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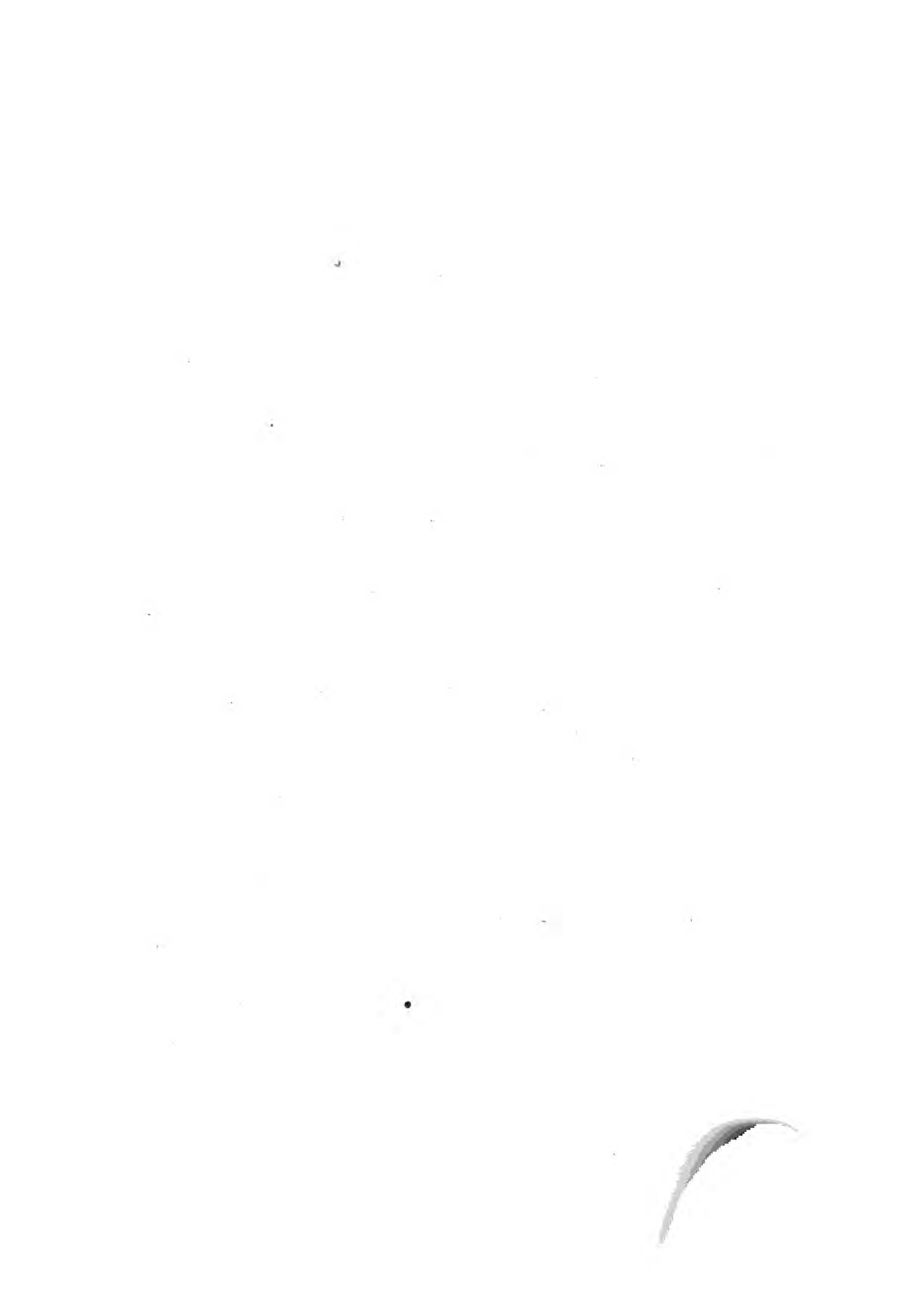




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THE
RURAL ALBUM,
CONTAINING
DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS;
WITH
HISTORICAL NOTICES
OF
Barnwell and Fotheringhay Castles, &c.

BY
THOMAS BELL,
AUTHOR OF "THE RUINS OF LIVEDEN."

LONDON:
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TO
HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY, K.G.,
THIS VOLUME
IS,
BY PERMISSION,
MOST HUMBLY AND GRATEFULLY
INSCRIBED, AND DEDICATED,
BY
HIS GRACE'S
OBEDIENT AND OBLIGED SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

Few are the observations, and brief the remarks necessary to introduce to the favourable notice of the reader, the little work now offered to the public eye.

The book will speak for itself; and while the contents of its poetical pages may afford amusement and pleasure to some, and its topographical information, derived from the most authentic sources, present matters of interest to others, it is hoped that the work will disarm criticism of its severity by its lowly pretensions, and avert the stroke of censure by its humility.

The poetical parts consist of a small selection from the papers of a humble individual, who during a long life, chequered with a large share of the vicissitudes and trials, which are the characteristic portion of his poetical brethren, has from time to time endeavoured to express his thoughts, and give vent to his emotions of joy and sorrow in humble verse; and now ventures with much diffidence to publish them, trusting to the kindly feelings, and patronage of an indulgent public.

The Author lays no claim to poetical distinction. He ventures not, like many of his more highly favoured brethren, upon a lofty flight, to soar over the wide expanse of nature

and art, to draw from their infinitely varied resources subjects to inspire, and illustrations to adorn his song, but

Content in his own native fields to roam,
He culls the flow'rets of his rural home.

And as the admirer of the plumed songsters of nature listens with delight to the enlivening strains of the early lark, or stands entranced by the melody of the nightingale, yet disdains not the feebler warblings of the more lowly minstrels of the grove ; so, while the songs of those gifted sons of the muses, whose works have rendered their names immortal, must ever charm the heart, and claim a just precedence in the minds of their countrymen, yet the Author hopes that his own feeble attempts to please may not be entirely overlooked and despised.

His subjects are for the most part of the simplest character, scenes from the homely incidents of an English village, and thoughts, suggested by the unexciting routine of a country life ; yet to Englishmen these scenes, and their associations, can scarcely be devoid of interest ; for there are few things more striking in England, or more peculiar to our country, than the character of its rural life, and the whole aspect of its sylvan villages.

The traveller searches in vain for such scenery in other countries of Europe, even in those most highly favoured by nature, and most abounding in temporal advantages.

He may indeed meet with towns, and cities, crowded with objects of the highest interest and beauty ; he may behold nature's loveliest scenes in all their majestic grandeur untouched by the hand, or untrodden by the foot, of man : or from time to time he may pass some stately residence, standing alone in its own magnificence, and strangely con-

trasting with the surrounding squalid huts of poverty ; but seldom will he find any spots, which will recal to his mind his dear English villages, with their neat and substantial cottages, their homesteads, and farm-yards, clustering around the ancient church, whose lofty tower seems to stand as a Christian sentinel over them ; while, at no great distance perhaps, the rich man's house, embosomed in trees, hides its own grandeur, lest it should contrast too strongly with the neighbouring lowly tenements of the poor.

In a village of this description, and in a cottage, endeared to his heart by family associations of more than a century and a half, and under the noble family of Montagu and Buccleuch, the Author has spent the greater part of his life ; and most of the poetical trifles contained in the following pages were written in a neighbourhood, characterized in a high degree, by that picturesque and peaceful landscape so congenial to the English mind.

As a portion of this volume is devoted to some Poetical Pieces, in which allusion is made to such scenes, the Author hopes that the descriptive, and historical notes relating to the several localities, which have afforded subjects for his muse, will not be deemed an unsuitable, or unwelcome addition to these pages.

Those at least to whom these scenes are familiar, will doubtless peruse with pleasure a simple account of places, endeared to their recollection by many pleasing associations, while to the general reader, they will present interesting points, connected with history and antiquity.

Such is the little work, which the Author presents to the public, and if these unpretending pages shall be regarded by his subscribers, friends, and his readers in general as affording agreeable amusement, blended with information

on some points not generally known, to employ their thoughts, and while away the tedium of a vacant hour, he will have reached the summit of his ambition.

In conclusion the Author desires to express his liveliest gratitude to the Nobility, and numerous subscribers, who have so liberally patronized his septuagenarian efforts at authorship ; and also to those personal friends, who, in consequence of his ill-state of health, kindly volunteered their valuable aid in preparing this little work for the press.

Should the present publication meet with any encouragement from the public, the Author may be induced to string together on another occasion a few historical and topographical notices concerning the interesting parish of Barnwell more acceptable to antiquarian and archæological readers.

T. B.

BARNWELL, *March* 9, 1853.

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An Introductory Poem

TO THE

DESCRIPTIVE AND LOCAL PIECES.

COME, Fancy, soother of the vacant hour,
Whose visionary charms so oft have rais'd
My beating heart to bliss, as oft depress'd
With tales of wild imaginary woes ;
Come from that lofty, airy station, where
Thou lov'st to soar, or from the flow'ry bed,
Where youthful poets feign thy sweet abode !

Come, waft my muse, where never yet the step
Of wand'ring minstrel ever thought to tread !
What though the strain be lowly, though no groves
Arcadian nod, though no delicious fruits
Dispense in odours sweet their fragrance round ;
Yet dear to me the humble scenes of home,
As shady bow'rs and sand-girt oases
To Afric's sons, when from the glowing sun
They panting seek their fragrant cool retreats.

Scenes of my Youth ! How recollection loves
To hail once more the well remember'd hours,
(Those calm, delightful hours—too quickly gone!)
I've pass'd amid your flow'ry fields, when Hope
Held forth alluringly a boundless store
Of pleasures unalloy'd. With bounding heart,
And nerves attun'd to rapture, have I rov'd
Through all the varied wilds, that skirt you round,
Caught the first glance of morning, as it dawn'd
In dewy brightness over Lilford's groves :
Or, as the shades of eve more widely spread,
And threw their mantle o'er the peaceful scene,
I've sought thy verdant meadows, church and hill,
Romantic Wadenhoe ! or rambled on
To where, in gloom monastic buried deep,
Midst shady trees, and lone sequester'd fields,
Thy ruins, Liveden !¹ still majestic stand.

Nor have my steps delighted less to stray
In wilder paths, midst tow'ring elms and oaks,
That throw their ag'd fantastic arms around,
To where the forest glade, expanding wide,
Opens to view, enchanting, peaceful, still,
In contrast sweet, and shows the soft retreat,
And fairy scenes, that shade Fitzpatrick's home.

And further, northwards, have I bent my way,
In mournful mood, to where the mould'ring hill
Frowns o'er the stream—a stern memorial
Of royal Fotheringhay, where history,
With pallid cheek, and trembling hands, unfolds
The blood-stain'd record of its Sovereign's shame ;

¹ See note at the end of the volume.

And tells to list'ning worlds, in horror wrapp'd,
The ruthless end of Mary, Scotland's Queen.

And chief of all and nearest to my heart,
Barnwell! thy simple annals claim the lay,
The page historic, and the Poet's song.
Dear are thy castellated tow'rs and walls,
Crown'd o'er with ivy-leaves and waving ferns.
And dear to memory thy graceful spire,
Cleaving the sky, and guarding peacefully
The hallow'd turf, where rest the forms we lov'd.

Fruitful thy fields, lovely thy shelter'd walks,
And sweet thy groves, bedeck'd with many a flower,
Of woodbine, hawthorn and the eglantine.
Here too the crowfoot, primrose, violet,
And other floral beauties spread their bloom,
And shed their odours round thy rural paths,
Thy stream meand'ring, and thy lovely meads ;
Where oft in early, thoughtless youth I've stray'd,
Heedless and careless of the morrow's fate.

In thee the course of charity runs pure,
Clear and unsullied, as at first it flow'd
From its own fountain head, like some fair spring,
That, led by skilful hands through barren wilds,
Holds on its way rejoicing, clothes the earth
With rich, luxuriant turf of lovely hues,
And, by its magic, vivifying powers,
Converts the noxious weeds to fragrant flowers.

Hail! holy Latham! Thou need'st not the muse
To praise thy deeds of charity and love,
Which clothe the young, and train them up for God,
Support the feeble in the wane of life,
And far and wide their blessings spread around ;

For thy much honour'd name to all is known,
 Is lisp'd in infancy, in childhood's days
 Is bless'd and cherish'd, and by crippled age
 With prayer is mingled at the Throne of Grace!

Thou centre of my hopes in manhood's pride,
 Of many tender ties, by love endear'd,
 Barnwell! to me thy name will fondly cling,
 When busier scenes, and skies of purer blue,
 From mem'ry's fading tablet are eras'd!

Let Armston too the muse's song engage,
 The quiet hamlet of the rural hills,
 Rich in monastic lore and legends wild
 Of other days, as wand'ring past she seeks
 Thy shady fields, secluded Hemington,
 And longs to wave the weird's wand, to gain
 A magic view of thy Baronial Hall,
 Its moated gardens, and its terrace walks ;
 To view in visionary dreams, the arch,
 The mantled 'scutcheon, and the griffen crest,
 That crown'd the portal to its spacious courts.
 All passed away, save one small relic left
 To mark the spot, and tell the rural swain,
 Here dwelt, in olden time, a Montagu!

Ancient thy race, as noble is thy fame,
 Monthermer, Monteacute, and Salisbury ;
 With added honours in the ducal crest
 Of Douglas Scott, Buccleuch, and Queensberry.

Long may these honours last, and long remain,
 In its own line extended and renew'd,
 Illustrious and belov'd ; while in a son,
 Or a son's son, perchance these fields may bear
 The honour'd name of Montagu again.

I.

Barnwell Castle, by Moonlight.¹

AH! 'tis the solemn hour of midnight deep,
When lost in deathlike silence all things sleep;
Dark from the massive pile the shadows fall,
Scarce seen the mould'ring arch and ivied wall,
Save where the pale and full-orb'd queen of night
Steals o'er the rounded tow'rs with silv'ry light.

Yes! 'tis the midnight hour, when mortals sleep,
And birds of night alone their vigils keep.
The owl, snug-nestled in the ruin'd wall,
Breathes forth his gentle hush, as if to call
On those intruding here, at hours so late,
Softly to tread lest they disturb his mate;
Or, starting wildly from some frightful dream,
High overhead pours forth his wailing scream;
While Philomela on some shelter'd thorn
Rests for awhile, and waits the break of morn.

The world is still—the snow-white clouds above,
Chaotic mingling, scarcely seem to move,
But slowly bear their fleecy forms along,
A wide-spread, shapeless and fantastic throng.

¹ Historical notices of the Castle, and to the other local pieces, will be found at the end of the book under the number corresponding with that at the head of each poem.

This is the scene for meditation's pow'r,
 This is the muse's fascinated hour,
 When Fancy, leaving the dull bounds of day
 Flies off, uncheck'd, in other realms to stray.

Hark! on the list'ning ear, the Warder's horn
 Sounds loud and cheerly o'er the verdant lawn;
 Along the ramparts swells the warlike sound,
 And to their posts the watchful sentries bound.
 The friendly challenge tells no foe is near,—
 Some midnight wand'rer claims protection here,
 Some Pilgrim trav'ling to a distant shrine;
 Or red-cross Knight, from holy Palestine;
 Or ancient Minstrel here, perchance, may stray
 To tune his harp to jocund roundelay.

Now Fancy, wand'ring, paints the foe-men nigh,
 With silken pennons floating in the sky.
 Loud sounds again the Warder's echoing horn,
 And loud the cry for Reginald le Moine!
 "Up! up! Sir Knight, and leave thy 'Ladye Bower,'
 A ruthless band assails the portal tower!"
 The watchful Knight the angry summons hears,
 Starts from his couch, and for the feud prepares;
 Loud clang the warrior's arms, and loud the cry,
 As overhead the glancing arrows fly.
 List to the echoing crash, as from the walls,
 Prone to the earth some brave defender falls.
 And hark! the piercing shriek—the stifled moan—
 The dying prayer—the agonizing groan,—
 As on the plain the wounded warriors lie,
 Unheeded 'midst the shouts of victory!

Again can Fancy change the ideal scene;
 Some mounted monk comes ambling o'er the green,

From Ramsey's Abbot sent on special grace,
And known to all as "Father Boniface,"
Fam'd for his jests, to troll the midnight glee,
Or touch the harp in cheerful minstrelsy.
I see him now the smiling Warder greet,
While careful grooms replace him on his feet.
I hear his jokes, I mark his jovial laugh,
I see his lips the gen'rous liquor quaff;
While crowding round him, eager for his tale,
The list'ning household bear the cakes and ale.

How chang'd is all! The merry jest is gone,
The laugh is o'er, and mute the Warder's horn.
Le Moine's proud banner floats on high no more—
No more the warrior steeps the soil in gore!
Peace reigns around; the placid moon on high
Now beams refulgent in a clearer sky.
The visions fade—I hear the warning bell,
And, half-reluctant, bid the scene farewell!

II.

Barnwell Church on Sunday Morning.

SOFT is the breeze this Sabbath morn,
The dew drops glisten on the thorn ;
The lark his carol chants on high
In strains of wildest minstrelsy,
And, pouring forth his matin lays,
Calls me to join his hymns of praise.

Praise be to Thee, Almighty Power,
Who watch'd me through the midnight hour,
And brought me here refreshed to seek
Thy blessings for another week !

Come, welcome Sabbath—day of rest,
With calm composure fill my breast ;
The world's vain thoughts be far away,
Let holy peace attend the day !

What grateful pleasure does it yield
To view the church thus half conceal'd
By aged elms, whose branches fall,
And seem to brush her distant wall !
Her lofty tower, and loftier spire
Ascend to raise our thoughts much higher ;
T'exalt our minds from earth's low sod,
And lift our souls in prayer to GOD.

How sweetly soothing 'tis to hear
Those chiming bells salute the ear,
And softly from their lofty seat
Their simple melody repeat.

Hark to the tuneful echoing sound,
Now feebly heard the village round,
Now bolder float along the vale,
Borne swiftly on the buoyant gale,
To call us to the House of Prayer,
And bid us come and worship there.

See, issuing from each home in view
Husbands and wives, and children too ;
Slow limping age here creeps along :
There walks a vig'rous manly throng :
On ev'ry side are stragglers seen,
On roads, on footpaths, on the green ;
While from the schools a lengthy train
Of happy youth the porch attain,
With each their Book of Common Prayer,
And Bible cover'd o'er with care.
Bless'd guides to happiness above,
The kindest gifts of Christian love,
To train to GOD the hearts of youth,
And fill their minds with heav'nly truth.

Obedient to the hallow'd sound,
All seek yon consecrated ground,
Array'd in garments clean and neat,
And kindly all their neighbours greet ;
And, as the chime its warning ends,
Go in the house of GOD as friends.

They lowly kneel in silent prayer
That GOD may bless their presence there ;

Then calmly wait, and rise to hear
 Their pastor's voice, their hearts to cheer,
 Proclaim their Maker's pard'ning grace
 To all within the sacred place,
 Who, guided by their gracious LORD,
 Hear and obey His holy Word.

And now united prayers arise,
 And waft their incense to the skies ;
 Now thankful voices loudly raise
 Th' enliv'ning, heartfelt hymn of praise.

In silence all, both age and youth,
 Next listen to the Word of Truth,
 Pure, unalloy'd, as when the pen
 Of Inspiration gave it men,
 Their souls from sin and death to save,
 And lead to bliss beyond the grave.

Again the glowing hymn of praise
 The Christian's warm affections raise :
 And humble supplications rise
 To Him, who all our need supplies,
 For mercies He alone can show,
 And 'gainst all evil man can know.

What holy peace and joy we find
 In prayer with thankfulness combin'd,
 As these by turns engage us there,
 And form our solemn morning prayer !

The pastor strives in his discourse
 Th' unerring Word of GOD t' inforce ;
 He warns the wicked of the end,
 To which their sinful courses tend :
 The terrors of the LORD displays,
 To turn them from their evil ways ;

With promises divine he cheers
The timid, fill'd with gloomy fears :
Religion's loveliness he shows,
The peace of soul which it bestows ;
And urges all to walk the way,
Which leads to everlasting day.

The blessing given, his labours cease,
And all dispersing go in peace.

Left all alone, I walk around
The silent consecrated ground,
Rais'd with the sleeping dust of those,
Whose mortal bodies here repose,
Whom for a thousand years grim death
Has snatch'd from light, from life and breath,
Until th' Archangel's trump shall sound,
And summon from this hallow'd ground
The dead, who slumber here below,
To endless happiness or woe.
Oh ! startling thought ! Each lowly grave
Should warn us wisely to behave,
To seek the mighty GOD of love,
And fix our thoughts on realms above.

Reflection ! Ah ! I prize thee most,
Where man so little has to boast.
No " storied urn," no " chisell'd bust "
Is here to mark the sleeping dust ;
But verdant alders overhead
Hang drooping o'er the silent dead,
By whose dumb eloquence we're taught
That GOD is All, and man is nought.
How vain the pride of human life,
Its fleeting joy, its care, and strife !

Here rests a friend, whom long I knew,
 And lov'd him for his virtues too ;
 How often in life's early day
 Have we enjoy'd our childish play !
 How often we in manhood's years
 Have shar'd our mutual joys and fears !
 Here lies my friend, of life bereft,
 While I, frail mortal, still am left !

Ah! here a tender mother sleeps,
 Whose loss a loving daughter weeps,
 As memory, with grief and pain,
 Recalls her love to mind again.
 Though long departed, lost to view,
 Yet filial tears her grave bedew.

Yon mural plate in uncouth words
 A patriarchal age records,
 Job Orton's " hundred years and one."'
 Two cent'ries and a half have gone,
 Since here he lived. How great, how vast
 The changes in that period past !
 These great! these vast! what then must be
 That boundless space eternity !

Eternity! thou solemn theme!
 Compar'd with thee our life's a dream,
 An atom to a world—no more
 Than is a drop to ocean's store !

In fear and awful wonder lost,
 On seas of fatal errors tost,
 Man stands dismay'd, and views with dread
 Eternity's wide circle spread.
 Come, Faith, and with thy cheering pow'r
 Support me in life's trying hour !

And thou, with matchless glory bright,
Religion, who canst show aright
The path through error, doubt, and woe
To joys the faithful only know,—
Not dress'd in superstition's cowl,
With stripes to terrify the soul,
But come, array'd in robes that flow
Unsoil'd, and pure as mountain snow,
Safe harbinger of peace to men,
Ere they return to dust again—
Inflame my heart, inspire my breast,
And guide me to eternal rest!

III.

On Parson Latham's Hospital at Barnwell.

How bless'd this quiet calm retreat,
Where charity has fix'd her seat,
Year after year, age after age,
In works of mercy to engage ;
To clothe the old, feed the distress'd,
And soothe the troubled widow's breast.

What ! though no marble columns rise,
Or lofty turrets cleave the skies,
No gilded roof, or vaulted dome,
T' adorn this simple, peaceful home
With idle state ; yet comfort lives
Within these walls, and shelter gives
From num'rous rankling ills of life,
Its wants, its sorrows, care and strife.

When time has thrown her with'ring coil
Of years around the man of toil,
And silver'd o'er his honest head
With wint'ry snows, and strength has fled ;
Here then his aged limbs repose,
No pining poverty he knows ;
Sweet Charity her hand extends,
And his declining years befriends ;

Pours from her store a welcome share,
And smooths the wrinkled brow of care.

And here the aged widow dwells
In peace, and oft her story tells;
Of former scenes and early days
Her legendary lore displays,
While grateful thanks to Heav'n arise
For all the good this house supplies.

IV.

All Saints' Church, Barnwell.

A poem on the death of Two Sisters, who died in the prime of life, within a few months of each other, and who lie interred in the churchyard of this parish, in what may be called one grave: the elder leaving two infant sons, and the younger two infant daughters.

Two daughters—dear to their fond parents' heart,
Two sisters—whom no jealousy could part,
Two wives—who form'd their husbands' earthly bliss,
Two mothers—whom their offspring ne'er shall kiss,
Lie near this tomb. And as twin flow'rets grow
On their proud parent's lofty stem, and show
A constant emulous desire to spread
Their floral beauty round their parent's head,
Rejoice to pour their odours forth to please,
T' embrace and meet each other, as the breeze
Brings them in loving contact; when the pow'r
Of lashing tempests, in a stormy hour,
One sister blossom dashes to the ground,
And strews her mangled beauties all around,
The relict bends her graceful neck to pour
Her bosom's grief out in a fragrant show'r,

Looks on the sister ruin as it lies,
 Then droops her stricken, beauteous head, and dies,
 Yet in their fall throw fragrance o'er the scene,
 To show the loveliness, which once had been ;
 So these two sisters *liv'd* and *so* they *died*,
 With fond united hearts, their parents' pride ;
 Their virtues still exhale a sweet perfume
 Far more delightful than this sculptur'd tomb,
 Adorn'd with flow'rs maternal sorrows place
 With fond but mournful feelings round its base.

Ah ! woe her dark and dismal mantle throws
 O'er parents, husbands, friends—on all but those
 Sweet babes, unconscious of their loss, too young
 To have their hearts with sad bereavements wrung.

Do cumulated clouds on clouds arise,
 And clothe with hopeless darkness all your skies ?
 Do no bright stars their sparkling lustre show,
 Like eyes of Angels, looking down below ?
 Are there no vistas in the drear expanse
 To glad the eye, or comfort to enhance ?
 Are no consoling mercies to be found ?
 Your hopes all buried in this hallow'd ground ?

Ah ! grieving mourners, listen, learn, and know
 A GOD of mercy rules this world below !
 Think ! His compassion left not one to stay
 In ling'ring grief, but took them both away.

Yes ! mercy to these sisters wing'd the dart,
 And plac'd them both in heaven, no more to part !

This ornamented tomb shall disappear,
 Like the old church, which once was standing here,
 While they're in glory, free from grief and pain.
 Say, would you wish them here on earth again ?

Then blame not Providence, but kiss the rod,
Which gave the all-wise stroke ; for has not GOD,
Doubling the mercies, which you had before,
Claim'd, as His *own*, *two* flow'rs, but giv'n *you four* ?
Two daughters, in their infant minds to trace
Their mother's virtues, and their mother's grace ?
Two sons, your tend'rest feelings to engage,
And be the comforts, and supports of age ?
Praise GOD, ye grieving parents, husbands, friends !
Who sends affliction for the wisest ends.
May you, may all for heav'n's bright world prepare,
And meet again those loving sisters there !

V.

Armston.

Written on visiting the spot, where formerly stood the Chapel of
Saint Leonard.

HARK ! 'tis the vesper bell, whose warning sound
Through the green vale its lengthen'd note extends,
And calls the inmates of the hamlet round
To join the pray'r, that now to heav'n ascends.

The peasant hears, and bows in reverent praise,
The out-laws tremble in their green-wood haunts,
While at Saint Mary's shrine, in solemn lays,
The lonely priest his pious requiem chants.

Thus fancy, wand'ring in excursive flight,
Recalls each object of the sacred pile ;
The taper glimm'ring in the haze of night,
The holy altar, and the cloister'd aisle.

Thus 'twas of old ; but now how chang'd the scene !
The peasant sleeps, where rose the midnight prayers,
And, where the sculptur'd arch adorn'd the green,
The humble cot its lowly head uprears.

Yes! chang'd is all, nor is the change confin'd
To this old Chapel, and each crumbling wall;
Long have they vanish'd, but man's darken'd mind
Tradition's fetters now no more enthrall.

No longer wrapp'd in superstition's gloom,
He slave-like bends beneath monastic power;
Or prostrate, kneeling o'er the chilling tomb,
In humble penance weeps at midnight hour.

But freed from errors dark, from monkish dread,
From Romish legends, relics, pomp and strife;
Unmix'd and pure, from the true fountain head,
He drinks the waters of Eternal Life.

Bright as the sun, which, at the early dawn,
Dispels the murky mists and gloom of night;
So truth, from error freed, clear as the morn,
Now sheds o'er all its beams of saving light.

VI.

**On viewing the remains of the old Manor House at
Hemington.**

HERE dwelt a Montagu! So history tells,
And on the page imagination dwells,
Dwells with emotion, not unmix'd with pain,
That this small relic should alone remain,
Be left to show how vain the pride of men,
How to the dust their works return again.
How proudly once they tower'd no more avail
Save to the poet to "adorn his tale."
Baronial pow'r, the humble vassal's lot,
The prince's palace, and the peasant's cot,
All, all alike endure their destin'd day,
Run their appointed course, then, pass away.
E'en man himself, the noblest work of all,
Proud in the castle of his strength, must fall,
Like some fair flow'r, that blossoms near the tomb,
To "point a moral" e'er it meets its doom.
Here died a Montagu, and from that root
There sprang a nobler, and more favour'd shoot,

22 ON VIEWING THE OLD MANOR HOUSE AT HEMINGTON.

That grew and blossom'd, like the flow'rs of Spring,
And grac'd the court of England's proudest king :
Sir Edward Montagu, whose spotless name
In Britain's annals is enroll'd by fame ;
Whose children's children, in succession blessed,
Rose with new honours, till the ducal crest
Enrich'd the ancient fame of Montagu
With thy all-honour'd, noble name, Buccleuch !

VII.

Wadenhoe.

Now whilst the length'ning shades of evening fall,
And shroud in gathering mist yon ivied wall ;
And through the doubtful gloom of envious night
The shadowy distant spires appear in sight ;
And rustling trees in sombre guise are seen
To wave their branches o'er the dewy green ;
With measur'd steps, reluctant, sad and slow,
I leave thy fertile meadows, Wadenhoe ;
Yet often turn again thy charms to view,
And bid thy sylvan scenes a fond adieu,
As lovers parting oft their steps retrace
T' enjoy another sweet and last embrace.

Plac'd on the sloping hill's romantic brow,
That throws a mass of deepen'd shade below,
Thy rustic church its humble head uprears,
An ag'd memorial of departed years,
Which silently our thoughts to heaven sends,
And to the landscape varied beauty lends.

But, ah ! what means that thrilling strain of woe,
That fills with sounds subdued the vale below !

Methinks a soft mysterious voice declares
 Its bosom's chasten'd grief in mournful prayers.
 Some unseen angel seems to hover round
 To guard from steps profane the hallow'd ground,
 Hallow'd by ev'ry tie to mem'ry dear,
 That pity gives, or sympathy can share.

Ill fated Youth, and thou, the matchless Bride,
 Thy husband's glory, and thy parent's pride ;
 Short was thy bridal day, and short the space
 Thy sainted virtues were allow'd to grace.
 Ruthless the deed ! but spotless was their fall,
 Belov'd, regretted, and endear'd to all.

As long as mem'ry, long as pity lives,
 As long as hist'ry's page the story gives ;
 So long the feeling heart shall mourn their doom,
 And drop a tear upon their youthful tomb.¹

Now wrapp'd in wild imaginary dream,
 In musing mood I seek thy mazy stream,
 Slow-pac'd meand'ring Nene, where glitt'ring far
 Thy rippling face betrays the evening star ;
 Scarce ruffled by the gentle breath of night,
 Thy placid bosom heaves with silv'ry light,
 Which brightly trembling in a thousand ways,
 Dazzles the gazer's eyes with countless rays.

But night advancing bids me haste away,
 The warning gloom permits no longer stay.
 Boldly the pheasant struts in conscious pride,
 While hares and rabbits sport on every side.

The blue grey mists, at first but dimly seen,
 Now fast expanding hide the meadows green ;

¹ Alluding to the melancholy fate of T. W. Hunt, Esq., and his amiable lady. (See note.)

The soaring hems their wat'ry paths forsake,
And timid wild ducks seek the distant lake.
O'er the still stream, outspreading far and wide,
The chilling vapours roll from side to side ;
Like clouds on clouds they move, a boundless sea,
O'ertopping distant church and hill and tree :
An ocean vast, in which to fancy's eyes
Embattled tow'rs, and warlike castles rise,
And mountain tops half hidden in the skies.

VIII.

Lilford Park.

WORN with the world's distracting cares,
Its disappointing hopes, and fears,
And courting peace, this walk I prize,
Where Lilford's clust'ring chimneys rise,
And glancing with their mouldings grey,
Strike on the eye with golden ray,
Meand'ring through the meadows green
With mazy turns, calm Nene is seen,
And skirting close its western side,
Gives to the park its bounds and pride.

Far from the busy "hum of trade,"
My listless form I here have laid ;
And bending o'er the rippling stream,
Have felt the Poet's waking dream.

Delicious hour, when hopes and fears
Alternate rose, and smiles and tears ;
Gay visions never to be known,
And other's sorrows made his own :—
Oh ! yes ! the Poet's dreams are sweet
In rural scenes, on rustic seat,
Such as my walk presents me now,
When dew-drops spangle every bough.

What charms in nature do we find
To soothe the passions, calm the mind !
The humblest plant, that creeps along,
Can claim a place in rural song
Equal with thee, sweet blushing rose,
That through the air thy fragrance throws.

The swelling bud, that decks the thorn,
The soaring lark, that greets the morn,
The sun, that proudly fills the skies,
The moth, that lives its hour and dies,
In all, in every thing we see
Th' unerring hand of Deity !

Look round, proud atheist, and say,
Didst ever note a summer's day ?
Watch early morn, with radiance bright,
The noon-tide hour of beaming light ?
Soft eve, that comes with placid mien,
And throws around a darker green ?
Watch night with all its myriad's blaze,
The moon's pale beams, the planet's rays ?
Say didst thou never look around,
Nor feel thy heart with rapture bound ?

Vile worm ! the vengeance of the Just
Had long since crush'd thee in the dust,
But that His pow'r, who rules the skies,
In all his dealings amply wise,
Hath said the word, " I will repay,"
And spares thee for a future day !

New scenes delight as on I rove,
Plantations rise, and shady grove ;
At ev'ry step we objects find
To please the heart, t' exalt the mind ;

The taste, which guiding nature's hand,
Makes all her beauties to expand,
That slopes the hills to morning's dawn,
That plants the flow'r and turfs the lawn,
That leads the winding path to stray,
Where roses wild, and woodbines play,
As overhead their branches meet,
And greet me with their odours sweet.

Here too the ash and elm combine,
With silver beech and slender pine,
And lofty trees with branching arms,
To give the landscape varied charms.

Here young aspiring oaks are nigh,
As yet afraid to tempt the sky.
They lead my thoughts to future time,
When they may roam from clime to clime,
Form part of England's "wooden walls,"
And float wherever honour calls ;
Perhaps the sons of Lilford bear,
Their country's glorious cause to share ;
Who, as they fame and honours reap,
And fight her battles on the deep,
May some day guide, unmov'd with fear,
The Oaks their Fathers planted here ;
And thus with wreaths of glory grace
The innate courage of their race ;
Like that brave youth, who earn'd a claim
To honour in the scroll of Fame,
At Badajoz, whose guarded wall
He nobly scal'd, alas ! to fall !
And close a brief, but bright career
His cherish'd mem'ry to endear.

See, dozing on the verdant lawn,
With half clos'd eyes the timid fawn :
Whilst, starting at each step they hear,
Quick bound along the parent deer ;
Their branching antlers waving bow,
As through the copse they wind below ;
Or, herding close in wild amaze,
Upon the wand'ring stranger gaze ;
Or, darting through the distant trees,
Their slender, graceful forms he sees.

Now onward still I bend my way,
Midst hawthorn blossoms sweet, and gay ;
And soon the spacious hall is seen
High tow'ring o'er the sloping green ;
Not built for show, or idle state,
With pomp unmeaning, falsely great ;
But such as rose to England's praise,
And deck'd her in her best of days.

Again the Nene expands to-day,
Extending far its sinuous way ;
And hills and rural hamlets rise,
And steeples pointing to the skies ;
And rustic bridges o'er the stream
Close the delighted Poet's theme.

IX.

Verses written in the Garden at Farming Woods.

STAY, gentle Pilgrim, stay, nor farther roam,
Here rest content, make this sweet place thy home :
If peace unsullied thy worn heart would know,
Go seek it in yon hallow'd spot below :
There, down the slope, along the margin green,
Where smoke in wavy curls mounts o'er the scene.

Rest, weary Pilgrim, here in peace abide,
Throw thy worn scrip and rugged staff aside ;
Here rest content ; behold yon rustic seat
Invites repose ; so cool the soft retreat,
So calm the scene, that scarce the rippling wave
Can tempt the dusky fowls their wings to lave.

If nature charms, see here in varied pride
Collected beauties grow on every side ;
Here, the meek lily with its vest of snow ;
There, as with Tyrian dyes the dahlias glow ;
Here sports the fuchsia, trembling on its stem,
In crimson splendour, rich as Indian gem,
Bending its blossom o'er the gay parterre,
Like pendant drops that hang from beauty's ear.

And here the rose, the loveliest of them all,
Whose scent delights, whose beauties never pall ;

Here it exhales its odours to the skies,
In all its blushing gay varieties.
Sweet flower ! that rears alike its blooming head
For nuptial bower, or for mourner's bed ;
Which yields its charms alike for all to share,
To grace the cradle, or to deck the bier ;
T' adorn the noble, cheer the peasant's lot,
And lov'd alike in palace and in cot !¹

Rest, weary pilgrim, rest, the day is past,
The curfew tolls, the night is falling fast ;
Here rest thy head, and smooth thy hoary hairs,
Here give thy benediction and thy prayers :
Here midst these shelt'ring oaks, this fairy scene,
While soft devotion sheds its peace serene.

For here peace dwells, that peace the world denies,
That peace, which seeks reward in other skies,
And faith, and mercy, and compassion true,
That weeps, and feels, and aids the suff'rer too.
Ask the lone widow, or the orphan poor,
When driv'n in want and scorn from door to door,
Who gave relief ? who gave the shelt'ring roof,
When friends, who ought to give, have stood aloof ?
Ask who the naked cloth'd, the hungry fed ?
Who nurs'd the sick, who gave the needy bread ?
The incense of the heart shall rise in flame,
And gild the altar with Fitz-patrick's name.

The Pilgrim paus'd, and check'd the starting tear,
Bow'd his white head, and breath'd a silent pray'r.
The pray'r to heav'n ascends in faith divine :
Ah ! where can Pilgrim find a nobler shrine ?

¹ See Mrs. Hemans' beautiful poem on the Rose.

X.

On Fotheringhay Castle.

AH! what is that unearthly voice! Again
I hear its murmurs o'er the silent Nen;
It tells a tale of woe, of cruel hate,
Of England's shame, and Mary's ruthful fate!

Again I hear it, as it dies away,
Then louder swells, when gentle Zephyrs play,
And hov'ring o'er the hill, in accents clear,
Pours forth a mournful requiem on the ear
To Stuart's mem'ry, and to Stuart's fall;
Relates the horrors of the blood-stained hall,
Melvin's devotion,¹ and the mournful train,
And fills the breast with sympathizing pain;
'Till at the visionary scene I weep,
And o'er my senses chilling terrors creep.

Ah! let the grave conceal thine errors, Queen!
'Twas not thine errors, but thy charms, I ween,
That fir'd a cruel rival's vengeful hate
To spurn thy prayers, and leave thee to thy fate,
Who woman's tears, and kindred ties withstood,
And stain'd the annals of her reign with blood!

¹ See Bonney's History of Fotheringhay, published by the author of the present work.

For this, ill-fated Castle! filial love
Struck down thy tow'rs, as vengeance from above,
Raz'd thy strong walls, from whose embattled side
The white rose banner wav'd in warlike pride,
And where the crook-backed king his vassals met,
And nobles hail'd the proud Plantagenet.

Ill-omen'd spot! where are thy glories now?
Where the gay helmet, and the plume of snow?
Where now the train of gallant warriors? Where
The royal victim, and her sable bier?

All gone alike; no relic left to tell
Here Richard dwelt, and here Queen Mary fell!

Yet still the muse in sad historic song
To future ages shall the tale prolong,
Revive the bloody deed in mournful lay;
And though the sadd'ning scene has pass'd away,
The feeling heart shall grieve the tale to hear,
And Mary's cruel death shall claim a tear!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The Cadet.

CANTO I. THE ADIEU.

To early days, to childhood's hours,
Remembrance fondly clings,
And o'er the clouds, that chequer life,
A gleam of sunshine flings.
I feel it now, though years have pass'd,
While time, to mem'ry true,
Reflects alike our joys and cares,
The meeting and "Adieu."

The hour arriv'd when duty's voice
Call'd me to leave my home ;
Far from a tender mother's love,
In foreign climes to roam.
Ah ! never will that mother's tongue
The voice of love renew !
She wept a long and last farewell
In that sad hour's "Adieu."

E'en now I feel her last embrace,
Her falt'ring voice is heard ;
My heart-strings vibrate now again
At each prophetic word ;
"Farewell ! my child !" she said, " I ne'er
Again thy face shall view !"
I see her as she swoon'd away
At that sad word " Adieu."

My father too, thrice honour'd name,
I think I see him now ;
I feel the pressure of his hand,
And mark his thoughtful brow.
I hear his blessing fondly given,
His precepts mild and true ;
" May GOD preserve my boy," he cried,
And sigh'd a long " Adieu."

" Go," then he said, " where honour calls,
And truth thy actions guide ;
And o'er thy heart, whate'er thy lot,
May holy faith preside :
Forget not Him, thy GOD, thy Hope,
Him ever keep in view ;
His arm will guard, His love protect,
And soften this Adieu."

And other tongues, and other lips
Had still to say " farewell ;"
How that farewell oppress'd my heart,
That heart alone can tell !

My brothers, sisters, Anna, friends,
Remembrance brings to view ;
Though distant far, I see their tears,
And hear their fond " Adieu."

Ah! well I recollect the day,
The chaise was at the door,
When round my neck my sisters clung,
And begg'd for one kiss more :
" Oh! one kiss more," they sobbing cried ;
And tears their cheeks bedew ;
I thought my throbbing heart would break
To hear their soft " Adieu."

Our youthful friends, my playmates once,
Who came to say " Good-bye,"
Show'd their affectionate regard
By many a tender sigh :
While older friends, to cheer our hearts,
A pleasing picture drew ;
Foretold my safe return again,
To sweeten this " Adieu."

Encircled next with Anna's arms
I felt her pure embrace ;
She press'd against my quiv'ring cheek
Her pale, but lovely face.
How sank the blood within my heart
Her melting tears to view !
I gently tore myself away,
I could not say " Adieu."

Now swiftly borne along my way,
I snatch'd one mournful look,
And on the group around the door
A parting glance I took ;
And as those lov'd and loving friends
Were almost lost to view ;
With aching heart I wav'd my hand
In signal of " Adieu."

And when from Britain's coast I sail'd,
To tempt the ocean's wave,
I thought how many gallant youths
Found there a wat'ry grave.
And long from deck her fading coasts
I strain'd my eyes to view :
Land of my home, I cried, farewell !
Friends of my heart, " Adieu."

This tender parting long retain'd
Its hold upon my breast,
And serv'd me, in life's trying hours,
To soothe my thoughts to rest.
I've heard it in the morning's dawn,
In evening's skies of blue ;
As over head the zephyrs fann'd,
I've heard their sweet " Adieu."

On distant plains, where duty led,
By Ganges' sacred shore,
How oft I've felt, in fancy wrapp'd,
My sisters' " one kiss more."

On midnight watch, in tented field,
 No cheering sight in view,
 In fairy dreams I've sweetly heard
 My brothers' last "Adieu."

And what is Honour? what is Fame?
 And what the miser's store?
 "The lily, Peace, is dearer far
 Than is the golden ore."
 So says the Poet's¹ simple lay,
 And, ah! I find it true,
 No wealth, no honour can erase
 That cruel word "Adieu."

When borne on houdah'd elephants,
 Or lounging palanquin,
 While natives silver maces bore,
 In eastern state I've been;
 I've sigh'd amid this gaudy pomp,
 As I a contrast drew
 Between this gorgeous servile land,
 And that I've bid "Adieu."

These tam'rind groves, these citron bow'rs,
 However sweet they be,
 Compare not with my native flow'rs,
 The rose or jasmine tree;
 The woodbine trailing round the door,
 The lowly violet's hue!
 How strongly faithful mem'ry clings
 To Home, and Home's "Adieu!"

¹ Collins.

Could I from Himalayan heights,
Where man has never been,
Of my dear native land obtain
A panoramic scene :
As Moses climb'd on Pisgah's mount,
The promis'd land to view,
I'd brave their sternest peaks to see
The land I've bid " Adieu."

Time slowly wings his flight, yet Hope
Predicts the day will come,
When honour gain'd, and wealth obtain'd,
These eyes shall see that home.
Ah! how 'twould cheer my care-worn heart
Those cherish'd scenes to view,
T' embrace again the friends I love,
No more to say " Adieu."

The Cadet.

CANTO II. THE RETURN.

TIME slowly roll'd and years dragg'd on,
Yea, twice seven years and more,
When Love and Duty summon'd me
To my dear native shore ;
My father-land, my British home ;
Ah ! doubly dear the name !
How thrill'd my heart, when o'er the sea
The welcome summons came !

Farewell, proud Hindostan ! who boast'st,
Of Ganges holy wave,
Who tempt'st with visionary dreams
The sanguine and the brave.
Too dearly are thine honours bought,
Thy wealth, too dearly won ;
While sinks the heart, and droops the frame,
Beneath thy glowing sun.

Thy poison works with subtle force,
And spreads its tainted breath ;
And 'neath thy skies of purest blue
Lurk pestilence and death.

Thy women's love is bought and sold,
No tear falls o'er their graves ;
Thy men imperious tyrants are,
Or else are crouching slaves.

Thine idol worship on the pile
The drooping widow chains ;
And superstition's cruel rites,
Religion's name profanes ;
Where Juggernaut in Demon-car
O'er prostrate victims steals,
And immolates unnumber'd lives
Beneath his chariot wheels.

Thy rich Pagodas heav'ward mount,
Thy mosques in splendour rise,
The grand abodes of ignorance,
Of cruelty and lies.
How beats my heart with thankfulness
My homeward course to trace,
T' enjoy my humble village Church,
And all its means of Grace !

Thy countries teem with precious wares,
With wealth, a countless store ;
But were they mine, I'd give them all
To be at home once more !
Thou show'st Golconda's sparkling gems,
The pearls of Manaar ;
The daisy of my native fields
Would please me better far !

Farewell ! farewell ! thou wondrous Land !
I turn my back on thee :
Let others seek thy sickly charms,
They give no joy to me.
Without regret I leave thy climes,
My home and friends to view :
Nay, I rejoice to bid farewell,
Proud Hindostan ! Adieu !

Thus flow'd the current of my thoughts,
When to the fav'ring gales,
Our gallant, trim, sea-going bark
Unfurl'd her ample sails ;
With Providence to guide the helm,
She glided through the spray,
And, as the eagle cleaves the air,
She plough'd her trackless way.

Away, away, away, she sail'd,
Like a majestic swan,
Till heaven's southern jewell'd Cross
Our deck look'd down upon.
Cape of Good Hope at length we reach'd,
On shore I went to roam,
Inspir'd with Hope, because it was
A station nearer Home.

Away, away, we northwards ran,
And Saint Helena near'd,
Rock-bound Diana's wood-crown'd peak
High o'er her cliffs appear'd.

Restless Napoleon's resting place
I landed here to view ;
And pluck'd with joy some English fruit,
That by the way-side grew.

Away, away, Ascension's Isle
Sat on the ocean's breast,
As I have seen some tiny fowl
On English waters rest.
We pass'd the Peak of Teneriffe,
High through the clouds uphurl'd,
Like a gigantic monument
In mem'ry of a world.

Away, away, Madeira's reach'd,
Whose seasons only bring,
The youth, maturity, and age
Of never ending spring.
I quaff'd her luscious Malmsey wine,
Inhal'd her balmy air ;
But still the dear delights of Home
And friends were wanting there.

Her flow'ring myrtles, jasmine, rose,
Geraniums I view'd
In everlasting bloom, and felt
My health and hopes renew'd.
Here fruit and blossoms, side by side,
We see where'er we roam.
Oh ! 'tis an earthly paradise,
But still it was not home !

Away, away, a loud hurrah
Proclaim'd old England near,
I sprang on deck, and through the haze
I saw her cliffs appear.
Right welcome was that wish'd-for land,
That land I'll leave no more.
Oh! 'twas a happy, joyful day,
That set my feet on shore!

But now on land both hope and fear
Assail'd my heart anew;
And fancy fill'd my burthen'd thoughts
With home and home's adieu.
To one dear object, long belov'd,
My faithful passion clung,
And o'er each chilling doubt and fear
A gleam of sunshine flung.

I thought upon the absent maid,
My Anna kind and true,
I seem'd to see her sylph-like form,
And eyes of melting blue.
Wrapp'd in entrancing fairy dreams,
I saw her shade appear,
As angels seek this world below
The sons of earth to cheer.

I saw again that parting hour,
I bade the maid farewell;
For on that mournful, dismal day
My mem'ry lov'd to dwell;

I heard again her whisper'd vow,
I saw her tearful eye ;
And fancy grasp'd her trembling hand,
And mark'd the heart-felt sigh.

I felt th' empassion'd, thrilling kiss
She on my cheek impress'd ;
I felt again the beating heart,
That her pure love confess'd.
Ah! ne'er could I this scene forget,
Though doom'd abroad to roam ;
In peaceful scenes, in toils of war,
I thought of her and home.

These proofs of love, recall'd to mind,
Dispell'd the thoughts I fear'd ;
And now again enliv'ning Hope
My drooping spirits cheer'd :
She bid me seek my native vale,
The spot well known before,
Where stood my home, where liv'd my Fair,
And ne'er to wander more.

As seeks the dove her distant cote,
When threat'ning tempests rise,
And shelter'd in her peaceful nest,
The pelting storm defies ;
So after wand'ring o'er the world,
I sought my home for rest,
That home, which bears a priceless charm,
The purest and the best.

Swiftly roll'd my chariot's wheels,
And swiftly sped each steed ;
They proudly seem'd to emulate
The magic railway speed :
And swiftly beat my flutt'ring heart,
As hopes and fears grew higher ;
More swiftly still, when, through the trees,
I saw the village spire.

A moment more, my longing eyes
Bewilder'd with delight,
Cast all around an eager glance,
And home stood full in sight.
My father, brothers, sisters, all
Rush'd forth my steps to meet,
And Anna too, my Love, was there,
My safe return to greet.

Pale as a Parian marble bust,
The drooping beauty stands ;
And vainly strives her tears to hide
With wide extended hands :
With joyful heart I clasp the maid,
And fold her to my breast ;
And with a softly whisper'd word
Calm every doubt to rest.

Now bless'd with all I priz'd on earth,
With Anna as my Bride ;
I view the future, void of fear,
The troubled past, with pride.

With honour deck'd, with wealth enough,
No more I wish to roam,
While love and virtue's wreath entwin'd
Adorns my native home.

The Village Schoolmaster.

Who is he, that pacing slowly
Up and down the village green,
Folding arms, and thinking deeply,
On a summer's eve is seen ?
Winter's cold will find him seated,
Musing by the glimm'ring light,
That, from half extinguish'd candle,
Darker makes the gloom of night.
With broken heart, and aching head,
Toiling for his daily bread.

Bright the sun shone on his childhood,
On his manhood fortune smil'd ;
Friends abounded, honours courted,
While the muse his hopes beguil'd.
Ere his harvest had been gather'd,
Storms arose to cloud the sky,
Leaving him with prospects blighted,
Here to weep and here to die.
Truly has the poet shown,
Hapless man was made to mourn.

Bent by age, by sorrows wasted,
Worn his frame, and dim his eye ;
Threadbare garments plainly showing
What his frugal means supply.
Coarse his fare, and that but scanty ;
From his fate too proud to shrink,
Bread his food, with little added,
Water from the spring his drink.
Hope extinguish'd in his breast,
Longing for eternal rest.

Such the luckless lot of many,
Doom'd to teach, and doom'd to toil ;
Working harder, earlier, later,
Than the clown, that tills the soil.
'Tis not want that breaks the spirit ;
'Tis not toil that sinks the heart ;
But, to find his name forgotten,
Wings the shaft, and points the dart.
Is this true ? the reader cries ;
Too true, alas ! the muse replies.

The Old Arm Chair.

SAY, didst thou ever feel the dear delight,
When cold and weary on a winter's night,
As howls the blast around, and drifting snow
Hides with a dazzling veil the earth below ;
Say, didst thou ever in a night like this,
Look round thy cheerful hearth, and feel the bliss
Of kindling warmth ? And, as the fire spread wide,
The old arm chair draw closer to its side ?

Oh ! chair of sweet remembrance, dear to me
Each nail of brass, in which the eye can see
Reflected back the fire's flickering blaze,
On which, with half-clos'd eyes, I love to gaze,
And, nodding, view askant the ember's glow,
And ruddy tint, that shines on all below ;
Or, sweetly dozing, in soft slumbers feel
Wild fancy's visions o'er the senses steal.

Dear are thy ample arms, thy cushion'd seat,
Thy sloping back of crimson damask neat,
On which my sleepy head has oft reclin'd,
As now, and listen'd to the howling wind !
Or, when the glowing summer's heat oppress'd,
I've on thy sleeky surface sunk to rest,
In sweet oblivion of the cares of day,
Listless, beneath the sun's all-pow'rful ray.

Like an old friend thou lookest in my face,
And courtest me to meet thy soft embrace ;
Old-fashioned—true, but not for that less dear ;
I would not part with thee, my Old Arm Chair !
For Oriental couch, however dress'd,
Or splendid ottoman, in silken vest.
Say, can their tinsel pomp with thee compare ?
With thy soft back, and padded sides, Old Chair !
More than a cent'ry thou hast run thy race ;
In the same chimney corner held thy place ;
And many a merry jest, and many a tear,
Have pass'd before thee in that time, Old Chair !
May thy old limbs, with mine, still hold together,
Defy the summer's sun, the winter's weather ;
And when old age shall lay its hands on me,
My head, perchance, may rest at last on thee.

Moonlight on the Sea Shore.

OH! for thy pencil, Claude, to paint the beams,
That fall on yonder ocean's trembling streams ;
Angels their heav'nly drapery unfold
To fan that vivid aisle of liquid gold,
Where in the deep the moon's pale face appears,
Like a lone vestal bath'd in holy tears.

How solemn, yet how lovely is the scene!
Hush'd as if winds and waves had never been.
Above, the guards of heav'n their vigils keep ;
The waters lie below outstretch'd in sleep,
The land around is tranquil as the grave,
The silver'd beach scarce rippled by the wave.

This is the time for art to try her power ;
This, Inspiration, is thy happiest hour !

Well might those gilded waves, that beaming orb,
The soul of limner, or of bard absorb.
If but one moiety of their choice hues
He into verse, or canvass, could infuse,
Would he not pen, or pencil forth a claim
To skill and genius, and eternal fame ?

If men be wise, how wiser far is He,
Without whose wisdom theirs could never be ?
Compar'd with Him, who yonder picture drew,
Raphael, and West, and Reynolds ! what are you ?

How easily He tempers light and shade !
“ Let there be light,” He said, and light obey’d.
Mingled in chaos all the colours lay,
The yellow moonlight, and the twilight grey :
There slept the pageant of the vernal shower,
There the green herb, and there the painted flower ;
Sapphires and pearls were idly lurking there,
And melting eyes, and forms as iv’ry fair.

Th’ Eternal Limner came His art to try,
Breathless Archangels stood expecting by ;
Wide as the heav’ns His canvass was unfurl’d,
He seiz’d His pencil, and behold, a world !

A world ! there’s something in that sound,
Though short it be, mysterious and profound.
Name it and pause,—then o’er the heedful soul
What floods of thought, and silent raptures roll !

’Tis an idea too vast, and unconfin’d
For any but its Master’s boundless mind !
But common minds, chain’d to this earth below
No higher than the mountains’ top can go :
Or, if perchance they think the world is more,
Reason like infants at a cottage door ;
For, as the distant hedges, hills, and trees
The boundary of the world appears to these,
So those their universe above the end
Of naked vision never dare extend.
Herschel saw more, and GOD sees more than he !
Who knows how many systems yet may be ?
Who knows but He, who made them all, surveys
Ten million solar paths, ten thousand milky ways ?
How awful, how sublime ! and He, how wise !
Who, contemplating with undazzled eyes,

The splendour of that complicated scene,
Connects and regulates the whole machine !
Wheels within wheels the universe appears
Spheres avoiding suns, suns attracting spheres ;
Yet He for casualties feels no concern,
But sees the meteor fall, the comet burn,
The lightning glimmer, and the darkness frown,
Calm as yon orb, that on the deep looks down :
Like her in glory on the clouds He rides,
Serenely guiding all her changing tides.
He rules them all, and in the placid wave
A mirror finds, and in the storm a slave.
Yes ! all the universe obeys Thy nod,
Thou good, o'er-ruling, all-creating GOD !

Woman's Love.

WHEN fortune frown'd and friends forsook me ;
When the world look'd cold and shy :
And when the man, I plac'd my trust in,
Show'd a proud and scornful eye :
When broken-hearted, faint, dejected,
(Life a blank, no hope in view)
A woman's love alone was left me !
Woman's faith alone was true !

Oh ! 'tis in want, and in affliction,
That a woman's love is known !
Her husband's sorrows softly soothing,
She makes all his cares her own.
With her entrancing smiles she cheers him,
With her tongue she pleads his cause !
Is not woman then the Angel,
Whom the Poet's fancy draws ?

When rack'd with pain, with throbbing bosom,
Man in vain attempts repose,
Then o'er him, like some charm from heaven,
Woman's faith its blessing throws.
Oh ! woman's love, (as ivy twining
Shields from storms the crumbling wall,)
Clings closer round him, when the tempest
Threatens him with mournful fall !

On Friendship.

Written in a Young Lady's Album.

WHAT can I write, when Friendship is the theme,
That gentle poets have not penn'd before ?
Say, shall I paint her as a fitting dream,
A moment blessing, and then seen no more,
Leaving the heart more destitute and poor,
Than if it never knew, nor felt its power ;
Deceitful, flatt'ring, vain, the vision of an hour ?

I have not found her so in sorrows past :
As long as life, or memory shall last,
I'll own her as the dearest boon, that's given
To suff'ring man, the sweetest gift of heaven.

Next to my GOD, to whom with lowly head
I humbly bow,—Hail, Friendship, thou art dear !
I've prov'd thy faith, and in the hour of need
Thy counsel sought, and found that faith sincere.
Thou balm of woe, that dry'st the mourner's tear !
Oh ! where can man, heart-broken, find relief,
Where soothe his sorrows, where repose his grief,
But in the breast of him he calls a friend ?
May she be with thee, Mary, to the end,
And as I've found her, may'st thou find her too,
A blessing uncorrupted, pure and true.

But thou, thrice happy, hast not far to roam,
This treasure's found in thine own peaceful home ;
And doubly dear this treasure, shar'd as thine,
Where thy fond parent's hands the flow'rs entwine
To form the wreath. May it unfading bloom,
And shed its grateful fragrance till the tomb
Closes the scene ; and then to mem'ry just,
Bloom on renew'd, and flourish in the dust.

Threescore Years and Ten.

IN threescore years and ten, alas !
What changes men may see,
Wealth, honour, fame, enliv'ning hope,
And cheerless poverty.
Sunshine and clouds in rapid turns
Make up the life of men ;
But, ah ! too often clouds prevail
At threescore years and ten !

In youth's gay hours he heeds them not,
Hope cheers him with her smile ;
Holds out, in visionary dreams,
Reward for all his toil.
Still struggling on for those he loves,
He gains the age of men ;
And then he learns, and mourns the truth
At threescore years and ten.

Such are the chequer'd scenes of life,
Its pleasures, and its cares ;
Grief, joy, the aching head and heart,
Gay smiles, and bitter tears.

Nor are the poor alone condemn'd
To mourn the troubled past ;
The rich, the powerful and great
To this may come at last.

Such is the portion of the Bard,
Who pens these humble lines ;
His course is clouded ; o'er his head
The sun but seldom shines.
Trusting on Him, whose wisdom will'd
The fate of fallen men,
He bows submissive, and resign'd,
At threescore years and ten.

Ah ! say when man shall cease from toil,
Or where repose from grief ;
Or where, at threescore years and ten,
Heart-broken, find relief ?
Where—but in death ! To Heav'n alone
The fainting spirit turns ;
'Tis in the dark and silent grave,
That man no longer mourns !

The Footstep at the Door.

A Ballad, in which a few Scotch words familiarly used are introduced.

A HAND was on the cottage latch,
A footstep at the door ;
I felt my heart to beat as it
Had never done before.
I knew it was my Willie's step,
Who came from Garrie's side,
To ask my good old mother's leave
To take me for his bride.

The wind blew roughly o'er the thatch ;
The night was dark and gloar,¹
My mother put her wheel away,
And hasten'd to the door.
" What's brought thee, Willie, here," she said,
" 'Tis well no ill befall ;
Oh ! tell me why art come so late,
Or why art come at all ?"

¹ Gloar, to look threatening.

My Willie enter'd—who but he,
Dress'd in his Sunday best ;
A braw new bonnet on his head,
Blue coat and tartan vest.
His bonny hair curl'd o'er his brow,
His eyes, they sparkled bright,
Like jewels on fair ladies' hands,
Or stars in winter's night.

My mother guess'd his errand well,
And felt a mother's pride ;
I knew it long had been her hope
To see me Willie's bride.
For Willie was a rich man's bairn
Had flocks and herds in store ;
And I but a poor cottage maid,
That dwelt on Garrie Moor.

“ What's brought thee here, my laddie gay,
Through bog, and brake, and briar ?
Come, Willie, take the good man's chair,
And warm thee by the fire.”
“ I heed not cold,” my Willie said,
“ Nor bog, nor brake, nor briar ;
Nor do I need the winter's log,
Thou'rt putting on the fire.”

My Willie had a winsome way,
That few folk could withstand ;
He look'd my mother in the face,
And gently kiss'd her hand.

“ I love my Jeannie here,” he said,
“ Her heart is kind and true ;
I’ve lov’d her long with love sincere,
And Jeannie loves me too.

“ My own kind mother gives consent,
She knows my Jeannie well ;
And thou must leave thy cottage here,
On Garrie’s banks to dwell.
My father, he said at the door,
Go, Willie, for thy bride ;
And bring her good old mother too,
She’s welcome here to bide.”

I hid my face, my heart beat quick
To hear my Willie speak ;
My tongue seem’d tied, I don’t know how,
And tears stood on my cheek.
I lov’d my mother, ah ! how dear,
I lov’d my Willie too :
What could, alas, in such a strait,
A simple maiden do.

My mother kiss’d the tear away,
And plac’d his hand in mine ;
“ Here, Willie, to thy care,” she said,
“ My Jeannie I resign :
The only hope now left on earth
I freely give to thee ;
And may she prove as good a wife,
As bairn she’s been to me.”

My Willie took her at her word,
And press'd me to his breast ;
Whilst ev'ry look and ev'ry smile
His love for me confess'd.
And soon the merry bells proclaim'd
That I was Willie's bride :
The happiest wife, that ever trod
The winding Garrie's side.

Yes! often still I love to dwell
On scenes to mem'ry dear ;
How Willie came one night to woo,
And sat in father's chair.
And though I've been my Willie's wife
Twice twenty years and more,
Yet well I recollect the "latch,"
And "footstep at the door."

The Dream of Life.

SWEET is the dream of childhood's early days,
As pure, as bright as heav'n's ethereal bow ;
When school-boy fancies, pleasure's sunny rays,
Stream through the soul, and brighten all below.

Sweet is the dream of manhood,—sweet, oh ! sweet
Its fairy visions, and its golden hours ;
When love and hope in magic union meet,
And friendship, smiling, strews the path with flow'rs.

The dream has fled ! thrice twenty years and more
Have pass'd, since first the dream of life began ;
And fifty summers' suns have flitted o'er,
Since first I felt and call'd myself a man.

What have I gain'd ? I ask myself, what won ?
In all the varied scenes my life has toil'd ;
To-day's hard gains the morrow hath undone,
And one year's hopes the next untimely foil'd.

Yet still my shatter'd bark sails boldly on,
Near many a dangerous reef, and rocky shore,
And hopes to anchor, when her course is run,
Where dreams illusive can deceive no more.

A Fable.

Addressed to a Young Lady.

A NEW fledg'd linnnet young and gay,
That lightly hopp'd from spray to spray,
Not quite contented with her nest,
Her bosom's sorrow thus express'd.

“ Ah! why, kind heav'n, on me bestow
The choicest gifts, that birds can know ?
Safe from the snares of men I rove
Through verdant fields and shady grove :
No cares oppress, no want assails,
Nor e'er maternal kindness fails.
With bliss itself the heart is cloy'd,
But yet my bosom feels a void,
An aching void, that still must be,
The doom of sensibility.”

The feather'd mourner droop'd her head,
“ How bless'd is she,” she sighing said,
“ How doubly bless'd, that freely shares
The joys or griefs, that friendship bears ;
Whilst I, alone, without a friend,
As a recluse must meet my end.”

Her tender mother, who had long
 In secret listen'd to her song,
 Advanc'd, and nestling by her side,
 Thus to her daughter's plaints replied :

“ My child ! your portion may be worse ;
 The bliss you seek may prove a curse.
 A heart, susceptible as thine,
 Should ne'er at Providence repine :
 His shelt'ring arm, though hid from sight,
 Can guard us in the darkest night ;
 Protect us wheresoe'er we go,
 And His o'erruling wisdom show.
 Perhaps the Providence you blame
 Now shields thee from incurring shame ;
 Or wards thy bosom from the fate,
 That disappointed hopes await ;
 But if you wish this truth to prove,
 And wander from a Parent's love,
 Go,—my consent's in sorrow given ;
 Defend my child, all-righteous Heav'n ! ”

Linetta heard, as children hear,
 Too soon forgot her mother's prayer :
 Pleas'd with her liberty, she flew,
 And perch'd upon a neighb'ring yew,
 Fresh plum'd the feathers of her face,
 And shone the gayest of the place.

A gaudy goldfinch heard her song,
 Press'd her to join the flippant throng :
 With smiles and soothing voice profess'd
 A sudden friendship in her breast :

“ A voice like thine, my dear Linette,
 Was never meant to mope and fret ;

Enjoy the world," the flatt'rer said,
"Nor hide thy beauties in the shade."

Enchanted with this soft address,
Her joy no words can e'er express,
And tripping from the tree, she thought
That here was found the friend she sought.
Together thus away they rove,
Attend each concert in the grove,
And ev'ry bird their friendship knew
And chirp'd a welcome as they flew.

But vain is ev'ry earthly bliss !
Say, what could part a pair like this ?
Envy, the bane of female life,
Sow'd the first seeds of bitter strife,
They parted, fill'd with sad regret
That they, as friends, had ever met ;
And poor Linetta found too late
What 'twas to bear a captious hate.
With humbled heart, and ruffled breast,
She sought again her peaceful nest ;
Nor ever after wish'd to roam,
But all her pleasures found at Home.

The Bridal Tear.

Down the cheeks of my bride as the dewy drops roll'd,
And oppress'd my fond bosom with care,
I clasp'd the sweet mourner, and anxiously ask'd
What could cause at that moment a tear.

Thus she answer'd my fears, as she, blushing, replied :
" From thy breast let all jealousy go ;
For the love, that my tongue is afraid to express,
Makes these emblems of sorrow to flow."

Ah ! bless'd be the bridal tear timidly shed,
'Tis the gem, that decks beauty the best,
'Tis the " pearl above price," that so fondly retains
Its magical sway o'er the breast.

Home.

Illustrating Shakspeare's Seven Ages of Man.

“And one man in his time, plays many parts
His acts being seven ages.”—*As you like it.*

OH, Home! thou sweet endearing tie,
With flow'ry wreaths entwin'd,
That closer knits the bonds of love,
That bind man to his kind:
From infancy to age, alike,
Thy magic truth's confess'd;
And man, in ev'ry stage of life,
To thee still turns for rest.

The Infant, first, in nurse's arms
By stranger's gaze oppress'd,
Looks round with wand'ring eyes to find
The Home it loves the best.
That home is near, a mother's smile
The restless bantling calms;
Its heaven is that mother's breast,
Its Home that mother's arms.

The School-boy with his "shining face"
 Betrays its secret powers,
And on his notched stick each night
 Counts off the days and hours.
But one nick left,—oh! happy mark!
 Farewell to care and sorrow!
He dreams all night of those he hopes
 To meet at Home to-morrow!

The Lover next, to manhood grown,
 Wakes through the live-long night;
Makes sonnets on his charmer's eyes
 Or on her forehead white.
"I ask not state," he sighing rhymes;
 " No dame with wealthy dower;
Grant me, kind Heav'n, but Anna's love!
 My Home some sylvan bower!"

The Soldier, "bearded like the pard,"
 Return'd from distant wars,
Whose talk is of the "deadly breach,"
 Of blood, and wounds, and scars!
With honours pluck'd from battle-field,
 No more he seeks to roam;
Gives up his sword to rusty sleep,
 To die in peace at Home.

The Justice, wise in self-conceit,
 And "with fat capon lin'd,"
With musty proverbs, and old saws,
 Acts well the part assign'd.

He pats his sides, and chuckles loud ;
No trouble feels, nor care ;
His thoughts are on the venison haunch,
His Home the elbow chair.

Next comes " the slipper'd Pantaloon,"
" With spectacles on nose ;"
His shrivell'd limbs too lank to fill
His wide ungarter'd hose.
No wife's, no children's love he knows ;
Unbless'd he sinks to rest ;
His mortgage bonds his only joy,
His Home his iron chest.

And last of all, to close the scene
On life's eventful stage,
Comes Second Childhood's falt'ring tongue,
The crutch and palsied age.
Each year rolls on the former year,
Like wave propelling wave ;
And Man's last hope must rest on heaven,
His last Home be the grave.

Women's Smiles or Women's Tears ?

Written on being asked by a Lady, which made the greatest impression
on a man's heart, Women's smiles or women's tears ?

SAY, which makes the most impression,
Say, which most the heart endears,
Say, which most awakes love's passion,
Woman's smiles, or woman's tears.

Beauty's tears are summer showers,
Glitt'ring on the budding May :
Beauty's smiles the sunshine powers,
That drive the trembling drops away.

When we meet in youth's gay morning,
And the smile plays o'er the cheek,
Like the sun the skies adorning,
Love would sure no further seek.

When we part,—oh ! grief and horror !
And the tear bedews the eye ;
When the sob betrays her sorrow,
And the heaving breast the sigh ;

When the fond adieu is mutter'd,
When the pressure soft is felt ;
When love's vows are faintly utter'd,
And the o'erwrought feelings melt ;

Where's the heart, that can withstand it,
Or the eye unmoved see ?
Let the *smile* to heav'n wend it,
But the *tear* remain with me.

Echo.

As musing by the tow'ring cliffs,
That guard old ocean's side,
Methought I heard a gentle sigh,
Borne o'er the ebbing tide.
I listen'd, and the still small voice
Of Echo softly fell,
Like some prophetic strain, that rose
From worlds where fairies dwell.

I thought I'd ask the voice, if truth
The moralists had said,
That man was never satisfied,
Whatever wealth he made ;
However full his cup might be,
However large his store :
Say, Echo, if he had all this,
Would he still wish for more ?
I listen'd, and the gentle voice
Of Echo answer'd, " More !"

Pshaw ! Echo, tell me then, if man
Will richer be with more ?
What is enough to make a man
Be richer than before ?

What does he want ? what does he ask ?
Thy answer I implore ;
Say what will make mankind content,
And cease to covet more ?
I listen'd, and the gentle voice
Of Echo answer'd, " More !"

It is a libel false, I cried ;
I'll ask thee once again,
For if thy boding voice be true,
Man ever toils in vain.
Now tell me, Echo, and forget
What thou hast said before,
Is man that discontented wretch,
" For ever craving more ?"
I listen'd, and the gentle voice
Of Echo answer'd, " More."

Farewell then, Echo, I replied,
Thy voice, though soft, is wrong ;
" Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
I turn'd my steps, and as I pac'd
Along the winding shore,
I ask'd, " if man possess'd the world,
Would he still wish for more ?"
I listen'd, and the gentle voice
Of Echo answer'd, " More !"

Modern Love.

OH! tell me sincerely, ye Bachelors round me,
Oh! say, "What is Love?" in this new fashion'd day;
Is it still found on earth, or has some ugly demon
From the breasts of our Beaux scar'd the stranger away?

Let virtue, let beauty, each charm that in woman
Is cherish'd, when man seeks a partner for life;
Let her smile be of heaven, let her own all the graces,
These charms must be *gilt* too, or she'll ne'er be a wife.

Oh! mammon, thou god of the cold-hearted lover!
May thy altar of gold be the Bachelor's curse;
May he ne'er know the rapture, that rises from beauty,
Who would weigh woman's love by the weight of her purse!

HISTORICAL NOTICES.

“ Out of monuments, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books, and the like, we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time.”

Bacon on Learning.



I.

BARNWELL CASTLE.

AMONG the few castellated ruins still remaining in the county of Northampton, Barnwell Castle stands pre-eminently the finest and the most interesting. From the Hundred Rolls it appears that this fortress was originally built by Reginald le Moyne or Moygne in the reign of Henry the First, A.D. 1132.

It is much to be regretted that so few records of this ancient Castle have been preserved from the devouring ravages of time; and though its lofty and massive walls, the loopholes in its strong towers, the entrance gate with its portcullis, all evidence the turbulent state of the age in which they were erected, and the provisions made for safety and defence: yet history has not preserved any details on which to found a shadow of romance. How this family acquired influence in this county is nowhere recorded. The Le Moynes appear to have come and gone almost without leaving any trace behind, save the massive remnant of their strong hold, which still, and must as long as it exists, afford an interesting subject of speculation to the antiquarian. Historical records however, afford us here and there a glimpse of this ancient and influential family. The Doomsday Survey informs us that this Manor of Barnwell St. Andrew, in which the castle stands, was at that time in the possession of the Abbot of Ramsey, and from an account, taken in the reign of Henry the Second, we learn that it was then in the hands of the abovementioned Reginald le Moyne, who "held it of the fee of Rammeseye."

We read also that Berengarius le Moyne, the Lord of this Castle and Manor, succeeded, in the reign of Henry the Third, A.D. 1270, in obtaining the privilege of a market on Monday and Friday in each week, and also a yearly fair for eight days, beginning on the eve of St. Michael's day; and that in 1276 this

market (and probably the fair also) was suppressed at the suit of the Abbot of Bury (Peterborough) as injurious to his market at Oundle. Berengarius appears also to have felt secure in the strength of his fortifications, for we read of a complaint made that "for the last three years Berengarius le Moygne had ceased to do suit of court at the Hundred Court for himself, and his men of Hemington, being worth seven and fourpence a-year, and guard at Rockingham Castle, worth twentypence a-year." The latter observation derives more significance from the circumstance that Rockingham Castle was in the hands of the Crown, and that our early Sovereigns frequently honoured it by their residence.

In the same year in which the market was suppressed Berengarius sold the Castle and Manor to the Abbot and Convent of Ramsey, who, A.D. 1278, obtained a licence from Edward the First for restoring the markets and fair as before, which however have been so long disused as almost to be forgotten, though the market cross stood till it was demolished in the civil wars of Charles the First.

The descendants of Le Moyne made an ineffectual attempt to regain by law the possession of this estate in the reign of Edward the Third, A.D. 1330, they then passed from the scene, and the monastery continued to hold possession till the general suppression of religious establishments in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

This monarch sold the Castle and Manor, together with others, to Sir Edward Montague, Knt., Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and they have continued ever since in the possession of this family, and thus have descended to their present possessor, the Duke of Buccleuch.

How or when Barnwell Castle was dismantled we are not informed, but in the year 1540 Leland, the industrious traveller and antiquary, notices it as then a ruin. "At this village," says he, "remaine 4 strong towres, part of Berengarius' Castel, after 'longing to Ramesay Abbey, and now to Montecute. Within the ruines of this castel is a mean house for a fermar."

The general appearance of the ruin, no doubt, remains much the same as in the time of Leland, but the house within has long since disappeared. It still consists of four massive round towers, which with their connecting walls, about thirty feet high, form a spacious quadrangular court. The grand gateway still

remains on the east side, and is also flanked with two circular bastion towers. The north-western tower appears to have been the chief residence within the court. It is to be regretted that the wanton hand of man has caused more destruction to the inner parts of some of the towers than time itself would have been able to effect by removing the casings of the loopholes and windows, pulling down the groined stone roofs and demolishing staircases for materials for other buildings. Some of the ancient walls and works are however almost as perfect and fresh as when they were first built, particularly the entrance gate, and some of the vaulted rooms connected with it; and the gratitude of the antiquary is due to the late and present proprietor for the care which has for some years been taken to preserve from the further ravages of time, or the more desolating hand of carelessness, this noble relic of former days. A more commodious residence, and more suited to the peaceful character of the times, was built by the Montagu family, and much enlarged as a residence for H. H. Oddie, Esq., of Carey Street, London, who resided here with his family for many years, as auditor of the estates of the late Lord Montagu; and whose liberality to the needy and afflicted, and general kindness and urbanity to all will ever endear them to the recollection of those, who had the pleasure of knowing them. This house still continues to be one of the chief ornaments of this interesting village. Nothing can be more picturesque than the front of this comparatively modern house, now facing in harmless rivalry the east front of the castle, surrounded as it is by old and stately elms. In short, the ruin, the house, its gardens and grounds, &c. kept as they all are in such excellent order under the able and judicious management of Mr. Tate, the resident bailiff of the noble owner, together form a scene not easily to be obliterated from the mind of a visitor.

A view of Barnwell Castle may be found in vol. vii. p. 72, of a work entitled "A Description of England and Wales." London: Newberry and Carman, St. Paul's Churchyard. Printed in 1769.

II.

THE CHURCH OF BARNWELL ST. ANDREW.

THIS parish was anciently called Bernewell le Moyne, from its former owner.

The Church of Barnwell St. Andrew is situated on a gentle eminence immediately above the village. On this spot prayer and praise have probably never ceased to be offered to Almighty GOD for more than eight hundred years. It appears from the Domesday Survey (A.D. 1080) that there was here at that time a priest, and we may therefore fairly infer that there was also a Church. Thus the mind is carried back to remote antiquity, and yet the link connecting us with our forefathers is never broken. CHRIST'S Word and Sacraments, although at times much obscured and mutilated in the Church of England, were never entirely lost, but have been handed down to us in their ancient purity.

The first incumbent of Barnwell, whose name is recorded, was William de Kirkham, from 1248 to 1260, and many parts of the present church may have been built about that time. We probably owe much of the beauty, observable in its architectural details, as well as the ancient and curious stone tombs, found in this parish, and now restored to the churchyard, to the connection of this church with Ramsey Abbey, to the Abbots of which the advowson of this living passed, together with the manor, as related in the notice of the castle, and afterwards to the family of Montagu.

This church at present consists of a nave, with aisles and chancel, together with a tower and spire, and is built partly in the Early English, and partly in the Perpendicular style. The windows of the north aisle are enriched with tracery of peculiar beauty, the sedilia, the two niches in the south aisle, and some carved stone work, now forming part of the seat occupied by the inmates of the hospital, are worthy of notice. The chancel has lately been partly renovated. A fine new east window, filled with

Powell's stained quarries has been put up, a reredos of Minton's tiles has been erected, some lofty pews have been removed, and their places supplied with carved oak seats, placed stallwise along the walls, but still much remains to be done.

There are but few monuments in this church, deserving attention, but there is one which it would be unpardonable to pass over without notice, and the author regrets that the limits of this work prevent him giving the inscription entire. It is to the memory of Nicholas Latham, who became Rector of this church in the eleventh year of Elizabeth (A.D. 1569,) whose munificence and noble liberality to this parish, and to other places also, deserves to be recorded. The inscription on this monument informs us that he was born at Brigstock, and that he was the son of John Latham, gentleman, keeper of the park. He was a bright and shining ornament of our Church in the careless and worldly age in which he lived. Sad indeed is it to think that the ages, which succeeded the Reformation of our Church, were by no means distinguished by that general improvement, which a return to the primitive purity, and apostolic usages, would have warranted us in expecting. "It is confessed," as Fuller observes, "immediately after the Reformation, Protestant religion stood in amaze, and was but barren of good works." The stream of charity appears to have run more sluggishly, the poor were less cared for, churches were seldom built, and if they were, too frequently with a grudging hand, or restored in a manner unworthy of the house of GOD, but bright examples there were, even in those times, to prove that the Church of England was not dead. Such was Nicholas Latham, who for more than half a century, that is, from the times immediately subsequent to the Reformation, from 1569 to 1620, was the Rector of this parish, and "diligently fed his flock both with spiritual and bodily food."

He built and endowed hospitals at Barnwell and at Oundle, and free schools at the same places, besides giving endowments for free schools at Brigstock, Weekly, and Hemington, and for many other useful and charitable purposes which cannot here be detailed. Suffice it here to say that, although he had no lands or goods, left him by his ancestors, he gave to posterity benefactions "to the value of three hundred pounds in the year for ever."

All these acts of charity arose solely from the Rectory of Barnwell St. Andrew, then about the value of £160 per annum. He moreover, performed all this in his lifetime. He saw them perfected and finished, and the people settled in the hospitals, and his schools in operation; and from that day to the present, the former have afforded comfort and repose to the aged, and in the latter successive generations have been instructed through his liberality. "Being dead he yet speaketh," and warns us practically how little we can hope for success in any efforts to ameliorate the condition of our fellow-countrymen, unless our first efforts are directed to their education in the faith of CHRIST. Such was Parson Latham, who died full of years, (aged seventy-two) in 1620.¹

Another monument deserves a passing notice both as recording the death of the first warden of Latham's Hospital, and the great age to which he lived. His name was Job Orton, "who died the 25th of July, 1607, in the year of his age 101."

It is but justice also to remark that this liberality of Parson Latham has also been the means of conferring other important benefits on this highly favoured parish. A poor boy of the name of William Bigley, after being educated in Latham's charity school, was apprenticed, by the funds of this charity, with a baker at Oundle. He afterwards went to London, where by a diligent attention to business he acquired a considerable fortune, and gratefully bearing in mind the benefits he had derived from the charities of his native parish, left by will £4000, for building and endowing a free school for girls in this place, for the instruction of more boys at Latham's school, for increasing the income of the master, and the weekly payments, made to the aged people in the hospital. He died in the year 1824, and was buried in this church, where there is a tablet to his memory.

In this church there is also a monument to the memory of the late H. H. Oddie, Esq., and other branches of that respected family.

A new schoolroom for girls, and a house for the mistress under

¹ It is an interesting fact, that that holy man Nicholas Ferrar was a contemporary as well as a neighbour of Parson Latham; Little Gidding being only six miles distant from Barnwell.

the same roof has been built, with the funds provided by this benefactor to this parish, on the south side of the churchyard, and forms one of the ornaments of the village; while lower down in the main street may still be seen Parson Latham's original school-room in perfect repair, with this simple and appropriate inscription chosen by the founder over the entrance door,

INSTRVCT · ME · O · LORD · THAT · I · MAY · KÈEP · THY · LAW

with the date 1604.

The Rev. R. M. Boulton, B.D., is the present rector of this parish, as well as of the adjoining and now consolidated living of Barnwell All Saints', to which he was instituted in the year 1829, on the presentation of the late Lord Montagu. The Rev. G. R. Mackarness, M.A., is curate.

III.

LATHAM'S HOSPITAL, BARNWELL ST. ANDREW.

PARSON LATHAM'S Hospital, of which mention has already been made, is a plain, unpretending, but substantial stone building, consisting of two quadrangles, or courts, divided by the common hall. It contains separate and comfortable apartments for each pensioner, and has also a garden and orchard for the use of the Society in common. Over the gateway are these words:

CAST THY BREAD VPON THE WATERS

and the date 1601.

It is built very near the entrance to the south gate of the churchyard, with the special object that its aged inmates might be better enabled to attend Divine Service, whenever the church was opened for that purpose.

This hospital is a corporation, consisting of twelve poor persons belonging to the parish of Barnwell St. Andrew and All Saints', who must be upwards of fifty years of age at the time of their election, one of whom is chosen warden, and another is by him appointed

sub-warden. The management of the property belonging to the hospital is intrusted to three bailiffs, residents in the parish: the pensioners are elected by the Rector and Churchwardens, and the supreme visitorial power is in the hands of the Noble Duke who is the owner of the Lordship. Nor is he, in the midst of the numerous avocations, which necessarily devolve upon him, unmindful of this responsibility, but has manifested on all occasions the liveliest interest in the general management of the affairs of the hospital, as well as in the welfare, both temporal and spiritual, of the inmates.

The weekly sum allowed to each from the funds of the hospital as now increased by William Bigley's Charity is as follows:

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To the warden	6	0
“ Subwarden	5	8
To eight others of the corporation, each	5	6
“ Two juniors	5	2
“ Two nurses to attend the sick	3	6

Besides these weekly payments there is allowed to each man a black cloak, and to each woman a black gown every two years, and two pounds each yearly for fuel and washing. Such is this useful charity, which for two centuries and a half has been a blessing to the aged and infirm in this parish.

IV.

BARNWELL ALL SAINTS'.

BARNWELL ALL SAINTS' was anciently called by the name of King's Bernewell, because at the time of the general survey this lordship was in the hands of the Crown, and it retained this name

after it came into the possession of others, and was so called in the reign of Henry the Third, and perhaps to a later period.

There were originally two manors in this parish, of which the principal was purchased by Sir Edward Montagu, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the second year of Edward the Sixth (A.D. 1549.)

The other was sold by Sir William Dudley to Edward, Lord Montagu in the twenty-fourth of Charles the Second, (A.D. 1684,) and thus this property has descended to the present Duke of Buccleuch.

Here stood a fair Church, in no respect inferior to that of the sister parish of St. Andrew, to which it is now united. It is however much to be regretted that on the consolidation of the two livings in the year 1821, the nave and tower were demolished, and the chancel only preserved as a burial place for the noble family of Sandwich, who are also Montagus.

The Priors of St. Neot's in Hunts, appear to have been patrons of this Church in early times, but, if possible, still less is known of it than of the neighbouring Church. The advowson at length passed to the family of Montagu, of whose mansion in this parish, which immediately adjoined the churchyard, no trace remains, save that the terraces of the garden, covered with grass attest the changes which have taken place in this locality.

Among the different tablets and monuments to be seen in this chancel, there is one which is sure to arrest the attention of the visitor, and which forms altogether a touching record of parental grief. It is a lofty pyramidal monument of alabaster, having at the summit the arms of Montagu.

It records the accidental death by drowning of Henry Montagu, Esq., the only son of Sir Sidney Montagu, Kt., one of the Masters of Requests in the reigns of James and Charles.

In connection with this interesting memorial, there is on the right-hand side of the communion table, a door, which, as it forms one of the panels of the oak wainscoting, would escape notice unless pointed out. This door, when opened, discloses to view a recess in the wall, with folding doors, on which are painted the words "Post-eris." On opening these doors, a beautifully engrossed sheet of parchment is seen, on each side of which are

emblazoned the arms of the family, and in the centre in old English character is written,

“ Upon the Birth and
Death of his deere sonne Henry
Montagu Sir Sidney
Montagu Knight
Anno Dmⁱ 1627.

Midd May brought thee to a land of flowers
But Aprill drown'd thee wth to many showers
Ascension Day baptis'd thee Christian
Thursday rewash'd thee to ascend again.”

And on the left hand of the above,

“ Thursday 16th May 1622 Borne
Much rain falling Aprill 1625 filled a pond w^{ch}
wth a scoopet lieing by was supposed y^e occasion of his end
Thursday Ascension Day Christened
Thursday 28th Aprill 1625 dyed.”

Then follows a long genealogical account, showing the connection of the two branches of the Montagu family.

On the inside of the left-hand door of the recess is a representation of a mantle, which is described on the parchment to be, “the sheet set with true love knotts, which covered the child's hearse at his funerall, being the same, which covered him at his christening, and was set with true love knotts of black ribbins, made by divers of his friends.”

This chancel is paved with black and white marble, and was repaired at the expense of the late Duke of Montagu.

On the steep bank, which descends from the churchyard are two wells; one of them, close under the churchyard wall, is shallow, and the water nearly level with the surface. A few feet lower down the bank is the second well, which is large, square, and deep; the water is eight or nine feet lower than the surface of the upper well.

Of these wells, tradition relates that in the age of ignorance and superstition, they were widely famed for the miraculous cures they

performed in the diseases of children, who were here dipped on the Eve of St. John the Baptist's Day, and it is said that at length sacred veneration was paid to them, and that pilgrims from distant parts resorted hither. From these wells, including perhaps a fine spring in the adjoining parish of Barnwell St. Andrew, called Cross well or Holy well, and which still gives its name to the field in which it rises, many have derived the name of these parishes, Bernewell or Bairnwell; the word Bairn being still commonly used in the more northern counties for the word *child*.

This belief and custom had probably long ceased before the time of Leland, the great antiquarian and traveller, who writes thus:—
 “Barnwell—Fontes puerorum eo tempore appellati, eo quod pueri, et adolescentes semel per annum, in vigilia scilicet Nativitatis S. Johan. Bap. illuc convenientes more Anglicano luctamina, et alia ludicra exercebant puerilia.”

In these words he tells us that they were so called because boys and young men, assembling together once a year, viz., on the Eve of John the Baptist's day practised wrestling and other youthful sports according to the English custom; but makes no mention of the healing properties of these wells.

Whatever may have been the real or supposed medicinal properties of these springs for the sick in former days, it is certain that the water from them is now very pure, clear and most salubrious to the healthy.

V.

ARMSTON.

THIS Lordship, adjoining the east side of Barnwell is a hamlet to the parish of Polebrook, and at present consists of two farm houses and one cottage only, though formerly it must have been a place of considerable note, as the records still extant of its ancient Chapel and Hospital sufficiently prove. To this Lordship belongs Kingsthorpe adjoining Armston on the north, and Hemington on

the south, and in it are several moats, and foundations of buildings still to be traced, though they are more discernible in Armston, where paved causeways, and other marks of a considerable village may yet be traced in various directions, though all memory of it has passed away, and its existence almost forgotten.

Here, as has been already observed, was anciently a chapel, dedicated to St. Leonard, of which Ralph de Troubleville and Alice, his wife, who founded the Hospital abovementioned in 1232, were patrons. By a deed without date they gave up to Rohesia, patroness of the church of Polebrook, and her heirs, the advowson of this chapel; and this lady gave to the chapel the privilege of a font for the baptism of infants, and for a resident chaplain, who should daily perform full service in it for ever. To this chapel belonged a chantry, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, founded by a person unknown for a priest to sing and pray there, as tradition adds, for the soul of some one murdered by outlaws, who at that period infested the neighbouring country. Of this chapel there are now no certain remains. In the time of Bridges, the county historian, who died in 1724, one of the farm houses, supposed to be that on the eastern side of the green, where still may be seen a niche or two, is described as having "four large windows, resembling chapel windows, and a high arched roof within: without, two columns, one of which is entire, having a broad capital, like a pedestal for a statue." These however, as well as all remains of the Hospital, have long since disappeared, and not a single remnant of the original building is now to be seen, and Armston at this time only presents a pleasing picture of rural retirement. The poet's beautiful description of a village green

" Deeply embow'r'd in shadowing oak and ash,
And from the world shut out,"

might have been taken from this spot, whose green before the houses in the old English style of village hamlets, forms its principal distinguishing feature.

The lordships of Armston and Kingsthorpe were granted after the dissolution of Thorney Abbey, by Henry the Eighth, to Sir Edward Montagu, (A.D. 1545) and have thus descended to its present noble proprietor, the Duke of Buccleuch.

VI.

HEMINGTON.

THIS small and retired village is worthy of notice as being the place, in which the ancestor of the noble family of Montagu, so distinguished for its wealth and influence in this country, lived and died. It appears that so far back as the fourth year of Henry the Seventh (A.D. 1489) Thomas Mountagu, gentleman, of Clapton, Northamptonshire, purchased the manor of Hemington. This Thomas Mountagu was lineally descended from Sir Simon de Monteague of Hanging Houghton (grandson of William de Monteacute, created Earl of Salisbury in the eleventh year of Edward the Third,) by Margaret, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas de Monthermer, son of Ralph de Monthermer, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford. He married Agnes, daughter of William Dudley, Esq., of Clapton, resided in the Manor House at Hemington, and together with his wife were buried in Hemington Church, where a monument to their memory remains unmutilated. It consists of a flat grey stone, with brass figures of himself and wife, in the costume of the age in which they lived, in the middle of the stone. At their feet is an inscription on a brass plate—"Of your charitie pray for the soules of Thomas Mountagu, gent. and Agnes his Wiff, which Thomas decessed y^e 5th day of September y^e yer of our Lord 1517. On whose soules Jhu have mercy." On the corners of the stone are four escutcheons of arms. On the top,

1st, Montagu quartering a griffin sessant. 2nd, the same quarterings empaling Dudley. A cheveron between three lions' heads erased. And at the bottom, 3rd same as 2nd. 4th empaled coats of 2nd.

This Thomas Mountagu previously to his death settled divers lands in Hemington upon his son and successor Edward Mountagu; and by his will, the manor of Hemington, not included in

the settlement, with several messuages and parcels of land and wood in Hemington, Kingsthorpe, Polebrook, and elsewhere, was also given to his son Edward in tail, with remainder to John his brother, with remainder in tail to Elizabeth Warner, his sister.

Edward Montagu entered the Middle Temple, attained to a great knowledge and proficiency in the law, and as a Member of Parliament possessed much influence in the House of Commons. In the twenty-third year of Henry the Eighth (A.D. 1532) he was admitted a Sergeant-at-Law, and with others, then elected, kept so sumptuous a feast at Ely House for five days, the King, Queen, and the whole Court honouring him with their presence, that it almost equalled the magnificence of a Coronation dinner. In the year 1538 he was appointed the King's Sergeant, and received the honour of knighthood, and the next year was advanced to the office of Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Enjoying largely the favour of his Sovereign, Henry the Eighth, he was rewarded by that monarch with princely munificence, which the general dissolution of monasteries gave him the opportunity of doing. In the thirty-first year of his reign (A.D. 1540) he granted to him for a certain payment, the lands formerly belonging to the Abbeys of Ramsey and Thorney, in Hemington and Luddington.

In short, this king's liberality made him very wealthy. His possessions and influence extended over the greater part of his native county, to which he seemed particularly attached, and to which he delighted to devote his riches, so that there is scarcely a town, village, or hamlet in Northamptonshire, but the name of Montagu is recorded in its annals.

In the year 1546 he resigned the office of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Henry the Eighth placed so much confidence in the honour and integrity of Sir Edward Montagu, that he appointed him one of the sixteen executors of his will, who by their counsels were to assist his son Edward the Sixth, both in his public and private affairs.

On the accession of Queen Mary he was removed from his office and committed to the Tower, because he had been engaged with Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, in drawing up the will of Edward the Sixth, which settled the crown on the beautiful, ac-

complished, but unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, at his decease. Sir Edward left behind him a written document, stating the reasons for his conduct and a vindication of it, which is published at large in "Fuller's Church History." After six weeks' confinement in the Tower, he was set at liberty, and retired to his seat at Boughton, where he died A.D. 1556, and was buried, not as Strype has recorded at Hemington, but at Weekly where may still be seen an altar-tomb to his memory.

At his death, his son and heir, Edward Montagu, was twenty-four years of age, and he was one of the representatives of the county of Northampton, in the first parliament of Elizabeth. He was knighted in 1567, and in 1570 was appointed Sheriff of the same county. He was a gentleman of strict justice and piety, entirely devoted to the service of his country, and in every relation of life an exemplary pattern of wisdom and virtue. He died at Boughton, A.D. 1601, was buried at Weekly, where there is an altar-monument to his memory, and to that of his wife, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir James Harrington, of Exton, in the county of Rutland.

After his death it appears that his relict, Elizabeth, (commonly called "the blind Lady Montague,") resided in the Manor House at Hemington, and probably died here, on the 19th of May, 1618, leaving an annual charity to the widows of Hemington and Ludington. This lady appears to have been the last of this family, who resided in this house.

Her son, Edward, created first Lord Montagu, of Boughton, in the nineteenth year of James the First, (A.D. 1627,) let this residence to Sir John Hewit, Bart. under very peculiar circumstances.

Sir John had given, it is said, offence to some one high in favour at the Court of Charles the First, and as a punishment, he was appointed (A.D. 1632) Sheriff of Northamptonshire, although several statutes had provided that the sheriff should have sufficient lands in the *same shire* to answer the king and his people. He however, had no land in that county, and therefore hired this Manor House, during the time he was compelled to serve this office.

The imposition of the sheriffalty upon him under such circumstances, and for such a cause, was generally looked upon as a

hardship upon Sir John, and as an unlawful and arbitrary stretch of power.

In the year 1666, the old church of Hemington becoming much dilapidated, the abovementioned Lord Montagu undertook to rebuild it, and at that time pulled down the greater part of the old family mansion, and with its materials, tradition asserts, rebuilt the church, with the exception of the tower, which still remains, much smaller than before and without a chancel: and the windows, by their resemblance to those in the part of the house left standing, attest the truth of this tradition.

The following literal extract transcribed from the parish register, and recording an accident at the Hall, may prove interesting to some readers:—

1568 Francis Cooke was buried	} were bu	} All these fyve were						
the xij th of march 1568			} ried y ^e	} killed with a				
John Timbowson					} same	} dampe in one		
Thomas Gange							} Day	} night in a newe
Thomas Wherrington								
William Skinner								

The remaining part of this ancestral residence of this celebrated family, situated about a quarter of a mile eastward of the church, is built of stone, and from its appearance and lofty dimensions seems to have been the hall of the mansion, but is now divided into two tenements. In one of them, there still remains the original chimney piece of fine freestone, about nine feet wide and reaching to the ceiling, with fluted columns, and of an elegant and elaborate design. It has fortunately escaped serious injury, though much disfigured with successive coats of whitewash; it is a fine specimen of the age in which it was erected, most probably in the latter part of the fifteenth century.

The house was formerly surrounded by a moat, which inclosed about eight acres within its bounds, and which is now easily traceable, especially on the east and south sides. On the south are the fish ponds, about 170 yards in length, now dry; beyond that the terrace about twelve yards in width, bounded by the

moat, while the fields around, though inclosed more than 200 years, are still called parks.

This parish in the year 1849 was united with the adjoining parish of Luddington, and at that time the present noble and munificent proprietor of the estate, the Duke of Buccleuch, built a handsome and commodious parsonage, on the south side of and adjoining the church yard, which not only affords to his tenantry at Hemington the advantage of a resident clergyman, but is also an ornament to this retired village.

The Rev. Fred. Johnson is the incumbent of this parish and of Luddington, to which he was presented by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

VII.

WADENHOE.

THIS small but pleasantly situated village derives its name from the Saxon words, "Waden," a ford, and "hoe," a hill, a designation, which very aptly describes its situation, as on a rising ground on the margin of the river Nen.

This manor, before the time of William the Conqueror, was held by Albericus, of the Bishop of Constance in Switzerland. After passing in succession through various hands, it was forfeited to the Crown by the attainder of the Earl of Lancaster, who came into possession of it, by his marriage with Alice, the only daughter of William Longspe; but on his death, it was granted again by Edward the Second (A.D. 1323) to his widow, Alice, who afterwards married Ebulo Strange, a younger son of Lord Strange of Knokyn, and in this family it continued for several generations. In the reign of Henry the Eighth this manor passed to Sir Powlett, Knt. Again reverting to the Crown it was granted by Edward the Sixth (A.D. 1551) to Sir Walter Mildmay, Knt., whose son Antony succeeded to the property. Mary, the only daughter of Sir Antony Mildmay, married Sir Francis Fane, who was created by King James the First, Baron Burghersh and Earl of West-

moreland (A.D. 1625) to whom this estate came on the death of Sir Antony, and in that family it continued for a long period, and eventually came into the possession of Thomas Welch Hunt, Esq., whose melancholy end, and that of his respected bride, so soon after their marriage, cast a sorrowful gloom over the neighbourhood, and elicited the greatest sympathy and mournful interest from all to whom the circumstances were known. Taking a tour of pleasure into Italy, their carriage was stopped by robbers, and a single shot from one of them mortally wounded both the husband and the wife. The Banditti were afterwards apprehended, and proved to be four gamekeepers who had been discharged from the service of the King of Naples. They were convicted on their own confession, and shot for this and other crimes. The following inscription, copied from a tablet, erected to their memory in the Church of Wadenhoe, will tell the melancholy story better than a more detailed account:—

“Sacred to the memory of
 Thomas Welch Hunt, Esq.,
 Late Proprietor of the estate and Manor of Wadenhoe,
 And of Caroline his Wife,
 Eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Euseby Isham,
 Rector of Polebrook in this county,
 Who were both cruelly shot by Banditti,
 Near Pæstum in Italy,
 On Friday the 3d of December, 1824.
 He died on the evening of the same day,
 Having nearly completed his 28th year.
 She died on the morning of the following Sunday,
 In the 23d year of her age,
 After a union of scarcely ten months;
 Affording an impressive and mournful instance
 Of the instability of human happiness.
 Their remains were interred in one grave at Naples.

“They were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
 And in their death they were not divided.”

II Sam., 1 ch. 23 verse.”

On his death this estate became the property of his aunt, and next of his nephew, the Rev. Geo. Hunt, of Buckhurst, near Sunning Hill, Berkshire, in whose hands it now remains.

VIII.

LILFORD.

LILFORD HOUSE, the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Lilford, is situated on a gentle eminence, rising from the banks of the Nene, and in a beautiful park. It is a very handsome and extensive building in the Elizabethan style of architecture, and makes a very striking appearance, with its square-headed windows, clustered chimneys, and ornamented gables. It was originally built by the family of Elmes (A.D. 1635) but has been much enlarged and improved by the late, as well as the present noble proprietor, and a fine terrace and pleasure grounds have lately been added.

The park is pleasantly diversified, is bounded by the river Nene on the west, and the stone bridge over it, with its fluted pilasters forms a very prominent and pleasing object in the view from the hall; while over the river is seen the little village of Pilton, the church, and the old manor house, now the rectory, but formerly belonging to the family of Tresham. There is from this house a fine rural landscape over the meadows and surrounding country, bounded in the distance by the picturesque church of Wadenhoe, the still more distant spire of Aldwinkle St. Peter's and the tower and pinnacles of Aldwinkle All Saints'. Lilford is about one mile and a half from Barnwell, and a walk from thence to Lilford House affords many charming rural scenes, and subjects suitable for the pencil of the artist, or the pen of the poet.

It is worthy of record here that this noble family lost two distinguished scions, the fifth and sixth sons of the first Lord Lilford, during the present century, in the service of their country.

The Hon. Charles Powys attained at an early age the rank and command of Captain in the Navy, and his conduct, ability, and zeal in his profession augured well for his future success, had he

not at the age of twenty-one been cut off in the midst of a very promising and prosperous career by fever in the West Indies in the year 1804.

The next, the Hon. Henry Powys, while commanding a company in the 83rd Regiment of Foot died the death of a hero at Badajoz in Spain, when that fortress was besieged a second time in the spring of the year 1812, and taken by the late Duke of Wellington, with the heavy loss to the British of 3860 men, and 1010 Portuguese, and to the enemy of 1200 men, besides those killed during the siege, and 4000 men with Philippon, their general, taken prisoners of war. During this memorable siege the Hon. Henry Powys, being chosen leader of a forlorn hope against the outworks of that fortress, gallantly headed his storming party on this dangerous service, was the first to scale the walls, and the first cut down by the enemy. Thus he fell gloriously in his country's cause, much lamented by the army in which he served, and by his friends at home, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

A tablet to the memory of these honoured sons of Lilford is erected in the church of Achurch.

IX.

FARMING WOODS.

FARMING WOODS, the seat of the Right Honourable Vernon Smith, M.P., who came into possession of this property on the deaths of the Ladies Fitzpatrick, whose virtues, benevolence and charity, endeared them to the hearts of all to whom they were known, and whose memory will long survive in the neighbourhood. This estate was formerly a part of the ancient forest of Rockingham, but now forms a private chase of considerable extent, abounding in deer and game. The mansion was originally one of the forest lodges, but very great improvements and important additions were made by the late noble Ladies, and more extensive still by its present proprietor, so that it is now a residence of considerable pretensions, and to the admirers of rural and woodland scenery the estate offers many charming and secluded views

among its ancient trees and "wild fantastic thorns" of singular and romantic beauty. The pleasure grounds and gardens, in the time of the lamented Ladies Fitzpatrick, were not so much to be admired for their extent, as for their elegant simplicity and neatness, their lovely show of roses and cottage flowers; but since their death these have been much enlarged by the present proprietor.

X.

FOTHERINGHAY.

SIMON ST. LIZ, second Earl of Northampton, into whose hands the manor of Fotheringhay came by his marriage with Maud, daughter of Judith, niece of William the Conqueror, first built the Castle of Fotheringhay. After his death, Maud married David the First, King of Scotland, whose successors Malcolm and William the First thus became the owners of this Castle and Lordship. William conveyed them to David, his brother, Earl of Huntingdon. His son John le Scot possessed them at his death, but dying without issue, they fell to two of his nieces, and at length into the hands of the English crown. The Castle and estate were next granted to John de Britain Earl of Richmond and nephew of Edward the First; but this Earl dying without male issue, they were granted to his granddaughter, Mary de St. Paul, whose husband Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, was accidentally killed in a tournament on the day of their marriage.¹

In her time, this fortress was described as built of stone, walled, embattled, moated, and containing ten acres within its bounds.

At the death of Mary de Valence, Countess of Pembroke, this manor was granted by Edward the Third to his fifth son, Edmund Langley, then a minor, and afterwards Duke of York, who rebuilt

¹ This incident induced his widow to renounce the world, and devote her large possessions to acts of piety and benevolence. In pursuance of this design she founded Pembroke Hall, at Cambridge, obtaining a Charter of Incorporation from Edward the Third, and endowed it for a Master and six Fellows, &c., &c.

the greater part of the Castle, particularly the keep in the form of a fetter-lock, which with a falcon in the centre became the favourite emblem of the House of York. From him, his son Edward, Earl of Rutland, inherited this lordship, but, being killed at the battle of Agincourt, and leaving no issue, the castle and manor fell to his nephew, Richard, Duke of York, son of Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cambridge, and second son of Edmund Langley, who rebuilt the Castle. This Richard married Cecilia Nevill, commonly called the Rose of Raby, daughter of Ralph Nevill, first Earl of Westmoreland, and here his son Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third, was born.

After the death of Richard, Duke of York, in the battle of Wakefield in 1460, Edward, Earl of March, his son, succeeded to his titles and estates; and this Castle seems to have been the favourite residence of that celebrated family.

Here the Duchess Cicely spent the greater part of her life after her husband's death, and here Edward the Fourth came by water from Croydon, after quelling the insurrection of the Northmen, to meet his Queen, and take up his residence, when Alexander, who styled himself King of Scotland, swore to do fealty and homage to Edward within six months of his obtaining the Scottish Crown. This Castle was settled by Henry the Seventh on his Queen Elizabeth, the only representative of the house of York; and afterwards given as a dowry by Henry the Eighth to Catharine of Arragon, who was much attached to it as a residence.

After her death the Castle ceased to be the abode of royalty, and was converted into a state prison in the reign of Mary, when Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, was confined here a short time on suspicion of being concerned in Wyatt's rebellion.

But the event, which will long render this spot interesting to the student of history is its connection with the melancholy fate of the beautiful, and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, who after being imprisoned in various castles for eighteen years, was at last closely confined here under the custody of Sir William Fitzwilliam of Milton, during the last six months of her life. In this castle was she tried and beheaded in its great hall on the 18th of Feb. 1587, and her remains were first interred on the following 1st of August, in Peterborough Minster, but removed by her son James

the First, on Oct. 11th, 1612, to the chapel of Henry the Seventh at Westminster.

Elizabeth's treatment of this accomplished Princess, her cousin, and a fugitive, who sought her protection, must ever be considered as the foulest blot on the annals of her reign.

It has been said that James the First ordered the demolition of this castle, but whether this was so or not, it is certain that in the last year of King James' reign, it was surveyed, and its condition fully reported, and that soon after it was consigned to ruin. The great hall was purchased by Sir Robert Cotton, and the beautiful arches and columns which adorn his seat, at Conington, Hunts, now the residence of John Heathcote, Esq., were most probably those, which divided the hall at Fotheringhay into three aisles. And the fine old oak arm chair now preserved in the church at Conington, is supposed by some to have been one, which once formed a part of the furniture of the castle. Other materials were purchased by Robert Kirkham, Esq. to build a chapel in his residence at Fineshead, and almost the last remains of the castle were used during the last century for repairing the navigation of the Nene; so that now scarcely a vestige remains, but the mound, on which this castle, so celebrated in the annals of this country, was built.

This manor was granted by James the First to Lord Mountjoy, Sir Edward Blount, Knt., and Joseph Earth, Esq., and the two latter on the death of his lordship conveyed the estate to his lordship's natural son, afterwards created Earl of Newport. After passing through various hands it became the property of Thomas Belsey, Esq., and at a recent period was purchased by the present Lord Overstone, in whose hands it remains.

XI.

LIVEDEN.

OF this interesting ruin we subjoin the following extract from a publication by the author of the present work :—

“This noble edifice was erected by Sir Thomas Tresham, of

Rushden, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and is a splendid monument of his taste, and one of the finest specimens of the decorated style of architecture of that age. It is built of freestone, of extraordinary close texture, and the masonry is so admirably executed, as to seem but the work of yesterday: the edges of the cornices, and of the different sculptures still retaining all their sharpness, freshness, and beauty, and the cement is as strong and hard as the stones themselves. It is in the form of a Grecian cross, with a projection of windows at each end, of four angles, and five squares, of very singular appearance. The building consists of three stories, of which the lower is half under ground. The grand entrance was undoubtedly from the north, on the second story, where a beautifully executed doorway still remains, and the ascent to which was to be by a flight of steps no doubt of some noble design. That this was the original intention is plain, as the plinth and cornices, &c. are not at this point carried round the building but terminate abruptly. The archways in the interior are uniform throughout, and of the same design, and are seen through this doorway with much effect. Above the first story without, is stone work, in the form of escutcheons running along the whole of the building, some quite finished—some in a half-finished state, and others with their outline barely traced—plainly proving how sudden and unexpected was the blow that occasioned the suspension of the work. These shields or escutcheons are in compartments of three, between each angle, &c. Upon the second story, in stone compartments, also running throughout the building, are singular sculptures, executed with much care, emblematical of the sufferings and crucifixion of our SAVIOUR.”—See pages 32, 33, of a work entitled “The Ruins of Liveden, with Historical Notices of the Family of Tresham, and of its Connection with the Gunpowder Plot.” By T. BELL. 4to. Plates. Masters, Bond Street, London.

