

MY FIRESIDE.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

I SIT at my fireside, warm and bright,
And dream my dreams as I used to do,
In days when my feet and heart were light,
And the untried world looked fair and true.

I think of many a pleasant place,
And many an aspect that dear ones wore,
And long for many a vanished face,
Whose smile will gladden my eyes no more.

And often fancy I hear a tread
Echo again in the oaken hall,
And the children singing their hymns o'erhead,
Where firelight plays on the nursery wall.

Ah, me! "the children" are scattered wide;
Some made their home on a distant shore,
And some are gone where the blest abide,
And children are children evermore.

But echoing over the space between,
Adown the sky, and across the sea,
Floating like dreams over Time's ravine,
Those household voices come back to me.

And I sit and muse on the days to come,
'Mid memories dim of the days gone past,
And the meeting sweet in the heavenly home,
Where God will gather us all at last.

ENGLISH CASTLES ;

OR,

MILESTONES OF ENGLAND'S HISTORY.

By EMMA BREWER.

INTRODUCTION.



SHOULD hardly dare to ask you to accompany me on my visits to some of the castles of England, but that I know there are many like myself who can delight in these grand monuments of the past, and people them with the imagination without possessing any great learning.

Fortunately there are many ways of getting enjoyment out of a study or a visit; and if you will be content with me for chaperone, the chances are we may find many a wild flower growing out from between the broken columns, be they Norman or Saxon, which the learned might think beneath their notice, but which we may pluck and take home with us, there to blossom and give pleasure in the winter evenings, whether our home be a palace, a hut, or a London garret.

It seems almost like presumption to ask you to come with me far from this pleasant nineteenth century, to pass milestone after milestone back into the bygone ages, where little of comfort, security, or means of locomotion will fall to our lot.

Had our country always been as secure, as comfortable, as easily traversed as now, there would have been no need for all these milestones, or at all events they would have been of another character.

They are in many cases signs of deadly strife, of false friends, of insecure possessions, and of unrighteous rulers.

They form a perfect chain of history round our island, link within link, from the time of the ancient Britons; they are brimful of information, not only of wars and ambitions, but of love and romance.

If we look upon our nation's history as one grand drama, then the Castle Age forms the first scene.

That many of these milestones have been allowed to fall into decay, that the writing on them has been permitted to become illegible,

and that they must be sought and coaxed into telling their story, are all signs that later generations have not needed their sheltering arm, or their reminders of the enemy's approach, or their indications to a refuge.

These milestones of England's history, projected into life and beauty by the necessities and troubles of our ancestors, are to us indications of their stern character, their beautiful workmanship, their indomitable courage, and their untiring energy; and beyond all this they are to us centres of romance, storehouses of knowledge and daring deeds.

Just as even the most faulty of us bear about in us the impress of our Creator's hand, so each stone and arch, as well as ornamentation of these castles, betray the age and people which started them into existence.

Castles, like human lives, vary in their experience; some have much of sunshine and little of dark shadow to relate, while others have been the very embodiment of gloom, and could scarce tell what it would feel like to be merry and bright.

Like human lives, too, each has its story to tell of enemies conquered, of the fortress left undefended, of dark dungeons lighted up with love, of partings and of meetings.

Castles and human lives alike leave their mark on their own age, for good or for ill.

I do not propose following any special plan in visiting these milestones of England's history, but just take them as opportunity offers—sometimes one in the east, sometimes one in the west.

It so happens that I have been spending part of my holiday in Norwich, and part in Swanage; and thus I have had the opportunity of visiting Norwich Castle, Castle Rising, and Corfe Castle. Friends have been very kind in each of these places, and have given me the means of speaking with antiquarians, and of looking through ancient writings not accessible to the public generally. Adding these advantages to that of personal inspection and impressions, we may not only learn something of the age in which these castles flourished, but may, if we will, build for ourselves castles in the air, not for resistance nor for self-preservation, but for the entertainment of our fancy, which if well housed will not run away with us, nor intrude too much into our work-a-day world.

I shall want all your encouragement and approbation in the cursory and erratic way in which I propose to visit these castles; for on opening a book published a century and a half ago, I find that the writer, with a righteous indignation, asserts that "a cursory view of these august ruins of the past can no more qualify the spectator or admirer to give an opinion than can the country air inspire her with a knowledge of architecture."

I shall be content, and even happy, if I can hear you say, as each castle drawbridge is raised—"I have really enjoyed that view!"

NORWICH CASTLE.

NORWICH, described by old Fuller as—"Either a city in an orchard, or an orchard in a city," is a pleasant old place, rich in specimens of antiquity and quaint corners; but that which meets the eye and commands the attention wherever one turns, is the grand old ruin known by the name of Norwich Castle.

It stands on its elevated position as a testimony of its former magnificence; and a witness to the ruthlessness with which later ages have treated it, and of the base uses to which it has been subjected.

The castle is of ancient lineage, and to get to its origin we must go back two thousand years—so says the historian—as the period in which the ancient Britons fixed upon the spot as a place of security.

It seems that in former ages the rivers *Yare* and *Wensum* were not the insignificant streams of the present day, but on the contrary occupied the whole of the alluvial flat of their valleys, which must have rendered the spot doubly secure by nearly surrounding it with water.

These forefathers of ours, notwithstanding that they may have been rough, or even savage, without a poet or an architect among them, are not such as we, in our high state of civilization, need feel ashamed of.

Wherever they settled they left their mark for future generations, and there are few valleys in the maritime counties of England but show traces of their strongholds, which have, in many cases, formed the basis of our principal cities.

It is thought that the country close about the castle was densely populated by these

ancient relatives of ours. This is confirmed by the historian, Samuel Woodward, who relates that there existed until quite lately the remains of a British village on the tableland opposite the castle, which consisted of six conical hollows disposed in a circle, in the centre of which was discovered, in 1826, a British interment, and that the number of barrows (graves) south of this was very large.

The work in which these ancestors excelled, and which has lasted even to our time, was the raising and forming of stupendous earthworks, which was their method of erecting strongholds. Those round about Norwich Castle, with their perfect and circular form, leave no doubt as to the hands that fashioned them.

The advantages which these earthworks offered for the erection of castles seem to have been fully exercised both by the Romans and by the Saxons, the latter giving it the name of Northwic, or North Castle.

Thus we leave behind the first milestone of our nation's history, set up by the ancient Britons 2,000 years ago, and which to-day stands perfect in form, and with inscription legible.

The origin of the castle itself is involved in great uncertainty. Early historians declare that a castle was built on these earthworks about the year 575 A.D., and that it was made a royal castle in 642, while others think that Julius Cæsar built it.

Alfred the Great, in the ninth century, repaired and restored many strongholds which had suffered from the devastations of the Danes, and for the first time built many of stone which before had been constructed of earth, and Norwich seems to have been one of these. Unfortunately it was destroyed in the early part of the eleventh century by the Danish invader Sweyn. So, putting together all we can collect from old books and parchments, we come to the decision that there was a castle in Norwich before this one, and that that of which we see the ruin was probably built by Canute, or very early in the Conqueror's reign.

Although so much has been done to destroy this castle, sufficient remains of it to excite our interest and curiosity. It received the name of "Castle Blanche Flower" in its early days, probably because of the beauty of its situation, or, as some say, from the colour of the stone with which it was built.

We call that part of the building which now stands, "the castle," out of courtesy, but in reality it is but a very small part of it. Formerly it occupied a space of twenty-three acres, but much of this is now turned into streets and alleys, and the grand old keep or main structure is the only part remaining, and that is a mere shell, without roof and without partitions. The walls are, in some places, thirteen feet thick. There were three bridges, which served as entrances into the castle. Only one remains, and is one of the most ancient structures of this description in the kingdom.

The first grand deed recorded as having been done here was by a woman, who valiantly defended the castle. It appears that the custody of the castle was entrusted by the Conqueror to Ralf de Gunder, Earl of Norfolk, who, as was not at all uncommon, rebelled against the king in 1075, and, being defeated, took shipping at Norwich and fled to Bretagne.

It was in this dilemma that his wife so bravely defended the castle. She was, however, obliged to capitulate, and her husband's title and office were bestowed on Roger Bigot, in whose family they remained for very many years, with occasional breaks.

It was probably by means of this Roger Bigot that the bishopric of the East Angles was removed from Thetford to Norwich, and that the foundations of the cathedral were laid.

The visit of Queen Elizabeth to Norwich was one of interest and importance, and crops up in one's memory as one looks at the castle walls. In a spot where she could get a good view of the Castle of Blanche Flower, a pageant arrested her attention—a stage, with several looms at work, showing the weaving of worsted, of crape, of lace, and of fringe, all introduced by the Flemish colony, who had been permitted to settle in Norwich.

The Queen was flattered by the address of a pretty little boy, who was put forward to recite some lines in explanation, the two last being—

"Thus through thy help and aid of power
Divine

Doth Norwich live, whose hearts and goods
are thine."

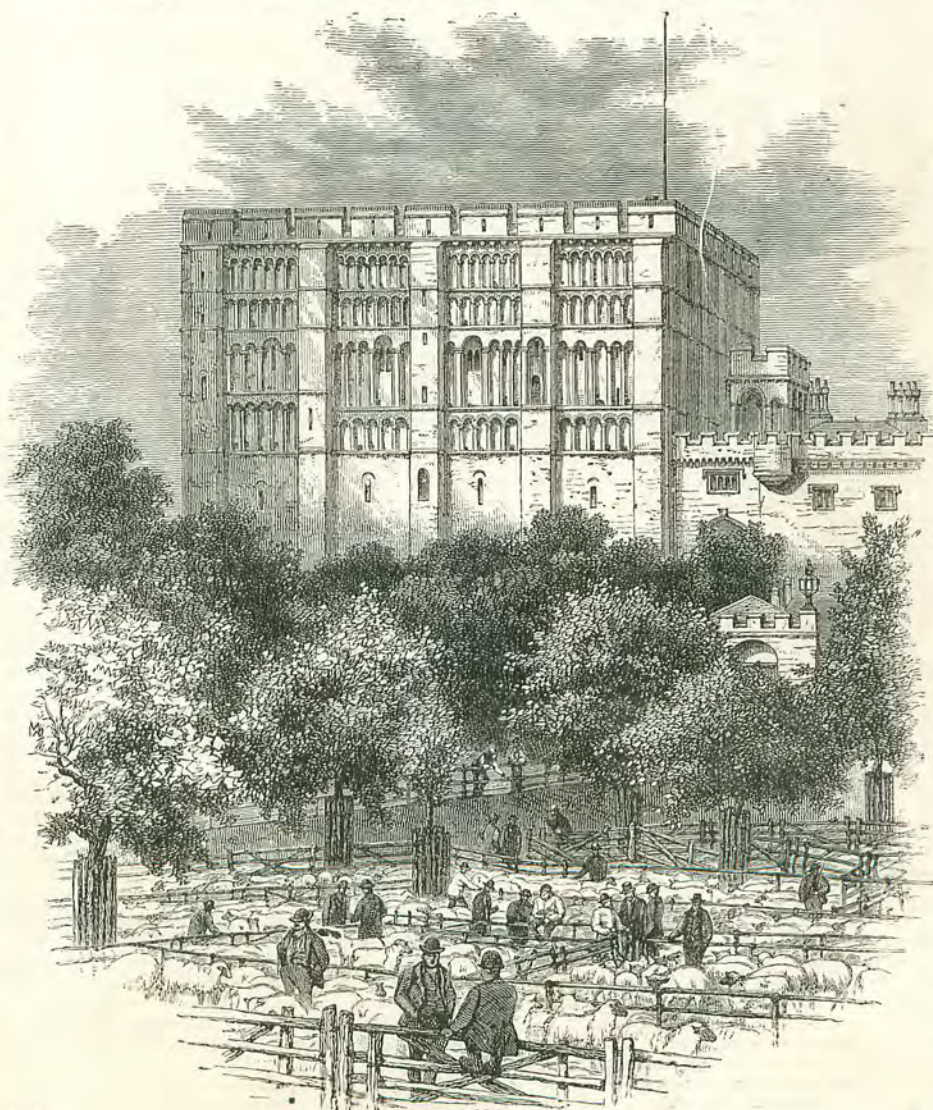
There is very little of interesting history connected with this castle. It became eventually the property of the Crown, in whose possession it remained till 1806, when, by Act of

Parliament, it was made over in trust to the magistrates of Norfolk, to be by them disposed of for purposes connected with the business of the county. The first use they made of the trust was to build a gaol on the grand old keep, without any regard to the character of the architecture, and a gaol it has remained until a few weeks ago.

The late Mayor of Norwich seems to have felt that such a building as Norwich Castle should enjoy a better fate than that of housing prisoners and working the treadmill. His widow, therefore, bought the entire castle and grounds, and gave them as a present to the City of Norwich, to be used as a museum and recreation grounds. I was there a fortnight ago, on the first day of its being visited by the people. The crowds continued to go in and out hour after hour, and many a one looked as sad and disappointed as I did at the complete ruin into which the place had been allowed to fall.

It is a miserable place inside, and the governor's house looked as much a gloomy prison as the cells themselves. The only bright things that pleased the eye were the children of the warder and a splendid view from the keep. Through the kindness of the late mayor and his widow it may have a more glorious end, but it can never be restored to beauty inside.

(To be continued.)



NORWICH CASTLE.



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ENGLISH CASTLES; OR, MILESTONES OF ENGLAND'S HISTORY.

By EMMA BREWER.

CASTLE RISING.

"Rising was a seaport town when Lynn was but a marsh."—*Old Tradition.*



BEING in Norwich, and therefore within easy distance of Lynn, we determined not to lose the opportunity of visiting Castle Rising, the name of which had been familiar to us from our childhood.

True many of the facts concerning it, which we then religiously believed, turn out to be mere fictions now that the weight of old documents and diaries is brought to bear upon them; but this did not lessen the strong desire we felt to pay it a visit and see with our

eyes that which our minds, rightly or wrongly, had pictured long before.

With this intention we rose early and caught the 8.15 train to Lynn, which would set us down within four miles of the spot.

The village of Rising is old, grey, and quaint, with one or two objects of deep interest; but we would not pause to look at these, for our eyes were steadily fixed on the castle, which stands on high ground above the village, and we made at once for the entrance.

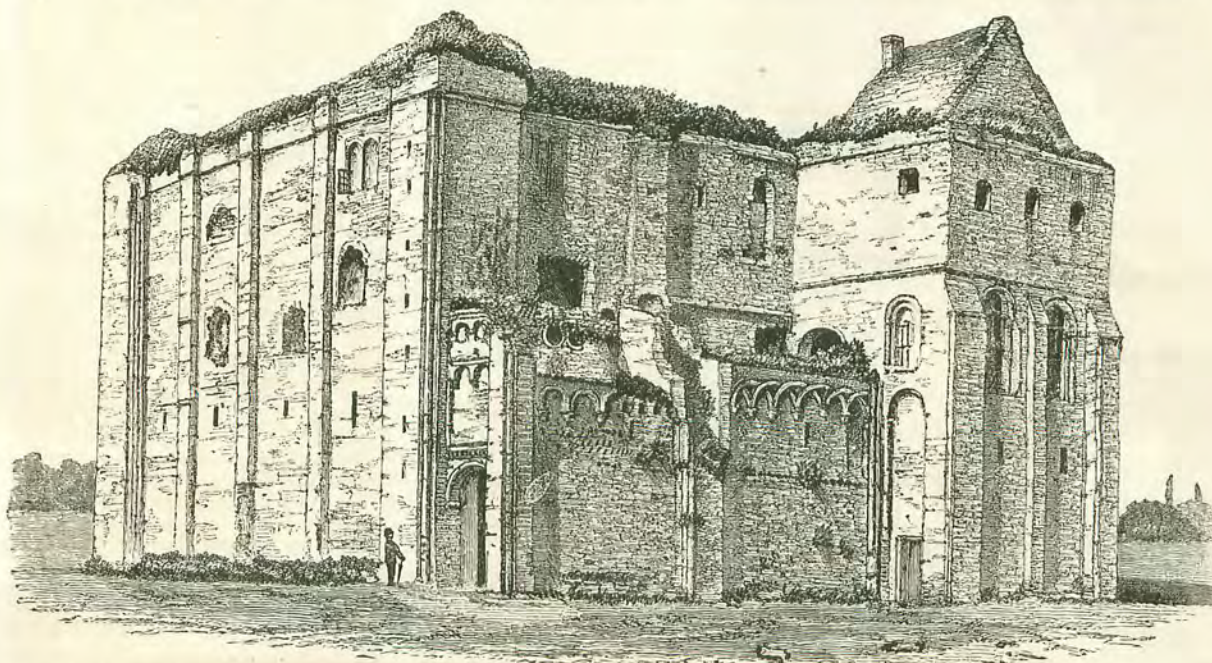
The earthworks are stupendous, and formed somewhat in the shape of the figure 8.

In a moment our thoughts travelled back to the centuries of long ago, when the Ancient Britons must have stood on this very spot in large numbers, their hands busy in the formation of these wonderful earthworks—setting

their seal and signature, as it were, to the first milestone of our England's history.

The first thing we did after passing over the bridge and through the portcullis, was to take a long, quiet look at the grand old ruin so full of history, and then to walk round on the top of the high bank which encloses the whole. This gave us an idea of the size of the ground on which the castle was built, as well as a view of the ruins on all sides. What a wonderful place it must have been in its entirety! Now, alas, all that remains is the great tower or keep, the chapel, the gate-house, and part of a brick building of Henry VII.'s time.

The castle and castle grounds have had many masters and many occupiers. At the time of the Conquest, the stronghold belonged to Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, but on



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CASTLE RISING.

Being forfeited by him was bestowed by William on his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux.

The people who occupy it now as custodians are a policeman, his wife and family.

Between these two extremes, archbishop and policeman, what dramas have not been enacted!

Having finished our walk round the high bank, we mounted some broken steps and entered the gate-house, the lower room of which is used by the custodians as a kitchen, the upper as a bedroom.

We were permitted to look about, and I must say I have rarely been in a room presenting such extremes of age and character as this kitchen. Its nineteenth century chairs, tables, and cooking utensils seemed most incongruous within those hoary walls, lighted by antique windows and covered by the wonderfully arched roof.

The entrance to the castle, which was formerly through one of the sides of this room, is now filled up with encaustic tiles, on which various shields are engraved, and used as a fireplace. One can only be thankful that the beautiful arch above, a fine specimen of Norman zigzag, has been allowed to remain untouched.

From this room we mounted some rickety and worn stairs to one over it, now used as a bedroom. The floor is of Roman tiles with some pattern on them, though illegible, owing, I suppose, to their age and wear, for they are almost smooth. The door is of oak, very thick, old, and richly carved, and the room is full of niches and alcoves.

A tortuous passage leads out of this to another small room which, being occupied, we did not see.

Down the old stairs again and out by another door, we came upon a sort of gallery cut in the thickness of the wall, eleven or twelve feet broad, with arched windows looking out on the earthworks. Surely these were the very windows through which the ladies of the castle were accustomed to look at the travelling shows, which were the only theatrical

exhibitions in early days, and were much patronised by the great ones of the land.

The principal hostels were also, in ancient days, built with galleries, and for the same purpose.

From this gallery we made our way into a large square vestibule, with signs of a staircase leading up into the castle proper. It was full of grotesque carved figures; indeed, in all directions there seemed a perfect wealth of broken carving about.

We next came upon the chapel, which is in excellent preservation when compared with other parts of the castle, and it seems as though a small outlay would render it fit for holding service. A Saxon font stands near the window, and the arches and roofs of the various parts of the building are superb. We were very interested in noticing that the old frescoes, which have been barbarously plastered over, are refusing any longer to be hidden, and are peeping out here and there so plainly that the colours are easily to be seen.

The outside of the ruins is full of interest to the antiquarian, for it abounds in splendid Norman zigzag work, early English tooth-work, interlaced arches, carved corbels, and loop-holes.

That this castle is in better preservation than many others is owing to the care and taste of its present owners, the Greville Howards.

There seems to be no doubt about the period at which this castle was erected. Everything about it proclaims it a Norman milestone, and taking it and the grounds together, we have the Ancient Britons and the Normans in combination for the purpose of showing us how splendidly their work fitted in one with the other. The earthworks could not have served later ages without the castle on its summit, and the castle would have failed of its purpose but for the work of the Ancient Britons, which served as a foundation.

Previous to the Norman period there were but few castles capable of repelling and resisting—indeed, it has been confidently asserted

that it was the absence of efficient strongholds which made William the Conqueror's mastery of England so easy; and those that sprang up in such quick succession after the Conquest were, as a rule, erected by the Norman barons to protect themselves against the resentment of the Saxons, as well as to satisfy their love of magnificence, exhibited in these stately castles.

Most of them were built, as in this case, with a high bank round, and a deep moat or ditch, and the site selected was always, if possible, near a river, so that they could, when necessary, fill the moat with water, and thus render the castle doubly secure.

As these castles grew in strength they afforded the owners not only security from their fellow subjects, but independence of the Government, and this is doubtless the reason why the monarchs, later on, were always attacking and trying to extirpate what the old historian, Matthew Paris, calls "these nests of devils and dens of thieves."

Ood, the half-brother of William the Conqueror, was not more fortunate in the possession of Rising than

was Stigand, for he lost it by rebellion in the reign of Rufus, who gave it to William D'Albini.

The son of this D'Albini not only inherited the estate and stronghold of Rising, but married the widow of Henry I., and assumed, in her right, the title of Earl of Arundel, and later on became Earl of Sussex.

It was this man who built Castle Rising, and although it has passed into many hands since his time, it is now in the possession of the descendants of the Albini, who take a deep interest in it.

Norfolk! Sussex! Arundel! Castle Rising! I never could tell clearly what these names had to do with each other, and yet it is clear and simple enough.

The builder of the castle, as we have seen, became Earl of Arundel and Earl of Sussex. Later on in history the castle and manor were sold and settled on Edward III. and his wife for life, and should they have no children they were to pass to Isabella, Queen Dowager, for life, and then revert to John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, second son of Edward II., and it belonged to the Duchy of Cornwall until the time of Henry VIII., when, in exchange for certain estates in Suffolk, it became the property of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, in whose family it remained until 1693.

This last paragraph is only for those who have been puzzled, as I have been, by the connection of the three titles.

That of course which has cast a lurid light upon Castle Rising, and made it familiar to us all, is the part it plays in the life of Isabella, the she-wolf of France, widow of Edward II.

I suppose none of us have ever had a doubt about its being the scene of her imprisonment and death, nor have we failed to picture the yearly visit of her son during the unhappy mother's captivity; and yet there are abundant proofs that she was not a prisoner at Rising, but travelled about to various parts of the kingdom without let or hindrance; that she did not even die there, nor were any preparations made in Lynn for her funeral.

She seems to have visited Rising now and again, just as she did other of her castles.

There are letters and parchments in existence to prove that she went from Berkhamstead to Windsor a month after Mortimer's death to spend the feast of Christmas with her "dearest son Edward."

We find her in the twelfth year of Edward's reign in Pontefract Castle; in the twentieth year at Hertford Castle, where from October, 1357, to her death, she lived, and where there is every reason to believe she died.

Do you ask what authority I can give for such a tossing about of the fabric of our belief in the history of bygone ages?

Documents, rolls, diaries, whose authenticity cannot be doubted, and which have been carefully collected by antiquarians—among whom are Harrod and Woodward.

Should we ever have the opportunity of visiting Hertford Castle we shall be on the alert to discover anything which can throw light upon the doings of Isabella.

Passing out of the castle grounds, we cannot return to Lynn without looking into the church of Rising, and the almshouses erected by James I.

The church is most interesting. The font is a beautiful specimen of rope work; and in one of the transepts is a wonderful piece of black oak carving, near which is what is called a "squint," permitting the people who sat there to get a glance of the sacramental vessels.

At the left hand of the chancel is a tall niche, which no one seems to know the use of; it is, I believe, the only one of the kind in England.

Standing back in one of the transepts is the old Jacobean table formerly in use.

From the church we went to the almshouses,



AN ALMSHOUSE.

founded by James I. for eleven old women, a nurse, and a governess, or, as she would be called now, a matron.

It is one of the most interesting places I have visited. Everything remains the same as in the days of its founder, except, of course, the inmates.

The dining-room is as the king left it—chairs, table, fire-irons, and old carved chest, all the same. Over the mantelpiece is a fine portrait of Isabella, she-wolf of France, by whom it is not known; but it is not at all a vicious face.

The chapel is small; the pews ornamented with beautifully carved poppy-heads; and the prayerbooks placed in the pews ask you to pray for Queen Elizabeth.

Each old inmate has a little house to herself, consisting of a sitting-room and bedroom combined, and a pantry; beside which she has a flower garden, a piece of potato ground, six shillings a week, and coals.

The dress of these old people is most picturesque, as you will see from the illustration.

The inmates appeared happy and content, and were very intelligent. One dear old woman of ninety-eight years old we quite fell in love with. She was so pretty and bright, and with every sense perfect, except hearing, so we carried on the conversation on our side by writing on a slate, which she could read without spectacles. She was very curious as

to where we lived, and what relationship existed between us—we were three people.

The Princess of Wales went to see her a few weeks ago, and seemed quite as much interested in her as we were. She sat by her side, holding her hand, and chatting pleasantly with her for some time.

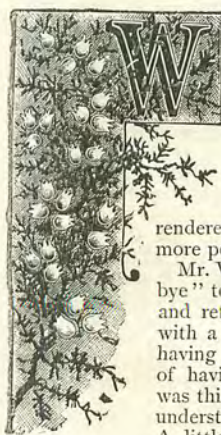
Having said good-bye to the old people, one of whom remembered hearing her grandfather say that in his early days the water came up to Rising, we drove back to Lynn. We did not think much of the town itself, and, except that it contains some beautiful old churches, it is quite unattractive.

(To be continued.)

AVIE WOODFIELD'S WANTS.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," etc.

CHAPTER III.



WHEN the rain had ceased Avie was obliged to accept Mr. Wilpraham's escort home. He visited his conservatory before he set off, and brought from it a basket laden with grapes and flowers, for her mother. This rendered her pleasure all the more perfect.

Mr. Wilpraham said "Good-bye" to her at her own door, and returned to his bungalow with a much greater sense of having received pleasure than of having conferred any. It was this man's fate to be misunderstood and undervalued. A little sympathy, if it only

looked out on him from the eyes of a fresh young girl, was good to him.

Avie carried her treasures to her mother, eager to tell her all the pleasant things which filled her mind; but the sight of her troubled face was a damper. In answer to her tender inquiries, Mrs. Woodfield told her that her father had been saying bitter things, and accusing her of extravagance. Where is the extravagance, Avie?" she asked. "It can't be in the housekeeping. Your papa seems determined to bring us down to the lowest level. Just look how he goes into the street. I've always hoped people would think it a peculiarity of his; but no, he has a morbid desire to have us all look as forlorn as he does. It has been well said, however, that if you will advertise yourself as poor, the world will take good care to keep you so."

Avie did not know where the balance of philosophy lay: on her mother's side or on her father's. She had a dim notion that both were in extremes, so with a heart as heavy as lead she said what comforting things she could to her mother, and then put the children to bed.

Later in the evening she saw her father; he wore one of his darkest looks. "We're all going to ruin," he said, "all going to ruin. Three bills sent in to me a week; don't know how they're to be met; don't know who to borrow the money from."

"Mamma says the allowance you give her is so small, she cannot avoid running bills."

"Hang it! but she'll have to. I can't give her what I haven't got."

"I don't think mamma understands just what you have, papa. Why don't you tell her? Couldn't there be a family council on these matters? If we were all to put our heads

together to see where we could save, and what we could do, it would be a great deal happier."

"Your mother would never consent to it. She is always indignant when she knows that I have named these things to any of you."

"We are such a large family; I wish I could earn money, but I am always wanted at home, and when Elsie can take my place I don't know what to do, my education is so defective."

"No; we are a helpless lot," was the discouraging reply, and Mr. Woodfield went out, banging the front door behind him, as if his own house was unbearable to him.

Avie's thoughts had soon been forced into the old ruts. She went to bed full of heart-ache, for one and for another, and of fear for the terrible unknown future. "Things are so unequal in this life," she moaned. "People get what they don't want, and miss what they do. What a golden chance came to that Miss Vipond for improving her mind, and how little she cared for it! It would have been an inestimable boon to me, who have, on the contrary, to treat books as enemies to my duty. Can it really be that a providence orders these things? Well, she might say it was a kind providence brought her and her Fritz together; and supposing I had had the privilege of fascinating Mr. Fritz, no such happy result would have accrued. He must always have remained a perfectly indifferent person to me."

Yet somehow the past day was like an era to her. She felt she had been glided a little way towards the haven of her desire.

The domestic storm wore itself out, much as the atmospheric storm had done. Avie set herself to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest Mrs. Somerville's Geography as she could make opportunity, and tried, above all, not to forget the beginning of her confidence, or the sweet text which inspired it.

Meanwhile, she was not forgotten at the bungalow, and one evening when she was out walking with the children, Mrs. Woodfield was surprised by a call from Mr. and Mrs. Wilpraham.

With great delicacy and tact they made known to her their errand, which was to ask her if she would allow Miss Woodfield to spend her afternoons at the bungalow, as reader and amanuensis to Mr. Wilpraham, with the understanding that the arrangement should be made as instructive to herself as possible.

Mrs. Woodfield's sympathies paved the way for the success of this petition; for it really touched her to think that across the path of that bright, active man lay the shadow of coming blindness. Mr. Woodfield coming in from the counting-house at the time, he was called in, and his opinion asked.

He did not hesitate to give his permission

very cordially. Knowledge was power, he knew, and he would have been keen to avail himself of educational advantages for his children if they had cost nothing; so he called the idea excellent, and was sure the way ought to be made clear for Avie to avail herself of Mr. Wilpraham's very kind offer.

Seeing the obligation would be mutual, Mrs. Wilpraham did not let her pride stand in the way.

The visitors had left when Avie returned from her walk; but she was told how everything had been arranged for her.

The joy and thankfulness in the girl's heart were so deep that she could hardly speak; but she thought that she should always now be able confidently to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

Avie addressed herself to her new duties with that thrill of mingled pleasure and hope which we all feel when circumstances promise us the satisfaction of a heart-felt need. Nor was she doomed to disappointment. With all that was irrelevant to any and every purpose she might form for herself, she felt in the main that her mind was being watered by many springs. The conversations she had with Mr. Wilpraham were as instructive to her as they were enlivening and entertaining to him, who had long pined, being childless, for such companionship. He appreciated her difficulties and guessed at many of the darker facts of her life, and it pleased him to give her all the advice and help, as a student, that was in his power.

Avie lent him her bodily eyes; he lent her his intellectual ones, and by their help she saw much further and deeper than she would have done with her own unaided vision. The variety introduced into her life was a saving salt to it. She discharged the duties of her home with more spirit now that there was some escape from them. The yoke of bondage never galled so severely again, for the habit of calling on Avie for every little thing was broken by her being so much *out of the way*; and the girl's appreciation of the advantages she was receiving made her anxious to be a diligent teacher as well as companion to her young brothers and sisters. She was always trying to lead them on and upward.

Familiarity with the bungalow did not break the charm of the first evening she spent in it. Whether she sat in the warm sunshine reading to her friends at the open window, through which was wafted the scent of flowers and the hum of bees—while often the silvery chime of bells and the song of birds blended with her voice, and the far spreading green hillside beyond looked as if it could gather up all around it into one perfect, dreamlike repose—or whether on wintry days she sat within the ruddy circle of the hearth, and thought with a

to bring in every dainty the house contained, and emptying the sideboard of all its drinkables.

"You are killing the fatted calf, father," said Jack. "But I haven't been a bad boy, like the prodigal, and I haven't got an envious brother."

"Then we'll make merry with a good conscience," said Mr. Harton, as a steaming and savoury dish came in.

But Tom's conscience was burdened by Fan, whom he knew his brother loved as a sister, and for whom he had not asked. He was some few years older than Jack, one brother and a sister, who died young, having been born between them. But Jack was twenty-four, and looked older than his age. He was personally like his father, and they resembled one another also in qualities of the heart.

When supper was over, and the trio drew round the fire, it soon evolved why Jack had not named Fan. He and his father took the "calumet of peace," but Tom was no smoker, and thus spake Jack:—

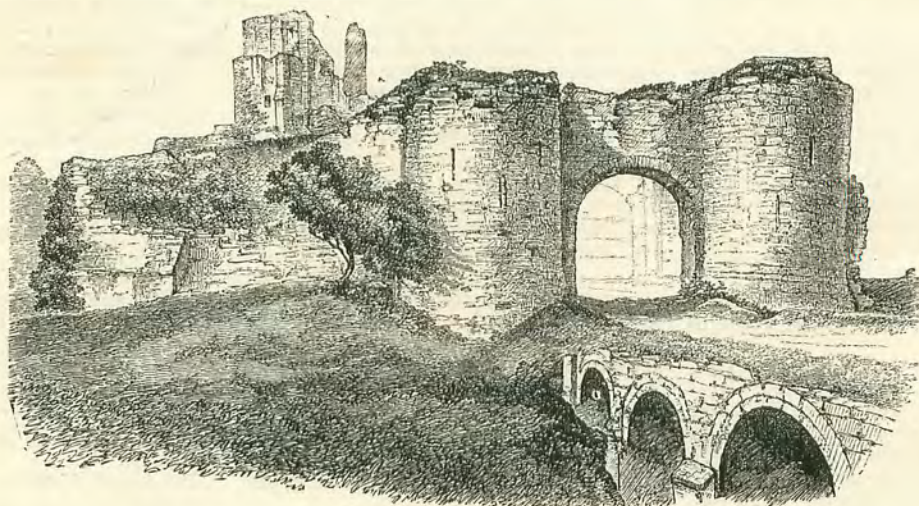
"I shouldn't have been home so soon but for Fan. I am come to find her, and, if she is in Old England, I will. When your letter came I was dumfounded, for I knew something awful must have happened to make her run away. She hasn't gone off with a man, take my word for that. I only waited to set my affairs to rights, and hear if you had found her; and here I am. I knew that you were ever so long before you told me, father, by a slip you made in one of your letters, and Tom didn't even mention her. That was cruel, Tom, for

if you never loved her, I did. There is only one Fan in the wide world. I have never seen anybody like her at home or abroad: so handsome, so generous, so affectionate, so unselfish. Have you, father?"

"Never."

The warm-hearted fellow's voice was choked by feeling, and Mr. Harton's "never" came out with a resolution that made Tom start. Indeed, Tom was very uncomfortable, though Mr. Harton studiously avoided compromising him with his brother. He had, however, to listen to questions and answers concerning Fan, until he could bear it no longer, and said that he would go and look after Jack's room and belongings, while the others finished up their pipes, and Fan.

(To be continued.)



Entrance to Corfe Castle.

ENGLISH CASTLES; OR, MILESTONES OF ENGLAND'S HISTORY.

By EMMA BREWER.

CORFE CASTLE.

"Time consecrates, and what is gray with age becomes religion."—Schiller.



HO will join the party to Corfe Castle?" was the question asked by our young hostess one fine morning as we sat round the breakfast table in a beautiful house in Swanage.

All save one gave ready assent, and he was compelled to go to Poole to a meeting of the Antiquarian Society. It was a pleasant party, full of life and energy, that started for the little town of Corfe, about four miles distant. We each tried to call to mind what we had heard or read of the castle and its surroundings, and as we had some clever antiquarians and lovers of old buildings among us, we added to our knowledge not a little.

We took with us Bond's history of Corfe Castle, a valuable book, as in it the author has collected everything he can learn about it, whether in records, chronicles, or from his own

observation; and good use we made of it, for whenever we came upon an interesting bit of the castle, we called upon one of our party to read aloud any passage throwing light upon it—the reader perched up in some old niche, and the listeners sitting or lying on the grass. But I am getting on too fast.

First of all, we had to pass through the little village, or, as it is called, I believe, town of Corfe, which nestles so humbly at the feet of the grand old ruin, clothed in its living mantle of ivy, and towering above its surroundings, stately even in decay.

This town of Corfe, situate in the centre of the Island of Purbeck,* is very ancient, and played a prominent part in Saxon history.

The name given to it by the Anglo-Saxons was "Corf-Geat," or Cutgate, a name it well deserved, for it was the pass or cut through the hills into the best part of the island.

Corfe is no longer a busy place, returning its two members of Parliament, but is content

with a passing notice of visitors, who go through on their way to the castle. It is very quiet and grey, the houses having been mostly built with that coloured stone peculiar to the Purbeck quarries. Many, I hear, have been restored with stone taken from the castle walls.

There are one or two houses which call for special notice—the Greyhound Inn, with its first floor projecting over the porch, supported by three pillars, its date of restoration 1713, and the peculiar name of the landlady written under it, "Mary Disalliond."

A second, which greatly interested us, stands nearly opposite, with a peculiar bow-window, which can be seen in the illustration.

The inhabitants point with pride to a raised and worn stone platform in the centre of the little market place, upon which their members of Parliament used to return thanks for their election.

The church, with the exception of the tower, was rebuilt about twenty-five years ago, but that which it replaced was built by the great St. Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, showing, therefore, that Corfe must have been a place

* Purbeck, either from Pure and Beck, a rivulet, from the number of little clear streams that issue out of the foot of the hills all over the island—or, may be, from Porbikh a cattle run or pasture.

of importance before the close of the seventh century.

We lingered long in the tower so full of years, within which stands the font one thousand years old, black with age.

The interest we took in the little town of Corfe prepared us in a measure for the chief object of our visit; its colour, its architecture, its history, each and all proclaimed its ancient character.

Separating the town from the castle is a deep ditch or foss, spanned by a stately bridge of four high narrow arches. It is difficult to tell the date of it, but apparently it is not so ancient as the castle itself.

Hundreds of thoughts and scenes of long ago pass through our minds as we cross this bridge—the character of the island—the Danish invaders at Portland—the Saxon princes who came here for hunting—the captive ladies of Bretagne and Scotland—a woman's treachery—a woman's heroism—were occupying us to the exclusion of the present, when with a rude hand they were all dispersed, for there just inside the entrance stood a little white wooden office for the convenience of a money-taker, who, in a harsh, sing-song tone, said, "Sixpence to see the castle."

One of the younger ones of our party, full of indignation at this destroyer of the romantic, declared it was like a mongrel cur watching over a wounded and captive lion.

The gateway is, as you perceive in the illustration, flanked by a pair of massive drum towers, over which, in early times, there seem to have been living-rooms.

Both these towers have been undermined and forced from their upright position by gunpowder, and the rent thus caused in the arch has been filled in with mortar for the sake of safety.

A spot better adapted by nature for a stronghold could scarcely have been selected—I say nature, because the ancient Britons seem to have had no hand in it; their work may be seen about three miles distant, at Agglestone.

The castle stands on a steep, rocky hill, and looking at the walls so thick and massive, it strikes us that it must have been one of the most impregnable fortresses in the kingdom, previous to the invention of artillery.

It has been said that "Castles and houses are a true indication of the habits and customs of the period to which they belong."

This being so, it is easy to see that the Saxons in building this castle knew full well their insecurity and the necessity of resisting invasion—circumstances which no doubt gave character to the building.

To understand the plan of the castle it is necessary to notice that it is divided into four wards. At the entrance to the first we are now standing paying our sixpences. The entrance to the second is by a bridge of one arch over the castle ditch, and through a gate, probably the spot where the young king Edward was murdered. It goes by the name of King Edward the Martyr's Gateway. The third ward was the principal one, and situate on the highest part of the hill; in this the king's tower stood.

The fourth ward is the least. In it was a small garden, and the well into which, tradition says, Lady Banks threw a quantity of money and plate. While telling you this we pass through the first gate, with its two sturdy round towers, and find ourselves on the ground where in old times the soldiers indulged in sports or underwent military training. It is believed that the smiths, plumbers, and artificers had their workshops in this first ward.

Here, spread out before us, is the rising and uneven ground leading up to the third and fourth wards, while to the right and to the left stretch the ruined walls, the gaps and rents being judiciously filled in with light iron

railings, which, while protecting the unwary, do not destroy the picturesque of the scene.

On these ruined walls it is easy to trace the watch towers, which, in pairs, were placed at intervals round them—thus commanding the whole country.

The unevenness of the ground has, if one may say so, a regularity about it which suggests the existence in former years of terraced gardens, gay with flowers; but the grim warriors who peopled Corfe Castle had certainly nothing to do with flowers, and the captive ladies had much more sorrowful occupation than to tend them—and so I suppose it is but a fancy that any ever grew within these walls.

We continue our walk till we reach the gateway, where, if tradition be true, a lady treacherously betrayed her son to death. Here the gunpowder seems to have done even more damage than at the first gateway. One of the towers has sunk both down and forward, so that the broken arch is far from meeting, and looks unsafe.

We only had to look at the grooves for the bolts to understand how carefully and completely all unwelcome approach was guarded against.

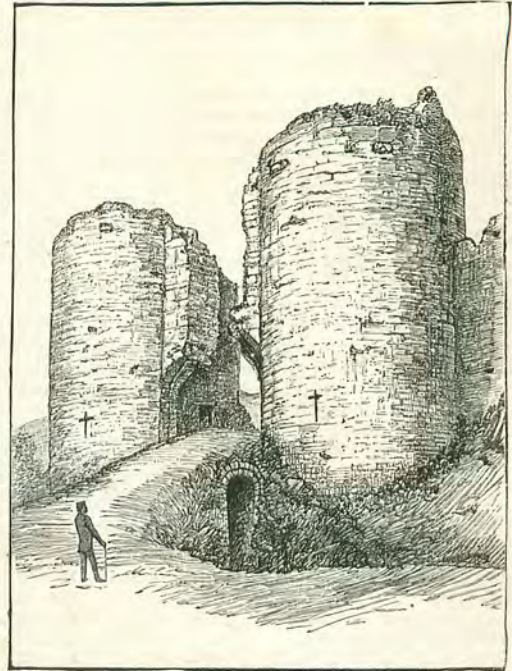
As we passed into the shadow of this gateway a cold chill seemed to strike through us, as though Elfrida's treacherous deed towards the unsuspecting young king still hung about it, and we felt glad to step out into the sunshine beyond, where, with our eyes on the gateway, we sat down and talked over the deed so fresh in the minds of English people, even though nearly a thousand years have passed since it was done.

The quaint old Saxon chronicles notice the deed in the following words:—

"978. This year was King Edward slain, at eventide, at Corfe Gate . . . There has not been mid Angles a worse deed done than this since they first Britain Land sought . . . Men him murdered, but God him glorified."

The story is a familiar one, but it becomes more a reality when related on the spot where the deed was done.

King Edgar was twice married—so the story runs. By his first wife he had a son, whom we know by the name of Edward the Martyr.



EDWARD THE MARTYR'S GATE.

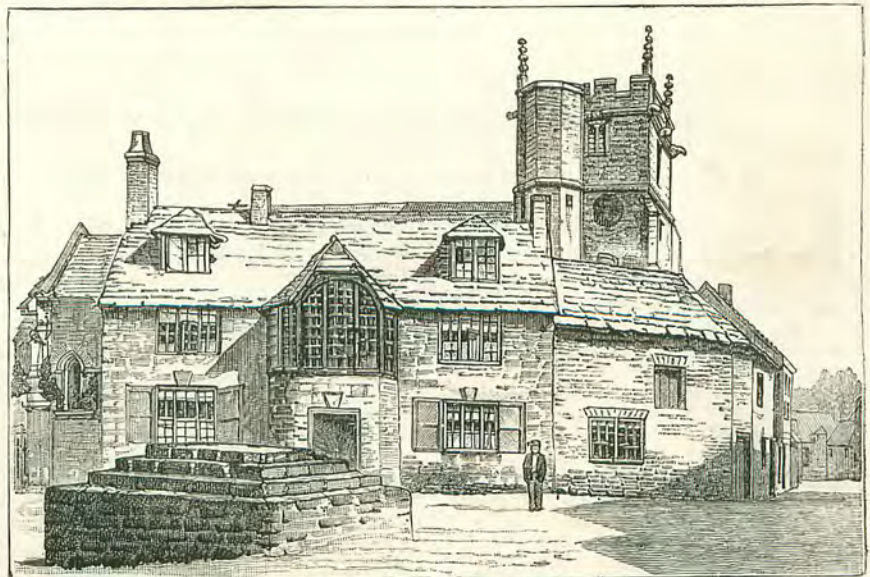
The king's second wife, Elfrida, was chosen simply for her beauty. She was a bad, ambitious woman, and her influence evil all round. She also had a son, for whom Edward, his brother, had a great affection.

When the father died, his successor was the son of his first wife. This circumstance roused the evil in Elfrida into activity; and it became her object in life to place her own little son, Ethelred, on the throne; and the method she used to bring this about has held her up to detestation through all succeeding generations.

It seems that while the elder brother was hunting in the country, between Wareham and Corfe, he remembered that the younger one was with his mother in Corfe Castle, and he determined to pay him a visit.

In the excitement of sport his few followers became dispersed, and he was left alone.

Without fear he made his way to the castle, and the queen, hearing from her spies of his approach, determined to commit the deed she had so long premeditated.



STONE PLATFORM AND CURIOUS WINDOW.

She met him at the gate with expressions of joy and offer of hospitality, which he declined, saying he desired only to see and speak with his brother.

Resolute in her wicked plan, she commanded that a cup might be given him without delay, and while raising it to his lips the assassin, who had but now given him the kiss of peace, stabbed him with a dagger.

This infamous deed soon became known throughout England, and the whole country felt disgraced.

Why the murdered young king obtained the title of martyr, and what was done with his body, is part of history, and need not be told here.

The story goes on to say that the guilty woman repented of her deed, and retiring to her Abbey of Wherwell, she submitted her body to severe penance, clothing it in hair cloth, and sleeping for many years at night on the ground without a pillow.

It was to avoid treachery, such as Elfrida was guilty of, that the loving cup was instituted—an explanation of which I will give at the end of this paper.

Having talked all this over, we searched the inner keep, and were rewarded with the sight of some beautifully preserved *herring-bone* masonry.

Do you know what that is? I did not till I saw it and had it explained.

The antiquarians went into raptures over it.

That which delighted me more than the herring-bone wall, was the extensive view from one of the watch towers on this keep. It embraced hill and dale, village and homestead, for miles round. It was all so sunny and peaceful, that it was difficult to realise that from the spot where I then stood the view had often been red with blood, and swarming with men furious for the lives of those within these walls.

From this apparently most ancient part of the castle we go into the chapel, of which little remains but a well-preserved Norman arched window; and we find our way on to the battlements, and rest on those grim stones, now called the Lovers' Seat. "How are the mighty fallen!" said a young knight who was with us.

After a short rest, we go to see the well* in the fourth ward, which Lady Banks has made

* It is said that Lady Banks threw down a quantity of money, jewels, and plate into this well, that they might not fall into the hands of the Parliamentary troops.

famous. She was a brave, courageous woman, and a contrast to the treacherous Elfrida.

She was the wife of Chief Justice Banks, and it was during the civil wars of the 17th century (1643, 1644) that she rendered Corfe Castle famous by her heroic defence of it, when attacked by the Parliamentary forces.

It seems that Corfe Castle stood almost alone in its fealty to the king, and the Roundheads were determined to secure it either by force or by treachery, so that all the defences of the coast might be in their hands.

The Lady's heroism was all of no avail, except as an example to posterity of what a brave good woman could do, for treachery was successful—one of her officers, named Pitman, betrayed her, and let in the Parliamentary troopers.

Having obtained the castle they plundered it and divided the sumptuous furniture among themselves; but they knew not how to make use of it, for they were afraid to keep such a powerful stronghold. They, therefore, gave orders for it to be demolished with gunpowder, that it might never again give shelter to king or subject; and the result may be seen in the shattered towers and ruined keep.

Months were occupied in this work of destruction, and the quantity of gunpowder used was valued at some hundreds of pounds. Its destruction can never cease to be regretted. Year by year the ruined walls continue to crumble away, and every gale of wind throws down and disperses loose stones.

The ivy which envelops much of it in its tight embrace, beautiful as it looks, does harm by hiding the decay and sapping the walls.

Ruin as it is, it stands pre-eminent among the castles of Great Britain as a grand example of an Edwardian castle—a Saxon milestone.

Its antiquity, its magnitude, the great natural strength of its situation, the care and skill with which its fortifications have been constructed, all lead one to expect a great deal from it in the shape of history and stirring incidents but it has been really little more than a State prison. In this respect it is very interesting, owing to the character and position of many of the prisoners who have been confined there.

It must have been a gloomy, silent prison house for women, and one's heart goes back in sympathy with Princess Eleanor, the beautiful Princess of Brittany and niece of King John, whose only fault was that she had a right to the throne, and with the two daughters of William, King of Scotland, her companions in captivity.

Of all these we speak as we move from place to place among the ruins, and were becoming somewhat sad when our thoughts were brought back to the year 1887—the golden wedding of Queen and People—by hearing that this dear old castle clothed itself on the 20th of June with hundreds of lighted lamps to bear testimony to the surrounding country that though a child of Saxon England, it could rejoice in all that civilization had brought about, and in the good influence of a loving-hearted Queen descended from those whom it had known in its youth.

THE LOVING CUP.

The practice of drinking the Loving Cup dates back to the time of the Anglo-Saxons, and the precautions taken while drinking it were probably owing as much to the treacherous murder of young King Edward at Corfe as to many like deeds done at great feasts.

Our forefathers were great drinkers, and it was their custom at festive gatherings to pass round a large cup or wassail bowl, from which each guest in turn drank to the rest of the party.

The manner of drinking was to stand up and hold the bowl or cup with both hands. In so doing he left his body without defence, and the occasion was often made use of by his enemies to stab him.

To put an end to this treachery the plan was adopted of making the person next to the drinker responsible for his safety. He also was to stand up with his sword drawn to defend him should need arise.

This practice in an altered form continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it. In some College halls and City Companies the custom is preserved in almost its primitive form. In the first it is called the *Grace Cup*, in the latter the *Loving Cup*.

All who have been to the Mansion House will agree that it forms one of the most interesting features of its dinners. The cup is of silver or silver gilt, and is filled with spiced wine termed *Sack*. As soon as dinner is over and Grace has been said, the Lord Mayor drinks to his visitors a hearty welcome. The cup is then passed round the table, and each guest, after he has drunk, applies his napkin to the mouth of the cup before he passes it to his neighbour, and holds the cover of the cup while the other drinks.

(To be continued.)

ON THE CHOICE OF PIANOFORTE PIECES.

By ERNST PAUER, Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal College of Music.

PART III.

SINGLE PIECES OF EMINENT COMPOSERS.



SINGLE pieces, such as those composed by the classical authors Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, etc., are variations, caprices, rondos, and fantasias. Although some of Schubert's posthumous pieces (op. 90 and op. 142) are called impromptus, this title was not given by the composer himself, for the name impromptu had never been employed during his lifetime.

With regard to variations, we propose to direct the student's attention to those most interesting, brilliant and useful.

VARIATIONS.

W. A. Mozart's variations comprise twenty-one sets; of these several belong to the earliest period of his life, and may consequently be passed over. His best variations are those on the air, "Unser dummer Pöbel meint," from Gluck's opera, *The Pilgrims of Mecca*. In this beautiful work the ingenuity and versatility of Mozart's genius, not less his wonderful gift of gracefulness, neatness, and sweetness of expression, are exhibited on every page. Another interesting set is that on a theme of the popular clarinet quintet in A; whilst the cheerful and eminently bright variations on the air, "Ein Weib ist das

herrlichste Ding," deserve a sincere and hearty recommendation. Beethoven's variations are by far more important than those by Mozart; they are really earnest and vigorous studies, undertaken in order to obtain from every particular theme a string of rhythmical, harmonious, melodious, and characteristic features; indeed, such studies enabled him to write his greater works logically, systematically, and with economy; the beauty, interest, and strength of his so-called "thematic treatment" resulted almost entirely from his "variation-studies." The most important of the twenty-one sets are decidedly: thirty-two variations in C minor, on an original theme (only eight bars long), fifteen variations, and a fugue on an air from his ballet, *The Men of Prometheus*, op. 35; thirty-three variations on a German walse by Anton Diabelli (a Viennese composer

threw herself into a chair as if limp from over-exertion.

"I wish you would help me to remove these things quietly," said the former; "Ann seems so tired and sleepy, she is sure to make a clatter, if she does nothing worse. It is time she was in bed."

"She is not more tired or sleepy than I am; and I might soil my new dress," objected Mabel. "Why not leave the things here till the morning?"

"Do you forget that to-morrow is Sunday?"

Mabel was silent, but she did not stir.

Hepsy's touzled red head came in at the doorway, and a pair of strong red arms, bared up to the elbows as if for work. "Miss Phillis," said the woman,

humbly, "I'm sorry as I let my temper get the better of me to-day. But I can't sit still and see you slaving yourself to death. So if you'll forgive me, we'll just send Ann off to bed, an' you an' me 'll clear off these things an' wash 'em up, afore Mr. Robert gets back, an' never make a bit of noise to disturb missis. An' I thinks, Miss Mabel, as you'd be best in bed too. Them fingers o' yours don't look much good for work o' this sort. An' you've got to keep your roses in bloom."

Phillis was not too proud to accept Hepsy's penitent help, late as it came. She had been on her feet all the day, and was more fatigued than she would admit. She thanked the true-hearted woman cordially, little thinking how her

own patience had acted like oil on the troubled waves of the other's temper.

Mabel looked listlessly on awhile at the silent and systematic clearance; but she had no inclination to witness the after processes in Hepsy's domain, so with a sleepy "good-night" she took her candle from the slab, and when she had gone the unopened parcels were likewise gone.

It was nearly midnight when Phillis locked up the china-closet door, with all things in order. Yet Mabel was still awake, and not too amiable.

Had her presents been unacceptable, or had they brought disturbing thoughts to close her pleasant day?

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH CASTLES;

OR,

MILESTONES OF ENGLAND'S HISTORY.

By EMMA BREWER.

DURHAM CASTLE.

This city is celebrated
In the whole empire of the Britons.
The road to it is steep,
It is surrounded with rocks,
And with curious plants.
The Wear flows round it,
A river of rapid waves,
And there live in it
Fishes of various kinds,
Mingling with the floods.
And there grow great forests;
There live in the recesses
Wild animals of many sorts;
In the deep valleys
Deer innumerable.

—An old Danish-Saxon poem between 780 and the Conquest.

There are few among us but have seen illustrations of Durham Cathedral and Durham Castle; their picturesque and commanding position have made them very favourite subjects of the artist's pencil, and we are therefore as familiar with their appearance as with our Tower of London and Windsor Castle. And yet when one is on the spot one is filled with emotions that the illustrations, however *beautiful*, could never have produced.

Standing at the gateway of the castle, where probably William the Conqueror had paused when he acknowledged it a

famous point for defence, where for centuries men great in war, in church, in politics have passed in and out, where every stone and clod of earth around us teem with memories of men and acts which have helped to make our England's history, no wonder that we pause by the Norman milestone and try to decipher every stroke of its writing.

Those who have stood on the Palace Green, as it is called, with the Grand Cathedral and Castle on either side, with the beautifully wooded-shored Wear running its course below, will agree with me that it would be difficult to find a more charming spot either in England or on the Continent, so successful has been the combination of nature and man to stamp it with beauty.

Had our purpose been to speak of the city or of the cathedral, we must have given some account of St. Cuthbert, whose name is more intimately connected with these in history and

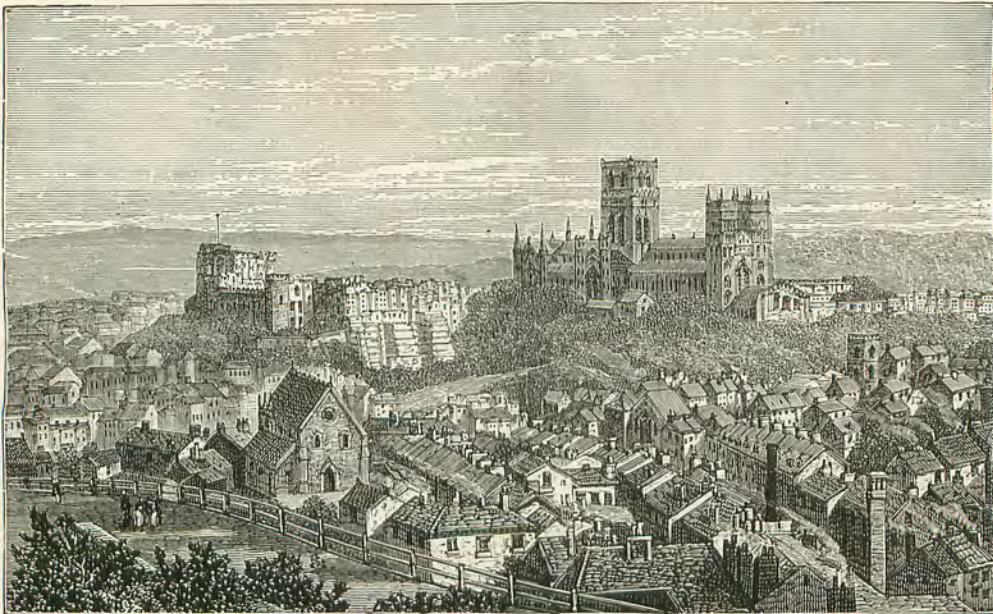
in popular tradition than any other with which they have been connected.

Although his history is surrounded with fable and mystery, yet there is no denying that it adds to the interest of the place when one is there, and it would be really impossible for any visitor to Durham or its cathedral to come away ignorant of St. Cuthbert and his doings in the seventh century, so constantly are they pressed upon one's notice.

It was a gusty, windy morning when we passed up the narrow, steep street to the mound on which stands the grand old castle, and around which the city is built.

On our way we met many students in caps and gowns, for there is a university here which ranks next to Oxford and Cambridge, a much more noble use to put the castle to now that it is no longer needed for protection against the enemy, than to convert it into a gaol like Lancaster and Norwich.

On arriving at the large square called Palace Green we did not enter the castle at once, but walked about and around, wondering as we did so whether the rising ground on which we stood was the work of our clever Saxon forefathers, its antiquity and certain peculiarities about it inclining us to this belief. Then we tried to picture William the Conqueror, as he returned from Scotland, vexed and irritated at the rebellion of his



DURHAM CATHEDRAL AND CASTLE.

Northern subjects, pausing here to think over the perplexities of his position, and we could almost see his eye flashing as a probable clearing away of the difficulties suddenly suggested itself. As his keen eyes wandered over this almost impregnable spot and away to the savage desolate country beyond, the thought struck him that this was the exact place whereon to build a fortress which would not only keep the Scots in order and awe the Northumbrians, but secure to him his earldom or jurisdiction.

Then another picture presented itself: that of the kings and queens and people of distinction who had been received in this castle since William's time, and of all the great men who in various ages had set their mark upon this Norman milestone.

But we could not give too much time to dreaming of the past, our one purpose in visiting Durham having been to see the castle in and out, and so we entered the gateway built by Bishop Tunstall, and walked up a flag path running through a neat and trimly-kept grass plot, on which was resting a magnificent old retriever who seemed to have imposed on himself the office of Warden, a post which in former days was one of great honour and emolument.

He allowed us to pass on to the second door or gate, where the veritable warder met us, and on our giving him threepence each he, too, let us pass, clanging a bell as he did so to give notice of our approach.

We went on across the wide flagged inner court, up the stone steps, and at last stood within the castle.

Here a maid-servant met us, whose business it was to show us over the whole place. She commenced by leading us into the dining-hall, or, as it is commonly called, "Hatfield's Hall,"* which is on the west side of the quadrangle.

Notwithstanding that it is so named, there is evidence that it is of a somewhat earlier date, for we know that in 1333 Bishop Bury,† on his enthronement, entertained in this hall the King and Queen of England, the Queen Dowager of England, the King of Scotland, and other persons of great distinction. It is probable therefore that Hatfield merely finished and decorated it.

It is still of noble proportions, though it has been twice reduced from its original size. First Bishop Fox took from its area one-third, in order to provide kitchens and offices. The partition he set up still bears his device, "a pelican."

This bishop was the chief agent in concluding the treaty of marriage between James and Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. He received her on her way north, and entertained her in Hatfield's great hall.

The second reduction was made by Bishop Cosin, 1660, who took off an audience room at the north end, at the foot of the great staircase. It was he who wainscoted the walls of the hall.

* Bishop Hatfield was present at the Battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, holding the banner of St. Cuthbert. He also entertained Edward III. on his way to Berwick.

† Bishop Bury was a great collector of books, and is said to have possessed more than all the other English bishops together. He corresponded with Petrarch.

In its present state it is 180 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 50 feet high to the rafters, and strikes one as a noble room indeed. Many bishops have left their mark upon it, as their arms in various parts of the hall testify.

The walls are covered with portraits of ancient canons, bishops, and apostles, the last having been brought from Spain by Lord Peterborough. The partition raised by Bishop Fox is hung artistically with armour and flags which were found after the battle of Neville's Cross.

The hall is lighted by three large windows to the west and two to the east; the view from them over town and country we thought peculiarly beautiful. The stained glass also is very fine. Over the fireplace, which is like a huge cavern, are two views of the cathedral as it stood two hundred years ago.

We passed out into a small hall, and then through a massive oaken door, most richly carved, into a sort of inner hall, where stands the renowned St. Cuthbert's coffin of oak and

point above our heads, and on the walls the spits used in ancient times are arranged in the shape of a star.

Back through the dining-hall we go, and emerge upon an oak staircase, elaborately carved, running up the height of the castle; the walls are of the same material, and equally beautiful in the carving. It is called the Black Staircase, and was built by Bishop Cosin.

By its access is gained to the state rooms occupied by Her Majesty's judges. On the top landing a portion of wall is visible, much frayed by time and weather, which doubtless was once part of the exterior of Bishop Pudsey's hall, long before the erection of this staircase.

It was this Bishop Pudsey, nephew of King Stephen, 1154 to 1197, who made the first addition of any importance to the castle erected by the Conqueror, which up to this time was but a humble one. He not only repaired the existing building, but built a hall or room of state of two stories, an arrangement common in Norman castles.

But to return to the staircase. On each landing quaint little glass lamps project from the wall in equally quaint iron brackets, which would cause antiquarians to cast covetous glances upon them.

This wonderful staircase is further ornamented with copies of famous sculpture and fragments of antiquated stone work, but we had no eyes for anything but the beautifully carved oak, which a gleam of wintry October sun was lighting up. I should say that in no other one place in England is there such a wealth of well-preserved, beautifully carved oak as in this castle of Durham.

We pass now into the corridor or passage of Bishop Tunstall, the walls of which are hung with beautiful tapestry, probably four hundred years old, and yet the colours are as fresh to-day as when the fingers now crumbled into dust first touched them.

An oak chest, curiously carved and seven centuries old, stands in this passage, but the great attraction and ornament of the corridor is a splendid Norman portal which had evidently been an exterior one. It was discovered, after being built up or plastered for centuries, when the castle was being repaired by Bishop Barrington. "It consists," says Ormesby, "of three receding concentric arches with mouldings of singular richness. The outermost has a series of octagonal panels deeply sunk in the centre." This can be seen by the illustration.

In the window opposite the arch is a little gem of stained glass representing the justice scene in the life of Solomon, with corner figures of the four virtues.

Through this corridor we passed into the beautiful little chapel built by Bishop Tunstall and improved by many succeeding prelates. From the fact of the stall work of Bishop Ruthall being used, it is concluded that there must have been a chapel here previously, but there is no definite knowledge concerning it. The church is rich in stained glass and carved oak, which is as abundant here as cedar in Jerusalem at the time of King Solomon. Our attention was particularly drawn to some fine old carved oak poppyheads at the entrance to the pews. The organ is an old one from the cathedral.

Back for a short distance we retrace our



NORMAN DOORWAY, DURHAM CASTLE.

iron combined, ponderous even now in its old age; and, in spite of the march of civilisation, we regarded it with some awe, though people are beginning to throw cold water on the whole history.

Scott, in "Marmion,"* gives the legend of this saint, and speaking of the wanderings of his corpse, says—

"And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear;
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid."

Having gazed our fill, we passed into the kitchen, which, in point of size, resembles our modern kitchens much as an elephant does a mouse, though in its utensils it is modern enough. The beamed ceiling went up into a

* Cantos 14, 15, 16.

way, and mount some steps under the wonderful portal which forms a fitting entrance to the suite of apartments usually given up to the judges at the assizes, apartments fit for a king or queen in their solid and dignified magnificence, and as unlike ordinary lodgings as well can be.

In the ante-room the thickness of the walls makes an alcove and bow-window like a good-sized room, and the view from it is extensive and lovely.

The judges' dining-hall is also rich in carved oak, and coats of arms are painted and carved over the huge cavernous fireplace which, when filled with a blazing fire, must make the room a perfect paradise on a cold winter's night.

The thick turkey-carpet, too, is the acme of comfort, and altogether this room seemed to us to only want a stately person in one of the deep easy chairs to complete a scene of homeliness and wealth.

Now we move on to the bedroom, which convinces us that the judges' comfort is as well looked after by night as by day. The oak panels on the walls, a roomy four-poster, which seemed to invite repose, and celebrated pictures, all struck us as we entered.

We further discovered that the toilet-table, so called, though covered with a white cloth like an ordinary one, is no modern piece of furniture, but a solid chest of carved black oak like the washstand, neither being in any way protected except by the simple toilet covers, and called forth the remark from one of our party, "Oh, I hope his lordship does not splash!"

The bishop's committee-room is furnished in

the same antique and rich fashion as the other rooms. The university furnished his bedroom, which lies beyond, and it was almost a relief to notice on the bed a simple patchwork quilt, which gave a home-like touch in the midst of so much stately and sombre dignity.

As we went along a winding stone passage towards the crypt, we met a merry crew of students issuing from one of the lecture-rooms, brightening the old place with their youth and gaiety.

At length we stand in this crypt or old Norman chapel, which is evidently part of the original structure built by the Conqueror, and seems to be a continuation of the keep. How beautiful it is, with its symmetrical arched roof and its sturdy round pillars with their carved capitals, can be seen by the illustration.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the castle is the tower. It and the crypt appear to be the original building, and all other parts subsequently added. The mount on which this tower stands is nearly forty-four perpendicular feet in height from the level of Palace Green, and reckoning from the level of the river, a hundred and thirty feet.

It is thought that formerly its sides were sloped, making a regular glacis or slanting bank round the tower, and not cut up into terraces as now. This tower, which "standeth aloft and is stately builded of viij square facion and iv highes of logginges," has been for ages the ornament of the city of Durham, and consequently an object of interest and attention to the prelates. Formerly it was kept up at their cost, but since the time of Bishop Morton in 1632 the compulsory burden

of keeping it in order was removed from their shoulders.

Notwithstanding its noble appearance, little of the original structure remains save the shell and the vaults, the interior being fitted up with modern work for rooms for the students. The view from the top is both lovely and extensive. In early days the castle was supplied with water by means of wells and reservoirs, but Bishop Tunstall, who took such a deep interest in the castle, brought water into it by means of pipes.

Again we find ourselves on Palace Green, and make inquiries about the ballium. It is uncertain whether there were formerly an inner and an outer ballium, but the two streets known as the High and Low Baileys suggest the idea that they might have been part of the original fortification. We know that the entrance into the ballium was through an embattled gate between two towers, secured by a portcullis, and that over this were rooms for the porter of the castle.

There seems to have been five gates to the fortifications—the Ancient Gate; the King's Gate, which commanded the ford over the river into Elvet; the Owen Gate, where Queen Street now is; Sid Gate, now Dun Cow Lane; and the Water Gate or Bayley Gate. This last stood until a few years ago in its ancient form.

Perhaps no castle yet visited by me contains within itself such distinctive features of the two periods reigned over by William the Conqueror and Queen Victoria, the one so strong for struggle and defence, the other all powerful for educating and refining and for building up in the Lord.

HAPPY ENDINGS.

CHAPTER II.



HERE was no help for it, and Miss Borrodale wondered helplessly what story she could tell them. She was not one of those women who still delight in children's books, nor had she kept her heart young and fresh, and so able to respond to the wishes of a child.

But as she pondered hopelessly, there came into her mind a story she had been told when quite a little girl, and she had been very wilful and disobedient. It was an extremely moral story, detailing the various penalties and sufferings that befell an abnormally naughty boy, and of the bad end to which he came at last.

Lucy fixed her serious eyes on the narrator's face, following the story to the end with deep interest; and when it was finished she drew a long sigh, and after waiting a little while said, "Go on, please."

"That's all," said Miss Borrodale. "Why, I told you, he got crushed to death under the waggon."

Lucy's lip quivered, her eyes filled with tears, and to Miss Borrodale's great embarrassment and astonishment she began to cry. "I don't like it," she sobbed. "It isn't a nice 'tory. He shouldn't have been killed, 'cept he came alive again. I fought he was going to get better and be good. I don't like it at all."

"What does she mean?" asked Miss Borrodale, appealing to Mildred, who did not seem much surprised at her sister's outbreak.

"She doesn't like stories that don't end happy ever after. But of course you didn't know that, and it was a very interesting story," said the little girl, politely. "Come, Lucy, dear, don't be silly; father wouldn't like you to do so; say 'Thank you' to the lady; then we had better go home."

Lucy dried her tears almost as suddenly as they had come, and she put her tiny handkerchief into her pocket before she answered—

"I didn't mean to be naughty," she said then, pursing up her lips in such evident expectation of a kiss that she got one; "it was all very nice 'cept the last, and that wasn't right; it should have been happy ever after."

"But all stories do not end like that," said Miss Borrodale rather grimly, thinking of her own life story.

"Yes, they do; they all end happy ever after: all of them," said Lucy earnestly.

"That's a story that I told you just now, and that did not end so," said Miss Borrodale, forgetting that she was arguing with a child.

"They do; all proper ones do," persisted the little one; "mother said they all should, every one."

The mention of the dead mother silenced the arguments on Miss Borrodale's tongue, and she said more gently—

"But weren't the little boys and girls in your mother's stories naughty? and didn't they have things to bear?" The question was put awkwardly enough, but Lucy understood it.

"Course they were; they were *very* naughty sometimes, but they always got gooder and gooder, till they got quite good at last."

"But did they never die?" Miss Borrodale somehow felt a deep interest in these stories that were so real to the little girl, and she was not ashamed to ask questions.

"Yes, ever so many of them died," said

little Lucy, her eyes growing round and eager; "one little boy was frowed down some steps by a wicked man 'cause he was a good boy, and loved our Lord; but that was a very happy ending; mother said the pain wouldn't last, and he would be happy ever after." She had returned to the old formula, as though it would say all she meant.

"I think we ought to go now," said Milly's soft little voice; "it's very nice here—please has the big dog gone away?"

"He is in the garden; he can't come to you. Some day I want you to make friends with him; he is such a nice dog, and he likes little children," said Miss Borrodale, who was very fond of her handsome great Victor; "but suppose I send Janet with you now; that was Janet who brought you in here."

The little girls were glad to accept the offered escort, and they went with her, one on either side, holding her hands. Miss Borrodale went to the door to see them off, and they paused a little way down the road to kiss their hands to her.

Miss Borrodale went back to her work in the garden with an unwonted feeling of warmth and good in her heart, and when Janet returned she listened to her praises of the little girls with a new interest.

"Where is their father?" she asked; "they seem to be left very much alone. I hope the servant takes care of them."

"She's very fond of them, ma'am, I can see, though she do speak sharp to them sometimes; but the little one had a clean pinafore on, and was sitting in the kitchen while Mercy made a pudding for their dinner. She told me their pa was away all the week on business, but he would soon be home for good; he's that fond of the little girls, Mercy says, words won't express."

"I daresay they will come again; they seem nice little children," Miss Borrodale said, try-