well as secret history, name him as the active agent in the death of the countess; and it is added, that from being a jovial and convivial gallant, as we may infer from some expressions in the epitaph, he sunk, after the fatat deed, into a man of gloomy and retired habits, whose looks and manners indicated that he suffered under the pressure of some attentions secret.

manners indicated that he sunered under the vicinity, some atrocious secret.

The name of Lambourne is still known in the vicinity, and it is said some of the clan partake the habits, as well as name, of the Michael Lambourne of the romance. A man of this name lately murdered his wife, outdoing Michael in this respect, who only was concerned in the murder of the wife of another man.

I have only to add, that the jolly Black Bear has been restored to his predominance over bowl and bottle, in the village of Cumnor.

NOTE C, p. 235.—LEGEND OF WAYLAND SMITH.

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The great-defeat, given by Alfred to the Janish invaders, is said, by Mr. Gough, to have taken place near Ashdown, in Berkshire. 'The burial place of Baereg, the Danish chief, who was slain in this fight, is distinguished by a parcel of stones, less than a mile from the bill, set on edge, enclosing a piece of ground somewhat raised. On the east side of the southern extremity stand three squarish flat stones, of about four or five feet over either way, supporting a fourth, and now called by the vulgar WayLand SMITH, from an idle tradition about an invisible smith replacing lost horse-shoes there.'—GOUGH'S Edition of Camden Stitannia, vol. i. p. 221.

The popular belief still retains memory of this wild legend, which, connected as it is with the site of a Danish sepulchre, may have arisen from some legend concerning the northern Duergar, who resided in the rocks, and were cunning workers in steel and iron. It was believed that Wayland Smith's fee was sixpence, and that, unlike other workmen, he was offended if more was offered. Of late his offices have been again called to memory; but fiction has in this, as in other cases, taken the liberty parallelation of the stores of oral tradition. This monument must be very ancient, for it has been kindly pointed out to net that it is referred to in an ancient Saxon charter, as a landmark. The monument has been of late cleared out, and made considerably more conspicuous.

(The vale of the Whitchorse derives its name from the figure of a horse which has been described on the hill-side at this place, the turf having been removed from the chalky soil in such a way as to show at a distance the form of a white horse. This figure is supposed to have been cut out during the Saxon period to clebrate some victory. On certain occasions the white horse is scoured 'or repaired by the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who turn out in large numbers and remove any turf that may have settled itself on the figure of the horse.]

NOTE D, p. 239.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Among the attendants and adherents of Sussex, we have ventured to introduce the celebrated Raleigh, in the dawn

Among the attendants and barbeted Raleigh, in the dawn of his court favour.

In Aubrey's Correspondence there are some curious particulars of Sir Walter Raleigh. 'He was a tall, handsome, bold man; but his nævewas that he was damnably proud. Old Sir Robert Harley of Brampton Brian Castle, who knew him, would say, it was a great question who was the proudest, Sir Walter, or Sir Thomas Overbury; but the difference that was, was judged in Sir Thomas's side. In the great parlon at Downton, at Mr. Raleigh's, is a good piece, an original of Sir Walter, in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck. The old servants have told me that the pearls were near as big as the painted ones. He had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long faced, and sour-eyelidded.' A rebus is added to this purpose:

The enemy to the stomach and the word of disgrace, is the name of the gentleman with the bold face.

Sir Walter Raleigh's beard turned up naturally, which gave him an advantage over the gallants of the time, whose moustaches received a touch of the barber's art to give them the air then most admired. — See Aubrey's Correspondence, vol. ii. part ii. p. 500.

NOTE E, p. 244.—COURT FAVOUR OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The gallant incident of the cloak is the traditional account of this celebrated statesman's rise at court. None

of Elizabeth's courtiers knew better than he how to make his court to her personal vanity, or could more justly estimate the quantity of flattery which she could condescend to swallow. Being confined in the Tower for some offence, and understanding the queen was about to pass to Green, with in her barge, he insisted on approaching the window, that he might see, at whatever distance, the Queen of his Affections, the state has the the counties of the tower (his own particular friend) the window; while set is the term of the tower (his own particular friend) the window; while six Walter, apparently influenced by a fit of unrestrainable passion, swore he would not be debarred from seeing his light, his life, his goddess! A scuffle ensued, got up for effect's sake, in which the lieutenant and his capitage grappled and struggled with fury—tore each other's hair—and at length drew daggers, and were only separated by force. The queen being informed of this scene exhibited by her frantic adorer, it wrought, as was to be expected, much in favour of the capitye Paladin. There is little doubt that his quarrel with the lieutenant was entirely contrived for the purpose which it produced.

Note F, p. 254.—Robert Laneham.

Little is known of Robert Laneham, save in his curious letter to a friend in London, giving an account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainments at Kenliworth, written in a style of the most intolerable affectation, both in point of composition and orthography. He describes himself as a bon virant, who was wont to be jolly and dry in the morning, and by his good-will would be chiefly in the company of the ladies. He was, by the interest of Lord Leicester, clerk of the council-chamber door, and also keeper of the same. 'When Council sits,' says he, 'I am at hand. If any nukes a babbling, Peace, say I. If I see a listener or a pryer in at the chinks or lockhole, I am presently on the bones of him. If a friend comes, I make him sit down by me on a form or chest. The rest may walk, a God's name!' There has been seldom a better portrait of the pragmatic conceit and self-importance of a small man in office. Little is known of Robert Lancham, save in his curious

NOTE G, p. 264.-DR. JULIO.

The Earl of Leicester's Italian physician, Julio, was affirmed by his contemporaries to be a skilful compounder of poisons, which he applied with such frequency, that the Jesuit Parsons extols ironically the marvellous good Inck of this great favourite, in the opportune deaths of those who stood in the way of his wishes. There is a curious

Jesuit Parsons extols ironically the marvellous good link of this great favourite, in the opportune deaths of those who stood in the way of his wishes. There is a curious passage on the subject:—

'Long after this, he fell in love with the Lady Sheffield, whom I signified before, and then also had he the same fortune to have her husband dy equickly, with an extreame rheume in his head (as it was given out), but as others say, of an artificiall catarre that stopped his breath.

'The like good chance had he in the death of my Lord of Essex (as I have said before), and that at a time most fortunate for his purpose; for when he was coming home from Ireland, with intent to revenge himselfe upon my Lord of Leicester for begetting his wife with childe in his absence (the childe was a daughter, and brought up by the Lady Shandoes, W. Knooles, his wife), my Lord of Leicester hearing thereof, wanted not a friend or two to accompany the deputy, as among other a couple of the Earles own servants, Crompton (if I misse not his name), yeoman of his bottles, and Lloid his secretary, entertained afterward by my Lord of Leicester, and so he dyed in the way, of an extreame flux, caused by an Italian receipe, as all his friends are well assured, the maker whereof was a chypurgeon (as it is beleeved) that then was newly come to my Lord from Italy—a cunning man and sure in operation, with whom, if the good Lady had been sooner acquainted, and used his help, she should not have needed to sitten so pensive at home, and fearfull of her husband's former returne out of the same country. . Neither must you marvaile though all these died in divers manners of outward diseases, for this is the excellency of the Italian art, for which this chyrurgeon and Dr. Julio were entermined to carefully, who can make a man dye in what manner or show of sickness you will—by whose instructions, no doubt; but his lordship is now cunning, especially adding also to these the counsell of his Doctor Hayly, a man also not these the counsell of his Doctor Hayly,

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