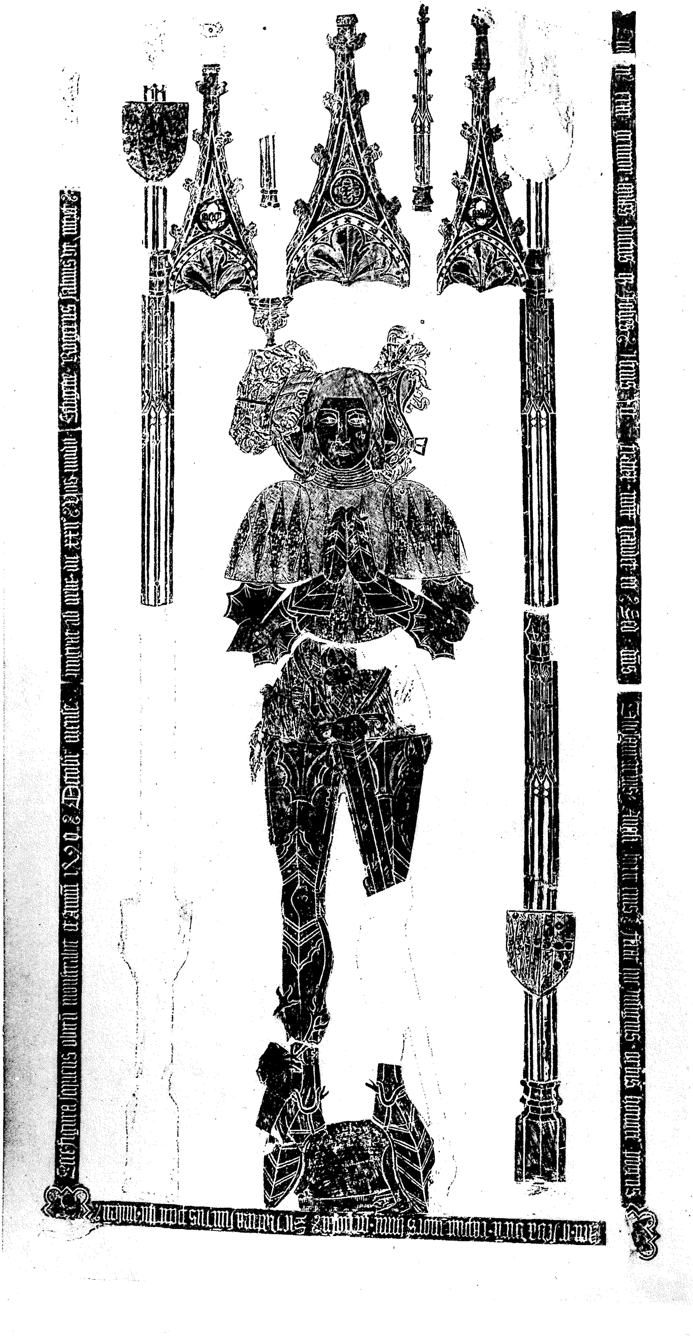
THE DUKES OF WHARTON AND EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

(Being a paper read by the Rev. R. H. PIGOTT, M.A., on the occasion of the Society's Excursion to Waddesdon and Winchendon, August 2nd, 1894.)

WHEN I suggested having the Annual Meeting of our Society at Waddesdon I was asked on more than one occasion what there was there I could point out worthy the attention of an antiquary. I venture to assert that besides the priceless collection of old china and pictures we shall see to-day, there is no point of Buckinghamshire, I might say of England, more replete with matters of interest to the antiquarian, or student of history, than the lovely tract of country which forms the estate round this house. We have only to look from the windows on the magnificent panorama that lies before us, to see what I mean. From the earliest times this rich tract of country lying in the centre of England has been a battle-ground—such names as Denham at Quainton or the Dane's Ham; Horsendon or the Mound of Horsa, remind us of the Danish occupation of these parts; Ashendon close by, which Kennet held to be the site of the great battle between King Alfred and the Danes; Bledlow Ridge, close by, has an ominous sound of blood; and the Gravenshill, near Bicester, might have been the place of the graves of the victims of this great and bloody contest, which probably spread over the flat lands which lie immediately below the hill. In front of us we see the great White Cross telling of some Christian victory over the pagan—possibly cut in memory of the battle of Ashendon. I am aware that there is another district that claims this great battle, but I do not see myself why Kennet may not be right in stating this to have been the place where it was fought. As you look beyond Ashendon on the right, on a clear day can be seen the heights of Edgehill, where the first great battle between the Royalists and Cromwell's army took place, where the Squire of Winchendon



PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. G. PAYNE, AYLESBURY.

was present with so many other leading Buckinghamshire squires and their tenants, leaving their hay carts and cattle in the rich vale and quiet homes to join in the terrible Civil War. In the same direction, as the crow flies, some four miles distant, rises Brill Hill. In early times there was a royal palace there, where the kings, among whom was King John, used occasionally to reside for the sport afforded by the wild boars which the forest of Bernwood, at its base, contained in such abundance. Edward the Confessor was born a few miles further on at Islip, and made a grant of Boarstall, below Brill, to Nigel, for killing a boar of a most savage character, which we may infer was a particular terror to the dreamy monarch. I remember the traditional horn granted on this occasion used to be in the possession of the Aubrey family at Dorton. I hope it is there now. This district played an important part during the Civil War. King Charles held his Parliament and headquarters at Oxford, which you are unable to see from the block caused by the ridges of Ashendon and Brill. Prince Rupert held Brill here with his dashing cavalry, whilst Cromwell entrenched himself at Claydon and Aylesbury. Chalgrove field, which must be almost in sight, was where Hampden fought and died. At Eythrope there was a battle where, in the Verney Memoirs, we read how a certain Captain Abercrombie was killed, who, a short time before, was one of the officers who surrounded the old house of the loyal Dentons at Hillesden. During the siege he fell in love with one of the ladies of the house he was besieging, and having been married a few weeks was killed close to this house. This little romance speaks eloquently of the horrors of Civil Wars; the man who had given his heart to the lady, and yet was compelled by the stern exigencies of the time to burn down his future brother-in-law's house. Immediately in front of us rises the chalk range known as the Chiltern Hills —so dangerous in old times that a Steward had to be appointed to protect travellers; which now sinecure office a member has to accept in order to vacate his seat in Parliament. The road which we have passed along this morning is the old Roman road which passes under the Gravenshill I have alluded to, to where was the Roman city Alcester, where the entrenchments round the old forum are still visible. This road is called the Akeman Street, and is said to have derived its name from the aching men who used to pass along it on their way for relief to the Aquæ Solis or Bath, which, even before the Roman occupation, was celebrated for the curative qualities of its waters.* I might add that the late Lord Beaconsfield, whom I can remember so well when he first bought Hughenden, used to delight to drive his friends over the Chiltern Hill and tell them how the Great Rebellion, to use his own words, was hatched there. I am sure I have now said enough to make you feel how full of interest the prospect from this house must be to every intelligent Englishman and student of the history of the past. I am now going to tell you a little about the two places we are about to visit. The associations of Winchendon and Eythrope are full of interest, having contained the houses of some of the most remarkable men that have ever played their parts in the history of this county, and I may even add of this country. It is impossible to do more than give a very slight sketch of some of these singular men who lived here, and I shall keep myself as much as possible to that which has a local interest to us, as Buckinghamshire men. The property of Winchendon came into the family of Wharton through the marriage with the Goodwins. Thomas, first Lord Wharton, was buried at Kirby Stephens. The Westmoreland monument is a remarkable one, representing the Knight resting between his two wives; his head rests on a helmet of a bull's hide. The folds of the helmet were imagined by the poor people round to represent Satan, whom he had vanquished, and the long Latin inscription Lipscomb records was profanely parodied in these lines—

> "Here I, Thomas Wharton, do lie,
> With Lucifer under my head;
> And Nelly, my wife, hard bye,
> And Nancy as cold as lead.
> Oh! how can I speak without dread,
> Who could my sad fortune abide,
> With one devil under my head
> And another close laid by my side."

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* One of the Saxon names for Bath was Akemannes-ceaster or the City of Invalids.

Philip Lord Wharton, like so many of the Buckinghamshire squires, took a very leading part in the Civil Wars. We find him sent up at the request of the Lord General, the Earl of Essex, as the representative of the troops to make a report of the battle of Edgehill to the City of London. The Lord Mayor convened a meeting, where Lord Wharton made a long speech. He begins—"Gentlemen, I shall tell you the worst as well as the best, that you may know all; and that when you have known the worst you may find it in your judgment to give the more praise to God in his mercy. After there was so little probability of success, after we had shot two or three pieces of ordnance, they began to shoot theirs, and truly not long after, before there was any near execution, three or four of our regiments fairly ran. There were, that ran away, Sir William Fairfax, Sir Henry Kimbolton, and to say the plain truth, my own regiment." I have no space to quote more of his speech. But I might add I have found the names of the officers in Lord Wharton's regiment which was raised in 1642, and I can find no names that exist now as county names. This is, on the whole, satisfactory. Lord Wharton probably through his connection with the Lord Protector, through the Goodwins, became afterwards a favourite of Cromwell's and became one of his Peers. At the Restoration, Lord Wharton, being the head of the Presbyterian party, was to have been excluded from the benefit of the Act of Indemnity. His daughter passing over the ferry at Lambeth, hearing her father was to be excluded from the act of grace, is related to have got her husband, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, to use his influence in favour of her father, which he did with success. This Lord Wharton, who lived at Winchendon House, was a man of great taste. He had the finest collection of Vandyke's and Sir Peter Lely's pictures in England, and laid out vast sums of money to appear in suitable magnificence at the landing of Charles II. In a tract entitled "Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Marquis of Wharton," Philip Lord Wharton is spoken of as having been, when young, not only the most accomplished gentleman, but the greatest beau of his time. He had particularly fine legs, and took great delight to show them in dancing. In his old age, when they were shrunk almost to a bone, I remember to have seen him (the author says) point to their decrepit condition and say, "Here are those handsome legs of which I was so proud in my youth. See, what is the beauty of man that he should pride in it?" Lord Wharton lived to the age of eighty-three. His last years were rendered unhappy by his favourite son William being killed in a duel with a Mr. Wollesley. The writer of the narrative says that Wharton had the better of the action with respect to the honour, but somehow or another he received a wound in the thigh, of which he died in three or four days! Philip Lord Wharton in his latter days became a Calvinist. There is a lonely little Dissenting chapel just behind the site of the old mansion. It is far from any house or village, and was no doubt built by Lord Wharton for the exposition of his Calvinistic doctrines. He left money to be used in the purchasing 1050 Bibles, with singing Psalms bound up in them. These Bibles were to be distributed in various towns and villages in Buckinghamshire and other Counties, and the recipients in the October following were to be examined as to their general knowledge of the Catechism, and if they knew it were to receive a book called "A Sure Way to Heaven," by Joseph Alleyn, and "The Principles of the Christian Religion," by Thomas Lye, A.M. I wonder if the books are given now in other towns and villages (as I am informed they are given in Waddesdon), and how many children care to qualify themselves to receive the works of the time-forgotten, but no doubt excellent divines Joseph Alleyn and Thomas Lye, A.M. I might add that it is expressly ordered in the deed that the Bibles should be bound in calves leather, and the Catechism in sheep's leather. I have no doubt that by this quaint order Lord Wharton thought he was benfiting not only the souls of the children but also assisting the agricultural interest. About this time it was ordered that every one should be buried in lamb's wool, and entries to this effect will be found in the register. This was also with the same laudable object as Lord Wharton's bindings of calves and sheep's leather. I might add that before Winchendon Church was restored I was, some years back, on visiting it, much interested in seeing that the Holy Table was removed from the wall and surrounded by seats. This no doubt was the work of the Calvinistic Lord, who introduced the custom at that time in vogue at Geneva, of sitting round the table as at an ordinary meal. But I must now pass on to his son Thomas. He was made a Marquis, and was the most popular Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland that ever existed. He was created Viscount Winchendon, Marquis of Wharton, Lord-Lieutenant of Oxon, Westmoreland, and Bucks, and held the office of Lord Privy Seal. I can't help thinking Macaulay was rather unjust in his most bitter summary of Lord Wharton's character, and in all probability mixed his life and deeds up with that of his son, Philip Duke of Wharton, whose life seems to have been as dissolute as it was romantic. Lord Macaulay refers to the election successes of Lord Wharton. It is worth recording that before he came into his title he determined to contest the county with Lord Brackley. A certain Mr. Hacket was set up to oppose him. The infamous Lord Chief Justice Jeffries, who, many of you will be interested to hear, was connected with Bucks by having an estate at Bulstrode, at the south of the county—which some years ago the members of the society visited—appeared at Aylesbury, and used all his cunning to prevent Mr. Wharton's return. He then, fearing his endeavour would not overcome the popularity of Wharton, ventured upon the most outrageous of the many flagrant abuses of power for which he was notorious. On his own authority, without a minute's notice, he adjourned the poll from Aylesbury to Newport Pagnell. In the meanwhile the supporters of the other side had engaged all the inns and stables, so that when Mr. Wharton and his friends arrived, there was no accommodation for them, and they had to sleep in the fields. Fancy such an expedient being attempted at the present time to prevent a candidate unpopular at Court! But, strange to say, only a few years before another owner of Winchendon, the grandfather of Mr. Wharton, had been treated in almost a more disgraceful manner. After having been duly elected, through the influence of Sir Thomas Bacon and the participation of King James, in spite of all the protests of the House of Commons, he was compelled to resign. A new writ was issued, and Sir Christopher Pigott, of Doddershall, was elected in his place. Sir

Christopher Pigott was no more popular than his friend and close neighbour Wharton, for before he had been a year in the House the King took offence at something he said about his countrymen, the Scots, and committed him to the Tower. Here, in spite of the influence of his brother-in-law, Sir P. Philips, who was Speaker of the House, he remained some time, and never sat again as a knight of the shire. This hatred of the Court for the Buckinghamshire squires just round Winchendon is not to be wondered at, and may account for the strange behaviour of the King and his Chief Justice. With hardly an exception, save Sir Edmund Verney, they had been strong supporters of the Parliament party. Symon Mayne, of Dinton, was actually one of the regicides, and narrowly escaped death for treason, his fellow-member for Aylesbury being actually drawn and quartered. Hampden was a few miles further on, and Cromwell himself was closely connected with the Chequers. Sir Richard Pigott was chairman of the Parliamentary Committee for Bucks, and the Grenvilles of Wotton were also against the Royal side. But whatever reason the King had to be prejudiced against the Squire of Winchendon and his neighbours, Judge Jeffries' conduct is without parallel. I wonder what the present owner of Winchendon would say if, at the next election, our present Lord Chief Justice should appear at Aylesbury, where the chief of our kind host's supporters live, and having engaged all the inns, insist that the supporters of the Baron should all go and vote at Newport Pagnell, and when they got there should prevent them from having anything to eat or drink! However, Judge Jeffries' tyranny availed nothing. The Bucks electors turned up in good spirits for the poll, and in spite of having to sleep in the fields returned the Squire of Winchendon by a large majority. This bitterness was the characteristic of the Bucks elections, almost to the time when our noble Chairman became member for Bucks. I have heard the late Mr. Grenville Pigott say how he was instrumental partly in getting the large room at the George Inn made, which you know has no windows except at the roof, because it was not safe to hold a political meeting in Aylesbury in a room with windows to the street, for fear of being stoned by the Whigs. He used also to tell how on one occasion an attempt was made to get up a county ball in Aylesbury. The ball, however, had a very strong Tory support, and the opposite party managed to sprinkle the floor of the ball-room with pepper. The effect on the dancers I need not describe, but no county ball has ever been attempted, I believe, since at Aylesbury. Lipscomb, in his county history, relates how a certain gentleman who had intended to come forward in a political contest, followed his opponent unobserved in his canvassing to ascertain the impression made by this experienced politician in his visits to the electors. He saw him enter the shop of an inferior artisan, heard him address the good woman of the house with the most cheerful and unaffected familiarity, without the least appearance of artifice or cant or obsequious persuasion, observed that he enquired after the children by name with the ease of an old and familiar acquaintance really interested in their welfare, and discovered it would be useless to attempt to oppose such a man. He therefore immediately relinquished the contest. There is something most *naïve* in this account. How different must have been the distinction of rank in those days, when it was thought extraordinary that, even to gain a seat, a gentleman should condescend to ask an inferior artisan (as Lipscomb calls the elector) after his children. How Thackeray would have delighted to satirize the obsequious candidate, overawed by the velvet coat, powdered wig, and condescending manners of his young aristocratic opponent. A few years afterwards it was said that a skilful political agent, after the candidate had made his speech on the nomination day, had a clean baby at the bottom of the hustings ready for his employer to kiss. This, it was said, if done gracefully, won more hearts among his lady supporters than the most eloquent of speeches. Possibly the young Squire of Winchendon originated this mode of gaining the support of the electors' wives. Lord Wharton, like our present Prime Minister, a Buckinghamshire squire also, was not ashamed of owning a good horse. He had, perhaps, the finest stud of horses of the time at Winchendon. He had a celebrated horse of the name of Careless, and at length Lipscomb tells us, as no one would run against him, he proposed to match him against two horses, half the course to be contested by one and the other half by another. This match was run at Newmarket, and the Winchendon horse was successful. Lord Wharton had another horse which was entered in the name of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who was afterwards beheaded. This horse ran in France, where the King offered 1,000 pistoles for it. The Wharton gelding, as it was called, was offered as a present to the King. At Winchendon, too, were kept the fleetest greyhounds in England—40 years ago I remember how popular coursing was round here. I wonder if the greyhounds of my childhood, the fast cobs the fat Buckinghamshire farmers used to ride, had any of the Winchendon blood in them? Macaulay has an amusing description of the use made by Lord Wharton of his stud of racers. He had, he writes, the finest stud in England, and his delight was to win plates from the Tories. Sometimes when, in a distant county, it was fully expected that a horse of a High Church squire would be first on the course, down came, on the very eve of the race, Wharton's Careless, who had ceased to run at Newmarket for want of competitors—Wharton's gelding, for whom in vain Louis XIV. had offered 1,000 pistoles. A man whose mere sport was of this description was not likely to be easily beaten in any serious contest. Such a master of the art of electioneering England had never seen. Buckinghamshire was his own especial province, and he ruled without a rival. But he extended his care over Whig interests in Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Wiltshire. Sometimes twenty, sometimes thirty members of Parliament were named by him. He made himself so popular that his journeys to the Buckinghamshire Quarter Sessions resembled Royal progresses. The bells of every parish through which he passed were rung, and flowers were strewed along the road. It was commonly believed, in the course of his life, he expended on his Parliamentary interests a sum equivalent to £300,000 of our money at the present time. He was quite as dexterous a canvasser among the embroidered coats at the St. James's coffee-house as among the leathern aprons at Wycombe and Aylesbury. Wharton's political adversaries thirsted for his blood, and repeatedly tried to shed it. Had he not been a man of imperturbable temper, dauntless courage, and consummate skill in fence, his life would have been a short one. But neither anger nor danger ever deprived him of his presence of mind. He was an incomparable swordsman, and he had a peculiar way of disarming opponents, which moved the envy of all duellists of his time. His friends said that "He had never given a challenge, that he had never refused one, that he had never taken a life, and yet that he had never fought without having his antagonist's life at his mercy." In another passage Macaulay describes Wharton and his friends the great Whig power of the day, staying at Winchendon for the races, which he says were held near there. This old racecourse was at Quainton, I imagine, in the flat piece of land near the station, which, of course, in those days was unenclosed. I remember an old man telling me that in old days it was not unfrequently the case on foggy days for the traveller to be lost in this dreary piece of flat, and that the Church bells used to be rung occasionally as a guide to extricate the wanderer from the Seach, as it was originally called. This, no doubt, was the Quainton racecourse, where not only Wharton and his friends used to run their horses, but also where, I think, I have heard that Charles II. had been present on a certain race day. The party, Lord Macaulay remarks, to whose interest Wharton, with such spirit and constancy, devoted his time, his fortune, his talents, his very vices, judged him, as was natural, far too leniently. He was widely known by the very undeserved name of Honest Tom. Some pious men, Burnet for example, and Addison, averted their eyes from the scandal which he gave, and spoke of him, not indeed with esteem, yet with good will. The opinion of the Tories, on the other hand, of him is expressed in a single line, written after his death by Dean Swift, the ablest man of his own party. "He was the most universal villain that ever I knew." Lord Wharton died in 1715, and was buried in Upper Winchendon Church, that we shall visit this afternoon. He was succeeded by his son Philip, who is commonly known as the Duke of Wharton. This Philip was a man of such extraordinary talent that the king soon advanced him to the highest rank of the peerage. In spite, however, of this signal mark of honour, we find him shortly after making friends with the Pretender, from whom he accepts the title of the Duke of Northumberland, and is made a Knight of the Garter. He then becomes a bankrupt, and actually joins the army of the Pretender. He afterwards enters the army of the King of Spain, and was present at the siege of Gibraltar. For this he was indicted for high treason, and his estates confiscated. He is said afterwards to have become a monk, and to have died in the convent of the Charitable Monks of Tarragona. At the death of this most brilliant but profligate man, ends the race of the Whartons of Winchendon. And now just a few words about what remains of the house of this most remarkable and interesting family. The house was said to have had the finest garden in England; but one disadvantage to the house and garden must have been the northern aspect. In *Magna Britannica* it is recorded that the house was celebrated for a fine collection of orange trees. The garden was formed in the style introduced by the Prince of Orange. The terrace walks may still be traced. Lipscomb records in his time that only a small portion of the north-western angle of the inferior edifices were standing, in which the apartments contained old wainscot. There were pieces of a large gateway and an arch on the west side communicating with the courtyard, also a large and magnificently designed stable. This magnificent stable, formerly the home of Whartons' gelding, had heavy carved pillars, cornices, mangers, and racks, and a stuccoed ceiling partly gilt, indicative of the splendour of its ancient possessors. After the estate came into the possession of Charles, Duke of Marlborough,* the house was taken down, and John Russel, of Aylesbury, purchased all the material of the building, with the iron gates, pallisades, and stone images in and about the gardens, for the price of £1,400, to be paid by instalments.† In the Grove or Wilderness, as it was called, on the eastern verge of the gardens, is a small building, which Lipscomb says was built for the residence of a "favourite lady;" who this lady was we are not informed.* It would be most interesting to know what had become of the fine woodwork and other ornamental materials of this old house, which if the house was as highly finished as the stables described in our county history, must have been of the most elaborate description. In the rectories of Quainton and Grendon, and in the drawing-room of Winchendon Priory close by there is some fine panelling, all of the same date; possibly this panelling was moved from the house when pulled down. The old family pictures seemed to have found their way into houses in the neighbourhood, and Lipscomb seems to have been able to identify some of them; it is sad that two such interesting houses as the Duke of Wharton's and the Earl of Chesterfield's, both standing in the grounds of our host (Baron Rothschild) and his sister, should so entirely have been obliterated, not even a print being left of either of them.

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* The Estates were purchased by the Trustees of the Will of John Duke of Marlborough, and formed part of the possessions annexed to the hereditary honours of the Marlborough family in pursuance of several Acts of Parliament.

† See Lipscomb's History of Buckinghamshire, Vol. I., p. 567.

EYTHROPE.

On our way to Eythrope we shall pass a castellated building, which, like that on the brow of the hill behind Dinton, I am informed by Colonel Goodall was built by his ancestors, and Lord Chesterfield, not only as an ornamental object in the view, but as a place where the families at Dinton and Eythrope used to meet each other. It is impossible for me to give any account of the Chesterfield family, as my paper has already exceeded the length I had intended. The letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son are English classics. Before the Chesterfields the Dynhams lived at Eythrope. Sir John, in the reign of Henry VI., assisted at the relief of Calais; his son was knighted, and became a patron of the house of York. Edward VI. summoned him to Parliament amongst the barons, and made him a Knight of the Garter. The chapel of Eythrope was founded in pursuance of the will of Roger Dynham, 1490. He bequeathed his body to be buried in Waddesdon Church till his chapel should be ready. The chapel was built, and we are told was 42 feet long and 15 feet wide, and was wainscoted with oak. Willis tells us, in his time there was an old sepulchral monument of grey marble with brass plates and effigies of a man in armour. This, no doubt, was the monument of the good old knight, Sir Roger Dynham, which was discovered lately. And now I have a story as remarkable as any ghost story ever told. Browne Willis tells us, with much disgust, how Sir William Stanhope had, by desire of his wife, built up the chapel, and caused Divine service to be celebrated in it regularly for ten years, yet at length in 1738 most wickedly, and sacrilegiously, and impiously demolished it. He says he made use of the stones to build a bridge over the Thame. Moreover, he adds, the tombstone of the founder was taken up, and the grave opened, in the hope of finding a treasure. On your way back to Aylesbury you will pass over this bridge, formed from Sir Roger's old chauntry, and will notice the peculiar construction of the arch, which was no doubt caused by having to use stones instead of bricks. But, to continue my story, after a time the house of the Chesterfields followed the fate of the chauntry. It must have been as interesting, and much more ancient than the Winchendon mansion. Sir Roger is related to have resided there in the reign of Edward IV. His son, Sir William, built a spacious apartment, with a covered roof of timber, with angel corbels bearing coats of arms. Later on Dame Dorothy built a suite of rooms to which the date of 1610 was attached at the time of the demolition of the house. In the house was a gallery 133 feet long, and a collection of pictures, which were afterwards sold by auction. In time this fine old mansion shared the fate of so many interesting houses in this district. It was entirely demolished, and not one single stone was left to tell where stood the chauntry of Sir Roger Dynham or the stately home of the Earls of Chesterfield. Some years ago Miss Rothschild laid out the beautiful gardens we shall visit on our way back to Aylesbury. On the site of the old mansion and chauntry, a night watcher had to keep guard over these lonely gardens at night, and particularly objected to go to one spot during his nocturnal vigils, asserting this particular spot was haunted. Notice, I understand, had also been taken as a belief of the locality, that in this particular place there was a spot where grass refused to grow, and that when all round was verdant this place remained brown and dried. It was determined to remove the earth here, and on doing so within six inches of the surface they discovered, in a broken-in lead coffin, the remains of the good old knight, Sir Roger Dynham. In the coffin were the bones and teeth of the founder of the desecrated chapel and a rusty spur. There could be no doubt whose remains they were, for with the coffin was a monumental stone, with brass plates and the effigy of a man in armour, supported by pillars, with four shields of arms.* These were the same arms and inscriptions as recorded by the antiquary Brown Willis. On the three arches of the canopy still remain the words, "Mercy, Christ, Grace." Around the verge is a long Latin inscription. After a rest in the green fields of Eythrope of over 400 years, the bones of the old knight, Sir Roger Dynham, again rest in consecrated ground. The remains were removed at the direction of Miss Rothschild to Waddesdon Churchyard. I have told you this story as told me by the Rector of Waddesdon, and I can conceive no story more remarkable. That over 400 years ago a man should be buried in Waddesdon Church, and then be removed to his chauntry. That the religion of his country should change, and that no chauntry priest should be allowed to pray for his soul, supported by the money he left, were no doubt enough to make the spirit of the brave old knight uneasy. But that a successor at Eythrope should have actually desecrated his beautiful old chauntry, and made a bridge over the Thame with the stones he had hoped to cover his remains, are facts which leave a horrible impression; but that this successor should have actually broken open his coffin in search of treasures, and have taken one of his spurs (for one was taken), was certainly enough to cause his disturbed spirit to wander over the spot. I can, in conclusion, say I thoroughly sympathise with the ghost of Sir Roger Dynham. I think it indeed sad that the indifference of the last century should have allowed the desecration of such interesting old churches as Eythrope, Quarrendon, and Hogshaw, in our immediate neighbourhood. And, that the lack of taste and veneration for antiquity, such as our Society endeavours to foster, should have allowed such grand old houses as Winchendon and Eythrope, with their magnificent gardens, carved panelling, and windows full of fine painted glass carrying the shields of arms of the old possessors, to have been utterly destroyed. In the name of the Bucks Archæological Society, I tender to the ghost of Sir Roger our sincere sympathy, and sincerely trust that the visit of the Society to his resting-place of 400 years may be taken as a token of our respect, and that in future no night-watcher at Eythrope may be frightened by this troubled and indignant spirit.

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* See Baron Rothschild's remarks with reference to the "favourite lady," in the *Proceedings*.

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* See the illustration of Sir Roger Dynham's brass accompanying this paper.