

tion above ground. This also is now being removed to make way for a new building. Beneath this is the bottom portion of the old wall, which is composed of great slabs of even granite in perfect condition, and its foundations will soon be buried.

---

## Proceedings of Societies.

---

BERKS ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On July 21st the Berkshire Archæological Society went far afield and visited the neighbouring district of Oxfordshire, which lies along the Berkshire border, penetrating as far as Fairford, in Gloucestershire. We left Reading at ten o'clock, journeying to Oxford, where a special train, kindly provided by Mr. Keyser, awaited the party to convey them to Fairford. The "special" was not quite as expeditious as could be wished, and made its way quietly along the single line of rails which connects the City of Learning with the quaint little town of Fairford. There carriages awaited the party to convey the antiquaries to the historic church, renowned throughout England for its wonderful stained glass windows. We drove past the summer seat of the famous artist, Mr. Abbey, R.A., and the birthplace of John Keble, the author of the *Christian Year*, to which after an absence of many years some members of the family have just returned, and then through the quiet Market-place to the church. This building was founded by John Tame and finished by his son, Sir Edmund Tame, at the end of the fifteenth century. Traces of an earlier structure can be seen in the base of the tower as far as the second string course, which is early English work. All the rest of the work is late perpendicular. There is an old story which relates that the glass was designed by Albert Durer, that it was made in Germany and designed for a church at Rome, that the ship conveying the glass thither was captured by an English vessel, and that the church was built in order to receive the glass. This interesting myth may be safely discarded. During Puritan times the glass was preserved from destruction by the care of some thoughtful persons who buried it; otherwise, it would scarcely have escaped the axes and hammers of Puritan iconoclastic zeal and the fury of Cromwell's soldiers.



BURFORD TOLSEY.

Under the skilful guidance of the Parish Clerk, we were conducted round the church, and admired much the curious and quaint designs, the beautiful forms and images, the rich colouring and glow, which make these windows the best specimens of the work of the sixteenth century in England. Beginning with the Temptation of Eve, the windows show Moses at the Burning Bush, Gideon and the fleece, the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. We pass on to the New Testament subjects, the birth and early life of the Blessed Virgin, the Annunciation, Nativity, Visit of the Wise Men, the Purification and Presentation in the Temple. Scenes in the life of our Lord follow, until the Ascension is reached, which is depicted by a curious convention. The sides of the mountain on which our Lord stood are cut away, so as to enable the artist to show the heads of the apostles at its foot. At the top is some grass, and only the feet of our Lord are seen, as he ascends to Heaven. Then we have a series representing the twelve Apostles, the Four Fathers of the Church, the Last Judgment (a strange and curious window), the Judgment of Truth, the Four Evangelists, the Prophets, and others which lack of time prevented us from examining very minutely. The church is rich in monuments and sculptured figures and shields. Traces of colour are seen on the tower piers, included a figure which some of our antiquaries thought might have been St. Christopher, and the emblems of the Passion, a ladder, the lance and sponge with drops of blood, a vessel, the dice, T cross, and the chalice and basin. All too soon the time for inspecting the glories of Fairford passed away, and the party entered their carriages and drove to Burford, a distance of twelve miles. Passing through the quiet little town of Lechlade, with its early perpendicular church built in 1470 by its Vicar, Conrad Ney, and its priory and hospital founded by Isabella de Ferrers, we drove through Broughton Pogis, with its Saxon church, the pretty village of Filkins, Bradwell Grove, a famous meet of the foxhounds, and finally arrived at

#### BURFORD.

Burford is one of the most interesting little towns in England. It has a past of some importance ; it has figured largely in the pages of history ; and it preserves its quaint old-world appearance. Here we were welcomed by Mr. Cheetle and by Mr. W. J. Monk, the historian of the town who takes a keen interest in its annals and associations. The Society could not have found a more able and willing *cicerone*. The party did ample justice to an excellent luncheon provided at "The Bull." During the meal a collection

was made for the restoration of the ancient Tolsey, an old building where the tolls were paid for the privilege of setting up stalls in the fairs and markets.

\* \* \*

After luncheon the antiquaries walked along the old High Street, saw the ancient building called "The College," where the priests in former days resided who performed Divine service in the church, passed the picturesque old building called the Warwick Almshouses, founded by the Earl of Warwick, the "King-maker," and then viewed the ancient church, one of the most beautiful and interesting in the county of Oxford. There we saw the old Norman tower with its upper portion and spire of later date, the whole length of the south side of the church with its gables and pinnacles, the noble south porch, "one of the most beautiful works of the kind anywhere to be met with," the aisles and chancel. On the west is the Sylvester Aisle, which was formerly a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was a great privilege to walk through the church under the guidance of Mr. Monk, who knows every detail of the fabric so well. We examined the tombs of the Sylvesters, who were merchants, and have lived in Burford for hundreds of years, the family only recently having become extinct. We saw the old font, inscribed with the name of "Anthony Sedley, Prisner, 1649," one of the 400 Levellers imprisoned here by Cromwell, some of whom were shot in the churchyard. Then we saw the curious so-called St. Peter's Chapel with its hagioscopes, the Bellfounders' Aisle, named after Neale, the maker of many bells, the Tanfield Chapel containing the magnificent and pretentious tomb of Lord and Lady Tanfield. His Lordship was one of Queen Elizabeth's judges, and her ladyship was of a very grasping nature, about whom many stories are to her discredit. Other figures are represented on the tomb, Tanfield's grandson, Lord Falkland, "the blameless," who was slain in the battle of Newbury, Sir Lawrence Tanfield, and his sister. A curious recess in the south wall of the chancel excited the curiosity of antiquaries. It is believed that it was used for burning the wool which the priest used for anointing the sick with oil. We traversed the Bartholomew Aisle, the Leggan Chapel, and the Chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and examined some brasses in the church, and then saw in the churchyard the marks of the bullets which Cromwell's soldiers fired when the poor Levellers were slain. A visit was then paid to the Priory, the successor of the ruined home of the Lenthalls, Harmans and Tanfields, the house

where Lord Falkland was born. The present house was built at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but the chapel was possibly built by Spéaker Lenthall, though it was not consecrated until 1662. Mr. Cheetle kindly permitted the visitors to inspect the old maces and documents relating to the history of Burford, among which is deed of gift by the Earl of Warwick, the "King-maker," to which is attached his seal. The little Aldermanic mace, which bears the Tudor Arms, dates from the latter part of the 15th century, and the Sergeant's mace was made at the end of the 17th century. The town seal bears the inscription

SIGILL COMMUNE BURGESIUM DE BURGFORDE.

Time pressed and with many expressions of thanks to Mr. Cheetle and Mr. Monk, we parted and ascended the steep hill that leads from the town, and drove away to Witney. We passed in sight of Minster Lovell, and if time had permitted we should like to have inspected the ruins of the Castle associated with interesting legend; but were forced to continue our pilgrimage. At Witney, the Rev. J. B. Kirby and Mrs. Kirby were ready to welcome the party to tea in the grounds of the Rectory. The President heartily thanked Mr. and Mrs. Kirby for their hospitality. Time only allowed a brief inspection of the fine church of Witney, a monument of the faith of our forefathers and the pious care of the Witney clothiers for their House of God. The tower, spire, and chancel were built in the 13th century, the north transept belongs to the 14th century, and the clerestory and west door are perpendicular.

\* \*

At seven o'clock there was a rush to the train, which slowly bore us all back to Reading. We shall retain many pleasurable recollections of this successful excursion, of the old-world towns of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, which have changed little with march of centuries, and of the kind welcome we received on the occasion of our visit.

\* \*

EXCURSION TO WALLINGFORD.—On September 22nd the Society visited Wallingford. The Rev. J. E. Field, Vicar of Benson, kindly acted as guide to the party. After describing the earthworks he conducted the party to the Castle where they were welcomed by the Misses Hedges. The three moats, the remaining stonework of the once formidable fortress, the ruins of the collegiate church of St. Nicholas, the Museum, were all examined and described. A visit was paid to the three churches of the town,

and the Saxon work of St. Leonard's carefully pointed out by Mr. Field. After luncheon, a very able and interesting lecture was given by Mr. Field in the Town Hall, on the history of the town. The Mayor presided and there was a good audience of the residents of Wallingford. The party drove to South Moreton where they were received by the Vicar, and shown the church, with its lately discovered Saxon doorway; and then to Aston Tirrold where the Rector, Sir John Hoskyns, Bart., welcomed the Society. After tea at "The Chequers" the party drove to Cholsey Station, and were disappointed that time prevented a visit to the historic church. The thanks of the Society are due to the very great help so cordially rendered by Mr. Field, to the Mayor for presiding at the lecture and for granting the use of the Town Hall, to the Misses Hedges for permission to see the Castle, and to the Vicars of South Moreton, Aston Tirrold and Cholsey for welcoming the Society at their churches.

\* \* \*

**NEWBURY FIELD CLUB.**—On September 21st the Newbury Club visited Bath and spent one of the most pleasant days of the club's organising. They were favoured by the guidance of an excellent antiquary, the Rev. H. H. Winwood, who described with much learning the contents of the museum in the Royal Literary and Scientific Institution, and the famous Roman Baths. Prebendary Boyd discoursed to them upon the history of the Abbey Church, which is replete with interest, and the Club is to be congratulated on its very successful visit to the ancient city.

**GRAVE OF A BERKSHIRE SOLDIER IN IRELAND.**—Inscription on a stone in the churchyard of Headford, co. Galway, Ireland:—"Here lies the body of Joseph Levered, private soldier 2nd Bn. 12th Regt., who was born at Wallingford, Berkshire, in 1796, and was killed by a stab in the back in a public-house in Headford on 23 Dec., 1817, aged 21. This stone was erected by his sorrowing comrades as a proof of their affection. Reader, beware of drunken midnight meetings, lest the same fate await you."—W. D. MACRAY.

**BIRDS IN BERKSHIRE.**—Mrs. Cope, and other readers of the *Journal* interested in Natural History, will be pleased to hear that the coot has this year bred in the lake in Lockinge Park. I do not know if this bird is common any where in the three Counties, but it is a very rare visitor here. Is the scarcity of the swallow general this summer? Here, at Lockinge, there have never been so few. Upon one building, where formerly between 30 and 40 nests might be counted, this year there are but two.—W. H. HALLAM, Lockinge.