

one years. His sister Anne survived him many years, and became the wife of the famous Richard Neville, surnamed the king-maker, created later Earl of Warwick.

Isabella Neville became the wife of the Duke of Clarence; and Anne first the wife of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI, and afterward wife of Richard III. Both were daughters of the kingmaker.

Here then we see how John Perkins was transported from the high stewardship at Hanley to "seneschallus" of Warwick Castle.

Coming from a race of stewards who must have been bold, honest, and reliable, Anne Neville, when she inherited the great estate at Warwick, on the death of the Regent Beauchamp, not unlikely selected John Perkins to look after her estates, as one possessing qualities which have been handed down for many generations in our family.

Hanley Castle is only about thirty-five miles from Warwick, not a hard day's ride for a strong man, so he might still have been bailiff of Malvern Chase, and seneschal of Warwick Castle, at the same time, though I doubt it.

I doubt also his having been Lord of the Manor of Madresfield; he may well have lived in the place as a tenant, and a beautiful old moated house it is, now in the possession of Earl Beauchamp, and about two miles from the Worcestershire Beacon, the great hill of Malvern.

About sixteen miles from Hanley, and eight from Gloucester, is the village of Newent, to which I think some of the descendants of Henry Perkins must have gone, and made a residence.

It is a small place, very picturesque, with a church built at least three hundred years before old John of Ipswich left there, with many old houses that he must have seen, especially the one with "three gables opposite the church" where Mr. Turner thought he lived at least for some time before he emigrated to America.

Not a bad house to-day to live in; the front about forty-five feet, two low stories, the "roof surmounted by three gables." They have a way here of rough-casting the outside of old houses, and keeping them neat, so that a house, built two or even three hundred years ago, looks like one in our country of sixty to seventy years of age.

No one seems to know how Hanley Castle was so completely destroyed, but something terrible must have happened, for there is an old song extant wherein are these lines.

"Then open not thy gate:
Remember Hanley's fate,
And bless the Lord."

My next visit will be to Ufton. With all sorts of good wishes to you and yours,

Very truly, your friend and kinsman,
AUGUSTUS T. PERKINS.