DOLEFUL LEGEND OF LORD LOVELL.

It was no unfrequent occurrence in other days to find skeletons in walled-up niches of baronial castles, convents, and other dark habitations of cruelty. According to tradition, a somewhat similar fate once inadvertently befel a very worthless man in our own history, Francis Lord Lovell, a court official.

The name of this noble occurs in a distich once current in the metropolis, to the following effect:—

> "The Rat, the Cat, and Lovell the Dog,
> Rule all England under the Hog."

Lapse of time has rendered the references in this couplet obscure, but they were well understood when it was put into circulation, and are readily explained. But, before proceeding, it may be stated that it was in a most unlucky moment for the city poet, Collingbourne, that he ventured to compose and propagate the jingle. It cost him his life, for he was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Tower Hill for the effusion.

The porcine animal, the "Hog," represented as lord-paramount, refers to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards the usurper, Richard III, of infamous memory. He obtained the nickname from his cognisance being a bristled boar; and a house in Leicester, where he passed the night before his death on Bosworth field, which subsequently became an inn, was called, after him, the Blue Boar, in honour of the circumstance. It is beyond our ability to account for the *blue;* but the name of a street in the neighbourhood, Blubber-lane, is a corruption of Blue-boar-land. So much for time's changes. The "Rat" and "Cat" represent two of his minions, whose names are abbreviated—*Rat*cliffe and *Cat*esby—the instruments of his unworthy purposes. Of the former, we have no particulars at hand worth reporting. But the latter was a man of some estate at Ashby St. Legers, in Northamptonshire, brought up to the profession of the law. He represented that county in parliament, was elected Speaker of the House of Commons in 1483, the year of Richard's usurpation, and perished three days after him, being taken prisoner at the battle of Bosworth, and unceremoniously beheaded at Leicester. Lawyer-like, before execution he made his will with some minuteness, which is still extant. The Catesby who originated the Gunpowder Plot was his lineal descendant. Lovell the "Dog," so called from his servility, was a man of high connections, lord-chamberlain under Richard, with a seat at Minster-Lovell in Oxfordshire. Shakespeare puts the following speech into the mouth of the aspiring usurper, while Duke of Gloucester:—

> "*Glo.* Go, *Lovell,* with all speed to Doctor Shaw—
> Go thou (to *Cat*) to friar Penker; bid them both
> Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's Castle."

The Dr. Shaw here mentioned was a friar of some note, who, to further Richard's design upon the crown, undertook to prove that the children of his deceased brother, Edward IV, were illegitimate, and therefore not entitled to the succession. He preached a sermon for this purpose at St. Paul's Cross, Sunday, June 22nd, 1483, taking for his text a passage out of the apocryphal book of Wisdom: "The multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from bastard slips." But his hearers were neither edified nor impressed, for they responded to the harangue with a vacant stare.

Lord Lovell survived the storms of the time, and made his last public appearance at the battle of Stoke, near Newark, fought in the cause of the impostor, Lambert Simnell, June 16th, 1487, during the reign of Henry VII. He was seen to escape from the field, swimming his horse across the Trent, but was never heard of alive afterwards. But two centuries afterwards, a subterranean chamber was accidentally discovered at Minster-Lovell, while the house was undergoing repairs, in which was the skeleton of a man seated in a chair, with his head reclining on a table. This is supposed to have been the insurgent chief, who confided himself to the care of a female servant, in a hiding-place which could only be opened from the exterior, was forgotten or neglected by her, and consequently died of starvation. The tradition to this effect cannot now be substantiated; but it was rife in the village in the last century.

True or false, the romance of the "Old English Baron," by Walpole, is founded upon the incident, in which the discovery of the remains of a murdered Lord Lovell, immured in an oaken chest, in a supposed haunted apartment, is a principal feature. In the popular ballad, also, of the "Mistletoe Bough," the details of the story are varied, but the name is preserved.

> "They sought her that night, they sought her next day,
> They sought her in vain till a week passed away;
> O'er the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
> Young Lovell sought vainly, and found her not.
> And years flew by, and their grief at last
> Was told as a sorrowful tale of the past;
> And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
> 'See the old man weeps for his fairy bride.'
> Oh, the mistletoe bough.
>
> At length an old chest which had long lain hid,
> Was found in the castle; they raised the lid;
> A skeleton form lay mouldering there,
> And the bridal wreath of a lady fair.
> Oh! sad was her fate, for in sportive jest
> She had hid from her lord in the old oak chest:
> It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
> Lay withering there in a living tomb.
> Oh, the mistletoe bough."

All the pianos of England are familiar with the strain.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

> "But all our praises why should lords engross?
> Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
> Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
> And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
> Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
> From the dry rock who bade the waters flow,
> Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
> Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
> But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
> Health to the sick, and solace to the swain?
> Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
> Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
> Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
> 'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
> Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
> The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
> He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
> Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
> Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
> The young who labour, and the old who rest.
> Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
> Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.

Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do:
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines so swell that boundless charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough that virtue filled the space between,
Proved by the ends of being to have been."

POPE.

In a recent article on "The Severn and the Wye," (p. 357, No. 441,) we gave some account of "the Man of Ross," to whose memory the poet has consecrated a monument more enduring than brass or marble. Our readers may be interested in seeing a more detailed narrative of a visit to the scenes associated with the name of John Kyrle, and in learning some further particulars of his life and history.

It was on a glorious summer day that I entered the picturesque little town of Ross in Herefordshire. The eye is first arrested by the church spire, rising to the height of more than a hundred and twenty feet. This was erected according to Kyrle's own designs, under his own superintendence, and not without considerable expense to himself. In commencing the work he had no idea that he should eventually find a chronicler of his interest in the house of God. All he thought was that the old steeple was in rather a dangerous condition, that a new one was necessary and would be ornamental to the neighbourhood, and suggestive of respect for the ordinances of religion. He therefore hoped that his fellow townsmen would not mind a little sacrifice on their part, while he was willing, free of expense to them, to be architect, clerk of the works, and money provider in general. He had the usual vestry contests to pass through when anything new is proposed; but at length "the heaven-directed spire," as the poet styles it, crowned the grand old church.

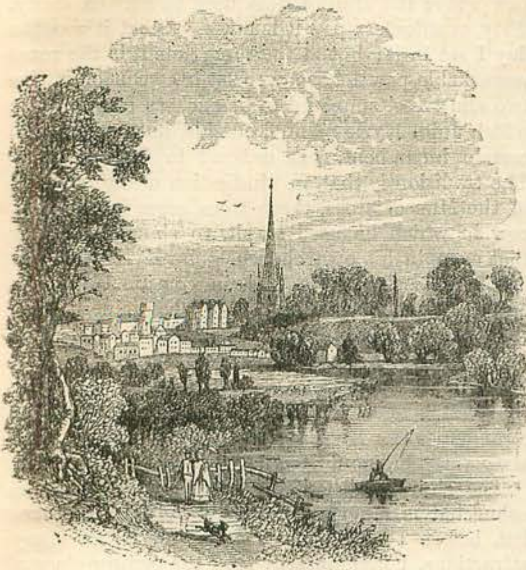
But hark! the silence is musically interrupted by the deep tones of a bell, and the air rises and falls with majestic waves of melody; and at its sound I see aged cripples, as well as hardy agriculturists in smock frocks, wending their way to the sanctuary where the Man of Ross worshipped. The great bell, as it is styled, which gave out this harmonious invitation to the inhabitants to enter into their Maker's gates with thanksgiving, was the gift of John Kyrle, and on it, in letters as well as the year 1695 could produce, his name is cast. To me its tones have more music in them, from the little fact that, when the bell was being cast, and the metal had reached molten burning heat, the Man of Ross took a silver goblet which had long been an heirloom in his family, and, after wishing success to the undertaking, threw it into the boiling, bubbling mass; and although I am not superstitious, I cannot help recording what is an undoubted fact, that upon the death of the subject of this notice, this bell fell down with a loud discordant crash.

As the inviting bell quickens in its tone, I join those who are entering the church, and find that there are still ten minutes before divine worship commences. By my desire I am shown into the pew where the Man of Ross used to sit. A dusty, dirty, cushionless pew it is now—at least it was the day I sat in it; but at the same time it is the most remarkable pew I have ever sat in. Out of it rise two elm trees, supposed to be suckers from an elm which John Kyrle planted outside, but which, by a certain incumbent, was ordered to be cut down. The tradition is that, in vindication of the memory of the Man of Ross, these trees arose in the very pew in which he used to sit, to show the rector that even in his own church, John Kyrle the philanthropist should be had in continual remembrance. Let the tradition be of what value it may, there the trees stand inside the building, and when I saw them the sun was shining through a window behind the pew on their coats of green, and making them objects of considerable attraction to the stranger. The trees are certainly not more than sixty years old, and were about as thick as my arm.

The church with which the Man of Ross was connected is a very large and beautiful structure; but, before I have time to notice any of its many attractions, I involuntarily seek the resting-place of John Kyrle's ashes. Near to the altar, and beneath a simple stone, I was told his remains were buried; but, with the poet Pope, I looked in vain for some time for any "monument, inscription, stone;" when one of those good useful old women that are always to be found in country churches, guessing the object I had in view, came to my assistance, and then I saw the tomb which, through the munificence of Lady Betty Dupplin, a distant relative, had been erected to his memory in the year 1776. On the tomb, which is of pyramidal form, and composed of very beautiful variegated marble, there is what is supposed to be a portrait of the good man, accompanied by the following inscription:—"This monument was erected in memory of Mr. John Kyrle, commonly call the Man of Ross." The portrait, I believe, might stand as well for any good, simple country gentleman of two hundred years ago, as for the Man of Ross; I may here mention, however, that he is generally described as a thin, spare man, that he dressed in the plainest possible manner, and wore the usual wig of the period.

Having seen the monument of the Man of Ross, if my mind were not thoroughly preoccupied with his character and virtues, I might find sufficient in the grand old church where he worshipped to interest me for several hours. In it there are gracefully-executed monuments, and the architecture at every step demands attention; but I leave other attractions for a future day, and stand for a moment in the solemn graveyard adorned by majestic elms, the planting of the Man of Ross. There is something in the sudden breeze that springs up upon my leaving the building, which brings to my mind the words of Roscoe in respect

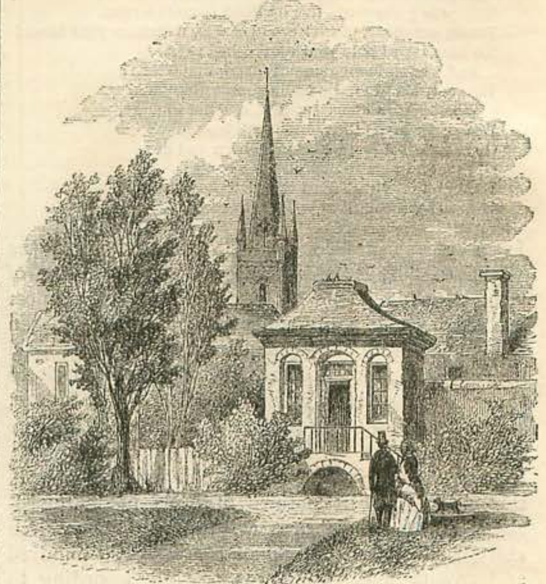
to the place: "I never remember having been so much pleased with a church and burial-ground as with this; the grey Gothic architecture, the ancient tombs, and the heaved turf, where so many nameless dead are laid at rest, the grand trees, rustling in the wind above, and the glorious prospect spread out all around—it was the very poetry of earth, its beauty and its sadness."



ROSS, FROM THE WYE.

Leaving the churchyard, I come to the market-place, where week after week John Kyrle supplied the poor with bread; and busy fancy conjures up the picture of the widows and orphans, the blind and lame, the poor of every age, clustering round the benevolent one whose heart was larger than his means, and who would not merely have divided his last loaf with the suffering, but have given it to them entire. I could not help looking at the worn pavement, and thinking how it had been wasted away by the anxious feet of those who in hunger and destitution had often awaited his coming; and as the steep hill, on the top of which the market-place stands, sloped down before me, I saw the sorrowful of two hundred years ago toiling up its ascent, to receive not only bread, but a smile of hope and encouragement, which would almost do as much as the food in helping them through another week. The spot on which I was standing seemed a suitable one in which to review the life and labours of the Man of Ross, and, as I rested beneath the old red-sandstone market-place, these facts were brought vividly to my recollection.

John Kyrle was born in the parish of Dymock, in Gloucestershire. During the time of the Commonwealth he was prosecuting his studies at the University of Oxford, with a view to practise at the bar. We hear little about him until the year when Charles II did himself everlasting disgrace by the execution of Lord Russell, and then we find him in those troublous times sheriff of Herefordshire, and holding the post of magistrate. Suddenly, without why or wherefore, we find him in Ross, with five hundred a year as his own, to do what good he could; and now, following the lines of Pope, I could see the good he was enabled to achieve in this place. He had great taste in architecture and gardening; and one of his first acts was tastefully to lay out a field which he had obtained on lease, for the recreation of his fellow townsmen, and to supply the town with fresh healthful water by the erection of a fountain. Still having the enjoyment and health of his neighbours at heart, he proceeded to hang with woods his own estate, and under the trees to place comfortable seats, where the weary traveller might rest and contemplate the beauties spread out before him. In this work of beautifying the neighbourhood, John Kyrle was not simply an on-looker; he worked himself with the labourers he employed, and many an interesting anecdote is told of his intercourse with the workmen. He then gave himself up to the improvement of the church, and to the welfare of the poor. Every day something or other was carried from his table to the aged poor in the almshouse; and, knowing something of medicine, he prescribed and made up the medicine for those who were too destitute to obtain medical assistance.



JOHN KYRLE'S SUMMER-HOUSE.

He was exceedingly interested in the welfare of young people. He was a regular supporter of the Blue Coat School, and at his death left out of his small capital the sum of forty pounds to its funds. As the children of the school advanced in years, he was very anxious in respect to their future, and endeavoured to find them situations in which they might be both happy and useful. Many a portioned maid, many an orphan apprentice, blessed the good old man for the affectionate and munificent interest he manifested in their well-being. As a peace-maker among his neighbours, when jealousies and heart-burnings arose, he was invaluable; he was a great foe to lawyers and law courts,

and all his influence went to make offended parties settle their differences amongst themselves, to shake hands in forgetfulness of the past, and in the resolution to be better friends than ever for the future. His house was always open for the poor

MARKET-PLACE, ROSS.

and needy. Round the kitchen fire was a large block of wood on which the poor used to sit, and, having been warmed and fed, would go away blessing their benefactor. Many anecdotes are told of his benevolence, of which the following is but a faint sample. "About a year after the death of the Man of Ross, which took place in the year 1724, when he had arrived at the great age of eighty-eight, a tradesman of the town came to his kinsman and executor, and said privately to him, 'Sir, I am come to pay you some money that I owed to the late Mr. Kyrle.' The executor, asking his name and address and the amount of the debt, told him that, after looking over the old gentleman's account book, he could not find any entry upon the subject. "Why, sir," said the tradesman, "*that* I am aware of: Mr. Kyrle said to me, when he lent me the money, that he did not think I should be able to repay it in his life-time, and that it was very likely you might want it and press me for it, before I could make it up; 'and so,' said he, 'I won't have any memorandum of it besides what I write and give you with it; and do you pay my kinsman when you can: and when you show him this paper he will see that the money is right, and that he is not to take interest.'"

Anecdote after anecdote of his goodness and worth was recurring to my mind, when I heard the bell give warning that if I wanted to catch my railway train I must delay no longer. I hurried down, casting a look at the house in which the good man died, but which has now undergone so many changes that its once venerable owner would hardly know it again, save for the rough drawing of a hedgehog on one of the doors, which he is said to have executed one day with some sharp instrument, when he was confined to his room by illness. I could see no trace of the almshouse where once the aged poor waited for their benefactor's coming; but a townsman, in strong Herefordshire accent, informed me, "it uzed to ztand zummut yahr!" The Blue Coat School, the hospital, the institutions in which he used to take so much interest and delight, have all disappeared; but as the train came up, it in my mind beat time to Pope's melodious poetry.

That the lesson of the good man's life may be more practical, we conclude with Dr. Johnson's comments on these lines, in his "Life of Pope." "Wonders are willingly told and willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and he was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place, and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man being made more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavoured, it must be shown to be possible."

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

PART II.

The important considerations referred to in the previous paper render the Channel Islands, to an Englishman, hardly more like a foreign country than the Isle of Wight. It is true that the native language is French: the proceedings of the courts of law, and the service in the parish churches, are conducted in that tongue, and it is generally spoken by the middle and lower classes, especially in the country parts. Nevertheless, English is well understood by all classes, and is the usual language of the shops and of society. There are also English chapels, which are more numerously attended than the French parish churches. In several of the latter, too, English services have been lately introduced in the afternoon. The children in the streets are already heard talking to one another in English, and there is every prospect that in a short time the French will be altogether superseded.

Still, many interesting relics of Norman origin are in full force—some, indeed, which have disappeared from the parent state through its incorporation with France. While preserving their allegiance to the throne, or rather to their own duke upon the throne, of England, the islanders have jealously kept aloof from the laws and usages of the English people. They contribute nothing to the British treasury. Guernsey and Jersey possess each its own constitution, being, in fact, independent states, like the petty principalities of Germany. Oddly enough, too, they are as tenacious of the distinctions that subsist between themselves as of the more important institutions which distinguish them from England and France. Each island regularly assembles its "states," composed, as in all the feudal monarchies, of the three orders of society, the