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THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,
A NORTHUMBERLAND TALE.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY DR. THOMAS PERCY,
BISHOP OF DROMORE.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF
WARKWORTH HERMITAGE
AND
WARKWORTH CASTLE.



ALNWICK:

W. DAVISON, 22, BONDGATE STREET.

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MEMORANDUM

TO : [Illegible]

FROM : [Illegible]

SUBJECT : [Illegible]

[Illegible text follows, including a large block of faint, mostly unreadable text.]



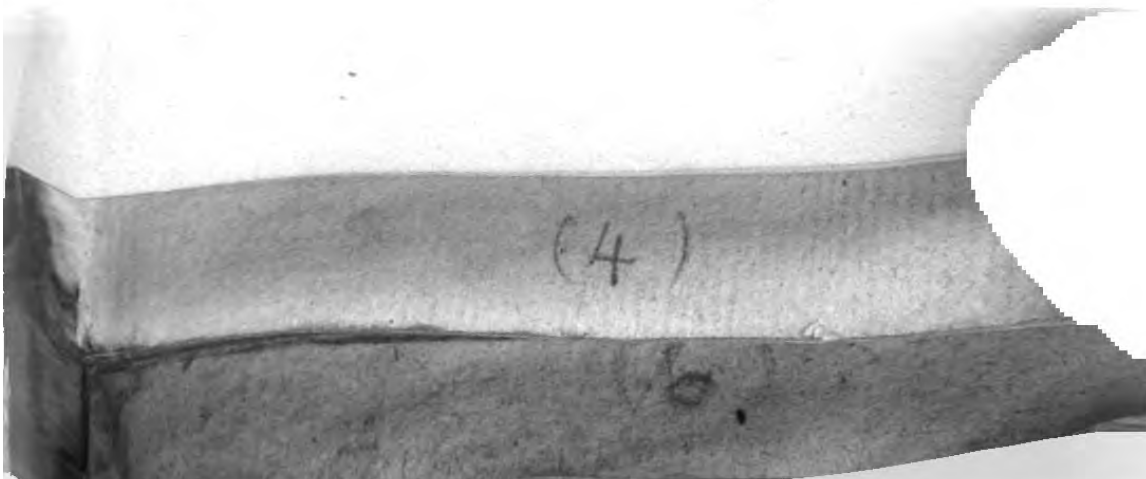
ADVERTISEMENT.

WARKWORTH CASTLE, in Northumberland, stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river Coquet, (called by our old Latin historians *Coqueda*), which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swollen with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a Hermitage, of which the Chapel is still entire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the Sacristy and Vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses; for the former of these, which runs parallel with the Chapel, appears to have had an altar in it, at which mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height. It is, however, very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock, and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic Church or Cathedral in miniature.

But what principally distinguishes the Chapel, is a small tomb or monument, on the south side of the altar; on the top of which lies a female figure, extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish Churches; she is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed, the real image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small niche, still visible behind the altar; whereas the figure



of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this lady's feet, the usual place for the crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other figures; which, as well as the principal one above mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little Chapel itself, with all its ornaments, and the two adjoining apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the reader in the following rhymes.

It is universally agreed, that the founder was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Castle, situated about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same Bertram that endowed Brinkburn Priory, and built Brenkshaugh Chapel; which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But Brinkburn Priory was founded in the reign of King Henry I., whereas the form of the Gothic windows in this Chapel, especially of those near the altar, is found rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of King Edward III. And, indeed, that the sculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the crest, which is placed at the lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden informs us that armorial crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of King Edward II.

These appearances, still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem; and plainly prove that the Hermit of Warkworth was not the same person that founded Brinkburn Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the Bertram family that lived at a later period.

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH

~~~~~  
PART FIRST.  
~~~~~



DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely hermit lay ;
When, lo ! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire ;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree,
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

' O weep not, lady, weep not so,
' Nor let vain fears alarm ;
' My little cell shall shelter thee,
' And keep thee safe from harm.'

' It is not for myself I weep,
' Nor for myself I fear ;
' But for my dear and only friend,
' Who lately left me here.

' And while some sheltering bower he sought,
' Within this lonely wood,
' Ah ! sore I fear his wandering feet
' Have slipp'd in yonder flood.'

' O trust in Heaven,' the hermit said,
' And to my cell repair ;
' Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
' And ease thee of thy care.'

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high,
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow :
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below :—

‘ O tell me, father, tell me true,
‘ If you have chanc'd to see
‘ A gentle maid I lately left
‘ Beneath some neighbouring tree.

‘ But either I have lost the place,
‘ Or she has gone astray :
‘ And much I fear this fatal stream
‘ Has snatch'd her hence away.’

‘ Praise Heaven, my son,’ the hermit said,
‘ The lady's safe and well :’
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
They lov'd each other dear :
The youth he press'd her to his heart ;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair :
The youth was tall, with manly bloom,
She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright :
She in a silken robe and scarf,
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

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- ‘ Sit down, my children,’ says the sage ;
‘ Sweet rest your limbs require :’
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.
- ‘ Partake,’ he said, ‘ my simple store,
‘ Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;’
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.
- ‘ Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare ;’
The youthful couple say :
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk’d their cares away.
- ‘ Now say, my children, (for perchance
‘ My counsel may avail),
‘ What strange adventure brought you here,
‘ Within this lonely dale ?’
- ‘ First tell me, father,’ said the youth,
‘ Nor blame mine eager tongue,
‘ What town is here ? What lands are these ?
‘ And to what lord belong ?’
- ‘ Alas ! my son,’ the hermit said,
‘ Why do I live to say,
‘ The rightful lord of these domains
‘ Is banish’d far away ?
- ‘ Ten winters now have shed their snows
‘ On this my lowly hall,
‘ Since valiant Hotspur—(so the North
‘ Our youthful lord did call)—

‘ Against fourth Henry Bolingbroke,
‘ Led up his northern powers,
‘ And, stoutly fighting, lost his life
‘ Near proud Salopia’s towers.

‘ One son he left, a lovely boy,
‘ His country’s hope and heir ;
‘ And, oh ! to save him from his foes,
‘ It was his grandsire’s care.

‘ In Scotland safe he plac’d the child
‘ Beyond the reach of strife,
‘ Not long before the brave old Earl
‘ At Bramham lost his life.

‘ And now the Percy name, so long
‘ Our northern pride and boast,
‘ Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud ;
‘ Their honours reft and lost.

‘ No chieftain of that noble house
‘ Now leads our youth to arms ;
‘ The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
‘ And ravage all our farms.

‘ Their halls and castles, once so fair,
‘ Now moulder in decay ;
‘ Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
‘ And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream
‘ Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
‘ And overlooks the sea.

‘ These towers, alas ! now stand forlorn,
‘ With noisome weeds o’erspread ;
‘ Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
‘ And where the poor were fed.

‘ Meantime, far off, ’mid Scottish hills,
‘ The Percy lives unknown :
‘ On strangers’ bounty he depends,
‘ And may not claim his own.

‘ O might I with these aged eyes,
‘ But live to see him here,
‘ Then should my soul depart in bliss !—
He said, and dropt a tear.

‘ And is the Percy still so lov’d
‘ Of all his friends and thee ?
‘ Then bless me, father,’ said the youth,
‘ For I thy guest am he.’

Silent he gaz’d, then turn’d aside
To wipe the tears he shed ;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour’d blessings on his head.

‘ Welcome, our dear and much-lov’d lord,
‘ Thy country’s hope and care ;
‘ But who may this young lady be,
‘ That is so wondrous fair ?’

‘ Now, father, listen to my tale,
‘ And thou shalt know the truth ;
‘ And let thy sage advice direct
‘ My experienc’d youth.

- ‘ In Scotland I’ve been nobly bred,
 ‘ Beneath the Regent’s hand, *
 ‘ In feats of arms, and every lore,
 ‘ To fit me for command.
- ‘ With fond impatience long I burn’d,
 ‘ My native land to see ;
 ‘ At length I won my guardian friend
 ‘ To yield that boon to me.
- ‘ Then up and down in hunter’s garb
 ‘ I wander’d as in chase,
 ‘ Till in the noble Neville’s house †
 ‘ I gain’d a hunter’s place.
- ‘ Some time with him I liv’d unknown,
 ‘ Till I’d the hap so rare,
 ‘ To please this young and gentle dame.
 ‘ That baron’s daughter fair.’
- ‘ Now, Percy,’ said the blushing maid,
 ‘ The truth I must reveal ;
 Souls great and generous, like to thine,
 ‘ Their noble deeds conceal.
- ‘ It happened on a summer’s day,
 ‘ Led by the fragrant breeze,
 ‘ I wandered forth to take the air
 ‘ Among the green-wood trees.

* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany.

† Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two castles of Brancepeth and Raby, both in the bishopric of Durham.

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‘ Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
‘ That near in ambush lay,
‘ Moss-troopers from the border side,
‘ There seiz’d me for their prey.

‘ My shrieks had long been spent in vain,
‘ But heaven, that saw my grief,
‘ Brought this brave youth within my call,
‘ Who flew to my relief.

‘ With nothing but his hunting spear,
‘ And dagger in his hand,
‘ He sprung like lightning on my foes,
‘ And caus’d them soon to stand.

- ‘ He fought till more assistance came ;
 ‘ The Scots were overthrown ;
 ‘ Thus freed me, captive, from their hands,
 ‘ To make me more his own.’
- ‘ O happy day !’ the youth replied :
 ‘ Bless’d were the wounds I bare !
 ‘ From that fond hour she deign’d to smile,
 ‘ And listen to my prayer.
- ‘ And when she knew my name and birth,
 ‘ She vow’d to be my bride ;
 ‘ But oh ! we fear’d, (alas ! the while),
 ‘ Her princely mother’s pride :
- ‘ Sister of haughty Bolingbroke, †
 ‘ Our house’s ancient foe,
 ‘ To me, I thought, a banish’d wight,
 ‘ Could ne’er such favour show.
- ‘ Despairing then to gain consent ;
 ‘ At length to fly with me,
 ‘ I won this lovely timorous maid,
 ‘ To Scotland bound are we.
- ‘ This evening as the night drew on,
 ‘ Fearing we were pursued,
 ‘ We turn’d adown the right-hand path,
 ‘ And gain’d this lonely wood :

† Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half sister of King Henry IV.

‘ Then lighting from our weary steeds,
‘ To shun the pelting shower,
‘ We met thy kind conducting hand,
‘ And reach’d this friendly bower.’

‘ Now rest ye both,’ the hermit said ;
‘ Awhile your cares forego :
‘ Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed ;—
‘ We’ll pass the night below.’ †

† Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins ; whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still entire and perfect.



THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

~~~~~  
PART SECOND.  
~~~~~



LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled :
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight ;
The youth, consulting with his friend,
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o'erpower'd her breast !
Her cheeks what blushes dy'd !

When fondly he besought her there,
To yield to be his bride !

‘ Within this lonely hermitage
‘ There is a chapel meet :
‘ Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
‘ And make my bliss complete.’

‘ O Henry ! when thou deign’st to sue,
‘ Can I thy suit withstand ?
‘ When thou, lov’d youth, hast won my heart,
‘ Can I refuse my hand ?

‘ For thee I left a father’s smiles,
‘ And mother’s tender care ;
‘ And whether weal or woe betide,
‘ Thy lot I mean to share.’

‘ And wilt thou then, O generous maid,
‘ Such matchless favour show,
‘ To share with me, a banish’d wight,
‘ My peril, pain, or woe ?

‘ Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store,
‘ To crown thy constant breast ;
‘ For, know, fond hope assures my heart,
‘ That we shall soon be blest.

‘ Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,
‘ Surrounded by the sea ; *
‘ There dwells a holy friar, well known
‘ To all thy friends and thee :

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine Monks of Tynemouth Abbey.

'Tis Father Bernard, so rever'd
 ' For every worthy deed ;
' To Raby Castle he shall go,
 ' And for us kindly plead.

' To fetch this good and holy man,
 ' Our reverend host is gone ;
' And soon, I trust, his pious hands
 ' Will join us both in one.'

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
 The lingering hours beguile :
At length they see the hoary sage
 Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd,
 He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands,
 With many a fervent prayer.

Then straight to Raby's distant walls,
 He kindly wends his way ;
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet,
 They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
 The hermitage they view'd,
Deep hewn within a craggy cliff,
 And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
 All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
 Ran winding up the hill.

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There deck'd with many a flower and herb,
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows ;
The chief a chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace ;
The lattice for confession fram'd,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;

And in a little 'scutcheon hung
The cross, the crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
All in the living stone ;
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carv'd,
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet ;
And near to these her crest. *

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wond'ring pair :
Eager they ask what hapless dame
Lies sculptur'd here so fair.

The hermit sigh'd, the hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak ;
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all-bedew'd his cheek :

' Alas ! my children, human life
' Is but a vale of woe ;
' And very mournful is the tale,
' Which ye so fain would know.'

* This is a bull's head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c. here described are still visible ; only somewhat effaced by length of time.

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THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame :
Yon distant hills were his domains ;
Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought,
His friend was at his side ;
And many a skirmish with the Scots,
Their early valour try'd.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be ;

The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington, the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling-place ; *
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came :
But Bertram was her only choice ;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents ;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she, with studied fond delays,
Defers the blissful hour ;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall ;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

* Widdrington Castle, about five miles south of Warkworth.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,
The castle rung around :
Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
They sung : their high command :
“ How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
“ First led his northern band.

“ Brave Galfred next to Normandy
“ With venturous Rollo came ;
“ And from his Norman castles won
“ Assum'd the Percy name. *

“ They sung, how in the conqueror's fleet,
“ Lord William shipp'd his powers,
“ And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
“ With all her lands and towers. †

* In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy : whence the family took the surname De Percy.

† William de Percy, (fifth in descent from Galfred, or Geffrey de Percy, son of Mainfred), assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of Emma de Porte, (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon Lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold.

“ Then journeying to the Holy Land,
 “ There bravely fought and died ;
 “ But first the silver Crescent wan,
 “ Some Paynim Soldan’s pride.

“ They sung, how Agnes, beauteous heir,
 “ The queen’s own brother wed,
 “ Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
 “ In princely Brabant bred. *

“ How he the Percy name reviv’d,
 “ And how his noble line,
 “ Still foremost in their country’s cause,
 “ With godlike ardour shine.”

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
 Applaud the master’s song,
 And deeds of arms and war became
 The theme of every tongue.

This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generosity, married; for having had all her lands bestowed on him by the Conqueror, “ he (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharge of his conscience.” He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first Crusade.

* Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Lovain, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Brabant, and brother of Queen Adeliza, second wife of King Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland. His son Lord Richard de Percy was one of the twenty-six barons chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

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Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall :
When, lo ! a damsel, young and fair,
Stepp'd forward thro' the hall.

She Bertram courteously address'd ;
And kneeling on her knee ;
' Sir knight, the lady of thy love
' Hath sent this gift to thee.'

Then forth she drew a glittering helme,
Well plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

' Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
' And yields to be thy bride,
' When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
' Where sharpest blows are try'd.'

Young Bertram took the shining helme,
And thrice he kiss'd the same :
' Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
' With deeds of noblest fame.'

Lord Percy and his barons bold,
Then fix upon a day,
To scour the marches, late oppress'd,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills,
A thousand horse and more :
Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round ;
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes,
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advanc'd before the rest ;
Lord Percy mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd :

' Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helme,
' Attack yon forward band ;
' Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
' Or perish by their hand.'

Young Bertram bow'd with glad assent,
And spurr'd his eager steed,
And calling on his lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks,
The livid lightning rends ;
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks,
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

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This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces thro' ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round :
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field ;
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain ;
That beauteous helme, his lady's gift
—— His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid th' unequal fight :
' And now, my noble friends,' he said,
' Let's save this gallant knight.'

Then rushing in, with stretch'd-out shield,
He o'er the warrior hung ;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire :
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire !

Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord,
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd ;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield ;
And, after wondrous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair castle bore. *

' Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love,'
Her father kindly said ;
' And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
' And tend thee in thy bed.'

A message went ; no daughter came ;
Fair Isabel ne'er appears :
' Beshrew me,' said the aged chief,
' Young maidens have their fears.

* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

‘ Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see,
‘ So soon as thou canst ride ;
‘ And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
‘ And she shall be thy bride.’

Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd,
He bless'd the soothing sound ;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound.



THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

~~~~~  
PART THIRD.  
~~~~~



ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright ;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear :
' What wight is this that calls so loud,
' And knocks so boldly here ?'

' 'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
' Come from his bed of care :
' All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
' To see thy lady fair.'

' Now out, alas !' (she loudly shriek'd)
' Alas ! how may this be ?
' For six long days are gone and past,
' Since she set out to thee.'

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
And ready was to fall ;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

' Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
' Since she set out to thee ;
' And sure if no sad harm had happ'd,
' Long since thou wouldst her see.

‘ For when she heard thy grievous chance,
‘ She tore her hair, and cried,
‘ Alas ! I’ve slain the comeliest knight,
‘ All thro’ my foolish pride !

‘ And now to atone for my sad fault,
‘ And his dear health regain,
‘ I’ll go myself, and nurse my love,
‘ And soothe his bed of pain.

‘ Then mounted she her milk-white steed,
‘ One morn at break of day ;
‘ And two tall yeomen went with her,
‘ To guard her on the way.’

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram’s heart,
And grief o’erwhelm’d his mind ;
‘ Trust me,’ said he, ‘ I ne’er will rest
Till I thy lady find.’

That night he spent in sorrow and care,
And with sad boding heart,
Or e’er the dawning of the day,
His brother and he depart.

‘ Now, brother, we’ll our ways divide,
‘ O’er Scottish hills to range :
‘ Do thou go north, and I’ll go west ;
‘ And all our dress we’ll change.

‘ Some Scottish carle hath seiz’d my love,
‘ And borne her to his den ;
‘ And ne’er will I tread English ground
‘ Till she’s restored again.’

The brothers straight their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range :
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

' All minstrels yet that e'er I saw,
' Are full of game and glee,
' But thou art sad and woe-begone !
' I marvel whence it be ?'

' Father, I serve an aged lord,
' Whose grief afflicts my mind,
' His only child is stolen away,
' And fain I would her find.'

' Cheer up, my son ; perchance,' he said,
' Some tidings I may bear :
' For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
' Then heavenly comfort's near.

‘ Behind yon hills so steep and high,
‘ Down in a lowly glen,
‘ There stands a castle fair and strong,
‘ Far from the abode of men.

‘ As late I chanc’d to crave an alms,
‘ About this evening hour,
‘ Me-thought I heard a lady’s voice
‘ Lamenting in the tower.

‘ And when I ask’d what harm had happ’d,
‘ What lady sick there lay?
‘ They rudely drove me from the gate,
‘ And bade me wend away.’

These tidings caught Sir Bertram’s ear,
He thank’d him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o’er the hills,
And soon he reach’d the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he ’gan to blow.

‘ Sir porter, is thy lord at home
‘ To hear a minstrel’s song?
‘ Or may I crave a lodging here,
‘ Without offence or wrong?’

‘ My lord,’ he said, ‘ is not at home
‘ To hear a minstrel’s song:
‘ And should I lend thee lodging here,
‘ My life would not be long.’

He play'd again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter's ear,
And mov'd his stubborn heart.

'Minstrel,' he said, 'thou play'st so sweet,
'Fair entrance thou shouldst win ;
'But, alas ! I'm sworn upon the rood,
'To let no stranger in.

'Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff,
'Thou'lt find a sheltering cave ;
'And here thou shalt my supper share,
'And there thy lodging have.'

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear ;
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear

The first night, as he silent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his lady through the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept
Till near the morning tide ;
When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hied.



When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
 Depending from the wall;
 And o'er the moat was newly laid
 A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
 Wrapt in a tartan plaid;
 Assisted by a sturdy youth
 In Highland garb yclad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
 He lay unseen and still;
 And soon he saw them cross the stream,
 And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown to all within,
 The youthful couple fly;

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But what can 'scape the lover's ken,
Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

'Thanks, gentle youth,' she often said;
'My thanks thou well hast won;
'For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd!
'For me what dangers run!

'And ever shall my grateful heart
'Thy services repay:—'
Sir Bertram would no further hear,
But cried, 'Vile traitor, stay!

'Vile traitor! yield that lady up!
And quick his sword he drew;
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow;
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the stranger low.

'Die, traitor, die!'—A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word;
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush'd beneath his sword.

'O stop,' she cried, 'O stop thy arm!
'Thou dost thy brother slay!—'
And here the hermit paus'd and wept;
His tongue no more could say.



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At length he cried — ‘Ye lovely pair,
‘How shall I tell the rest?—
‘Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
‘It fell and stabb’d her breast.’

‘Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?—
‘Ah! cruel fate!’ they said.
The hermit wept, and so did they.
They sigh’d; he hung his head.

‘O blind and jealous rage,’ he cried,
‘What evils from thee flow?’
The hermit paus’d; they silent mourn
He wept, and they were woe.

‘Ah! when I heard my brother’s name,
‘And saw my lady bleed,
‘I rav’d, I wept, I curs’d my arm,
‘That wrought the fatal deed.

‘In vain I clasp’d her to my breast,
‘And clos’d the ghastly wound;
‘In vain I press’d his bleeding corpse,
‘And rais’d it from the ground.

‘My brother, alas! spake never more;
‘His precious life was flown:
‘She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
‘Regardless of her own.’

‘Bertram,’ she said, ‘be comforted,
‘And live to think on me:
‘May we in heaven that union prove,
‘Which here was not to be!

‘ Bertram,’ she said, ‘ I still was true ;
‘ Thou only hadst my heart :
‘ May we hereafter meet in bliss !
‘ We now, alas ! must part.

‘ For thee, I left my father’s hall,
‘ And flew to thy relief ;
‘ When, lo ! near Cheviot’s fatal hills,
‘ I met a Scottish chief.

‘ Lord Malcolm’s son, whose proffer’d love,
‘ I had refus’d with scorn ;
‘ He slew my guards, and seiz’d on me,
‘ Upon that fatal morn.

‘ And in these dreary hated walls,
‘ He kept me close confin’d ;
‘ And fondly sued, and warmly press’d,
‘ To win me to his mind.

‘ Each rising morn increas’d my pain,
‘ Each night increas’d my fear ;
‘ When, wand’ring in this northern garb,
‘ Thy brother found me here.

‘ He quickly form’d his brave design,
‘ To set me captive free ;
‘ And on the moor his horses wait,
‘ Tied to a neighb’ring tree.

‘ Then haste, my love, escape away,
‘ And for thyself provide ;
‘ And sometimes fondly think on her
‘ Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul,
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay :
Then sudden all in frantic mood,
I meant myself to slay.

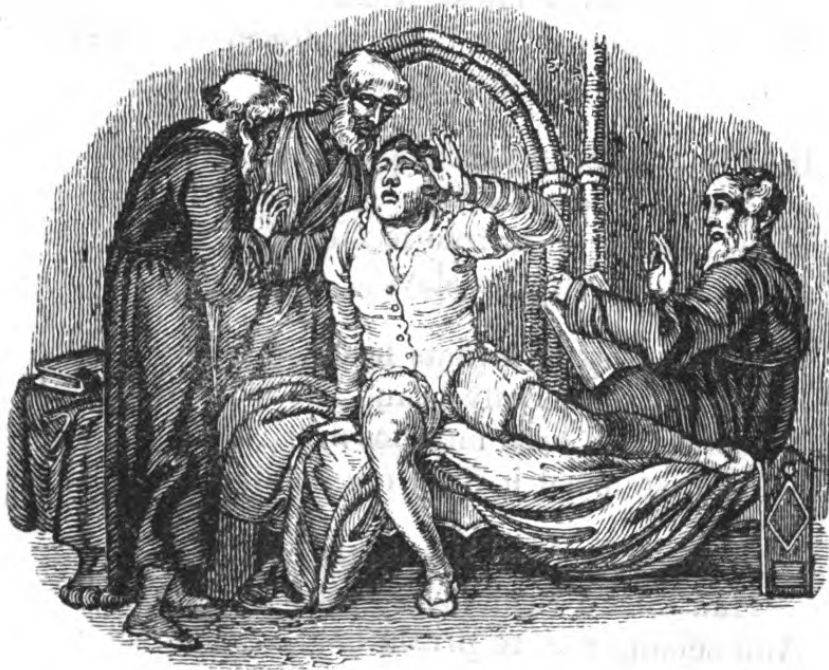
And rising up in furious haste,
I seiz'd the bloody brand ;
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had miss'd their lovely ward ;
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
Lord Percy had us soon exchang'd,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honour'd dear remains
To England were convey'd ;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought ;
Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.



They rais'd my heart to that pure source
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care ;
I meekly vow'd to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise ;
And here a lonely anchorite,
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove ;
For oft beside that murmuring stream,
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice ;
This blest retreat he gave :
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've linger'd here ;
And daily o'er this sculptur'd saint,
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forsaken, or forgot ;
The Percy and his noble sons
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe,
I liv'd to mourn his fall :
I liv'd to mourn his godlike sons,
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore ;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid :
While they with thanks and pitying tears,
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take,
They ask the good old sire ;
And, guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Mean time their suit such favour found,
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her nephew's throne,
The royal grace implor'd :
To all the honours of his race,
The Percy was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more
Admir'd his beauteous dame ;
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.

The account given in the foregoing Tale, of young Percy, the son of Hotspur, is confirmed by the following extract from an old Chronicle formerly belonging to Whitby Abbey.

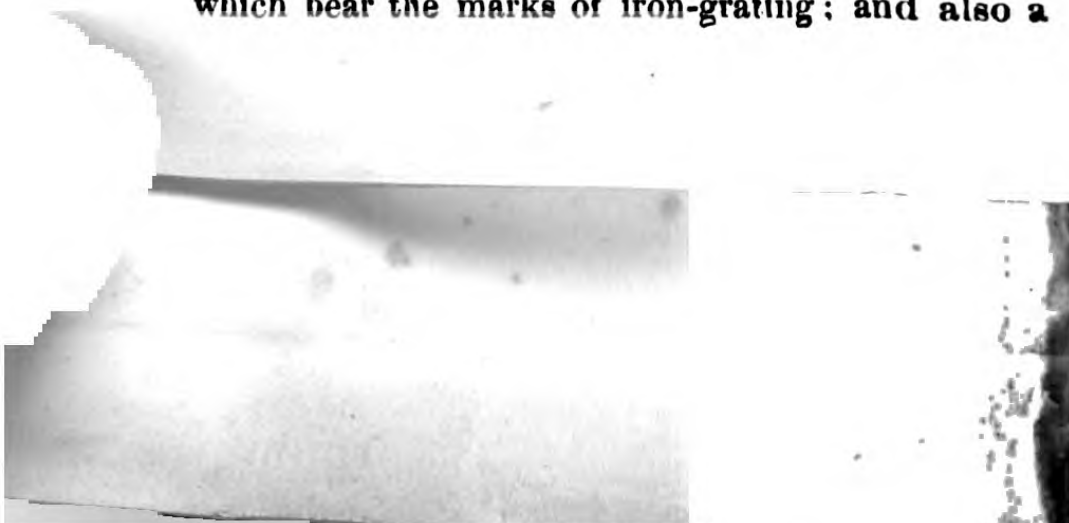
“ Henry Percy, the son of Sir Henry Percy, that
“ was slayne at Shrewsbury, and of Elizabeth, the
“ daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death of
“ his Father and Grauntsyre, was exiled into Scotland
“ in the time of King Henry the IV. but in the time
“ of King Henry the V. by the labour of Johanne, the
“ Countess of Westmerland, (whose daughter Allanor
“ he had wedded in coming into England) he recovered
“ the King’s grace, and the countye of Northumber-
“ land, so was the second Erle of Northumberland.

“ And of this Allanor his wife, he begate IX sonnes,
“ and III Daughters, whose names be Johanne, that
“ is buried at Whytbye: Thomas, Lord Egremont:
“ Katharyne Gray of Rythyn: Sir Raffe Percy: Wil-
“ liam Percy, a Byshopp: Richard Percy: John that
“ dyed without issue: (another John, called Johannes
“ Percy senior de Warkworth): George Percy, Clerk:
“ Henry that dyed without issue: Anne—” (besides
the eldest son and successor here omitted, because he
comes in below, viz.) “ Henry Percy the third Erle of
Northumberland.”

DESCRIPTION OF
WARKWORTH HERMITAGE.

THE Hermitage is situated on the north bank of the river Coquet, about half a mile west of the castle. Those who visit it must cross the river in a boat. The approach is kept in neat order, and still retains its original form. A narrow walk on the brink of the river leads to the door of the hermitage; lofty perpendicular rocks, on the other hand, confining the walk to about the width of four feet. From the summit of the cliffs a grove of oaks is suspended, casting a solemn shade, and at their feet issues a spring of the purest water, which formerly supplied the recluse.

The steps, the vestibule, and the chief apartments of the hermitage are hewn out of the bosom of a freestone rock, whose outside face is about twenty feet high, embowered with stately trees, which impend from the top of the precipice and the fissures of the cliffs. One lower and outward apartment is of masonry; the entrance into which is by a passage of three paces; and the doorway is marked with the remains of bolts and iron hinges. It is built up against the side of the rock, about eighteen feet square, and appears to have been the kitchen or principal dwelling, having a range or fire-place six feet wide. On the south side of this apartment, opposite to the entrance, is a door-way leading to an outward seat, formed in the rock, and opening upon the walk on the river's brink. On this side of the room are two windows, which bear the marks of iron-grating; and also a



closet. By holes cut in the rock, it seems as if timbers had been lodged therein for the flooring of an upper chamber. This structure is built of ashler-work, and appears to be of much more modern date than the cells formed in the rock.

Passing from this outward building by the entrance, the visitant ascends, by seventeen steps, to a little vestibule, with a seat on each side, capable of holding one person only. Above the inner doorway some letters appear, the remains of an inscription, which was "*Sunt mihi lachrymæ meæ cibo interdixit & noctu;*" the latin verse of the Psalmist, which is in our translation, "*My tears have been my meat day and night.*" Psal. xlii. 3. In these seats or niches the hermit sat to contemplate, and the prospect from them was well calculated to inspire meditation.

The hermitage contains three apartments, which have been denominated the chapel, the sacristy, and the antechapel. Of these the chapel is very entire and perfect; but the two others have suffered by the falling down of the rock at the west end, by which accident a beautiful pillar, which formerly stood between these two apartments, was destroyed. The chapel is about eighteen feet long, and not more than seven and a half feet in width and height; but it is modelled and executed in a beautiful style of Gothic architecture. Two pilasters of semi-hexagonal form project from the opposite walls in the centre, and one from each corner, from whence spring the intersecting groins of the roof, the joinings being ornamented with roses. The pilasters have plain capitals and bases; and all the work is chiselled, and done with mechanic regularity and

exactness. The wall, or outside rock, at the entrance, is left so thick as to admit the vestibule before noticed. At the east end there is a handsome plain altar formed across the whole apartment, to which the priest ascended by two steps, the upper plane edged with a moulding; these, in the course of ages, have been much worn away through the soft and yielding nature of the stone. In the centre of the wall, behind, is a niche for a crucifix or image, with the remains of a glory. On the right hand, near the altar, is a niche or cavity, cut out of the thickness of the wall, within which there is represented a table monument, (no chink or cavity appearing to give a supposition that it is hollowed to receive any human remains), with a recumbent female figure, the hands and arms of which appear to have been elevated. Light is admitted by two small windows behind. On the pillar which divides the windows are the remains of some sculpture, supposed by many to be that of a hovering cherub; but this appears to be merely conjecture. At the foot of the recumbent effigies is a bason cut for holy water, and the feet of the effigies rest against an animal (most likely a dog, as an emblem of fidelity), as is usual on monuments of the like form. Under the head of the effigies no crest appears; a double cushion is the support.

This holy retreat is exactly and beautifully described in the very amusing and interesting tale of the Hermit of Warkworth.

By length of time, and the weather beating through the windows, the figures are greatly injured. In a niche, at the foot of the monument, and cut in the wall, is the figure of a hermit, on his



knees, resting his head on his right hand, and his left hand placed on his bosom, as in a lamenting or pensive posture. The west end of the chapel is lighted by a window, formed of four conjoining circles : above the inner door of the vestibule is a shield bearing the remains of some arms ; by some taken to be the figure of a gauntlet ; but as it is generally believed that one of the Bertrams formed this hermitage, so it is probable this shield (the remains of which seem to correspond therewith) bore the Bertram's arms, *or, an orb, azure*. On the left hand of the altar, a window is formed in the partition of the apartment, divided by two mullions, the summit of each light or division ornamented with work formed of sections of circles, like those seen in cathedrals of the tenth century. From the chapel is an entrance into an inner apartment by a neat door-case, over which is sculptured a shield, with the crucifixion and several instruments of torture. At the east end of this inner apartment is an altar, like that in the chapel, lighted by the last-described window, and through which the person kneeling at the inner altar could view the cenotaph in the chapel. This apartment is about five feet wide, and nine paces in length : here is also a niche or bason for holy water.

On the northern side of this inner chamber a recess is cut in the rock, of size sufficient to hold the couch of a person of middling stature. It is alcoved above, and has a sole, about two feet above the level of the floor, to hold the mattress and bedding of the recluse. This recess is so placed, that, by a niche cut slantwise in the partition wall, which separates the two apartments, there is a view of

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the cenotaph and effigies thereon. The niche seemed calculated for this very purpose; being cut through the wall aslant, it could not be intended to convey the light. By some it has been imagined to be designed for confession: but it is most probable that the hermit was priest and penitent in one; and that he had devised those apertures that the effigies should be constantly in his sight. In this inner apartment is a small closet cut in the side-wall to the north; from this interior chamber is a door-way leading to an open gallery, having a prospect up the river; but by the falling of some of the rock above, this part is greatly damaged. It is said by old people, that the roof was supported by a fine pillar, and formed a small piazza, cloister, or open gallery; such galleries are seen in very ancient mansions in the centre of the front. From these cells, through a neat door-way, there are winding stairs cut in the rock, leading to its summit, supposed to conduct to the hermit's olitory or garden. A channel is ingeniously formed on the steps to carry off the water. It seems evident that the original hermitage consisted of no more than the apartments hewn in the rock, the inner one being the dwelling-place, and the little cloister the summer seat facing westward, and commanding a beautiful view of the river Coquet, which here forms a fine curve, in extent near half a mile; on this side bordered by rocks, on the other by cultivated lands of an easy inclination: on the extremity stands a farmhold to terminate the sequestered rural prospect.

The learned Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, has given some ingenious remarks respecting the

founder and antiquity of this hermitage, in the advertisement to his poem on this subject. It is the universal tradition, that the first hermit was one of the Bertram family, and imposed this penance upon himself to expiate the murder of his brother. Hutchinson has indeed attempted to give the story of this penitent a more sentimental cast, but his conjectures are only fine reveries.

Dr. Percy informs us, on good authority, that the memory of the first hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the Percy family, that they afterwards maintained a chantry priest to reside in the hermitage, and celebrate mass in the chapel; whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the dissolution of the monasteries; and then the whole salary, together with the hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no record which fixes the date of the foundation, or gives any particular account of the first hermit; but the following instrument will shew the liberal exhibition afforded to his successors. It is the patent granted to the last hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient M.S. book of grants, &c. of the sixth Earl of Northumberland, in the time of Henry VIII.

Sir George Lancastre Patent of xx Merks by Yere.

‘ Henry Erle of Northumberland, &c. Knowe youe that I the said Erle, in consideration of the diligent and thankfull service, that my well-beloved chaplen, Sir George Lancastre hath don unto me the said Erle, and also for the goode and virtus disposition that I do perceiue in him: and for that he shall have in his daily recom-

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mendation and praiers the good estate of all suche noble blode and other personages, as be now levyng; and the soules of such noble blode as be departed to the mercy of God owte of this present lyve, whos Names are conteyned and wrettyn in a Table upon perchment signed with thande of me the said Erle, and delivered to the custodie and keapyng of the said Sir George Lancastre: and further, that he shall kepe and saye his devyn service in celebratyng and doing Masse of *Requiem* every weke accordinge as it is written and set furth in the saide Table: Have geven and graunted, and by these presentes do gyve and graunte unto the said Sir George, myn Armytage belded in a rock of stone within my Parke of Warkworth, in the countie of Northumberland, in the honour of the blessed Trynete, with a yerly stipende of twenty merks by yer, from the feest of seint Michell tharchaungell last past afore the date herof yerly duryng the naturall lyve of the said Sir George: And also I the said Erle have geven and graunted, and by these Presents do gyve and graunte unto the said Sir George Lancastre, the occupation of one litle Gresground of myn called Conygarth nygh adjoynyng the said Harmytage, only to his only use and profit wynter and somer duryng the said terme; The Garden and Orteyarde belongyng the said Armytage; The Gate and Pasture of Twelf Kye and a Bull, with their Calves suking; And two Horses goyng and beyng within my said Parke of Warkworth wynter and somer; one draught of Fisse every Sondaie in the yere to be drawen fornenst the said Armytage, called the Trynete Draught; And twenty Lods of Fyrewode to be taken of my Wodds called Shilbotell Wode, duryng the said term.

‘ The said Stipend of xx Merks by yer to be taken and perceived yerly of the rent and ferme of my Fisshyng of Warkworth, by thands of the Fermour or Fermours of the same for the tyme beyng yerly at the times ther used and accustomed by evyn Portions. In wytnes whereof to thes my Letters Patentes I the said Erle have set the seale of myn armes: Yeven undre my signet at my castell of Warkworth, the third daye of December, in the xxiiiith

Yer of the Reigne of our Soveryn Lord Kyng Henry the eight.'

Some have confounded the chantry within the town of Warkworth, with this hermitage. But *two priests* were maintained at the chantry, and only *one priest* within the hermitage, as is plainly proved (if any further proof be wanting) by the following extract from a survey of Warkworth, made in the year 1567 :—

' Ther is in the parke (sc. of Warkworth) also one howse hewyn within one cragge, which is called the Harmitage Chapel: in the same ther haith bene *one Preast* keaped, which did such godlye services as that tyme was used and celebrated. The Mantion House [sc. the small building adjoining to the cragg] ys nowe in decaye: the closes that appertained to the said Chantrie is occupied to his lordship's use.'

Mr. Grose observes that "the dwelling of the hermit, or at least of his successors, was a small square building, erected at the foot of the cliff that contains the chapel. It consisted of one single dwelling-room, with a bed-chamber over it, also a small kitchen adjoining, which is now fallen in, and covered with earth; but the ruins of the oven still mark its situation, and shew that some of the inhabitants of this hermitage did not always dislike good cheer. This little building, erected below the chapel, being composed of materials brought together by human hands, has long since gone to ruin; whereas the walls of the chapel itself, being as old as the world, will, if not purposely destroyed, probably last as long as it, and continue to amuse the latest posterity. It gave me particular pleasure to

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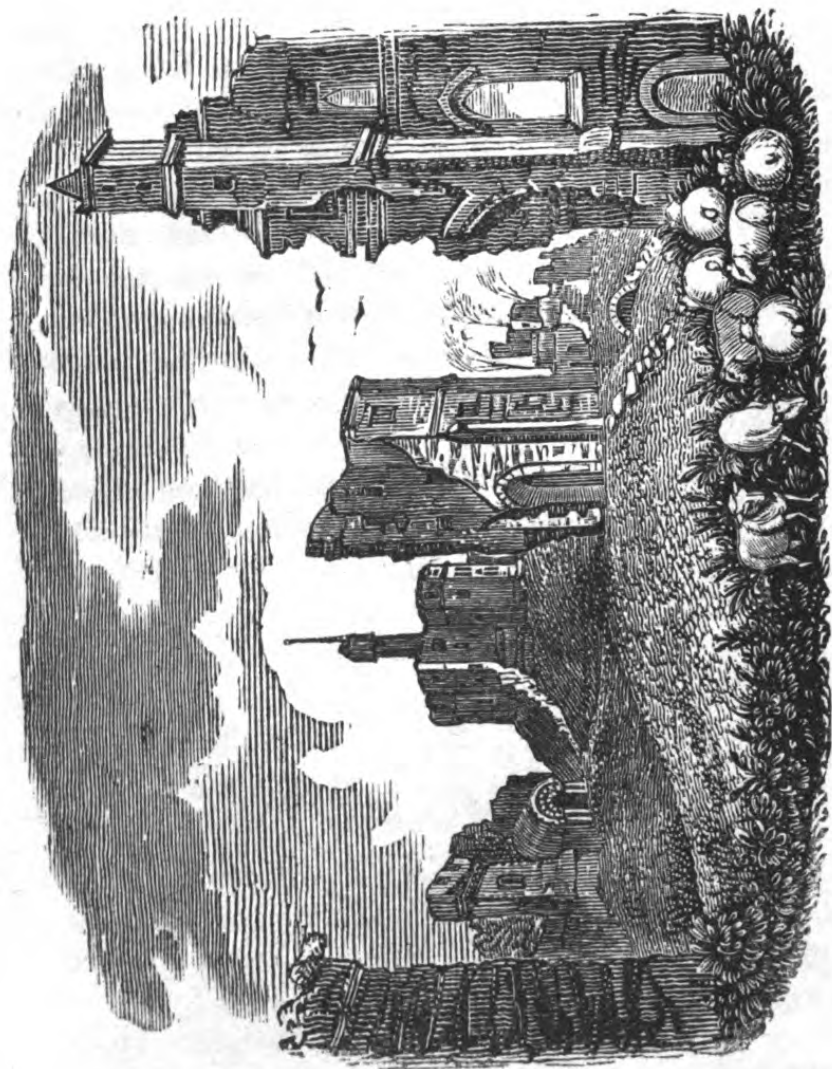
observe that the present noble proprietors have thought this curiosity not unworthy their attention, and have therefore bestowed a proper care to have it kept clean and neat ; have cleared the hermit's path, which was choked up, by the river's side ; have restored his well, (a small bubbling fountain of clear water, which issues from the adjoining rock) ; and have renewed the wood by new plantations at the top of the cliff, where the trees had been thinned or destroyed by time.

“ In this delightful solitude, so beautiful in itself, and so venerable for its antiquity, you will judge with what pleasure I perused the very amusing and interesting tale of the Hermit of Warkworth ; having the whole scene before me, and fancying I was present at the hermit's tender relation.”





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DESCRIPTION OF
WARKWORTH CASTLE.

THIS celebrated castle, which has so long survived the vicissitudes of many revolving ages, is even, although in ruins, a fine monument of ancient grandeur. It stands proudly elevated on an eminence adjoining to the south end of the town of Warkworth. Its west side overlooks the river Coquet, which, after almost surrounding it, at the distance of about a mile empties itself into the sea. Nothing can be more magnificent and picturesque, from what part soever it is viewed; and though, when entire, it was far from being destitute of strength, yet its appearance does not excite the idea of one of those rugged fortresses destined solely for war, whose gloomy towers suggest to the imagination only dungeons, chains, and executions; but rather that of such an ancient hospitable mansion as is alluded to by Milton:

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold."

Or, as is described in our old romances, where, in the days of chivalry, the wandering knight, or distressed princess, found honourable reception and entertainment, the holy palmer repose for his wearied limbs, and the poor and helpless their daily bread.

The rock on which this proud fortress is seated, is of an oblong figure. The keep or principal part of the building stands on the north side, and

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is elevated on an artificial mount, several feet higher than the other parts. Its figure is square, with the angles cut away. Near the middle of each side of this square there is a turret, projecting at right angles, its end terminating in a semi-hexagon. These projections are of the same height as the rest of the keep, from the centre of which a lofty exploratory tower arises. The whole building is large, and contains a variety of apartments.

The entrance is by a flight of steps to a door in the southmost turret. Within this door, on the ground floor, there are eight apartments, arched with stone, which seem to have been a place of refuge for cattle, as was generally the case in the old castles in this country. In one of these rooms there is a perpendicular hole, which leads to a dungeon, several feet below the surface of the ground. This horrid place is about 15 feet square, and is flagged with stone. It was the place of confinement for prisoners, from which it was impossible to escape. Those who were doomed to this wretched abode were let down and drawn up with cords. Each of these rooms is lighted with a small eyelet hole, through which an enemy on the outside might be assailed with arrows. There are also many holes of the same kind all around the other parts of the building, which seem intended for the same purpose. From these apartments there are one large and two small stair-cases that lead to the second story.

On the top of the large stair-case is a vestibule for the attendants in waiting, round which stone seats are fixed. From this is the entrance into the

great baronial hall. This room is 39 feet long, 24 feet broad, and about 20 feet high, and had extended to the top of the building. There had been a recess in the middle of one of the side-walls for the fire-place, which reached to the top of the room, where there had been a hole for the smoke, which was the common mode in ancient times. But at some future period, when the comfort of a room without smoke began to be known, the front of this recess had been walled up, and converted into a funnel like our modern chimneys. At the bottom of the room were three doors leading to the passages, which are in the side-wall, and enter a smaller room that had once been a chapel. The window that lights this room is larger and more ornamented than any other in the castle. In the wall, on each side, is placed the figure of an angel, supporting a shield, similar to those on the outside, but in a better state of preservation. There had been a gallery in this chapel, as appears from a fire-place in one of the side-walls, elevated about 12 feet from the floor. Adjoining to this is another state-room, not quite so large as the great hall. The windows of these three rooms look to the sea. There are four other rooms, tolerably large, one of which had been the kitchen; and there are several others very small, some of them without windows. These, perhaps, were intended for hiding-places, or to conceal plunder. Over all these apartments, except the great hall, there had been rooms of a similar size, as appears from the stones that project from the walls to support the flooring, and from the fire-places in the walls.

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None of these rooms have ever been plastered or ornamented in any way: they were, no doubt, hung with tapestry, according to the custom of those days. The masonry of this part of the castle is in so excellent a state of preservation, that it wants little more than a roof, floors, and glass in the windows, to restore it to its ancient state.

In the front of the keep is an area, consisting of rather more than an acre of ground: the length from north to south is 85 yards, and from east to west 66. The walls are entire in many places, and are 35 feet high. The entrance had been guarded by a dry moat cut across the isthmus, over which was formerly a drawbridge, long since removed, and its place supplied by a mound of earth. The gateway or principal entrance had once been a stately building, defended by a portcullis, and contained apartments for several of the officers of the castle; but now only a few apartments remain, which are inhabited by the person who has the charge of the castle. There was a tower at both of the south corners, each containing a few apartments, but they are now in a dilapidated state. There were similar towers about the middle of the east and the west walls, which are also in ruins. To the west of the gateway were some buildings, none of which now remain except a tower, on one side of which is placed a rude figure of a lion; and in the walls above it are three shields, two of them bearing the arms of the Percies. Near this is a pinnacle or spire, in which is a stair-case that leads to the top. The postern gate is in the west wall, at a little distance. In the middle of the area is a draw-well, which formerly supplied the castle with

water. Near it are two subterranean apartments ; but it does not appear for what purpose they were formed.

It is not certainly known when this castle was built. From the circumstance of the Percy arms being put up in several parts of the building, some have supposed that it was erected by that family ; but by a slight inspection it is easily perceived that they have been inserted into the walls at an after period. This is clearly proved by one of them having fallen out ; and the place where it was fixed appears to be cut in the wall, about six inches deep. The doors, the windows, and every thing about the place, attest that it had been built at a more early period. The gateway and outer walls are evidently the work of a remote age ; but the keep or donjon exhibits the peculiarities of a more recent and more opulent period, and was probably built by the Percy family.

The castle and moat, according to an ancient survey, contained 5 acres $17\frac{3}{4}$ perches of ground. Its walls, on the south, east, and west sides, are garnished with towers. The great gate of the castle is on the south side between two polygonal towers, and is also defended with machicolations.

When Leland wrote his Itinerary, this castle was in thorough repair. His words are—"Warkworth Castell stondythe on the south syde of Coquet water ; it is well maynteyned, and is large." At that time the Percy family was under attainder, and Warkworth, &c. in the hands of the crown ; during which, this castle was probably neglected, and fell into the decay described in the following survey, taken about the year 1567, when the

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family had been restored but a few years. As this survey contains an exact and curious description of the buildings of the castle, we shall give it at large, together with some particulars relating to its demolition; all of which have been communicated to that industrious and learned antiquary Mr. Grose, by permission of their Graces the first Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, being preserved among the archives of their illustrious house.

Extract from a Survey by G. Clarkson, † 1567.

‘ The castell of Warkworth ys situate on the ryver of Cockett: on the south syde of the same ryver ys one little mount parteley maid by nature of the ground, with the course of the sayd ryver on the west syde, and on the east and north syde with moytes casten and mad by mens worke; and one the sowth parte ys the waye and passadge to and from the sayd castell by two severall wayes; one of the which two passadges were good to be mad up; that ys the waye that goyth towards the sowth by the loyninge were most expedyent; thendes of the sayde loyninge strongly ditched, casten, or made with stone wall, and the hye streate to be made to goo thorow the demaynes, and the same casten in a loyning there with a stronge quickwoode hedge casten of eyther syde; the stones of th’ old cawsey taken awaye, and a cawsey newly made within that ground of the sayd demaynes, viz. from the north end of a meadow-close, called Tybbettes Close, eastward, to one hye waye that goyth to the gate of the demaynes, and along the same waye to the sayd gate; which myght be done with small charge; and that done, the parke wold not only be on that syde well inclosed, the deer have feedinge nighe the gate of the sayd castell, but also yt shold be a great strength to the sayd parke, castell, and groundes joyninge upon the same, a better passadge then that that now ys in all respects, and hurt no person, so that the same were well and orderlye done or made.

† One of the Auditors to the then Earl of Northumberland.

‘ The buyldinge of the sayd castell on the sowth parte, is thre towres: viz. the gate-house towres, in the middle thereof; which is th’ entrye at a draw-bridge over drye moyte: and in the same towre ys a prison, and porter lodge; and over the same a fare lodginge, called the constables lodginge; and in the courtayne between the gatehouse and west towre in the corner beyng round of diverse squares, called Cradyfargus, is a fare and comely buyldinge, a chapell, and diverse houses of office one the ground; and above the great chambre, and the lordes lodginge: all which be now in great decaye, as well in the covertour beyng lead, as also in timbre, and glass; and without some help of reparaciones it will come to utter ruin.

‘ Turning north from the south-west corner in that courtayn stretchinge to another little towre, called the postern towre, ys th’ old hall, which was verie fare, and now by reason yt was in decay, ys unroofed, and the tymbre taken downe lyinge in the said castell. In the same square a buttrye, pantrye, and kitchinge, which are now also in utter decay. And at th’ entrye into the hall, for the porche thereof, is raysed a little square towre, wherein is two chambres, and on the foresyd in stone portrayed a lyon verie workemanly wrought, and therefore called the lyon towre; the same is covered with lead, and in good reparacions. Th’ other towre, called the posterne towre, is two lodginges, under which goith owt a posterne; and the same is covered with lead, and in good reparacions. ‘ In th’ est syde of the great hall was an ile sett owt with pyllers, which yet standeth, and coverd with lead.

‘ From the gatehouse towre to the towre in th’ est corner, called ys no buyldinge, but onely a courtayne wall, fare and of a new buyldinge; and in that towre is a stable one the ground, and thre lodginge above: the same is coverd with lead, and in good reparacions.

‘ Turnynge from that towre towards the doungeon north, is another little turrett in the wall, ys sett upon that courtayn wall stables and gardeners over the same coverd with slate, and in good reparacions.

‘ Over the courte from the sayd towre, called the posterne towre, to the said turrett, is the foundation of a house,

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which was ment to have been a colledge, and good parte of the walls were builded; which if yt had bene finished and made a parfit square, the same had been a division betweene the said courte to the lodgings before recyted, and the doungeon. The buildinge that was made of the sayd collidge is now taken awaye, savinge that certeyn walls under the ground thereof yet remayne: and at th' east part thereof is now a brewhouse and bakhouse, coverd with slate, and in good reparacions. In the sayd courte is a drawell which serveth the holle house of water.

'The doungeon is in the north parte of the scyte of the sayd castell, sett upon a little mount highyer than the rest of the cowrte steppes of a greas before ye enter to yt: and the same ys buyld as a foure square, and owt of every square one towre: all which be so quarterly squared together, that in the sight every parte appeareth fyve towres very finely wrought of mason worke; and in the same conteyned, as well a fare hall, kytchinge, and all other houses of offices verie fare and aptely placed, as also great chambre, chapell, and lodgings for the lord and his trayn. In the middle thereof is a peace voy'd, which is called a lanterne; which both receyveth the water from diverse spowtes of the lead, and hath his conveyance for the same: and also gevith light to certayne lodgings in some partes. And on the parte of the same at the top ys rayسد of a good hight above all the houses a turrett, called the watch house; upon the top whereof ys a great vyew to be had, and a fare prospect, as well towards the sea, as all parties of the land. In the north part of the say'd doungeon ys portrayed a lyon wrought in the stone verie workmanly.

– 'The castell is envyroned on three partes with the sayd ryver; and of the north parte, in an angle within the say'd water, is situate a towne, called the borowgh of Warkworth, and the parish church: and at the north end thereof a bridge over the water, and a little towre buyld on th' ende of the sayd bridge, wher a pare of gates ys hanged: and now the said towre ys without roof, and cover; and without amendment will in short tyme utterlye decay; yt shalbe therefore very requisete that the towre be withall speed repaired, and the gates hanged upe, which shall be a great savety and comoditye for the towne.'

This castle becoming ruinous, a warrant (as appears from an entry made in a book containing copies of commissions, warrants, &c. on the Earl of Northumberland's affairs) was granted to Mr. Whitehead, one of the stewards to that Earl, dated the 24th of June, 1608, "to take down the lead that lieth upon the ruinous towers and places of Warkworth, to way it and lay it uppe, and to certify his lordship of the quantity thereof, that the places where lead is taken off, be covered againe for the preservation of the timber." And in 1610 the old timber of the buildings in the outer court was sold for £28.

In 1672 the dungeon or keep of the castle was unroofed, &c. at the instance of Joseph Clarke, one of the auditors to the family, who obtained a gift of the materials from the then Countess of Northumberland. The following is a copy of a letter from him to one of the tenants:—

' William Milbourne,

' Beinge to take downe the materialls of Warkworth Castle, which are given me by the Countess of Northumberland to build a house at Cheuton, I doe desire you to speake to all her ladishipp tenants in Warkeworth, Birlinge, Buston, Acklington, Shilbottle, Lesbury, Longhaughton, and Bilton, that they will assist me with their draughts as soone as conveniently they can, to remove the lead and timber which shall be taken downe, and such other materialls as shall be fitt to be removed, and bringe it to Cheuton, which will be an obligation to theire and youre friend,

JO. CLARKE.

Newcastle, 27 April, 1672.

In regard they are like to be out three days ere they gett home, I shall be content to allowe every wayne half a crowne, and let me know who refuse to do me . they .

To my lovinge friend William Milbourne, at his house at Birlinge.'



From the time that Mr. Clarke completed the ruin of this venerable structure to the present, it has remained in a mutilated state ; but so excellent is its workmanship, that it will probably resist the devastations of time for centuries to come.

The view from the castle is so extensive and varied, that description can convey but a very imperfect idea of its beauties. To the east and north-east, there is a sea prospect, with Dunstanburgh and Bamburgh Castles at the most distant point of land ; the Fern Islands lying scattered like patches upon the face of the waters. The port of Alnmouth is a nearer object, and at a little distance the mouth of the river Coquet, and Coquet Island, with its ruined monastery, are seen. To the north extends a rich cultivated country as far as Alnwick ; while to the west is seen the river Coquet, whose winding channel is variegated with woodlands. On the south there is an extensive plain, gently sloping towards the sea, covered with villages, flourishing beneath the fruitful industry of man, and interspersed with the solemn and august beauty of woods and forests. The shore is indented with many small ports and creeks ; the uplands are thickly covered with numerous hamlets, churches, and other buildings, producing a charming scene of picturesque beauty ; whilst, in the extreme distance, the varied tints of the landscape, arising from remote objects, produce altogether a prospect which neither language nor the pencil can adequately pourtray.

The castle and barony of Warkworth formerly belonged to Roger Fitz-Richard, who, upon the assessment of an aid for marrying the King's daughter, 12 Henry II., certified that he held the castle

and manor of Warkworth by the service of one knight's fee. He gave to the Monks of Newminster, near Morpeth, a salt-work in this place. He married Eleanor, one of the daughters and co-heirs of Henry de Essex, Baron of Raleigh and Clavering, and had by her Robert, surnamed Fitz-Roger, to whom King John, in the first year of his reign, confirmed this part of the fee of inheritance of the castle and manor of Warkworth, as also of the manor of Clavering, in Essex. This Robert died about the 12th of King John, leaving issue by Margaret, daughter and sole heiress of William de Caisennetto, alias Cheney, and relict of Hugh de Cressy, one son called John, and surnamed Fitz-Robert, to whom King John, in the 14th year of his reign, confirmed the castle and manor of Warkworth to be held by the accustomed service of one knight's fee. He married Adela, heiress of Hugh de Baliol, and left at his death three sons, the eldest of whom, Roger Fitz-John succeeded to the inheritance of his baronies and manors. He died in the 33rd of Henry III., leaving issue Robert, surnamed Fitz-Roger, the second of that name, who married Margaret, daughter of the Lord de la Zouch, and, dying in the 3rd Edward III., left an only son, named John, who took upon him the name of Clavering.

This John de Clavering, in consideration of a grant for life of certain crown lands in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Northampton, made over to King Edward II. the reversion, in fee, of his barony and castle of Warkworth, together with other manors, provided he should die without issue male; and this reversion, King Edward III., in the



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second year of his reign, (John de Clavinger being then living), granted to Henry de Percy and his heirs, to be held by the accustomed services ; which grant was, two years afterwards, confirmed by the parliament; and John de Clavinger dying that year, the king directed his writ, dated 24th of January, that the several baronies and manors should be delivered to him, which was accordingly done.

Warkworth Castle continued in the Percy family till the 8th Richard II., 1384, when the Scots, having taken Berwick, by bribing the person to whom Henry Percy, first Earl of Northumberland, had entrusted it, the Duke of Lancaster, then a great enemy to that nobleman, accused him of treason before the Lords, and even procured his condemnation, and the confiscation of his estates ; * but the Earl, having retaken Berwick, and made his innocence apparent, he was again restored to his honours and estates.

In the reign of Henry IV., when that king quarrelled with the Percies, who had helped him to the crown, this castle was taken from the Earl of Northumberland, and bestowed upon Sir Robert Umfreville, in whose possession it remained till the restoration of the Percy family in the succeeding reign, at the conclusion of which, being involved in the ruin of the House of Lancaster, to which they were firm adherents, the Percies were attainted in the first parliament of Edward IV., and their estates forfeited and given to George, Duke of Clarence, that king's brother, who was then lieu-

* In the 10th year of Richard II., Ralph Lord Nevil, of Raby, died possessed of this estate of Warkworth ; and in the 5th of King Henry IV., Thomas Lord Furnival, brother of the Earl of Westmoreland, held the government of the Castle.

tenant of Ireland, for the support of his dignity. Robert Lord Ogle had a grant at the same time of the office of steward and constable of this and some other of his castles and lordships. But the storm soon blew over, and in the 12th year of Edward IV. the attainder was reversed, and Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, was restored to his estates and honours.

They were destined, however, to undergo another reverse; for, on the death of Henry the sixth Earl of Northumberland, † they came again into the possession of the crown. Sir Thomas Percy,

† In the year 1532, while the Earl of Northumberland held the appointment of Warden of the East and Middle Marches, the mutual inroads on the borders were frequent and destructive. The Earl, in his letters to King Henry VIII., says, "that notoriously and heinously the Scotts of Tiviotdale, with the number of 300 persons and above, Launce Carr being their governor, and deputy of the Marches, hath not only burnt a town of mine called Alnham, on Thursday the 10th of October, with all the corn, hay, and household stuff in the said town, and also a woman; but also upon Friday next after took up another town of mine called Newstead, 200 head of cattle, 26 prisoners, and hath shamefully murdered 2 young spryngaldes, the eldest of them not above 15 years old. And also upon Sunday at night, being the 13th of October, came in on the close night a hundred light horsemen and took up a town called Lorbottle 20 horses and all the insight of the town. Also upon Monday the Scots King authorised the Earl of Murrey, as his Warden of the Marches, openly in his parliament, and promised three thousand inland men to lie upon the Borders. At which time Marke Carr promised openly before the King that within five days after, he would burn a town of mine within my poor house of Warkworth where I lie, and give me light to put my clothes on at midnight. Upon Thursday at night came 30 light horsemen unto a little village of mine called Whittle, having not past six houses in it, lying toward Ryddisdaill, upon Shilbottle Moor; and there would have fired the said houses, but there was no fire to get there, and they forgot to bring any with them; and took a wife, being great with child in the said town, and said to her, 'where we cannot give the Lord light, yet we shall do this in spite of him,' and gave her three mortal wounds upon the head, and another in the right side, with a dagger; whereupon the said wife is dead, and the child in her belly is lost. And I have devised that within four nights, God willing, Kelso in like case shall be burnt, with all the corn in the town.'

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brother and heir to Henry Percy, the sixth Earl, having been executed and attainted for being concerned in Aske's rebellion, in the 29th of Henry VIII., 1538, the Earl his brother had, with a wise precaution, left all his estates to the crown, in order to keep them entire till the family should be restored. This event soon happened; for, in 1557, the Percy family were again restored to all their honours and estates, in the person of Thomas, son of Sir Thomas Percy, whom Queen Mary, by her letters patent (3 and 4 Philip and Mary) advanced to the dignity of Baron Percy, &c. and Earl of Northumberland. A part of these estates was Warkworth Castle. But this Thomas, unfortunately joining with the Earl of Westmoreland, in the great northern insurrection against Queen Elizabeth, in 1569, he was, after having been kept prisoner in Scotland three years, delivered up to the queen's officers in the north, and beheaded at York, on the 22nd of August, 1572.

By virtue of the entails in the last creation, however, the titles and estates were not forfeited to the crown by the attainder of Earl Thomas; but descended to his brother Henry Percy, eighth Earl of Northumberland, and have since continued in the possession of the ancient and illustrious house of Percy.

FINIS.

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