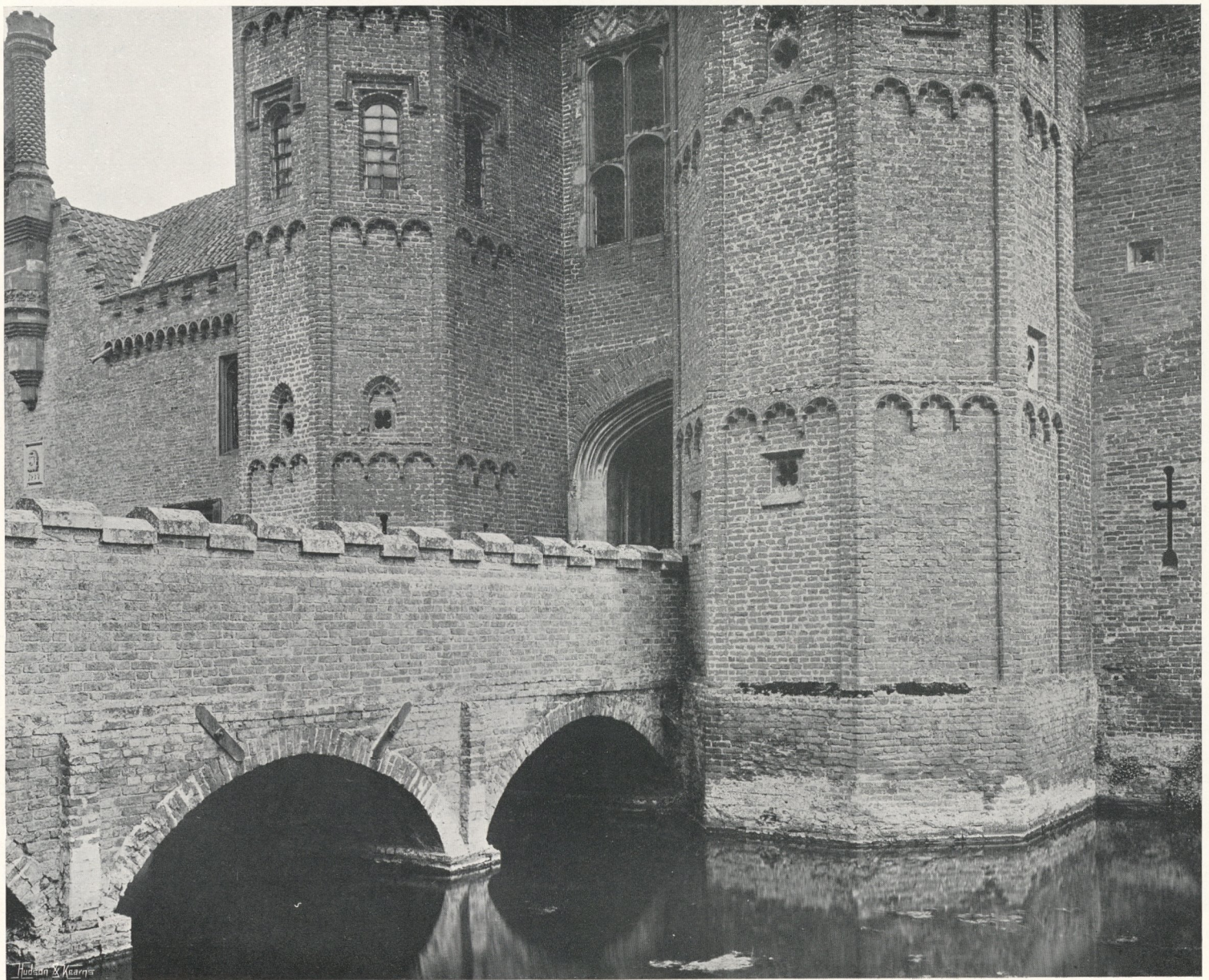


OXBURGH HALL, NORFOLK.

SIR HENRY PASTON-BEDINGFELD'S house stands in its broad and ample park, surrounded by its moat, and fortunate among all the houses of Norfolk. Its south wing was pulled down in 1778, but otherwise it bears the very aspect that it did when Sir Edmund Bedingfeld, the builder, was licensed by the last of the Plantagenets to embattle and crenellate. And yet only a few ruins mark the site of Oxnead, the once stately home of the Pastons; while Caister, where Sir John Fastolfe lived in state and splendour, has disappeared; and of the old house at Costessey, where the Jerninghams have lived since Elizabeth's days, of Kenninghall, and of Surrey's Mount, once the house of the Howards, not a

trace remains. Old memories of feud and broil are in the shire, and echoes may still be heard of the Wars of the Roses, and the days of the Parliament men, of brothers ranged on opposing sides in the strife, of lands sequestered, and of families undone. Fortunate, then, is it that Oxburgh still stands, and that the Bedingfelds remain. Many interesting things are in its history. There was always something of earnest zeal and strenuous purpose in the men of East Anglia. Here rose the strong wave of Protestantism that nerved the "men of religion" who were the very beginning of Cromwell's New Model Army, possessed with zeal that proved a match for the chivalry of the Cavalier. Yet the Bedingfelds at Oxburgh, the Jerninghams,



THE ONLY ENTRANCE.