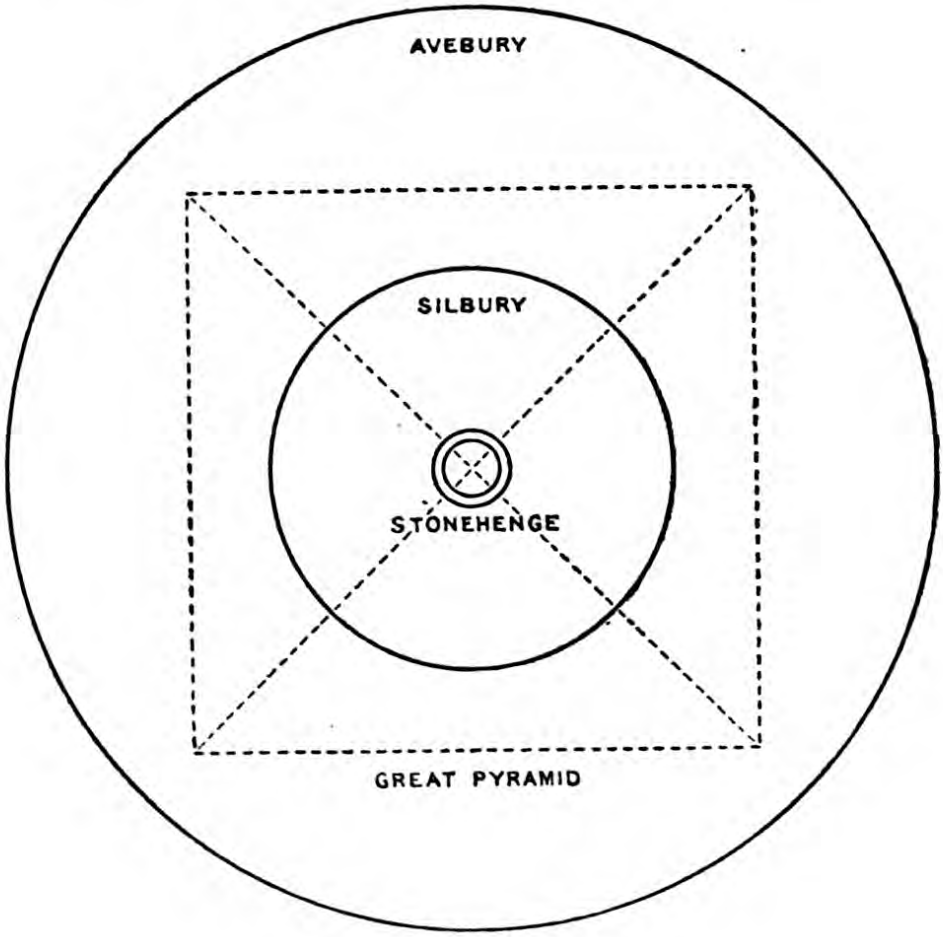
to Abury, where, seeing great stones like those of Stonehenge standing up, I stopped and took a countryman of that town, and he carried me and showed me a place trenched in, with great stones pitched in it, some bigger than Stonehenge in figure, to my great admiration: and he told me that most people of learning, coming by, do come and view them, and that the king did so: and the mount cast hard by is called Silbury, from one king Seall buried there, as tradition says. I did give this man one shilling. So took coach again, seeing one place with great high stones pitched round, which I believe was once some particular building, in some measure like that of Stonehenge. But about a mile off it was prodigious to see how full the Downes are of great stones, and all along the vallies, stones of considerable bigness, most of them growing certainly out of the ground, so thick as to cover the ground, which makes me think the less of the wonder of Stonehenge, for hence they might, undoubtedly, supply themselves with stones, as well as that of Abury. In my way did give to the poor and menders of the highway three shillings. Before night came to Marlborough, and lay at the 'Hart'; a good house and a pretty fair town for a street or two: and what is most singular is, their houses on one side having their penthouses supported with pillars, which makes it a good walk."

A reference to our map will show the position, closely adjacent to the coach-road, of the "place with great high stones pitched round." It formed,—alas that we must speak in the past tense!—the termination of the grand avenue of stones from Avebury, over a

mile away. Both the avenue from the temple and the ring of stones on Overton hill were existing at Aubrey's visit, for he thus describes what he saw. "From the south entrance runnes a solemne Walke of stones pitched on end about seven feet high, more or less, which goes as far as Kynet, which is at least a measured mile from Aubury, and ascends up the hill to another monument of the same kind, but less. The distance of the stones in this walk and the breadth of it, is much about the distance of a noble Walke of Trees of that length; and very probable this Walke was made for Processions." The Overton hill ring of stones has utterly vanished.

The earthwork mound round the temple was not a true circle, though it is an approximation to one. Hoare gives its circumference along the ridge as 4442 feet, and another writer as 4800 feet, but it is evident that in an irregular and weather-worn mass, cut through in some places by roads, and having its flattened top differing in width at various points, absolute exactitude is impossible. The mound rises some twelve yards above the surrounding country, and is some twenty yards broad at its base, and the ditch from whence this body of earth was taken has an inner slope of some five and twenty yards, the distance from the summit of the mound to the opposite side of the ditch being about forty yards. The diameter of the portion inclosed by ditch and mound is at one point 1260 and at another 1170. Aubrey, who, as we have seen, saw it in its entirety, says that any comparison between Avebury and Stonehenge would be as great as the comparison between a

cathedral and a village church,[1] and we have in the accompanying diagram given some idea of the respective magnitudes. The scale is four hundred feet to the inch, or one four thousand eight hundredth of the real size. The outer circle is that of the outer ring of



stones at Avebury; we have taken it at 1260 feet, ignoring the irregularity, as there can be but little doubt that the form striven after by the makers was the circular.[2] This circle, it must be borne in mind, is exclusive of the great enclosing earthwork that lies

[1] Appendix XXV. [2] Appendix XXVI.

beyond it all round. The next circle is the base of Silbury, of the great artificial mound of which we shall presently have to speak ; this is 552 feet in diameter ; while the inner circles, of 105 feet and 83 feet respectively, mark the outer and inner rings of the stones of Stonehenge. In the dotted square we have, for further comparison, given the plan of the Great Pyramid to the same scale, 769 feet each way.

The inner sloping sides of the mound form a vast amphitheatre, much larger than the Colosseum of Rome, and on these banks thousands of spectators could, on the great gatherings of the tribes, witness the imposing rites going on within the area. The fact that the ditch is within instead of beyond the circumscribing mound is a clear indication that nothing of the nature of a fortification was intended. It may have been not only the great ecclesiastical centre, but also the legislative; the place of the great councils of the tribes. The numerous barrows around led to the acceptance for a while of the theory that it was a gigantic place of sepulture ; but subsequent investigations, and the practical demonstrations of the spade, have shown that there is no warrant for such an idea. The presence of the barrows around is easily explained, for naturally the kings and great men would be brought from far and wide to be buried near so sacred a spot—the Westminster Abbey of these bygone times.

A sufficient number of stones still remain in position to enable us to judge by their size, and the interval between them, that the great outer ring was composed of one hundred stones, the distance from

centre to centre of adjacent stones being a little over forty feet, and each stone from fourteen to seventeen feet in width. In 1722 only forty out of the hundred were left. Within this noble outer ring were two lesser stone circles, each consisting of two concentric rings, the outer one being constructed of thirty stones, and the inner of twelve. Each of these smaller rings was four times the size of Stonehenge. They are now sadly dilapidated, and it is somewhat exasperating, when we read that in 1716 they were almost entire, to reflect that, after standing intact for so many centuries, we men of the nineteenth century should have appeared on the scene too late. In the year 1723 merciless greed had reduced the thirty outer stones of the northern temple to nine, six of these being prostrate; and the thirty stones of the southern temple had shrunk to fourteen. The Kennet avenue of one hundred and ninety stones on each side had in 1723 seventy-two remaining. The double ring on Overton Hill had forty and twelve stones respectively in its construction; the outer circle having a diameter of forty yards, and the inner of fifteen. It was then called, by the common people, the Sanctuary.[1]

Dr. Stukeley, the rector of All Saints, Stamford, arrived on the scene just as the work of demolition was proceeding, and at each of several visits he paid he regretfully chronicled the further destruction he witnessed. He speaks of the remains as those of "that stupendous temple of Abury in North Wiltshire, the most august work at this day upon the globe of the earth," and published a very elaborate

[1] Appendix XXVII.

and learned work on the subject, freely illustrated by views and plans, but to some degree spoilt by the too vigorous assertion of a theory he had excogitated. This theory saw in the temple of Avebury, and its two magnificent avenues, a form similar to that of the Egyptian symbol of the circle and serpent; and he placed the Avebury temple midway on the reptile's body, one serpentine avenue terminating in a head, the Sanctuary, and the other gradually reduced in size until it ended, near the present village of Beckhampton, in the tail. Though there are one or two stones between Beckhampton and Avebury, there is no very definite proof that any avenue between the two points ever existed; and Aubrey, who described faithfully what he saw in his day, makes no mention of it—a thing he could scarcely miss doing had it been there, for a grand avenue a mile long over the open downs is hardly a thing to overlook, and, in almost all points where existing remains allow statements to be tested, Aubrey is proved the more reliable man of the two; Stukeley overloading all with elaborate and fantastic interpretations, that the materials before him could not always warrant. His facts are very valuable; his theories to be received with more caution.

Stukeley gives Aubury, Avebury, Avesbury, Abury, and Albury as local names, and suggests various derivations, but soon throws them aside, "the Saxon name is a thing of so low a date in comparison of the temple." His account of the demolition going on is painfully exact: he has names and dates for it all; thus "Farmer Green" demolished the greater part of

the two inner temples for his new house at Beckhampton. A dozen years before our antiquary's arrival on the scene he is told that they were almost entire. "John Fowler," also a farmer, seems to have been moved by this evil example, for he owned to having destroyed several of the stones for building purposes. "Just before I visited this place, to endeavour at preserving the memory of it, the inhabitants were fallen into the custom of demolishing the stones chiefly out of covetousness of the little area of ground each stood upon. They found out the knack of destroying them by fire. One Tom Robinson, the Herostratus of Abury, is particularly eminent for this kind of execution, and he glories over it. One stone would build an ordinary cottage." He gives full particulars of the method of destroying them by the aid of fire, speaks of a stone in which he saw three huge wedges inserted, and so forth; but time will not allow us to follow him throughout his most interesting narrative. The progress of the destruction is sufficiently indicated from the following facts. It is computed that the large outer ring and the two inner temples would require altogether one hundred and eighty-nine stones. When Aubrey wrote in 1663, there were seventy-three remaining. When Dr. Stukeley wrote in 1722 there were twenty-nine; and when Sir Colt Hoare prepared his grand work there were seventeen.

Some writers have found a Phœnician origin in the name and the remains, the two temples being dedicated to the sun and moon respectively, while the outer ring would stand for the host of heaven or its circuit and boundary. One of the inner circles, the

northern one, had three stones in its centre arranged with their faces to each other, so as to present in a plan-view the arrangement of a triangle; two of these are yet standing, and are of enormous height and bulk, while the southern temple had a single stone in its centre. We may, however, perhaps conclude that the temple was rather Druidic. Cæsar, in his *History of the Gallic War*, gives a long and very interesting account of this ancient priesthood, pointing out their influence and the veneration in which they were held. The account is far too long to quote, but we gladly introduce the following pertinent passage:—"Once a year the Druids assemble at a consecrated place. Here such as have any suits depending flock from all parts, and submit implicitly to their judgment. Their institution is supposed to have come originally from Britain, whence it passed into Gaul, and even at this day such as are desirous of being perfect in it travel thither for instruction." From this passage we see that Britain was the great seat of the Druidic rites, and we may readily imagine the two inner rings at Avebury, one the seat of earthly justice, the other the centre of religious observance. In a Bardic poem of Cynddelw we find the following passage:—"Bards will praise thee, even Druids of the Circle, of four dialects, coming from four regions, a Bard of the steep mount will praise thee." In this interesting extract the circle seems to tally with the consecrated place of Cæsar's statement, and one of the four dialects may be that of the priests of Gaul, the voice of the strangers from over the sea joining in the services of their creed at its cradle and highest shrine, while the

high mount of the Bards takes our thoughts irresistibly to the great artificial hill of Silbury, and connects it in some mysterious way with the Druidic ceremonies of Avebury.

The Rev. C. Lucas, curate of the church here, wrote a poem on *The old Serpentine Temple of the Druids at Avebury in North Wilts.* This was published in Marlborough in the year 1795.

About a mile south of Silbury we find another stone circle; and a little north of Avebury, at Winterbourne Bassett, was a double circle of stones, and again at Monkton fields to the north-east another lithic group, while to the west, between Avebury and Beckhampton, we find two large stones called Longstone Cove. Of these there were originally three, the order in which they were placed being similar to that of the arrangement of the three stones in the northern temple of Avebury. To quote Stukeley, "They are set upon the arc of a circle, regarding each other with an obtuse angle." Aubrey, in his *Monumenta Britannica*, calls them the "Devill's Coytes."

We can do no more, in passing, than just refer to the numerous Biblical illustrations of the use of big stones as memorials: [1] such stones, like those of Avebury, were always unhewn; no tool was allowed to shape their rugged forms, or dress their natural surface. "If thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone; for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it. Thou shalt build the altar of whole stones."

A Bill to provide for the better preservation of

[1] Appendix XXVIII.

ancient monuments was recently prepared for the consideration of Parliament, but was unfortunately thrown out. The monuments to be preserved by the action of the Bill were those of British, Celtic, Roman, Danish, and Saxon origin; and injury to them was defined in it as "the destroying, removing, defacing, altering, covering up, building on, or undermining, so as in any manner permanently or temporarily to damage or endanger the safety or stability of a monument, or any part thereof, or any marks thereon," and the Trustees of the British Museum were to be a corporation, under the title of the National Monuments Commission, to superintend the working of the Act. The owner of any such monument might require these commissioners either to consent to an intended injury, or to purchase the monument from him; and a report on all monuments was to be from time to time presented to Parliament. Other clauses provide for access to all such relics of the past, penalties on persons unlawfully destroying or injuring them, the calculation of compensation, and so forth, and at the end is given a list of remains to come within the protection of the Act.

Marlburians may well feel some little gratification on perusing these schedules, for in the fifty-two counties of England and Wales forty-five monuments in all, or not one to a county, are recorded, and of these seven are in Wiltshire, Stonehenge and Old Sarum being in the southern part, and all the others within a radius of six miles of Marlborough. These latter are the vallum and stone remains of Avebury, including the relics of the Kennet Avenue, and the

FONT OF AVEBURY CHURCH.

group between Avebury and Beckhampton, the long barrow at West Kennet, Silbury Hill, the Cist Vaen, or Devil's Den, near Fyfield, and the camp to the north of Marlborough, known as Barbury Castle.[1]

In the presence of the great pre-historic remains of Avebury, all else seems a thing of yesterday, yet the church would elsewhere claim a fair measure of antiquity. We have knowledge of a Saxon church occupying the site of the present building, and in recent restoration works walls of great antiquity were discovered. The present doorway within the picturesque porch is of twelfth-century date, and is as good a specimen of Norman work as one would wish to see. In the churchyard will be seen a stone coffin that was found near the south wall of the chancel, and in Domesday Book we find it recorded that "Rainbold, a priest, holds the church of Avreberie." The building is dedicated to St. James, and, perhaps, the most interesting feature in it is the really beautiful font, carved all over in Romanesque scroll-work of conventional foliage. Any one of antiquarian tastes, who finds himself in the neighbourhood, should not omit seeing this. The five bells have no great interest or antiquity; their dates are 1619, 1619, 1620, 1650, and 1719. In ante-Reformation days an alien priory was founded at Avebury in connection with the Benedictine abbey of Boscharvill in Normandy, but this was afterwards annexed to Winchester College, Oxford. It was part of the fortune of war in mediæval times that when England and France found themselves in antagonism, each

[1] Appendix XXIX.

sequestered the revenues and appropriated the property of such alien institutions.

To the north of the church stands a very excellent specimen of the old English manor-house, its carved ceilings, quaint ivy-clad gables, mullioned windows, and trim old-fashioned garden rendering it a very interesting and typical example.

Retracing our steps to the Bath road, we soon find ourselves in the village of West Kennet, the tall elms that fringe its roadway being a conspicuous feature in the midst of the great expanse of open down land. The neighbourhood of this village of "Cynet" was the scene of a great defeat, we read, of the British by the Danes in the year 1006. As we emerge from the village on our westward walk to Silbury Hill, the road gradually rises, and at its highest point is some distance above the valley on our left. If we here scramble down the steep bank we find ourselves at Swallow-head springs, numerous small streams of water welling forth from the bottom of the bank, and flowing into the Kennet. The true source of the Kennet is some five miles away to the north, near a village called Broad Hinton ; but all this upper portion is often, in dry seasons, waterless, while the Swallow-head springs appear to yield a perennial supply, though there is a legend that the Kennet, on its course through Marlborough, had been dry river-bed for so long on one occasion that potatoes were planted and finally dug where one ordinarily expects to see a watercourse ; and Dr. Cotton, in a lecture he once gave at Marlborough, expresses, we see, a hope that the Kennet may yet again be included amongst the

rivers of England. We find in Leyland that "Kenet risethe north-north-west as Selbiri hille botom, wherby hath ben camps and sepultures of men of warre, as at Aibyri, a myle of, and in dyvers places of the playne."

Soon after passing Swallow-head springs, the great cone of Silbury rises immediately before us; and as a rough line of steps is cut in its side, we scale it, for, immense as it looks from below, only those who have clambered up it and stood on its summit, gazed on the far-stretching view, and seen the dwarfed men and waggons passing beneath, can fully realize its magnitude. A more winding path on the western side facilitates the descent. Stukeley in his book on Avebury, in which Silbury naturally finds a place, as there is doubtless some mysterious connection between the two, says that some of the people to whom he talked remembered King Charles the Second, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Monmouth riding up it—a sufficiently dangerous feat by whomsoever attempted. Advantage was evidently taken of the natural hill over which the road runs, and from this the materials were partly carried over two earthen ridges which are yet very perceptible, and served as bridges over the hollow. When we are on the summit, we easily perceive from the look of the ground that the earth was brought from the parts adjacent to the mound, and lying to its east, west, and north. The hill covers about five acres of ground altogether.

The diameter of Silbury Hill on its summit is 105 feet, or just room enough to accommodate Stonehenge,

which is of the same diameter, while at the base it is somewhat over 500 feet, the projecting ridges of earth making it impossible to do more than arrive at an approximation. Its perpendicular height is 130 feet. It is by far the largest artificial hill in our island, but we read of one almost twice its height on the steppes of Southern Russia. Earthen memorial mounds may be met with all over the world, from the classic pile of Marathon, the time-honoured monument of the noblest day of Athens, or the mound on the sanguinary field of Waterloo, to the monuments reared by the aboriginal races of America and New Zealand. Herodotus, in describing the tombs of the Scythians, says, "The king is placed in a four-cornered excavation, after which they set about raising a great mound, vying with each other and striving to make it as large as possible"; and Homer pictures the Greeks—

> "Designing next the compass of the tomb,
> They marked the boundaries with stones, then filled
> The wide enclosure hastily with earth,
> And having heaped it to its height, retired."

The tumuli of Ajax, Achilles, and Ilus are conical earthworks of this character; the tomb of Ajax, for instance, is earth piled over a vault of masonry in exactly the same way that a cist-vaen, with its covering of earth, holds in Britain the remains of some now nameless and forgotten hero.

While general analogy would lead us to infer that Silbury Hill was sepulchral in its origin, various other theories have been held, some of them possessing

some show of reason, and others scarcely tenable, as for instance the belief that the Romans, whose road passed at its base, erected it as a point of observation. The natural eminence of Overton Hill would effectually do away with the necessity of any such useless labour. Others have imagined it to be the base of the keep of some castle; but no records of any such castle exist, nor are any foundations of masonry found at or near the surface. Some have held that it was, like the mound of Waterloo, at once a memorial of victory and a resting-place of the slain. A mound opened on the Troad was estimated to contain nearly thirty thousand feet of calcined bones, the deposit from an immense funeral pyre after some great battle; but the various excavations into Silbury have revealed no traces of anything of this kind. Others again have advanced the idea that Stonehenge, Avebury, Silbury, the Marlborough mound, and other remains were a grand Druidic planetarium; while some would tell us that it was a hill-temple to Mercury. As this deity was a creation of classic mythology, the idea can scarcely be maintained. Hoare writes, "I think that the stupendous mound at Silbury Hill may have been used as a hill-altar or sacred mound." Such altars were not unknown to various nations of antiquity. In Exodus, for example, we read, "An altar of earth shalt thou raise unto Me, and shalt sacrifice thereon." The most ancient forms of idolatry adore some power or principle of nature—the sun, the moon, and the stars, or the powers of production or destruction; and the dark recesses of the groves or the sterile tops of lofty mountains were chosen

for their altars. So prevalent was the custom that "worshipping on high places" is frequently used to signify idolatry in the Old Testament. Hence some writers have concluded that Silbury was an altar of the sun, and that a never-dying fire illuminated its summit and threw into the sky its ruddy glow in the darkness, its pillar of cloud by day.

We have ourselves little doubt that the hill covers the resting-place of some great warrior, prince, or priest. The mere fact that no interment has been discovered counts, after all, but for little, as the departed, like great Cheops sleeping beneath his mountain of masonry on the Nile, though the cause of the monument, occupies an infinitesimal portion of it. Even if the interment occupied originally the centre of the space to be covered by the earth, the true centre would probably soon be lost as the mound grew, and the pile would naturally have a tendency to grow in the direction from whence the earth could most readily be obtained. The mere fact, therefore, that a passage has been opened to the centre of the mound without result, does not do away with the possibility that somewhere within that gigantic mound rests the man in whose honour it was erected.

The country people have a legend that one King Sel is buried there, and that in the centre of the mound is a man and horse of solid gold, the size of life, of course; hence they readily understand the pertinacious anxiety of archæologists to penetrate the mystery—or think they do, which practically suits them just as well. The people from all the

district round used to hold a sort of anniversary meeting each Palm Sunday on the top, when they feasted on cakes and figs supplemented by water brought from the Swallow-head springs. Stukeley thinks that this old custom shows the time of the year when the old king or arch-Druid was buried, and that the season has been handed down by tradition throughout the ages. We cannot learn that this old custom is still in vogue, and a pilgrimage we made to the hill one Palm Sunday afternoon revealed no trace of it. It was also a common belief of the rustics that in all the sacred tract round Avebury no snakes were to be found, and that even if any were brought they would not live: the dedication of the temple to serpent-worship is here clearly hinted at, though we should have imagined that the chief seat of such worship would not have proved so deleterious to the snakes themselves. Aubrey, on his visit to these parts, seems to have gone away with a very poor idea of their inhabitants; and, we would fain hope, could he visit this sublunary sphere again, that he might see some little improvement in these days of newspapers and penny-readings. He says—"The aborigines speake drawlinge: they are phlegmatique, skins pale and livid, slow and dull, heavy of spirit: hereabout is but little tillage or hard labour, they only milk the cows and make cheese; they live chiefly on milke meates, which cools their braines too much, and hurts their inventions. This makes them melancholy, contemplative, and malicious; by consequence whereof come more law-suites out of North Wiltes, at least double to the southern parts, and by

the same reason they are generally more apt to be fanatiques."

There is one libel on Wiltshiremen which ought in justice to be refuted. The fable is, that a passing traveller saw a rustic raking in a pond on which the moon was brightly shining. On being asked what he was doing, he pointed to the reflection, and observed that he was trying to rake that bright thing out of the water. The traveller went on his way pondering over the deplorable ignorance of the natives of these parts, and the story getting wind earned for them the sobriquet of "moonrakers." As the traveller, however, rode away the countryman fetched out a cask of smuggled spirits, laughing in his sleeve at the credulousness of his questioner. Without aspersing a whole class and all the population of the country side for the deed of one man, we cannot help seeing that this particular Wiltshireman in avoiding one stigma fell into another, and if not a fool was a knave. The real truth will no doubt be found to be that human nature on the Wiltshire downs is very similar to human nature anywhere else, and that the man of Wilts is no better and no worse than the man of Hants or Devon.

Stukeley, a man much given to theorizing, says that Silbury Hill is probably the place of sepulture of one King Cunedha, a famous man amongst the ancient Britons, whose name, we are told, is given in the ancient Arthurian genealogies, and that Kennet derives its name from him; but Colt Hoare is evidently sceptical as to the existence of any such monarch, and says that in any case the days of King

Arthur are far too recent to be admissible. Other writers read the name as Solisbury, the mound of the Sun, or find in the Anglo-Saxon *sel*, great or excellent, and *bury*, a mound, a sufficiently satisfactory derivation ; while others again take refuge in the name of the very traditional King Sel.

Failing an internal evidence forthcoming from the mound itself as to its date, discussion has always turned on the Roman road at hand. These roads, it is well known, were always drawn in as nearly straight lines as possible, and this Roman love of going directly from point to point would hardly allow any deviation for any much less obstacle than Silbury. If, then, it could be proved that the road turned aside here, we should feel certain that the hill was here before the road was made. The point must unfortunately always remain unsettled ; for though we know that the road from Cunetio to Verlucio would find Silbury Hill almost, if not quite, in its direct track, hardly any traces of this road are now left. In the *Marlborough Journal* of August 13th, 1772, we read that "on Monday last as two men were ploughing in a field near Silbury Hill, they found a large earthen pot, containing more than two thousand pieces of Roman copper coin in fine preservation" ; and other finds of Roman date have from time to time been recorded. The argument would probably not be so much dwelt on if Stukeley had not described this turning aside of the Roman road, and drawn sketches to illustrate what then may have been much more clearly marked. One writer does not hesitate to declare his conviction that this grassy mound is

" contemporaneous with the siege of Troy, the wanderings of Ulysses, and the period when Jephtha judged Israel " ; but, on the other hand, another has affirmed that the ruined state of Stonehenge arises from the shaking it got during the Noachic deluge ; and we can only conclude that we are fully justified in assigning to these pre-historic remains a hoary antiquity, without too curiously narrowing them to any very definite date.

Silbury has thrice been opened. In the year 1723 the then owner of the hill proposed to plant some trees on the summit, and, in digging with this intention, they found a little below the surface a human skeleton which crumbled to pieces when touched ; by its side lay an old horse-bit. Whoever this individual may have been, he was not the great king, or the venerable arch-Druid ; for in all these sepulchral mounds the original interment is at the base.

In 1766 an officer named Drax and the Duke of Northumberland employed some miners from the Mendips, and dug a shaft perpendicularly from top to bottom, traces of which can still be seen by those who have scaled the mound, but they only found a rusty knife and a piece of decayed wood. This second opening of the hill seems not to have been very carefully recorded, as the date is sometimes given as 1777 ; and the officer associated with the Duke is in one account said to be a major, and in another a colonel. As next to nothing was found, little interest probably at the time was awakened, though the attempt to solve the mystery appears to have been a very thorough one.

In the year 1849 the archæologists made another determined attempt; and this time a horizontal shaft was burrowed into the centre, but no results rewarded their labour. An urn, as a memorial of the undertaking, was deposited at the end of the burrow; and this contains a record of the operations printed on stout paper, engraved on glass, and impressed on a sheet of lead. One cannot help wondering what these will look like when they next see the light of day, say on the next grand opening of the mound, A.D. 2881.

To the south of Silbury may be seen "Long barrow." Stukeley calls it an arch-Druid's grave, and gives a very fairly good illustration of it in his book. It is some 350 feet long, and rises as usual towards the east end, where several stones appear above ground. It was one of the objects proposed to be covered by the Ancient Monuments Bill.

CHAPTER V.

IN this, our last chapter, we propose to give some account of the various outlying objects of interest that have not already come under our notice; and as we have had occasion from time to time to refer to various castles and camps in the neighbourhood of Marlborough, we begin by giving some little account of them; and we must preface our remarks by a caution to our non-archæological readers as to the nature of these "castles." The ivy-covered walls and towers, the stately gateway and overhanging portcullis, the weedy moats, and all the other picturesque adjuncts of a mediæval fortress are conspicuously absent, and all we see on the bleak hill-top are some few lines of turf-covered bank more or less perfectly inclosing some small portion of the grass-grown and lonely summit. These simple preparations for defence have nevertheless an interest of their own; and the visitor who fails to appreciate these grassy slopes, all fragrant with the wild thyme,

will at least find his reward in the view spread out before him, for these camps are always on high points of vantage, and command a grand stretch of country.

A pleasant walk, either by the Pewsey road or through the fields, takes us to Martinsell, a lofty eminence to the south of Marlborough. This is the abrupt termination of a range of chalk hills running away almost due west, and the point to which we are now making our way is the highest chalk hill but one in England, Inkpen Beacon, 972 feet above the surrounding country, some few miles away to the east being the highest of all. This range of hills is the southern line of fortification for the Marlborough district, and on its various elevations and projecting spurs we come across numerous defensive earthworks. The camp on the summit of Martinsell is very extensive, and forms a sort of irregular oblong, except to the east, where its line follows that of the crest of the hill. Its area was some thirty acres, but the action of the plough and the numerous entrances cut into it for modern agricultural purposes have rendered it in some places difficult to trace the ancient line. The single vallum and fosse prove it to have been the work of the Britons, these simple entrenchments being characteristic of the more ancient people, and easily distinguishable from Roman or Saxon work. The natural advantages of the situation compensate for the weakness of the defensive line, as the hill to be scaled is very precipitous, and the modern Briton is glad to sit down a while and pant when he reaches the summit. The prospect is a glorious

one, and extends over the vale of Pewsey to the south. Before us in the valley we see little villages dotted about; we catch the gleam of the sun on the Kennet and Avon Canal, see the white steam of a passing train, and look over a rich chequering of woodland, meadow, and all the parti-coloured crops of the farmer, while behind all rise the hills of South Wilts, Chidbury, Clearbury, and others, each crowned with their camp; and between two rolling ridges of the distant downs of Salisbury Plain we see a minute needle-like something which we recognize as the upper portion of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, over twenty miles away from us in a direct line. To the east the eye travels over the long line of the forest of Savernake to the pale blue distance beyond; and in the north the great plateau of the Marlborough downs, with Barbury Castle on its verge, is a striking feature. "A romantick countrey, the prospects noble and vast, the downes stockt with numerous flocks of sheep, the turfe rich and fragrant with thyme and burnet."[1]

On the north-eastern slope of Martinsell will be seen a number of curious mounds and hollows, evidently not formed by the hand of nature. These are generally supposed to be the remains of an ancient British village. The dwellings of the early Britons were merely holes in the earth, thatched over with brushwood. Similar "villages" may be seen at a place called Pantewick, a short distance to the south of Marlborough, and on the face of the down on which the white horse is carved. Any one

[1] Aubrey.

wandering down to the remains on Martinsell will find that there is a turf road winding amongst them, and passing to the bottom of the hill ; and if, as his feet stand on this ancient road, and he gazes up to the fort on the hill, the puffs of steam from the distant train seem somewhat of an anachronism, he has imbibed the spirit of the place, and will have laid up for himself abundant materials for thought.

If we continue along the crest of the hill, a very short westerly walk brings us to Huish Hill, and here, besides the same magnificent view to the south, we find another object of interest in the great mass of British entrenchments crowning the hill, and covering a large area of ground. They are very irregular in plan, and seem to have had no very definite system, and may be rather considered the work of a pastoral people, called on at an emergency to defend their lives and possessions, than the labours of more warlike tribes engaged in definitely fortifying a position as an entrenched camp. The "trace," as engineers term it, of the works is often weak ; the most is not made of the advantages of the position ; and the ditches, which should always be external to the works, are in some cases within the parapet. We must however remember, in all our remarks on earthworks, the natural subsidence of the ground as time went on, and bear in mind that these weak-looking banks were much more formidable once.

West of Huish we come to Knap Hill, equally favoured as a point of observation, either for those who would enjoy the beauty of the view, or for

those who saw in it an admirable defensive position and cast around its summit the irregular oval entrenchment we may there see. Three barrows crown it, two being within the line of fortification and the third just beyond it. The conspicuous elevation to the west of us is called Walker's Hill ; it bears on its summit a very large and conspicuous tumulus, and, like all the other eminences of the chain, has its system of mounds and ditches.

On our road from Marlborough to Martinsell, or any of the other camps we have mentioned, we cross the line of the Wansdyke. Near the town the plough and other operations of the farmer have destroyed large portions of it ; but on the open and uncultivated downs it still remains as it has existed for centuries, and may endure for centuries to come.

The Wansdyke, as many of our readers will be aware, is a great earthwork running east and west through Wiltshire and a part of Somersetshire. It was originally over eighty miles in length, and seems to have formed a mighty barrier from the Severn to the Thanet. It consists of a rampart and a ditch, side by side ; and as the ditch is on the northern side, we gather that it was made by the men to southward of it. From the summit of the mound to the bottom of the fosse is in some places forty feet. This grand earthwork enters the district to which we are limited by our title, by Tan Hill, a lofty eminence south-west of Silbury. Over this hill the Wansdyke, pursuing its course from the west, winds in one long embankment ; and here it may be seen to perfection. After extending for some miles over the downs, and

travelling in a somewhat erratic course, "full of elbows," as an old writer says, it enters into the West Wolds, and amidst the surrounding foliage becomes more difficult to trace, as it is thickly overgrown with wood. It may be seen again near the Marlborough Railway line, and then becomes lost in ploughed fields, to reappear again, for a short time, near Chisbury. The nearest point to Marlborough, where it can be seen to fair advantage, is by walking on past Lockeridge until one strikes across it; but those who would see it at its grandest will follow its course over Tan Hill.

Tan Hill, we are sometimes told, is a vulgar misreading of St. Anne's Hill, in the same way that Martinsell is derived from St. Martin's Hill; but it is by no means clear that these saintly amendments are the proper designations after all. We learn from Tacitus that the Belgæ, the inhabitants at one time of this district, had a celebrated temple bearing the name of Tan Fana; and we may not unreasonably suppose that this lofty height on the line of their entrenchment bore a hill-altar to the same deity. A great horse and cattle fair is held on this elevated ridge each year on August 6th. There are no buildings of any kind except two barns, and the horses for sale and those of the visitors are tethered in long rows in the hollows of the ground. On this one day of the year all is noise and bustle—a marked contrast to the solitude that is its natural state. Previous to Naseby, Lord Goring, marching from the west to join the royal standard, appointed the conspicuous Tan Hill as a rendezvous for his adherents,

from whence he marched during the night to Marlborough.

This Wansdyke is vulgarly supposed to have been made by Satanic ingenuity one Wednesday; but the popular voice is not always to be trusted in these matters, and the accepted view amongst archæologists is, that the original mound was made by the Belgæ prior to the Roman invasion, and that after this the Saxons adopted and greatly strengthened it, in the same way that we find them, at Chisbury and elsewhere, availing themselves of the labours of the earlier race as a foundation for their own defences. The name would appear to be pure Saxon, and means Woden's ditch, Woden being the war-god of the Saxons; but when some years ago a road was cut through it, it was discovered that the rampart consisted of two totally different layers, and it is fair to assume that these were made at very different times, the Belgæ constructing the original line as a defence against the Romans or Celts, and then during the Saxon times the bank being considerably raised and strengthened and becoming the boundary line between the West Saxons and the men of Mercia.[1] At Woodborough, near the line of the dyke, the Saxon Woodensburge, the West Saxon king, Ceawlin, was hopelessly defeated, A.D. 590; and here, too, Ina the West Saxon and Ceolred the Mercian fought a sanguinary battle: the whole district was the scene of repeated struggles for the mastery. The Belgæ occupied the country now represented by Somerset, Wilts, and Hants, making Winchester (Venta

[1] Appendix XXX.

Belgarum) and Bath their principal towns. The county of Wilts was after the invasion of Cæsar called Wiltonia, from Wilton, one of its chief towns, and this again took its name from the river Wiley.[1] The kingdom of Wessex consisted of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, Hants, and Berks. The Saxons appear to have had great faith in these dykes; between the Wansdyke and the South Coast were three other similar lines. Like the Dannewerk in Denmark, or the great wall of China, it would prove impossible to garrison the whole properly.

If we follow the road that runs due north of Marlborough for some five miles, we arrive at the fine earthwork called Barbury Castle. The road almost continuously ascends until we reach it, and the view from the summit is very grand. Marlborough stands on a high plateau of land, and the views from Martinsell, Tan Hill, and Barbury are striking illustrations of the fact.[2] The walk over the high down-land is, on a fine day, exceedingly enjoyable, though in winter it is savagely wild and bleak sometimes, and more than once shepherds and travellers have been found frozen to death in these semi-arctic wilds. Even on the high road between Marlborough and Kennet we have seen all trace of the track lost beneath many feet of snowdrift, and readers of Dickens[3] will remember the picture he draws of the bleak desolation of the Marlborough downs in the driving snow and gathering darkness of a winter's afternoon; but even in winter they have a grandly

[1] Appendix XXXI. [2] Appendix XXXII.
[3] See the Bagman's Story in *Pickwick*.

weird charm of their own, and in summer a walk on them is more enjoyable than words can well describe, for the printed page cannot reflect the brilliant sunlight, nor give the sweet song of the lark, or the eerie cry of the restless pewit as it flaps its wings close to the solitary pedestrian.[1] The gentle undulations of the ground, the flying cloud-shadows chasing each other over the verdant expanse, the purity of the air, the carpet of thyme, rock-rose, and wild mignonette,[2] are all things to be enjoyed by those who have any eye for the picturesque, and any appreciation of the beauty of nature, rather than to be detailed, appraised, and set forth in the frigid black and white of the printed page. Raptures at second-hand are so unsatisfactory that we trust our readers will not be content with them, but go and imbibe for themselves the enjoyment of the scene.

Barbury Castle is oval in form; the earthworks comprise an imposing trench, a double rampart, and a barbican or advanced work in front of the eastern entrance. The entire circuit of the outer rampart is eight hundred and eighty yards, or half a mile; the depth of the intervening trench is forty-seven feet, and the area inclosed within this trench is between twelve and thirteen acres. The general direction of the oval is east and west, and at either end was an entrance. The action of the plough has much defaced the outlying barbican or half-moon, but its form is still distinctly traceable. The western entrance needed no such additional defence, as the natural steepness of the hill-side there was a sufficient

[1] Appendix XXXIII. [2] Appendix XXXIV.

defence. In the immediate neighbourhood of the camp are various low banks and other indications of outlying defensive works. This fortification occupies an intermediate position between that on Martinsell and Liddington Castle, and forms an important link in the chain of defences thrown round the Marlborough district. It has generally been considered that this camp was British in its origin, and that the Saxons, on coming into possession of it, merely increased its defensive power. The position is admirably chosen as an outwork: the great stretch of downland suddenly ceases here, and the eye that has grown accustomed to its wild desolation suddenly has spread before it a flat expanse of cultivated fields as far as the eye can reach. This wild hill-side, and the great plain at its base, were the scene of a great fight in the year 556, in which Cynric, king of the West Saxons, and his son Ceawlin, defeated the Britons. The words of the Saxon Chronicle are—"Hoc anno Cynricus et Ceawlinus acre dimicabant contra Britannos ad Beranbyrig."[1]

The only other Saxon camp to which we need now refer is that of Chisbury; for Oldbury, lying to the west beyond Silbury, and Liddington in the north, are rather out of our district. Chisbury is to the south-east of Marlborough, not far from the old town of Bedwyn; and the walk to it through the forest of Savernake, "shadeful Savernake," as Drayton calls it, is a very enjoyable one.

Chisbury, like the other Saxon camps, was probably British in its origin, as during some excavations

[1] Appendix XXXV.

that were made, an embankment some fifteen feet below the present level, some old pottery, charred wood and ashes, and other vestiges of past occupancy were met with ; and the new ramparts appear to have been in some degree reared upon the older ones. The Britons fought stubbornly for their independence. We find Cerdic the Saxon landing on the south coast, and fighting and losing a great battle, in 520, at Badbury in South Wilts, after which the men of Wilts were left alone for some thirty years. Cynric, the son of Cerdic, made a fresh attempt in 552, but was met by so stubborn a resistance that it was not till 556 that he penetrated as far as Barbury ; and this time the decisive combat was in favour of the invaders, and the district was finally incorporated into the kingdom of Wessex.

Cissa, a West Saxon, who was one of the sons of Ælla, landed in 477, and fought his way as far as the point still called Chisbury, or Cissa's fort, and made Bedwyn the capital of his principality or vice-royalty.

Like Barbury, Chisbury is of an oval form, and is surrounded partly by a double and partly by a three-fold rampart, this mass of earthwork being necessary from the less defensive character of the natural position. Like all the other camps we have referred to, it is built on the summit of a hill ; but the sides of this eminence are of more gentle slope than those of Martinsell and Barbury, and need therefore greater artificial defences. The area of Chisbury is nearly fifteen acres, and the circuit of the outer rampart is over a thousand feet; from summit of mound to

bottom of ditch is between forty and fifty feet. Unlike Barbury, which is perfectly bare and open to full inspection at one glance, the ramparts of Chisbury are thickly overgrown with trees, and there are several farm buildings within its area; it is therefore more difficult to trace its plan. One of these buildings, now used as a barn, is a small chapel, some fifty feet long, once dedicated to St. Martin, and still in its lancet windows and general elevation testifying to its ecclesiastical origin. This was formerly associated with the parish church of Great Bedwyn. Though Chisbury is only some six miles from Marlborough, and therefore within a reasonable walking distance, it is only fair to mention that those who prefer to rest in a railway carriage, instead of enjoying the beauties of the forest scenery, will find a station at Bedwyn that will bring them within a few minutes' walk of Cissa's stronghold.

Though Great Bedwyn is scarcely a camp, yet as the ancient capital of Cissa's domain (stretching through East Wilts and the greater part of Berks), it may fairly receive here some little notice.

Bedwyn may be said to live on its associations, as it has nothing now very special to commend it beyond its fine old church. After the Norman Conquest the town was allowed to retain many of its Saxon privileges. It was acknowledged to be a borough by prescriptive right, and had therefore the privilege of returning members to Parliament. We read of members being present at the first Parliament of Edward II., and the right was retained and used until its final disfranchisement in the year 1832.

Leland, in his journey through Wiltshire, A.D. 1540—1542, refers to this privilege, and seems even then to have thought matters ripe for the withdrawal of the franchise. "The toune is prevelyged with a Burges at the Parliament; yet it is but a poore thinge to sight." He calls it Great Bedwine. In Domesday Book it is Bedvynde. Before the Norman Conquest it was held by Edward the Confessor, and the Conqueror succeeded to his rights of possession. "The king holds Bedvynde. This town provides one night's entertainment for the king's household, with all usual customs." This curious obligation long continued in force, and may indeed even now not be extinct: we read that in February, 1442, the king's chamberlain supped there, refreshing himself with capon and wine at the expense of the borough. The king, Henry VI., had availed himself of the privilege of gratuitous board and lodging the year before; and in December, 1200, King John gave the burgesses a call, and supped at their cost.

The old church is dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is worthy of notice from its own antiquity and the monuments, &c., it contains. Amongst these we see the fine altar-tomb of Sir John Seymour, the father of Jane Seymour, consort of Henry VIII., and a brass to Sir John's eldest son. This brass, A.D. 1510, was formerly in the pavement of the chancel, but is now affixed to the north wall. Another brass was to the memory of Thomas Dogeson, vicar, who died in 1501. The small figure of a priest, about fourteen inches long, which once formed the principal portion of the memorial, has at some past date been

purloined, and the inscription is all that now remains. In Domesday we read "*Bristoardus presbyter tenet ecclesiam de Bedvynde*"; as his father held it during the preceding reign, "*pater ejus*" seems to have been upheld in his disbelief in a celibate priesthood.

The Kennet and Avon Canal, which runs near Bedwyn and all along the valley, is now but little used. Its intention was to connect London with the west of England, and it was no doubt exceedingly useful before railways superseded water carriage. The canal was projected in the year 1794, but was not really opened for traffic till 1809.

Of work that can be definitely recognized as Roman we have not so much as might have been expected, in a neighbourhood so dotted over with various relics of the bygone times. The Roman roads in our district were not laid down in the same durable style as those nearer the seat of empire, and they have therefore succumbed to the attacks of the agriculturist, except where they are coincident with the modern highway. The best example of a Roman road near Marlborough may be reached by passing out of the town at its eastern end, and following the Rabley road until it is intersected by a broader track that stretches away on either side in the straight line so characteristic of the work of those great road-makers. This is the road we have been seeking, and for some miles it forms part of the modern highway from Marlborough to Swindon.

The curious old map of Wiltshire, of which we produce in facsimile the district embraced in our book, bears the date 1610, and an intimation that it

was "performed by John Speed, and are to be sold in Pope's Head Alley, against the Exchange."

The nearest of the main roads of communication are the Icknield way, and the Fosse way. The former of these ran from south to east, and approaches our district no nearer than Salisbury Plain, while the latter stretched away from distant Penzance through Exeter, Bath, Cirencester, &c., to still more distant Lincoln, and lay considerably to the north of Marlborough. Our roads are secondary means of communication between these two. The one that intersects the Rabley road runs north from the station of Cunetio, and the road of which we get some few traces near Kennet came away from Spinæ, now Speen, on the great south and east road, the Icknield way, through Cunetio, the modern Mildenhall, and joined the great Fosse way at Aquæ Solis, the modern Bath.

Immediately to the north of the town, and at the south-western angle of the common, is a small oblong inclosure that has been assigned by archæologists a Roman origin, as Roman pottery has been dug up here. It may possibly have been the station of some outlying detachment, the main station being on the great hill facing it on the other side of the Kennet valley. Roman camps were always rectangular and have a single vallum; they were formed even when troops rested for a single night on their march. The area of the Marlborough camp is under an acre. British camps are very irregular in their trace, and follow, ordinarily, the line of the hill on which they are placed; they have a single rampart, while an irregular

trace and a double or triple rampart is a sign of Saxon work.

At Rudge Coppice, a little to the north of Chisbury, a Roman pavement was found in 1723, and at Littlecot the largest Roman pavement ever found in Britain was discovered in 1730, and alas! destroyed three years afterwards; it took up the room probably that was wanted for turnips. This fine relic was forty-one feet long and twenty-eight wide, and consisted of two main divisions. In one division a large two-handled cup was supported by sea-monsters, and a second by tigers; the other had in its centre Apollo playing on his lyre, and in the four surrounding compartments were four female figures riding on four animals: one holding a flower in her hand and seated on a deer; another fondling a swan and riding on a panther; a third mounted on a bull and associated with a vine; while the fourth rode a goat and was empty-handed; the whole being surrounded by the rich bordering almost always a portion of such compositions. The four female figures we may not unreasonably conclude to have been allegorical representations of the seasons.

Though in many parts of the country the Roman roads are now undistinguishable, we have fortunately a literary memorial of them in the *Antonini Iter Britanniarum*, a work executed either for Antoninus Pius or Caracalla. In this record Britain is divided into fifteen itinera, or marching routes, and an account is given of the various stations situated on the military roads. Cunetio is mentioned in the fourteenth *Iter* as coming between Verlucio and Spinæ. As Verlucio

has been identified as a station near the modern Leckham, while Spinæ is the modern Speen, the intermediate post must have been somewhere near Marlborough. Many interesting indications of it are found at Mildenhall, and others at Folly Farm on the forest hill on the other side of the stream. The two spots are within a very short distance of each other, and Hoare takes both, and calls one Upper and the other Lower Cunetio. Folly Farm lies to the left of the London road, on the high downland that forms the summit of the long and steep London Hill, and commands a very fine view over the Kennet valley and the town of Marlborough.

Each new ploughing of the ground reveals fragments of Roman bricks, tiles, pottery, and innumerable coins; remains of tesselated pavement, spoons, and other objects have been from time to time turned up, besides all kinds of *débris*, as oyster-shells, the bones of animals used for food, cooking utensils, and fragments of glass. The locality was no mere camp or temporary position, but was evidently a permanent station of considerable magnitude and importance—a fact no doubt partly to be explained by its advantageous position at the intersection of two great highways, one running north and south, the one we have already seen by the Rabley road; and the other east and west, the Bath and Speen road. The rector of Mildenhall tells us that in a dry season it is quite possible to distinguish the lines of the main streets and thoroughfares of the town by the difference in the growth of the corn.

The dates of the coins found range from the time

of Augustus to that of Honorius, a period of some four centuries; by far the greater number are copper, but occasionally a gold one is thrown up. An extra deep ploughing always results in an increased find of coins, and as the ploughmen are able to sell every specimen they disinter, a keen watch is kept by them. Thousands, altogether, have been discovered, and the supply would appear to be by no means exhausted. We must remember that, in those days, none of the usual banking facilities for the transmitting of cash existed, such as paper money in the form of notes or cheques, and assuredly no post-office orders, so that all the multitudinous details of the business and traffic of a large settlement had to be settled in solid coin. History is almost silent as respects the actual departure of the Roman garrisons, but doubtless in many cases their retreat brought fire and sword on their settlements. The upturning of the soil of Cunetio indicates, from the quantity of charred wood brought to light, that the flight was probably at last a hurried one, and that either the retreating Romans fired the town when they abandoned it, or that it fell beneath the avenging flames of the pursuing foe. The flying garrison would hardly encumber themselves with the burden of a coinage of which the use was passing away, and the Britons do not seem to have thought it worth collection either; and as the settlement was left in ruins, all speedily sank into oblivion. For centuries its relics awakened no interest; its site and even its name passed from the memory of man within a very short period of the eventful day when the Roman soldiers turned their

backs on it for ever, harassed by the guerilla forces of the natives, and their retreat lighted by the consuming flames.

Mildenhall, always locally pronounced Minall, is only a mile and a half from Marlborough. Its situation by the banks of Kennet is picturesque, and the old church is well worth a visit, as it contains a good deal of interesting wood-carving, and other noteworthy features. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and has hitherto escaped "restoration," [1] hence its old iron-bound tower and all its quaint irregularities seen amongst its surrounding of lofty elms are full of interest. Its out-of-the-way position does not seem to have altogether saved it from injury, for we read in Aubrey of "the old glass all spoyled in the late warres," in his notice of the church. As one stands now in its quiet churchyard, far removed from the strife and hum of men and the business of the world, it seems impossible to realise the perfect quiet of the scene as ever disturbed by the din of war; but whatever else we fail to illustrate in our pages, we shall doubtless have borne in upon the minds of our readers the fact, that this peaceful vale of Kennet has seen many a bitter struggle—the stern Romans, the marauding Danes, the Saxons, the Normans, the partisans of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, the adherents of King or Commonwealth, have all in turn swept along it, rent the air with the cry of battle, and crimsoned its gently flowing stream with their life-blood. Times arise in a nation's history when the sharp arbitrament of the sword must be called in, and

[1] Appendix XXXVI.

the thing must be fought out to the end. Poor Englishman indeed, were he, who did not hasten to the side of his king when all the adventurers and rascaldom of Europe flocked to the banner, blessed by his Holiness of Rome, of William of Normandy. Unworthy son of England he who was not found amongst the men to defend the standard of his queen when all the chivalry of Spain, blessed by his Holiness of Rome, would have carried fire and sword throughout our England—yet the sword is, after all, but a poor repairer of wrongs, for the righteous cause often goes down before its keen edge, the winner is not always right, the loser not always paying the just penalty. Many a dweller in the pleasant Kennet valley, far removed from all burning questions, yet constrained in his ruined homestead to taste the bitterness of their fruit, must have been prepared with Mercutio to exclaim, "A plague o' both your houses!"

The area of the parish of Mildenhall is over 4,000 acres, while its population scarcely exceeds 500 souls, men, women and children. Small as the place is, it is not altogether unconnected with our island story. Cunetio, so-called from the Kennet flowing by it, had risen, flourished, and fallen before Mildenhall appeared on the scene, but the village duly appears in Domesday Book.[1] Prior to the Norman conquest it was the property of the Abbey of Glastonbury in the adjoining county, and it continued in the same possession until the reign of Edward I., being one of the comparatively few places that did not change ownership on the arrival of the Normans. Two of its

[1] Appendix XXXVII.

ministers have gone from the pastoral care of the hamlet to the episcopal throne: William Curle, who ultimately became Bishop of Bath and Wells, and George Morley, subsequently Bishop of Winchester. The good deed of another rector, the Rev. C. Francis, shows itself in the excellent school-building and master's house, built and endowed for all future time by a liberal bequest. The donor held the living for over thirty years, from 1788 to 1821. The foundation-stone of the school was laid in 1824.

In the parish of Mildenhall, but closely adjoining Marlborough, we find the small hamlet of Poulton. It appears in Domesday as the holding of Earl Roger, "*Comes Rogerius tenet Poltone.*" In the year 1340 we find a John de Polton in the records; and at Wanborough church, in Wilts, is the brass of Thomas and Edith Polton. A brass plate affixed to the tower commemorates Philip Polton as a benefactor of the church: this particular member of the family was buried in All Souls' College, Oxford, A.D. 1461, and his brass, now headless, is still to be seen there.

A pleasant country walk of four miles beyond Mildenhall, or five and a half from Marlborough, takes us to Ramsbury. "Ramsberie" figures in the great Norman record, and seems to have been a place of considerable importance judging by its assessment, its ten mills, and other items duly set forth, but long before the conquest Ramsbury was a city of note. The present name is a corruption of Ravensburg, or, in the original Anglo-Saxon, Hræfensbyrig. It was the seat of a bishopric from A.D. 705 until after the conquest, and was in monkish Latin called Ecclesia

Corvinensis. As we stand in the modern commonplace streets it seems hard to realise that the names of over one hundred bishops of Ramsbury are recorded. Ramsbury, Wilton, and Sherborne formed the see until A.D. 909, when they were separated from the latter town; and after the Norman conquest several of the smaller bishoprics were united, and formed a new diocese, having its seat at Old Sarum, in the south of the county. Some curious old monuments in the church will repay inspection. A short distance from the village is the old Manor-house of the Burdett family, many of whose tombs may be seen in the chancel of Ramsbury church.[1] The handsome old house stands in a large and well-wooded park, and the Kennet, as it winds amongst the verdant slopes, opens out into a fine lake opposite the mansion, the whole having an air of dignified calm, and a pictorial beauty that is very enjoyable, even to peep at through a broken park paling—the way in which we enjoyed it. The house was built from the designs of John Webb, a nephew and follower of Inigo Jones.

Even when the episcopal see was transferred to Sarum the bishop seems to have retained a domain at Ramsbury, for we read of the chief ranger of Savernake and some of his men breaking into the bishop's park there and harrying the deer—a most reprehensible and short-sighted thing to do; reprehensible because the chief ranger of a neighbouring estate is hardly the man who should be playing poacher, and shortsighted, for in meddling with the

[1] Appendix XXXVIII.

Church's property he not only exposed himself to the law of the land, but brought on his head more spiritual weapons. The offenders incurred the greater excommunication, and had to make full restitution, to do penance before the ban of the Church could be removed, to replace the twelve head of deer, and to pay a fine of twelve barrels of wine. The penance imposed was that they should, on two separate market days, repair to Marlborough stripped to their shirts and nether garments, when the vicar of Marlborough would whip them soundly according to the custom of those good old times, after which they were required to present a wax taper in the Cathedral at Salisbury —on the whole probably a sufficiently deterrent punishment.

Some little distance to the east is the magnificent mansion of Littlecot, its numerous quaint gables, collection of pictures and armour, stained glass, old ironwork, antique furniture and carvings, all studiously maintained; but of all its antiquarian treasures, the wild legends associated with it, the entertainment it has given to royalty, and the beauty of its situation, we must forbear to speak, as it stands beyond the radius we have assigned as our limit, though in speaking of Ramsbury absolute silence as to Littlecot was impossible. A little to the north of Ramsbury, and just over our six-mile radius again, is the village of Aldbourn, one of the domains of William the Conqueror. Aldbourn chace was the favourite hunting ground of King John, and in the year 1643 the battlefield whereon the Earl of Essex suffered defeat at the hands of the king and Prince Rupert. During the

making of a road in 1815 through the chace, some sixty skeletons were disinterred. They had been thrown in without care or order, and were only some two feet or so from the surface; doubtless the remains of some of those who died that day for King or Commonwealth.

All who visit Marlborough will doubtless take an early opportunity of finding their way into the verdant recesses of the adjacent forest of Savernake. It may readily and speedily be reached either by the London or the Salisbury roads, and once gained, forms a magnificent roaming ground in which all tastes will find their gratification. The joyous will roam its emerald slopes with delight as they watch the dappled deer amongst the tall fern, trace the agile squirrels as they leap from branch to branch, or follow with their eyes the glancing flight of the woodland butterflies as they flutter in the sunshine; the sad and sorrowful, the heavily-burdened and anxious, will find rest and refreshment of spirit as the peace and beauty of the scene sink unconsciously into their hearts—and all, rich and poor, young and old, may learn beneath the spreading branches how fair a world they dwell in. The artist, the archæologist, the naturalist, will all find subjects of interest, the first in the noble moss-trunked beech-trees rising in the midst of the bracken, and glowing with autumnal gold against the clear azure of the sky; the second, in the earthworks, &c., to be found amongst its recesses; while the naturalist,[1] be he lover of beast or bird, collector of butterfly or beetle, or student of the

[1] Appendix XXXIX.

floral wealth of nature, will find abundant material of interest.

The noble owner throws all freely open; no long wall has to be skirted, no lodge gate to be unlocked, but all who care to step from the road into its sylvan shades, are free to do so when and where they will. In the life of Thomas Moore, we read under the date of September 8th, 1818: "Walked out through Lord Ailesbury's forest, magnificent! Could ramble through forest scenery for ever;" and all who have wandered in its long-drawn avenues, or stood beneath its giant trees, will know somewhat of the poet's feeling; while M. de Lesseps, the engineer of the Suez Canal, and a great traveller on sea and land, has put on record his conviction that Savernake forest was the finest he had seen in Europe.

The circumference of this noble forest is about sixteen miles, and its area is some four thousand acres, so that it is quite possible to wander in it for a long period before going over the same ground twice, and quite possible too to find that all well-known landmarks have vanished, and that the adventurer or careless rambler is as utterly lost as he might be in the Australian bush, and with about the same chance of finding help to set him on a recognizable track again.

Those who have little time to spare should not omit to see the "grand avenue." The road is some four miles long, and lined with magnificent beech-trees meeting high over head like the vaulting of some grand cathedral. It is best reached from the London road. Directly the forest is entered it may

THE GRAND AVENUE, SAVERNAKE.

be seen, some stone pillars conspicuously marking its commencement. After some little time we reach a point in it known as "the eight walks," as at this point eight roads converge; but the noble avenue continues its direct course, and only terminates when we reach the mansion of the noble owner of all this wealth of sylvan grandeur. A former member of the family proposed to erect an octagonal tower at the meeting-point of the eight roads; this would have been at least as pleasant a feature probably as the gibbet that stood there in the time of Queen Elizabeth, but best of all is the unbroken line of road now seen. This avenue is said to have been planted in the year 1723, and as yet shows no signs of decadence.

The south-eastern of the eight walks leads to what are termed Savernake ruins, a former residence of the Bruces that was accidentally burnt down on the 9th of March, 1861, and has never been rebuilt. The pleasure grounds around it are still maintained in all their original beauty, and form the *locale* of many a pleasant picnic party. The south-western road takes us to the "King Oak" some quarter of a mile distant. Many fine old oaks may be seen in this part of the forest, but the regal patriarch has within the last few years lost the last of its massive branches, and is now only an enormous hollow trunk some four-and-twenty feet in circumference.

Two churches, that of Christ Church, Cadley, and that of St. Catherine's, stand within the forest for the service of the tenants, gamekeepers, and servants of the estate. Christ Church is readily reached by

means of the Salisbury road ; as we descend a rather deep dip we see its spire rising above the trees on the summit of the opposite eminence. St. Catherine's stands about a quarter of a mile from the mansion.

The forest is of hoar antiquity ; so far back as records go we learn of its existence, and we may in fact regard it as a relic still preserved to us of the time when almost all England was one great forest. In a deed of the year 1280 we learn that the forest was much more extensive than at present, stretching its verdant shades from Overton in the west to beyond Hungerford in the east ; but the earliest mention of it is in a grant of lands by King Athelstan to the abbey of Wilton in the year 933, or between nine hundred and a thousand years ago. These lands are described as lying "outside the wood called Safernoc." Edward III. assigned it to his queen, Eleanor, and several warrants relating to it and bearing her signature are still in existence.

The meaning of the word Savernake is uncertain. Some would tell us that it is derived "from Saverne, a peculiar species of sweet fern,[1] and acre, land." Others tell us that Savhr is an ancient word for sand or gravel, and point to the forest gravel-pits to confirm their view, but the only definite ground before us is the fact that all is vain conjecture and speculation. Utilitarians may incline to the second derivation, while the more imaginative and poetical will prefer to think of the grand old forest as the land of fragrant fern.

The forest-crowned hill to the south of Marlborough

[1] Appendix XL.

is now called Postern Hill, but its older name, a relic of Saxon times, is Isbury. It is so steep that the Salisbury road ascends it by a series of zigzags, and along its summit are the remains of intrenchments. Another relic of the bygone times is seen in the Roman pavement some two hundred yards in front of the mansion. Both British and Roman coins are found in the forest, as might naturally be expected, but they do not often appear, as the ground does not get the turning over that the agricultural land outside its borders is yearly undergoing. Some five-and-twenty years ago there was a famous find of British coins, easily distinguishable from Roman by their ruder character and concave surface, in the brickfield on the west end of Isbury. Most of them fell into unappreciative hands, and their value was long unrecognised,[1] though some of them proved to be of extreme rarity—one, an uninscribed copper coin, with a bird on one side, and on the other an unknown device, is the only known specimen of its kind; and it is quite possible that the plough or the spade may again turn up coins of hitherto unknown types, which may give us names of other princes of this country with whom we are at present entirely unacquainted.

Savernake Forest House, one of the seats of the Marquis of Ailesbury, stands in the midst of beautiful natural scenery. The house consists of a central portion and lateral wings, and is built on the site of a previous building that during the civil wars was destroyed; its owner, the Duke of Somerset,[2] being one of the most devoted adherents of Charles I., and

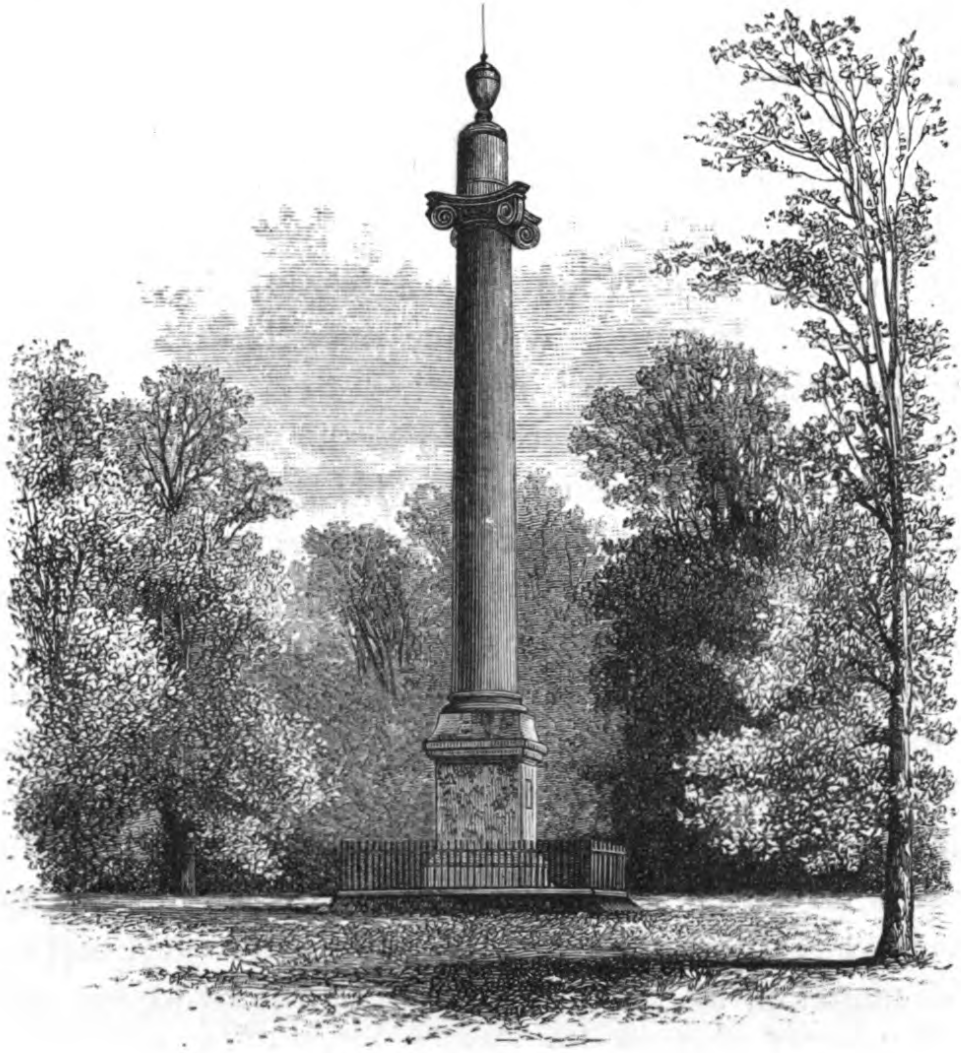
[1] Appendix XLI. [2] Appendix XLII.

therefore exposed to the animosity of the Parliamentarian party. The state rooms contain many fine pictures, and include two examples of Vandycke, a Sir Peter Lely, and a Gaspar Poussin. The two most interesting relics possibly that are there most carefully preserved are the fine pedigree of the Seymour family, and the horn of wardenship. It would be hopeless without long genealogical tables to trace the matrimonial alliances of the Bruces, but all is duly recorded in the beautifully illuminated pedigree, that carries the family history from the time of the Norman Conquest to the end of the last century. It is adorned with numerous illustrative portraits and armorial bearings, the fac-similes of seals, and so forth, and is over twenty feet long, and six wide. It is altogether a most interesting and valuable family record.

The horn of wardenship is of ivory, mounted with rings of silver-gilt. These bands or rings are decorated with panels filled with figures of knights, hunters, and beasts of the chace. The horn itself is about two feet long, its diameter at the larger end being almost six inches. It is figured in the pedigree to which we have referred, and a detailed account of it, with illustrations, may be found in the *Archæologia*. The belt attached to it, but which probably did not originally belong to it, is of green worsted, mounted with silver medallions, containing the arms of the Scotch family of Fitz Duncan, who were allied matrimonially with the Seymours. This curious old relic has descended from the Esturmy family, through the Seymours, to the Bruces, and its possession is the

title by which, under charter of Edward VI., the wardenship of the forest is held.

As we stand at the north front of the house, the



THE FOREST COLUMN.

forest on either side is sufficiently cleared to make a grand open stretch of turf, a wide and verdant avenue; and in its centre, more than a mile from where we are standing, a lofty column rears its head. On its base we find the two following inscriptions:—

"This column was erected by Thomas Bruce, Earl

of Ailesbury, as a testimony of gratitude to his ever-honoured uncle, Charles, Earl of Ailesbury and Elgin, who left to him these estates, and procured for him the barony of Tottenham; and of loyalty to his most gracious sovereign George III., who, unsolicited, conferred on him the honour of an earldom; but above all of piety to God, first, highest, best, whose blessing consecrateth every gift, and fixeth its true value. MDCCLXXXI."

"In commemoration of a signal instance of Heaven's protecting providence over these kingdoms in the year 1789, by restoring to perfect health, from a long and afflicting disorder, our excellent and beloved sovereign George III., this tablet was inscribed by Thomas Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury."

To the south of the forest, and very near Savernake forest, is all that remains of the ancient manor of Wolfhall, a place mentioned as Ulfela in Domesday Book, but more especially interesting as the birth-place of Jane Seymour, one of the numerous consorts of Henry VIII., and of her brothers, Edward, who was afterwards Lord Protector, and Thomas, who married Katherine Parr. But little is now left of the old mansion, as its materials were removed for the building of Savernake Forest House, in 1582, by the Earl of Hertford, the son of the Protector. John Aubrey, whom nothing seems to have escaped, says, "The house has been much bigger, and a great part pulled down within these ten years to build the house of Tocknam Parke." The marriage of Jane Seymour took place here, and a fine old barn, over 170 feet

[1] Appendix XLIII.

long, where part of the wedding festivities were held, is still standing, numerous nails around its walls yet indicating where the rich hangings of tapestry and other decorations were attached. King Henry was here again in 1539 and in 1543; and long after the death of his queen seems to have maintained an affectionate intimacy with her family.

A short distance to the south-west of Wolfhall, we come to the village of Burbage, a place of great antiquity, "Burbetce" being mentioned in Domesday Book. It is a picturesque straggling village six miles to the south-east of Marlborough. The church is dedicated to All Saints, and was, with the exception of the tower, rebuilt in the year 1854. The very fine trees by which it is sheltered and overshadowed, form a very interesting and beautiful feature. The church contains a Seymour chapel, and several memorial windows, one being to Bishop Denison, of Salisbury. The south aisle was added in 1876, and called the Stanton Memorial, in affectionate remembrance of the clergyman of that name, who for three-and-twenty years had been vicar.

Easton, a little over a mile to the west of Burbage, and almost due south of Marlborough, is, owing to the cross-country route, about seven miles really from the latter place, though it comes well within a circle of six miles' radius struck from thence. We may therefore fairly include it, and especially as two features of interest are connected with it. Camden, in his *Britannia,* tells us of a Trinitarian priory established there in Henry III.'s reign for the redemption of captives in the Holy Land or elsewhere

in the hands of the infidel. Many of the earlier Seymours were buried here; but, at the dissolution of the monastic foundations, their tombs and monuments were defaced and broken down. The east window of Easton church, the church of the Holy Trinity, is a memorial to Herbert Llewellyn, a son of the late vicar and an old Marlburian, whose self-devotion, in refusing to imperil the escape of the wounded of the *Alabama* Confederate States war steamer, we have already referred to in our chapter on his old school. The register of the parish dates from the year 1580, but most of the church is comparatively new, extensive alterations and restorations having been effected at various times within the last thirty years or so.

Still continuing to travel round the old borough of Marlborough as a centre, the next point westward is Pewsey. This is about seven miles distant from Marlborough, but being on the Berks and Hants Railway it can be readily reached or left by those who do not care to walk either or both ways. The walk, nevertheless, is a very pleasant one, and not to be lightly put aside in favour of the locomotive. The parish church of St. John the Baptist is a very fine one, and contains a good deal of interesting old work: the piers are very massive, square in section, and, like the arches they support, destitute of any ornamental mouldings. There is a good deal of thirteenth century work about the church, though almost all periods are represented, some of the latest additions not being more than twenty years old. The tower is chiefly perpendicular or Tudor work,

and exhibits a peculiarity not often encountered, being not square in plan, but an oblong. The piscina, sedilia, the font, and the bells are all interesting features. There are six bells: one carries an invocation to St. George; another has the inscription, "Prosperity to this place"; while a third bears on it the words, "God send peace." A good deal of the surrounding land is held by the governors of St. Thomas's Hospital, London. The area of the parish is about five thousand acres, and its population about two thousand souls. Though comparatively a large place in the midst of the little villages and hamlets dotted over the district, it contains little of interest beyond the church, and any one travelling either by the road or railway will get a fair idea of the place on passing through it to reach the church, the road to the object of his search taking him right through the town. "Pevesie" figures in Domesday Book, the church being then held by one "Rainboldus, presbyter," while most of the town seems to have been in the holding of the Abbey of St. Peter at Winchester. "Ipsa ecclesia tenet Pevesie."

Huish, or Hewish, for either way of spelling the word seems accepted, is between three and four miles north-west of Pewsey. Beyond its antiquity, for which, as usual, we may turn to the confirmatory testimony of the great Norman record, it contains no features of great interest. The Norman spelling, Hiwei,[1] is more than usually erratic in this case, and it is only from the fact of the entry occurring where it does, in the midst of more ready recognisable

[1] Appendix XLIV.

names, that we are enabled to assign the place a local habitation as well as a name. If, however, we take the first three letters and pronounce the *hiw* as hew, and the whole word as hew-i, we get much nearer the modern sound than a first glance at the Norman word suggests.

The next points in our circuit are East and West Kennet and Avebury, but to these we have already referred. North of these are the two Winterbournes, Winterbourne - Monkton and Winterbourne - Basset. "Wintreburne" appears in Domesday Book. Both are quite small villages; the church, St. Catherine's, in the latter is very ancient, and contains several interesting monuments of the Baskerville family.

Broad Hinton lies to the north-west of Marlborough. The road to it over the common and downs is very strikingly characteristic of the wild upland scenery of the district. Barbury Camp and the "four-mile clump" rise steeply to the right, and from their lofty eminence the Broad Hinton road can be seen running for miles, like a narrow thread, over the great verdant waste. The Broad Hinton White Horse, cut in the steep falling away of the Marlborough downs into the Swindon valley, we have already referred to: we pass it on our left, and it is a conspicuous object throughout a large area of the great plain lying at its feet. "Hentone" is named in Domesday. The church is a very ancient and interesting one; much of it is Early English work, but both the Decorated and Perpendicular periods are represented in it. The tower contains a peal of six bells: three of them bear the date 1664; the others are more recent, one being

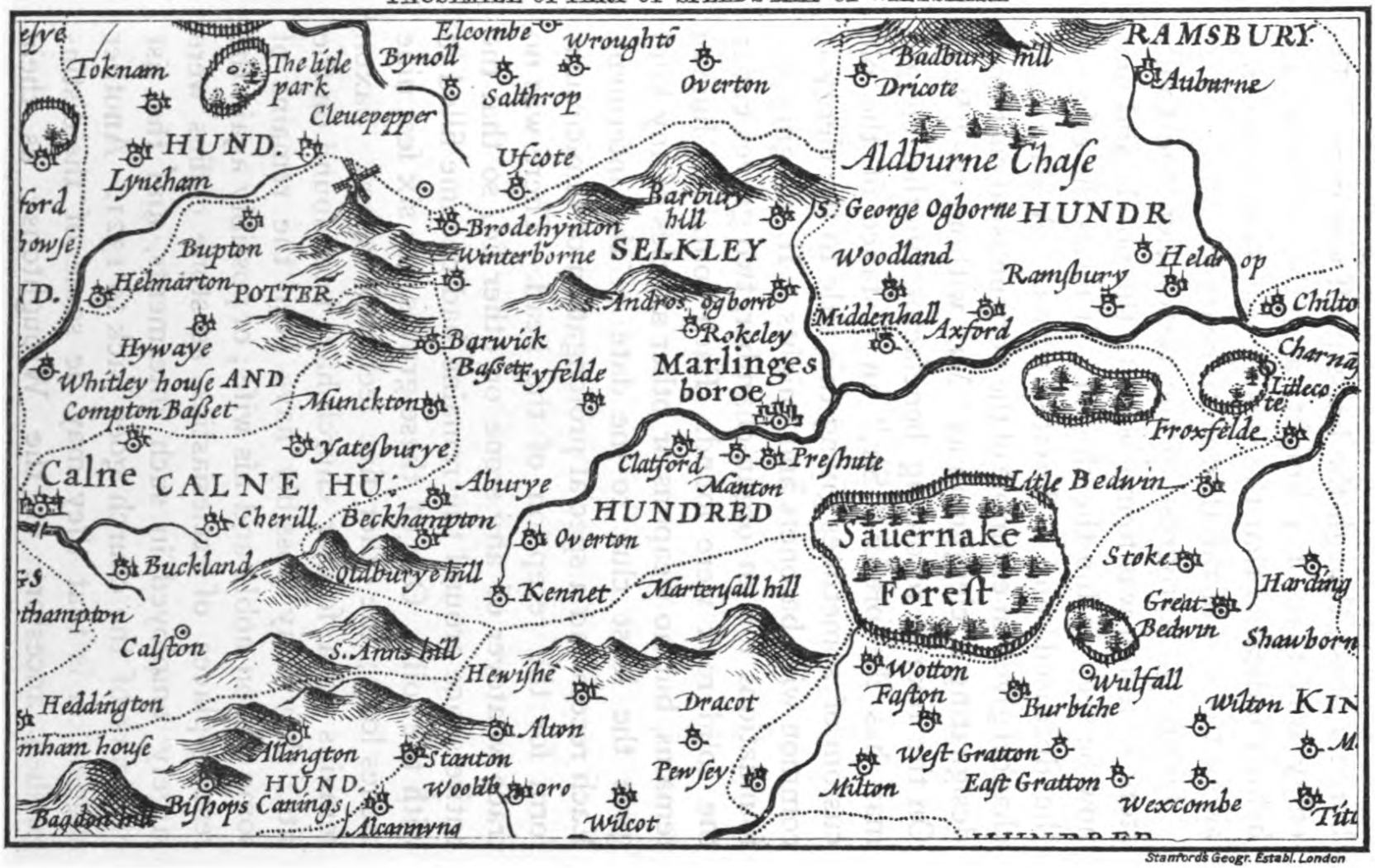
dated as late as 1849. The roof of the church is in fine sixteenth-century oak. In the north wall is a rood-loft staircase, and in the south wall a piscina, both in good preservation; and west of the south entrance is a very curious window or opening, which the vicar, whose heart is evidently wrapped up in his quaint old church, suggests may have been used, before the erection of the porch, for the purpose of dispensing through it a dole. Only one small brass now remains; one to the memory of John Wrofton, who died in the year 1429, having been removed at a later period. Within the communion rails is a mural tablet to the memory of Sir John Glanvil, elected Speaker of the House of Commons A.D. 1640, and near it we see a niche containing a life-sized alabaster figure of Col. Francis Glanvil,[1] who was killed at the siege of Bridgewater in the year 1645. Over the recess are suspended his helmet, sword, and escutcheon. In a large recess on the south side of the chancel is the great monument of Sir Thomas Wroughton, his wife and eight children (A.D. 1591). In the monument the wife is the only one who has hands. A local legend tells us that Sir Thomas, angry at seeing his wife reading the Bible, took it away and threw it on the fire. Shortly after this, a terrible punishment befell him; for not only did his own sacrilegious hands fall off but also those of his children. This large monument, prior to the restoration of the church in 1880, filled up a considerable space in the chancel. On removing it, a slab was found beneath, bearing indications of having once

[1] Appendix XLV.

borne a brass, though the brass itself was gone. The effigy was that of a knight, and the shape of the helmet indicated that the wearer was laid to his rest about the end of the thirteenth century.

During the progress of the restoration the tombstone of a nun was found beneath the porch, and may now be seen within the church. It bears the effigy of the deceased, and a floriated cross. A slab in the chancel gives an example of the very unusual custom of designating a clergyman as "Mr." without the "Rev." On the boards recording benefactors another clergyman has the prefix "Sir," an instance of the old custom of sometimes giving this title to the clergy in common with baronets and knights. In digging the foundations for an organ-chamber, two graves cut in the solid rock were found. Each contained human remains, but no weapons or other articles of any kind gave the least clue to the date of the interment. Each recess had a special prolongation of semicircular form for the reception of the head. There was no trace whatever of any stone or other lid, so that the entire space around the remains had become filled in with the soil. One of these graves was six feet nine inches long; the other five feet nine inches. Saxon remains of a former church have been found on the site: they may possibly have been the remains of some Saxon noble and his wife; or possibly again the resting-places of ecclesiastics, as stone coffins were largely employed in such interments, and the list of vicars of the church goes back to 1321. Another suggestion is that they may be some of the distinguished ancestors of the Wroughtons; as their

FACSIMILE OF PART OF SPEED'S MAP OF WILTSHIRE



name occurs in the locality as early as the year 1356.

The registers date back to 1602, and contain many singular entries, one being the cost of hanging a woman for burning houses belonging to the church. This cost the parish £18 3*s.* 7*d.* The church is rich in stained glass, and an ancient stone coffin in the organ-chamber, with a sword in relief upon its lid, will also call for attention. The old church is well worth making a pilgrimage to. Should our readers enjoy their visit as much as we have ere now done, they will not regret the warmth of our recommendation to them to go and do likewise.

The two Ogbournes lie almost directly north of Marlborough. The first one we arrive at, some two miles from the town, is Ogbourne St. Andrew, in old writings called Ogbourne Parva; while the second, four miles from Marlborough, is Ogbourne St. George, or Ogbourne Magna. They are also sometimes called the Greater and the Lesser, though there is really no very great difference between them. Both are thoroughly country villages; and while one is a little larger than the other in parochial area, the other in turn has a slightly larger population.

Ogbourne St. George is in close proximity to the Roman road running north from Mildenhall. The church, St. George of course, is some six hundred years old. Besides the fine old tower, the visitor will see within the building a brass of the date A.D. 1517, in the pavement of the small chapel at the east end of the north aisle; this commemorates Thomas Goddard and his wife, who, as in the Preshute brass

and other examples, are facing each other, while beneath them are the children. In the Ogbourne brass we see the matrices or empty spaces where a son and a daughter were once represented, but both the effigies are now lost. The bells are five in number. One of them is marked, "To bee the leadinge bell, to prayse and ringe well, 1625." Another has the inscription, "God be our guyd, R.B. 1603." A third has, "Give thanks to God, R.B. 1603." The others have only the names of the maker and of the churchwardens, and the date 1652. Much of the surrounding downland belongs to King's College, Cambridge, and has been more or less successfully brought under cultivation. Ogbourne St. George, during the mediæval period, was the seat of an alien priory, of which Tanner, in his *Notitia*, gives the following details:—"About the year 1149, Maud de Wallingford gave to the Abbey of Bec, in Normandy, the manors and churches of Great and Little Okeburn,[1] at the former of which places a convent of Benedictine monks was fixed, and became the chiefest and richest cell in England of it. It underwent the same fate with the other alien priories, of being seized during the wars with France, and finally suppressed, 2 Henry V. All the tithes and other spiritualities of this religious house were given to Windsor College, and confirmed to them by King Henry V. and King Edward VI.; but the priory and manors of Okeburn Magna and Parva were granted by Henry VI. first to the University of Cambridge and afterwards to the Provost and Fellows of King's College in the

[1] Appendix XLVI.

University. In 1 Edward IV. this priory, or some part of its lands, was granted to the Charter House in London."

Ogbourne St. Andrew presents no very noticeable features. Its church is of the transition period, between Norman and Early English Gothic. On one side of the building we find a little round-headed doorway, with the characteristic Norman mouldings; and on the other side a very similar doorway with Norman mouldings, but pointed in form. The church register dates back to the year 1538. Four of the five bells have only names and dates on them, these latter being 1630, 1630, 1661, and 1719 respectively, while the fifth bears the inscription TRINITATEM ADOREMUS. The village nestles in a valley, and on either side of it rise lofty downs: a very good and striking distant view of this vale may be got from the higher part of Marlborough Common. The Og-bourne, or stream, runs along this valley, and empties itself into the Kennet just to the east of Marlborough. Leland, who received a commission under the great seal of Henry VIII. to travel all over England in search of antiquities, seems to have had eyes for everything, and this petty tributary stream did not escape his notice. Probably it was there when Avebury temple was unbuilt, for it would be the line of natural drainage of the valley down which it runs; and yet it is interesting to find this "broke" referred to, and one naturally associates with it the remembrance of the Tennysonian brook that remained changeless amidst all the mutations of time and the fleeting generations of human life.

The passage to which we refer runs as follows:— "From Ramesbyri about half a mile or I cam into Marlebyri, I passid ovar a broke that cam doun north-west from the hills, and so ran by suth-east into the streme of Kenet, about half a mile byneathe Marlebyri."

A little more than a mile away we come to the little hamlet of Rockley, or Roucleigh, or Roucle, as it was spelt in ancient charters still extant. After the Conquest we find "Rochelie" in the possession of that Alured de Merleberge whose lands we have been continually trenching on in our perambulations. It is in the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Ogbourne Parva, but a small church has lately been erected for the benefit of those who could scarcely be expected in all seasons to scale the great downland that separates the Rockley valley from that in which the parent church stands. This hamlet was the site of a preceptory, belonging to the Knights Templars, in the reign of Henry II., A.D. 1156: an adjoining homestead yet bears the name of Temple farm. Afterwards the lands and revenues of this establishment were handed over to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. In Temple bottom, in the immediate vicinity, stood a similar cist-vaen to that of Clatford. It has been broken up and destroyed within living memory.

Our circuit round Marlborough is now complete: were we to continue it we should next reach Mildenhall and Ramsbury, the points at which we commenced. Our task, imperfectly as we may have worked it out, is therefore finished. Marlborough

past and present, the great school associated with it, the noble forest, the mysterious grandeur of Avebury, have all appeared in our pages; if we have failed to interest the reader, the fault is ours in failing to rise to the level of our subject. Before us has passed a grand panorama of the ages as we travel in thought from the lofty hills being built up through the centuries on the floor of the salt ocean that tossed its waves aloft in the sunshine before the human race sprang into existence; to the forests in which our remote ancestors wandered in chase of the fierce wild boar or stealthy wolf, and thence to the great sea of golden corn that has ripened before our eyes during the past year, as we have day after day watched its progress on the swelling down. Mailed Romans, white-robed bards and Druids, the harrying Danes, the haughty Normans and Plantagenets, the stern Puritans, all crowd our canvas, and speak of bygone rites, or throw the lurid glare of burning homesteads across our path; and as they pass away the philanthropic Howard, the saintly Wesley, appear in our streets—the preachers of mercy and righteousness, and the long line of royal visits is fitly closed amidst the loyal crowds that shout enthusiastic welcome to the fair Alexandra. The quadriga of the Roman governor and the flying-machine that took our grandfathers to the Bath, have given place to the locomotive, and the shadows of the telegraph wires fall across the burial-mounds of nameless warriors. We see how even the history of one small town is woven into the national life, and, following its history in no petty provincial spirit, we learn how stirring is

our island story. The men of countless generations sleep around us in the dust, and all the past speaks to us in warning or encouragement. Be it ours to hand the torch on, that shall brightly illumine the coming days, and prove ourselves no unworthy descendants of the men who, in the forefront of the battle, gave their lives for England, and died that liberty might live.

AUTHORITIES CONSULTED

OR REFERRED TO FOR

THE READER'S BENEFIT FOR FULLER DETAILS.

IT is manifestly impossible in a book of this character, dealing so largely with the past, to avoid, in some degree, availing oneself of the treasures of knowledge stored up already, and our history must necessarily have been a very poor affair had it been entirely the result of our own cogitations. At the same time we have as much as possible gone to the fountain-head in each case, and not derived our knowledge in a diluted form as it has trickled through the writings of subsequent authors; nor have we spared ourselves pains to verify for ourselves as far as possible any statements made. When, for example, we describe Preshute font, our description springs from scores of opportunities of seeing it; when we give the description of Overton bells we are able to do so from having seen the bells themselves. Our measurements of Clatford cist-vaen are the result of our own measuring-cord; our description of the glorious view from Martinsell springs from our own frequent enjoyment of it.

The Iliad.
Domesday Book.
Statutes of Marleberge.
Rogeri de Wendover Chronica.
The Saxon Chronicle.

Cæsar, de Bello Gallico.
Antonini Iter Britanniarum.
Dugdale's Monasticon.
Archæologia.
Camden's Britannia.
Fuller's Worthies.
The Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn.
Britton's Beauties of England and Wales.
Leland's and Aubrey's Notes on Wiltshire Antiquities.
Records of the Borough of Marlborough.
Record Office Papers.
Magna Britannia Antiqua et Nova.
Hall's Chronicles.
Waylen's Marlborough.
Prynne's Remonstrance against the Ship Money.
Stukeley's Avebury.
Sir Colt Hoare's Ancient Wiltshire.
Macaulay's History of England.
Sir Thomas Browne's Urn-Burial.
Jewett's Grave Mounds and their Contents.
Marleborrowe's Miseries.
Drayton's Salisbury Plain.
Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.
Lucas's Serpentine Temple at Avebury.
Marlborough Journal.
Marlborough Magazine.
The Marlburian.
Memoirs of Dr. Cotton.
Magazine of the Wilts Archæological Association.
Reports of the M. C. Natural History Society.
Im Thurn's Birds of Marlborough.
Preston's Flora of Marlborough.
Soame's Coins found near Marlborough.
Etc., etc.

APPENDICES.

APPENDICES.

I.—"Collection to be made in the cities of London and Westminster, and in all other cities, counties, boroughs, towns corporate, and other principal places within England and Wales, and within the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, for the relief of the said inhabitants, and for re-edifying of the same town, not doubting but that a business of this nature, so Christian, and of such concerment to so many ruined and desolate families, will find ready acceptance with all those who have anything of bowels and compassion in them, and that they will be easily provoking to such a cheerful and liberal contribution as shall be answerable to so great a loss." Extract from Memorandum of Council of State at Whitehall, May 18th, 1653. The parliamentarian sympathies of the town won the good-will of Cromwell, and received this marked reward.

II.—Chronicon Walteri de Hemingburgh. "Tenuitque rex parliamentum suum in octavis sancti Martini apud Marleberg, anno regni sui LII ; ubi de consilio discretorum et unanimi voluntate magnatum suororum ad meliorationem regni sui et exhibitionem communis justitiæ multa fecit statuta quæ dicuntur Statuta de Marleberge."

III.—Dugdale, in his *Monasticon* (published in three volumes, the first in 1655, second in 1661, and third in 1673), gives the earliest document known of the Hospital of

St. John. This, dating from the reign of King John, recites and confirms its privileges. It was established for the maintenance of both brethren and sisters. He also gives the "Valor Ecclesiasticus 26 Hen. VIII. Hospitale Sancti Johannis Baptistæ juxta Marleburgh." This includes "Oore, Firma terr'—0 0 8^{d}: Manton Firma terr'—0 13 0: Lockeridge, Redd' assis'—0 8 4: Kennet orien', Firma terr'—0 10 0: Okeborne St. Andr'—0 10 0: Mildenhale, Firma terr'—0 4 0, &c., the total value of the estates being estimated at £7 0*s.* 4*d.*

IV.—Many interesting details may be gathered, though the book is written in a strong party spirit, from reading "*Marleborowes Misereries, or England turned Ireland,* by the Lord Digbey and Daniel O'Neale. Reade and Judge, this being a most true and exact relation." The book was published in 1643. It is quarto size, and may be picked up sometimes in old book catalogues at a price of five or six shillings.

V.—Some few of these, taken from old charters, deeds, coins, &c., may be here given—Marleberg, Marleberge, Marleborrow, Marleburgh, Merleberg, Merleberge, Marlebyri, Marlensborow, Marlingsboroe, Merleberga, Merlberg, Mierleb, Merligesboroe, Marleborough, Mrlbrgei, Mierlbi, Marleborow, Marlbrough, Marlbrow, Mallbrough, Marlborow, Marlebrough, Malburrow, Moulbrough, Marleboro, Marleborowe, Marleboarough, Marlebourough, Morle Brought.

VI.—Rogeri de Wendover Chronica.—"Tunc Merlinus, aliquantulum in extasi mentis positus, tandem respondit, dicens, si volueris, domine mi rex, opere perpetuo sepulturam decorare, mitte pro chorea gigantum, quæ est in Killarao, monte Hiberniæ, ubi talis est lapidum structura qualem nemo hujus ætatis oculis prospexit. Grandes sunt lapides

et mirabiliter collocati, qui, si eo modo hic quo ibi sunt positi locati fuerint, stabunt in æternum et memorabilem facient sepulturam."

VII.—The neighbouring counties supplied as follows :—

Somerset,	1	ship of	800	tons,	320 men and a sum of	£8,000
Dorset	„		550	„	220 „ „	5,000
Hants	„		600	„	260 „ „	6,000

VIII.—The solutions are as follows :—1 Albourn, 2 Pewsey, 3 Avebury, 4 Broad-Hinton, 5 Burbage, 6 Wilcot, 7 Froxfield, 8 Overton, 9 Oare, 10 Beckhampton, 11 Ramsbury, 12 Kennet.

IX.—Meeting of the Wilts Archæological Association at Marlborough, 1859. Visit to Roman station at Folly Farm, to Chisbury camp and Great Bedwyn ; Tottenham House, the seat of the Marquis of Ailesbury, furnished a timely refuge during a storm, pictures, pedigree, tenure horn, &c., shown. Next day Silbury Hill, Avebury, Preshute Church, greywethers, Devil's den and Long-barrow visited. Conversazione and temporary museum. A series of 250 casts of founder's marks, letters, crosses, and other devices from church bells. Portions of glass, iron, and bronze articles found at Roman villa at Castle Copse, near Bedwyn. The Marlborough pillory. Ancient knife and other things found at Preshute Church during its restoration. Papers read on the greywethers, Stonehenge, &c. A dinner (of course) in St. Peter's schoolroom.

The meeting of 1879 necessarily followed much the track of the preceding. The first day's journey was over Wansdyke to Oare Hill and Huish to see the earthworks there, Martinsell for view, and ancient British village, Savernake Forest and Tottenham House. History repeated itself, and a heavy storm drenched many of the party. Grand avenue.

On the following day Rockley was visited, and a barrow opened; Barbury Castle, British trackway, Broad-Hinton, Avebury, Silbury. Temporary museum and conversazione in the Bradleian at the College; the Marlborough bucket, pillory, maces, and charters; bronze knives, and other things found at Barbury, the archæological and other collections of the College Natural History Society, and many other objects exhibited. Papers on the Marlborough Court books; on Savernake Forest; on the Roman coins found in the neighbourhood; and on fruits and seeds were read, and there was a dinner in the Town Hall.

X.—The words of the Carmen are by the Rev. C. W. Moule, and these have been very successfully set to music by Schulthes. The song is sung in the original Latin, but we append the English version as well:—

Libros! chartas! aufer talia!
Vos salvete Saturnalia!
Sortes hodie permutentur:
Qui docebant jam docentur!
Adeste qui vocales!
Eamus O sodales!
Sequamur frater fratrem,
Canentes Almam Matrem.

Blackboards and grammars, go your ways!
O welcome Christmas holidays!
'Tis freedom's hour, we claim our turn:
To-night, good teachers, sit and learn.
Rise, ye men of song!
All good fellows, come along!
Brother following brother,
Celebrate our Common Mother!

Liberi sed idem sani
Sacrum Carmen instauramus:
Este procul O profani,
Claram, caram, dum laudamus:
Adeste, etc.

The hour of freedom, not of folly;
Our chorus is a sacred thing:
Avaunt, profane, the ground is holy,
So rare, so fair is she we sing.
Rise, &c.

Urbem lautam nil moramur;
Rus apertum noster amor;
Hoc nos firmat—sic Etruria
Fortis crevit—sic Marlburia!
Adeste, etc.

A fig for fashionable towns!
Give us green woods and open downs:
By country life Etruria grew
So valiant, and Marlburia too!
Rise, &c.

Nec juventas est pudori;
Novi simus, dum decori.
Non, ut arbor, senescendo
Diu vivas sed merendo!
Adeste, etc.

Taunt us with youth—we feel no shame,
Nor ask for age, content with fame;
It is not growing like a tree
Adds life, but doing worthily.
Rise, &c.

Latericii num sint muri
Sumus unicè securi:
Dum virtute poliatur,
Marmor est qui fuit later!
Adeste, etc.

Though brick is plain and marble rich,
Our walls may show we care not which;
If *we* are bricks and do our duty,
The red will whiten into beauty.
Rise, &c.

Quem virum (sed ipse scio)
Sumis celebrare, Clio?
Illud tantum dubitatur,
Praeses an sit iste PATER.
Adeste, etc.

Say, Clio, whom (but none can doubt)
Thy herald-harp first singles out?
Our Master he—or bears he rather
The homelier, greater name of Father.
Rise, &c.

Suam laudem da Togatis:
Gens magistra floreatis
Per tot dura nostras mentes
Feras esse non sinentes!
Adeste, etc.

With him the Masters' conclave bless;
Their gownéd shadow ne'er be less!
We vex them, but they scorn despair,
And graft our wild grown wits to bear.
Rise, &c.

Vivat vis Pedariorum!
Vivat Undecimvirorum!
Folle, pilâ, seu tormento,
Civitati propugnanto!
Adeste, etc.

Be strong, Elevens, to bowl and shoot:
Be strong, O Regiment of the Foot.
With ball of skin, or lead, or leather,
Stand for the Commonwealth together.
Rise, &c.

Prisca! Nova! Domus clarae
Scitis et vos decertare;
Sin quaeratur "praestet utra,"
Echo respondebit "Neutra."
Adeste, etc.

Nor, famous Houses, Old and New,
Are battles all unknown to you;
Yet clamoured either "I'm the greater,"
Echo would rate her for a prater.
Rise, &c.

Quantus sudor! quantus clamor!
Tantum potest laudis amor!
Nec victus invidet victori;
Pulchrum est pro Domo mori!
Adeste, etc.

The fight grows hot! the shouts ascend!
And simple honour is the end!
Losers ne'er grudge the victor's bays;
E'en falling for the House is praise.
Rise, &c.

Sic nectantur studia ludo;
Musae socium sumant Martem:
Sic virtute, ludo, studio,
Nostram exornemus Spartam!
Adeste, etc.

So still may Sport with Learning wed;
Mars and the Muses band their powers;
And Virtue, guiding hand and head,
Adorn the Sparta that is ours!
Rise, &c.

Nunc et antequam silemus,
Vino cordis propinemus:—
Da memoriae priorum!
Da splendoris venturorum!
Valete jam vocales;
Nil dividat sodales:
Si juvet fratrem frater,
Florebit Alma Mater.

And now a pledge before we part,
That asks no wine but glowing heart:
Here's to old fellows' memory!
Here's to good fellows yet to be!
Farewell, men of song!
Short the hour—be friendship long!
Brother stick to brother,
So shall stand our Common Mother.

XI.—As an instance of the thoroughness with which this observation has been carried on, we append the facts recorded of one only of the hundreds of species found in the district. Some idea of the work involved may be gathered from the fact that, in the small extract that we give, the necessary calculations require over 150,000 figures, so that the entire series of the Marlborough plants has involved the use of many millions.

8. Papaver Rhœas. *Common Red Poppy.*

	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	1872	1873
	Jun	May	Jun	May	May	Jun	May	May	Jun
First Flower	**3**	**30**	**16**	**19**	**12**	**5**	**26**	**28**	**13**
Mean Temperature of previous 6 weeks	52·6	47·6	51·7	49·0	48·5	50·1	48·8	46·2	49·6
Mean daily rainfall of ditto	0·08	0·06	0·09	0·08	0·09	0·06	0·09	0.09	0·06
No. of rainy days in ditto	21	15	23	16	20	11	17	27	20

Average date for nine years ... ...: May 31
Mean Temp. of previous 6 weeks for 9 yrs. 49·3
Mean daily rainfall ditto ditto 0·07 in.
Mean No. of rainy days ditto ditto 18

Earliest flowering May 12, 1869
Latest flowering...June 16, 1867
Difference ... ...35 days

Variations of the above from means.

	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	1872	1873
First flowering	**+3**	**−1**	**+16**	**−12**	**−19**	**+5**	**−5**	**−3**	**+13**
Mean Temp.	+3·3	−1·7	+2 4	−0·3	−0·8	+0·8	−0·5	−3·1	+0·3
Mean daily rainfall ...	+0·01	−0·01	+0·02	+0·01	+0·02	−0·01	+0·02	+0·02	−0·01
No. of rainy days ...	+3	−3	+5	−2	+2	−7	−1	+9	+2

Duration of Flowering.

	May.	June	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1869	12.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	29		
1870		5.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6	
1871	26...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	...18	
1872	28	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
1873		13.....	.....					

XII.—The first number appeared on April 24th, 1848. It includes a poem on the "Devil's den" (an old cist-vaen in the neighbourhood), "My first week at Marlborough," "The Doom of Nineveh," and Laments from the mound and the moat, the first at having a reservoir cut into it, and the other at being partly filled up.

XIII.—William, on his return from Ireland (1690), landed at Bristol, and thence travelled to London, stopping at the houses of the great lords, one being "a great house near Marlborough, which, in our own time, before the great revolution produced by railways, was renowned as one of the best inns in England, but which in the seventeenth

century was a seat of the Duke of Somerset."—Macaulay's *History of England.*

XIV.—The whole description in the *Iliad* of the obsequies of Patroclus should be carefully read, as it throws much light on the ancient customs when a great chieftain was borne to his rest. The funeral pyre, the slaughtered slaves, the horses and dogs slain to attend their master in the world of spirits, the funeral games in honour of the departed—all form a living picture. We quote some few lines that dwell on the point we more especially wish to illustrate :—

"Where yet the embers glow
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected, in the golden vase.
The sacred relics to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen covered o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead."

Iliad, Book XXIII., Pope's Translation.

XV.—In a book published in London in 1634, we find the following interesting allusion. "Concerning his (Merlin's) life, that there was such a man, a great Councillor to King Arthur, I hold it certaine; that he had a castle in Wiltshire called after him Merlinsburg, now Marlborow, it is very likely, the old ruines whereof are yet seene in our highway from Bath to London. The great stones that lie scattered about the place of innumerable bignesse and number, have given occasion to some to report, and others to beleeve, wondrous stratagems wrought by his great skill inmagick."

XVI.—From the discourse on "Urn-burial" by Sir

Thomas Browne, a learned author of the seventeenth century. Better known as the writer of the *Religio Medici*.

XVII.—Many of the devices and inscriptions on old bells are very curious. The latter are either in monkish Latin or English, and include dedications to God, the Virgin, or the saints, expressions of praise or loyalty, references to the giver or maker of the bell, and many others. The English ones are frequently of rhyming character, and often of a very doggerel sort. We give a few examples. "Jesus Nazarene Rex Judaeorum fili Dei, miserere Mei." "Sum Rosa pulsata Mundi Maria vocata." "Laus et gloria Deo." "Come let us ring for Church and King." "Mankind, like Us, too oft are found, possess'd of Nought but empty Sound." "My roaring sounde doth warning give, that men cannot heare always lyve." "Doctor Nicholas gave five pound, to help cast this peal tuneable and sound." "John Martin he made wee, Be it known to all that do wee see."

XVIII.—

"On the Quakers' Burying Ground, Manton.

"The ivied wall of roughest stone,
That guards the sleeping dead,
Defends their couch when friends are gone,
And e'en their memory fled :
The mournful yew-tree sadly waves
Its dark boughs o'er those lonely graves.
To stray upon that hallowed sod,
No stranger step shall dare ;
Safe, 'neath the presence of their God,
In rest repose they there."

These lines are in the *Marlborough Magazine* of 1848 ; a paper to which we have already alluded in our description of the College.

XIX.—"Rainaldus holds Manetune of Milo. Wigot held it T. R. E., and it was assessed at three hides. Here are three ploughlands. One of the hides is in demesne,

where is one ploughland and two servants. Five villagers and five borderers occupy two ploughlands. Here are four acres of meadow, forty acres of pasture, and the same quantity of wood. It was, and is, worth three pounds." —Extract from Domesday Book.

XX.—Those who are interested in these primitive erections may be glad to know where other good examples may be seen. About six miles from Rochester we find "Kit's Coity House," consisting of four large stones, three being upright, and the fourth resting upon them. The space enclosed by these stones is about eight feet long and seven high. The Chun cromlech, Cornwall, is another fine illustration; a rough oblong cist is enclosed by six stones, the two side ones being very large, while each end is stopped up by two smaller stones placed at a slight distance apart, parallel to each other, and at right angles to the stones forming the long sides, the whole being surmounted by an immense and far overhanging block. At Molfra in the same county is another good specimen, the cist being closed in on three sides, and open on the fourth. The Plas Newydd cromlech is double, and consists of two chambers end to end, each being covered by a separate cap-stone. Many fine chambered tumuli may be found in Ireland, and the Channel Islands. That of New Grange in County Meath is one of the grandest; a stone-lined gallery some fifty feet long, four feet high, and three feet wide at its entrance, leads to a cruciform chamber, but this gallery gradually, as it goes deeper into the tumulus, heightens, until it opens into the chamber, at which point its height is no less than eighteen feet. The immense stones of which passage and cist are composed, are many of them carved with bas-reliefs of scroll work. The cairn of Dowth contains a similar cruciform chamber, composed of enormous stones, and is reached by a stone-lined passage some thirty feet long. Other good examples of Irish cromlechs will be

found at Monasterboise, Kells, Knockeen, Ballynageerah, Howth, and several other places. For full information respecting these and many others, the Journal of the Archæological Association of Ireland may confidently be referred to.

XXI.—In the Marlborough Corporation Accounts for the year 1673, we find the item, "Paid for two loads of Sarazen stones, 8*s*.," and the present pavement of the town is composed of blocks of this same kind of stone fetched from the valley of the Greywethers and surrounding district.

XXII.—The following advertisement appears in a paper of the last century. "The London, Bath, and Bristol machines in one day as usual will begin Flying on Sunday next. Set out from the White Lion, Bristol, every night at 9 o'clock. From the Saracen's Head, and Belle Savage, Ludgate Hill, at 9½. Two days machine as usual. Prices in the above machines, Inside, to or from Bristol in One day, £1 10*s*. 0*d*. Children in Laps and Outsides, ditto, 15*s*. In two days, £1 5*s*. 0*d*., and 12*s*. 6*d*. Half the money to be paid on taking the places, the other half on entering the machines. Each inside allowed 14 lbs., outside 7 lbs."

XXIII.—We have already found this Alured in possession of estates at Fyfield. He was also the lord of Marlborough, and held Rockley and other lands in the neighbourhood, besides possessions in other counties. The following is the extract from Domesday Book that relates to his Kennet land: "Aluredus holds 13 hides and a half, and 2 acres of land in Chenete. Nicholaus holds two of these hides. Tirstunis, 3½ hides. Ulviet, 2 hides. Leuric, 3½ hides. Ulmar, 2½ hides, and two acres of land. Here are 6 ploughlands. Here are 4 ploughlands with one villager and fifteen borderers. The mill pays 12 shillings. Here are 11 acres of meadow, 106 acres of pasture, and 7 acres of

wood. The whole was valued at the time of Alured's receiving it at 4 pounds and 10 shillings, now at 8 pounds and 10 shillings. Ulviet, Edmar, Leuric, and Ulmar held these lands in Chenete, T.R.E." The above is a good representative piece of Domesday Book, and shows how elaborate the survey of the kingdom must have been. All proper names are written in red, and a line drawn horizontally through the middle of them. This to our modern ideas suggests error and erasure, but it was done to attract the eye to them, and is equivalent to our custom of underlining an important word. No other example is known, we believe, of this curious crossing through of the words.

Whenever TRE appears it must be understood to be a contraction of the Latin words signifying, "in the time of King Edward (the Confessor)." King Harold is always styled Comes (Earl) in Domesday Book, because his right to the Crown was never allowed by William.

We meet with another Alured—Alured de Hispania, in the Wilts Domesday record, but he only held Yatesbury; "Alured de Ispania tenet de Rege Etesberie."

XXIV.—"Aubery is peradventure the most eminent and entire monument of this kinde in the Isle of Great Britaigne. I doe take this old ill-shapen monument to be the greatest, most considerable, and the least ruinated of any of this kind in our British Isle."—AUBREY.

XXV.—"King Charles II. discoursing one morning with my Lord Brounker and Dr. Charlton concerning Stoneheng, they told his Majestie what they had heard me say concerning Aubery, for that it did as much excell Stoneheng as a Cathedral does a Parish Church. His Majestie admired that none of our corographers had taken notice of it, and commanded Dr. Charlton to bring me to him next morning. I brought with me a draught of it, done by memorie only, but well enough resembling it, with which his Majestie was

pleased, gave me his hand to kisse, and commanded me to wait on him at Marlborough when he went to Bath with his Queen, which I did, and the next day when they were on their journey his Majestie left the Queen and diverted to Aubery. With the view thereof he and His Royal Highnesse the Duke of Yorke were very well pleased. His Majestie then commanded me to write a description of it and present it to him; and the Duke of Yorke commanded me to give him an account of the old camps and barrowes in the plaines."—AUBREY.

XXVI.—"I have no doubt but the original British constructors of this work had the circular form in view, though they did not possess the mathematical means of drawing it to a nicety."—COLT HOARE.

XXVII.—"Farmer Green took most of the stones away to his building at Beckhampton, and in the year 1724 Farmer Griffin ploughed half of it up. In the winter of the same year the rest were carried off, and the ground ploughed over. The loss of this work I did not regret alone, but all the neighbours (except the person that gained the little dirty profit) were heartily grieved by it. It had a beauty that touched them far beyond those much greater circles of Aubery town. The stones here were not large, set pretty close together, the proportions of them with the intervals and the proportions between the two circles, all being taken at one view under the eye, charmed them. The great stones of the great circles at Aubery were not by them discerned to stand in circles, nor would they easily be persuaded of it; but those of the Sanctuary they still talk of with great pleasure and regret."—STUKELEY.

XXVIII.—As the stones of witness between Jacob and Laban, Gen. xxxi. 48. The stones of memorial of the crossing of the tribes over Jordan, Joshua iv. 7. The

memorial stone of Bethel, Gen. xxxv. 14. The witness-stone of the renewed covenant, Joshua xxiv. 26.

XXIX.—The full list of antiquities within the scope of the proposed Act was as follows :—

ENGLAND AND WALES.

The tumulus and dolmen, Plas Newydd, Anglesea	Anglesea
The tumulus known as Wayland Smith's Forge	Berkshire
Uffington Castle	,,
The stone circle known as Long Meg and her Daughters, near Penrith ...	Cumberland
The stone circle on Castle Rigg, near Keswick	,,
The stone circles on Burn Moor ..	,,
The stone circle known as The Nine Ladies, Stanton Moor	Derbyshire
The tumulus known as Arborlow ...	,,
Hob Hurst's House and Hut, Bastow Moor	,,
Minning Low	,,
Arthur's Quoit, Gower	Glamorganshire
The tumulus at Uley	Gloucestershire
Kit's Coity House	Kent
Danes Camp	Northamptonshire
Castle Dykes	,,
The Rollrich Stones	Oxfordshire
The Pentre Evan Cromlech	Pembrokeshire
The ancient stones at Stanton Drew ...	Somerset
The chambered tumulus at Stoney Littleton, Wellow	,,
Cadbury Castle	,,
Cæsar's Camp	Surrey
Mayborough, near Penrith	Westmoreland

Arthur's Round Table, Penrith ...	Westmoreland
The group of stones known as Stonehenge	Wiltshire
Old Sarum	,,
The vallum at Abury, the Sarcen stones within the same, those along the Kennet Road, and the group between Abury and Beckhampton ...	,,
The long barrow at West Kennet, near Marlborough	,,
Silbury Hill	,,
The dolmen (Devil's Den) near Marlborough	,,
Barbury Castle...	,,

SCOTLAND.

The Bass of Inverury	Aberdeenshire
The vitrified fort on the Hill of Noath	,,
The pillar and stone at Newton-in-the Garioch	,,
The circular walled structures called "Edin's Hall" on Cockburn Law ...	Berwickshire
The British walled settlement at Harefaulds in Lauderdale	,,
The Dun of Dornadilla	Sutherlandshire
The sculptured stone called Suenos Stone, near Forres	Elgin
The cross slab with inscription in the churchyard of St. Vigeans	Forfarshire
The British forts on the hills, called "The Black and White Catherthuns"	,,
Pillars at Clava, on banks of Nairn ...	Inverness
The Pictish towers at Glenelg ...	,,
The Cairns of Minnigaff	Kirkcudbrightshire

The Catsane of Kirkliston	Linlithgow
The Ring of Brogar and other stone pillars at Stennis	Orkney
The chambered mound of Maeshowe	„
The stones of Callernish	Ross
The Burgh of Clickanim	Shetland
The Pictish tower at Mousa	„
Inscribed slab of Whithorn	Wigtonshire
Stones with inscribed crosses on mound at Laggangairn	„
Pillars at Kirkmadrine	„

IRELAND.

The earthen enclosure and mounds called the Navan Fort	Armagh
Stone monuments and groups of sepulchral cists in Glen Maulin	Donegal
The earthen enclosure and cromlech called the Giant's Ring, near Ballylessan	Down
The earthen fort at Downpatrick (Dunkeltair)...	„
Stone structure called Staigue Fort ...	Kerry
The earthen mound at Greenmount ...	„
The stone monument at Ballyna ...	Mayo
Cairns and stone circles at Moytura ...	„
The tumuli, New Grange, Knowth and Dowth	Meath
The earthworks on the Hill of Tara ...	„
The earthworks at Teltwn (Taltin) ...	„
The earthworks at Wardstown (Tlaghta)	„
The two central tumuli on the hills called Slieve Na Calliagh	„
The cairn at Heapstown	Sligo

Sepulchral remains at Carrowmore	Sligo
The cairn called Miscaun Mave or Knocknarea	,,
The cave containing Ogham inscribed stones at Drumloghan	Waterford
The stone monument called the Cat-stone and the cemetery on the hill of Usnagh	Westmeath

XXX.—

"She Wansdyke also wins, by whom she is embrac'd,
That in his agèd arms doth gird her ampler waist;
Who for a mighty mound sith long he did remain
Betwixt the Mercian's rule and the West Saxons reign,
And therefore of his place himself he proudly bare."

Drayton's *Salisbury Plain.*

XXXI.—In the Saxon chronicles the county is called Wiltnnscir, and in Domesday it is Wiltescire. Wilton was at one time its most important town and the capital of the Wilsaetas, a West-Saxon tribe. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, published in 1662, speaks of it as "a pleasant county, and of great variety. I have heard a wise man say that an ox left to himself would, of all England, choose to live in the north, and a sheep in the south part thereof, and a man in the middle betwixt both, as partaking of the pleasures of the plain and the wealth of the deep country." In the *Magna Britannia Antiqua et Nova*, published in 1738, we read that "Nature hath plentifully provided for the inhabitants all things necessary for life, if the inhabitants could but think so, and would not indulge themselves in vanity." The principal landowners in the county mentioned in Domesday are the king, the bishops of Winchester, Salisbury, Bayeux, Coutances, and Lisieux; and the religious houses of Glastonbury, Wilton, Malmesbury, Westminster, Winchester, Cranbourn, Shaftesbury, Romsey, Ambresbury, Bec, and Lisieux; together with numerous earls and other

nobles too numerous and too little known to be worth mentioning, Alured of Marleberg being conspicuous amongst them for his possessions.

XXXII. — "Marlborough downs, containing about 500,000 acres, appears at a distance like a large elevated plain broken into numberless unequal intersections by deep valleys."—CAMDEN.

XXXIII.—Those who are interested in the bird-life of the district will do well to consult *The Birds of Marlborough*, by Im. Thurn. Considerably over a hundred species are there enumerated, some of them being abundantly met with while others are great rarities. A copious body of notes on the various species adds greatly to the interest of the book, and as all are classed either as residents, summer visitors, winter visitors, spring and autumn visitors, and rare or occasional visitors, one sees at a glance whether one may fairly hope to find any given species. The white-tailed eagle, cross-bill, hooded crow, bittern, whimbrel, grebe, arctic tern, four species of gull, and several other birds figure amongst the rarer visitors. The author was, during his boy life at Marlborough, a member of the College Natural History Society, and had therefore exceptional opportunities of studying his subject; as all unusual birds seen are recorded, and when the forest game-keepers or the people of the place shoot anything of the nature of a rarity, their steps naturally turn to the College, as the appreciation of the Society takes a practical and very welcome form. For a great number of years a mass of interesting material has been accumulating in the records of this Society, and innumerable observations from masters and boys have been digested and tabulated. Work therefore can be done in connection with such a society that no solitary and private individual could entertain the idea of.

XXXIV.—The Marlborough district has a very varied flora, as the characteristic plants of the downland, the lovers of the shady woodland, those that find their home in the low-lying meadow, by the banks of a stream, or on its surface, all find a suitable and congenial habitat. The excellent *Flora of Marlborough*, by the Rev. T. A. Preston, gives every species found in the district, not in a dry and catalogue-like form, but with much added and interesting information. First we have the botanical name and the author of it, then the recognised English name or names, then a reference to the pages where the plant may be found in Hooker, Bentham, and other botanical authorities. After this we have the favourite habitat of the plant and a short description of it, and if it be at all uncommon or local, the places where it may be found. The description of each plant concludes with a table giving for twelve years the date when it was each season first observed in flower. We at first intended to give a list of all the plants of the district, but as the exigencies of our space would compel us to make it no more than a mere list, it seems far kinder to those of our readers who take any interest in the subject to spare them, and refer them rather to a book many times more serviceable to them than anything we could here give.

XXXV.—The Anglo-Saxon chronicle referred to gives the annals of the conquest of South Britain, and short sketches of the kings and bishops of Wessex. These were translated from Latin into English in the reign of Alfred, and form the basis of the far fuller annals dealing with the reigns of Ethelwolf and Alfred the Great. As a contemporary history of these times, these records possess great value.

XXXVI.—The Society of Antiquaries of London has drawn up the following excellent memorandum on the difference between ignorant restoration and a wise conservation :—

"The numerous instances of the Destruction of the character of Ancient Monuments which are taking place under the pretence

of Restoration, induce the Executive Committee, to which the Society of Antiquaries has entrusted the management of its 'Conservation Fund,' to call the special attention of the Society to the subject, in the hope that its influence may be exerted to stop, or at least moderate, the pernicious practice.

"The evil is an increasing one; and it is to be feared that, unless a strong and immediate protest be made against it, the monumental remains of England will, before long, cease to exist as truthful records of the past.

"Much as these monuments have necessarily suffered from time, and much as their decay is to be attributed to the neglect of their owners, the Members of the Committee have no hesitation in expressing their conviction that these two causes combined have inflicted less injury than the indiscreet zeal for restoration.

"Though time and neglect may impair, and eventually destroy, they do not add to a building; nor do they pervert the truthfulness of monuments. Restoration may possibly, indeed, produce a good imitation of an ancient work of art; but the original is thus falsified, and in its renovated state it is no longer an example of the art of the period to which it belonged. Unfortunately, too, the more exact the imitation, the more it is adapted to mislead posterity; and even the best imitation must unavoidably impair the historical interest and artistic value of the prototype, so that, in truth, a monument restored is frequently a monument destroyed.

"Did the public at large really know how imperfectly the principles and practice of ancient art are understood, and how very few of the so-called restorations have any just pretensions to fidelity, or could they appreciate the rash presumption of those who in general recommend and undertake such work, much less would be heard of money being lavishly spent in thus perpetuating irreparable mischief with the best intentions.

"The Committee strongly urge that, except where restoration is called for in Churches by the requirements of Divine Service, or in other cases of manifest public utility, no restoration should ever be attempted, otherwise than as the word 'restoration' may be understood in the sense of preservation from further injuries by time or negligence:—they contend that anything beyond this is untrue in art, unjustifiable in taste, destructive in practice, and wholly opposed to the judgment of the best Archæologists."

XXXVII.—Amongst the possessions of St. Mary of Glastonbury we find the following item: "Ipsa ecclesia tenet Mildenhalle." The mill is valued at thirty shillings.

Mills, like forges, were of considerable utilitarian value, and when any place possesses either, it is duly set down. Numerous mills yet line the Kennet in its course through the district, and most of them form a very picturesque and pleasant adjunct to the surrounding scenery.

XXXVIII.—The once famous or notorious Sir Francis Burdett is buried here beneath a nameless slab. In 1809 Sir Francis revived the question of parliamentary reform, but met with scanty support; and a pamphlet which he afterwards wrote in which he described the members of parliament as "a part of our fellow-subjects collected together by means which it is not necessary to describe," led to reprisals, and his committal to the Tower. He was for a while the idol of the electors, and was drawn in a kind of sham triumphal chariot in a grand procession of the discontented. He was described at the time as "the greatest Radical in England,"—a time when any attempt to reform abuses was regarded by all in power with marked disfavour.

XXXIX.—We have already indicated where full ornithological and botanical lists and details of Marlborough species can be found. The entomologist will find himself in good quarters. Of butterflies and moths alone, over nine hundred species have been captured and recorded. It is obviously impossible for us to give such a list here. Some few are of considerable rarity, and one or two have not been found elsewhere in Britain. Just fifty species of butterflies have been recorded, eighteen of the Sphingina, over sixty of the Bombycina, over one hundred and forty Noctunia, and so forth. A complete list of every Marlborough species will be found in the Report of the Marlborough College Natural History Society, for Midsummer, 1877. Some eight hundred species of beetles have been captured, and numerous additional names are

added each year to the list: we note that in 1879 alone, fifty-seven species, new to the College list, were added to it. At one of the evening meetings of the Society, over sixty different kinds of edible and poisonous fungi were exhibited, the result of one afternoon's collection in the forest and the country round Marlborough.

XL.—Marlborough is by no means a good district for the fern collector. The following are the only species found in the neighbourhood:—Pteris aqualina, Lomaria spicant, Asplenium Trichomanes, A. Ruta-muraria, A. Adiantum-nigrum, Athyrium Filix-fœmina, Ceterach officinarium, Scolopendrium vulgare, Aspidium aculeatum, Nephrodium Filix-mas, N. spinulosum, N. dilatatum, N. Oreopteris, Polypodium vulgare, Ophioglossum vulgatum, and Botrychium Lunaria. The English names of the foregoing in the same sequence are as follows:—Brake or bracken, hard-fern, maiden-hair, spleenwort, wall-rue, black spleenwort, lady fern, scale fern, hart's tongue, prickly shield fern, male fern, broad shield fern, prickly toothed shield fern, mountain shield fern, common polypody, adder's tongue, and moon-wort. The mountain shield fern is sometimes called the sweet fern, on account of some minute glandular dots on the under side of the fronds from whence a fragrant smell is given out when the plant is rubbed. It is a plant of mountains or hilly heathery wastes, and moist open woods. This may be the Saverne, possibly, of the text. Those who would wish to know more respecting this fern, are reminded that the nomenclature of ferns was for a long time in a very chaotic state, and this species, according to the book consulted, has many synonyms. It is the Lastrea montana of Moore, Low, Newman, and others; the Aspidium odoriferum of Gray; the Aspidium Oreopteris of Bentham, Hooker, &c.; the Polystichum Oreopteris of De Candolle, while others term it Polypodium mountanum, Polypodium fragrans, &c.

XLI.—"It was not till the following year that Mr. John Evans, the accomplished Antiquarian and President of the Numismatical Society, discovered on a gold coin, found at Farley Heath, in Surrey, the name of the British prince which was inscribed on several of the Savernake Forest coins. The type was known in print in Stukeley's time, but Mr. Evans was the first to read it correctly as Epaticcus. The name only occurs on his coins, and from them it has been discovered that he was a son of Tasciovanus, a king who ruled over a considerable portion of South England, a brother of Cunobeline, the Cymbeline of Shakespeare. He appears to have lived about 15 B.C., and to have had his head quarters at Verulanium. The coins of Epaticcus are very small silver, and have only been found in West Surrey and East Wilts. Two of those found at Savernake Forest are now in the British Museum, and two in Mr. Evans' collection : they have the head and name of Epaticcus on one side, and on the other an eagle with outspread wings holding a snake in its talons. With them were some uninscribed British coins of very much alloyed gold, brown in colour, of the type which originally had a coin of Philip of Macedonia for its pattern, but which was so often and so ignorantly copied and re-copied by the British artist, that it is extremely difficult—indeed, without some of the intermediate specimens to help one, impossible—to recognise the resemblance between the British production and its original Greek type."

The above extract is from a pamphlet on the *Coins found near Marlborough*, courteously placed at our disposal by its author, the Rev. C. Soames, rector of Mildenhall, an enthusiastic collector, and no mean authority on the subject.

XLII.—The memory of the Somersets is kept green in the district by the quaint and excellent charity established at Froxfield, a long and straggling village seven miles to the east of Marlborough. This was founded by the widow of John, fourth Duke of Somerset ; in her will, dated 1686, she left sufficient landed estate and other property to enable a suitable building to be erected for the reception of thirty widows, and further stipulated that as soon as the revenues reached a certain point the accommodation should be increased to fifty. In 1773 this increase of funds justified

the addition of the twenty extra quarters. The whole forms a quaint, picturesque quadrangle round a small chapel, and as it adjoins the main road, can easily be seen. Thirty of the recipients have to be the widows of clergy, and may be from any part of England, while the remaining twenty are widows of laymen who have been resident in the county of Wilts.

XLIII.—Savernake Forest House is often called Tottenham, being built in that part of the forest which is known as Tottenham Park.

XLIV.—"Ecclesia Sanctæ Mariæ Malmesberiensis tenet Hewei."

XLV.—Bridgewater fell into the hands of the Parliamentarians in July 1645. Col. Francis Glanvil was one of the besieged. On the fall of the town, his loyalty to the cause of the king led to a fine of £2,000 being imposed on him by the victors, while Lady Glanvil, left behind in Broad Hinton, burnt down the Manor House rather than allow it to shelter Cromwell's troopers. Another interesting story of the family is of later date, and well worth narration. Our first story is of loyalty to the king, the second is of fraternal affection. The heir of the manor was disinherited by his father for wild living and reckless wickedness of all sorts, and a younger brother took his place, and in due course enjoyed all the benefits of his position. The elder brother went abroad, and, eventually, like the prodigal son of old, "came to himself." When he returned home his father was dead, but the younger brother gave a great family party, and the elder brother was an honoured guest. Covers were set for each, and beneath that of the long-lost brother were the title-deeds of the estate: the younger brother, with a noble generosity, declaring that, had their

father lived to see that day he would not have deprived him of his heritage.

XLVI.—In Domesday Book, given as "Ocheborne." In one place we read that the king held it as a royal manor in succession to Harold, while in another place we find one Harding in possession, and that he had held it through the preceding reign, not being dispossessed, like most land-owners were, after the Conquest. One of these references no doubt applies to one of the Ogbournes, and one to the other, but they are not in any way distinguished in the Norman record.

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In the following Index M. *signifies Marlborough, and* M.C. *Marlborough College.*

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THE END.

R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, BREAD STREET HILL.