

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 357.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1829.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Warwick Castle.



THE history of a fabric, so intimately connected with some of the most important events recorded in the chronicles of our country, as that of Warwick Castle, cannot fail to be alike interesting to the antiquary, the historian, and the man of letters. This noble edifice is also rendered the more attractive, as being one of the very few that have escaped the ravages of war, or have defied the mouldering hand of time; it having been inhabited from its first foundation up to the present time, a period of nearly one thousand years. Before, however, noticing the castle, it will be necessary to make a few remarks on the antiquity of the town of which it is the chief ornament.

The town of Warwick is delightfully situated on the banks of the river Avon, nearly in the centre of the county to which it has given its name, and of which it is the principal town. Much diversity of opinion exists among antiquaries, as to whether it be of Roman or Saxon origin; but it is the opinion of Rous, as well as that of the learned Dugdale,\* that its foundation is as remote as the earliest pe-

riod of the Christian era. These authors attribute its erection to Gutheline, or Kimbeline, a British king, who called it after his own name, *Caer-Guthleon*, a compound of the British word *Caer*, (*civitas*), and *Gutleon*, or Gutheline, which afterwards, for the sake of brevity, was usually denominated *Caerleon*. We are also informed that Guiderius, the son and successor of Kimbeline, greatly extended it, granting thereto numerous privileges and immunities; but being afterwards almost totally destroyed by the incursions of the Picts and Scots, it lay in a ruinous condition until it was rebuilt by the renowned Caractacus. This town afterwards greatly suffered from the ravages of the Danish invaders; but was again repaired by the lady Ethelfleda, the daughter of King Alfred, to whom it had been given, together with the kingdom of Mercia, of which it was the capital, by her father. Camden,† with whose opinion several other antiquaries also concur, supposes that Warwick was the ancient *Præsidium* of the Romans, and the post where the præfect of the Dalma-

† Vide Camden's "*Britannia*," by Bishop Gibson, vol. i. p. 603, edit. 1722.

\* "*Warwickshire*," p. 298, edit. 1661.



tian horse was stationed by the governor of Britain, as mentioned in the *Notitia*.

The appearance of this town in the time of Leland is thus described by that celebrated writer:—"The town of Warwick hath been right strongly defended and waulled, having a compace of a good mile within the waul. The dike is most manifestly perceived from the castelle to the west gate, and there is a great crest of yearth that the waul stood on. Within the precincts of the toune is but one parroche chirche, dedicated to St. Mary, standing in the middle of the toune, faire and large. The toune standeth on a main rokki hill, rising from est to west. The beauty and glory of it is yn two streetes, whereof the hie street goes from est to west, having a righte goodely crosse in the middle of it, making a quadrivium, and goeth from north to south." Its present name is derived, according to Matthew Paris, from Warmund, the father of Offa, king of the Mercians, who rebuilt it, and called it after his own name, Warwick.\*

The castle, which is one of the most magnificent specimens of the ancient baronial splendour of our ancestors now remaining in this kingdom, rears its proud and lofty turrets, gray with age, in the immediate vicinity of the town. It stands on a rocky eminence, forty feet in perpendicular height, and overhanging the river, which laves its base. The first fortified building on this spot was erected by the before-mentioned lady Ethelfleda, who built the donjon upon an artificial mound of earth. No part of that edifice, however, is now supposed to remain, except the mound, which is still to be traced in the western part of the grounds surrounding the castle. The present structure is evidently the work of different ages, the most ancient part being erected, as appears from the "*Domesday Book*," in the reign of Edward the Confessor; which document also informs us, that it was "a special strong hold for the midland part of the kingdom." In the reign of William the Norman it received considerable additions and improvements; when Turchill, the then vicomes of Warwick, was ordered by that monarch to enlarge and repair it. The Conqueror, however, being distrustful of Turchill, committed the custody of it to one of his own followers, Henry de Newburgh, whom he created

\* "*Inter Occidentalium Anglorum Reges illusterrimos, præcipua commendationis laude celebratur, rex Warmundus, ab his qui Historias Anglorum non solum relatu proferre, sed etiam scriptis inserere, consueverant. Is fundator cujusdam urbis a seipso denominatæ; quæ lingua Anglicana Warwick, id est, Curia Warmundi nuncupatur.*"—Matthæi Paris "*Historia Major*," a Watts, edit. 1640.

Earl of Warwick, the first of that title of the Norman line. The stately building at the north-east angle, called *Guy's Tower*, was erected in the year 1394, by Thomas Beauchamp, the son and successor of the first earl of that family, and was so called in honour of the ancient hero of that name, and also one of the earls of Warwick. It is 123 feet in height, and the walls, which are of solid masonry, measure 10 feet in thickness. *Cæsar's Tower*, which is supposed to be the most ancient part of the fabric, is 147 feet in height; but appears to be less lofty than that of Guy's, from its being situated on a less elevated part of the rock.

In the reign of Henry III., Warwick Castle was of such importance, that security was required from Margery, the sister and heiress of Thomas de Newburgh, the sixth earl of the Norman line, that she would not marry with any person in whom the king could not place the greatest confidence. During the same reign, in the year 1265, William Manduit, who had garrisoned the castle on the side of the king against the rebellious barons, was surprised by John Gifford, the governor of Kenilworth Castle, who, having destroyed a great part of the walls, took him, together with the countess, his wife, prisoners; and a ransom of nineteen hundred marks were paid, before their release could be obtained. The last attack which it sustained was during the civil wars in the seventeenth century, when it was besieged for a fortnight, but did not surrender.

Few persons have made a greater figure in history than the earls of Warwick, from the renowned

— Sir Guy of Warwicke, as was weten  
In palmer wyse, as Colman hath it wryten:  
The battaill toke on hym for Englandis right,  
With the Colbrond in arnes for to fight,†

up to the accomplished Sir Fulk Greville, to whom the castle, with all its dependencies, was granted by James I., after having passed through the successive lines of Beauchamp, Neville, Plantagenet, and Dudley. L. L.

#### ODE TO THE LONDON STONE.

(For the Mirror.)

MOUND of antiquity's dark hidden ways,  
Though long thou'st slumber'd in thy holy  
niche,  
Now, the first time, a modern bard essays  
To crave thy primal use, the what and which!  
Speak! break my sorry ignorance asunder!  
City stone-henge, of aldermanic wonder.

† Hardyng's "*Chronicle*," p. 211, edit. 1812.



## Covent Garden Market.



"Here to-day, and gone to-morrow."—*Tristram Shandy.*

I know some of the ugliest men who are the most agreeable fellows in the world. The ladies may doubt this remark; but if they compel me to produce an example, I shall waive all modesty, and prove my veracity by quoting *myself*. I have often thought how it is that ugliness contrives to invest itself with a "*certain something*," that not only destroys its disagreeable properties, but actually commands an interest—(by the by, this is referring *generally*, and nothing personal to myself.) I philosophically refer it all to the *balance of nature*. Now I know some very ugly places that have a degree of interest, and here again I fancy a lady's sceptical ejaculation, "Indeed!" Ay, but it is so; and let us go no further than Covent Garden. Enter it from Russell-street. What can be more unsightly,—with its piles of cabbages in the street, and basket-measures on the roofs of the shops—narrow alleys, wooden buildings, rotting vegetables "*undique*," and swarms of Irish basket-women, who wander about like the ghosts on this side of the Styx, and who, in habits, features, and dialect, appear as if belonging to another world. Yet the Garden, like every garden, has its charms. I have lounged through it on a summer's day, mixing with pretty women, looking upon choice fruit, smelling delicious roses, with now and then an admixture of sundry disagreeables, such as a vigorous puff out of an ugly old woman's doodeen, just

as you are about to make a pretty speech to a much prettier lady—to say nothing of the unpleasant odours arising from heaps of putrescent vegetables, or your hat being suddenly knocked off by a contact with some unlucky Irish basket-woman, with cabbages piled on her head sufficient for a month's consumption at Williams's boiled beef and cabbage warehouse, in the Old Bailey. The narrow passages through this mart remind me of the Chinese streets, where all is shop, bustle, squeeze, and commerce. The lips of the fair promenaders I collate (in my mind's eye, gentle reader) with the delicious cherry, and match their complexions with the peach, the nectarine, the rose, red or white, and even sometimes with the russet apple. Then again I lounge amidst chests of oranges, baskets of nuts, and other *et cetera*, which, as boys, we relished in the play-ground, or, in maturer years, have enjoyed at the wine feast. Here I can saunter in a green-house among plants and heaths, studying botany and beauty. Facing me is a herb-shop, where old nurses, like Medeas of the day, obtain herbs for the sick and dying; and within a door or two flourishes a vender of the choicest fruits, with a rich display of every luxury to delight the living and the healthy.

I know of no spot where such variety may be seen in so small a compass. Rich and poor, from the almost naked to



the almost naked lady (of fashion, of course.) "Oh crikey, Bill," roared a chimney-sweep in high glee. The villain turned a pirouette in his rags, and in the centre mall of the Garden too; he finished it awkwardly, made a stagger, and recovered himself against—what?—"Animus meminisse horret"—against a lady's white gown! But he apologized. Oh, ye gods! his apology was so sincere, his manner was so sincere, that the true and thorough gentleman was in his every act and word. (Mem. merely as a corroboration, the lady forgave him.) What a lesson would this act of the man of high callings (from the chimney-tops) have been to our mustachioed and be-whiskered dandies, who, instead of apologizing to a female after they may have splashed her from head to foot, trod on her heel, or nearly carried away her bonnet, feathers, cap, and wig, only add to her confusion by an unmanly, impudent stare or sneer!

But to the Garden again. I like it much; it is replete with humour, fun, and drolery; it contributes a handsome revenue to the pocket of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, besides supplying half the town with cabbages and melons, (the richest Melon on record came from Covent-Garden, and was graciously presented to our gracious sovereign.)

The south side appears to be devoted to potatoes, a useful esculent, and of greater use to the poor than all the melons in christendom. Here kidneys and champions are to be seen from Scotland, York, and Kent; and here have I observed the haggard forms of withered women

"In rags and tatters, friendless an I forlorn,"

creeping from shop to shop, bargaining for "a good pen'orth of the best boilers;" and here have I often watched the sturdy Irishman walking with a regular connoisseur's eye, peeping out *above* a short pipe, and *below* a narrow-brimmed hat,—a perfect, keen, twinkling, connoisseur's eye, critically examining every basket for the best lot of his *own peculiar*.

Now let us take a retrospective view of this our noble theme, and our interest will be the more strengthened thereon. All the world knows that a convent stood in this neighbourhood, and the present market was the garden, *undè* Convent Garden; would that all etymologists were as distinct. Of course the monastic institution was abolished in the time of Henry VIII., when he plundered convents and monasteries with as much *gusto* as boys abolish wasps-nests. After this it was given to Edmund Seymour, Duke of Somerset, brother-in-law to Henry VIII., afterwards the protector of his

country, but not of himself, for he was beheaded in 1552. The estate then became, by royal grant, the property of the Bedford family; and in the Privy Council Records for March, 1552, is the following entry of the transfer:—"A patent granted to John, Earl of Bedford, of the gifts of the Convent Garden, lying in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, near Charing Cross, with seven acres, called Long Acre, of the yearly value of 6*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* parcel of the possessions of the late Duke of Somerset, to have to him and his heirs, reserving a tenure to the king's majesty in socage, and not in capite." In 1634, Francis, Earl of Bedford, began to clear away the old buildings, and form the present square; and in 1671, a patent was granted for a market, which shows the rapid state of improvement in this neighbourhood, because in the Harleian MSS., No. 5,900, British Museum, is a letter, written in the early part of Charles II., by an observing foreigner to his friend abroad, who notices Bloomsbury, Hungerford, Newport, and other markets, but never hints of the likelihood or prospect of one being established in Covent Garden; yet before Charles's death the patent was obtained. It is a market, *sui generis*, confined mostly to vegetables and fruits; and the plan reflects much credit upon the speculative powers of the noble earl who founded it.

Thus far goes the public history; now let us turn to the private memoranda. In 1690, the parish, being very loyal, gave a grand display of fire-works on the happy return of William the Third from Ireland; and in the parish books appear the following entries on the subject, which will give some idea of the moderate charges of parish festivities in those "dark ages."

"Sept. 23, 1690. £. s. d.

"Paid to Mr. Brown for 200 faggotts and 30 brushes for bonfire for the parish - - 01 02 06

Sept. 25.—Paid Mr. Stockes for a barrrell of ale for bonfire - - - - - 01 00 00

Given to the watchmen to drinke att the king's returne from Ireland - - - 00 02 06

1691.—Given to Stockes and ye watchmen to drinke att the bonfire and fire workes att the king's returne from Ireland - - - - - 00 10 00

Oct. 12.—Paid the labourers and carters for four dayes' worke in laying and spreading the gravell - - - 01 06 00

Making a grand total of £4. 1*s.* 0*d.* for a St. Paul's parish fête; but this was in



# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 732.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1835.

[PRICE 2d.]

## BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET COWPER.



GREAT BERKHAMPSTEAD, HERTS.

IN the peaceful home figured in the above vignette, William Cowper was born on the 26th of November, 1731; and here were passed his infancy, and some years of his childhood. His father was John Cowper, second son of Spencer Cowper, who was chief justice of Chester, and afterwards a judge in the Court of Common Pleas; and whose brother, William, first Earl Cowper, was, at the same time, Lord High Chancellor of England. The poet's father took his degrees in divinity, was chaplain to King George II., and resided at his rectory of Great Berkhamstead, above represented. The poet's mother was Anne, daughter of Roger Donne, Esq., of Ludlam Hall, in Norfolk, who had a common ancestry with the celebrated Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's.

In reference to this lady, it has been justly remarked by his relative and biographer, Dr. Johnson, that "the highest blood in the realm flowed in the veins of the modest and unassuming Cowper; his mother having descended through the families of Hipposley, of Throughley in Sussex, and Pellett of Bolney in the same county, from the several noble houses of West, Knollys, Carey, Bullen, Howard, and Mowbray; and so, by four dif-

ferent lines, from Henry III., King of England." And though, as the same writer properly remarks, "distinctions of this nature can shed no additional lustre on the memory of Cowper; yet genius, however exalted, disdains not, while it boasts not, the splendour of ancestry: and royalty itself may be pleased, and, perhaps, benefited, by discovering its kindred to such piety, such purity, and such talents as his."\*

After giving birth to several children, this lady died in child-bed, in her thirty-seventh year; leaving only two sons, John the younger, and William the poet. Cowper was only six years old when he lost his mother; and how deeply he was affected by her early death, may be inferred from some exquisitely tender lines, composed more than fifty years afterwards, on the receipt of her portrait from Mrs. Anne Bodham, a relation in Norfolk: in these lines occur the following alluding to his birthplace:—

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;  
And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap;

\* Taylor's Life of Cowper, 4th edition, 1835.



'Tis now become a history little known,  
 That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.  
 Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,  
 That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,  
 Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd  
 A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.  
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;  
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
 The biscuit or confectionary plum;  
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd—  
 All this, and more endearing still than all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks  
 Which humour interpos'd too often makes:  
 All this still legible in mem'ry's page,  
 And still to be so to my latest age,  
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may.

The little Cowper was, in the year of his mother's death, sent to his first school, at Market-street, about eleven miles from Berkhamstead, under the care of Dr. Pitman;\* and, it is probable that he was removed from it in consequence of a complaint in the eyes. In a letter written in 1792, Cowper says: "I have been all my life subject to inflammations of the eye, and in my boyish days had specks on both, that threatened to cover them. My father, alarmed for the consequences, sent me to a female oculist, of great renown at that time, in whose house I abode two years, but to no good purpose. From her I went to Westminster school, where, at the age of fourteen, the small-pox seized me, and proved the better oculist of the two, for it delivered me from them all."

Our acknowledgments are due to the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe's new edition of the Works of Cowper, for the original of the prefixed Engraving; of the first volume of which the subject forms the vignette, beautifully drawn by Harding on the spot.

At Berkhamstead, also, in the chancel of St. Peter's church, is the monument of Mrs. Cowper, erected by her husband, and bearing the following lines, written by a young lady, her niece, the late lady Walsingham:—

Here lies, in early years, bereft of life,  
 The best of mothers and the kindest wife,  
 Who neither knew nor practis'd any art,  
 Secure in all she wish'd—her husband's heart.  
 Her love to him still prevalent in death,  
 Pray'd Heaven to bless him with her latest breath.  
 Still was she studious never to offend,  
 And glad of an occasion to commend:  
 With ease would pardon injuries receiv'd,  
 Nor e'er was cheerful when another griev'd;  
 Despising state, with her own lot content,  
 Enjoy'd the comforts of a life well spent;

\* We are not certain whether the school at Market-street exists to this day. Seven years of our childhood were pass'd within seven miles of it, at New Marlow's, Hemel-Hempstead; and we well remember "the Market-street boys." One of Cowper's biographers states the school to have been numerous; but it had dwindled to a few in our memory. An establishment at New Marlow's numbered upwards of 100 boys, and was, for many years, ably superintended by the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, who first abridged Johnson's Dictionary for the use of schools.

Resign'd when Heaven demanded back her breath,  
 Her mind heroic 'midst the pangs of death.

Whoe'er thou art that dost this tomb draw near,  
 O stay awhile, and shed a friendly tear:  
 These lines, though weak, are as herself sincere.

#### SWIMMING SCHOOLS.

ALTHOUGH Swimming is one of the most important branches of gymnastics, we are not aware that it is systematically taught in this country. In several parts of Europe, however, schools have long been established for the above purpose; as in Paris, Vienna, Munich, Berlin, Breslau, and other cities; and in Boston, in the United States of America. The best system introduced into these establishments, is that published by General von Pfuel, at Berlin, in 1817. By this method, a person may become a perfect swimmer, that is, able to swim at least half an hour in succession, in a very short time. Many individuals, who could not swim a single stroke, have been enabled, by taking daily one, and sometimes two, lessons, for three weeks, to swim half an hour; some have even acquired this proficiency within a fortnight.

The apparatus for teaching consists of a hempen girdle of a hand's breadth, of a rope from 30 to 36 feet in length, of a pole 8 feet long, and a horizontal rail fixed about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet above the platform on which the teacher stands, to rest the pole on. The depth of the water in the place chosen for swimming, should, if possible, be not less than 8 feet, and the clearest and calmest water should be selected. The pupil wears drawers, fastened by a string above the hips, and covering about half the thighs. They must be made loose, so as to allow the freest action of the legs.

The pupil is first placed near the horizontal rail, his hands resting upon it, whilst the teacher shows him the motion he will have to make with his legs in the water. This he does by guiding the motion of one leg, while the pupil rests on the other. This motion will be explained immediately. The swimming girdle, about five inches wide, is placed round the pupil's breast, so that its upper edge touches the paps, without fitting tight. The teacher takes the rope, which is fastened to a ring of the girdle, in his hand, and directs the pupil to leap into the water, keeping the legs straight and close together, and the arms close to the body; and, what is very important, to breathe *out* through the nose, as soon as his head rises above the water, instead of breathing in first, which every man naturally does after a suspension of breath. The object of this is to prevent the water getting into the throat, which produces unpleasant sensations of choking and headach. The expiration soon becomes perfectly natural to a swimmer.

The pupil is then invited to leap; but is



# The Mirror

OF  
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 758.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1836.

[PRICE 2d

HATFIELD HOUSE, HERTS.



SOUTH FRONT.

VOL. XXVII.

C



## HATFIELD HOUSE.

HATFIELD is, in many respects one of the most distinguished mansions of our nobility. It has been a palace, episcopal, regal, and noble, for upwards of seven centuries. It now ranks as one of the most complete specimens of old English domestic architecture, and a pattern of the magnificent style prevalent at the period of its erection. The arrangement of its interior combines splendour with convenience: and its enriched hall, gallery, and suites of apartments remind us of the substantial hospitalities of by-gone ages; the numerous households of its respective possessors, and their styles of living varying with the time.

By a fortunate circumstance, we hope to be enabled to submit to our readers a complete yet condensed description of this interesting pile. Our aid in this pleasant labour will be the First Part of Mr. Robinson's superb *New Vitruvius Britannicus*; consisting of "The History of Hatfield House: illustrated by Plans, Elevations, and Internal Views of the Apartments, from actual measurement."\* This work is produced in a style of completeness, which is alike honourable to the genius, taste, and research of its author; who has handsomely consented to our appropriation of its elaborate contents for the present purpose. The Engravings in the work, whence our illustrations are copied, are by Henry Shaw, Esq.

Hatfield, in the county of Hertford, is an old town, situated on the steep slope of a hill, of which the House occupies the airy summit. It commands views in every direction of an undulated country, equally remarkable for its natural beauty and excessive fertility. The mansion stands in a fine park, which is watered by the river Lea; and the demesne is distant twenty miles northward from the metropolis, six from St. Albans, and seven from Hertford, the county town. Probably, none of our fine, old, country mansions is better known than Hatfield; its elevated situation and peculiar architecture rendering it one of the most striking objects on the Great North Road, from which it is situated but a short distance.

In the Anglo-Saxon times, Hatfield belonged to the crown; but, before the Norman Conquest, King Edgar granted it to the abbot of Ely and his successors, by one of whom, in the year 1109, Hatfield was retained as an episcopal palace, under the name

of Bishops Hatfield. We find rare mention of this particular palace; but, that it was extensive may be inferred from the excessive pomp of the bishops of Ely, one of whom, William Longchamp, chancellor of King Richard I., usually travelled with a retinue of 1,500 horsemen.

"It is curious," says Mr. Robinson, "that a portion of the Bishops' Palace should be preserved, an interesting subject for investigation, having been their property and occasional residence for nearly 500 years. Mansions of the same antiquity are very rarely to be found retaining so much original character. But the venerable building which now remains at Hatfield formed that part of the palace which was rebuilt by Morton, bishop of Ely, in the reign of Edward IV.;" and is of the same period as Eltham Palace; Crosby Place, London; and Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk.

The Bishops' Palace at Hatfield, in its original or perfect state, must have been an edifice of no inconsiderable magnitude; the remains, which are in high preservation, indicate a once splendid mansion: it was entirely of brick, without any intermixture of stone. An ancient plan of the Palace, which is preserved in the library at Hatfield House, shows that the buildings originally surrounded a courtyard; one of the sides of the quadrangle only now remains. The openings exhibit what is called the Tudor arch; not only the walls but enrichments are entirely of brick, in which the mouldings are very curiously worked.

In 1538, Henry VIII. granted to Bishop Goodrich, a zealous promoter of the Reformation, certain estates in Cambridgeshire, in exchange for Hatfield; in consequence of which it became one of the royal palaces, and towards the latter end of this reign was appointed to be the residence of Edward, Prince of Wales, who was here when the account of his father's death was brought to him.

In 1550, Edward VI. granted this palace to his sister, the Princess Elizabeth; and here, upon the breaking out of Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion, in the reign of Queen Mary, Elizabeth was committed to the care of Sir Thomas Pope, having been removed thither from Woodstock. From various records, it appears that the princess lived in splendour and affluence at Hatfield; that she was often admitted to the diversions of the court; and that her situation was by no means a state of oppression and imprisonment, as it has been represented by some historians. Here Elizabeth received the news of her sister's decease, and of her own accession to the throne.

It does not appear that Queen Elizabeth often resided in, or visited, Hatfield during her long reign. The north end of the building, which formed the western front of the old palace, and still remains here, is tradi-

\* By P. F. Robinson, Architect, F. A. S. and F. G. S., author of a work on Rural Architecture, an Essay on the age of Mickleham Church in Surrey, Designs for Ornamental Villas, Designs for Farm Buildings, Village Architecture, and a Series of Designs for Park Entrances and Gate Lodges. The work is beautifully printed in folio, and is intended to comprehend Plans, Elevations, and Scenic Views of the most distinguished Residences in the United Kingdom. Part 2 contains Hardwicke Hall.



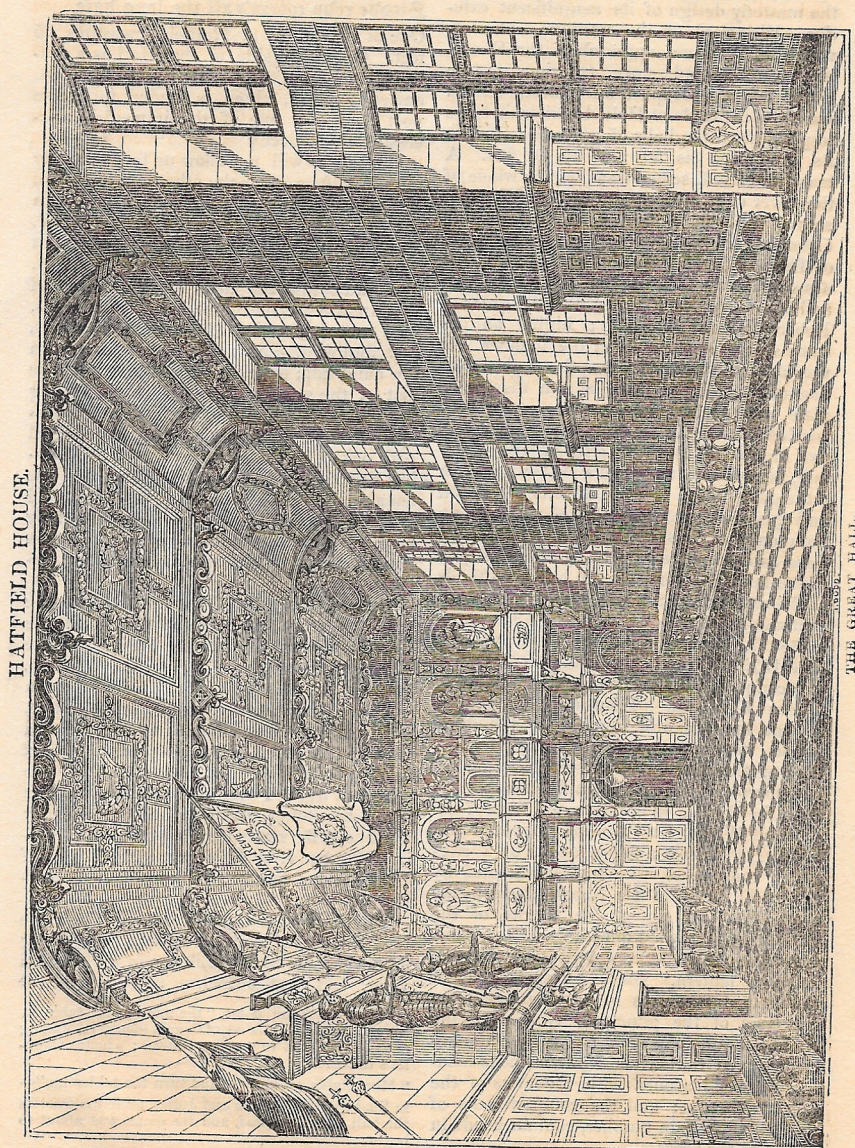
# The Mirror

OF  
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 760.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]



HATFIELD HOUSE.

THE GREAT HALL.



## HATFIELD HOUSE.

(Concluded from page 20.)

## THE INTERIOR.

MR. ROBINSON proceeds to describe the interior of this stately mansion by observing that the general arrangement of the noble suite of apartments corresponds, in every respect, with the masterly design of its magnificent exterior. Westward of the northern entrance, which is the usual approach to the House, the entire ground story, (previous to the late Fire,) was occupied by domestic offices. Eastward is the Great Hall, differing, in some respects, from the halls of an earlier period: its dimension is 50 feet by 30 feet. A massive, carved, screen occupies the whole of the lower end, bearing the arms of William, second earl of Salisbury, K.G., and his Countess Katherine, who was the daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk; and the arms of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, and his Countess Frances, the daughter of Robert, Earl of Salisbury; higher on the same screen is the crest of the founder. It was against this screen that the cupboard of several stages containing a rich display of plate was usually raised. There are bay-windows, rising the whole height of the Hall, two stories, besides the oriel at the upper end, near which the Lord's Table stood in "the golden days." Here are another screen and open gallery highly enriched with carving both on the pilasters and panels, in which lions, as forming part of the heraldic insignia of the family, are introduced, bearing shields of the cartouche form. In a sculptured compartment, over the chimney-pieces, are represented the arms of Lord Burghley, with the date 1575. On either side of the fire-place is a complete suit of armour of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Here are also ranged several morions and weapons of the same period; to which have been added the standard of the Hertfordshire volunteers, by the late marquess, as well as a French cuirass from the field of Waterloo, and a bust of the Duke of Wellington. Towards the lower end of the Hall hangs a large picture of a celebrated grey horse, which was presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Robert Cecil, in the year 1594. A remarkable feature of the great halls in the old quadrangular mansions was the open timber roof with its ornamental louvre or lantern. Hatfield presents one of the earliest instances of an alteration; the springers of the principal divisions of the coved ceiling, somewhat resembling the ancient carved cantalivers, represent lions holding shields blazoned with the arms of the family alliances; and the compartments of the ceiling, ten in number, contain heads in relief of the Cæsars.

We have almost literally followed Mr. Robinson's minute details of this noble apart-

ment; and, the annexed Engraving, from Mr. Shaw's Plate, will convey an idea of the general effect of its numerous enrichments. A few accessories, characteristic of olden hospitalities, remain to be noticed; as the long standing tables\*—the very Franklin's tables of Chaucer, which

*Dormaunt in his hall alwaie  
Stoode redy covered all the long daie.*

One of the tables at Hatfield measures 25 feet. On either side of the Hall is a continued settle or fixed seat, agreeably to the ancient practice, which is alluded to by the poet Lydgate, one of the immediate successors of Chaucer.†

Our space will not allow us to be equally minute in describing the other apartments in the mansion; though, in comparison with the sumptuous edifices of the Tudor period, the rooms will be found less numerous, but more spacious, and more regularly disposed. The Staircase opens from the upper end of the Great Hall, and contains five landings, with massive and boldly carved balusters, and figures of genii and armorial lions upon the hand-rail; enriched ceilings, &c. At the foot of the stairs is the door of the Dining Parlour, which is one of the suite of rooms upon the eastern front, and is entirely paneled with oak. The summer Breakfast and Drawing Rooms adjoin this apartment, and the remainder of the eastern wing on the ground story of the mansion is wholly occupied by spacious private apartments; in which are hung some of the most valuable of the pictures.

On ascending the Great Staircase to the principal story, the first apartment of the suite, and over the Dining Parlour, is the Great Chamber, or King James's Room, 59 feet in length by 27 feet 3 inches in width; the ceiling is in the Florentine style, and is enriched by pendants, and heightened with gold. The chimney-piece of black marble, is 12 feet wide, and in the fire-place are silver dogs, 4 feet 9 inches high. The walls are hung with pictures of superior merit, chiefly whole-length portraits, including Charles I. by Vandyck, and portraits of the Salisbury family by Reynolds and Lawrence.

The Gallery, or Corridor, extends the whole length of the southern front, from King James's room to the Library in the western wing, 163 feet 6 inches, and is 19 feet

\* Mr. Robinson notes, "the more usual table in the olden halls consisted of boards placed on folding trestles, adapted to speedy removal; whence Capulet's direction to the servants—

"More lights, ye knaves, and turn the tables up,"—in Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, after the feast in the hall had concluded, and the dance was about to begin.

† It will be seen that the tables at Hatfield are not so richly carved as that at Staunton-Harold, engraved at page 25 of the present volume.



# The Mirror

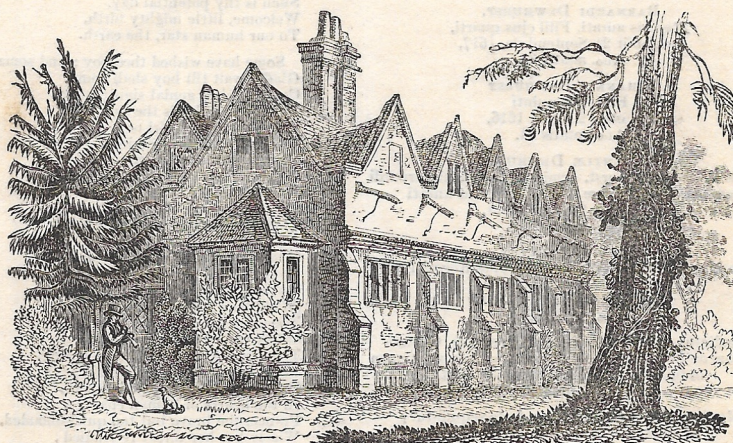
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1035.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.]



FREE SCHOOL, CHESHUNT,

HERTS.

THE Free School in Church Field, Cheshunt, Herts, is a picturesque and interesting edifice, and although of a plain style of architecture, its pointed gables, and massive buttresses, invest it with a very monastic appearance.

The following account of its foundation is affixed to the front of the gallery at the west end of the parish church:—

“Robert Dewhurst, Esq. erected a fair School-house in Church-field, in this parish, with the land inclosed, to wit,—To teach poor children born here to read English, and to write, and cast accounts; and by deed dated 31 December, 18 Car. I., he gave a farm, called Fitzwilliams, of the yearly value of 80*l.*, situated in the parish of Clavering, in Essex, to twelve trustees, to be disposed of as follows:—One to the master, (who is not curate of the parish,) 20*l.* per annum, to teach in manner as aforesaid, that they know God the better; and 40*s.* per annum to provide a dinner for the Feoffees in Whitsun week, when they shall yearly meet, and bind out six of the poorest and aptest scholars born in this Farm, apprentices to an handicraft trade in some corporation; and shall give twenty nobles a-piece, with every such poor child, whereof 5*l.* a-piece to put them forth apprentice, and five nobles a-piece for their apparel, and the charges of binding them.” The same person gave to ten poor persons residing in the Alms-house, sixpence a-piece, to be paid weekly, in

good and wholesome wheaten bread, and five chaldrons of sea-coal for fuel, to be yearly laid out in ten parts, to be equally divided among them in the said house.

In 1819, the school room was enlarged, and incorporated with the national school. It is 50 feet in length, by 18 in width, and 14 feet in height, and will accommodate 120 boys, 40 of whom are on the foundation, out of which 6 are annually apprenticed, and a fee given with each. The salary of the school-master is now 80*l.* per annum, with other emoluments. The present master is Mr. William Sawrey Gilpin. In front of the porch is an aged yew tree, even with the building.

The above-mentioned Robert Dewhurst, Esq. possessed Cheshunt Nunnery, and was Custos Brevium of the King's Bench: he died without issue. A marble tablet, with his arms, accompanied by the following inscription, is fixed on the wall of the chancel, opposite the pulpit, in Cheshunt Church. The inscription erected to his memory, informs us, that he was Secretary to Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer under Queen Elizabeth; and it was in this parish that Lord Burleigh had his favourite residence, Theobalds, which, on his decease, was afterwards occupied by James I. Lord Burleigh died in 1625, twenty-nine years after the decease of Mr. Secretary Dewhurst. The inscription is verbatim as follows:—



Deposita\* BARNARDI DEWHURST, Armig<sup>r</sup>,  
(ex familiâ Dewhurstorum e Laicastrensi agro oriundi)  
Olim, Gulielmo Cecilio Baroni de Burghley  
Summo Thesaurario Angliæ, Secretarii,  
qui obiit 20 Decembris, 1596,  
Anno suo climacterico, 63.

THOMÆ DEWHURST  
Filii ejus primogeniti  
qui obiit 7 Januarii, 1612,  
Ano. ætatis 35.

BARNARDI DEWHURST,  
Æquitis aurati, Filii ejus quarti,  
qui obiit 24 Septembris, 1617,  
Ano. ætatis 35.

JOHANNIS DEWHURST  
Filii ejus quinti  
qui obiit 2 Junii, 1616,  
Ano. ætatis 24.

PRUDENTIÆ DEWHURST  
Uxoris Roberti Dewhurst, Armig<sup>r</sup> filii prædicti Barnardi  
secundi, filia Thomæ Dacres, Æquitis aurati  
quæ obiit 24 Junii, 1621,  
Ano. ætatis 29.

ANNÆ DEWHURST  
Uxoris secundæ prædicti Roberti, filia Rogeri Dye,  
Mercatoris Lond<sup>n</sup>ensis  
quæ obiit 10 Junii, 1631,  
Ano. ætatis 23.

Predictus autem ROBERTUS DEWHURST, Custos  
Brevium de Banco Regis est adhuc superstes, suo tamen  
ordine, depositurus, qui postea obiit  
4to. Maii, 1645, æt. 68.

Mortuus in Domino felix, sua facta sequuntur:  
Mors est in terris vivere, vita mori.

R. D. d. . . . tanno Salutis 1635.

Ex consensu et licentiâ  
Proprietarii hujus Rectoriæ.

Other relics of this venerable family are  
dispersed elsewhere over the county; and  
among them, there exists, in Jewin Church,  
near Hertford, this inscription:

Here lyeth the Body of  
JULIA DEWHURST  
Wife of Robert Dewhurst of Cheshunt Nunnery, Esq.;  
Eldest daughter of Beckingham Butler, sometime  
of Jewin, Esq.,  
who died 19th day of April, 1637.

\* Here are deposited the remains of Barnard Dewhurst, Esq., (descended from the family of the Dewhursts, in the county of Lancaster,) formerly Secretary to William Cecil, Baron de Burleigh, High Treasurer of England, who died the 20th December, 1596, at the remote age of 63: Thomas Dewhurst, his first-born son, who died 7th January, 1612, aged 35: Sir Barnard Dewhurst, his fourth son, who died 24th September, 1617, aged 35: John Dewhurst, his fifth son, who died 2nd June, 1616, aged 24: Prudence Dewhurst, wife of the said Robert Dewhurst, Esq., son of the beforesaid second Barnard, daughter of Sir Thomas Dacres, who died 24th June, 1621, aged 29: Ann Dewhurst, wife of the before said second Robert, daughter of Roger Dye, Merchant of London, who died 10th June, 1631, aged 23: also the before said Robert Dewhurst, Keeper of the Bries in the King's Bench, hitherto remaining, but who, in his turn was buried here, when he died 4th May, 1645, aged 68.

Happy and blessed in the Lord he died,  
While his good virtues followed him on high:  
'Tis death within this weary world to bide—  
'Tis death assured to live, but life to die.

R. D. . . . . A. D. 1635.

By consent and license of the }  
Proprietor of this Rectory. }

## TO THE INFANT PRINCESS ROYAL.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

WELCOME, bud beside the rose,  
On whose stem our safety grows;  
Welcome, little Saxon Guelph;  
Welcome for thine own small self;  
Welcome for thy father, mother,  
Proud the one, and safe the other;  
Welcome to three Kingdoms; nay,  
Such is thy potential day,  
Welcome, little mighty birth,  
To our human star, the earth.

Some have wished thee boy; and some  
Gladly wait till boy shall come,  
Counting it a genial sign  
When a lady leads the line.  
What imports it, girl or boy?  
England's old historic joy  
Well might be content to see  
Queens alone come after thee;  
Twenty visions of thy mother  
Following sceptered, each the other,  
Linking with their roses white  
Ages of unborn delight.  
What imports it who shall lead,  
So that the good line succeed?  
So that love and peace feel sure  
Of old hate's discomfiture?  
Thee appearing by the rose,  
Safety comes and peril goes;  
Thee appearing, earth's new spring,  
Fears no winter's "grisly King;"  
Hope anew leaps up and dances,  
In the hearts of human chances.  
France, the brave but too quick-blooded,  
Wisely has her threat re-studied;  
England now is safe as she,  
From the strifes that need not be;  
And the realms thus hush'd and still,  
Earth with fragrant thought may fill,  
Growing harvests of all good,  
Day by day, as planet should,  
Till it clap its hands and cry,  
Hail, matur'd humanity!  
Earth has outgrown want and war;  
Earth is now no childish star.

But, behold, where thou dost lie,  
Heeding nought, remote or nigh!  
Nought of all the news we sing  
Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;  
Nought of planet's love, nor people's;  
Nor dost hear the giddy steeples  
Carolling of thee and thine,  
As if heaven had rain'd them wine;  
Nor dost care for all the pains  
Of ushers and of chamberlains,  
Nor the doctors' learned looks,  
Nor the very bishop's books,  
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,  
No, nor for thy rank a pin.  
E'en thy father's loving hand  
No-ways dost thou understand,  
When he makes thee feebly grasp  
His finger with a tiny clasp;  
Nor dost know thy very mother's  
Balm-y bosom from another's,  
Though thy small blind lips pursue it;  
Nor the arms that draw thee to it;  
Nor the eyes that, while they fold thee,  
Never can enough behold thee.

Mother true and good has she,  
Little strong one, been to thee,  
Nor with listless in-door-ways  
Weaken'd thee for future days,  
But has done her strenuous duty  
To thy brain and to thy beauty,  
Till thou cam'st a blossom bright,  
Worth the kiss of air and light;  
To thyself, a healthy pleasure;  
To the world, a balm and treasure.

*Morning Chronicle.*