

RABY CASTLE.

RABY CASTLE is one of the most interesting features in the county of Durham, less perhaps as regards its past history than from its antiquity and the natural advantages of its situation. It was formerly the principal seat of the Nevilles, the powerful Earls of Westmorland, who occupy a prominent place in that twilight period between what may be called the feudal and the regal time of England. A portion of the castle appears, from the style of its architecture, to have been built in a very remote age, nor was it until 1379 that it assumed the castellated form and character. In that year John de Neville, Earl of Westmorland, obtained a license to "make a castle of his manor of Raby, and to embattle and crenellate its towers." His successors continued to make additions and improvements up to the time of the unfortunate Charles, the last Earl of Westmorland of that family, who, in 1568, became involved in intrigues against the throne of Elizabeth. Jealousy of Cecil's influence with the Queen seems first to have mixed him up with the ambitious schemes of Dudley, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, and the bigoted Earl of Norfolk. The pretence for their clamour against the secretary was the supplies sent to the protestants in France, but Elizabeth easily penetrated their designs and defeated them. Not satisfied with their escape from the fears or the prudence

of the Queen, those noblemen still continued their machinations, but this time their schemes went far beyond the gratification of private and petty malice against the secretary. Their schemes were aimed against the throne itself, having for a principal object to free Mary, Queen of Scots, from her imprisonment, and in all probability to secure to her the English succession. Without much consideration, as the result showed, they raised the standard of rebellion, bells were rung backwards in the various parishes to encourage the people to revolt, and, marching onwards, they assaulted and took Barnard Castle. But Lord Sussex was now at hand with numbers fully equal to their own, the Earl of Warwick was about to follow with a yet larger army, and the rebels hastily retreated towards Scotland. Neither Norfolk, nor the Earl of Westmorland, at this juncture showed themselves equal to the parts they had undertaken. In the very moment when courage was most requisite to their safety, both vacillated, and the timidity of the leaders naturally enough communicated itself to their adherents, who, as they were less interested in the result, might with reason be expected to shrink from a cause, which was so weakly maintained by those most likely to benefit from its hazards. Finding that his followers began to fall off, the Earl of Westmorland flung down the sword he had so rashly taken up, and was fortunate enough to make his escape into the Netherlands. There he died an exile, in 1584. His estates of course were forfeited for his rebellion; and in the subsequent reign they were consigned for sale to certain citizens of London, when Sir Henry Vane, knight, purchased Raby Castle and the demesnes therewith connected. From him they have regularly and lineally descended to the present possessor.

The castle is beautifully situated on a moderate declivity, about one mile north from Staindrop, on the east side of an extensive forest. It stands upon a rocky foundation, surrounded with an embrasured wall and parapet, enclosing about two acres of land; but from its scite the building does not seem to be particularly well adapted for purposes of defence. The outward area of the castle has only one entrance, which is on the north side through a gateway, defended by two square towers, and flanked by a parapet with turrets. The inner area has two entrances; one modern, and opened by the late Earl; the other ancient, towards the west, with a double gate. This last is the principal entrance to the castle.

The hall is of immense extent, bearing ample witness to the oligarchical spirit of the age in which it was erected. Over it is a banqueting room, where the ancient baronial festivals were celebrated, and in this immense building seven hundred knights were said to have been feasted at the same time. At the west end is a stone gallery, where the minstrels sate and played during the repast, according to that incomprehensible union which seems ever to have prevailed between poetry and barbarity. To provide a fitting feast for so numerous an assembly and their retainers, there is a kitchen below with three chimneys, and narrow passages in the walls, through which the ready meal was served up into the banqueting room above, while the oven was so capacious that it has since been converted into a wine cellar. Its extent may be yet farther inferred from the fact that the sides of it are divided into ten compartments, each of which is large enough to contain a hogshead of wine in bottles.

There is little of historical recollection connected

with Raby Castle, beyond what has been briefly noticed, and of romance, nothing; or if the ghosts and fairies, familiar to such places, have at any time haunted these walls, the very legends that recorded them are forgotten.

LINES.

BY MISS GEORGIANA JAMES.

How glorious to me is the stormy sea
 When the billows the shore are lashing,
 When the wild winds sweep o'er the briny deep,
 And Heaven's bright fires are flashing ;—
 When the voice is heard of the lone sea-bird
 As it raises its wailing cry—
 When the stormy cloud wraps the sun in a shroud,
 And dreary and dark is the sky !
 It reminds us of life—of its storms and strife,
 Of the sorrows that darken our day,
 When clouds gather round, and not one friend is found
 To cheer us, or brighten our way.

How glorious to me is the evening sea
 When the dying winds feebly moan,
 And its mellowing ray, at the close of day,
 The sun o'er the billows has thrown !
 I could wish to be like that peaceful sea,
 When about this brief life to resign,
 And that those now dear may then be near
 To gladden and sooth its decline.
 But more glorious to me is the midnight sea
 When the surges are calmly sleeping ;
 When the wind passes by without e'en a sigh,
 And the moon her pale watch is keeping !
 It reminds us of death, when our latest breath
 Has exhaled, and we are at rest—
 When the spirit shall rise and pass to the skies
 For ever to dwell with the blest !

CANTERBURY, *March 10th*, 1836.



Engraved by J. C. Armistead

Ruby Castle.

THE SEAT OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLYVELAND.
London, Edward Clutton, 25, Abchurch Lane.

Painted by G. P. Harding