

a politician as to sit up for it, or what gaieties had lasted so far into the morning. "I did not sit up for it, but returning from —— House, drove down here to hear it; you are the first person's face I have seen: will you condescend to tell a lady what has happened—what is to happen? if so, jump into my carriage and I will drive you towards home." Eugene had rather not have been asked, because he was brought up *femalely*, that is by a very strict mother, and he hoped he should not be seen by any of his friends that were going to White's, because they were apt to say *odd* things of a gentleman and lady having arrived home in a coach together at three o'clock in the morning—but these things passed through his mind as he put his foot on the carriage step, and vanished, when he found himself seated by the beautiful Mrs. St. Aubyn, and quickly engaged in a conversation so interesting, that he was quite surprised to find himself at the top of Bond-street, when she drew the string and let him out. The moment, too—the last—was interesting; he had just told her of his excursion at her desire, not in detail, though; for she ended by asking him to call and tell her all she wished so much to hear; and when she offered her hand he raised it to his lips, and a tear—a tear of her's fell upon it. A tear! exquisite ornament to the finest eye that ever glittered in human head! but it should stop there. Ladies do well to shed tears, but when they are so wofully natural as to

weep in good earnest, it distorts them shockingly. Eugene was now far past all reflection; he thought nothing of the ministry, cursed the county election, and wondered how he ever could have been bored with it; and confined his reflections, political or philosophical, to that distinguishing attribute of man, the human hand, which when it is very small, has one or two rings upon it, and is finished with a handsome bracelet on a white and rounded arm, certainly separates the female of our species from that of a monkey sufficiently to the satisfaction of any gentleman, however unconclusively to Sir Charles Bell, or other learned anatomists who have written remarkable tracts thereon. And here was a first step. The very first—for, however the members of White's might guess or talk, nothing could be more respectful than Eugene's demeanour to the lady from whom he has just parted. First step! and where's the harm? Is the commonest civility, gallantry, what you will, to be termed wild vice? Not at all; and, therefore, we will say no more till next month, when the season will be still colder; in the mean time, for fear any person who would take an interest in this couple should think the *denouement* very near, and that at least in the next month they will live "very happy ever afterwards," allow us to inform them, (we are sorry we forgot to say so before) that at this very time *Eugene was married!*

BISHOP'S AUCKLAND PALACE.

THIS most princely palace, formerly a castle, is seated upon a hill between two rivers, and has been, for a long period of time, the chosen residence of the bishops of Durham. Its original castellated form, erected, it is supposed, by Antonius de Beck, is entirely lost. According to Leland, "he raised a great *haulle*, and divers pillars of black marble speckled with white, and an exceeding *faire gret* church, with others there. He made also an exceeding goodly chapel of ston, well squarid, and a college with dene and prebends in it, and a quadrant on the north-east side of the castelle for ministres of the college." There are scarcely any remains of these—the quaint description of the writer has survived them; and now,

the "*gret haulle*" and "*exceeding faire gret* church," have been long since transformed, or rather have made way for one of the most splendid episcopal seats in the empire.

Bishop's Auckland castle more nearly approaches to the grand and magnificent monasteries which we find on the Continent than any other structure of the same kind we have seen in England. It is an irregular pile, built at several periods, and can boast of no very great antiquity; indeed, excepting the church, there are no remains of the labours of Antonius de Beck; for this place, having been granted by parliament to that furious partizan, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, he demolished almost the whole of the buildings there—prostrated in all directions the fond

erections of Beek's architectural fancy, and in a very short space of time converted the ruins into a spacious and noble dwelling for himself. A like fate, however, in turn attended Sir Arthur's Vitruvian achievements,—for the celebrated Dr. Cousin, influenced by a strange prejudice or superstition, razed it to the ground, and erected in its stead the new palace, which now exists on the site of the old castle. To this he added the chapel with all its splendid collection of books, plate, and ornaments for the service of the altar. The palace, therefore, as it now stands, can lay claim to no earlier existence than the date of the Restoration.

During the commonwealth, nearly the whole of the episcopal palaces had been ruined and dismantled, and Auckland with the rest. When the king (Charles II.), after the battle of Worcester, took refuge in France, Dr. Cousin, who had been deprived of all his preferments, and entertained very rational fears of personal restraint and danger, accompanied him, and officiated alternately with Erle, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, as minister of the Royal Chapel. Cousin followed faithfully the fortunes of his sovereign, and at the Restoration was appointed by Charles to the deanery of Peterborough, and was the first who officiated in that cathedral after the king's return. He was shortly afterwards translated to the deanery of Durham; but, before his actual inauguration, was nominated to the vacant bishopric of the same diocese.

A series of the most merciless persecutions, contrived and excited by his enemies, had produced in Cousin an aversion, even to touch or look upon, much more to possess, any thing that had belonged to or had been associated with them. He, therefore, upon his appointment to the bishopric, resolved to destroy the work of hands which had been dipped in the blood of the martyr Charles I., and soon, in his excess of piety, accomplished it. The bishop, having thus pulled down, restored the materials to their original character.

The roof of the chapel is wood, supported by two rows of pillars, each consisting of four round columns. The shafts of some of the columns are sixteen feet in height. On the floor, a plain stone, with a modest epitaph, informs us that the pious refounder lies beneath, and that he died in the year 1671. On the old wainscot of a room below stairs, are painted the arms of a curious congregation of potentates, consisting of those of queen Elizabeth,—all the European princes,

the emperors of Abyssinia,—Bildelugered, Carthage, and Tartaria,—sixteen peers of the same reign, knights of the garter;—and above all these, the arms of every bishopric in England.

The palace is seated in a beautiful park, watered by the little river Gaunless, which empties itself, after a short course, into the Wear. The park is thickly planted, and possesses an abundance of large alders, which, through the influence of age, have to all appearance entirely lost the nature of that tree, and have now assumed the likeness of ancient oaks. Nothing can exceed in beauty the approach through the grounds to the castle,—varied with verdant slopes, rising grounds, woods, and deep precipices impending over the Wear.

The eminence upon which the town of Bishop Auckland and the castle are situated, is one hundred and forty perpendicular feet from the level of the plain below; the banks are formed into hanging gardens, and the whole aspect is remarkably beautiful. The approach to the castle is through a fine Gothic gateway, erected by Bishop Trevor. The landscape around is wild and irregular; consisting of woodlands, wild cliffs, and eminences, highly picturesque, and presenting a delightful prospect of simple and undistorted nature.

The bishops of Durham have, for many ages, claimed and held the county palatine of Durham by prescription; and the reason always assigned for the usage of such county palatine was that, in former times, when Scotland was frequently at war with England, it was requisite to lodge an immediate power in some neighbouring nobleman to raise troops to defend the country, and oppose the sudden inroads of the Scots, as immediate action was necessary, and must have taken place if the country was to be protected at all long before the king could be consulted.

Most of the royal grants, or confirmations of grants, to the Bishops of Durham, touching the Jura Regalia, declared it to be for the advantage, common weal, and better defence of the realm against the Scots; and the county Palatine of Chester was created in like manner by William the Conqueror, to protect us against the Welsh,—with this difference only, that Hugh Lupus, Earl or Count Palatine of Chester, was a layman, and nephew to the king, who reposed, therefore, greater confidence in him.

In those times, the church exercised vast influence over the princes, and almost unli-

mitted power over the people; it was very rare for a prince to trust a layman with such authority in the civil regimen, unless as in the instance of Hugh Lupus, Earl and Count Palatine of Chester, who was a near relative, and consequently attached to and dependent on his own family.

The clergy, moreover, possessing all the learning of the time, divided amongst themselves and enjoyed all the offices of any consideration both in state and law. The bishop and monks of Durham claimed all, and really held the greatest part of the lands from the Tees to the Tyne, and along the sea coast of Northumberland to the Tweed; the city of Carlisle, and fifteen miles around of the county of Cumberland; and Teviot-dale and Tindale, in the county of Northumberland. All of these possessions were known as St. Cuthbert's patrimony, and the people were distinguished by the title of holy work-folks.

It was considered at that period highly expedient and politic to lodge this great power in the hands of the Bishop and Count Palatine of the Church, not only as the church had the greatest interest and estate in such possessions, but, also, that it would have been dangerous in the last degree to have entrusted such dominance and authority to a temporal lord, or subject, by inheritance; for, by perpetuating such excessive power in his own line, he might ultimately menace the king's government, and bring about a rent and division of the realm.

There is a curious ceremony which is still performed on the occasion of the investiture of the Bishop of Durham. It appears that in the fourteenth year of bishop Skirlaw, Dionisia Pollard died, possessed of certain lands held then in socage, by the tenure of presenting a falcon to the bishop on his inauguration to the dignities of that see. The following address, accordingly, is pronounced to his lordship by the representative of the Pollard family:—"My lord, I, in behalf of myself, as well as some other possessors of the Pollard lands, do humbly present your lordship with this falcon, at your first coming here,

wherewith, as the tradition goeth, he slew a venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast, and by performing which service we hold our lands."

We must not forget to mention that Bishop's Auckland palace contains within its walls some exquisite specimens of works of art. The chapel has received the addition of a new altar piece, and a picture of the Resurrection, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, being the original design intended by him for the new painted window at the east end of Salisbury Cathedral. There is, also, a handsome monument by Nollekens to the memory of Bishop Trevor; a full length painting of Jacob and the Twelve Patriarchs, by Ribere, better known by the appellation of Spagnoletto; four heads of the Evangelists by Lanfranc; the Four Fathers of the Latin Church, by Bloccemart; and the Cornaro Family by the immortal Titian. It were indeed impossible adequately to describe the surpassing beauty of the latter performance. It requires no professional eye to recognise the master touch that accomplished the celebrated "Last Supper," which is now at the Escorial in Spain, or the still more beautiful "Christ crowned with thorns," in the possession of the Milanese. We do not wonder at the noble compliment paid by Charles the Fifth to Titian, when he was sitting for his picture to him; the latter dropped his pencil; the prince instantly stooped and picked it up, returning it to the artist with these words: "The merit of a Titian is worthy the attendance of an emperor." Charles, indeed, knew how to value the excellence of such a man. The Cornaro Family, in Bishop's Auckland Palace, represents three persons in full flowing mantles, and six children all kneeling, and adoring the cross. There is also in this palace a fine portrait of Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer.

The present bishop resides almost solely at Bishop's Auckland. He has also a palace in the vicinity of Durham Cathedral, which, however, is capable of no comparison with the subject of our foregoing observations.