

The cities of the Old World, with their narrow and crooked streets, speak of the time in which the burghers were huddled together within the walls which guarded their little realms of industry from feudal violence, while the cities of the New World, spreading out freely and in straight lines, speak of the security of a happier era. Of the ancient walls, about the best specimen is to be seen at Chester, fortified in former days against the wild Welsh. Of the walls of York also there are fine remains, with the ancient gateways or bars through which the capital of the north saw many a mail-clad column march, and many a procession of state defile. The visitor to Oxford should not fail to see the remnant of the city wall within which lie New College and its gardens, and which was kept in repair by virtue of a covenant between the founder of the College and the city. Conway, on the north coast of Wales, presents or not long ago presented, though on a small scale, the aspect of a walled town of the Middle Ages, with its castle almost in the original state, though the fast train from London to Holyhead runs where the warder of the lonely garrison once looked over the Welsh hills and but rarely, like the warder of Norham in *Marmion*, saw approach "a plump of spears."

Of England's part—no mean part—in the Crusades and of her chivalry the chief monument is the Temple Church, in London, with the tombs of the Templars which it contains. Few things in the way of monumental sculpture are more impressive than these simple and soldier-like effigies of the warriors of the Cross when we think of the religious romance of lives spent in combat with the Paynim on the fields of Palestine. The Order of the Templars fell partly no doubt through its own vices and pride, the consequences of the wealth which Christian enthusiasm had lavished on it, and out of which it built the proud fortress-mansion to which the Church belonged. But it had rendered illustrious service to Christendom and to civilization by stemming the onrushing tide of Mahometan conquest, and we are glad to think that at least its dissolution was not attended in England by the vile and dastardly cruelties which were inflicted on Jacques de Molay and his brethren by a tyrant in France. In the home of the redoubtable and ambitious brotherhood a peaceful society of lawyers now dwells, and the preacher of the society bears the title of "The Master of the Temple." When we speak of chivalry we mean the genuine chivalry of Sir Galahad and his fellows, who, as soldiers of God and champions of Christendom, went in quest of "the Holy Grail," not of that fantastic after-growth which appeared when the Crusades were over, and which swore on the swans, worshipped women as goddesses, while it by no means treated them as Dianas, performed crazy vows in their honour, tilted in senseless tournaments, made reckless wars out of a mere spirit of adventure, cultivated a narrow class sense of honour, trampled on the peasant, and at last sat for the portrait of Don Quixote. The products and memorials of this bastard chivalry are the orders, titles, and ceremonies of Knighthood which have been transmitted in course of time into a curious sort of Legion of Honour, much, as we know, to the satisfaction of Colonial ambition.

Among the relics of the feudal era may be numbered the forests once dedicated to the indulgence of that passion for the chase which devoured the restless Norman in the intervals of war, and long the hateful scenes of Norman tyranny, now pleasant retreats of sylvan beauty and peace in a thronged and busy country. The most considerable of them is the New Forest, to create which the Conqueror laid waste a wide district, sweeping away hamlet, grange, and church, and which, as the judgment of Heaven on his tyranny, saw the deaths of two of his sons. A stone marks the spot where a party of charcoal burners found the body of the Red King, slain by an unknown hand, and carried in their carts, like the carcass of a wild boar, as a chronicle says, to unhonoured burial at Winchester.

Of the purely domestic architecture of the Middle Ages it was not likely that very much either in town or country would remain. Antiquity and picturesqueness give way to solidity and convenience. But in the rows of Chester, in Coventry, in Shrewsbury, in Bristol, in the remains now rapidly diminishing of the ancient City of London, in the out-of-the-way streets of almost every old town, will be found some of those curious timbered houses which preserve the impress of the past. At Bury and Lincoln houses even of the Norman period are found. Coventry retains perhaps the sanitary as well as the architectural image of the Middle Ages, and excuses the cynical judge who when a witness was provokingly slow of utterance upbraided him with keeping the court all that time at Coventry. A few civic halls, as at Oakham in Rutlandshire, remain. Of the ancient county mansions the queen is Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, most beautiful, now that it is touched by time, and recalling by its union of amplitude, stateliness, and rudeness, as we pass through its rooms, once thronged with guests and serving men, the rough magnificence and roistering hospitalities of the old baronial life. But many an ancient hall has fallen from its high estate, and now presents itself in a dilapidated condition under the humble guise of a farm house.

Out of the wreck of the mediæval nobility in the Wars of the Roses arose the powerful monarchy of the Tudors. Of this period the monuments are the Elizabethan manor houses, the palaces of that new nobility of the council chamber and the robe which supplanted the mail-clad baronage, and which had been enriched by the confiscation of Church lands. Nothing in the way of domestic architecture is more beautiful or stately than those great houses. They are at a disadvantage, in comparison with the edifices of the Middle Ages, only in having been built for the purposes of private state and luxury, not for the satisfaction of higher aspirations. Pre-eminent in historical interest, as well as in magnificence, are Burleigh and Hatfield, the palaces of the two branches of the great Elizabethan house of Cecil, and memorials of the high services rendered to

the State in time of peril, albeit not untainted with Machiavellian statecraft. Audley End, near Cambridge, displays the ill-gotten wealth, and preserves the evil memory of one of the worst ministers of the tyranny of Henry VIII. Knowle, in Kent, is to be seen if possible. It is a storehouse of memories, and a wonderful presentation of the most magnificent and social life of the times. Penshurst derives a charm from its association with Sir Philip Sidney. Bramshill, not very far from Basingstoke, in the north of Hampshire, has the advantage of presenting its stately front on a rising ground, whereas most of the Elizabethan mansions stand on flats, and of being surrounded by a wild park with fine Scotch firs. It was in that park that Archbishop Abbott accidentally shot a keeper, and thereby incurred an ecclesiastical disqualification, which helped to clear Laud's path to an ill-starred supremacy in the Church. But in almost any part of the country in which you may chance to be, you will find an Elizabethan manor house. The amplitude, solidity, and comfort of these mansions being not less remarkable than their beauty, no one has thought of improving them out of existence. Kenilworth, however, the palace in which Leicester's dark ambition entertained the woman whose throne he hoped to share, is now a huge ruin; while, in place of the royal palace of Greenwich, where the statesmen and the heroic adventurers of that age formed a peerless circle round their queen, now, not inappropriately, stands Greenwich Hospital.

The age of the Stuarts was one rather of conflict and destruction than of creation of any kind. Castles shattered by Cromwell's artillery, church carvings and monuments defaced by Puritan iconoclasm, traces of field works and trenches, military relics of Edgehill, Marston, and Naseby, are the characteristic monuments of a period of revolution and civil war. Near Basingstoke, and not far from Silchester and Bramshill, may be seen the vast substructions of Basing House, the fortified palace of the Marquis of Winchester, which, as the readers of Carlyle know, after long holding out against the forces of the Parliament, was stormed and razed by Cromwell himself. It is a relic eminently symbolical of the era in which the marquises went down before the onset of the Cromwells. The series of relics is closed by the wall of Magdalen College, "against which," as Croker told the Duke of Wellington, "James the Second ran his head." The monument most closely connected with the hapless dynasty is the fair banqueting-house at Whitehall, out of the window of which Charles I. passed to the scaffold. To the Stuarts, however, may fairly be ascribed St. Paul's, for the restoration of which Charles and Laud began to collect funds, and which is a monument at once of the High Church revival and of the prevalence of classical or Italian taste in architecture. Nor could a dynasty desire a nobler monument. Like St. Peter's, St. Paul's is wanting in poetry and in religious impressiveness compared with the cathedrals of the Catholic Middle Ages; yet it is a magnificent temple. Few will deny that externally it is superior to St. Peter's. Internally it is far inferior, Protestantism having stinted the decorations which are essential to a rich and luminous effect. These, however, an effort is now being made to supply. A more sinister memorial of the ecclesiastical reaction is the porch of the University Church at Oxford, built by Laud, and surmounted with the image, hateful to Puritan eyes, of the Virgin and child. The statue of Charles stands at Charing Cross on the pedestal from which triumphant Puritanism once cast it down, and the statue of James II., left unmolested over the gateway of University College, Oxford, bespeaks the comparative mildness of the Second Revolution. Great houses, such as historic Wilton and Long Leat, in which the genius of Inigo Jones displayed itself in presiding over the transition from the Tudor to the Italian style, are also memorials of the reign of Charles I. Of the reign of Charles II. the most characteristic memorials are the portraits of beauties at Hampton Court.

Of the Augustan age of Anne, with its classic tastes and its privileges, its not unpicturesque formality and its grand manners, Blenheim Palace is the typical monument. A stately monument it is, and, more than any other building in England except Windsor Castle, worthy of the name of a palace, though perhaps its style may be open to the charge of being at once heavy and fantastic. Nothing in England vies with the splendours of Louis XIV. so much as the abode built by public gratitude for his conqueror. For the conqueror of Napoleon it was intended to build a counterpart of Blenheim at Strathfieldsaye, but the simplicity and thrift of Wellington put the money in the funds, and were contented with the enlargement of a common country house. There is something about Blenheim exactly corresponding to the historic figure of the great captain and diplomatist, with that superb manner which almost made knavery august. Let us remember that the age had not only its Marlborough, Godolphin, Addison, and Pope, but its Newton, Locke, and Bentley. It was a period in all lines of solid greatness. The later history of Blenheim is unhappily a history of shame. The palace is being rifled of its objects of art and soon perhaps may be rifled of its historic relics. Such is the state to which hereditary dynasties, whether royal or territorial, are exposed. A visit to Blenheim should on no account be omitted. Besides the Palace you will see there an excellent specimen of that lovely appanage of British wealth and rank the Park, with its immemorial oaks, and the deer trooping through its ferny glades. Why cannot those who inherited such abodes manage to be moral and happy? Because, as a rule, there is no virtue without labour.

Of the period of the Georges the chief monuments are the palaces built in the classical or Italian style by the heads of the great Houses which then ruled England, swaying Parliament through their territorial influence and their nomination boroughs, sharing among them a vast patronage and reducing the monarchy to the state of pupillage from which George III. at last struggled to set himself free. Among the most splendid of