

CUMNOR HALL OR PLACE.

[Is a valuable work, by Mr. Adlard, on *Amy Robsart, the Earl of Leicester, and Kenilworth*, 8vo, London 1870, the author says that Cumnor Place was originally one of the country seats of the Abbots of Abingdon, and that, on the dissolution of the monasteries, it was granted by Henry VIII. to his physician, George Owen. At Owen's death in 1561 it was bought by Anthony Foster, and was occupied by him for several years; and at his demise it passed into the hands of the Earl of Leicester. The Place ultimately became the property of Lord Abingdon.

For a long period, says Mr. Adlard, 'Cumnor was deserted; the recollection of Amy Dudley's melancholy end was revived amongst the ignorant villagers, whose imaginations conjured up forms and horrors before un-

heard of, and hence arose the legendary tales that have descended to the present time. Decay followed fast on desertion, and, with the aid of the wanton and mischievous, before a century had rolled away it had become almost a ruin.

'A few fine elms scattered here and there are all that is left to aid in realising the former picturesque appearance of this retreat, where we are privileged to sympathise with suffering innocence and blighted affection.'*]

* [The ballad of Cumnor Hall, as stated in the Introduction, appeared, 'now first printed,' in Evans's collection of old ballads, vol. iv. p. 120, 1751; and in the new edition (the editor discarding the antique mode of spelling), vol. iv. p. 94, 1850. In this form it is given above. The author, William Julius Mickle, was a son of the minister of Laugholm, in Dumfriesshire, where he was born in 1734, and died at London in 1778. He is now chiefly known by his translation from Camoens of the *Lusiad*.]

AUTOGRAPH OF THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

It is the story in travellers, plays itself is especially the old days were in so the mess mine host privileged humour. the compar they seldom hooped pot themselves with the fr The villa miles of Ox year of Que old stamp, Gosling, a 1 what round moderate in payments, ready wit, days of old Southwark, the power of tion; and so been in Cunn bonnie Black one's self utt traveller. A from London majesty. Th